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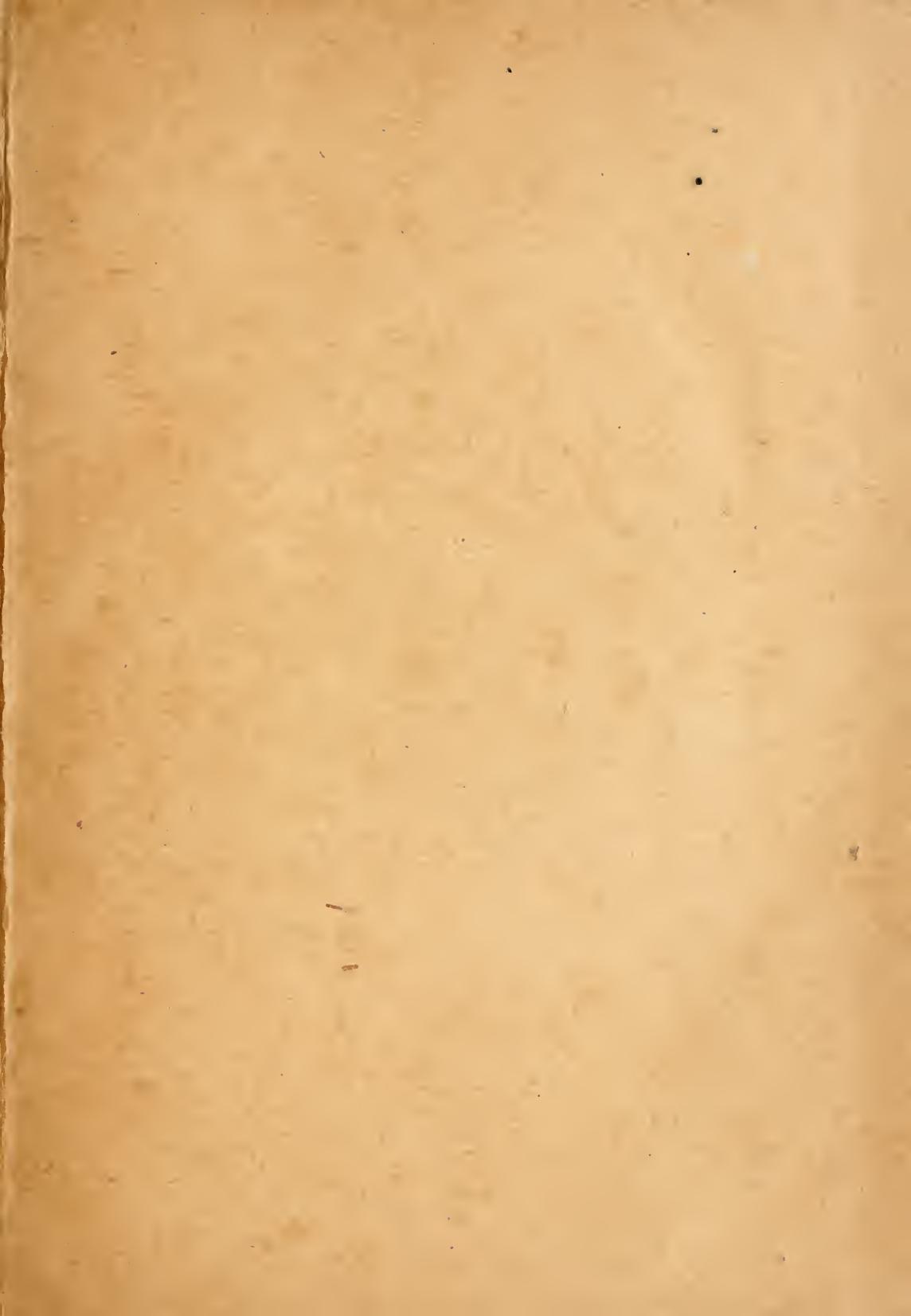


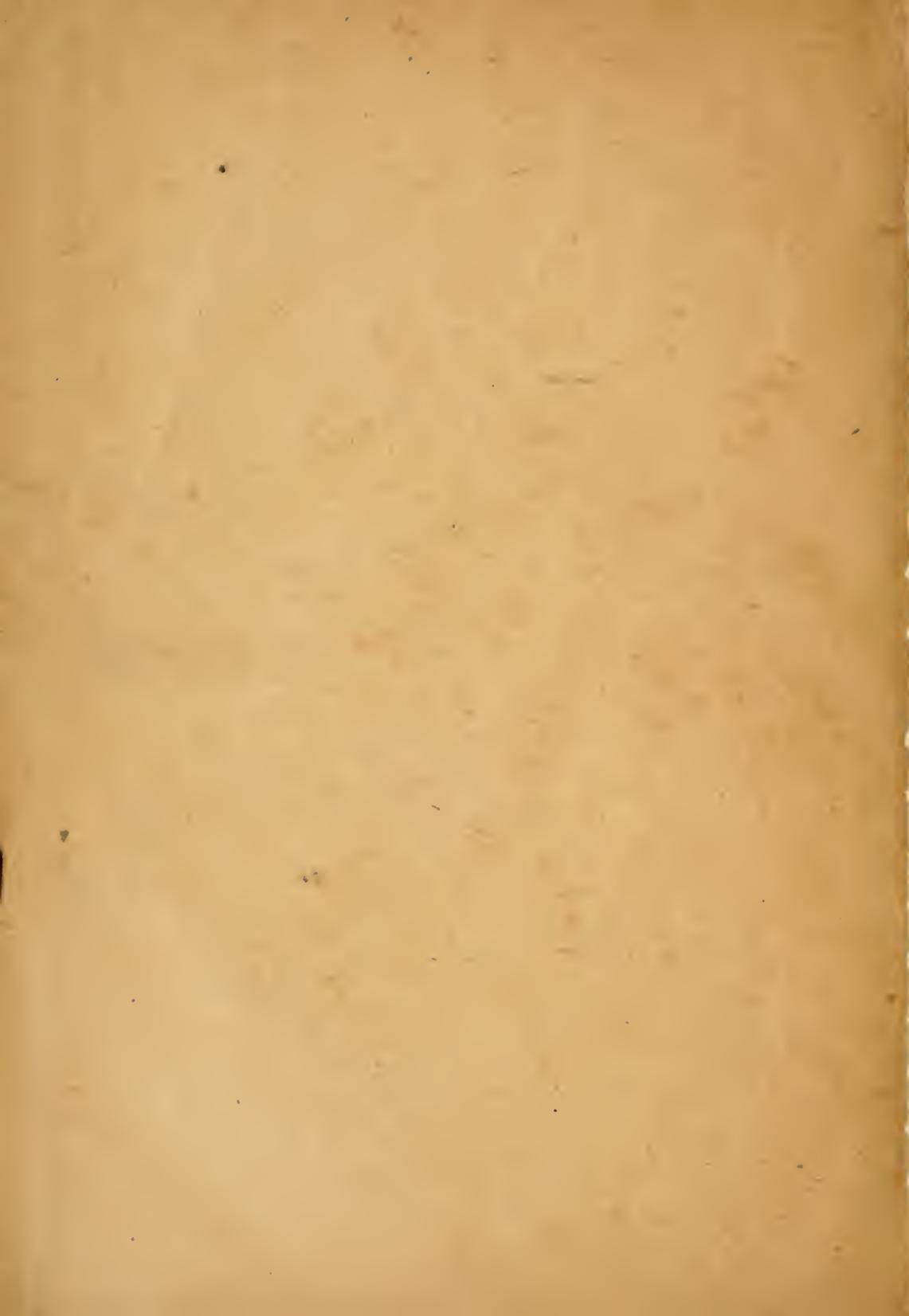
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THIS BOOK MUST NOT BE TAKEN OUT OF THE ROOM.

March 4 1914.





IN NOVEMBER

BY THOMAS A. DALY

JUNE is sweet, for then I found thee;
But November, gray and cold,
Weaveth memories around thee
Spun of gold.

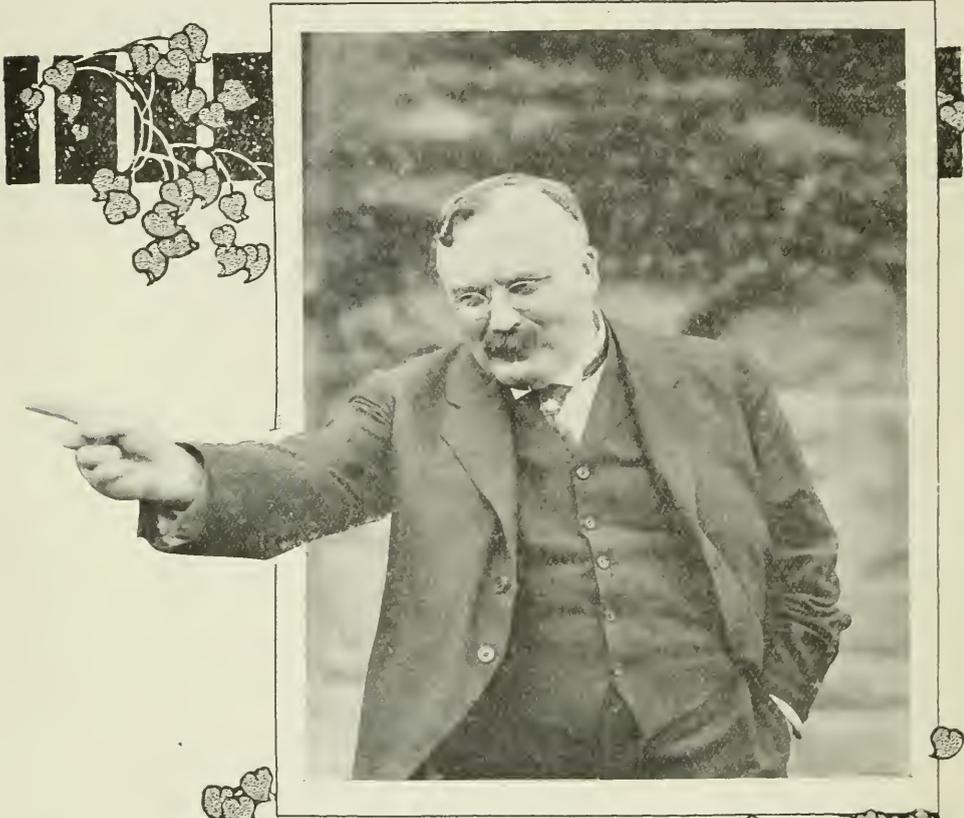
June a rose-time we remember,
Ere the boy became the man,
But, in earnest, with November
Life began.

Still I see thee, as we threaded
Gray woods under grayer skies;
Strange new hopes and fears were wedded
In thine eyes.

And when these had been translated
Into awed and reverent speech,
Stronglier than our souls were mated,
Each with each.

Deep with vernal promise laden,
As with buds the leafless wood,
Here was blossoming of the maiden—
Womanhood.

Rich the memories now that hover
'Round that day when life began,
And the lightheart boy, thy lover,
Was a man.



*Hon. W. J. Hanna,
provincial secretary
of Ontario, is re-
placing the time-*

*honored prison system of his province by the humane
and economical scheme of an open farm, free from cells,
bolts, bars and armed guards, where the men are on their
word of honor not to attempt to escape.*

THE MAN WHO BELIEVES IN
HONOR AMONG THIEVES
AND PROVES IT IN PRACTICE

To accompany
"Making a Man of a Convict"
See page 3



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Making a Man of a Convict

By Robson Black

Illustrated from Photographs

UNTIL two years ago the Canadian idea of punishing law-breakers was after a well-known recipe; herd them within a stone fence; brand their backs with a numbered patch; torture them with idleness or coax on insanity with unproductive labor; then smother the balance of their self-reliance with other highly-endorsed devices of a permanent menagerie.

This unnatural scheme of things had set more than one Canadian thinking. In a country where the constant nervous change in physical surroundings nourishes the reform idea incessantly, others than Hon. W. J. Hanna had written and preached a fine speculative revolution in the handling of the malefactor. One day the accident of politics placed the Sarnia lawyer in the cabinet position of Provincial Secretary of Ontario. He found a big bleak quadrangle called the Central Prison, crammed full of men, and acting as a soot collector for railway trains and factories crowding close against its walls. It didn't seem reasonable, or scientific, or economical, or humane,

or even expedient. So he sat down for four years to think it over. And in four years he untangled the skein of wrongs drawn tight by four centuries.

As an attorney he knew well the human enigmas of a police court docket, had probed criminology as a pastime, had mixed with men as men, and focused his sunbeams into some radical conclusions. To-day he has two hundred and fifty acres of the finest agricultural land in Ontario set aside near Guelph as a principality of prisoners. Two hundred and fifty of his law-breaking population live there—two-thirds "first offenders," a few "repeaters," and many—a great many—"accidentals" of misfortune.

He has been in this prisoner business just a trifle over two years. He had as much neighborly prejudice to overcome and as many sour predictions to denaturize as the bold farmer from the backwoods who brings into the community its first automobile. It would have been easier and personally more comfortable to let things run as they were in Ontario. Stagnation has been the law of prison government from the

days of Babylon, and it was not greatly against anyone's conscience that it should continue for a couple of centuries more. Fortunately the disturber of jealous Tradition arrives with providential regularity; that may account for Lloyd George, for Roosevelt, for General Garcia, for Tolstoi, for Hanna, for Brutus, for Adam Beck, and some few others who have taken the stage before or after the fall of Carthage.

Hanna built his new "prison" without a wall. Patrolling sentries and muskets he left to Alexander Dumas

and tea. He replaced padlocks with each man's word of honor. There was nothing sentimental about that, as the reader will presently admit; Mr. Hanna is the last man to confuse common sense with maudlin philanthropy; his treatment of prisoners represents an exact balance of credulity and caution. The stale device of multiplying the number of chains and guards with the number of men imprisoned had no operation here. With several hundred now under the Government's care, only a half-dozen employes are used in their control, nor



TEMPORARY BUILDINGS OF THE ONTARIO PRISON FARM AT GUELPH

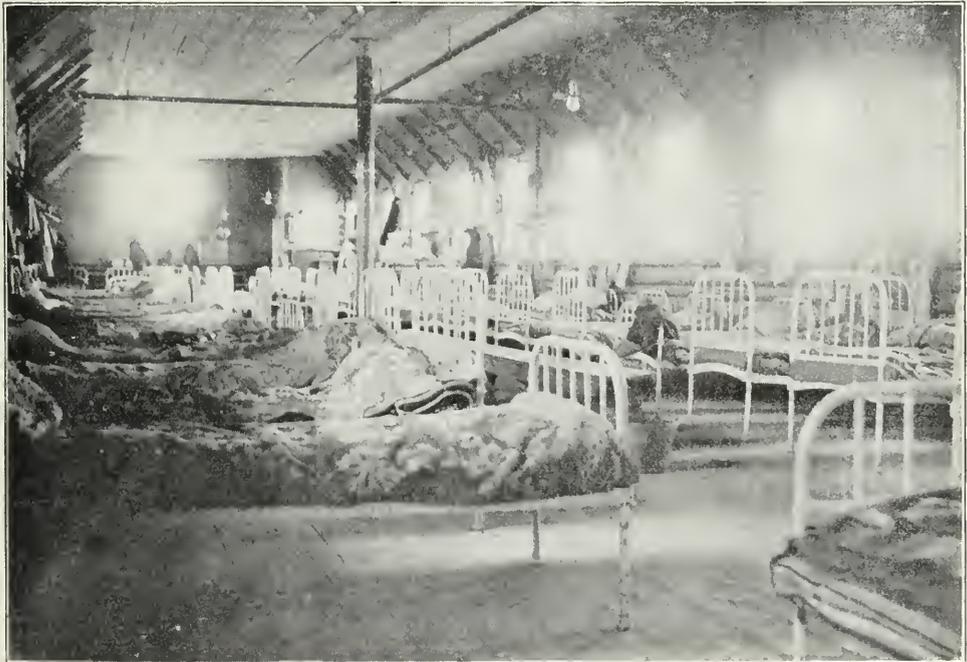
It houses 250 prisoners and contains neither lock nor bar. The half dozen guards are without arms, not so much as a revolver being on the place

and those modern followers who take pattern from his pages or his period. For padlocked, he substituted individual unlocked rooms where a sight of the blue Canadian sky is not striped with black Canadian bars. For isolation he exchanged the fullest comradeship. His prisoners eat together, on decent tables, with decent utensils and clean white oilcloths. One luncheon I saw was cold roast beef, potatoes, tomatoes, white bread

are they called "guards," but "supervisors" or "foremen". Upon every factor in the necessary machinery of such an institution the traditional prison hall-mark is erased as fully as possible, even to the extent of giving each man the right to wear his hair the way he pleases and to don overalls in place of the degrading uniform of the convict. In just such concessions to individual preferences, depends the efficacy of the reformed prison in



THE DINING ROOM IN THE TEMPORARY BUILDINGS OF THE ONTARIO PRISON FARM
The men enjoy their meals together, and abuse none of the extraordinary privileges of their captivity



THE TEMPORARY DORMITORY OF THE ONTARIO PRISON FARM
By night as well as by day, the sight of the blue sky is not chequered by black bars

bringing indiscreet or defiant men to look upon society as something better than a patrol wagon. These men at the Guelph prison farm are practically the first creature; of the walled-in world who can be expected to disagree with Jean Valjean who "condemned society and sentenced it—sentenced it to his hatred," a hatred that "reveals itself by a vague and incessant desire to injure some living being, it matters not who."

The Minister responsible for this breach of tradition in running a punitive institution is not a Utopian nor yet an apostle of "utter depravity," but a downright plain man who wears a slouch hat come rain or dukes. His farm is not a rest cure but a cure by test. If a prisoner leans overmuch on his hoe, he rides tandem for Toronto again to help break granite in the old jail yard. Whatever his radicalism, however, Mr. Hanna does not administer his magic medicine of freedom to the chronically criminal, for public opinion betrays little sympathy for the murderer or thug who might tearfully promise to "do better". Where crime strikes root again and again, it takes more than table salt to kill the growth. Hence, in its helplessness beneath the present handicaps of human faith and knowledge, public sentiment decrees that the creature who makes his living by violence has passed the mark of responsibility. The Guelph "experiment" recognizes these limitations upon its services and presses home the remedy as close to the source of wrongdoing as the age and disposition of the prisoner will admit.

The process at the start, in April, 1910, when two unarmed officers and fourteen men were quartered in a farm house, looked quite as simple and persuasive as the Golden Rule. And like the Golden Rule all men gave it credit, while few gave it practice. It is one thing to cry from the housetops "Give a man a second chance". It is entirely another to share that chance with your protegee. Mr. Hanna staked his political future on the success of that Prison Farm. Had his estimate of the run of gold in human nature played him false, he might have needed his melodrama hat to hie him back to

his constituents. Two years have tested his scheme. Many tributes have come to him from Prison Congresses in Alabama, and Bands of Hope in Newfoundland, but the real test is curled up in his office drawer, a bundle of letters from ex-prisoners and their friends who know whereof they speak, who know the effect and are frank about the cause, who know they entered prison anticipating the Slough of Despond but found therein—

Illustrating this new doctrine of criminal correction, which is destined to sweep aside the secondary prison system of all the Provinces of Canada, the writer had occasion in Chambers' Magazine recently to recount the story of John Inglis.

His crime was clearly in the list of accidentals. Employed on a lake steamer for his college vacation, he refused, one day, to accept the taunt of his comrades and joined a shore-going party with the result that he became violently drunk. Half crazed by his first indulgence, he returned to the steamer to obtain more funds and, finding none, came off with an officer's suit-case which he pawned, believing it to be his own. Arrest followed. His defence was flimsy and he went down to the Central Prison, Toronto, for six months. Such a "convict" was of course immediately chosen as a candidate for the Prison Farm. Upon his arrival he found to his amazement that, although freedom was to be restricted to certain areas for the period of his sentence, the idea of "restriction" received an elastic interpretation. The Warden, Dr. Gilmour, a manly and considerate director, took the young man aside.

"I want you to understand first of all that this place was built by the Government not to coop you up," said he, "but to help you make a man of yourself. If you have a sincere desire to take a square grip and make the best years of your life of benefit to you and your fellow men, we want to help you carry that out the best way we can. You will have to work hard and be obedient, but every hour will put you in better shape to face the world once more. I place you on your word of honor not to



SOME OF THE CATTLE FROM THE BARNS

This is one of the herds of Holsteins with which the prisoners conduct a highly successful dairy. They work on their own initiative and take a personal interest in the success of the farm



THE BARN AND STABLES OF THE PRISON FARM

Inside as well as outside, the buildings are up to date and managed on a scientific basis, and many a prisoner has taken his first lessons in practical farming here

escape, even though every opportunity invites you. Capture is practically certain and with it you never get another chance. I shall watch your progress personally, nor do I believe you will disappoint me."

Inglis did not disappoint. Assigned to work on a new concrete bridge over the River Speed, built entirely by the prisoners and much admired by Earl Grey and the Duke of Connaught on their visits, he applied himself with diligence and intelligence to his new duty. His surroundings were practically identical with those of the freest man in Canada. A "foreman" instructed him in the mixing of concrete and the manipulation of tools. It was perspiring, back-bending work, but conducted with the camaraderie that helps the hours pass like lightning. Twelve o'clock brought the signal for luncheon. The men formed in line and marched off to the dining hall, where they feasted as well as the best fed farm-laborer in the land. Then a group of four, unattended, shouldered their axes and struck off for a patch of woods half a mile distant, where post cutting was in progress. Five others found a new assignment in straightening out a bend in the river regarded as uncondusive to the æsthetic standards of the Farm. Many were needed for the quarry and a corporal's guard manned the lime kiln. A good-tempered fraternity departed for some newly-planned highway. The fine Holstein herds required attention. The dairy took a foreman and five. Two were sent with horse and wagon to repair some broken fencing, and gave a lift to a comrade bound for town to replace a piece of damaged machinery. Such a disposition of two hundred men would read in the annals of twenty-five years ago as the order of a public maniac.

Inglis, in common with fully fifty per cent. of his comrades that month, gained his first actual acquaintance with physical labor and tasted of the stimulation derivable from a productive undertaking. It is essential to point out that in the ranks of men on the Farm only a minor percentage had ever gained their living from labor of

any kind, trusting to an inherited or cultivated instinct of mendicancy to cause the miracle of bread and butter. This is more broadly true of the prisoners in the jails and district prisons than of the penitentiaries. It is likewise a demonstrated truth that ninety-five per cent. of the roll-call at Guelph met their disgrace through strong drink.

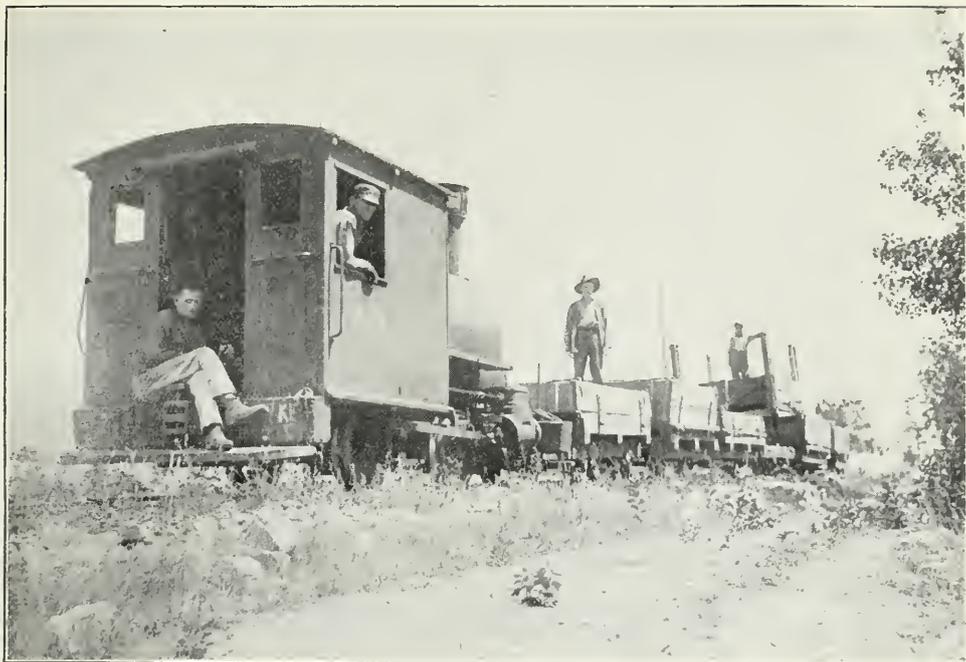
In the three months of his life on the Prison Farm, the young student grew robust, tan-cheeked and physically wholesome. He was in what a physical director would have called "the pink of condition". Upon the last day of his term Warden Gilmour provided him with a ticket to a distant town and wished him well with these words:

"I am not sending you to the town you came from, nor to your father's home, for that is too often a stumbling block to the future. When you are given employment, better tell your boss where you came from. Be frank with him, because sooner or later some one finds out these disagreeable secrets and tells them to your employer, who may regard you as a deceiver. You will find that the average boss respects your confidence and you will be the gainer thereby."

Inglis is to-day the proprietor of a respectable business in the Southern States and has been nominated by his fellow townsmen for a place on the municipal council.

Were the Provincial Secretary of Ontario inclined to boast, he might very easily offer a substantial reward for the duplication in any old-fashioned prison of such occurrences as I am about to relate.

A man of thirty years, whose residence in his native town had been a source of police worry, fastening upon himself the distinction of a professional loafer, took an extra liberty with the law and was awarded a two-month sentence. The officer in charge of the Prison Farm gave him a special job, beautifying a portion of the river bank. Though at first mulish, he quickly evinced a curious pride in his undertaking and when compelled to relinquish it by the expiration of his



A CONVICT-MANAGED RAILWAY IN OPERATION

The Prison Farm uses a railway system extending over two and a half miles for stone transportation, on which prisoners act engineer, fireman and brakeman

term was far from jubilant to regain his liberty. Spying Mr. Hanna coming along a path, he accosted him thus:

"I hope you'll see that a good man is placed on this river job. It has been a tough piece of work, sir, and I wouldn't like to hear of it being spoiled."

It was probably the first confession of any interest or ambition that the poor fellow had ever made. The Minister gave him a ready assurance, for to his keen divination the incident was crammed full of significance.

One day a vigorous young Scotchman, who had seen more fortunes in Cobalt's whiskey-thirst than its silver crop took up residence with the Farm Colony on a twelve months' conviction for running a "blind" saloon. Back in Scotland he had known horses from the whinney to the hoof and quickly was promoted to full charge of the stables. A serious illness threatened a thoroughbred Clyde, and fearing to lose the animal, the prisoner reported the case to an officer, requesting permission to remain with the beast that night until it gave signs of improvement. His skill ultimately saved its

life. So earnestly did he apply himself that upon the expiration of his sentence, the Government retained him in charge of the stables at good remuneration.

It was late in the afternoon when the ground work of a bridge was completed and all that remained was to "run" the cement. "What will we do, boys," asked the foreman, "start now or leave it till to-morrow?"

"Start now," replied the "boys," and not until midnight had come were they willing to lay down their tools; and then only because the work was finished.

Working like Trojans within a hundred feet of a common highway, dressed in workmen's clothes, and no guard nearer than half a mile, I spied one morning five wood-cutters, hewing their way through a body of cedars. One or two were French Canadians, and, as I passed by, a gigantic fellow strode off to an open space with a whole poplar trunk on his shoulder. "Where's the foreman?" I asked. "Hasn't been here all morning," came the answer. And with an average of eight months to

serve, they worked away through the perspiring hours. I saw them all at supper table that night; they were holding out their plates for a second helping of beans.

Playing ball is not a new entertainment in Canadian prisons except that in the old days, the rules required it to be made of iron and riveted to an ankle; under the new dispensation in Ontario it is of leather stuffings and passes from hand to hand. The new way is said to give more satisfaction. "Slim," the prison's negro "joshier," was helping to keep the fifth innings in white hot excitement, his comments being greeted by the prisoner-players with continual laughter.

"If you bring in those runs I'll give you the rest of your time," yelled Slim. "If he connects with that you'll see a sensation." "I feel as bad as anybody about it"—when the runs were piling up against his side. "It's not too dark to catch that ball. Why, it wasn't too dark for you to take the sandwich they sent you down six months for."

From first to last not a "cuss word" was spoken. It is against the rules, of course, but so it is on a league diamond. An officer standing by would probably have ordered an offender to the bench; but he had no need to. Self-control on the Guelph "experiment," you see, starts at the little things, where the starting is good.

It was getting dusk and the score was a tie, but Slim persisted that they should play it out. An officer glanced at his watch—eight-thirty. His whistle quickly brought the men into line, and at a command they marched quietly to the dormitories.

That night two men took guard over two hundred and fifty prisoners. They hadn't even a broomstick for a weapon; I am told there is actually not a firearm on the eight hundred acres. Every window was wide open and without a bar. At five o'clock the man who had blown the whistle the night before, entered.

"All up, men!"

And from every cot arose a prisoner. None missing.

Such is the Experiment!

The human side of a Government's

work, like improving the race of men, is accepted by the taxpayer with the same grace of heart as an architect's bill for extras. Here, however, is a prison that is a money-maker—in the sense that it has saved an enormous percentage of the former prison costs and pays in addition the best dividend that society could ask—the conservation of men. Under the old system—in vogue in practically every province of the Dominion to-day—the forbidding hand of unionized labor has made it impossible to give inmates employment at many tasks resulting in a saleable product. For twenty years in Ontario, the convicts were hired out in gangs at a price to the Government of fifty cents per man per day; every contractor with one exception went into insolvency for the reason that the hang-dog efforts of the prisoners under the shot-gun regime made them worth about thirteen cents short of the fifty.

One day I was watching the perspiring "boys" of the prison farm at Guelph returning from their day's labors, and asked an officer:

"How do you estimate these men's earning power?"

"They do more work and better work than any hundred men at two dollars a day who could be hired in the free market," was his reply.

Self-maintenance goes hand in hand with the "productive idea". Years ago, when the "coop" became full of men—active, red-blooded men who mostly required a new compass—regulation jailers locked them in a cell all day long to impress the idea of "punishment". The prisoner suffered much, but society itself was the inevitable victim. Physical and mental degradation crept in the steps of idleness; Insanity became the jailor's turnkey. When prison terms expired, an anæmic creature was loosed into the world without knowledge or desire or power of labor. That was somebody's bright idea of criminal regeneration. Then followed the age of "fake" labor, the shot drill, the loaded crank, when men perspired for perspiration's sake. Better counsels have prevailed. The world has repudiated the barbaric thought that the man who breaks the

law forfeits his right to a decent future. It is bad economy, it is expensive and inconvenient, although of course it is the way of the Saxon mind to mask those phases by its "uncharitableness." So Ontario, out of all the Provinces, took the matter up experimentally—without much precedent and no skilled advice. Ohio has an institution at Mansfield along somewhat similar lines, with this marked difference that the Ohio prison contains cells for a proportion of its inmates; there are no cells at Guelph and never will be. Ohio deals with long-term men; Ontario is restricted to prisoners averaging only seven months' detention, a much more difficult class to inspire with the reform idea.

The substantial results on the property itself have had only two years to develop. They have already redeemed a swampy uncouth stretch of valley into an area that would be any farmer's pride and profit. They have built with very little instruction a magnificent concrete bridge across the River Speed and have transformed long stretches of bog into the finest macadam highway. They manage an orchard of a thousand fruit trees and a herd of one hundred and twenty-five Holstein cows, plus a fine dairy. They have developed two quarries for building stone and crushed stone and keep a lime-kiln and a hydrated lime plant at full capacity. They turn out quantities of structural tiles for concrete and run a railway two-and-a-half miles in length for transporting quarry material. The road is manned by prisoners entirely, has a locomotive and eight cars on a narrow-gauge track and holds the international record for freedom from collisions. No attempt is made to teach trades owing partly to the brevity of the sentences, nor to conduct a spiritual reformatory by any application of religious doctrine.

Upon his basis of experience and knowledge the argument holds firm. But the Guelph experiment has shown the grandsire's experience and knowledge to be a borrowed fallacy. Law-breaking is not leprosy and eternal isolation is not its cure. Indeed, law-

breaking and imprisonment are in hundreds of cases just a puny little matter of the difference in magistrates or the digestion of even one magistrate. There are cases on record in the Toronto Police Court where men found guilty of heinous crimes have gone from the court-room chuckling at their insignificant sentence; others who have trespassed the statute books more out of carelessness or ignorance have suffered ignominy through two years of jailing. So I say it is often a matter of a magistrate's liver whether scores of men and women retain their status as citizens or take the road for disgrace, dragging their relatives after them. To bring that grandsire's traditional suspicion to a peaceful conclusion, I would say this:

"The men who serve their sentences on the Guelph Prison Farm do not come back. The percentage of "repeaters" is not one-quarter that associated with the history of the old-fashioned prison. Only a small fraction indeed ever come to the notice of the Canadian prison authorities—and it is usually as a strong vindication of the Farm and its policy. Former prisoners who make good in the world seldom care to advertise the ladder by which they climbed, but enough positive cases are known to the Provincial Secretary to thoroughly convince him that his procedure has been upon a scientifically solid foundation; further the most sentimental thought on earth is that prison men are fore-ordained to be vicious, and the most practical thought is that law-breakers are better redeemed than exterminated. Is it not almost a discovery in human psychology that those entrusted with the fullest opportunities to escape have actually constituted themselves their own jealous guardians, have frowned upon the suggestions of "bolting" as treason against their republic, have upheld their words of honor by an almost unbroken record, and have kept the Government's co-operative bond with them free from violation.

That, I contend, is a rather fair-sized attainment to rest on the shoulders of one Canadian.

A Kind of Half Engagement to Ellen

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

Illustrated by Marjory H. Mason

"IT isn't as if we had ever given them the slightest grounds for supposing that we wanted to," said Ellen a trifle vaguely. She had turned away from Charles and was tying a knot in the hammock-rope to make it higher.

"They know mighty well we don't want to!" said Charles bitterly. He was so bitter that his heel had knocked a considerable hole in the grass and so occupied that he was not looking Ellen's way at all. There was a painful pause.

"I want to end it," said Ellen suddenly. Her back was still towards Charles, necessarily, because she was thumping the hammock-cushions into shape, but the ring in her voice was no less determined on that account. At the sound of it Charles left off kicking the grass and turned around abruptly.

"Oh—I say!" He stammered. His face was very red.

"If you are thinking of the money, Charles——"

"Ellen!"

"I say *if* you are thinking of your uncle's money I can see a way out of that. It's a way I've often read about. You propose to me and I'll refuse you and then you'll go and tell your uncle that I won't have you. It works beautifully in books. You see he can't be nasty about the money if it's my fault and not yours——stop spoiling the grass!"

"Yes, Ellen, but——say, it *is* a scheme, isn't it? Only I——I don't half like it either. What book was it in?"

"Oh, I don't know, lots. It's quite common."

"But uncle's a great reader, you know."

"It wouldn't be in the books he reads, silly."

"But it's caddish! Don't you think it's caddish, Ellen?"

"It all depends on the way you do it. Don't be so self-conscious. Treat it as a matter of business. It's not as if I were in love with you, you know."

"Oh——well, if you're truly in earnest——"

"I truly am. Hurry up!"

"Don't get me excited. I say if you are truly in earnest, I'll do it. Ready now! I have the honor, Ellen, of asking you to marry me."

Ellen, whose hurry seemed suddenly to have departed, adjusted her nicely punched-up pillows comfortably and settled herself among them. Her serene gaze rested thoughtfully upon his flushed face.

"I was not expecting this, Mr. Meredith," she said. "And in a matter of such importance I feel that I must have time. I will consult my mother and let you know in a week's time." Then, seeing the blank dismay on the too-eloquent face before her,

her laugh rang out. "On second thoughts," she added, "I see no reason for hesitation. I appreciate the honor but nothing in the world would induce me to marry you."

This should have been altogether satisfactory, yet the rejected suitor gave way to sulkiness.

"You're pretty strong about it," he complained. "And anyway I feel like a cad——"

Ellen, swaying in the hammock and helping out its swinging with an occasional push with the toe of a pretty slipper, had evidently no intention of helping out Charles.

"Besides," he went on, after a futile pause, "Uncle will be sure to see through it, you know. By rights, you ought to have a prior attachment, and——"

"I have a prior attachment," said Ellen.

"What!"

Ellen pushed the hammock daintily. Charles had turned quite around now but Ellen's gaze was far-off. She didn't seem to notice him.

"Uncle would guess if we said it and it wasn't so," said Charles more calmly.

"It *is* so." The hammock was swinging nicely now.

"You're not in earnest, Ellie?"

"I am quite in earnest. If I cannot marry the man I love I shall marry no one else. You may tell your uncle that. I think he will understand."

There was a pause, then Charles rose stiffly.

"Then I suppose there is nothing more to be said. I *might* say that I cannot think you have treated me fairly. I might say that you have not dealt fairly by either your mother or my uncle, or myself——"

"You mentioned yourself before."

"In allowing us to suppose——to suppose——"

"Oh come," laughed Ellen, "I couldn't refuse you before you proposed, could I? Hadn't you better go and settle matters with your uncle?"

"I am going, Ellen," gloomily. "You don't mean that you have gone and engaged yourself to that idiot Manners?"

"*Mr.* Manners," corrected Ellen softly.

"Because if you have——of course it's no business of mine——but I'm awfully sorry for you if you've done that, Ellen."

Ellen, whose eyes had been fixed upon the strip of river showing between the trees, sat up suddenly and waved her hand to a young man in flannels paddling a canoe. When he had passed, "What did you say, Charlie?" she asked sweetly.

"O, nothing. I know it's none of my business but when a man has been like a brother to a girl for years he might expect to have his advice listened to."

"I'm listening," placidly, "but wouldn't another time do, brother?"

"That's you! Make fun of everything. But I want to tell you right now that Manners——" But the arrival of the young man in flannels (who happened to be Mr. Manners himself) made further admonition impossible.

"So sorry you have to go, Charlie," said Ellen. "Don't bang the gate. The hinge is broken."

Charles Meredith closed the gate gently with all due regard for its broken hinge. Once out on the road he drew a long breath. It was a breath of relief, naturally. He was relieved, very much relieved, so relieved that he found it hard to realize his relief and felt almost as if he were not relieved at all. This is a phenomenon which occurs, he assured himself, in all strong emotions. He was free. It was worth a little annoyance to be perfectly free, free as he never could have been as long as that half-taken-for-granted engagement had bound him to Ellen. All the same, Ellen had not acted nicely! Her saying that nothing on earth could induce her to marry him had been almost rude. Poor Ellen! If she were really in earnest about Manners, he felt so sorry for her. Strange that a really nice girl, like Ellen, could be attracted by a young puppy, like Manners!

Reaching his own gate he banged it viciously as he went through.

Of course it was easy, now, to see through her anxiety for a final settlement. She wanted to be free to engage

herself to that brainless fool. Well, if she wanted her freedom, he, Charles, would not be the man to hold her. He wanted no unwilling bride. She had bidden him tell his uncle. He would do so at once and settle it forever. Since she was in such a hurry. Perhaps she would be sorry when—he caught himself up sharply. Of course she would not be sorry any more than he would be. People aren't sorry when they do not love each other.

Anthony Meredith, reading in his cool study, glanced up with an expression of bored civility at the entrance of his nephew, hot, dusty and cross.

"It's as hot as blazes!" said Charles, mopping his face.

"Is it?" Politely. "I had not noticed it. But you do appear warm. You have been upon the river?"

"No, I haven't." Triumphantly. "I have been over calling on Ellen."

The civilly-bored expression gave place to one of real interest.

"That's right. How is Ellen?"

"Oh, perfectly all right, I should say. Able to refuse me in splendid form anyway."

(There was a certain satisfaction in the dealing of the blow—no half-way measure—straight from the shoulder.)

"Oh, wouldn't have you, eh?" Anthony Meredith's voice was quite unshaken. But perhaps, being a little dried-up man who had lived a very full life, he had become used to receiving blows quietly. Perhaps also, at sixty, one recovers a little from the surprisingness of things. At any rate he did not appear surprised even when his nephew's tone reproached him for the refusal of Ellen. Instead he leaned back in his chair and gazed thoughtfully through the open window.

"What did you say to her?" he asked judicially, after a pause.

"Say? What did I say? I don't know. I asked her to marry me, of course." The growing sense of an injury which he could not name was causing Charles to splutter.

"And she said?"

"Said she wouldn't." Snappishly.

"Is that all she said?"

"No. She said she wouldn't marry me for anything in the world."

The shadow of a smile appeared around Uncle Anthony's dried-up lips. "Ah! that sounds more like Ellen! Anything else?"

"She said, at least she intimated, a— a prior attachment."

"Dear me! She intimated that, did she?" Anthony Meredith got up rather quickly and crossed over to the window, presumably to lower the blind. When he turned again his face was as dried-up and impassive as usual.

"Well," he said, "I'm sorry, Charlie. But I expect you waited too long. It's Manners, of course? Nice chap, Manners!"

"A perfect idiot!"

"Nonsense, not at all. A little too handsome to be a man's man. But looks tell with the ladies. He has money, too, and position. Our little Ellen will quite blossom out. She is a lovely girl—a singularly lovely girl——" he broke off absently and for a moment there was silence in the room.

"Well, it can't be helped. I don't blame you, Charles. With a chap like Manners in the field——"

"Puppy!"

"Eh! Were you addressing me?"

"I say that Manners is nothing but a conceited puppy!"

"Oh! naturally. And yet I have imagined lately that you were rather attracted in another direction—a Miss Miller, isn't it? The little girl with the black pompadour?"

"I have a great esteem for Miss Miller," said Charles stiffly.

"Well, Charles, if you care for her—I'm not going to be disagreeable. She is not my style but of course you know that. Suppose that her exceeding newness sometimes jars. You ought to be a better judge than I—you don't think that she is a little—a little——er——"

"Not at all," said Charles stoutly, "all nice girls are like that now. Manners are more unconventional than they used to be."

"Oh, unconventional? Very well. I only want you to understand that you are quite free in the matter. When Miss Miller comes here as your wife she will be welcomed as becomes the lady who is to take

your mother's place. But there will be changes, naturally. We must be prepared for that." The sigh in the would-be-cheerful tones awoke in Charles a vague disquiet.

"I do not see that any change is necessary," he said uncomfortably.

"Don't make that mistake, my boy. This lady has not been accustomed to the quiet life we live. We must prepare to be more lively. For instance she will certainly expect to have the house done over."

Charles' vague disquiet grew with his growing surprise at this benevolent attitude. He became conscious of a feeling that benevolence can be carried to extremes.

"Do the house over—not much! It's too jolly comfortable as it is," he declared vigorously. "Why it's the finest house in the county. I won't have it touched."

Uncle Anthony shook his head smilingly. There appeared to be a touch of pity in the smile.

"I like to hear you say it," he replied, "but—well, these are early days to worry. And now, I am really very busy—"

But when the door had closed behind his nephew, Anthony Meredith did not turn immediately to his book. Instead he stood for a moment toying with the window-blind and suddenly his grim face softened, smiled and wrinkled into a noiseless laugh. He had caught sight of Charles, hump-shouldered and depressed, going slowly in the direction of the river path.

"Clever girl, Ellen!" he informed the window-blind. "Remarkably clever girl!"

Meanwhile Charles of the hump-shoulders and depressed spirit was pushing out his row-boat, seriously disturbed in mind. He knew that he was not feeling as he ought to feel but, though quite well aware of what his proper state of feeling should be, he did not seem able to feel that way.

"Something has to always spoil everything!" he remarked gloomily with a vicious tug at the boat. Yesterday he had looked forward to to-day's hour upon the river with Lida (she had

permitted him to drop the "Miss Miller") with feelings of unalloyed delight and the inexplicable change in his mental attitude was most annoying. He didn't understand it. Why, when he ought to have been blissfully and superlatively happy, did he feel merely apprehensive? He, who had chafed so restlessly under that kind-of-half-engagement to Ellen, was free. He, who had so dreaded his uncle's frown (though as a last resort prepared to defy it in Lida's cause) was assured of his uncle's blessing and sympathy (hang his sympathy!). In other words the course of true love had been miraculously smoothed—and he didn't feel even grateful.

Of course it was wonderful to think that to-day, this very afternoon he might ask Lida to marry him! The realization came to him so suddenly that he dropped one of the boat cushions into the water and had to fish it out with the help of a few emphatic words. Not that he really contemplated so prompt a seizing of happiness. He was not, he assured himself, altogether selfish and was prepared to have some regard for his uncle's feelings—and Ellen's. True, his uncle had expressed his willingness to approve and Ellen had shown clearly that his fate was nothing to her—still the old conviction that his engagement to Miss Miller would mortally hurt both of them was not to be lightly shaken off.

He decided that it would be quite out of the question to ask Lida to marry him to-day and this decision (from its very unselfishness) made him feel better. Dear little Lida! "The little girl with the black pompadour!" How horrid Uncle Anthony could be at times! It was just like him to fix upon the point, the *one* point, in Lida's appearance which was not quite—he wondered dimly what it was that made Lida's pompadour look different from other ladies' pompadours—Ellen's, for instance? When he and Lida were married he would ask her to dress her hair a little lower and not quite so broadly and puffily. But it must be quite a while, quite a long while,

before he spoke of marriage. On account of the feelings of his uncle— and Ellen!

This piece of self-denial brought its own reward in a sudden lifting of his gloom. He was almost himself again when he shot his boat in to Lida's mother's landing.

Lida was there, waiting, pouting delightfully because he was late.

"I've a good mind not to go, now, Mr. Laggard," said Lida.

"It *is* hot," agreed Charles, quite unexpectedly, even to himself, "If another afternoon—?"

Lida's pout disappeared as if by magic. "Oh well, I won't be hard on you. I suppose Uncle Anthony kept you?"

"We had a talk," began Charles, and then he stopped. He felt no desire to tell Lida about the talk; a fact which she noticed almost before he did. "They've had it out!" she said to herself quickly but what "it" was she did not specify, for Lida was supposed to be quite innocent of any knowledge concerning the kind-of-half-engagement to Ellen. She settled herself in the boat with a contented flutter.

"Your cousin, Ellen Ogden, went down the river just now with Jack Manners," she informed him, carelessly. "Say, his new canoe is a stunner! Its name is the Helen of Troy—crazy name for a canoe—but I suppose it's as near as he dared to go." She laughed.

"I don't think I quite understand." Charles was pulling very hard for so hot a day.

"Why, Helen—Ellen, stupid! Oh, look out! You nearly ran into that stump."

Stumps were a common occurrence in the river so it could hardly have been the stump which made Charles look so cross. "I wish you wouldn't say such things, Lida," he said. "I don't suppose Manners had the faintest idea of naming his canoe after Ellen. He hasn't the shadow of a right to do it."

Miss Miller made round eyes. "Oh, hasn't he? Why, I thought—" But if she hoped that he would ask

her what she thought she was disappointed.

"If you row so fast you will catch up with them, and we don't want to do *that*, do we?" Miss Miller's inflexion was flattering and at the gentle insinuation of their sufficiency for each other Charles felt himself glow—at least he thought he felt himself glow—that is, he knew he ought to have glowed, but, as a matter of fact, nothing seemed to be quite what it ought to be to-day. Also, he became aware with something like a start that he had actually been trying to overtake Ellen and Manners, was trying to overtake them now! Once around the bend just beyond Uncle Anthony's landing and they would surely be in sight—

"Ho! Charles."

At the call Lida sat up straighter, fluttering."

"O Charles," she exclaimed with undisguised delight. "It's your uncle Anthony calling you."

"But we don't want to stop now. We—"

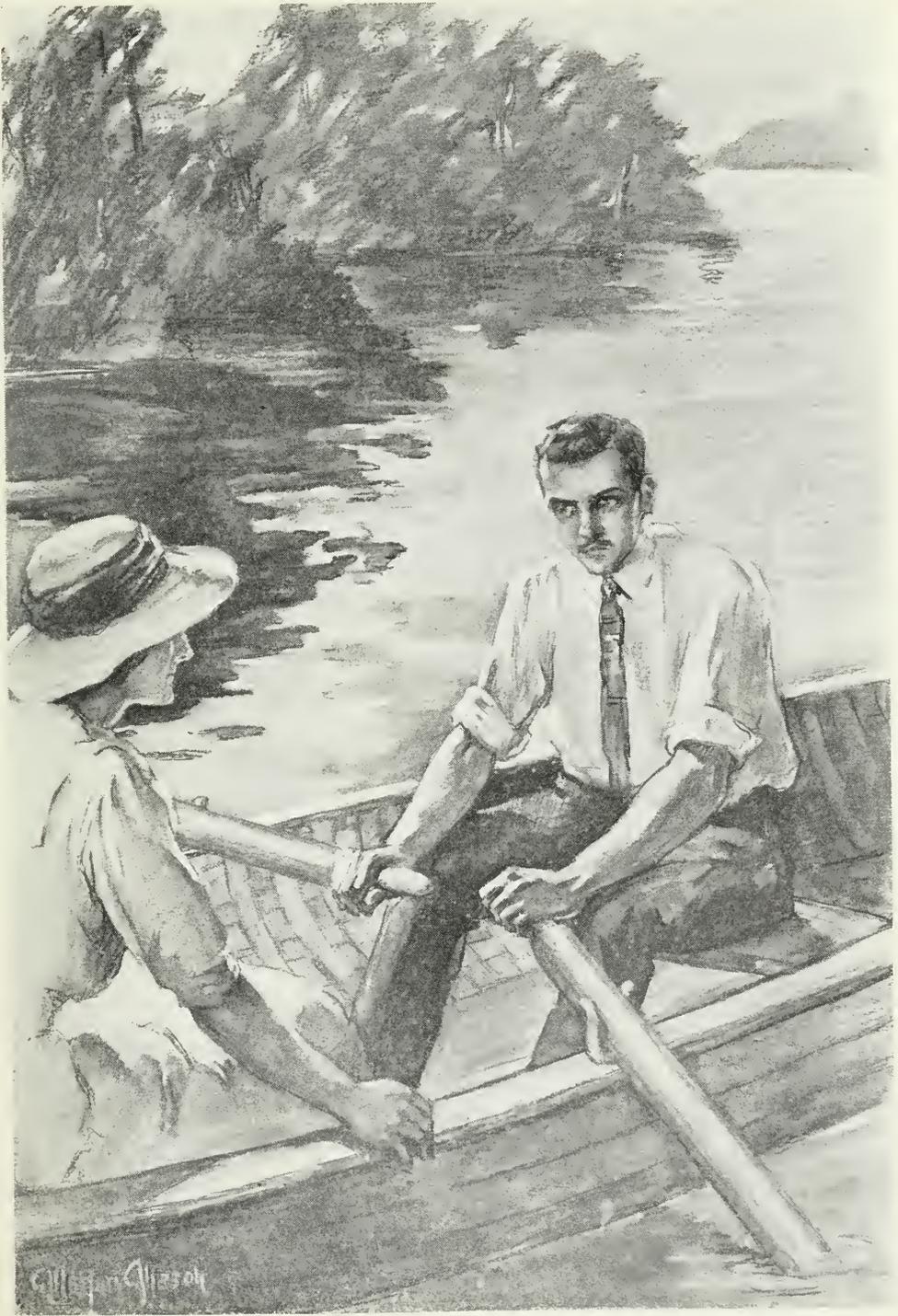
"Oh, yes, we do, Charlie—please. I want to get to know your uncle, because —" Lida blushing stopped herself in prettiest confusion. Charles turned the boat into the bank with a baffled jerk.

"Isn't it very warm upon the river?" asked Uncle Anthony blandly. "How do you do, Miss Miller? Miss Miller looks quite warm, Charles. Won't you come up to the house and have something cool?"

"So kind of you, Mr. Meredith," murmured Lida. She was really overjoyed for hitherto Uncle Anthony had been so decidedly cool himself that the inappropriateness of cooling drinks would have struck the most unobserving. "It *is* hot, don't you think so, Charlie?"

Charlie thought that it had suddenly grown several degrees hotter, especially as he read in his uncle's amused smile a ready appreciation of Lida's attitude.

"Ellen and Mr. Manners wouldn't stay though I asked them," continued Uncle Anthony cheerfully. "I told them to look out for sun-stroke. Really, I feel like a benevolent society, or life



"OH, YES, WE WANT TO STOP, CHARLIE—PLEASE. I WANT TO GET TO KNOW YOUR UNCLE, BECAUSE —."

LIDA BLUSHINGLY STOPPED HERSELF IN PRETTIEST CONFUSION, AND CHARLES TURNED THE BOAT INTO THE BANK WITH A BAFFLED JERK

saving station or something of that nature."

Lida's laugh rang out, a little shrilly. She was nervous and that helped the shrillness or perhaps Charles' bad humor helped him to notice it. "I wish she wouldn't laugh like that," he thought involuntarily and then, with an inward qualm, "She'll be calling me 'Charlie' when Ellen's around sometime." And he felt angry with himself because of the qualm.

"You have such a dear, delightful place here, Mr. Meredith," Lida was saying. "I am sure you must love it very, very much." Lida had a girlish manner of which she was not a little proud.

"One is naturally attached to one's home," said Uncle Anthony placidly. "But don't you find it a trifle old-fashioned—a little bit behind the times—eh? Charles glanced at his uncle in angry amazement at the deprecating tone.

"Oh, well, of course a little freshening would do wonders," agreed Lida, pausing nevertheless with a little gesture of delight as the white of the long balcony appeared through the trees.

Uncle Anthony nodded. "Yes—it's pretty!" he said, but still there was a doubtful note in his praise.

"With a little of the timber down, another terrace and a summer-house or two it would be perfect," went on Lida, reading encouragement in his eyes. "Did you never think of a river pagoda down by the landing——" Something in Charles' face stopped her, reminding her that it might be unwise to betray how thoroughly she had "thought out" devices for improving the Meredith estate.

"You mean a pagoda like that the Ramond-Forbes have put up?" enquired Uncle Anthony, much interested. "It would certainly be a change, wouldn't it? And young folk like changes! We older folk do not progress I'm afraid, but we must not be selfish." He smiled indulgently. Lida, much tempted, cast another quick glance at Charles, but his face was turned away. "I don't really see why Charlie has been making such an

ogre out of this pleasant old gentleman," she thought.

"Young eyes—young eyes!" went on Uncle Anthony. "No doubt they see much that wants doing in an old place like this, outside and in."

"Old places are quite perfect," said Lida, "with a little freshening up, you know. What charming effects one sees nowadays. Have you been inside the Howards' new place up the river? It's a dream, really."

"Nightmare!" said Charles with the force of sudden explosion. "Junk-shop!"

Miss Miller was unpleasantly startled.

"Oh, don't mind him!" laughed Uncle Anthony, "Charles hasn't any taste. He wasn't educated for a house-decorator." He smiled at Lida and she, who at no time was gifted with great penetration, smiled back. "Charlie has been making difficulties," she thought, "I shall be able to do anything I like with this kind old thing."

"The Howard mansion certainly surpasses anything within a reasonable radius," went on the kind old thing. "But the doing over of an old house like this would be a different matter, more difficult—calling for more courage, don't you think?"

Lida pursed her lips thoughtfully, her eyes questioning Charles. She was afraid Charles wasn't enjoying the conversation. And yet on the other hand she might be sorry some day if she didn't take her chance as it came and plant a few of her long-cherished ideas in Uncle Anthony's receptive mind. It would be easy enough to soothe Charlie down afterwards.

"Oh—courage!" she said. "Naturally one must have courage. In refurnishing for instance, in an old place it is necessary to make a clean sweep of all the old rubbish. Get the house practically empty. It pays in the end. It's a fatal mistake to mix—you're sure to ruin your initial scheme and——"

Charles rose with a murmured apology and disappeared into the house.

"Gone to get some more lemonade," explained Uncle Anthony cheerfully.



"OH, EILEN!" HE SAID, AND NEXT MOMENT HE WAS DOWN ON HIS KNEES UPON THE VERY SPOT WHERE HIS HEEL HAD KICKED A HOLE THAT MORNING. "HAVE YOU ANY USE FOR A FOOL?"

"Now in regard to the long drawing-room, just on the spur of the moment of course, what do you think? You don't mind freshening up an old man's ideas I'm sure?"

Lida didn't mind at all and so occupied did she become in setting out her fancies in the fertile soil of Uncle Anthony's unprotesting mind that she quite forgot to notice that Charles was absent a very long time and that when he returned (without the lemonade) it was so late that nothing but immediate departure could be thought of.

Uncle Anthony handed her into the boat with regretful gallantry. "Really Charles," he said, "Miss Miller's ideas are most stimulating. I begin to think that I am not such a hopeless old fogie after all. I hope to see you here again very soon, Miss Miller. Your idea about the throwing out of a bay window in the library—What did you say, Charles?"

"Nothing—jammed my hand in the oar lock! I may not be home for dinner to-night, sir."

Uncle Anthony smiled his indulgent smile and Lida blushed prettily. The boat shot out.

"The cheek of some people!" said Lida laughing. "Inviting yourself to dinner in that way."

"Eh! Oh, I wasn't going to do that. I referred to another engagement."

Lida's face clouded. There was something in his tone which she did not like.

"If it's not a very important engagement perhaps you can break it," she suggested kindly.

"Sorry, but I couldn't possibly break it." Charles was not even looking at her.

"Well, don't upset us!" Lida's tone was sharp. She felt chilled and uncomfortable and was beginning to be strangely distrustful of her afternoon's pleasure. Charles was not proving as easy to "soothe" as she had expected. Could she have been foolish in following old Mr. Meredith's lead so openly? With a noticeable lack of her usual self-confidence she tried again.

"Can't you stay, if I ask you—Charles?"

"No, really, Lida, I can't. It's important. Thank you just the same." Charles was rowing very hard and his spirits had noticeably improved. He smiled at her. "You see I'm rather late for my engagement as it is—a few years late."

"Whatever do you mean?" Lida's tone was fretful. But Charles only laughed and rowed a little faster. In fact so great was his hurry that he had not time to say good-bye more than once when the landing stage was finally reached. Not a word about a ride or row to-morrow, not an appointment of any kind.

"Whatever is the matter with him?" asked Lida's mother with frank curiosity! Have you quarrelled?"

"Oh—*quarrelled!*" said Lida. Her inflexion showed how much more serious it was. She turned away, biting her lip.

"Well, don't let your eyes get all red, anyway! Mr. Mannners is coming to dinner—you had better wear your new flowered chiffon."

"I won't," said Lida, and she continued to cry until her nose was really something of a sight. For, though she was an acknowledged flirt and a good deal of a schemer in a little way, she had her preferences.

Meanwhile this particular preference was pulling swiftly upstream; the important engagement was evidently in that direction. So rapidly did he row, in spite of the heat, that in half an hour he had tied up his boat at the landing belonging to the mother of his step-cousin Ellen. One would have thought that here he might have rested a little to cool off and to gain control of a certain nervousness but the importance of the engagement must have been imperative for he did not waste a moment but set off, at once, almost running through the trees.

Ellen was swinging in the hammock, helping it out now and then with the tip of her slipper. She looked very cool and thoughtful and restful. In fact she looked as Ellen always looked and in the dusk of the trees you couldn't notice that her hair was a trifle more ruffled and her eyes slightly dimmer than usual.

To her came Charles, hot from his rowing, hot from his run through the orchard and hot from a certain agitation which seemed to affect his nerves in a wholly new and unaccountable way.

"Ellen!" he said. It must have been the new and unaccustomed agitation which made his voice shake so badly.

"Why!—is it you, Charlie?" Was it imagination or did Ellen's clear voice shake a little too? At any rate there was a note in it which seemed to give him courage. He laid a strong hand upon the hammock and stopped its swinging. Ellen sat up and glanced at him, a little timidly. He couldn't help seeing her eyes and surely they seemed a little dimmer than usual!

"Oh, Ellen!" he said and next moment he was down on his knees

upon the very spot where his heel had kicked a hole that morning.

"Have you any use for a fool, Ellen?" he asked. She let him take her hand but she did not answer just at once. He could see her eyes quite clearly now. Ellen had certainly been crying! Then, "Are you the fool, Charlie?" she said. He nodded.

Again there was a little silence. He drew closer, so close that he could see how tumbled her hair was. She had been crying—but why? A moment ago he had felt sure of her, now he was afraid. "Ellen!" he said. There was fear in his face.

She drew her hand away, laughing a little. Then, quite frankly, she put it up and wiped away a tear. "Oh dear!" she sighed. "I was beginning to think that you were never going to find it out!"

IN BED

BY HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

SNUG in his crib—the dear, wee tad—
 Who'd ever dream he'd be so bad
 As to say, "No? It is not so!"
 When grandma calls him her own lad.

Who would believe that in his play
 He'd leave his toys in mother's way,
 Although she said: "You'll go to bed
 If you do that again to-day!"

Who'd ever think that he'd refuse
 To put away his daddy's shoes
 And slippers fetch—the little wretch!
 Who'd guess a spanking he would choose?

To see him there—a tiny heap
 Beneath the bed-clothes buried deep—
 One would not guess; yet, I confess—
 He's nicest when he's sound asleep.



THE HOUSE OF THE LICENCIADO MANUEL LOPEZ
AT LA UNION

In the Heart of Old Mexico

By Don Salvador Castello
Carreras

Mexican Consul General

Translated by Carlos A. Butlin,
Director General
of Telegraphs, Barcelona

Illustrated from Photographs

FOURTH PAPER

At "La Union".

LA UNION is the head-ship of the district of Montes de Oca, the municipality next in importance being Coahujutla. It has a population of 2,000, 11,000 being that of the whole municipal district. La Union may be considered as a modern town, its existence dating from only about forty years back. It was founded by Don Jose M. Rodriguez, during whose life it acquired relative importance. The majority of the houses are built of sun-dried bricks, some being of ordinary brick. The roofs are tiled. The streets are generally straight: are paved with stones from the river, and some even have sidewalks. They are converge to a big square where the Municipal House stands, as also the school and very near the church which is not

yet completed. The houses in the square all have before them a kind of porch or shed supported by a long line of uniform columns. In the centre of this square there is a band-stand surrounded by small gardens which give pretty aspect to the place and the growing trees will add greatly to the view in time. Not far from the centre of the town a handsome edifice has just been inaugurated, destined for schools, and is endowed with the best conditions in relation to its object. This detail proves the interest shown in Mexico for public instruction even in the most out-of-the-way places. The Licenciado Lopez is one of the notables here. The excursionists were lodged in one of his houses and treated with the greatest hospitality, but the want of beds made camp necessary. An old Spanish proverb says, "He who does not cry will not get his ration,"

and remembering this I enquired of Lopez whether any kind of bed could be obtained for me. I asked this question half in earnest, half in jest, but Lopez forthwith took me to his sisters' house, nice and hospitable young ladies who immediately placed at my disposal a room to be envied by the most refined sybarite. A bed, clean, ample and soft, with muslin curtains tied with rose-colored ribbons, a splendid sofa, a wash-stand with a large basin and a looking glass (utensils which came in so handy for tidying oneself after twelve days of Bohemian life), are certainly luxurious things and a pleasant surprise for one who, like me, could not have expected them. So I accepted it all most willingly although with great regret at not being able to share these comforts with my companions. How well I slept that night! I shall always feel the utmost gratitude towards those kind angels whose hospitality provided me with more than I could ever have dreamed of.

Our arrival at La Union coincided with the eve of one of the days set apart for the celebration of the Independence. At dawn I was awakened by a fusillade not far from my window. If the Mexican National Hymn had not at the same moment burst forth, its music mingling with the pealing of bells, I should have jumped from my bed in all haste fearing the attack of a band of robbers. But I at once came to the conclusion that the holiday was being initiated by these manifestations. From my bed I saluted the ensign of the Fatherland, which was being hauled up the mast fixed in the middle of the square, and as silence was gradually restored, turned over and went to sleep again until rather late in the morning. My tired and painful body was indeed in want of rest and strength after ten days of early rising.

If we passed the night well, as much can be said of the meal that Emile regaled us with. The poor fellow ever since we left Mexico had had no opportunity whatever to show off his abilities in the culinary art and really he did justice to himself now.

In La Union I had the occasion to experience the excellent organization

and rapidity of the federal telegraph service. Shortly before mid-day I telegraphed to Mexico City (the capital) and two hours after I received a reply to my request; I sent off another telegram, and by nightfall I had also received an answer to that. This fact is worth bearing in mind as I doubt whether it could be improved upon in any country of the old continent.

During the afternoon Colonel Davidson expressed a wish to visit the schools and was greatly impressed with their organization and the intelligence and capabilities of the teachers, one of whom, a lady, held a conversation with him in correct English.

In a most kindly way Davidson made evident his philanthropic and humanitarian regard for children—surrounded by these, all natives, half naked and ragged, it was nice to see him questioning them, through my interpretation, as to their culture and proving to his great satisfaction the benefit they derived from the good system of teaching employed.

Taking advantage of a moment when the Colonel's attention was called to some other matter, I collected a number of these boys and forming them into a line I taught them to salute in a military fashion and to say "Good morning, Colonel Davidson." One may judge of his surprise when on turning round he was met by a military salute and a greeting in his own language. Their efforts were well rewarded as he showed his pleasure by distributing wherewith to supply them with a quantity of sweets.

Late in the afternoon the band played in the square and the "feast of the tree" was celebrated. This consisted in planting small trees all round the bandstand and the Colonel and I had the honor to plant some as an appreciation of our sympathy for this poetical and instructive act.

The fete was presided over by a group of young ladies who in the language of the country are styled *madrinas* (god-mothers). Each lady, prettily dressed, was attended by a young man who acted as her knight.

At sunset the whole neighborhood crowded into the square. By the side



A CORNER OF A SPANISH HOME AT
COYUCA DE CATALAN

of the mast on which the Mexican flag floated, the Guardia Rural formed up in correct line. At a sign from the political chief the orchestra struck up the national hymn, everybody uncovering their heads, the guards presented arms and in the midst of extreme silence the national ensign was gradually and majestically lowered. A beautiful sight! Such a ceremony practised at a place so far away and the respect shown by the whole town from the richest white man to the very poorest Indian produced a great effect upon the Canadians and we Mexicans felt proud and were gratified to see foreigners admiring the culture and patriotism of our people.

After this we adjourned to the municipal hall to assist at a meeting to be held in the principal Salon. The *madrinas* occupied the seats of preference and the political chief took the chair with Colonel Davidson on his right and me on the left in my character as a Mexican official.

The object of the meeting was the inauguration of a new telephone line, the cost of which, in the main, was supported by the residents.

After some speeches which dealt with the matter which had brought them together, Colonel Davidson expressed a desire to say a few words, and in eloquent phrases, interpreted with extreme facility and in chosen language by Senor Ibarra, he associated himself with the act being celebrated and offered his support for any movement they might initiate for the benefit of the town and neighborhood if the day arrived for him to see realized the humanitarian and civilizing plans he was conceiving at that moment. Mr. Lukes in like words expressed the same sentiments, referring also to such laudable plans.

My turn came next and it goes without saying that I expressed my great satisfaction at being present and the excellent effect La Union and its municipality had produced upon me, also that I would be greatly pleased to make known to the president of the republic and his government the patriotic manifestations of the authorities and the people.

In the evening, exhibitions of typical national dances were given in the square, the Colonel and his companions entering into the spirit of the gaiety, and all confessed to having passed a really enjoyable time.

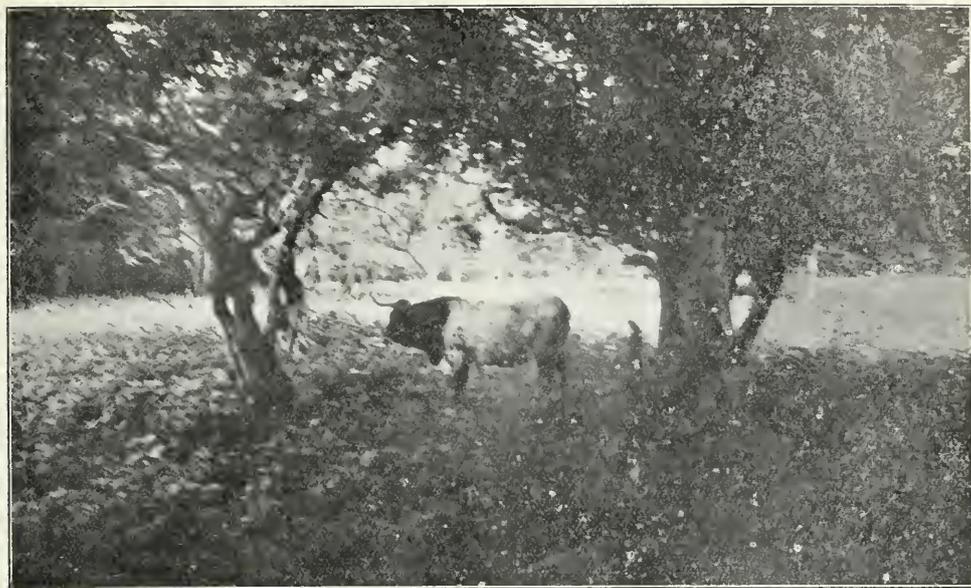
It would not have been a Mexican fete without the singing of "La Paloma," that delicate composition to which babies are rocked to sleep and which is the love-song of sweethearts.

I am unable to say until what hour the dancing continued but at midnight retired to rest and soon fell to sleep in the midst of the noise which still raged in the square.

From La Union to Sihuatanejo.

On leaving La Union, the caravan was organized somewhat differently. The baggage was again placed at the rear-guard; the Colonel and his Canadian friends in front; and behind them Ibarra, Favill, Lopez, who desired to accompany us part of the way, and I.

To each member of the expedition a



A PURE-BRED BULL ON THE CABANO RANCH NEAR LA UNION

charro, or cow-boy, was assigned, who acted as a personal servant. The one attending on me appeared to be a Creole, of good stature, attentive and respectful; his name was Godoy and he had with him his son Panchito, a boy of twelve, whom his father wished to train and took advantage of this long march on horseback for his object.

We passed through the ranch called "El Cabano," the proprietor of which treated us to some rich milk and accompanied us through his pastures where excellent cattle were feeding. I saw one bull which could be compared well with the best types to be found in exhibitions.

Early in the morning, we began to receive the enjoyable sea breeze and at ten o'clock, emerging from a long extension of thick brushwood, we came to the beach.

We were greatly impressed at the sight of the wonderful expanse of ocean at last. It would seem as if the Pacific wanted to deny the proverbial reputation for habitual calm given to it by navigators, for the waves broke at a great distance from the beach, throwing up surf right to our feet and frightening our animals.

At this point the beach has an extension of quite a hundred metres

into the sea, there being no fear of a man losing his foothold even at that distance. The sand is exceptionally fine and had the aspect of cement from its color and consistency. The horses and mules hardly left any traces of their hoofs in their passage over its shores.

The shore was covered with every imaginable kind of shell, beautifully colored, and there was a great abundance of *ostiones*, a species of large oyster, of exquisite taste. We literally satiated ourselves with them.

On reaching the shore we directed our way towards the south-east and for more than an hour we had to undergo the terrible heat of the sun, an experience I shall never forget. After this we turned inland and at a distance of about a hundred metres we came to a veritable oasis abounding in cocoanut trees under the shade of which the Colonel ordered a rest and some refreshments.

This plantation formed part of the ranch called "Roca de Churla," and to it we directed our steps. An Indian woman, graceful and a fine type, also clean, offered us some *blanquillos*, maize, cakes, bananas and cheese, which we eagerly accepted and washed down with *aguacoco* (cocoanut water)



ENTRANCE OF THE FORT AT SAN DIEGO DE ACAPULCO.
NOTE THE DRAWBRIDGE AND THE MOAT

that precious nectar that Nature sent to these regions as a providential drink for the refreshment of the tired and heated traveller.

The sea, notwithstanding the heavy surf, was very tempting and several of the party did not hesitate to take a dip, and for myself I can say that it was one of the most pleasant baths I had ever enjoyed. If the voice of our chief had not been heard, giving the order to start again, we might have stayed in the water for an indefinite period, so refreshing was it. For me, this mysterious sea was full of charm, for so many ages unknown, hidden away beyond unexplorable forests.

Vasco Nunez de Balboa at the beginning of the sixteenth century discovered its shores after traversing the American continent, and the Isthmus of Panama.

What strange coincidences there are! On the 28th of September of 1513, the illustrious navigator saw it for

the first time, and on the following day took possession of what he called the Southern Sea on behalf of the King and Queen of Castille. Three hundred and ninety-seven years after, day for day, I saw it also for the first time.

So as to avoid the mules having to continue the circuitous route we had taken for getting to the sea, it was arranged that they should follow the route which leads from La Union to Acapulco, and wait for our arrival at a place called "Las Laguras." We, in the meantime, pursued our journey to this point passing through extensive fields of oak trees, cactus and *nopales*. Between twelve and one o'clock the sky darkened, the wind began to blow like a hurricane, and hardly giving us time to put on our waterproofs, a terrific storm broke upon us. Only in these parts are such brusque changes to be experienced. Galloping our hardest, we fell upon the ranch "Las Laguras," like a legion of devils, but the inhabitants, although astonished at our sudden arrival, soon showered upon us every kindness and attention. The people of "Las Laguras" are descended from French and Mexican Indian parents, and are somewhat related to Lopez of La Union. The sight of a pretty fair haired boy, with blue eyes, was sufficient to reveal the European blood which ran through his veins. That hospitable family, like all the inhabitants on the Coast, placed before us all they had, and, with eggs, rice, fowl, *jocoque*, and cheese, we soon improvised a good breakfast. During our meal the sun re-appeared and half way through the afternoon we were able to resume our journey. At about six o'clock we arrived at the plains of Temahhuacan and as we were convinced of the impossibility of reaching Sihuatanejo before nightfall, the chief gave orders to encamp and we began to look around for a suitable spot.

As the recent rainfall had converted the ground into a veritable quagmire it was impossible to find even a small corner where to set up our tents. Remembering that a sister of the Licenciado Lopez resided somewhere hereabouts, I enquired after her and was immediately directed to her house.

Needless to say she unhesitatingly placed her abode at our disposal. We accepted the shed which formed the front part of the house and there we installed the camp-beds and the kitchen stove. Lee Stark, Ibarra and I sought out a small hut less dirty than the rest in the village and there arranged to pass the night. Favila went ahead charged with the mission of arranging for breakfast to be prepared in Lagunillas, a small ranch which we should have to pass next day. The night was passed without incident and allowed us a fair rest. At daybreak the horses were saddled and before sunrise we were well on the way. Our road from the outset was over mineral soil, principally silver-lead, and this continued up to Lagunillas where we arrived by forced marches. To the north we had left the celebrated "Iron Mountain," unexplored up to the present, where the ore is found almost on the surface and forms the entire mountain. The mineral is so abundant that the supply is calculated to be sufficient for the world's requirements during more than a hundred years.

After passing, on the trot, through the hacienda de Buena Vista and the ranch of Pantla, we stopped at Ixtapa to give the animals a rest. Here we enjoyed the sight of the centenarian tree Saiba, under shade of which more than sixty horses can be sheltered. On leaving Ixtapa we traversed a region which for its incomparable beauty gave us an idea of what Paradise was like. The main road (if such it may be called) beyond Ixtapa is engulfed in the roughnesses of the Sierra de la Cuchara, the exuberant vegetation of which offers delicious shade to the traveller for a long distance, at the same time astonishing him with its marvellous splendour and charm.

La Canada de los Bordonos should be specially mentioned on this account, for it is truly lovely. Here are to be observed every kind of fine wood trees natural to the tropics, cedar, mahogany, ebony, etc., but the scarcity of roads makes their exploration impossible. Among the trunks of these trees the *lotonias* and *camerops* abound just as



THE TYPE OF SAILBOATS IN USE ALONG THE COAST
NEAR SIHUATANEJO

ferns do in the woods and forests of Europe. The *cuaztle* is also very profuse, a plant which produces the fibre with which the Indians make saddle cloths and other parts of harness.

The long and slender *bejuocos* wind round the trunks and form bridges and garlands which, hanging from bough to bough and from branch to branch, serve as a frame for the wild aromatic climbing plants and varied flowers which gives a tropical forest such a seductive and original aspect.

The *timbiriches* and many other plants giving off such a variety of rare flowers perfumed the air with their wonderful aroma, and the singing of many colored birds, and the innumerable butterflies of great size and brilliant coloring reflected upon by the sun's rays gave greater life still if possible to this charming spot.

Notwithstanding our fatigue and the desire to soon terminate the day's journey, the hours inverted in passing through these lovely forests, upon

which nature appeared to lavish all her charms, seemed to be very short to us. Even the spring water so rare in these parts issued fresh and crystalline at frequent intervals.

On coming out into the open again, we soon reached "La Pureta," a banana plantation belonging to Don Francisco Galeana, a descendant of the famous hero Don Hermenegildo Galeana, who, during the War of Independence and as lieutenant of General Morelos, gave so much trouble to the royalist troops. There, for the first time, we saw a banana plantation. To judge from its extension and the abundance of the fruit, the proprietor must be making good profit.

After descending a dangerous ravine, where not long before a traveller met his death falling with his horse to the bottom of one of its precipices, we came again to the open and amidst leafy lanes of bananas and palm trees, we made our entry into Sihuatanajo, where we were awaited with expectation.

From Sihuatanajo to Petatlan.

Fihuatenajo, Cihuatanajo or Sihuatanajo, as under these three spellings have I seen it mentioned on maps, in guides and in official documents, although written with the "S" the word appears to mean "young woman" in the ancient Indian language, is a clean and attractive town with a natural harbor or bay of limited size, consisting of some hundred huts, many of these only cabins. Its situation is approximately two degrees to the west of the Meridian of Mexico and in the seventeenth and eighteenth degree of northern latitude.

This maritime district is in charge of an old marine officer, whose name I cannot recall who in turn is under the

jurisdiction of the Marine Commandancy of Acapulco. There are very few seamen as hardly anyone about here is dedicated to the fishing industry. We only came across a pilot named Bernardo Rodriguez, in whose hut we were lodged and kindly treated. As will be seen later, this old man had to return to active service and take to the sea with a party of the expeditionaries.

Don Bernardo is a proper sea-dog and inhabits a lovely white little house by the sea-shore with his wife, of whom we shall always preserve grateful memory, and two children, a son and daughter. The girl, about twenty years of age, is the telegraphist of the place and is very intelligent and capable. We all wished for her a prompt rise in rank for her ability is certainly superior to that required for the necessities of such a small district. In that house, and under the awning which protected us from the sun's rays at the same time allowing us to enjoy the fresh breeze impregnated with ozone, I passed one of the happiest periods of the whole expedition, rocking in my hammock, resting my tired limbs and as my mind became refreshed by the delightful breeze, my thoughts went back to the Mediterranean coast, the waters of which as it were rocked my cradle; to the long voyage of my father, an old sailor, who in his young days navigated the Pacific along the entire Mexican coast; and to those days of my infancy when I found enjoyment in collecting shells of all colors on the seashore. Towards evening we took a bath in those waters, the same waters in which Lerdo de Tejada, President of Mexico, bathed himself every day when, as a fugitive and pursued by the forces of Porfirio Diaz, he was awaiting the ship to take him and his companions to the United States.

To be continued.



ON THE "MIDNIGHT SUN" ONE OF CORNWALL'S STEAMERS

Engineers, trappers, surveyors, free traders, a manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Indians, breeds and a Hudson's Bay man are shown among this cosmopolitan crowd of passengers

Making a Country and a Name

By L. V. Kelly

Illustrated from Photographs

IN the days of the masculine shirtwaist it required nerve of a kind to wear one of those contraptions in the larger eastern centers; figure how much more nerve it would require to wear one in the west, just about the time the railroads reached the pioneer country. Figure that it would take ten thousand times more nerve to wear a shirtwaist in the lumber country in the east than it would in one of the eastern cities, multiply that by a few thousand more and you have the ratic required to wear one in Edmonton in early times. Jim Cornwall was the only man in the north who wore a shirtwaist when they were in vogue,

and acquired the sobriquet of "The Shirtwaist Man."

Just by way of an illustration to show how Edmontonians looked upon eastern fashions let me recall the story of the man who in the year 1908 applied to the local legislature for a railroad charter to open a part of the country that needed it much. He was refused, —turned down with the grim coldness of an iceberg—because he appeared on the streets of Edmonton wearing spats and a silk hat. Yet years before, Jim Cornwall wore a shirtwaist, and the inhabitants stood for it because Jim Cornwall did it.

Men who do things generally can.



He learned to sneak Cree and dance the Red River jig with the best of the half-breed turks



He has piloted many an impatient gold-seeker through the Grand Rapids of the Athabasca



"Jim" takes a rest on the "nigger" of one of his modern steamboats. He can handle the wheel with the best of the pilots



He is the only man beside Alex Kennedy to make the walk from Peace River Crossing to the lake in a day's time

"JIM" CORNWALL AT HOME IN HIS OWN LAND



JAMES K. CORNWALL, M.P.P. FOR THE PEACE RIVER DISTRICT
looks like any other successful business man when he makes his trips "Outside", and a stranger would
place him as perhaps a real estate man or a merchant

Cornwall had done things, and Edmonton knew it. He had been a newsboy and a sailor, a trapper and a trader, he knew canoes and rivers. The early people of the north liked his spirit and approved of his ways.

The first time I ever saw J. K. Cornwall was in 1908 when he had just returned from the north trails, lean, brown and hard. He was about five feet eleven inches tall, he weighed about a hundred and seventy-five pounds, and he walked with the swing of springy, steel muscles. His shoulders were wide, his hips narrow; his face was keen, brown as an Indian's and smooth as a boy's. From the brown face a pair of wide-set grey eyes took in everything in sight, from the dogs fighting two blocks away to the stenographer peering from the window of the law office three stories overhead.

A number of years ago, just how many Jim will not say, there was a newsboy along the docks at Buffalo; a newsboy with wide-set grey eyes who made his living by selling papers, held his position by the skill of his fists and the activity of his brain and was born at Brantford, Ont. The grey-eyed newsboy grew in wisdom and strength, interested himself in Buffalo politics and in time became a trusted lieutenant of Fingy Connors then just coming toward his great power along the dock fronts of the lakes. The grey-eyed young man sailed the lakes, worked hard in politics, assimilated knowledge of towns, cities, and the habits of men; he studied everything he could not understand, and he studied until he knew. When General Coxey collected his tattered multitude and marched his odorous way upon Washington, Jim Cornwall joined that throng and remained with it until Washington was reached—and this for the experience. Incidentally, he was also special correspondent for certain newspapers.

After Washington was successfully assailed by the hobo general and his ragged cohorts Jim looked for more experiences, so he enlisted or signed on, or attached himself by whatever term is seaworthy, to an ocean vessel, whereon he sailed before the mast for

some time, gathering more knowledge of men and minds.

With a couple of pennies rattling in his trousers' pockets, and a supreme confidence in himself he finally started west and north, reaching Edmonton before the Yukon gold rush of a dozen or more years ago, in search of the proper road to fortune. The Yukon rush was about to start, but he could not see any fortune in that. So he went north into the fur preserves of the Hudson Bay country and looked around. He saw many things. One of them was the Athabasca river, navigable many scores of miles for river steamers, with the power of a couple of hundred thousand horses being wasted in the falls of the Grand Rapids. He followed the river from source to mouth and saw that it fed through a rich country and into a lake rich in mineral indications, rich in fish. Then he went further north and west, across the portage to Lesser Slave lake, across the lake by yolk boat, across the long portage to the Peace River country. One morning he stood on the high promontory from whence one obtains the first glimpse of the mighty Peace, wide as the Mississippi, slow of current. On the left was the point from whence the Big Smokey wound down into the Peace. The valley of the river was covered with mist. Cornwall stood watching while the mist dissolved in rainbows, stood while the green islands appeared, while the silver band of the broad river took form, stood while the wild geese honked below him and fled northward again, startled by some enemy or strange noise. From where Cornwall looked the river was seven hundred feet below his feet, the lower flats were rich with tender green, the slopes were thick with timber. It looked good. But he made no decision until he had seen more. Down the long grade to the bottoms he travelled and saw that farms had been established, that a trading post was at the Crossing, that farming was successful, horses fat and sleek. He saw luxuriant grasses, splendid grains, heard of wider and mellow country west and north and

southwest saw the natural transportation facilities, and made his decision.

"This country is going to be good some day. I'm going to stick with it." So he went in search of work, for he had none.

On the Athabasca river the Yukon gold seekers were just beginning to flock. They found the Grand Rapids a mighty barrier, and they offered large sums to be successfully piloted through. Jim Cornwall watched for a day or so, asked and secured leave to run the wicked waters in company with an Indian who knew them, came back and took steady work as a pilot. In two trips he had noted the tortuous channel, the bad rocks, the bad water; those wide-set grey eyes of his had taken in all points, and his keen mind remembered the course. Many impatient gold seekers he piloted through that bad stretch of water, never once wetting a cargo, never having an accident. Then with a little stake he looked about for the next step. He took a mail route, from Edmonton to the posts hundreds of miles north, he trapped and traded and learned the Cree tongue. Also, and a much more difficult feat, he learned to dance the Red River jig with the best of the half-breed turks. This alone marked him as a white man above the ordinary. One other thing placed him higher yet in the regard of the breeds; he differed from every white man who had ever preceded him to the country, for he paid no attention to the northland womenfolk—perhaps not because he was *better* than other men, but busier. This was the final seal which proved to the simple breeds and Indians that Jim Cornwall was not like other men of his race. They grew to like him, for he was fair; he walked with them on trail and river, worked beside them, entered into their troubles and helped them. He established trading posts and when he had built up a substantial business, with posts at the important points, he sold to the Revillon Freres.

But through it all he talked of his northland, of the prairies and timbers, fish, and minerals; he talked of the crops that were raised, of the warm chinook winds, of the hearty, lusty

cattle, and he became the Northland prophet.

A year ago I went in to Cornwall's country, the Peace river lands. The route was by stage to Athabasca Landing, thence steamer to Lesser Slave river, portage for sixteen miles, steamboat up the river and across Lesser Slave lake, then portage to the Peace. All the way we heard of Jim Cornwall. The stage drivers between Edmonton and the Landing told about his record hikes from the Athabasca to Edmonton, the breeds told of other deeds.

At Athabasca Landing we went on a steamboat, equipped with everything modern. There were berths with white sheets and electric lights, there was a great electric searchlight on the pilot house, there was a bathroom with hot and cold water, the table service was correct, waiters and attendants, French and half breed, catering to the wants of the passengers.

Up the Athabasca the big stern wheel pushed the vessel, the halfbreed pilot proudly guiding the great craft. Along the banks the miles and miles of timber crept down to the water's edge, here and there a moose was seen browsing, occasionally we passed native dugout canoes; once a white flag was spied on the shore and we stopped to take on a quarter of fresh-killed moose. The white flag is the meat sign all along the river. Once again we stopped to see oil bubbling and trickling from the earth. As we sat in the drawing room of the upper deck, watching the banks slip by, reading the latest magazines, feeling the throb of machinery, tilted back in lounging chairs, my eyes caught a warning pasted on the wall to the effect that prospectors going into the Mackenzie river country or the country to the north would do well to take a year's provisions with them. It was not an advertisement. It was a government warning and it showed just how close we were to the edge of things. Jim Cornwall owned these modern steamboats and carried much freight.

On Lesser Slave lake we were on another of his steamers, we ate smoked whitefish netted overnight and smoked

before morning, placed fresh and appetizing on the table before us, we heard of the yolk boats that Cornwall's steamers had crowded off the lake, we heard how Cornwall swam all night, late one fall, to tow a capsized canoe to shore, a partner who couldn't swim roosting on the upturned craft. On the ninety mile portage to Peace River Crossing we were told of Jim Cornwall's being the only man beside old Alex Kennedy to make the walk from the Crossing to the lake in a day's time. Old Alex, a Scotch trapper who handled boats on the Nile in the eighties, walked one Christmas eve from the Peace to the lake to participate in Christmas festivities. He beat out his dogs and danced all night after he arrived. Jim Cornwall made the trip once in the same space of time it took Alex.

Up on the Peace we stopped at a trading post called Carcajou (Wolverine) where a band of Indians lived. We disembarked for a rest and rambled along shore. Jim Cornwall disappeared with a package under his arm. Finally we approached a log shack with a summer tepee near the front door, and we saw inside the open door an ancient woman, wrapped in blankets

lying close beside a stove in which was a roaring fire—and the weather outside was so hot we were wearing only undershirts and trousers. The white plague had condemned the aged squaw. She racked herself with horrid coughs and had only energy enough to move her eyes and look out upon the bright grass, the sunny sky, the shimmering river which she should leave so soon. Beside her sat Jim Cornwall, and in his hands were the oranges and tit-bits he had brought all the way from Edmonton for her. The breeds and the Indians like Jim.

Thirty years ago he sold newspapers along the Buffalo streets, twenty years ago he helped Fingy Connors secure the balance of power, fifteen years ago he assisted gold-mad greenhorns in getting through the northland rapids toward the El Dorado.

Three years ago J. K. Cornwall, M.P.P., for Peace River, ate lunch in Germany with Kaiser Wilhelm and transacted business with J. P. Morgan during the few days he stopped off in New York on his way back to the northland. He's up there now, bossing his boats, building more, arranging for a railroad to tap his steamboat lines.

FLORENCE

BY T. D. J. FARMER

CITY of Flowers! where the Arno winds
 Bejewell'd among the Apennines, thou art
 Of all fair cities dearest to the heart
 Of him who 'mid the world's confusion minds
 Life's higher things. In thee the seeker finds
 The deeds of masters of an early age
 And those whose genius lit a later page
 What inspirations! Streams of many kinds
 Of knowledge fill the soul with ecstasy
 And make poor human things diviner grow
 In that fair capital of Tuscany!
 Surely the thoughts of after life shall glow
 Brighter with happy memories of thee
 The home of Dante and of Angelo!

The Claret-Colored Coat

By Mary Grace Halpine

Illustrated by C. Edith Mitchell



"NO WOMAN COULD RESIST HIM," THOUGHT MRS. BURDOCK SADLY

MRS. BURDOCK had been in a chronic state of jealousy of her husband ever since their marriage. Not that he had ever given her any occasion for suspicion; on the contrary, so far as she could learn, his conduct was the model of conjugal propriety. But as she often declared, with a mysterious shake of the head, "Joseph was deep, very deep; there was no knowing what he did when he was out of her sight and hearing."

Now the truth is, Mr. Burdock, though by no means obtuse, was not noted for the profundity of his intellect. Neither was he the sort of man calculated to make a woman jealous. He was a stout, red-faced gentleman of forty, or thereabouts, good-hearted, and with a pleasant and genial manner, but by no means disposed, either by nature or inclination, to be the gay deceiver that his wife imagined him.

But Mrs. Burdock adored her hus-

band, and was firmly convinced that every woman of her acquaintance envied her the possession of such an incomparable man. She was equally as confident that none of her sex, whom he was desirous of pleasing, could resist his blandishments.

"I, even I," she remarked to one of her numerous confidants, "who have so much firmness and penetration, could not withstand his fascinations."

Contrary to what is usual, in such cases, Mrs. Burdock's heart was full of compassion for the victims of her husband's wiles; for that he had such she never permitted herself to doubt.

True, in spite of all her watchings, her peepings into his private correspondence, and questioning his associates and dependents, she had never yet detected him in any overt act—but what of that? It was only an additional proof of his duplicity, of the consummate art with which he covered

up his infidelities. How else could he deceive a person of her skill and penetration?

"Mr. Burdock is deep, very deep," she would say, with a grim compression of the lips, after having followed some "very suspicious circumstance" until it resolved itself into quite a commonplace affair; "but he will be caught napping yet."

Mr. Burdock was a lawyer, though not a very brilliant one. He had gained considerable wealth; but, from the force of habit, still plodded on in the old beaten track.

He had no children, but had taken a nephew into his office to study law, whom common report declared he intended to make his heir.

However this might be, Mr. Burdock seemed to be quite fond of his nephew, James, in his way; said way—like a good many other people's ways—not always being very agreeable to the object of his affection.

"It's high time you were settled in life," he said, to his nephew, one day. "I will give you five thousand dollars, and if you marry a wife with as much more, it will give you a very fair start. There's nothing like getting a good start. Let me see. There's Miss Bagley, daughter of old Tom Bagley, she'll have that, if not more. Just the one for you!"

But James did not seem to share in his uncle's enthusiasm, but was ungrateful enough to hint that the lady in question was some years his senior, and not of a very prepossessing exterior. At which Mr. Burdock took great umbrage, bidding his nephew suit himself as to a wife; all he insisted upon was, that she should have the qualifications named.

James' countenance, which had brightened at the commencement of his uncle's speech, fell at its conclusion, the cause for which the story will develop.

We forgot to say that Mr. Burdock had a claret-colored coat—a very unimportant omission, perhaps, the reader will say. Apparently; but important results are often brought about by very trifling circumstances. So, if it hadn't been for Mr. Burdock's

coat our story would have remained untold.

This coat had been in Mr. Burdock's possession for some years, and was different in make, material, and color, from any other in the place; but it was a great favorite with him, and he wore it a great deal, because it was so easy and comfortable. So he came to be known by his coat, as far off as its color could be distinguished.

"How did you like the lecture last evening?" inquired a lady of Mrs. Burdock, one afternoon shortly succeeding her husband's interview with James.

"I didn't hear it," disclaimed Mr. Burdock's helpmeet.

"I saw your husband there with a lady, and I thought, to be sure, it was you. But now I think of it, it looked more slender and girlish."

There was an ominous silence. Mrs. Burdock looked unutterable things, and her visitor had the painful consciousness of having alluded to some unpleasant circumstance.

"Are you sure it was my husband, Mrs. Drake?"

"Quite sure. I saw only his back; but I should know his claret-colored coat anywhere. I don't believe its like is to be found in the town."

"And the—the young person with him was—a woman?"

The solemnity with which this question was put brought a smile to Mrs. Drake's lips.

"She had the appearance of one; though I couldn't swear to it."

This discovery was rolled over and over, in Mrs. Burdock's mind, until she saw her husband at noon, its meagreness of detail fully supplied by her active imagination.

"Where were you last evening?" she inquired, with an air of assumed carelessness.

"In my office."

"All the evening?"

"All the evening. Why do you ask?"

"Oh! nothing. I merely inquired," said Mrs. Burdock, indifferently; for it was by no means the purpose of this astute woman to put the deceiver on his guard.



MRS. BURDOCK'S FIRST IMPULSE WAS TO RUSH FORWARD AND OVERWHELM
HER HUSBAND WITH HIS PERFDY

After tea, Mr. Burdock went to his office, as was his usual custom, it being his practice to make, in his business, short mornings and long evenings. Removing his coat for something lighter, he proceeded to prepare himself for his work by the solace of a cigar, and a glance at the evening paper.

Not long after her husband left, Mrs. Burdock followed, disguised in the attire of an old woman, with a large, close bonnet, that quite concealed her features.

She moved slowly along on the opposite sidewalk, frequently pausing, apparently for the purpose of looking in the shop-windows, but keeping a close watch on the office door.

She was soon rewarded by seeing the door open, and her husband pass down the steps. True, she could not see his face for the muffler, and the cap that was pushed down over his eyes, but his coat was as familiar to her as his features.

He moved hurriedly down the street, as if anxious to avoid observation, and Mrs. Burdock followed.

He did not slacken his pace till he came to a large tree on the edge of the Common, where he was almost immediately joined by a woman closely veiled.

The woman threw back her veil as she reached his side, disclosing a fair,

sweet face, whose eyes and lips smiled an eager welcome.

Mrs. Burdock could not see her husband's face; but she did see what almost took away her breath to witness; she saw him bend his head, and kiss his companion again and again.

Mrs. Burdock's first impulse was to rush forward and overwhelm him with her knowledge of his perfidy; but upon second thought she concluded to attain her object in a more sure and certain way.

The pair moved slowly down the path; and Mrs. Burdock thought that she had never seen her husband stand so erect, and walk with such a free, joyous step.

They appeared to be conversing very earnestly; but though Mrs. Burdock followed as closely as she dared, all that she could distinguish was the words, "our marriage," uttered by the woman in reply to something said by her companion.

"So he is passing himself off as an unmarried man!" thought the wife, with a feeling of grim satisfaction at the discovery of this additional proof of the moral turpitude of the partner of her bosom, and of the male sex in general.

Evidently fearful of being observed the pair soon separated; and Mrs. Burdock never once took her eyes from

the claret-colored coat until she had seen it re-enter her husband's office. She then returned home,—a supremely wretched woman, you will say. Not a bit of it! We are sorry to lose this grand opportunity of enlisting the reader's sympathies; but truth compels us to say that never had Mrs. Burdock been in a more satisfactory state of mind. All the mortifying failures of the past were more than compensated by the triumph that was now in store for her.

And when her husband returned, it was better than any play to her to hear him relate, as she artfully led him on to do, the manner in which he had spent the evening.

"I may be an injured wife, Mr. Burdock," was her inward comment, as she listened. "I should rather think I was; but it by no means follows that I am a deceived one, as well!"

For three consecutive nights, at the same hour, the claret-colored coat issued from Mr. Burdock's office, going the same way, pausing by the same tree, where it was joined by the same lady. And each time it was followed by the attentive eyes and steps of Mrs. Burdock.

Upon the third, she succeeded in tracing the young lady to her home, for the identification of the artful creature was the next move in Mrs. Burdock's carefully-laid plan to circumvent her faithless husband.

It was a modest house, in a retired part of the town. The name on the door-plate was Captain Thorne. She learned afterward, that he was a retired naval officer, quite infirm, and whose family consisted of himself, one servant, and his niece, Jennie, the young lady in question.

The morning after this discovery, as Miss Jennie was seated in the parlor, thinking of—no matter whom—she was startled by the appearance of a dignified-looking lady, with a very grave and severe countenance.

"My name is Burdock," was the visitor's preliminary observation.

The young lady certainly changed color, but did not appear to be so overwhelmed by this announcement as her visitor expected. Mrs. Burdock, there-

fore, continued in a still more crushing tone and manner:

"You are in the habit of meeting, every evening, between the hours of seven and nine, a gentleman upon the Common."

The bright color rose from the cheeks to the temples, but there was no guilt in the clear, steady gaze that met her own.

"I have called on you with the impression—or, at least the hope that you are unacquainted with his true name and position."

"You are mistaken; I am very well informed on both points."

"Indeed! Then you know that his name is Burdock?"

"Certainly."

"And that he is a married man?"

The color suddenly receded from her cheeks.

"Married, madam? Impossible."

"Being his wife, I think I ought to know."

"You his wife?"

"Yes. I repeat it, I am the wife of Joseph Burdock."

The young lady stared at her visitor in blank amazement; and then, as if overcome by some uncontrollable emotion, suddenly buried her face in her handkerchief.

Mrs. Burdock surveyed her with a feeling of mingled self-complacence at this proof of her husband's fascinations, and compassion for their victim.

"I am far from considering you blame-worthy," she continued, in a softer voice, "except in the thoughtlessness and imprudence natural to youth. I am not ignorant of the peculiar charm that Mr. Burdock exercises over our sex. Even I, with all my firmness and penetration, am not proof against its powers. But I trust, now that you know his real position, that you will see the necessity of rooting from your heart a hopeless, and I may add, sinful passion."

Here Jennie removed her handkerchief from the eyes that, certainly, had not lost anything of their old sparkle in the apparent grief that had convulsed her frame.

"Isn't it possible that you may be mistaken in the person?"

"No, it isn't," was the positive rejoinder. "I followed him from his office to the Common three successive nights. I think I ought to know my husband's claret-colored coat, upon which I put a new collar, with my own hands, only a fortnight ago."

This proof seemed to be incontrovertible, and Jennie again hid her face in her handkerchief.

Whereupon Mrs. Burdock again addressed her in a consoling and admonitory strain; but unable to elicit any response, finally took her leave in a very serene and contented frame of mind.

Before Mrs. Burdock had decided upon the next move in her counterplot, James, her husband's nephew, solicited a private interview, for the purpose of getting her to exert her influence in his behalf with his uncle.

"I am attached to a worthy, and very charming young lady," he said, "Miss Thorne, niece of Captain Thorne; but my uncle utterly refuses his consent on account of her want of fortune."

"On account of her want of fortune?" repeated Mrs. Burdock, with a smile of scornful incredulity. "Why don't you marry without it, then?"

"Because Jennie won't marry without her uncle's consent, which he will not give unless I get my uncle's also."

Inwardly delighted at the turn affairs were taking, Mrs. Burdock maintained a grave exterior. What a fortunate combination of circumstances this was that thus placed the game in her own hands!

"I thought I heard Mr. Burdock say that you could marry whom you chose, providing she brought you a dowry of five thousand dollars?"

"So he did; but then Jennie hasn't a penny, and won't have. Her uncle's income, which is small, dies with him."

"That doesn't make any difference. I have property in my own right, as you know, and will give Miss Thorne the amount necessary on the day of her marriage. But only on the condition that you marry her directly, and without saying a word to your uncle until after the ceremony."

To this, highly elated at her generous offer, he eagerly agreed.



"I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, MY DEAR," HE SAID DRYLY, "BUT YOU ARE EITHER TOO HIGH OR TOO DEEP FOR MY COMPREHENSION"

In order to assure Captain Thorne, Mrs. Burdock attended the wedding, excusing her husband's absence on the plea of business. The ceremony took place very quietly in the morning; and after it was over, Mrs. Burdock redeemed her promise of dowering the bride; suggesting to the newly-made husband, ere she took her leave, that he should now call upon his uncle for the fulfillment of his, to which the bridegroom readily assented.

Mrs. Burdock had previously written a line to Jennie, urging her to accept her husband's nephew, and pledging herself to secrecy in regard to all that had occurred; but she was hardly prepared for the serene and happy face of the young bride, as the latter completed her terrible sacrifice. Especially was Mrs. Burdock at a loss to comprehend the dimpling smiles that broke over Jennie's face, as she privately assured Mrs. Burdock, "that so long as she was a good, true wife to her husband, he should never know of her entanglement with his uncle."

Mrs. Burdock would have been better pleased if Jennie had not been so easily consoled for the loss of the

property, over which she had proved her exclusive ownership; but nothing could damp the anticipations of her approaching triumph.

She went home to await her husband's return, spending the intervening hours in dwelling upon his consternation at his nephew's announcement; mentally rehearsing the crushing manner with which she would swoop down upon him, overwhelming him with her knowledge of his treachery; the cutting irony with which she would allude to his congratulations to the happy pair, etc., etc.

Would he indulge in any more little pleasantries concerning her "wonderful discoveries?" And if he did, had she not now an argument that would effectually silence him?

Mr. Burdock was late to dinner—a thing that seldom occurred; the soup was cold, and the fish overdone. But his rosy face quite shone with good humor as he seated himself at the table.

"So James is married at last, and gone on his wedding-tour; and a nice wife he seems to have. They called at my office this morning. I didn't know that Miss Thorne had any fortune; but it seems that some friend settled five thousand dollars on her, on condition that she married James. Lucky dog!"

Mrs. Burdock looked her disgust at what she inwardly termed "a piece of fine acting".

"You may be surprised to learn, Mr. Burdock, that I am the friend you allude to."

"You!"

Mrs. Burdock surveyed her husband with a look that ought to have annihilated him, had looks the power in real life that they have in the world of romance.

"And not only the friend of that deluded girl, but of the man who sought her ruin, and whose baseness and treachery he need no longer attempt to conceal!"

Mr. Burdock placed upon his plate the potato that he had held suspended upon the end of his fork during this outburst of his wife's long bottled-up indignation.

"I suppose you know what you mean, my dear," he said, dryly; "but

I must confess, that you are either too high or too deep for my comprehension."

"Indeed! Perhaps you will allow me to offer my condolences on the sudden interruption that your nephew's marriage puts to your pleasant walks with Miss Thorne?"

"Never walked a step with the girl in my life!"

"D'ye think I don't know your coat, Mr. Burdock—your claret-colored coat? Three successive nights I followed you from your office to the Common, where you went to meet that girl! I advise you, in case you meditate any further gallantries, to wear some other outer garment than the one as familiar to those who know you as your face."

"My claret-colored coat, hey? By-the-way, where is my claret-colored coat? I've had it on my mind to ask you that question for a week past. It disappeared all of a sudden, a fortnight ago, and I haven't seen it since. It must have been stolen."

"A very ingenious excuse, Mr. Burdock, for which I give you all credit! But you don't explain how it happens that the thief should be seen three times leaving your office with the coat on his back?"

Before Mr. Burdock could reply, a servant entered with a brown paper parcel.

"A package that Mr. James left for you, sir."

"Did you ever!" ejaculated Mr. Burdock, as he opened it, "if here isn't the very coat we were talking about!"

On one of the sleeves was pinned the following note:

"My Dear Uncle—I return the coat, under whose friendly cover I enjoyed so many delightful interviews with Mrs. James Burdock, that now is, with sincere regrets that it should have thus endangered your domestic tranquillity.

"Give my kindest regards to your wife, to whom I owe all my present felicity, and believe me to be, Your dutiful nephew, James."

Mr. Burdock's astonishment, as he read this note, soon changed into mirth, and he laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"To think, my dear," he said, as soon as he could speak, "of your dodging James about under the impression that it was me; and giving his wife nearly half your private fortune for the sake of getting rid of a supposed rival! Of all the queer blunders of the kind that you have made since our marriage, this is the queerest and most ridiculous!"

Mrs. Burdock beat a rapid retreat to her own room; the hearty "ha! ha! ha!" of her husband following her as she ascended the stairs.

She kept her chamber for some days, partly from chagrin, and partly from the effect of a severe cold, caught during her nocturnal rambles.

Mr. Burdock became very much attached to his nephew's wife, and the little Burdocks that sprang up around her; of which he left them at his death, some years later, many substantial proofs.

But no one thing among them was prized so highly, or cherished so carefully by the loving and happy pair as the well-known claret-colored coat.



REFLECTIONS

BY SARA H. BIRCHALL

I DARE not say, "I love you, dear!"
 When he is here, but let
 Him go away, and I—I find
 My heart a-dancing yet.

For if I gave him all my heart
 It would not do at all.
 Men are such clumsy things; suppose
 That he should let it fall?

And so I will not say, "I love—"
 When he implores, but oh,
 I'd say it fifty thousand times
 If he would only go!



HOW THE WHALE IS SLICED. BOYS AND MEN TACKLE THE DEFUNCT MONSTER WITH KNIVES AND HOOKS AND HEW HIM INTO SUITABLE GOBBETS

After Whales on the Labrador

By Felix Koch

Illustrated from Photographs

SOMEHOW, we had always grouped the whale with the buffalo, and perhaps one might almost say the dingo, as among the practically extinct things of earth—that is, until we got on the Labrador. And then,—well on the lake they talked of seeing whales in the offing with just about as little concern as a trans-Atlantic traveller would step into the smoking salon and remark:

“Had you noticed those porpoises in the offing?”

Whereupon, of course, our appetite was whetted for a whale-hunt.

Where could we “take them”? The captain suggested one place; the purser, another; old man Peddle, the poet-nurse of the vessel, advised we wait till we get to Hawks’ Harbour, and then ask the whalers themselves. There seemed sanity, at least, in that suggestion, and so we waited, though not for long.

At half-past eight Tuesday morning, when half the ship was just about up,

we sailed into the Harbour. Islands of a strange, pinkish rock were round about; on the land, the white-painted buildings of the whale-factory rose, with smaller structures on the rocks. Off at one end of the dock were some warehouses, and behind these, a set of five vats extended each side the dock. Within there was boiling a greenish mass of black hunks of meat and ooze—and, over the delightful melee, there ran a little foot bridge to where, in the water, the huge jawbone of a whale lay—a yellow bone with the bits of meat adhering. That, then, was the souvenir of the last whale dismantled.

The situation certainly was unique, if not romantic. The rocks made a sort of little bowl, and in this, a jumbled array of whale gills were tumbled—one series of curved, black plates, each edged with grey-white bristles running

seems, and he would arrange for our getting aboard this.

In the offing one saw the vessel—a great black one. Three tall masts, great black-painted sails and innumerable quantities of rigging, were its characteristics.

Were we willing to take a chance on her?

Well, were we?

They rowed us out in a dory, and we boarded her. Then began our trip of inspection. Far at the rear of the single deck there was a windlass. Then, in the front of that, a mast; and then the "try-works". Advancing, we came to the cover to a hold and then another mast. Off at one side of this a rather dirty shed served as galley—while, beyond, two little latticed cupolas came up from the deck, these the roofs of the two cabins below.



UP HERE THE GREAT VATS BOIL OUT THE WHALE-MEAT, A GREENISH MESS OF EVIL GRAVY DOTTED WITH BLACK HUNKS OF MEAT

out of lateral, heavy, bloody bones. These are at either side the whale, in such wise that it can drain the water out and leave the fish in its maw.

The man in charge of the station has one boat always out after whales, it

That, then, was the whaler. And now we were off.

We hadn't far to go, either, for Hawks' Harbour is an ideal schooling-ground for the whales. We were but a mile or two from land—had just

watched the last of a long procession of ice-bergs go to southward, when the cry came from the "look-out" of "Whales!"

Out to sea,—now you saw it, now you didn't,—a long black something seemed to lie, like a log, on the surface of the waters. Regularly a little fountain rose gently—spread, fell—then was gone.

The sea again was quiet and tranquil—then, once more the fountain—up, over and down.

But the crew stayed not on the tarrying.

"Quick," ordered Peter, the foreman, "into the dory."

We were down the ladder and away in the six-oared dory in less time than

But, they weren't taking chances this trip. The whale was too big and too full of oil to be lost. So, instead, they made ready the "bum-gun". Well they might, too!

At the first prick of the long iron barrette, the whale was off, like a flash. The barb had released and caught in the whale's frame of bone; the rope went taut, and then spun off the reel as if impelled by chain-lightning! Out and off, and out and off, and away! You could see it fairly rolling. The whale, of course, had "ducked"—and the rope along with him. We were being towed as for dear life. It was the ride of our lives!

Then, of a sudden—interruption! The whale must come to the surface



THE UNDER SIDE OF THE BIG MAMMAL LOOKS LIKE A BAD JOB OF CLAPBOARDING

it takes to tell. Six brawny arms, one to a man—for they sit double, do these Labrador oarsmen—were propelling us out to sea. Slower now, as we got into range of the whales—then still slower, and, by and by, we had well-nigh halted. Then, when close enough in, suddenly one man arose. He clutched the harpoon, an expert, this fellow—and away it sped!

to breathe. And therein lay this preparation of the bum-gun.

The rope told the story of where he lay—they would know, in a moment, where he'd rise. How? Well, that is a trick born only of long practise; only a whaler can tell.

Up on the surface again the whale was blowing, when—Bang!—there was a shot, and a long explosive bullet

darted through the air, splashed the sea and entered his hide. The shot, of course, was fatal; and the whale came to sudden halt.

What would they do with him?

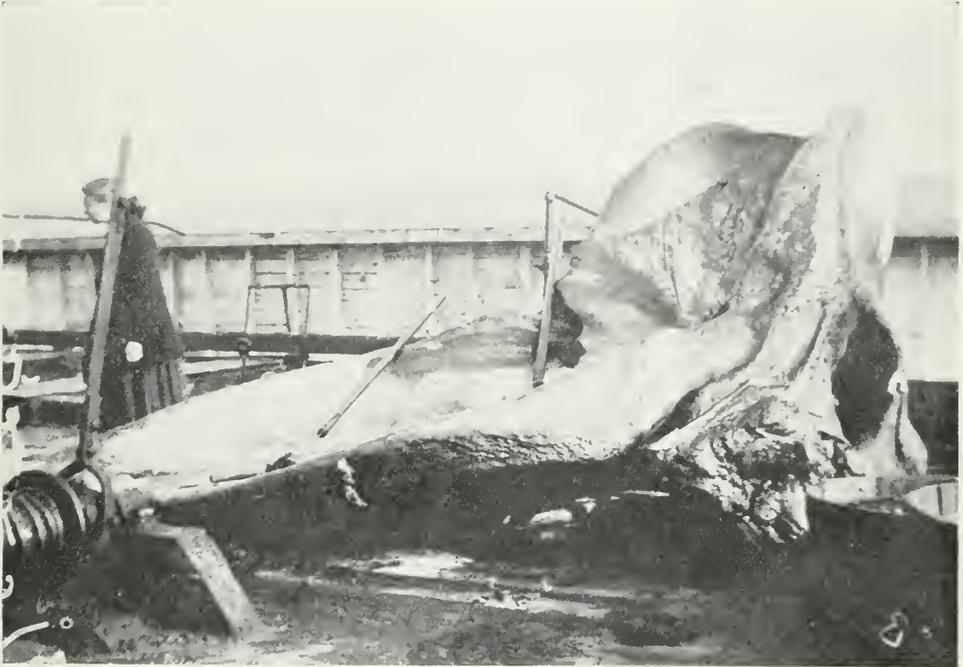
We already saw ourselves riding homeward, triumphant, with the monster. But not yet. There were too many other whales about. We couldn't afford to miss the chance at the school. So, instead we set a long pole, with a flag at the end, into the carcass, and went away after more.

And again there was that same delightful sense of a hunt after big game, plus the chance of actual reward, for the whalers. They "snuck" up to a whale as you would to a sleeping bird in the night-time. Made you think of

slain three, I am certain, all that humane sense of pity was gone. So it's good that the rest of the whales were vanished, or we would have shot the others ourselves.

And now for the ride back, triumphant! Away back in earliest childhood we remembered a picture put on cakes of soap-powder, of a whale with a hole blazed in one side, and the man cutting, or flensing. That, then, was the prospect before us.

Slowly the first whale was towed into port, to the station. Once in as far as the vessel could get, a donkey-engine was attached to the monster, and this proceeded to bring him in on the beach. There, first of all, the fat was removed, one great mass of it, and then cut in



THE GREAT FLANGED BONES OF THE WHALE LOOK LIKE NOTHING EARTHLY

the time you joined the village boys Halloween night to steal an ash barrel from the garden. Then, with the animal safely asleep in the sea, they would fire and at once despatch him.

It seemed almost cruel—you felt sorry, really you did, for the slumbering leviathan there. But "buck-fever" is soon overcome by the hunter. And so with the whales. By the time we'd

small hunks. These morsels were sent off in buckets fitted to an endless chain to the cutters. There they are cut into square pieces, and passed down to the tanks seen before. It was these "hunks" (that is the only word that will fit them) that yielded the oil, clear as water, which is put into the casks and shipped away as the whale oil.

The whalers lent a hand so far, at the

doings. There were about as many whale in now as the station could care for, but they kept themselves ready, at a moment's notice, to go out after more, on close sight.

Picturesque sturdy fellows, these whalers! Yonder was Scral. That was his first, last and only name. A foundling he, on the docks of Stockholm, put aboard a ship one night and taken along, then, by the captain, who raised him till able to care for himself. He had lived here on the Labrador since time immemorial. And he could harpoon—well, Kasper, a Dane, told me he had yet to see him fail on a whale.

Then there was Wilhelm—he was part simple; but he could row a dory.

one seldom meets it save on the ship, where Peddle sells it himself. One in particular we remember, as they sang it while they cut up the fat on this gory deck:

Rolling home, to Terra Nuova,
Rolling home, dear land, to thee!
Rolling home to Terra Nuova,
Rolling home across the sea.

When the autumn came, and the icebergs closed the tickles and fiords, all these folk would be "rolling home" to Newfoundland—for the Labrador is bleak, barren and inaccessible then.

But now things spelled activity. The fat was prepared to boil for a day, when it would be barreled and shipped as whale-oil. On the dock-end other



WHERE THE WHALERS LIVE—A BANKED AND TURF-ROOFED HUT ON THE BLEAK SHORE

How we envied him. I believe, honestly, his arm-pits had developed sockets into which the two arms fitted, as parts of a machine which was built on purpose to row.

Sometimes, when the chase was especially good, and they rowed back to ship triumphant, they sang from the songs of Peddle. There is a little booklet of these northland sagas, but

barrels of the product lay, awaiting transport.

What was left after the oil is out, a messy substance called "pitchings," was also sent away to work up. Then they boiled the bone till clean and sent it off to Boston. A top jaw-bone alone was often five feet long. After this they took the thick black gills to clean, and these were cut up and shipped. It

took perhaps a day to cut up a whale, when all men—that meaning twenty people—worked at a fish. The men were paid by the month—for, as stated, the job was a summer one only. And it paid the whaling company well. Last summer they cut up sixty whales here, and each whale gives at least twenty-five or thirty barrels of oil. One sperm-whale gave ninety barrels by itself.

Only yesterday, they told us, they took a whale seventy feet long. Sometimes they get sperm-whale and hump-whale in a single fishing. Now and then, of course, they must go seventy to eighty miles out to get the whales—occasionally, they are at best thirty miles; for a whale, like any sea creature,

they'd have him all cleaned up by six at night. After the meat was off they scrubbed the bones. They then cooked the remains down—while these bones were taken to a vessel and shipped off to Halifax.

On the rocks they showed us the black gill-bones, neatly scraped and put out, like fish on a counter. These are weighed off into packs of 115 pounds each and sent away. The oil, too, is boiled down and put out—380 pounds to the barrel.

But we must see some fine oil. As if we, land-lubbers, knew fine oil when we saw it! It was the pure spermaceti, which they take out before anything else. They just pump it out, and barrel it, and away it goes.



ON THE DOCK-END LIE THE BARRELS OF FINISHED OIL, AWAITING TRANSPORT SOUTHWARD

is a rover. Again and again, they come close to shore.

For goriness, by this time, the place knew no equal. Another boat had come in, with more whales, and the ten men to its crew were likewise getting busy. They preferred, first of all, to cut up the meat and set it in the meat tanks. If a whale be taken ashore at six in the morning, this crew boasted,

We rambled landward, then, to the little frame buildings. Here oil was being boiled down and put out. And here, too, the meat was cooked and boiled for guano, then dried and sacked.

They wanted to show us the great jawbone of a sperm whale. It had, in all, forty-four teeth. Each tooth was worth five dollars, and the men

turned them over to the "boss" at once. He cleaned them by washing in soda.

An Eskimo dog nursed her four pups at one side the walk, where we followed our leader. Out to sea a great ice-floe had stranded and rested alone. Otherwise things seemed lonely. Most of the men, in the typical slickers, had gone off to our ship to hear news from the south.

We passed to the second floor of the boiling room. Down below there was

just the engine, dripping oil to the floor. Up here the whale meat was boiling, like a mess of green oysters. From here it was but a few steps to the guano-sheds, where the brown fertilizer was stacked.

But, by this time, it was pouring again—and a fog came rolling down, as it always does on the Labrador, and the weather grew cold. We wanted to get back aboard the steamer and be off. The whale catch could wait—and we pulled away.

CANADIAN PIONEER SONG

BY J. THORNE

TRAMP, tramp, tramp!
 'Tis the song of the pioneer.
 Forth he fares on his way alone,
 And builds a city to call his own.
 He cries aloud, "O Earth, bring forth,
 "Bring forth in the east, west, south and north!"
 And at his cry the deserts cease,
 For Nature smiles o'er a land of peace.

Work, work, work!
 'Tis the fate of the pioneer.
 With strong right arm he clears his way,
 And where he comes, he comes to stay.
 He hails his fellows on distant strand,
 "I lead you into the Promised Land."
 They come at the sound of his ringing voice,
 And homes are built, and the plains rejoice.

Life, life, life!
 'Tis the spell of the pioneer.
 On through the reaches far and wide,
 From eastern coast to the western side,
 They follow onward, an urgent band
 Of eager folk to an eager land,
 And Nature thrills as they cross the plain,
 And marks their track with the golden grain

Just Smith

A STORY OF THE "MOUNTED"

By A. A. Strachan

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson



SYNOPSIS.

Frank Smith, a constable in the Northwest Mounted Police at the time of Riel's imprisonment recognizes, while on guard, his former sweetheart, Edith Wheelock, driving with Major Barton and his daughter Alice, and later in the afternoon saves the lives of both girls by stopping their runaway team, wrenching his arm badly in the process. Inspector Jackson, in love with Edith, comes to Major Barton's house in the evening to congratulate the girls on their escape, and insinuates that Smith is shamming sickness. Edith turns on him angrily, and defends her former lover with warmth, after which Jackson leaves and, going over to the hospital, orders Smith out of bed on guard. Edith slips away about midnight, and clears up her misunderstanding with Smith, who, however will have nothing to do with her, saying that he is penniless and prospectless and can offer a woman nothing. As she pleads, rifle shots and a sentry crying "Halt!" are heard. She gives Smith one quick kiss, and darts away to the house. It is discovered that an unsuccessful attempt has been made to free Riel, in the course of which Larry Devine, a sentry, has been badly hurt, and an unknown man in uniform wounded. Jackson learns that his servant, Caron, is the man implicated in the plot, but says nothing, and later tries to throw suspicion on Smith. Meanwhile Edith takes Alice into her confidence, and tells her about her midnight interview with Smith. Smith is tried for complicity in the Riel plot. Edith proves that he was with her at the time of the attempted escape, and by bringing the doctor and Larry Devine to the trial, also proves that Caron instead was the guilty man.

CHAPTER VII.

'DAMN this weather!'

The horseman hunched his shoulders up in a vain effort to make his collar cover his ears from the driving snow. It had started to storm on Monday, and by sunrise on Tuesday, the plains east of the Rockies were covered a foot deep—one of those sudden storms which catch the traveller and the cattlemen off their guard, and before which the herds drift, unless some sheltering coulee intervenes, to perish miles away from the home range. Trails are obliterated, and the traveller

must trust to his horse's instinct, or the guidance of blind chance, to bring him to shelter.

"Tobacco" Brown had left Benton two days before, and the storm struck him just as he passed the forty-ninth parallel into Canada. So far, the trail had been plain enough. It was the old I. G. Baker wagon road over which their "string teams" had freighted for years, but after it had snowed for an hour or two the vast, treeless prairie presented a surface as landmarkless as a billiard table. He let his horse have its head, and took the situation as

philosophically as might be. Perhaps he might strike a house, or a freighter's camp, though it was early in the season for the latter. This was before the days of the homestead rushes, and the wheat-farms, and one might travel for a week across the prairie without seeing a human being. Fortunately, it was not very cold, and he kept on until his mount showed signs of tiring. It was then that he remarked conversationally to Pete's ears, "Damn the weather," and presently slid from his saddle beside an old buffalo wallow. He was no tenderfoot, and he knew that if his horse quit, it was all day with him.

Pete, once freed of the saddle, shook himself and sighed expansively. A few handfuls of oats from the sack tied to the saddle-horn, a mouthful of snow, and he felt better. Presently Brown put the hobbles on him and turned him loose to paw away the snow and get at the bunch-grass underneath. A "shag-anappy" will live and grow fat where your thoroughbred would starve, and Pete nibbled away with relish at his Spartan fare.

As with the horse, so with the man. Brown had been too long in the west to let a little thing like the want of fire or supper disturb him. He had his tobacco bag and his cigarette papers; and, rolling himself up in the saddle blanket with the saddle itself for a pillow, he stretched himself out on the bare ground, prepared to enjoy a smoke and a sleep.

When he awoke, it had stopped snowing, and he was very cold. A grey light spread over the prairie. There was not a sign of humanity in the whole expanse of the plain. With a sigh, he saddled up Pete, giving him the last of the oats by way of breakfast, and munching a bit of hard-tack for himself.

Once in the saddle, he hesitated, in doubt as to where to go. It was like being at sea in an open boat with no sign of shore or light to guide the voyager. The sun broke through the grey and illuminated the white levels, and Brown struck out in what he thought had been his previous direction of travel. To the west a thick haze hung like a pall over the plains, but as

the sun rose higher, this gradually rolled away, and Brown beheld the majestic panorama of the Rockies in all their snowy grandeur. North and south, as far as the eye could reach, lofty pinnacles and serrated walls towered to the sky, with Chief Mountain rearing its mighty head over all. This gave him his general bearings, and he jogged along steadily.

But about noon, the scene was suddenly blotted out. Without the least warning a great white mist settled down over the mountains and the sky darkened, as if the slide of some mighty magic lantern had closed with a snap. Brown pulled Pete around, and gazed with astonishment, which soon gave way to uneasiness. A rushing noise came to his ears, like the roar of a thousand Niagaras. A hot wind fanned his cheek, and the icicles that had formed on his mustache began to drop off. Little streams of water trickled from his hat brim and ran down his neck.

"Holy smoke!" he gasped. "It's a cyclone! Hell's broke loose for sure!"

But it was only an Alberta chinook. Brown dismounted and made Pete lie down by tapping him on the foreleg. As the first blast of the storm hit him, he threw himself down flat, keeping a tight hold on the reins. The soft snow all around him was blown from the ground and whirled above him in a cloud so thick that it was impossible to see a yard in any direction. Presently he realized that he was lying in a pool of water. The snow was fast disappearing, and as it thinned he saw the brown prairie cropping up again in every direction.

"Well, I'll be hanged," he said in astonishment, and rose to his feet, the pony scrambling up with him. "If this isn't the queerest show! Come, Pete, let's get out of this."

But Pete, though a good-tempered beast, was plains-bred, and knew better than to try to travel against the chinook. Discreetly he turned tail to the wind, and drifted away on the crest of the storm, in spite of all his rider could do. Wet, chilled and hungry, horse and rider made a sorry afternoon's travel, and at dusk brought up in a

wooded valley at the bottom of which lay a river of sizable proportions. By the uncertain light Brown could not tell how deep it was, and even if he knew, he had no desire to ford it. Where he was, or what the stream might be, he neither knew nor cared. He wanted rest, fire, something to eat, and a smoke. But he had left Benton for Lethbridge unprepared for anything worse than a pleasant early spring ride, with picnic weather all the way. His matches, like everything else on him, were wet; his grub was out; his tobacco a mushy, moist mass. He was just a wanderer on the face of the earth, with no home but wherever night might find him. So, turning the pony loose to shift for himself, "Tobacco" Brown curled up under some stunted trees and went to sleep, exhausted.

When he opened his eyes the first objects they encountered were a big Colt revolver and cartridge belt hanging on a peg in front of him. Looking up he saw there was a roof over his head. He thought he must be dreaming, until the aroma of boiling coffee and frying bacon saluted his hungry nostrils, and that was no dream.

"Hullo, pardner!" said a voice beside him, "So you are awake at last! Thought we'd corralled one of the seven sleepers!"

Brown sat up and stared about him. A man in a cap, with his shirt sleeves rolled up and a briar pipe between his lips was frying bacon on a small cook stove, at the other end of the room. Standing beside the bunk, looking down from his six feet two of well built manhood was a young fellow dressed in brown overalls and red tunic, on the sleeve of which glittered the gold of a sergeant's chevrons. His cowboy hat lay on the table in the middle of the room; his grey eyes watched the newly awakened and much surprised man intently.

"Where am I?" asked Brown, in bewilderment.

"This," said the Sergeant, "is the Mounted Police Detachment at Kipp. You are just half way between Lethbridge and Fort Macleod. Our patrol, returning down the St. Mary's, found

you under a tree, dead to the world, and toted you in."

"I remember going to sleep. I must have been dog tired not to wake when they moved me."

"Yes," said the Sergeant, "I expect you had a close call, all right. But choke off until you have had some grub. Then I'll hear your yarn."

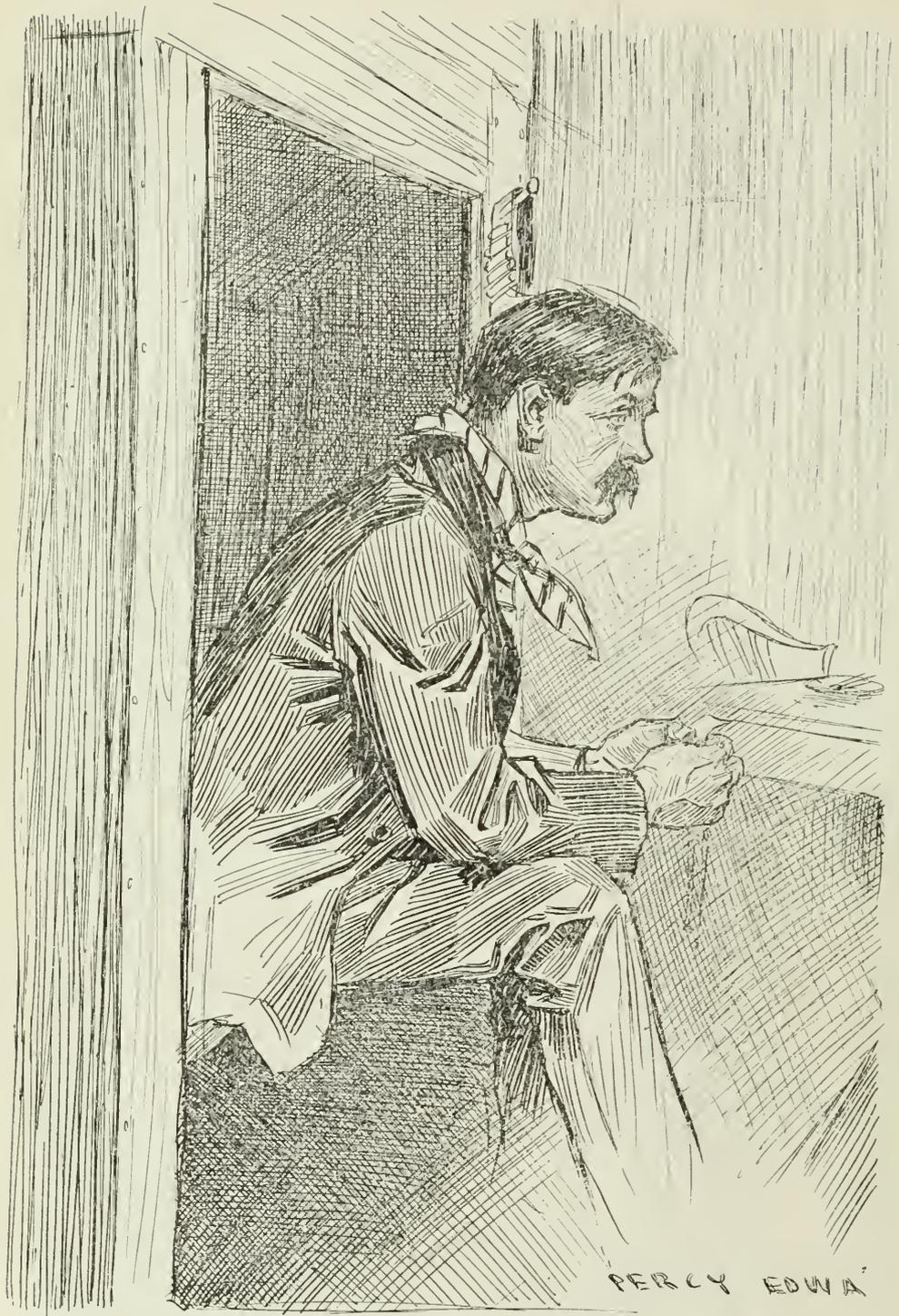
Just then the cook went to the bottom of a short flight of stairs, leading to some rooms above, and yelled, "Grub pile!" Some half dozen troopers, in various kinds of undress, slid down and took their places at the table, where steaming coffee and bacon, together with bread, fried potatoes, etc., were set out. Brown took his place beside the Sergeant and for a while nothing was heard but the rattle of knives and forks and the click of cups and saucers, as the hungry crowd devoured their morning meal. A lamp suspended from the ceiling illuminated the room, and Brown had a chance to take in his surroundings had he wished, but he was so hungry that for many minutes he did not raise his eyes from his plate nor open his mouth except to stow away the food before him.

When the meal was finished, the Sergeant gave a few crisp orders and the men scattered to their various duties.

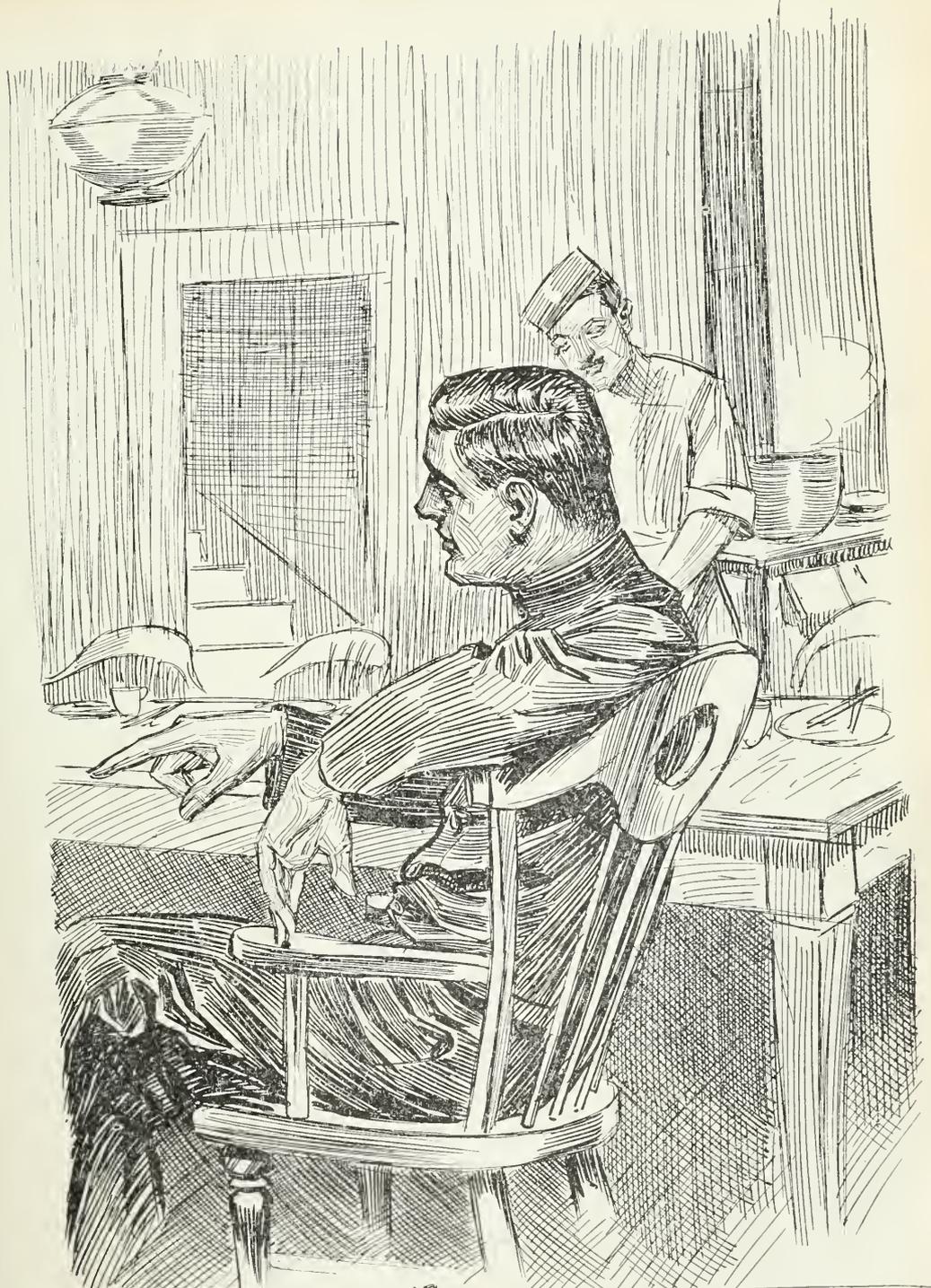
"Now, stranger," he said, turning to Brown, who had seated himself on the bunk and was mechanically rolling a cigarette, "I want to hear how you came to be cast away in this neck o' the woods."

Brown told his adventures since leaving Benton, the Sergeant listening intently, occasionally interrupting to ask a question, while his keen eyes sized up the man before him. He saw a bronzed, heavy mustached man of about forty years old, dressed in a nondescript fashion from which it was hard to tell his calling. When the story was finished, the officer remained silent for a time, as if pondering what he had heard.

"That's all right, my man," he said at last. "But I want to know why you undertook such a journey, all alone, at this time of year. I take it you're no tenderfoot, or you'd be dead by now.



"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MY MAN," SAID THE SERGEANT AT LAST. "BUT I WANT TO YEAR. I TAKE IT YOU'RE NO TENDERFOOT. OR YOU'D BE DEAD CHASED YOU ACROSS THE BORDER MUST



BO ANDERSON - 12

KNOW WHY YOU UNDERTOOK SUCH A JOURNEY, A: L ALONE, AT THIS TIME OF THE
BY NOW. IF YOU WANT MY CANDID OPINION, THE MOTIVE THAT
HAVE BEEN A PRETTY STRONG ONE "

You must have known the risk you ran. And—if you want my candid opinion, the motive that chased you across the border in this weather must have been a pretty strong one."

"You think a sheriff's posse maybe had something to do with it?" laughed Brown good-naturedly. But the officer did not smile.

"Frankly, yes," he said gravely. "That is how most fellows like you come across the border."

Brown stared, hardly grasping the situation. "Like me?" he said, his voice taking on a note of rising anger. "You can't always judge a man by his clothes."

"Maybe not," said the policeman curtly. "But it is my duty to satisfy myself on why you came up here without any apparent business or destination. I don't want to seem inquisitive, but your story doesn't ring true. You say you've come from Fort Benton. But you don't carry any grub to mention, or any outfit. You say you aren't a tenderfoot, but here you are, miles off your trail, without anything heavier than a buckskin coat and a pair of light gauntlets, and your matches wet. You say you're going to Lethbridge, but you don't know anybody there, and haven't any prospect of a job. In short, if you can't give a better account of yourself, I fear I must send you to the Fort."

"You will, eh?" Brown shot back at him. "You mean that I'm under arrest? Is that it?"

"You can put it that way," said the Sergeant quietly, and Brown blazed into wrath.

"So this is your boasted freedom, is it?" he snarled. "Is your blasted country so valuable that a man can't ride through it? Why, confound you, I've told you twice that I'm going to Lethbridge, and that I'm looking for work. I didn't expect to run into a snow-storm up here, or I'd have worn my buffalo coat and taken some grub. If you're going to arrest me for the capers of your Alberta climate, why it's back to the border for me. I'm no horse-thief and no bum, either. Look here!" and he pulled out a roll of bills. "I guess I can pay my way in

your infernal country, unless your weather kills me first."

The Sergeant's expression had changed at sight of Brown's unaffected anger, and the roll of bills clinched matters. He spoke in a mollified tone.

"That's all right, pard," he said. "Keep your shirt on. You must admit appearances were against you. Why didn't you show your wad before?"

"Appearances! The hell you say!" snorted Brown.

"Just so," answered the Sergeant, who continued to keep cool in spite of Brown's anger. "It's my duty to ask you a few questions so that I can give you a clean bill of health. Besides, we probably saved your life this morning."

"Duty!" Brown grunted. "Don't talk duty to me. I've been there myself. Saving a man's life doesn't require you to grill him to a crisp afterwards, does it?"

"You've been a soldier?" The Sergeant glanced at Brown's square shoulders.

"You might call it that," he answered. "Texas Ranger, scout, and the like of that. Anyway, I've seen service."

"You're not in any service now?"

"No. You might call me a puncher. I can ride a horse with the next one."

"Broncho buster?"

"Well, yes. I can turn my hand to that, as well as anything else. I rode for the Double D across the Marias last summer, and just now I'd turn my hand to almost anything until I get the lay of the land over here. To tell you the truth, I've my own reasons for coming over here, which I can't explain at present; but they have nothing to do with the law, nor will they offer any hindrance to my being a perfectly good peaceable citizen. All I want is to earn my living in an honest way."

The Sergeant rolled himself a smoke with great deliberation.

"Well, pard," he said at last, "I guess you're all right. At any rate, I don't know a thing against you. You seem to be able to take care of yourself and pay your way. But I'd like to be able to report what the other matter is, which you say brought you across."

Brown laughed. "To be equally

frank with you," he said, "it's none of your damn business, Sergeant."

"Very well," answered the policeman good-naturedly. "Let it go at that. But say, if you can break horses, Lethbridge won't help you any. Macleod is your best point. That's a ranching country; the other isn't. And what is more, if you are any good at your trade, I can maybe help you to a job."

"Give it a name," said Brown promptly.

"Breaking for the force. We've just got a new outfit of bronchos for remounts, ye know, and I've instructions, if I find a good man, to send him on."

Silently Brown held out his hand, and the policeman promptly gripped it.

"You're all right, partner," said Brown. "The red tape isn't yours, after all."

"Oh—you mean—of course not," smiled the Sergeant. "Instructions, ye know. If you've been a soldier, you know what duty is. All right, then," he continued, "I'll give you a letter to the Colonel."

"Sure it isn't a warrant of commitment?" insinuated Brown, with a grin. "Well, I'll just round up my pony and be travelling."

"You don't have to," answered the Sergeant. "He's in the corral. The boys looked after him all right. If he's fit to travel, you can start after dinner. It's only fifteen miles."

Thus it came about that "Tobacco" Brown made the acquaintance of the Mounted Police, and although his first impression was not a favorable one, as he came to know them better, his feelings underwent a change.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE horse breaking corral, at Fort Macleod, was walled by a ten-foot close board fence, entered by massive swinging gates at each end. A second corral to the north contained about a hundred unbroken horses lately driven from some of the local branches for approval and sale to the police authorities. The Officer Commanding and Chief Veterinary Inspector were sizing

up the outfit, as they were being driven to and fro by a couple of herders to show their points, and, as an animal was accepted, it was roped and dragged through the gate and turned loose in the breaking corral. In this way, after about half an hour, the whole bunch was gone over, and about fifty out of the hundred had been accepted, the culls being turned loose upon the prairie to be gathered up later by their owners and returned to the range.

The selecting being finished, the O.C. and the Vet. returned to the barracks and the young horses were turned over to the remount sergeant and his squad, to be broken. This remount squad consisted of about ten experienced troopers, who knew how to handle "wild ones," and two broncho busters, or professional horse breakers. One was a tall, lanky individual with a fierce red mustache and a scar across his left cheek. His long hair was topped by a wide brimmed sombrero, the crown of which had been shot full of bullet holes. His blue flannel shirt opened at the throat, disclosing a red, scraggy neck, veined like a turkey's, about which was loosely knotted a blue checked cotton handkerchief. His chapps were fringed up the sides and he wore on his heels a pair of enormous Mexican spurs that jingled as he walked, like a string of sleigh bells. This was Broncho Pete, or Peter Wells, the self-styled king of horse-breakers. The other man was Brown, who had readily been engaged, on presenting the letter from the sergeant at Kipp. He was to help Pete, who as boss "buster" was supposed to handle personally all the worst cases; to ride them once or twice, then hand them on to Brown, who was to continue the exercise a few times more before passing them on to the remount squad, who were now seated along the top of the fence, sizing up the bunch as they crawled about the corral or stood in groups, eating the hay that had been thrown to them.

"I bet ye," said the trooper nicknamed "Shorty" Jones because he stood six feet in his stockings, "I bet ye, boys, there ain't a buck in e'er a wan of them mavericks. They are as

tame a lot as I ever saw and I wouldn't be scared to mount any of 'em."

"Listen to the buck hero!" cried one of his comrades in derision. "Shorty says he ain't scared to ride any of the lot, all by his lonesome."

"See that sorrel over there in the corner, Shorty?" put in another. "I bet a month's pay you can't get within fifty yards of him."

"And I," said "Fatty" Reynolds, the farrier, "will bet Shorty another month's pay that if, by any miracle, he should manage to get on that 'oss's back he'd be a-sailin' through the air another fifty yards before he knew what struck him."

"You fellers think yerselves bloomin' smart!" said Shorty. "Wot I say is, give me my own time, and I'll ride any wan of the bunch without no broncho buster's help."

"Like hell, ye will," said Fatty, "do ye think the gove'ment's goin' to keep the 'osses for ten years, a-waitin' for you to break 'em?"

Down in the corral the Sergeant and his two assistants were discussing the remounts in much the same strain. Pete was confident he could handle any of them without much trouble, but Brown was of a different opinion, although he did not say much. Wells, on the other hand, clanked about the corral, quirt in hand, and swore at the animals, calling them a "pa'cel o' cayuses," bragging of what he would do and asking somebody to bring him "a real hoss."

"Take it from me, Serg.," he cried, "they are a pretty bum lot! I hate to waste my time on such easy marks. Give me something with life, something wild and woolly. I'm a broncho buster, I am."

"That's all right," said the Sergeant quietly, "talk is cheap, but it takes money to buy whiskey. We will see what you can do this afternoon. Be here at two o'clock with your outfit. Perhaps you won't find it so easy, after all. I'm all out if that roan, over there, does not give you a run for your money. What do you say, Brown?"

"Hell, yes," said Brown, rolling his everlasting cigarette. "If that roan

don't set 'em up in good shape I'm no judge of horses."

Broncho Pete laughed elaborately. "You call yourself a puncher and afraid to ride that shagganappy?"

"I did not say I was *afraid* to ride him."

"Well, I'm not."

"All right. After he throws you it will be my turn."

"Throws *me!*" cried Pete disgustingly. "I bet you fifty dollars he can't throw me!"

"Done!" said Brown, "I take you."

At that moment the bugle sounded for mid-day stable parade and after warning all hands to be at the corral at two o'clock the Sergeant dismissed them.

When the afternoon fatigue call sounded, the remount sergeant and the two trainers returned to the corrals and shortly afterward the breaking squad marched up and reported. The horses were herded back to the first corral and Pete, mounted on his own private pony, galloped among them, swinging his lariat, and finally roped a good looking buckskin which he proceeded to tow behind him to the other corral. But the horse planted his forefeet solidly in front of him and refused to move.

"Hold on," said Sergeant Mack, as Pete spurred his horse and tried to drag the buckskin along by main force, "take him gently. You broncho busters have no judgment. Anyone can see this one does not need rough handling—slacken your rope."

At a nod from the Sergeant, Brown took the rope and gradually worked along it until his right hand touched the pony's nose and, disregarding its terrified snort, he reached up and patted its neck. At first the animal seemed doubtful and stared at the man with frightened eyes, but very soon its ears began to move back and forth and its forelegs to relax.

"Cast off the rope," said Brown softly to Wells, "and leave this one to me."

Pete grunted, but at a word from the officer, he unwound the rope from his saddle horn and cantered off to seek another victim.

Brown, meanwhile, had succeeded in leading his charge into the breaking corral where one of the attendants brought him a bit and bridle and in five minutes the head-stall was on and the bit in the horse's mouth. After leading him around a little a stock saddle was brought and the attendant took the reins while Brown proceeded to pat the horse down the back, deftly passing his hand with a caressing movement along the shoulders and around the girth. The saddle was brought and the horse was allowed to smell it, after which the trainer grasped the mane gently but firmly with his left hand and with his right dropped the saddle into place on the horse's back.

For a moment the buckskin jumped and snorted, but Brown held the saddle in place with one hand and gentled him down with the other, his assistant meanwhile keeping a firm hold of the bit to prevent him from breaking away. The next thing was to tighten the cinch, which was not accomplished without some jumping and plunging, but at last the horse was fully saddled and bridled and that without rough usage. Instead of being driven frantic by the strenuous measures usually adopted, the buckskin seemed to look on Brown as his best friend and followed him about docilely as he led him around the corral to get used to the new order of things. Some one brought him a quirt, but Brown smiled and shook his head. Leading the horse to the middle of the corral he put the reins over the neck, patting the horse meanwhile, and with his right hand turned the stirrup and inserted the toe of his left boot. Drawing the reins fairly tight through his left hand, he grasped the cantle with his right hand and was in the saddle before the horse could flick his ears. For one moment the buckskin stood stock still, as if undecided how to act, but as Brown pressed his knees and loosened the reins he started in and bucked quite creditably for about five minutes. Brown, however, could ride, and the crowd looking on failed to see the daylight between him and the saddle at any stage of the game.

When the buckskin found his efforts

were in vain he looked round in bewilderment, then as Brown dug his heels into his flanks, he started off around the corral in as pretty a lope as any rider could wish, amid the hearty applause of the spectators who lined the fence on both sides. After a time the horse stopped to breathe, and Brown dropped the reins over the saddle horn and coolly proceeded to roll and light a cigarette. With this between his lips he wheeled the horse around and was face to face with the Colonel and his staff, who had walked up to view the training.

"Good work," said the Officer Commanding approvingly. "Always take them gently, Sergeant, where possible, and they are not likely to have a relapse. But where is the other man, Wells?—Oh! There he is."

At that moment Pete passed through the gate towing the roan which he had bragged about earlier in the day. He had to drag the horse along until the beast passed the gate, when he changed his mind so suddenly that he almost dragged Pete and the saddle together to the dust, as he made a bolt for liberty. But the horse Wells rode was trained for such emergencies, and obedient to the spur, he galloped alongside and kept the roan on the dead sail until he stopped of his own accord from sheer exhaustion. Then the spectators had an opportunity to watch the methods of the boss. Winding the rope around the saddle horn until his own horse and the roan were almost side by side he dropped a second rope over the victim's nigh fore foot as he reared up to strike. The loop caught, and giving the horse he rode the spur, he made a sudden side jump, tightening up the second rope and throwing the roan to the ground. As he lay panting and exhausted, Pete jumped quickly to the ground and slipped a powerful bit into his foam-flecked mouth and had the head collar buckled and the reins in place before the horse realized what was going on. An assistant ran out with the saddle and Pete showed his ability by dexterously slipping it on and yanking up the cinch, till the animal groaned while he still lay helpless.

"Now, ye broncho busters," shouted Pete boastfully, "draw near and I'll show you how to tame a wild one."

"Gee, wouldn't I like to see that boaster fired," said Shorty Jones to his neighbor, "He is getting too cocky altogether!"

"Wait," replied Reolds, "the fun is only just starting. That roan has a wicked eye and he's a striker and a biter as well."

By this time Pete had handed his own horse to his helper, and having coiled up his rope and fastened it to the saddle horn, he threw the loop off the fore-leg, grasped the bit and cut the roan viciously over the back with the quirt. The animal sprang to its feet and stood trembling with excitement. Before he could recover, Pete had vaulted into the saddle without touching the stirrups. Then the fireworks began in earnest. First the horse reared on his hind legs as Pete tightened up the reins and, cutting the air with his fore-feet, he fairly screamed with rage and fear. A vicious cut brought his feet to the ground; half a dozen cuts on the flanks, and he shot like a bolt around the corral in a mad race. It was all Pete could do to prevent him from crushing his legs against the walls. He stopped this performance so suddenly that Pete was nearly thrown over his head. Then he started in to buck, and the spectators were treated to as lively a spectacle as the most fastidious could desire. He rose in the air like a cat and came down stiff-legged, his feet bunched together and his back humped. Pete's teeth began to rattle. His hat had long since flown from his head. The roan turned and twisted with the most astonishing swiftness, "swapping

ends," as this performance is called, but Pete hung on. He showed daylight occasionally, and once or twice he grabbed the "jug handle," but he stuck, to the great disappointment of Shorty and the others.

This performance lasted until the animal was thoroughly exhausted. His body was a lather of sweat, when, recognizing he was beaten, he stopped as suddenly as he had begun. Then the rider sent him at a swift lope around the corral, turned and rode up to the spectators gathered along the fence, and waving his hand, exclaimed:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you have now seen how to break a hoss. Any tenderfoot in the outfit can now ride this fiery steed and ol' Pete has once more demonstrated that he is king of them all."

So saying he gave the horse another cut with the quirt. The reins were loose, the roan gave a sudden jump, high in the air, at the same time wheeling end for end, and before the words were well out of his mouth, the boss buster lay sprawling in the dust, while the horse tore around the corral, bucking at every jump, until the saddle slipped off his rump and was kicked to pieces. Then wheeling around, the roan charged through the gate, scattering the Colonel and his staff in all directions, and was once more back among his wild range mates.

Pete gazed after the horse until the corral gate hid him from view, then slowly raising himself from the ground he spat with disgust.

"Now, wouldn't that jar ye?" he inquired of the world at large, picking up his quirt. And the crowd yelled.

To be continued





Love Among the Little Folk

By Mabel Elizabeth Fletcher

Illustrated by Margaret Hittle

LUCIA'S hands fell loosely upon her typewriter keys, her gaze went from the hot, stuffy editorial room down to the street below. She was tired, so tired—but a thin smile came to her face as she looked at the worn cushion in the swivel chair at the desk next to hers. There was the sound of footsteps, and the lank managing editor, followed by a young man with steady blue eyes and a determined face, entered.

"Have a seat, Dr. Jarnede."

"No, thanks, Heldon. I just came in to tell you you can have the dormitory story. And I think I'd like to give my own version of the 'baby-farm'. I've been too busy to answer many questions or letters, and some of the stuff that's been printed has been—well, a bit far from truthful, to say the least."

"Good!" The managing editor's voice was enthusiastic. "We'll send Grant out; he's our best man."

"I think," said Dr. Jarnede, looking at the slight figure by the dusty window, "that I'd rather have Miss Grahame."

The color rushed to Lucia's face as she looked up for a moment.

"Oh, that's outside my province, Dr. Jarnede. I'm not Philanthropy. I'm just Church and Society."

"Grant will be in soon," said Heldon, as he glanced uneasily at the girl's listless figure. "It's time for him to be on now."

"I think," said Dr. Jarnede imperceptibly, "that Miss Grahame had better go. It takes a woman to talk about the kiddies. My car's outside, Miss Grahame. Get your hat off that nail and we'll be out of this heat in a jiffy."

"I can't go." Lucia looked gravely at him. "I haven't begun my day's work yet, and there's a good 'lead' in a baby party at your own church."

"Miss Moran can take your stuff." Again the managing editor's voice was puzzled and uneasy. "You may go."

It was unreal to Lucia, accustomed as she was to queer assignments, but impelled by the doctor's commanding eyes she pinned on her hat, took a little chain purse from a drawer in the table, and turned to the door.

"You can send out your photographer about five." She heard the doctor's parting words to the long, lank form in the swivel chair as in a dream.

As she took her seat in the car she was acutely conscious of the firm young face beside her. She looked straight ahead; there was no need of talk; the man was busy steering his way through the crowded main thoroughfare of the town. Was this Lucia Grahame, she wondered, this girl who was leaving behind her a hot office, unfinished copy; this girl who was riding into a



"I CAN'T GO," SAID LUCIA GRAVELY. "I HAVEN'T BEGUN MY DAY'S WORK YET"

land of little hills and sweet cool streams with the famous young physician whose "baby-farm" was beginning to attract attention throughout the west?

At length he spoke. "Why didn't you want to come?"

"I—was busy."

"Now you're evading. You didn't evade at Jane's the other night."

"Your sister is unusual. With her you don't want to pretend. I always want to talk about real, comfy things when I'm in her walls. Like stoves. Last March I talked about heating stoves a full half-hour with an interesting thinnish-looking young man before I found he was *the* Forbes, novelist."

"I've met some interesting people at Jane's, too. One was a girl. She liked Dickens and sweet potatoes. She believed that the Great American Novel would have as one of its principal characters a school-teacher. She—"

Again the color flooded Lucia's cheeks. "Ah, you fairly forced me into saying those foolish things."

"I know it." Her companion's voice was candid. "I made up my mind I'd break through that reserve of yours. You sat, such a big-eyed, calm little thing, in the corner. And I'd like to break through some petty formality now and find out what's worrying you and why you didn't want to come out here to-day."

There was a small silence.

"I made another blunder yesterday," said the girl in a hard little voice. "In a rush they brought me a galley of proofs to read. And I mixed up franchises. You know Mr. Heldon. He wants every column of his little paper perfect. And this last day I was determined not to make a tiny error even—and I came out here after your story without even thinking of a notebook."

Jarnede smiled comfortingly and stopped the car.

"I'm afraid you take newspaper work too seriously," he said. "Did you know we'd arrived? Up this by-path, across a violet patch, and you come to my plantation of neurotic babies. All of which I'm going to tell

you about to-day for your dinky paper, first, because I think publicity will help my new venture, second, because Heldon's a friend of mine, third—but come, let's go up here in the shadow of the oaks and listen to that thrush."

Lucia followed obediently. She sank down on the thick, green grass with a sigh. As naturally as a tired child she flung away her hat and buried her chin in her palms.

Dr. Jarnede looked at her. "You were saying?" he suggested.

"Never mind. I'm saying now that I'm glad I came. That I'm glad I haven't any old notebook. I don't want to know anything about your fidgety babies. There's a red-winged blackbird in that sycamore. There's a bluebell down by that stone. And there's an ant on your collar."

"What time did you go to bed last night?" asked her companion, abruptly. "If you will do newspaper work, why work on a morning paper? Why not try the Herald?"

Lucia sat still. "I'm staying on the Star," she said slowly, "because Mr. Heldon is going to ask me to marry him."

At the look on the physician's face she flung out her hand passionately.

"Oh, don't look so shocked! Let's not pretend to-day. This is even lovelier than Jane's house, and we didn't pretend there. You're curious about me. I've seen it in your face. I don't fit in with the types you've known—like Harriet Gray." Lucia caught her breath a little, then rushed on. "I suppose you want to study me a bit for your own satisfaction. Well, you shall have your way. Now, listen. And if you laugh— But you won't laugh; you're truly kind. So they all coo when you come around, those little skinny babies?"

"Never mind the babies," said the doctor shortly.

"Once upon a time," said Lucia, clasping her arms behind her dark head, "I was a little girl with a clever pen. I drew pictures on my copybooks at school. I drew pictures, always of people, on the margins of the yellowed leaves of 'Romola' at home. I got spanked. I went to high school, and



"COME," HE BADE HER. "LET'S GO UP HERE IN THE SHADOW OF THE OAKS AND LISTEN TO THAT THRUSH"

drew, drew, drew. The drawing teacher encouraged me, talked of supervising, teaching. And because my family didn't believe in me, because I was so young and so dominated by their wishes, I flung my talent behind me—and taught in the public schools. That was my first big blunder. For three years I had over fifty pupils a year. For three years I was ordered around by school officials with the souls of dried peas. But I was young, I had a sense of glorious freedom when I covered the blackboards with pic-

tures, I truly liked the children, and tried to give them some sense of the star-shine and bird-song and wonder of the world. But I woke up—"

"And then?"

"Then," said Lucia, feverishly going on, "I resigned. That was the second big blunder. For I had something of a reputation. With a little training I might have made a dry-souled supervisor somewhere in these hills. Are you bored?"

She did not glance at her companion as she spoke.

"On the contrary."

"Newspaper life had always fascinated me. I got this position as reporter on the Star. Then mother died—and father; I was all alone. I cared—so much. There wasn't any money left. Then I couldn't sleep. Do you know what it is to lie sleepless, to hear the hours of the night go by each with its attendant sounds of pushings and cryings and droppings? Well, of course, I began to make blunders. You have to when you don't sleep. Little ones. Then bigger ones."

"You poor little thing."

Lucia straightened. "I don't want your pity. I'm just telling you. I know Mr. Heldon is going to ask me to marry him. He's kind. I'll not have to work. I can embroider all day long, for we'll probably board. Oh, you don't know what fun it is to embroider daisies!"

"Nonsense," said the doctor, rising abruptly, "Lucia Grahame, I brought you out here to ask you—"

A brown-legged boy came bursting through the shrubbery. "Come quick, doctor," he cried, excitedly, "one of the kids is awful sick."

"Get my case from the car." Dr. Jarnede spoke quickly. He turned to Lucia. "Will you come? I'll leave you with the head-nurse on the piazza while I go upstairs—there's one little beggar that's determined to drop off."

Wonderingly Lucia followed his rapid steps up to the comfortable brick building that lay calm and benignant in the spring sunlight. A moment later she found herself standing on a big screened piazza. A sunny nurse

was disappearing into the cool depths of the house, and Lucia stood facing a girl with a very wholesome face and steady brown eyes.

"Miss Gray!" she exclaimed.

Harriet Gray smiled her little friendly smile.

"You are surprised to see me here? I come every week now that the Civic League has an extra secretary. Isn't this a wonderful thing?"

She pointed to the dozen or so of little baskets, each with its puffing, kicking mite of humanity.

"I'm going to bring my girls' club at the watch factory out next Sunday. I think they can help the movement now. You know there's been so much opposition; the factory mothers aren't opposed to the visiting nurse, but they object to having their babies brought out here for months—or even a year. Look at 'The Rat,' Miss Grahame. I happened to be in the tenement when the nurse took him. A dead mother, a dissipated father, and a bundle of little clawing bones. Now he's rosy; now he'll have his fighting chance."

Lucia looked at the capable, eager girl whose brown eyes kindled with the appreciation of the doctor's work. A rumor that she was to marry him in the fall had reached the Star. Well, thought Lucia steadily, it would be a fit marriage; they would never know that she had lifted up her eyes and loved him too—that his smile, his sensible kindly voice, had kept her head above the deeps of loneliness and sleeplessness as she still attempted to rise above her blunders. She walked around restlessly. A few of the babies were very thin, but most looked contented and plump, and they gave her soft little wet-mouthed smiles. In a corner basket lay a tiny thing with hair that looked moth-eaten; his eyes were the eyes of Old Father Time. Lucia reached out, gathered him to her, and sat down and rocked him.

"Oh—I don't think Dr. Jarnede wants them disturbed except when it's absolutely necessary!" exclaimed Harriet, with big eyes.

"Doesn't he?" Lucia's voice was absent. Harriet watched her face with puzzled but very kind eyes.



"WELL, HE'S MY TRIUMPH," BROKE IN THE DOCTOR'S VOICE. "HE'S NONE OTHER THAN CLYDE BANKS FELMER, HEIR TO MILLIONS, BROUGHT OUT HERE TO GROW STRONG WITH MIKE RYAN AND GUSTAV SKUGINNA"

The doctor's voice broke in upon their musings.

"So that's your choice? Well, he's my triumph, I'll admit. Miss Grahame, he's none other than Clyde Banks Felmer, junior, heir to millions—his father brought him out here to grow strong with Mike Ryan and Gustav Skuginna."

Lucia looked up. His face was calm

and kind; evidently the little beggar had not died.

"I'm going now," said Harriet, turning to him. "Oh, what do you think of the dormitory plan, Miss Grahame?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered Lucia, almost shyly. She rose and put little Father Time back in his basket where he lay watching her with brooding eyes.

His plan to give broken-down mothers the same chance as their babies, to come out here, rest for several months in a big dormitory, do enough light work to make a living, and get all the time eggs, milk, sunshine, bird-song and rest? Oh, I'm so enthusiastic! But I mustn't stop longer; Jane is wandering down by the creek. She found some white violets and refused to stir. Don't come; Roger is waiting."

They watched her drive off in the carriage. The doctor turned to Lucia a face alight with interest. "She's a wonderful girl," he said warmly. "I shouldn't be able to put through this dormitory plan without her influence in the factory district. Shall we go over the place now?"

"No," said Lucia.

The doctor stopped and looked.

"I know all about it. Jane has told me. Oh, I do. I know even that the cook wears beads instead of aprons and reads Ella Wheeler Wilcox. I'm tired, so tired. Let's go."

At the big, slow look he gave her, she flushed quickly. "Oh, don't think I can't write up the story for you! I shan't fail; I could have written it without ever leaving my desk."

"I wasn't thinking of that," returned Jarnede, very gravely. "Come, let's walk on."

Lucia misunderstood his tone, and a deeper stain went over her neck and face. Her shoulders went back, deep anxiousness sought him from her eyes.

"What must you think of me!" she exclaimed with taut arms. "But the change from the office to this cool out-of-doors unloosed my tongue—oh, what must you think!"

"About that last blunder, now." His voice was off-hand. "Did you mean it—marrying Heldon?"

"No!" Lucia's tone was forcible. Then it drooped. "Only sometimes—and since I've laid my soul flat in your eyes I might as well continue—sometimes in the heat and clatter I think—If you only lift your eyes to—to this man with the green shade and mongrel paste cup, why—coolness, quiet, peace—forever and ever!"

"I wonder. But you've never lifted 'em?"

"Not yet," said Lucia miserably, but with a faint sense that there was something ludicrous in the situation.

"It's a good thing," Dr. Jarnede's face broke into smiles. "For I'm quite determined that you'll marry me."

Lucia went white, then her cheeks blazed insufferably.

Her companion stepped forward quickly. "Lucy, somehow you've managed to raise an invisible stone wall between us. I don't quite know how you've kept me away—I've scarcely seen you except at Jane's. But, dear, somehow I've a notion that once in awhile in the heat and dust two people meet and there grows the deep unspoken language of love which makes everyday overtures a bit shabby and common. And, Lucy, I may be a fool, but I've thought all these bleak winter months that you've been talking to me across the town. Am I wrong?" he ended simply.

Stormy tears rushed to Lucia's eyes.

"You pity me!" she cried, "and you shan't! I didn't tell you about myself for your pity! Oh, can't you understand? It was the change from the hot office to this coolness. Now you have taken advantage of me—oh, I hate you!"

The man thrust his hands deeper into his pockets. Then he took them out, strode over to the girl and caught her thin wrists.

"Lucy, I tell you I love you."

"You are chivalrous," said Lucia, in a tired little voice, "but let us go back to town."

There was a rustle behind the wild crab clump, and Jane, surprised and hesitating, finally came forward in her cool green gown.

"I came by the field path," she explained, "for Harriet."

Then, for the first time in her life, Jane misread a situation. She laid her hand lightly on Lucia's shoulder.

"Vincent told me last night he hoped to bring me a sister Lucy," she said simply. "I am very, very glad."

And, smiling-eyed, she went with her straight young steps up the slope.

Lucia's face was transfigured. "Harriet isn't there," she said softly to herself. "Oh, you did mean to ask me before I told you all those things to-day?"

"I did," said the doctor steadily. "Will you marry me, Lucy?"

"Can you even respect me after—after what I told you about Mr. Heldon?"

"Dear, I know you well enough to

know you would never make that mistake."

Lucia, with a little tender motion, leaned forward and buried her face in the doctor's coat.

"I always felt, I always really knew, away down deep, that I must blunder upon something sweet and good at last," she whispered, "but, ah, Vincent, I never dreamed of you!"

NIGHT RAIN IN THE CITY

BY W. D. NESBIT

A WHISPER, then a murmur, then a song,
 A monotone that fades away, then swells
 Into a deep, rich chord that soars along
 As mellowly as blended tones of bells.
 A gentle sound it is, a soothing strain
 That lulls us till in comfort we forget
 What day has given us of toil or pain,
 What day has left with us of fear or fret.

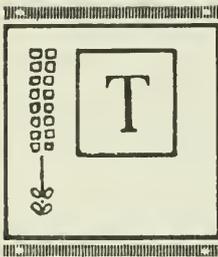
As some gray curtain drawn around and down,
 The rain sways in long folds, and shuts us in,
 And hides the distant glitter of the town,
 And hushes all the clamor and the din.
 It softly taps against the glass, in time
 With the low, throbbing melody it weaves
 To meet the half-unconsciously heard chime
 That drips in dulcet measure from the eaves.

And where the lights gleam, yonder, in the street,
 The world is shot with falling silver threads
 That melt in silver rivulets and meet
 The streams that splash in molten silver beds;
 The trees are laced with silver, and the wires
 Flash with the sheerest silver radiance,
 And in the street a myriad silver fires
 Leap up and laugh in their unceasing dance.

Davis of the Cypress Hills

A REMINISCENCE OF SITTING BULL

By C. L. Armstrong



ALL, broad-shouldered and erect, with the strong, well-marked face of a great general, Sitting Bull, the greatest of Sioux chiefs, who out-generalled Custer, of the

United States army, and killed him and his force in a bloody battle on the Little Big Horn, was a man whom anyone would point out as a leader at first sight. Such is the recollection of him that remains in the mind of William Davis, now carpenter at the provincial buildings in Victoria, but formerly, like H. H. Nash, usher at the same institution, a member of the first organized body of North West Mounted Police sent into the Canadian wilderness to maintain law and order among savages and outlaws.

Perched among the shavings on his bench the other day, his eyes turned backward over the intervening years, Davis told of the stirring days when the bloody-handed Sioux fled across the border with the reeking scalps of Custer's men. Davis was then attached to a troop of fifty police stationed at Cypress Hills, near the American border, under command of Col. Walsh. The police post was situated in a deep valley circled by high hills and it consisted of a collection of chinked-log buildings surrounded by a ten-foot stockade constructed of up-

ended timbers left unchinked. As Davis recalls it now, he says it was more of a death-trap than a protection, because an attacking party needed only to rush up under cover of the stockade outside, shove their rifles through the chinks and blaze away, while the force inside, like rats in a trap, could not retreat if it wanted to.

With their base at this post Walsh's troop patrolled day by day the immense wild country tributary to Cypress Hills. They awed the Canadian Indians, struck terror to the heart of outlaws and whiskey traders and rounded up horse and cattle rustlers, either driving them across the boundary amid a rain of bullets or capturing and incarcerating them in the prison at Stony Mountain.

One day away back in the seventies, breathless Blackfeet scouts came to the police post at Cypress Hills with the startling news that the whole American army had been wiped out to the south and that the terrible Sioux were hitting the trail northward for the boundary.

This news could not fail to produce some uneasiness among the handful of red-coated troopers who, although they had no other thought than to stand their ground and put up a bold front, come what might, felt very dubious as to the outcome when a thousand or more Sioux, with the blood-lust strong in them, flooded the boundary country. Scouts were thrown out to give word of the approach of Sitting Bull's warriors, and the daily routine of the post

was carried on quite as usual, single constables riding far and wide doing their duty, despite all the redskins on the plains. Then, over night and as silently as the stars, the Sioux invaded the Cypress Hills, and when morning broke the smoke from their camp fires rose in the clear air from the ridge of hills completely surrounding the little police post. Tips of tepees appeared above the trees, and the sight was ominous to the little troop of police in the valley below. Colonel Walsh decided that a bold stroke without delay was imperative, and, mounting every available man, he rode at the head of his small force into the Sioux camp. He sought out Sitting Bull for a pow-wow. The Sioux chief was reticent and surly at first, but the Canadian officer told him through an interpreter that while he sojourned in Canada he must respect the laws and behave himself or disaster would come to him and his warriors, they would be hunted as the coyote is hunted, driven from bluff to bluff, from slough to slough until not one of them remained.

Sitting Bull heard this ultimatum in silence. Then, drawing himself up and stretching his arm out to indicate the wide range, he said, in a few words, that the Sioux were not at war with their white brothers of Canada, that they came as peaceful men with no malice in their hearts, and that they would respect the laws of the white men.

This assurance lifted a great load from the minds of the police. As it was delivered the alert, watchful little troop of red-coats was lost in a sea of silent, gaudily-dressed braves, armed to the teeth and with the marks of the Custer massacre still upon them. Knowing full well that at a single signal from Sitting Bull they would be wiped out within five minutes, the constables joked with the Sioux braves as they sat their horses, laughed and chatted among themselves, and never once betrayed the least token of fear. At the same time, more than one apparently carelessly held carbine had the drop on Sitting Bull's heart and had he given the signal, he himself would have been the first to fall.

But Sitting Bull was true to his word and spoke with a single tongue, and during the period of his sojourn he and his braves were always friendly and well-behaved. The police and the Sioux became good friends, and many a wild night of dancing and feasting Davis and his comrades put in with the men of Sitting Bull's army. Two pounds of tea apiece, given over to the squaws, made the policemen welcome guests for a night, and so friendly did the police and the Sioux become that, far from giving trouble, the Sioux often rendered the police valuable assistance. However, Sitting Bull himself, while he participated occasionally in the revels, held aloof for the most part, and the police were not deceived as to the real motive behind his policy of friendliness. They knew that the wily old chief realized that it would never do for him to antagonize the military on both sides of the line at the same time. But for this it is very likely he would have murdered the police force at Cypress Hills without compunction, for he was ever bitter in his hatred of and contempt for the white man.

Notwithstanding the professed friendship of the Sioux, Colonel Walsh was too good an Indian fighter to be entirely off his guard. He never ceased to watch and to have scouts tally the movements of the Sioux. The police men soon became proficient in the Sioux sign language so that they could talk with the Indians. This sign language was very interesting, and Davis recalls to-day having met a small hunting party of Sioux, mounted on restless little buckskins, setting forth from the hills. He stopped them, and with signs asked where they were going. The leader of the party swept his arm outward towards the plains and said, gutturally:

"Wa-ho, mini-ton-ka, pony comet, mush-toosh!"

This enlightening piece of information was rendered perfectly intelligible by accompanying signs. The "wa-ho" was suited to a wide, free sweep of the arm indicating plainly "far away." "Mini-ton-ka," Davis knew, meant "big lake" or "big water"; "pony

comet" was the Sioux jargon word for "fast horse," and this word was accompanied by a sign made by placing the first and second fingers of the right hand over the left wrist in the position of a man astride a horse. "Mush-toosh" was the word for "bison," and it was further illuminated by placing the hands against the sides of the forehead to represent horns.

Davis interpreted the sentence at once. The party was going far out on the plains, by the big lake, on horseback to hunt buffalo.

It was in 1877 that Davis was transferred to Fort McLeod, in the province of Alberta, where the police were in command of Colonel McLeod, a very efficient officer, and it was in this year that Davis took part in the making of the first great treaty with the Blackfeet. Governor Laird, the old pioneer ruler who, until last year was in charge of the Indian Office at Winnipeg, but who is now resident at Ottawa, conducted the treaty, and Colonel McLeod led a guard of one hundred mounted police as an escort for the governor. The Blackfeet, many hundreds of them, came under the chieftainship of Crowfoot, as bad an old cuss as the whole country boasted. The meeting took place at Bow River Crossing in a deep, wide valley, and the sight presented there while the treaty was being made will never be seen again, not though all the wild west shows that ever were organized could be banded together in an amphitheatre made up of all the biggest show halls of the world.

Crowfoot had been reconciled to the treaty-making with extreme difficulty, and the police were wary and suspicious when the meeting took place. They suspected the old chief from the very start, and, as was shown afterwards, they had good cause. It was learned, years later, that Crowfoot had sent emissaries to Sitting Bull at Cypress Hills imploring him to join with the Blackfeet in killing off the whites at Bow River Crossing when they met to pay treaty. This was to have been followed by a general murderous sweeping of the whole country. However, old Sitting Bull had declined with scorn, because of his policy of friend-

ship with the white men in Canada, but probably equally because of the long-standing, deep-seated enmity that existed between the Sioux nation and the Blackfeet.

The ceremonies attendant upon the payment of three years' treaty money lasted for three weeks. The big valley, a mile and a half wide and six miles long, was a blaze of color and a-dance with activity. The Blackfeet camp extended from end to end, and at the open end of the valley, in a commanding position and protective of the governor's camp, the police escort was established. The police were never off their guard during the whole three weeks, and every move of the Indians was watched with suspicion. The redskins had decked themselves in their most gaudy attire, and the four thousand of them made a wonderful sight. Davis recalls that there were at least eight thousand dogs attached to the Indian camp, and these curs made every night a delirium.

To feed the host of redskins and whites during the three weeks great quantities of supplies were required, including herds of several thousand head of cattle. The greatest menace to the safety of the whites and a constant source of trouble for the police was the presence of a small army of Yankee whiskey traders, who took the treaty money from the Indians in return for sulphurous liquor as fast as it was paid out. When the redmen had assimilated a little of this fiery beverage they began to recall the glory of their fathers and the magnificent traditions of their race, and it was only by the exercise of the greatest tact that the police prevented trouble from arriving in large chunks. One of the most valuable assets the police force possessed in this maintenance of law and order was a brace of nine-pounder guns, the usefulness of which they demonstrated frequently by shooting at targets. The effect of these pieces produced a very desirable sensation of awe in every Blackfoot heart. However, to return the compliment and offset the glory of the white men, the war whoops organized a grand fandango to finish up the meeting. When

preparations for this affair were under way the police were positive that the crisis was at hand. They scented a blind in the proposed war dance and sham fight, and they were prepared for real hostilities at any time. To this day no man can say whether old Crowfoot organized that fandango in good faith or not, but the fact remains that he was given small opportunity to start anything, and the affair passed off peacefully.

Davis says he will never forget the thing as long as he lives. The Indians decked themselves in fighting garb and full war paint, and the affair began with a war dance. Hooting, yelping, slashing right and left at the air, firing rifles and revolvers, hundreds of hideous, grotesque bucks as wild as the Gadarene swine, circled about a central point. Silent, watching every movement with nerves steeled to any emergency, convinced that the signal would come at any moment, the Mounted Police watched the awe-inspiring war dance of the Blackfeet.

Following the war dance the Indians held a sham fight, and if there was anything of savagery, of fear-inspiring weirdness, wanted in the war dance it was thoroughly atoned for in the sham fight. Throughout this again the police were watching like hawks for, friendly as they professed to be, the redskins were in full war regalia and ready at an instant's signal to fall upon the whites. However, the dance and the sham fight passed without dangerous developments, and the treaty was completed in peace.

Mr. Davis has a fund of reminiscences of the early days, each fraught with adventure and danger. Many a time he has walked hand in hand with death, but he came safe through every adventure and is hale and hearty to-day, an interested spectator of the march of progress across the wide plains where once he saw the countless bison roaming, the prairie schooner of the whiskey trader trekking from camp to camp, the flitting horse thief and the roving bands of Indians.

THE LARK'S SONG

BY KATHLEEN K. BOWKER

ONCE, in the dark
 Listening long,
 I heard a lark
 Break into song—

But ere the Sun
 Came, the Day-bringer,
 The song was done—
 Silent the singer.



This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

THE MONTH OF GHOSTS

Now is the time when we love to listen to the hollow sighs
 Through the half-leafless wood that breathes the gale
 For at such hours the shadowy phantom pale
 Oft seems to fleet before the Poet's eyes;
 Strange sounds are heard and mournful melodies
 As of night-wanderers who their sins bewail.

NOVEMBER is to the wandering Pedlar the ghostliest, most spiritual month of all the year. There is a message in the uproar of the winds in the forests, and, as in the ear of a shell, one hears again the deep surge of the sea that beats upon the rocks on the wild lonely western coast of the most beautiful isle in the world. If ever my dead will come back to me it will be on some November night when the sea is roaring up from the shore, and the beeches and elms are locking branches in a place that my heart remembers.

The raths are no longer green, but the Sheogs dance their dance of eternal youth and beauty as when I was little and saw them in visions. The old shoemaker, the Leprechaun, is tapping behind the hedge, mending fairy slippers made of shamrock leaves and butter cups, and the evil gnome, the Phouka, is abroad destroying the late blackberries. The larches that fringe

the broad lawn are bending and waving the sign of the cross, and in the hedges the wren is shivering, for her fate draws near when the mummers will dance round her little dead brown body on Boxing Day uttering such incantations as only a Celtic soul may understand.

Here in strong, young, practical Canada we have none of the ancient superstitions which are really the poesy of a race condensed in legend! We are bright, commercial, industrial—and filled with hope. We are of to-day's date—the first of November, 1912—noisy, divinely clamorous for the good things of Science and earth, far-seeing, and busy as Maeterlinck's bees. But since the soul that is sheltered in its clumsy material overalls in every living body has its moments of spiritual yearning, we are not without our aspirations towards the diviner things—art, music, and the exquisite, if vague longings of the spirit. The age may be scientific, practical—it will always be leavened with spiritual desire. Art, which is our earthly struggle towards Heaven, will increase, not decline. And rightly, since it is our guerdon of immortality. Recently a writer—the cleverest living writer in his class—I allude to the brilliant reviewer, H. L. Mencken,

advances as his philosophy of life, the thesis that, “Life is meaningless, that it has no purpose, that its so-called lessons are balderdash”—that this is “the capital discovery of our day and generation—the one supreme truth that must eventually revise and condition every other truth.” Alas!

There was the Door to which I found no Key,
There was the Veil through which I could not see;

Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me.

But can we accept this stoical doctrine? We, with the vision of our poets, with our humble, everyday sufferings, our amazing hope, our patient endeavour, our terrible longing to meet again—somewhere—those silent ones under the earth? Such longing needs to be assuaged—somewhere—and if it be mere “superstition” which keeps alive in a human soul even the whimsy of fairy love, why demand that a little weakness which is half human, half divine, is something which in a practical and scientific age should be sternly eliminated?

To consider it, is half acceptance of it—this doctrine of a purposeless, aimless, fruitless existence—wherefore so many of us tie the bandage over our reason, and hear in the windy sighs of drear November the whisperings across the barriers of Death, and listen to the light dancing of the fairies on some green, remembered path.

SUFFRAGETTE AND FEMINISM

THE author of “Women Adrift,” a remarkable piece of writing, by the way, has drawn on him the acid pen of the Suffragette militant. It was Sir Alymroth Wright who began it. This medical gentleman gave it as his opinion that women, because of certain sex difficulties, could never be depended upon to exercise calm judgment or logical reasoning. His allusion was of course directed towards women about to become mothers, and to those undergoing the terrible period called the climacteric. He, judging from his everyday practice and observation, offered his testimony to the fact that at times women were not in a condition

to—conduct affairs—if I may so put it. Now no woman will allow this to another. She may allow it to herself—but whether she does or does not, it is perfectly true that at certain times in her life, *woman does not see true*. This is not to imply—in the faintest manner—that women are not sane. They are very sane. And very wise. But there are times when our vision—to say the least of it—is crossed, or what is commonly called “crosseyed.” Patient creatures we are. Why not? Ours the burden of bearing and birth. Vain? Perhaps. Vain in little ways—hardly in the large ways of men. A soreness has arisen among our sex—it always existed, but silently—against what for ages has been represented as man’s superiority. He is not superior; he is complementary—there are places in his mental make-up which are left unfinished, so to say, and which the feminine complement fits perfectly. I could never grasp the fact (?) that man was superior to woman save perhaps in physical strength and evenness of mind. Naturally, being the stronger he made captive, and in old days chattel of the weaker sex. But he cannot do without us! Nor we without him. A sexless man or woman is a monstrosity—a sin against Nature. We must obey the common law. If we do not we are punished—and in a hard, stark way. You cannot buck Nature. She is rigid in her demands; she makes you pay to the last farthing—and heavy interest besides. What, then?

FEMINISM ATTACKED

IN two able articles by Owen, Feminism is attacked. The Suffragette—the ordinary, good matronly woman who is desirous of taking a hand in political affairs mainly to “help the women and children,” is, —according to our author—held in some contempt by your true Feminist who aims to abolish mar-



riage, establish free love, equal morality (or immorality) and hold the latch key of Life, in fact, irrespective of old-fashioned decencies and modesties. The Feminist accuses the matronly Suffragette of "giving the whole show away" by her candid and courageous revelation of what the woman's movement means to her. "Hush, you indiscreet person!" whispers sibilantly the Feminist. "We don't want to tell them everything!"

And the matronly Suffragette stares and gasps, "Good gracious! What *do* you mean?"

"I mean," says Madame Feministe, "that the vote means nothing unless it means woman's equality with man all along the line, and that complete equality with man means playing ducks and drakes with marriage, home, wifehood and motherhood." Poor, patient Motherhood! Do you think for a moment, Madame Feministe, that any living mother does not understand to its limit the meaning of motherhood—its aches and disappointments and unswerving love and faith!

One could pity the Feminist with her latch key.



"HUSH, YOU INDISCREET PERSON!" WHISPERS SIBILANTLY THE FEMINIST,
"WE DON'T WANT TO TELL THEM EVERYTHING"

AM I?

"**B**UT you are old—you are conservative—you are old-fashioned—you do not understand!" I hear you, Feministe, Madame or M'selle. I am neither old, or conservative, or old-fashioned. Neither am I young. I can toddle about, thank you, and even "take notice," like the dear ten months old baby. And I have grown—and lost—my foolish teeth, which you, not Nature, call wisdom. The Suffragette demands the vote. She will be here in a moment to hornet Mr. Borden. The Feminist demands sex revolution. The great cry seems to be that the wife stands on the same footing as the "kept" mistress. Poor soul! she is not half

so well off—save in name and honor. These she has, though perhaps not the diamond rings and furs. Generally the wife—in the case of the Other Woman—is shabby. But she has what Gloriana can never have. Neither holds the latch key, though Gloriana can always choose—what the Feminist demands—the fathers of her children.

The Vote?—why certainly. Feminism?—I hope, never.

Women are the weaker. Think, if the lid of the world's morality were cast into Hades—of where woman, the weaker vessel, would bring up. Hell, we are told, is paved with good intentions. In this event it would be paved with the delicate china fragments of women's souls.

NOT SUICIDE

SUICIDE, so-called with us, does not hold the same meaning in Japan. Especially is this so among the Samurai or warrior class to which General Nogi belonged. The sacrifice of life on the altar of loyalty and love of country was quite as sacred a ceremony as that in which Abraham offered up his only son Isaac in sacrifice to Jehovah—a sacrifice which was not accepted. No such miracle as that of the Old Testament stayed the hands of the devoted Nogi and his wife. For him, the greatest military general Japan has produced, it was the thrust with the little Japanese hand sword. For his wife, it was the more serious, as more sacred, hari-kiri—we spell it, "harikari" in one jumbled word, just as we call the ancient rite a barbaric "ripping of the abdomen." The abdomen is, in Shintoism, the abode in the human where the soul dwells. In our Scriptures we find frequent mention of the "bowels" of God's mercy.

What do we know of the Japanese Bushido? We only know that the slender dark-eyed men—the race, by the way, that Collier in his "West in the East" censures rather harshly, are quiet, stoical, of amazing courage in face of death. Nor are they fatalists. They are men who know not fear, or the terror of pain, or death—which to them as to some of us, means tran-



OUR BIGGEST ASSET IS OUR HARDY WINTER WEATHER

slation to happier shores. And if extinction, why fear? Why not the long and dreamless sleep of God's Beloved? Why fear? Why not a courage that is immortal because it endures? And if life hereafter, and the music of which here we get but a strain which once heard echoes in the deeps of the human heart, even so, what then? Joys eternal, or sleep eternal. What would you have?

AUSTRALIA VERSUS CANADA

AUSTRALIAN stock seems to be booming. Rather than stock should I say immigration. We are told that the best of the "British breed"—than which none is finer—is emigrating to Australia. No sooner said than denied. Therefore there are floating accounts. If you believe Sir John Reid, Ambassador, and genial visitor to our International Exhibition held in September at Toronto—the Australian climate is unrivalled. It is the most splendid—the one perfect climate of this unworthy world. It has not our snows—bless them!—our biggest asse-

is our clear, snapping hardy winter when the red-cheeked youngsters are sliding and snowballing and skating and ice-boating. Only the older Canadians fuss over our winter weather. They shudder and shiver and curse the briciest climate in the world—as they hug the fire. But back in their souls, which are hidden under the fat and tissue of wearing circumstance and large appetite, they will acknowledge—if you probe deeply—that our winter weather is of the healthiest and cheeriest there is. We all grow older and old. But always behind us the new generation is leaping and skipping.

Apart from this, however, it is insisted on that Canada does not get the best class of immigrants because the Australian Government bonuses

the people who come out there. This has been denied. The truth, apparently has not been arrived at. My own opinion is that Australia is vying with us in the matter of immigration. Canada is a workshop. We promise golden things—great opportunities. We have these—but only for the men and women who seek them through work. There is nothing for nothing in this world; you have to serve, to work for every cent you make. Be the land golden or tin to which you come, you can pick neither gold nor tin up on its streets. Life means effort. Without effort comes the quick finish which spells death, or a poverty which is of itself a shame.

A weekly twin-paper, John Bull and Mary—feigns to belittle Canada, but all that is trivial. The sun of Canada rides high in the skies of the world. We need not get domed heads over it, since we did not make it, but We, Us & Co., may thank our stars that we belong to this great teeming busy hive of the world where everyone who counts is glad to work and thankful to have the work to do.

And don't knock the Old Breed. It made the red and the blue and the white of the flag. It is a bull-dog breed—and it is the breed from which comes the Canadian-born.

HAUNTED HOUSES

ONE there is, no less startling a figure than that of Doctor Robert Hugh Benson, who advances in a recent issue of the Dublin Review a—to say the least of it—extraordinary theory as to ghosts. *En bref*, his idea is that in rooms where murder has been committed, the furniture, chairs, sofas, even the curtains, retain impressions of the crime, in such a curious telepathic manner that they have the uncanny power of re-impressing their tragic experience on the minds of some persons. To wit, you, my friend, have occasion to sleep in a room where once a murder was committed. You are unaware of that fact. You perchance, fall asleep. Then come dreams. The frightful scene is again enacted. You awake, see shadows chasing around your bed-post—hear a dismal moan,



"I ALWAYS KNEW THAT HE HAD," SAID GRANDMOTHER,
WIDEAWAKE AND SITTING UP IN BED

and—lie awake for the rest of the night. Telepathy, friend. How dost like the advances of Science—?

MY GHOST

ONCE I saw a ghost. He stood at the foot of my grandmother's bed, and *he had no face!*

Gran was asleep—sound—and snoring in that gentle manner which may best be described as “pop-pop-popping” and whistling. The ghost—I was little, and chattering as to teeth—aimed a dreadful finger at me. He wagged it slowly up and down. I watched that bony finger until I grew cross-eyed, yet ever it waved. Then somehow the figure grew a face, and the face was Jimmy's—the stable boy, —and Jim was grinning. “Shure,” says he, “isn't it the little bay mare you'll be taking out the day—the

pony-mare that can leap every boghole the divvle ever split in the bog?” And then it was “me,” with, “An' is it a face you have! Sure I dreamed you hadn't any face at all!”

And then the Ghost changed. And he was Grandfather and he had two faces. . . . Well, I'll be saying goodbye, for nobody at all, at all, could describe the horror of that ghost, nor the screeching of the wild little creature who caught Grandmother by her thin little knob of white hair, and, shaking and trembling cried out to the shocked old lady that she had been talking to Grandfather and he had two faces.

“I always knew he had,” said Grandmother as solemnly as if intoning prayer. “I always,” she insisted, wide-awake, and sitting up in bed—“knew that he had.”



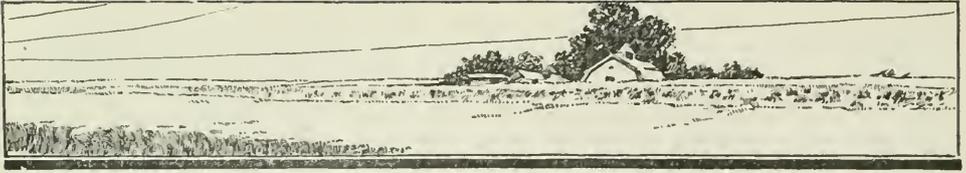
BLOOD-BROTHERS

BY JOHN DUNCAN HOWE

ALONG the white road, light of heart,
We tramped by moonlight far,
The pine-woods whispering at our backs,
Unwatched by moon or star,

Our cigarette-lights the one glow,
Our heart-beats our steps' tune—
Then, through the careless clouds arift,
The pale November moon.

One searching cry, high, lonely, far;
One glimpse of the sheering V;
But we had seen our brothers drive,
Strong-winged, for the distant sea.



JOY IN SORROW

BY JOHN A. LINGE

IN the heart of a mighty city,
Confronting a splendid square;
There stands a sacred edifice,
A holy house of prayer.

O many and many a thousand,
Have passed through those portals
dim,
For a taste of sweet rest and quietude,
Away from the city's din.

See, here are two young people,
With solemn face and air:
Oh, what can have caused their looks
of care?
And why have they entered here?

Has not this mighty city,
With its streets so bright and gay,
Enough to fill their hearts with joy
And to cheer them on their way?

But, see they kneel in humble prayer,
Though never a word they speak:
And the sunbeams play on the girl's
bright hair,
While she feels that her heart must
break.

The boy's heart, too, is filled with pain,
As he clasps her hand in his:
And together they pray to the heavenly
King
To sustain them by His grace.

For the boy is going across the sea
Five thousand miles and more,
To the wondrous country of broad
prairie,
Great Western Canada.

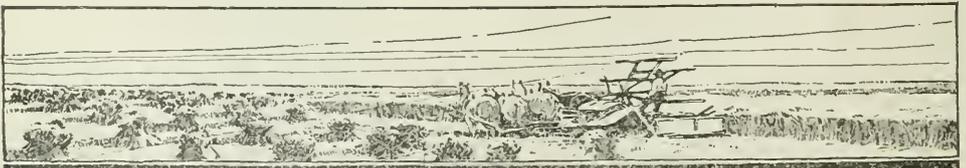
"Thy will be done," cries the maiden
fair,
"Thy will be done," sighs the boy:
And e'en as they pray, the looks of care
Give place to a look of joy.

For "great consolation" is brought to
them,
By the word of their Gracious Lord;
"Not as the world gives, give I to them,
But My peace," the peace of the
Lord.

Without, the city still rushes on,
With a roar that seems never to
cease:
But within they are feeling the Presence
of One
Who grants them His word of Peace.

* * * * *

Resigned to His will, they rise to their
feet,
And reverently depart;
But those solemn hours of communion
sweet,
Leave their trace on each youthful
heart.



The Musical Laboring Class

By Jeanne Jomelli

Illustrated with Photograph



MME. JBANNE JOMELLI

SUPPOSE the chorus should go on strike? Awful thought! Yet it is one that has always been in my mind and with it came the picture of the disgust of the public, the rage of the artists, the horror of the management, so when the chorus at the Metropolitan Opera House did go on strike not so very long ago, when the management decided not to accede to their demands and gave opera without a chorus, I was glad to be singing in concert, where this most essential element was not part of the equipment.

Opera without chorus, where so written and intended, is like salad without oil or vinegar. Yet, it is a sad fact that the least appreciated, the hardest workers are the chorus people. Soloists have instruction in roles in which they are to appear, in the way of coaches, with days between performances. Not so the chorus. Individually, they really do not exist. Collectively, they are a most wonderful body of people, working without praise, with little comfort and small salaries.

That they should strike for appreciation, for the credit due to their most difficult work and accomplishment, is quite understandable to one whose knowledge of their daily grind, their loyal support is sufficient to explain anything of the situation. For theirs is the task of collective effort, and the slightest mistake throws the whole result into chaos.

And how much depends upon them, only those can say whose work is along the line of operatic career.

The prima donna, for instance, is able to give thought and study to her own role, for with a coach, hours are spent in its preparation before an opera is rendered. The chorus is taken through the music without mercy, while the prima donna may rest when fatigued, because the voice must be spared. But the chorus?

Who cares what becomes of the voices of the chorus?

In fact, what does become of them? No one can answer, yet there is little question that each and every one is

giving of his or her best, perhaps with greater love for this greatest of arts than those more fortunately placed.

Naturally, there is no belief in the minds of this wonderful class of people, (which might be termed the Musical Laboring Class), that the chorus is to be the limit of their ambition. At first, no doubt, they think it is only for the opportunity that they must grasp at this opening in the operatic world and that soon they will be recognized and advanced; later, there is only the latent hope to sustain them that "a chance may come sometime," then this dies and they slowly grow content with things as they are. For it is a remarkable fact that few voices survive the work of the chorus and are ever heard in roles of importance. At least, in the past few seasons, no record of such an occurrence is in evidence.

Ambitious young singers, with the necessity for expression, which is the impelling power of every human soul, with fresh, clear voices, perhaps beautiful ones, are lost to all hope of individuality in the chorus, yet it is a

schooling that one finds of the greatest value, if opportunity to advance be also present.

The artists which make up the ensemble of a grand opera company are remembered by the multitudes to whom they sing, but the chorus, what is their reward? Long hours of tedious rehearsals, perhaps a word of praise from the chorus masters, or a look from the Gardens or the Carusos,—a poor monument for the far more difficult work they have done for the enjoyment of the audiences.

Therefore, I am most heartily glad to express myself as obligated to the chorus in far greater degree than to any other support, and if appreciation of their efforts, always sincerely honest, is of any moment to them, then here's to the chorus! May their efforts be lauded, may some far-seeing critic arise who shall acclaim them as they deserve, may their purposeful lives be rewarded by the happiest fate that they could wish or imagine, may they each and every one reach the highest positions possible in their labor in the field of music.

LILITH

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

I HAVE no right to make or mar—
 None, dear, for you.
 None to be shield or sword or star,
 Just to keep silent bolt and bar
 Over my heart for you.

I have no right to touch, to kiss—
 None, dear, at all.
 None to share pain or shame or bliss,
 None to be glad or sad. Just this—
 To have no rights at all.



CHEAP AT THE PRICE.

AN Italian organ grinder possessed a monkey which he "worked" through the summer months. When the cool days of the fall came his business fell off, and he discontinued his walks and his melodies. An Irishman of his acquaintance offered him ten cents a day for the privilege of keeping and feeding the little beast. The bargain was made for a month. Great curiosity filled the mind of the Italian, and at last, unable to restrain himself, he went ostensibly to see his pet, but really to find what possible use Pat could make of a monkey. The Irishman was frank. "It is loike this," he said: "Oi put a pole in me back yard, with the monk on the top. Tin or twelve thrains of cars loaded with coal go by every evenin'. There's thramps on every car. Every wan takes a heave at the monk. Divil a wan has hit him, but Oi have seventeen tons of coal."

WHY SCHOOL TEACHERS OF DRAWING RUN AROUND IN A CIRCLE AND BLEAT LIKE SHEEP

THE following definitions and answers were selected from the test papers of a first-class city high school, after the students had had a year of free-hand drawing:

PERSPECTIVE

1. Perspective is showing the relation of one object to another used in making a stool's legs.

2. Perspective is what we appear to draw on a picture plane.

3. Perspective shows an object disappearing.

4. Perspective is to look at any-thing through a small piece of glass.

5. Perspective are things that gets away from you. (To which last definition the teacher in private gave a mark of 100% plus.)

SHADOW

1. A shadow is the shape of an object when light is cast on it.

2. A shadow is light cast upon the background or on the object on which it is standing.

3. A shadow is dark light cast from the object it follows.

4. Shadow is the cast-off shade of an object.

5. The shadow is a dark mast that throws from the object upon the table line while the is only the way the lighth fall upon the object. The width of the shadow is derminded by the wide of the shade. The table line is a line separating the back-ground from the object. (sic.)

ATOMIZER

1. Atomizer is a vessell from which you may squirt such things as fixative on a paper, or other things.

2. The anatomizer is an insterment used for dissecting liquor into sprej.

FORESHORTENING

1. Foreshortening is an eraser, I guess.

2. Foreshortening is erasing anything when it is too tall.

ELLIPSE

1. An ellipse is the part you see about the eye.

2. Ellipses is plural and is used when anything has a base.

3. Ellipse is oblong circle banded by—

4. Ellipse is a circle drawn around an object to show that it is round.

HORIZONTAL

1. Horizontal means slanting.

2. Horizontal is the line that is formed by the horizon or a curved line.

3. Horizontal is a round curve.

PERPENDICULAR

Perpendicular are things that go up and down.

PARALLEL

Parallele is a line drawn from left to right.

PLUMB-LINE

Plumb-line is a weight in using to measure the features of people.

A plumb-line is a piece of lead tied to a string. (sic.)

CHAMOIS-SKIN

A shammy skin is a cloth of the shammy animal which is used for erasing and other purposes.

CAST

1. Cast is something which has shape and is to draw.

2. Cast is the head or body of somebody.

3. Cast is a verb denoting what the object does, as "casts a shadow."

4. A caste is made of plaster.

EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF DRAWING

1. The educational value of drawing is that it helps the learner to know the way things are really so. Drawing has other connections with science, because you find the right way of which things really are, such as how wide, tall, and where certain things are really so. And it also connects in arithmetic.

2. Art helps us in selecting color schemes for luncheons.

3. Drawing is of educational value because it makes you see the good

traits of an object, and be able to tell whether it is done correctly or not.

PORTFOLIO

A portfolio is a thing used to conceal drawings.

CONVENTIONALIZATION

1. Conventionalizing is taking a natural form and misshaping it to fill a given space.

2. Conventionalization is the illumination of all forms and shapes of nature, made to fit a geometric space.

THE POSTMASTER'S IDEA OF IT

THE International Harvester Co., recently received the following letter in answer to a request for farmers' addresses:

CEDOUX, SASK., MARCH 14.

Dear Sir:—I got your letter with the blank to copy addresses of the people in this district what I say if you will give 2 cents from every address I will write you all the addresses of people in this settlement but don't think that I will do that for nothing No Sir.

Yours truly Postmaster at Cedoux
you don't do nothing for nothing So I don't do
postmaster.

BEREAVED

"YES," said Kidder, "we did have a fine family carriage horse, but we had to give it up because of a death in the family."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Biggs.
"Who died?"

"The horse," said Kidder.

THE TIME SHE HAD.

A LITTLE girl was so unhappy at her first party and cried so bitterly that the hostess' mother suggested that it would be better for her to go home.

"Dorothy accepted the idea," said the hostess, telling the story, "but a few minutes later, upon answering a timid ring at the door, I found Dorothy there bathed in tears.

"Well, Dorothy, I am glad to see you again. Did you decide to come back to us?"

"No m'm; I forgot to say I had such a nice time."



THE CRYING IN THE NIGHT

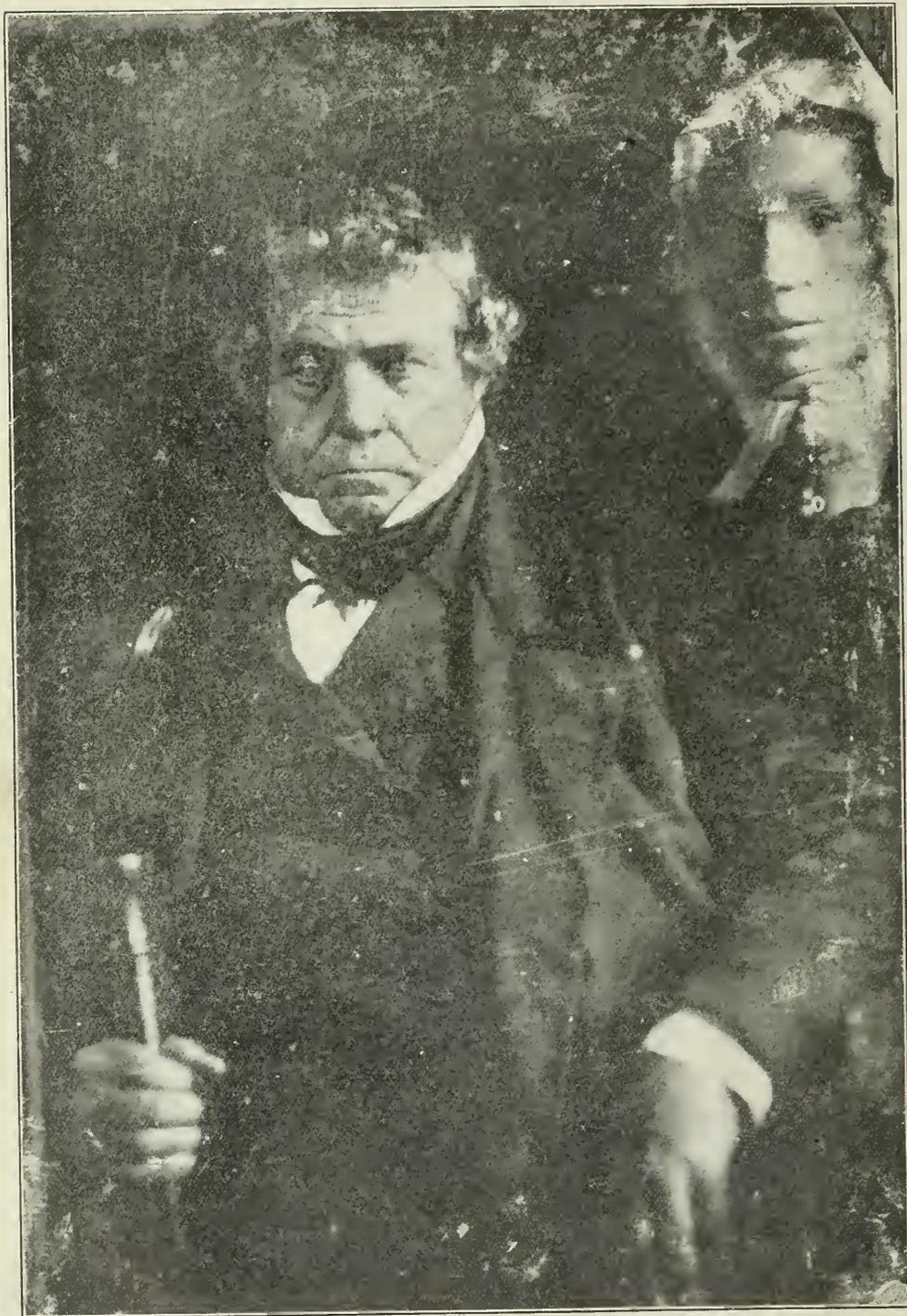
BY FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

IN DEPTHS of sleep I sunk my weary soul.
Yet, murmuring through light dreams, I ever heard
A low soft crooning, as the baby stirred.

It lulled me also, lying by her side,
Till came a night, instinct with human dread,
When silence waked me, lest the babe were dead.

And now, when leaden-footed fall the hours,
And fitful sleep has fled me, then I wake
To hear a sobbing cry, as when hearts break.





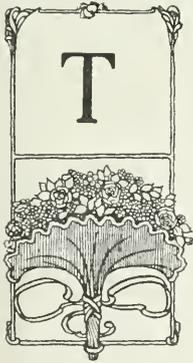
AN OLD FAMILY DAGUERRETYPE OF DONALD MACKENZIE, WITH HIS WIFE AT HIS SHOULDER, SHOWS A MAN FAR PAST HIS PRIME, BUT WITH THE STURDY SPIRIT OF THE ORGANIZER AND FIGHTER IN HIS EYES

To accompany "The Last Days of Donald Mackenzie"
See page 93

The Firing of Bo

By Frank R. Adams

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant



THE western company of "The Girls of London Town" waited before daybreak in the station at North Crossing for the Inland Limited which was three hours and twenty minutes late. In order to fully appreciate this you have to be a member of a number two company which has played six months of one night stands. However, you can get something the same effect by going to bed at one o'clock after a hard day's work and then getting up at four, dressing in ten minutes, smoking a strong pipe and then waiting around out of doors in a cold rain until eight o'clock before you get your breakfast. " 'Tis a gay life trouping," as O'Callahan, the boss carpenter, said, "and there's hamlets on the map never dreamed of in Shakespeare's philosophy."

At last the long train staggered in like a gouty centipede and the company's car was discovered in a switch-

yard and hitched on. The various men in the company picked up their own grips and those of the particular "Girl of London Town" to whom each was just then devoted, and sorted themselves out over the red plush seats of the chair car.

"Why, Sylvia," said one chorus girl to another, "you haven't taken your make-up off."

"No, I slept with it on last night; it's lots warmer. Try it some time. Me for a nap." Forthwith she curled herself up on a seat with a suitcase for a pillow and dropped off into a childish slumber.

Miss Bessler, the comedienne, eyed her enviously. She was too stout to curl up on anything short of a very grand piano. "Gee, I wish we were playing long runs instead of long jumps," she yawned, "then maybe I could get some sleep. Where's the diner?"

"They ain't no diner on this train," volunteered a brakeman passing through. "You can't get breakfast till we get to Harvey."

"Is there such a town?" queried Miss Bessler.

"Sure," said the stage manager.

"That's where we play to-night. It's only seventy-five miles up the road."

"Have they got an opry house or do we exhibit in the roller skating rink as usual?" inquired the stout lady.

"I remember Harvey," broke in the tenor, Mr. Wetherby, "I played there once in '96. Worst hotel there is in the state."

"Oh no, the worst hotel is the Palace House at North Crossing," protested Miss Bessler.

"Where's North Crossing?"

"Why that's North Crossing where we played last night," she answered.

"I didn't notice the name of the town."

"It's the place where Buffalo Bill started from."

"I'll bet he never came back."

The tenor, who had acquired a fatal reputation for beauty by playing Lord Fauntleroy as a child, spread a handkerchief over the back of a car seat and holding his cane in his gloved hands leaned back his head and closed his eyes.

At the other end of the car several poker games were in full swing,—from a dollar limit game for the manager, comedian, juvenile and property man, who was a true sport on a small salary, down to a penny ante game in which even the chorus girls might participate.

The owner of the show, who had joined the company the night before, looked on at the big game until "Props" had been cleaned out of his salary for three weeks to come. Then he broke in: "Boys, what was the matter of the show last night?"

The manager of the show laid down his hand. "I'll tell you, boss; it was an awful cold town. You always see the show under unfavorable conditions. You should have come on to Cheyenne; we put their eye out there."

"Yes, I notice you always give a great performance some time when I don't see it. There's only one thing to be said, the show is in bad shape. Everybody is letting down in their work. Even the property man failed to fire off the shot gun in the second act when the explosion was supposed to occur off stage." Turning to Props, "What was the matter with you? I

suppose you are going to tell me I ought to have seen you in Medicine Hat or Fort Collins."

Props shifted his feet on the floor and his cigar to the other side of his mouth. "The only reason you didn't hear that gun last night was because they gave me smokeless powder shells at the store, and as you know, they don't make any noise." He waited to see how this took with the owner. Fortunately he, the owner, didn't know much about explosives and the excuse got by. It wasn't for nothing that Props had been called by the company "the best property man in America, bar none." He had been property man with Mansfield once and the only reason he resigned his position was because he fell over a tin pail off stage once during the last act of "Beau Brummel."

"And say," snapped the owner, looking at a bundle of notes he had taken during the performance the previous evening, "who is that blacksmith who is playing the policeman? He's the worst actor in the world and I've seen Corse Peyton. He must be fired at once."

"Gee, no, you can't fire Bo," protested the manager.

"Why not?"

"He owes money to everybody in the company," he explained, "besides I have advanced him fifty dollars on his salary. You can't fire Bo."

"Please don't fire him till I get that ten he owes me," begged Props.

"Who hired him anyway?" asked the owner.

"Why, you did yourself, Jim," answered the manager. "Don't you remember? He is an ex-pug and you said he'd be a wonder as a policeman. He was when he started. You ought to have seen him in—"

"Yes, I know. I should have seen him in Red Wing or Idaho Springs. I always miss anything good. I say the man can't act."

"Well," said the stage manager, "maybe he can't act much but he can lick any stage hand west of the Mississippi."

"What's the matter with him now, —drink?"

"Well he does drink a little, Jim, but

he's so cheerful and accommodating that everybody likes him and we'd hate to see him go." The manager really meant what he said. "I'll tell you what,—you give him a good talking to—but let him off this time. I'm sure he'll do better. I'll send for him."

The assistant stage manager was despatched to unearth Bo and send him forward. "Bo," of course, wasn't his real name but it had sort of gravitated to him because that was what he called people when he first met them.

It was quite a while before the assistant stage manager returned because he looked all through the car and then in the baggage car ahead. He came back shaking his head. "Bo missed the train."

The manager was stunned. "Missed the train," he yelled. "Confound that freckle faced, wall-eyed dub,—there isn't another train to Harvey before midnight. He can't get there. Who is his understudy?"

The assistant stage manager thought a minute. "Pearsons was understudying that part but you fired him last week."

"Who can we get to learn it before night? We're in a fine mess,—great advance sale in Harvey too. Who will play the part?"

"I will," announced the owner of the show. He didn't tear off his coat and spring into the middle of the stage with a pair of leveled revolvers in his hands but that was the way he said it. "It's a cinch to play a part like that."

"Did you ever act, Jim?" inquired the manager cautiously.

"No, but I know I can do better than this ringer you had doing it last night."

"All right then," said the manager with a sigh. "You own the show and if you want to act in it I guess there ain't any dramatic critic in Harvey that can stop you. You don't look any like a policeman, though."

"Thank Heaven for that," said Jim fervently. "Call a rehearsal for me as soon as we get in. Now give me the part and I'll learn the lines."

Somebody dug up a thumbed copy of the part and Jim buried himself in it while the assistant stage manager went through the car waking up the weary actors and telling them about the rehearsal.

"I won't come to a rehearsal, so there," said the sobrette crossly. "Who called it anyway?"

"Sh," warned the assistant, "it's for his knobs himself,—he's going to play Bo's part to-night."

"Oh,—if the boss called it, I suppose I've got to come.

I wish he'd stay home and not come on to bother us."

"You know why he came, don't you?" queried the fat comedienne sweetly.

"No, why?"

"He's crazy about Violet Braemer, our prima donna. Sure, I got wise to that last time he came to the show. He told her he was going to build her a theatre on Broadway," said Miss Bessler.



"I MADE UP MY MIND A LONG TIME AGO, JIM, THAT I WOULDN'T MARRY AN ACTOR," SHE ADMITTED

"That's the only way some people will ever get on Broadway,—especially if they're working for Jim Salisbury." The soubrette got out her powder puff and dabbed savagely at her nose and cheeks.

"What's the matter with Jim Salisbury?" demanded the fat girl. "I think he's fine."

"He's fine enough, all right, but he's in wrong with the syndicate. In the first place his name ought to be Salisbury instead of '-bury'—see? Do you think he'd be playing all these tanks with a big show like this if he stood very ace with Mr. Erlanger? Nix! We've played some towns so



small that we would have passed right by and never seen 'em if a freight car had stood in front of 'em. Honest, this is the worst trouping I ever saw and I've played little Eva in a tent "Tom" show. If I ever saw a nice white bed in a warm room with bath I'd probably shy at it and go over the fence without touching my hands."

The fat girl sighed. "I wonder how the boss liked getting up at four o'clock this morning himself?"

"Oh he don't dare holler because he knows we've been doing it for six months." The soubrette laughed sar-

castically. "Can you imagine what it would be like to go to bed and not get up till ten o'clock,—oh, dream of Heaven, don't let me wake up."

"Harvey!" yelled the brakeman.

"This is us," murmured the fat girl. "I wonder which is the best hotel here? Not that it makes much difference,—I don't suppose we get a chance to sleep anyway."

After everybody had eaten breakfast and had been sufficiently stared at by the citizens, they wearily assembled in the theater, which in this case proved to be upstairs and wasn't nearly as bad as the most pessimistic had hoped. For be it known that your true human being after enduring a certain amount of hardship seems to glory in every additional trial which is piled up on him, and to resent any alleviating circumstances. Isn't it so?

Jim Salisbury was running over the scenes in which the policeman was concerned. He imagined that he was acting and it certainly wasn't the duty of any of those to whom he was paying a salary to disillusion him. Of course that didn't prevent their gathering in giggling groups and exchanging guarded criticisms which made vitriol seem like soothing syrup.

Just as things were progressing nicely, enter Bo with two companions. One wore a blue uniform, not police, however, and the other was clad in overalls and jumper. For the second time that day the manager of "The Girls of London Town" was stunned. "Good Heavens, where did you come from?"

The rehearsal on the stage stopped. Bo grinned pleasantly. "I missed the train this morning."

"Yes," assented Jim who clambered over the footlights to take a hand in things, "we noticed that."

"I knew there wasn't any understudy for me," continued Bo, "so I hired a special and came on."

Jim Salisbury eyed the other two men suspiciously. "Well, I'm glad to hear that you had money enough to hire a special."

"I didn't," said Bo, "I came C.O.D. This gentleman here has the bill for

the special train. I told him you would pay it."

"Me pay for a special for you? Don't make me laugh." Jim turned away.

The man in uniform stepped forward. "One moment, please."

Jim turned on him. "Who are you, his keeper?" he demanded.

"No, I'm a conductor on the Union Pacific and I'm going to collect one hundred and fifty dollars for this special or attach your show."

"You can't do that."

"Oh, yes, I can. And what's more you'd better settle this if you expect to be hauled to the next town. The division superintendent told me to tell you that."

"All right, I'll pay it. I'll give you an order on the box office," said Jim wearily. Then he wheeled on Bo. "I'll take this out of your salary."

Bo assented. "That's all right. You can take anything you want out of my salary. I don't like to be mean. If you can get any of my salary I wish you'd give me half. You couldn't let me have ten dollars on account, could you?"

"You can't have anything. You're fired," exploded the enraged owner.

"Fired?" echoed Bo blankly. "Gee, bo, you wouldn't red-light anybody in this town, would you?"

"Don't fire him," wailed Props. "He owes me ten dollars."

"You can't afford to fire him, Jim," added the manager. "He owes you too much already and you ought to make him work out this hundred and fifty."

"I——" Jim hesitated undecidedly.

"Honest, I'll promise to reform," pleaded Bo.

"Oh, please let him stay," Miss Violet Braemer interposed, turning one of her sweetest smiles so that it caught Jim between the eyes. "He has been so good to me; always carries my grips and orders my cabs. I know he'll be good,—won't you, Bo?" This last appealingly to the culprit.

"Sure, Miss Braemer," he said huskily, but with unmistakable devotion shining in his eyes.

"Promise me you won't take a drink

of whiskey for a month," she insisted.

"I promise," said Bo, virtuously. Both he and his fair advocate turned expectantly toward Jim Salisbury.

"Oh very well," he grumbled, "stay with the troupe if you want to. But wait,—I won't have anybody in my company owing everybody else. I'll advance you enough money to pay all your debts and then if I hear of you borrowing any more, out you go. How much do you owe?"

A little figuring on the part of Bo, Props, the boss carpenter and the tenor resulted in a statement that thirty-five dollars would clear his name of all outstanding obligations. Jim gave him



THE BOX-OFFICE MAN ADMITTED HAVING PAID THE MONEY OUT ON JIM SALISBURY'S ORDER

an order on the box office for that amount and told him to return with the money at once and square up with the world, after which Jim volunteered that he would show him how his part should be played.

Bo departed with the order on the box office, also with the conductor and engineer. The rest of the company sat in the orchestra chairs to await Bo's return. After they had waited several minutes it occurred to Jim that it would have been a better scheme to have given each of Bo's creditors an order on the box office rather than trust him with handling that much money. He waited five minutes more before he admitted that unless the

stairs had fallen down Bo should have returned. The stairs had not fallen down.

"Props" volunteered to find him and with the image of that ten dollars which Bo owed him, leading him on he fared forth. The box office man down stairs admitted having paid out one hundred and fifty dollars to one party and thirty-five dollars to another on Jim Salisbury's order. After leaving the window the men who received the money had chatted a moment in the lobby and had then gone down the street. "Props" made for the nearest saloon. Yes, three men had been there not ten minutes since and had divided a quart of champagne. "Props" was encouraged and with the hope of saving at least his ten out of the thirty-five he resumed his Galahad quest. Inquiries at the next bar proved baffling. Bo had not been seen. Same answer at the next. "Props" was puzzled and he sat down and drank a beer while he did a little Sherlocking. What was it criminals did when they were being followed? Doubled on their trail. That was it. Bo had gone back past the theater and into the first saloon on the other side. "Props", hot on the trail; trotted down the street. Sure enough the bartender had seen the party of three mentioned. They had bought a quart of champagne. "Props" was so elated over his detective work that he bought himself another drink. That Bo was buying quarts of champagne puzzled him a little,—he hadn't ever seen Bo drinking it before.

When "Props" left the last emporium elated with the "view hallo" as the hunters say, he found that he was standing on the corner. This left him a choice of four directions in which to continue the search. He guessed wrong three times before he picked up the scent again and by that time he had three drinks more than he was accustomed to, except on pay day. Bo seemed to have a hopeless start and worst of all at the rate he was opening champagne must have spent most of the thirty-five. But the honor of the chase impelled "Props" to plod dazedly on. After four or five more saloons were crossed off the list the

idea began to dawn on the more or less clouded intellect of the pursuer that there was one hundred and fifty dollars belonging to the Union Pacific in the trio ahead which he had overlooked. This was undoubtedly being drawn on. With redoubled vigor and two more beers and a gin fizz he again put his nose to the ground; that is figuratively speaking of course, though once or twice he had to hang on to a lamp-post to keep from doing it in reality.

Even the longest search must have an end and "Props" had searched so long and through the haze of so many mixed drinks that he wasn't in the least surprised when he finally did find Bo. It is a question whether he found Bo or Bo discovered him, anyway it happened all at once. Bo was seated on a big steam roller slowly crunching down the street. From the line of talk he was handing out in a loud tone of voice to his companions, the engineer and conductor and to the crowd of admiring youngsters which was following, it was evident that the steam roller as far as Bo was concerned represented a sight seeing automobile or "rubber neck wagon."

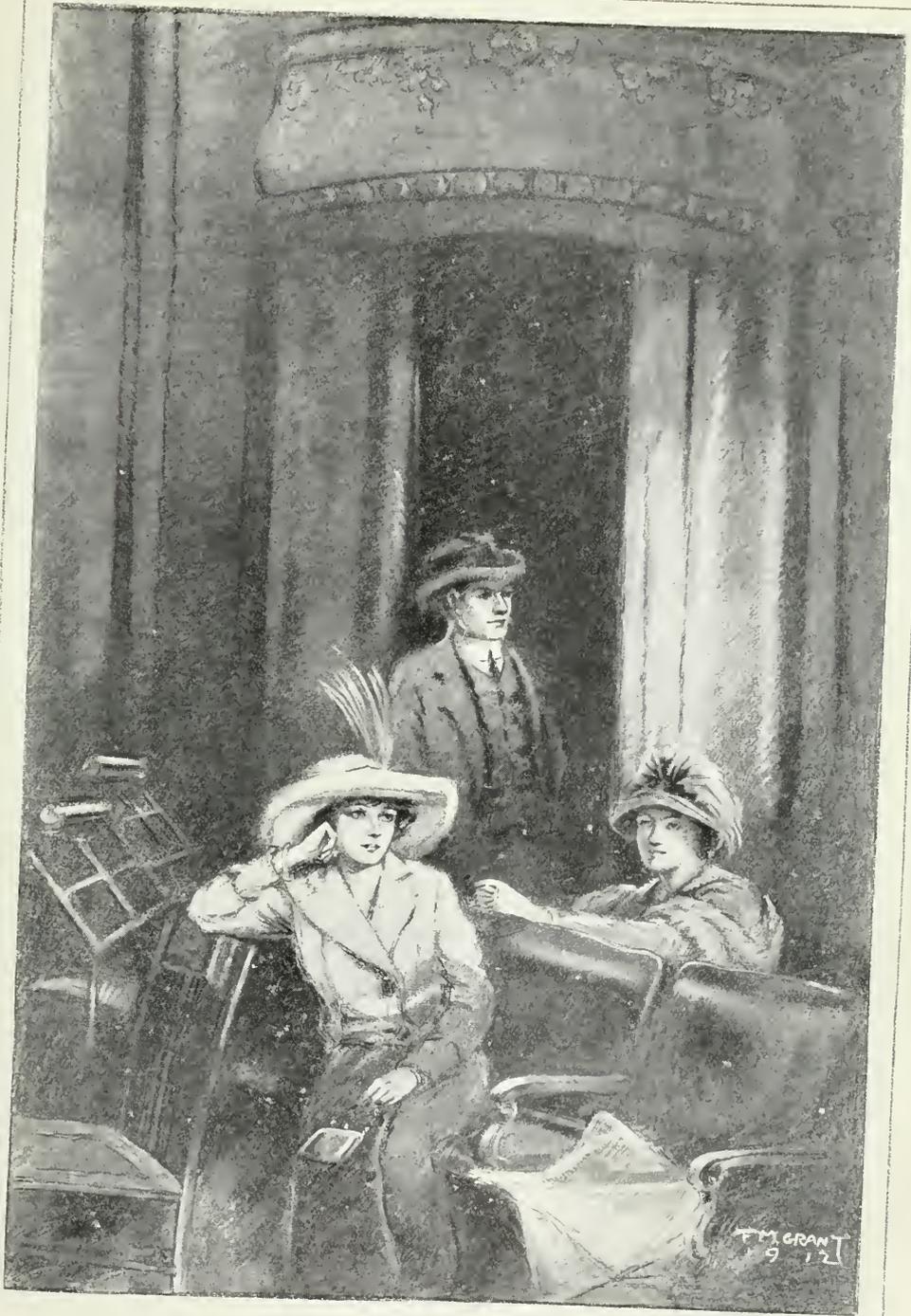
"Continuing down this beautiful boulevard," he was shouting, "on our left we have the post-office, a magnificent building erected in 1884 at the cost of three hundred forty-seven dollars. On our right we have an Indian in front of a cigar store with a hand shading his eyes, looking intently down the street,—he is looking for the man who gave him the cigar he holds in his other hand. Passing on we next have a policeman, standing in the middle of the road holding up his hand. James," this to the engineer who was presiding at the wheel, "James, you have been exceeding the speed limit."

"You're under arrest," said the constable.

"I know it," said Bo, delightedly clambering down to the ground. "I didn't think the old car could do it." Then pressing a ten dollar bill into the hand of the astonished officer, "Here's my fine."

"You'll have to go with me to jail," said the keeper of the peace dubiously.

"Delighted, I'm sure," assented Bo



"PROMISE ME YOU WON'T TAKE A DRINK OF WHISKEY FOR A MONTH." INSISTED MISS BRAEMER,
AND "BO" PROMISED, WITH UNMISTAKABLE DEVOTION
SHINING IN HIS EYES

genially. "Jump into the tonneau and I'll have my chauffeur drive us around there in a jiffy."

The constable debated a moment. "You've got to come with me."

"Exactly," said Bo, and clasping the astonished policeman's arm in a grip that made him turn pale, he helped him protestingly up into the machine. "Home, James."

The answer to this part of the story is obvious. When "Props" failed to return with the errand Bo the astute stage manager suggested to Jim Salisbury that they stroll over to the police station. Arrived there they found no record of the truants but the stage manager insisted on waiting and assured the enraged Salisbury that it was only a question of time before they would show up.

He was right.

When Bo and his companion arrived in their elegant equipage the stage manager evinced not the least surprise and advised his companion to await the grinding of the local mills of justice. The policeman entered, gently but firmly assisted by Bo who solicitously advised him to "be careful of the step, old man," as he steered him through the door.

The officer in charge of the station who was also a magistrate inquired what the trouble was.

"We're under arrest," said Bo, gravely. "Been arrested by this officer for exceeding the speed limit. Good old officer,—best friend I ever had." He pinched the policeman with all the tenderness of a playful bear.

The magistrate made a few inquiries of the uncomfortable policeman and then snapped out, "Drunk and disorderly; ten dollars apiece and costs."

It developed that the engineer and conductor had enough money left to pay their fine and depart. The stage manager suggested that Salisbury pay the fine for "Props" and get him out as they needed him for the performance. While this was being done Bo said never a word but, still hanging on to his blue-coated friend, looked unspeakable reproaches at his employer. When he started to leave without addressing one word to the culprit, Bo asked

plaintively, "You ain't going to go away and leave me here in the penitentiary all alone, are you?"

The manager looked him over coldly. "It will do you good. You don't belong to the company any more. You're fired. You promised not to take a drink of whiskey for a month."

"Didn't take a drink of whiskey. All I had was champagne. Never had a drop of whiskey. Ain't going to for a month,—promised Miss Braemer I wouldn't. Best friend I ever had, Miss Braemer."

"Lock him up, Donovan," commanded the magistrate.

How Donovan was to do this was not apparent to anyone. If Bo had been commanded to lock up Donovan the matter would have been much simpler. As it was Bo appeared to be anchored to the floor and when the officer started toward the cells in the rear of the station Bo drew him tenderly back. "I don't want to stay in jail all alone. I'm the most sociable fellow you ever saw,—like lots of company. Tell you what,—I'll stay if Donovan will stay with me,—best friend I ever had,—just like Damon and that other fellow,—can't bear to be separated."

"Better get some assistance to handle him," suggested Salisbury. "Call in the other officers."

"This is the only one there is," said the magistrate. "Harvey is a small town and we can't afford a large police force."

"Don't apologize," said Bo, "the police force is all right,—best friend I ever had. Come on, Donovan, we got to lock ourselves up for exceeding the speed limit."

He gravely marched the unwilling policeman over to one of the empty cells and closed the door after them. It locked automatically.

"Help!" yelled Donovan. "Get me out of this."

"Where's the key?" asked the magistrate.

"I've got it," replied the officer, bringing it up out of his pocket.

Again he had reckoned without his host. Bo seized the key and took it from the dazed policeman's hand.

"Naughty, naughty," he admonished, slapping him gently on the wrist.

"He's safe for a while," said the stage manager. "Let's go back to the theatre and leave the police force to handle their own troubles." With which they left Bo apparently in charge of the situation.

The "Girls of London Town" gave a sort of a performance that evening, with the owner playing Bo's part in a frightened, hushed voice which left the audience in the dark as to what he was saying. He had one consolation, however. At the conclusion of the opera he noticed that the prima donna appeared with a diamond ring on her engagement finger that he had been begging her to wear for a long time.

He went to her as soon as the curtain was down. "Thanks awfully, dear," he said. "When did you finally decide to accept me?"

"Well," she replied, twisting the ring around her finger, "I made up my mind a long time ago, Jim, that I would never marry an actor and after this performance I knew that if I married you I wouldn't be taking any chances."

He didn't kiss her because the stage carpenter created a diversion by falling through an open trap and spraining his ankle.

It was because of this that Miss Braemer started for her hotel alone a little later. Salisbury was busy with the local doctor trying to get the carpenter patched up so that he could travel to the next town. It was only a few blocks to the hotel and Miss Braemer was accustomed to shifting for herself, so she started blithely on her way thinking of a cosy little home, with a man all her own to care for, and babies and all the thousand things that a newly engaged girl naturally thinks

of when her choice is finally made. Therefore, she did not notice that she was followed and when a pair of arms pinioned her from behind she was too startled to let out more than a surprised shriek. Her assailant dragged her into a dark alley-way and a second man grabbed her purse and began to pull off her diamond ring. Naturally she made a struggle. She was too surprised to be very much frightened yet and she was not going to give up her engagement ring without a fight. It was the sound of this scuffle which attracted the attention of a lone wayfarer on Harvey's streets. He was a stocky man clad in a blue coat with brass buttons, which was three sizes too small, and on his head was balanced a blue helmet which fell off promptly as soon as he started for the scene of the disturbance.

"Must be a fight," he commented sagely to himself as he ran. "Can't have any disturbance here. As an officer I must keep the peace. Peace is the best friend I ever had."

It was the work of a second for Bo to lay out the man who held Miss Braemer. A right hook to the ear was the technical name of the blow that accomplished this result. Bo, thoroughly sobered, turned his attention to the other, saying over his shoulder, "Run, Miss Braemer, I'll take care of this guy."

Run she did until she met Jim and some of the other men of the company carrying the carpenter to the hotel. In the meantime Bo found his hands full. When he rushed the other man, the thug rapped him sharply over the head with a loaded "billy." This was obviously not according to the rules laid down by the late Marquis of Queensbury and Bo staggered for a moment. Then enraged at such



SOMEBODY DUG UP A THUMBED COPY OF "BO'S" PART, AND JIM BURIED HIMSELF IN IT

unsportsmanlike conduct he came back with a terrific swing that would have killed his man if it had hit him. The other ducked under and clinched with him and they rolled to the pavement in a wild tangle of arms and legs. This sort of fighting was new to Bo, but he was willing to learn and as he was an apt pupil he was the only one who got up after the scrimmage.

There was a revolver shot and Bo dropped again. The first thug had recovered during the fight and took a flying shot as he ran down the alley.

The doctor at Harvey had a very busy evening. When they brought Bo to him with a bullet in his hip he was just putting away his bandages after fixing up the carpenter.

"Nice little flesh wound," he mur-

mured admiringly after looking Bo over carefully. "He'll be all right in a little while, so that he can join your company."

"He doesn't belong to my company any more," Jim started to say when a hand on his arm checked him.

"Please," asked Miss Braemer with that look in her eyes that a man doesn't often resist.

"All right then," assented Salisbury, "when you are able to get around again you can come back to your job."

"Thanks, boss," said Bo huskily, "and especially thanks to you, Miss Braemer. I promise you I won't touch a drop of liquor of any kind for a month, honest."

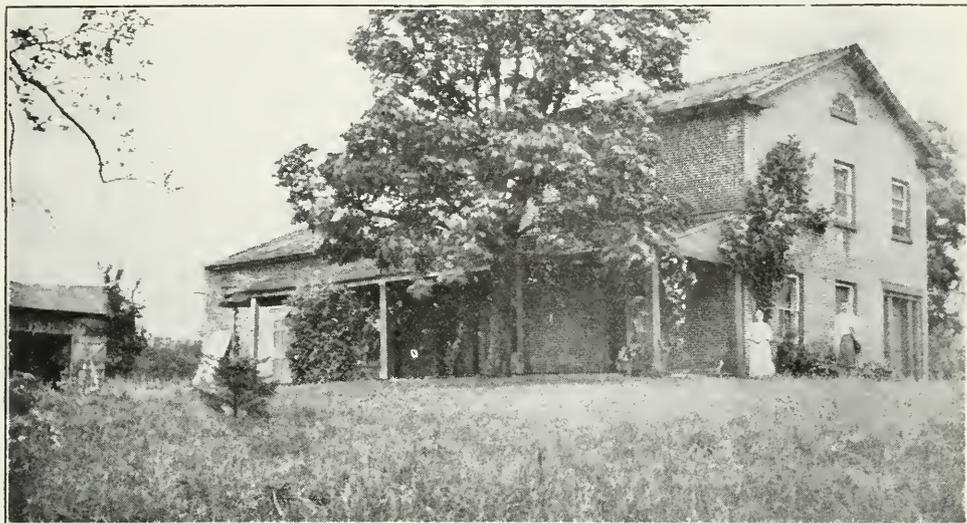
And he didn't. He was in the hospital six weeks.

THE MAN'S PRAYER

BY T. A. DALY

WHEN all is still within these walls
 And Thy sweet sleep through darkness falls
 On little hearts that trust in me,
 However bitter toil may be,
 For length of days, O Lord! on Thee
 My spirit calls.

Their daily need by day enthalls
 My hand and brain, but when night falls
 And leaves the questioning spirit free
 To brood upon the days to be,
 For time and strength, O Lord! on Thee
 My spirit calls.



IT WAS BY CHANCE THAT I CAME UPON THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE OLD MACKENZIE HOMESTEAD
AND THE SONS OF THE EXPLORER WHO LIVE THERE

The Last Days of Donald MacKenzie

By Ernest Cawcroft

Photographs by C. A. Moon

THE MacKenzies, the McKenzies and the M'Kenzies have written their names in display type on the map of Western Canada.

Alexander MacKenzie's explorations in North Western Canada were rewarded in 1789 by the discovery of the river which bears his name.

Donald McKenzie made his stamping ground the vast region stretching from the head waters of the Great Lakes to the Pacific mouth of the Columbia River. He was rewarded by Washington Irving's making him one of the characters of "Astoria" under the name of M'Kenzie.

Sir William Mackenzie, the pioneer of another century, has stretched two

thousand miles of steel track along the valley of the Saskatchewan and called it the Canadian Northern Railway.

But this article is to deal with the last days of a distant and younger cousin of the explorer who found the river—Donald MacKenzie, who moved on foot and snow shoe through the wilderness now traversed by Sir William's railway on its way to the hot water ports of the Pacific.

Some people make more preparations for a summer vacation than did the young and rugged Donald MacKenzie when he and his companions started on that Weston walking trip from the present site of St. Louis to Astoria on the Columbia.

And other people buy more clothes for a Cook's tour of Europe, or a "See America Last" expedition than Donald MacKenzie ever thought he needed when he left Fort William at the head of Lake Superior for his jaunt over the Rockies in the year 1810.

But this man did not suffer from wander-lust alone. He had such an eye for business that the original John Jacob Astor made him his agent and then his co-partner in the North West Company.

He toured and he trapped and he traded until his name became a power in the vast regions of the North West. He was in the thick of every fight waged between the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company for a monopoly of the natural wealth of the Northland.

It all culminated in the Hudson's Bay Company turning a typical Standard Oil trick on its rival—one purchased the other, and the North West Company passed out of existence.

But there was another Standard Oil feature about the consolidation. The Hudson's Bay Company learned in the course of the fight that Donald MacKenzie was one of those rare men who know how, and in 1825 he entered Fort Garry, now the city of Winnipeg, as the First Governor-General of the combined trading corporations.

But this story has been told by Irving, Bancroft, and Sir William Ross in language which portrays the monumental significance of Donald MacKenzie as a factor in the settlement of Western Canada. This sweeping summary of the deeds of his prime is here presented in order to ring up the stage curtain on the story of his last days.

MacKenzie does not rest in peace at Winnipeg, where for more than a decade he reigned in state as the Governor-General of the Hudson's Bay Company, —the veritable King of the wilderness, which extended to the Pacific.

Nor does he sleep at Fort William, the capital of the North West Company in those days of adventure and adventures described in the volumes of Washington Irving.

It might have been fitting had his

remains rested at Astoria, that quiet settlement which enjoyed a current fame when it was the key to a boundary making dispute between the United States and England.

But this Scotchman from Inverness, who climbed from a clerkship to the king-ship of the Canadian wilderness, sleeps at Mayville at the head of Lake Chautauqua.

And how did I get track of this story? Well, it is still true that we must go away from home to get the news; and while I have lived in this county of Western New York for twenty years I never heard anyone here, or during several trips through Western Canada, suggest the locality of MacKenzie's last resting place.

But the London Weekly Times devotes two columns of each issue to death notices of the Lords and Ladies of the Realm; nor does it forget the decease of those men of humbler birth whose acts have reflected glory on His Majesty's reign. Thus, some time ago, I found tucked away in the corner of the world's greatest obituary columns, this:

"Our Mayville, New York, correspondent informs us that Henry MacKenzie, one of the surviving sons of Donald MacKenzie, the Canadian explorer, is dead at that place."

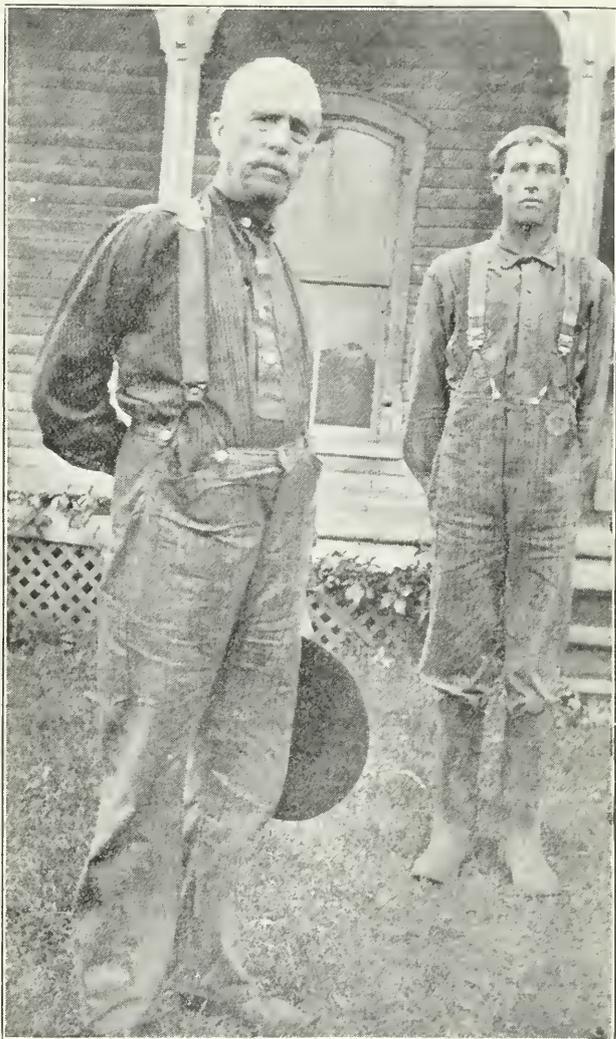
This item put me on the track of the last days of Donald MacKenzie; and as I wheeled along the shores of Lake Chautauqua, I speculated upon the motives which led this man to leave the excitement of the wilderness and the primitive splendors of Fort Garry to spend nearly twenty years of life in a then Yankee settlement, and at last to find rest in a village graveyard fifteen hundred miles from the scene of his achievements.

Then I recalled I had been told in Paris that the French Ministry had secured maps of the Lake Chautauqua region and the tributary streams during the French and Indian conflicts. Look at your map. Mayville on Lake Chautauqua is five miles from Westfield on Lake Erie. The hill, which prevents the two towns from looking at each other, forces Lake Chautauqua to flow into the Alleghany River, rather

than into Lake Erie, and thereby a water route was provided when the French troops passed from the Great Lakes over this map-making hill and through Lake Chautauqua down to the site of Pittsburg, for the purposes of the French and Indian wars. Now Donald MacKenzie had married at Fort Garry, the young and beautiful Adelgonde Droze, the daughter of noble parents who had left revolutionary France and carried their baby to the Fort by way of Hudson's Bay. Thus, I reasoned in my own mind, that Mrs. Adelgonde Droze MacKenzie exercised the wifely privilege of making French, and French studies, the requirement of the household; and that between these studies, and perhaps the adventure-some tales of some voyageur, MacKenzie had learned of the Mayville promontory which divided the two lakes, at about the time that his wife had persuaded him to leave the wilderness in order to educate their children nearer the seat of European civilization.

But the fact that the historic surmises in which I indulged on my gasoline trip to the last home of the snowshoe trader were entirely wrong, is of no concern when it is remembered that the geographical nature of my speculations affords the reader a view of Mayville and the surrounding country, where our hero now rests.

There were some thirteen children in the MacKenzie family, — a French woman soon answers the candidates running on a race suicide platform. One of the sons, William P. MacKenzie, now past seventy years of age, is living on the westerly shores of Lake Chau-



STURDY AND SCOTCH TO THE BONE ARE WILLIAM P. MACKENZIE, THE SON OF THE EXPLORER, AND DONALD MACKENZIE, JR., THE GRANDSON

tauqua: and from him I elicited the real story of Donald MacKenzie's migration to the Chautauqua region.

Those French noblemen who wanted to place some miles between themselves and the mob, either went to America or Switzerland. William P. MacKenzie declares that when his father started from Fort Garry to near civilization, his mother had persuaded the family to journey to Lake Geneva, then a favorite retreat of the nobility. But when Donald MacKenzie reached the head of Lake Superior, he met

Douglass Houghton, a young geologist from Chautauqua county. Houghton described the beauties of the Chautauqua region, and the relationship of the tributaries to the early history of North America. Donald's interest was aroused and he promised the young geologist to move eastward by way of Lake Chautauqua. The former Governor-General of the Hudson's Bay Company arrived at Mayville during the year 1832, and for a year the MacKenzie family was housed at the tavern, which still stands on Main Street opposite the historic Peacock residence. This residence was the seat of William Peacock, who as a young man had surveyed the line of the Erie Canal, and who as an agent of the Holland Land Company, found that the courage which MacKenzie had developed in the wilderness was to save his (Peacock's) life in future years.

Donald MacKenzie proceeded to erect a substantial brick house on the height of ground in the rear of the Mayville Academy, and which overlooks the seat of the original Chautauqua Assembly on the Lake three miles away. The picture shows the house as the residence of a typical country gentleman. Here he resided from 1834 until his death in 1851; there many of his children received a Yankee birth; nor was he dependent upon his reading and writing alone in order to pass the hours. He was the character of the region; but the chronicle of his deeds in the wilderness was not the only foundation of his reputation for courage. The infuriated tenants of the Holland Land Company sought to vent their hate upon Agent William Peacock, and the latter retired to the MacKenzie cellar while the Governor-General held the mob in check at the door of his Mayville residence. William H. Seward, then a young lawyer of Auburn, later Lincoln's secretary of state, came to Mayville as attorney for the Holland Land Company, and there enjoyed the hospitality of the MacKenzie home; while Daniel Webster is credited with a secret visit for the purpose of gathering first hand information as to

the international boundary dispute, which once threatened to provoke a third war between the United States and England and which finally culminated in the Webster-Ashburton treaty. John Jacob Astor thought enough of his old partner, and Donald was sufficiently forgiving in spirit to forget the disparaging words which the Dutchman caused Irving to pen about MacKenzie in "Astoria" to make a call and receive a hospitable welcome at Mayville, on his way East.

Then there was a stream of visitors passing between the East and West, equally interesting but not as distinguished as those mentioned. When not entertaining these visitors, or interesting himself in the education of his children, MacKenzie was enjoying the convivial delights of Buffalo, then a growing canal town, and within easy driving distance. He sought to entertain himself and inform posterity by writing his memories; but his young wife, according to William P. MacKenzie, decided that when a trapper turns pen-man, it hurts his mind and amiability,—she promptly burned the half-completed manuscript.

And it does not need the words of William P. MacKenzie to-day to convince this generation that the growing family led a happy life on this Mayville estate. Mrs. MacDonald, of Buffalo, a venerable daughter who still survives; and Noel, Roderick and Catherine, now dead, were born in Manitoba and came with their parents to the new home; while William P., who still lives four miles from the homestead, outlived Henry, who, with Alexander, Fenella, Donald, Adol-dine, Humbertson and Cecelestia, all dead, were born in Mayville.

The day I called at the home of William P. MacKenzie, the London pistols which the future Governor-General carried over the Rockies in 1810, were displayed to me by Donald MacKenzie, Jr., the grandson of our hero; but this was the extent of the display, because the MacKenzies are of the simple, rugged type, and the boxes of letters and family mementoes are in the possession of Alexander MacKenzie, of Toronto, who is pre-

paring a volume dealing with the life and times of Donald MacKenzie.

Three hundred and twenty pounds in weight; six feet in height; and trained to every hardship, Donald MacKenzie died at Mayville in 1851 in the sixty-eighth year of his age. The photographic reproduction of an old family daguerreotype, with his young wife near his shoulders, shows a man far past his prime. It seems that MacKenzie, on his way back from Buffalo, was thrown from his horse at a point known as Eighteen Mile Creek; and while he lingered for six months, he never recovered that clarity of mind which made him the hero of the wilderness.

MacKenzie was buried in his apple-orchard on a spot selected by himself overlooking Lake Chautauqua; but since that time the residence has passed out of the ownership of the MacKenzie estate; and the remains now rest in the

humble cemetery at the foot of Mayville Hill where a simple monument tells the thoughtless visitor no tale of the king of the wilderness whose achievements prompted Washington Irving, even after Donald had quarrelled with the former's patron, John Jacob Astor, to write:—

"Another of the partners, Mr. Donald M'Kenzie, was associated with Mr. Hunt in the expedition to the mouth of the Columbia; and excelled on those points in which the other was deficient; for he had been ten years in the interior, in the service of the North-West Company, and valued himself on his knowledge of wood-craft and the strategy of Indian trade and Indian warfare. He had a frame seasoned to toils and hardships; a spirit not to be intimidated and was reputed to be a remarkable shot, which of itself was sufficient to give him renown upon the frontier."

TRUST

BY KATHLEEN K. BOWKER

GOD gave us light and warmth, stars, birds and trees,

The whole wide world, immeasurable seas,
Mountains and prairies and the winds of heaven,

And means whereby we might provide ourselves
With all things needful.

If so great His care
For our short sojourn here,

Can ye not trust Him with Eternity,
O ye of little faith?

Katy of Calgary

By Elliott Flower

Illustrated by John Drew

IT was on the "Soo" line, leaving St. Paul, that I met Katy of Calgary, although I did not then know her by that name; and it was on the same train that I met Gray of Chicago.

I was fortunate enough to get a lower berth—Lower 5—and Katy was unfortunate enough to have to take an upper—Upper 5. She was a young woman of perhaps twenty or twenty-one and pulchritudinally all that could be desired.

Do you need to be told more?

Oh, well, if you want details, I was bound for Calgary, which was a matter of some thirty-six hours distant. I was alone, and I was not in the least averse to the companionship of so attractive a girl. The circumstances favored me, naturally. No woman wants an upper berth, for which she is not to be blamed. It is not an easy thing for a man to reach it, and it is something like ten or fifty times as awkward and difficult for a woman. Personally, if I were a woman, I should wait until everybody else had turned in, and then

send the porter on some errand that would get him out of the way, before attempting it. Wherefore, if I have a lower, I am always ready to surrender it to the woman with an upper—provided she is not too obviously and complacently relying upon masculine gallantry.



"YOU DON'T KNOW CALGARY," SAID KATY, CONFIDENTLY

Now you know how Katy and I became acquainted. I offered to exchange berths with her—not at once, you understand, but as soon as circumstances permitted me to do so without any obvious effort on my part to seek the opportunity. I insisted that she take the stern of the section, while I occupied the bow, first, and I left her in full possession, spending

some little time in the smoking-room, where I met Gray, before chance favored me. Then, of course, she protested that she would not think of inconveniencing me, but I insisted upon the exchange and—well, nothing was set. I then, but

she occupied the lower when the time came, and, naturally, the mere offer of it tended to make her gracious and friendly. I was her escort to the dining-car that evening, although she insisted upon paying her own check. She was an independent young woman, frank but not free in manner, and she knew just what she might properly permit a young man to do for her on such short and unconventional acquaintance.

Gray—you must know Lawrence Gray before I can really get into this story—was a bright, energetic young fellow of about twenty-five or twenty-six. I will tell you now what I learned about him later, so that it may not be necessary to hark back to it.

He was a Chicago bond salesman on his first special mission. After a somewhat lurid college career, for which a too liberal allowance from a rich and indulgent father was largely responsible, he had settled down, had "made good" so far as he had gone, and finally had been entrusted with this special mission. He had some bond propositions that the house had been encouraged to think would "look good" in western Canada and letters of introduction to various men who might be helpful to him. He also had, as a sort of side line, some stock propositions—not quite so safe as the bonds but perfectly legitimate and promising a higher return.

Katy—I must also give some preliminary information with regard to her, to avoid interrupting my narrative later—was known to me then as Miss Katherine Campbell. She claimed Calgary as her home and was returning to it after a visit with some friends in Minneapolis. Her father had been unfortunate enough to die while engaged in some speculative enterprises, leaving his affairs in such chaotic condition that the administrators of the estate were still trying to find out whether his widow and daughter were rich or poor.

Gray met Katy through me, and they became great friends. She learned that he was a bond salesman, but that conveyed nothing to her

mind. She knew as little about bonds as the street arab does about the Milky Way, but I discovered that she was not so unsophisticated in some other phases of business activity.

"Bonds!" she repeated, after hearing them mentioned several times. "What *are* bonds?"

Gray had just left us, and the question was addressed to me. I answered it as best I could.

"The security for bonds may be real estate, then?" she queried.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, why not own the real estate and take all the profit?" she demanded.

I tried to explain again the theory and purpose of bonds, but she was not impressed.

"How much do they pay?" she wanted to know.

"Not very much," I admitted. "Good bonds rarely net six per cent., and usually less than five."

She laughed merrily. "And Mr. Gray is going to Calgary to sell bonds?" she inquired.

"That's what he says," I responded.

"Well, he has a lovely chance!" she chortled. "Do you know what they'll do to him?"

I shook my head.

"They'll chuck his bonds in the waste-basket and sell him some real estate," she asserted confidently.

"Oh, I guess not," I returned.

"You don't know Calgary!" she insisted.

"And you don't know Gray!" I retorted.

I didn't know him very well myself, but I felt safe in assuming that he was not going to be lured from selling one thing into buying another.

Katy may have deemed his mission absurd, but it was evident that she found him personally most agreeable, and I shall have to confess to a feeling of peevishness in consequence. Having secured the acquaintance of a pretty girl, at the cost of a lower berth, it is not pleasant to have a comparative stranger that you have inadvertently introduced step in and monopolize her. Still, it was not a matter of sufficient importance to disturb my friendly relations with Gray.

I told him what she said about bonds, but he was not disturbed.

"There's always a lot of crazy real estate speculation in growing towns," he said, "but you'll find that the solid, conservative citizens build their fortunes on a foundation of safe investment. Only the light-headed are stampeded by the get-rich-quick propositions. Neither I nor the men with whom I do business are in that class."

I remembered this when Katy brought up the subject again. She continued to find amusement in Gray's mission, and made occasional humorous references to it, although never in his presence. The fact that we occupied the same section did leave us alone together once in a while.

"Let me see!" was her aggravating sally on one of these occasions. I'll give him about forty-eight hours to forget the bonds and begin buying real estate."

"I'll bet you—" I began, using the phrase as a mere figure of speech and without serious intent.

"What would you like to bet?" she interrupted lightly.

Of course I was not going to back down, and a few minutes later I discovered that I had bet a five-pound box of candy, which I would naturally present to her if I won, that Gray, of whom I knew less than I have already disclosed in this narrative, would prove a better salesman than any Canadian real estate owner, agent or promoter.

"You see," I explained, when this was settled, "I have all the best of it. He is not going to invest in anything in the way of real property so far from home, and he has a proposition that appeals to conservative investors everywhere because of its safety."

"What's safer than real estate?" she retorted. "A bond is nothing but a piece of paper, but real estate has real value."

I never did have much luck arguing with a woman, and Katy was even more disconcerting than most of them. Still, I held my ground.

"Fluctuating value," I objected.

"But fluctuating upward—in a live town," she retorted.

"It has been known to go the other way," I argued.

"Not in a live town—a growing town," she declared; "and you can fairly see Calgary grow."

"A town may be over-boomed," I suggested.

"If it's growing, it will catch up with the boom," she returned confidently. "All you have to do is to wait for your price." Her eyes began to light up with enthusiasm now. "Anybody can make money on real estate by holding it, and sometimes you have to hold it only over night!"

"You're extremely loyal," I commented.

"Loyal!" she cried. "Of course I am! Why, I love Calgary—the very atmosphere of it—the rush and the excitement and the enthusiasm and the optimism! It's glorious! Everybody believes in the country and backs his belief with voice and money! You think you have live towns in the United States—Chicago and New York, perhaps—but Calgary will plat and sell and re-sell a subdivision while Chicago and New York are getting ready to begin to think about it."

Somehow that did not appeal to me as anything but evidence of purely speculative activity, but I said nothing. To argue with a woman, once she has become emotionally aroused with regard to any subject, is a waste of time.

Just the same, her enthusiasm was infectious. I was proof against it because circumstances induced a certain peevishness on my part, but I wondered what effect it might have on Gray. However, I consoled myself with the reflection that business is a cold-blooded proposition and that the real estate agents with whom he came in contact would lack her magnetism.

I saw little of Katy after that, although she found opportunity for an occasional malicious "fling" with regard to the relative attractions of bonds and real estate. Indeed, I was so obviously "out of it", except as she seemed to derive some little pleasure from her efforts to tease me, that I let Gray take charge of her hand-baggage and deliver her to her waiting mother



"WELL, I DIDN'T WANT TO GO," I ASSERTED WITH UNNECESSARY EMPHASIS. "I DON'T INTEND TO BUY ANY CALGARY REAL ESTATE"

when we reached Calgary in the early morning of the second day.

Gray and I went to the same hotel, and we had breakfast together. It was Sunday morning, but just across the table from us two men were neglecting breakfast to engage in an earnest busi-

ness discussion. The first was trying to sell the second a building lot, and the second was trying to sell the first a farm. Each expatiated glowingly, and without much regard to what the other was saying, upon the merits of his own proposition, but they finally

arranged the terms of a trade rather than do no business at all.

I nudged Gray.

"They do seem to be a bit 'cracked' on real estate," he admitted, "but it's of no consequence."

In the lobby, a little later, two other earnest and absorbed men sat near us. Our attention was attracted when one of them finally got up and yawned. "Oh, well," he remarked, "if we can't come to terms on that property I might as well go to church."

I nudged Gray again, and Gray laughed. The careless and matter-of-fact way that the church was relegated to second place did sound ridiculous. "It's the 'piking' crowd that does its business in hotel lobbies," he commented. "They would not be interested in bonds anyway."

In the afternoon Gray disappeared, but I had plenty of amusement. A young man with whom I fell into casual conversation tried to sell me an outlying lot. "If you have a bit of idle money," he assured me, "it's a great chance."

"Yes?" I returned noncommittally.

"Sold for four thousand last week, can be had for forty-three hundred now, and will be worth five thousand inside of a month," he declared. "Come along and I'll show it to you."

"I should think," I objected, "that the man who has it now would want to hang on."

"Oh, he likes a quick profit," was the reply, "and he's already held it two days."

I refused to be interested, but I wondered how this atmosphere would affect Gray.

He returned about supper time and remarked casually, "She asked why I didn't bring you along."

"Who asked?" I demanded.

"Why, Miss Campbell, of course," he replied.

"Oh!" I returned. "Well, why didn't you?"

"I didn't know you wanted to go," he explained.

"Well, I didn't!" I asserted with unnecessary emphasis. "I don't intend to buy any Calgary real estate."

Gray laughed, which further irritated me.

"She'll have you buying some, if you don't watch out," I warned.

"Oh, no," he returned carelessly. "On the contrary, if she had any money I'd sell her some bonds."

"They're all pretty keen on real estate here," I persisted; and then I told him of my experience during his absence.

"Pikers!" he declared. "To-morrow, as soon as I have made the necessary arrangements, I'll get after some of the solid men."

I had business to attend to myself the following day, but somehow there was always something to remind me of Gray and his problem. One man that I called on began talking real estate as soon as we had transacted our business. I retaliated by talking bonds, but he was not interested. His money might be available for a new local factory or a local branch of an outside factory, however, even if it promised no great return.

"For then," he explained, "I'd get the profit out of real estate."

I began to feel sorry for Gray.

However, I had discovered that bonds were an excellent protection from local financial assault, and I promptly brought the subject up again when a young man tried to interest me in some property.

"Bonds!" he exclaimed scornfully. "Bonds! What do I want of bonds? Say! I bought an option on a piece of property, gave my note for it, sold it, took up the note, and had two hundred dollars clear—all in seven days. Just show me how you can make two hundred dollars out of nothing in bonds, will you?"

I was certainly sorry for Gray, and I may admit that my wager with Katy did not now look like quite as safe and certain a thing as it had before.

It was Katy herself who interrupted my meditations. I was plodding along toward the hotel when she, driving an old gray horse attached to a rather shabby buggy, drew up at the curb and beckoned to me. I confess to a sudden and very distinct feeling of pleasure at the sight of her.

"If you have a little money to invest——" she began banteringly.

"I'm not investing," I returned promptly.

"There's a rare bargain I'd like to show you," she persisted.

I shook my head.

"It is a rather shabby rig," she remarked, as if that might be my reason for refusing. "We had an auto once, and we hope to have one again, but just now——"

I got in and seated myself beside her.

"Do you know," I said, as the old horse ambled along, "for a moment I thought you were in earnest?"

"In what?" she asked.

"In wanting to show me real estate."

"Well, I am," she returned with a mystifying smile.

"I'm almost ready to believe it," I declared. "I've been dodging bargains all day, and I'm particularly afraid of you."

"Why?" she inquired.

"You're such an enthusiast!" I explained.

"Of course," she agreed. "Why shouldn't I be? I can see the glorious future, and I want others to see and share it. We all do—not so much for our own sakes as for theirs. It's really a philanthropic matter."

"Whew!" I exclaimed. "That's putting it pretty strong!"

"But not too strong," she insisted. "When we induce a man to invest here we are doing him a favor—a big favor. He should be very grateful to us."

"Isn't he?" I laughed.

"No," she answered reluctantly. "He's usually too busy piling up money to think of it."

"Oh, come!" I protested. "Don't try to jolly me!"

"It's quite true," she asserted, still with the mystifying smile that left me uncertain just how much of this was banter. "If you are able to see the city's wonderful future! Why, figure it out for yourself! In ten years the population has increased from 6,000 to 60,000. The same percentage of increase for another ten years will give us 600,000, and ten years more will make it 6,000,000, and still another ten years will——"

"Help! Help!" I cried in dismay.

"Isn't it reasonable?" she demanded. "It's just a question of percentage, isn't it?"

"Well, it's about as reasonable as some other things that have been told me," I conceded.

Then we both laughed, it was all so absolutely ridiculous.

I found Gray awaiting me when I got back to the hotel, and he was not in good humor. Nor was his temper improved by what happened directly afterward, although it in no way concerned him.

A policeman was in earnest conversation with a man at the cigar-stand, and an excited individual rushed in and up to him.

"Quick!" cried the excited one. "Come quick! There's a crazy man with a gun out here on the corner!"

The policeman waved him away impatiently. "All right!" he returned; "all right, I say! I'll be along directly. I'm just closing up a deal now."

I laughed. "You see what you're up against," I told Gray.

"Oh, I know," he grumbled. "I've been having it hammered into me all day."

"No luck?" I queried.

"Luck!" he snorted. "Why, you couldn't sell these people ten-dollar gold pieces at a fifty per cent. discount unless they were coined in Calgary! The first man I saw wouldn't listen to me after he learned that my securities were not the bonds of any concern having a local plant or branch. The second seemed deeply interested, and after reading my letters and hearing what I had to say he became quite enthusiastic and assured me I had a big chance to do a great stroke of business. 'All you've got to do,' he said, 'is to market your bonds in the United States and invest the money up here.' The third was a railroad official, and I had to duck out in a hurry or he'd have sold me an irrigated farm. The fourth—— But what's the use?" he ended disgustedly.

"You give up?" I asked.

"No-o," he answered uncertainly, "not exactly. It's discouraging, but I'm working out a plan that may give me success yet."

Nevertheless, he seemed unable to get up sufficient spunk to see anyone else, with the exception of Katy. I saw him driving with her two days later. I did not like it. It was none of my business, of course, but I did not not like it.

A man standing near me in the hotel entrance followed my gaze and nodded. "Smart girl, that!" he remarked.

"Yes?" I returned.

"Smart as they make 'em," he assured me. "She can sell more real estate than any two men."

"She what!" I cried.

"Sell real estate," he repeated in surprise. "That's her business, you know."

"Her business!"

"Why, yes. What's the matter with you—naturally dull-witted or what?"

"Nothing," I replied; "nothing at all." And I laughed. Poor Gray! Nothing doing in bonds, but plenty in real estate! What chance had he? "Tell me about her," I urged.

"Started in to sell real estate after her father died," explained my informant. "Trying to clear off her father's involved estate, I imagine. Hasn't been at it long, but she's done mighty well. Works on commission mostly, but there's one piece of property of her own or her mother's—I guess it's her mother's—that she's trying to sell for about twice what it's worth. She'll do it, too."

A real estate agent! And Gray—Oh, it was a joke to make a misanthrope laugh!

I went to call on her that evening.

"You took an unfair advantage of me," I charged.

"In what way?" she asked.

"I didn't know you were in the real estate business yourself."

"Oh, we're all in the real estate business here," she asserted. "You don't know Calgary."

"But you can't win your own bet."

"Watch me!" she retorted.

"I mean you shouldn't," I corrected.

"Why not?" she demanded. "Is there any reason why I shouldn't do Mr. Gray a favor if I wish?"

"A favor!" I repeated.

"A favor, certainly," she maintained, again with that aggravating smile. "Anybody who gets real estate here is favored."

"And you're going to sell to him yourself?"

"If I can."

"That pretty little place up at the north end, perhaps?" I suggested.

"If I can," she said again; "but you ought not to complain," she added, "for I gave you first chance at it."

"The price is exorbitant," I asserted.

"No one is obliged to pay it," she retorted.

"Nevertheless, I shall warn him," I threatened.

"Why, of course," she agreed. "That will make it more interesting. Or you might buy it yourself."

"I have no use for it—at the price," I declared.

"Oh, well, if you have no use for it," she returned, "I'll not urge it. But perhaps Mr. Gray has," she added significantly; then with sudden directness, "Why are you so concerned about it?"

Why was I? It was no affair of mine, and yet I was making it almost a personal grievance.

"Does a box of candy mean so much to you?" she bantered.

It was not that, of course, but—Oh, well, I finally retired in some confusion, and I was sure I heard her laugh exultingly as the door closed behind me.

I told Gray she was merely a real estate agent, but he was not disturbed.

"Just the same," I insisted, "she'll sell you some of this property if you don't watch out."

"Perhaps she will," he returned indifferently.

"A fine joke," I commented, "for a man to come up here to sell bonds and end by buying real estate!"

"It would be amusing," he agreed.

"Perhaps you're thinking of buying that property up at the north end?" I suggested.

"You mean that house with the vines all over it?" he queried.

"Yes."

"Well, perhaps I am," he admitted.

"It's her own property," I told him.

"No," he returned; "her mother's."

"Same thing," I asserted.

"Not at all," he contended. "It's about all that Mrs. Campbell will ever get out of the estate, and Miss Campbell naturally wants to do the best she can with it."

"I should think she did!" I exclaimed. "The price is absurd."

"She does hold it pretty high," he conceded, "but it may be worth the price—to me."

I was more disgruntled than ever—not that I wanted the house myself, but I did not like to feel that my confidence in him had been misplaced. And why should it be worth the price to him? What would make it worth more to him than to me?

The questions were not so difficult to answer—at least, so it seemed to my mercurial fancy.

A few days later he informed me that he had about decided to buy the property. "But I'll have to write home for the cash," he explained.

I was disgusted. I was so disgusted that, after a period of perturbed reflection, I went to see Katy again.

"Is that property still on the market?" I asked.

"That north end property of mother's?"

"Yes."

"It is," she said. "Mr. Gray is——"

"I know about that," I interrupted, "but he hasn't closed for it yet?"

"Not yet."

"He needs to be protected from his own folly," I declared, "and I may take it myself."

"I thought you had no use for it," she bantered.

"I may have," I returned.

"At the price?"

"At the price. It has occurred to me that there's a way I might use it."

"Then why don't you?" she asked.

"I suppose," I ventured, "it could be made irresistibly attractive."

"It might be," she admitted, "in some circumstances."

"Tell me how," I urged.

"I'll show you," she replied; and a moment later she added, not so irrelevantly as it would seem to another than myself, "Do you know, I think I knew before you did that you would find it a bargain?"

Gray and Katy and I were together, but Gray was not monopolizing Katy's attention this time.

I broke the news to him gently. "Gray," I said, "I've saved you."

"Saved me!" he repeated.

"Saved you from your own folly," I explained. "I've bought the house myself. You see, I had to do it to win a bet."

"A bet!" he pondered. "What was the bet?"

"A box of candy," I informed him.

"A box of candy!" he echoed. "You bought the house at the price to win a——"

"Oh, the price doesn't matter," I interrupted, "when it's all in the family."

"Oh!" he commented; "that's it, is it?"

I nodded and Katy blushed. "We'll invite you to the wedding," I promised.

"Too bad!" he sighed. "Too bad!"

"Too bad!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean by that?"

"I have great confidence in Miss Campbell," he explained. "I had rather hoped that she would help me place some bonds."

I looked at him in astonishment. "And was that all——" I began.

"Quite all," he assured me.

"Oh, well," I said, "you're a pretty good fellow, Gray, and *we*"—— I emphasized the pronoun—— "will see what we can do for you."

"Thank you," he returned, "but I haven't much hope now. When real estate is made so attractive, what chance is there for bonds?"



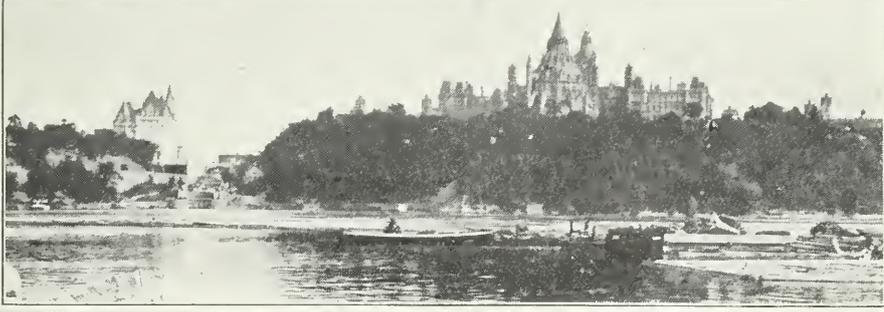
CHRISTMAS MORNING

BY HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

WAKE UP! Wake up!
I say, wee tad,
Drop from your crib and tell your dad
Who came last night
With his reindeer.
Do you think Santa Claus was here?
Run to the hearth
In your bare feet.
Tell me, who left those candies sweet
And that great orange,
Round and fat;
Tell me—did Santa Claus do that?

The Noah's Ark,
Those lettered blocks,
The timid bunny—see, he walks
When you just press
The rubber ball.
And whence, I wonder, came that doll?
Who brought the engine
And that drum?
And that gay top—my, hear it hum!
Who, weighted down
Beneath his pack,
Found our house lay right on his track?

That stocking packed,
Those wonders bright—
What good old Saint was here last night
To leave this treasure
Trove so rare?
No Santa Claus! Ah, who would dare?
What! Shatter faith
And bare the truth!
Would you? I'd not do that forsooth!
No! Santa paused
Here on his way
To help make Christmas "Children's Day!"



THE VIEW FROM ACROSS THE RIVER, WHEN TIME HAS WEATHERED THE WHITE STONE OF THE CHATEAU, WILL UNROLL A PICTURESQUE LANDSCAPE SUGGESTING A GLIMPSE OF OLD FRANCE

French Influence on Canadian Architecture

By H. M. Clark

IT IS an essential principle that a young Dominion must develop primarily its commercial potentialities, and so great has been the strife for industrial supremacy, that the fine arts in Canada have been held in the background. Of late there have been varied indications that this state of affairs will not continue. The National Gallery has found a worthy home; Canadian choirs have achieved fame abroad; the work of Canadian painters commands increasing interest and able hands are developing a Canadian Grand Opera. But it seemed, in a country proud of its commercial adolescence, that the fine arts were still in the age of infancy, with nothing to rank with the work of other nations. Few cities offer more substantial testimony than Ottawa to this rapid commercial expansion. Yet here in Ottawa, side by side with increasing commerce which demands increasing railroad facilities, stands the finest example of

the fine arts in the Dominion, the Chateau Laurier Hotel, a Canadian creation which is artistically unsurpassed on this continent.

Eastern Canada is in no way lacking in beauty spots, but the country around Ottawa has been exceptionally favored by nature. It will be recalled that when the rivalry of Montreal and Toronto rendered necessary an independent site for the capital of the Dominion, Ottawa was selected by Queen Victoria. This selection was determined, not only by the geographical situation, at a reasonable distance from the border line between Canada and the United States, but also by the natural beauty of the surroundings, which was demonstrated to the Queen by Lady Head. Lady Head, as the wife of the Governor-General, spent some time in the Dominion, and her paintings of the Ottawa District portray very successfully some of its many charms. Indeed, at certain points the beauty of the scene is unique. Such

a one dominates the canal, dividing it from the hill, which carries on its crest the Parliament Buildings, and overlooks one of the fairest landscapes in the Dominion. The waters of the canal and of the sky-silvered river, reflect the splendours of the foliaged banks—and in a background of blue-toned distance, the broad sweeping reaches of the river give an air of stately old-world placidity. On this high point, amid the trees of Majors Hill Park, a site among sites, stands the Chateau Laurier Hotel, a building of a beauty befitting the scene. Few architects have such a chance—fewer still could have turned it to such artistic account. The view from across the river, when time has weathered the white stone of the Chateau, will unroll a picturesque landscape suggesting a glimpse of Old France rather than modern Canada.

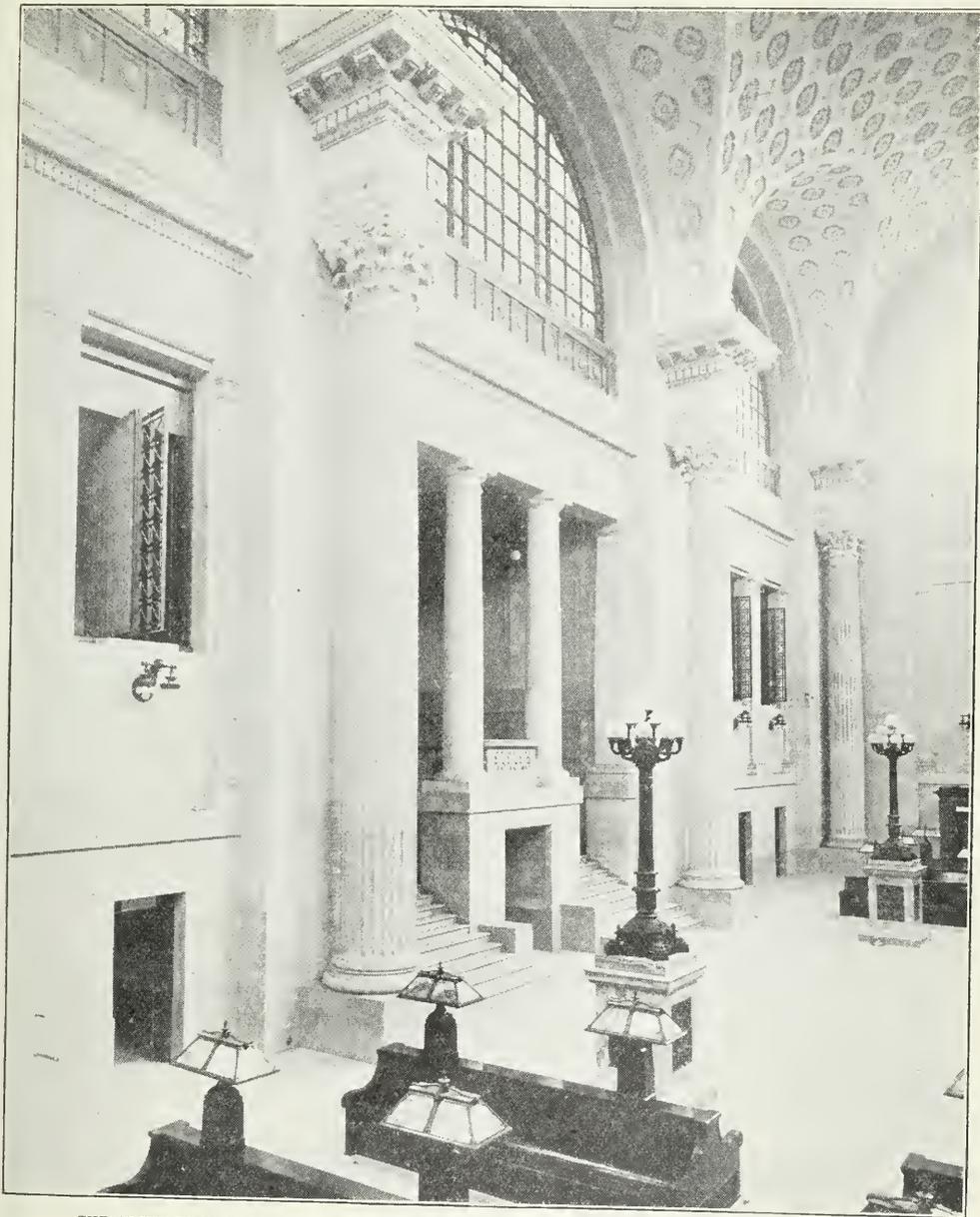
Yet the scene is essentially Canadian—the history and romance of early Canada met upon this countryside, for the site of the Chateau Laurier overlooks the direct line of Canada's first transcontinental route, the route by which the voyageurs, coming up the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa River, crossed to Lake Nipissing and thence to Georgian Bay. The graceful pinnacles and towering slopes of the early French Chateau, built by the builders of the latest transcontinental route, blend harmoniously with this historic background. Here, in the dawn of the Dominion, paused and passed the forerunners—explorers, traders, and soldiers; *coureurs de bois* and priests. Within a few minutes stroll of the hotel you pace the original trail; on either side grass and trees and hedges flower luxuriantly, but the pack-laden tread of centuries has made of the trail a rock-bare, weed-ridden track; and the passing of generations of men, little bands of men—exiled and unfriended—with their joys and sorrows and hopes and fears, has endowed the trail with a haunting sense of the ceaseless toil of men.

Wander where you will, history still confronts you. French nomenclature perpetuates the restless spirit of Montcalm, soldier and traveller, who christ-

ened the Rideau Falls; and the Rideau Canal revives memories of the military genius of the Duke of Wellington, by whose orders—when Prime Minister—this strategic waterway was cut. The Sappers, under Colonel By, the god-father of Bytown, executed this work, together with the historic Sappers Bridge, which has now given way to the graceful span included in the Plaza, the vast open space which separates the new Grand Trunk Railway Station from the Chateau Laurier.

The hotel, clothed with the dignified but picturesque grace of early French chateau architecture, gains considerably by the proximity of the canal;—one recalls the moat of the Chateau of Chantilly, and at certain angles especially, the fine masses of stone suggest the bastions and flanking towers of the old Citadel at Carcassonne—and a crowning delight in the twilight, is the fitful irregularity of the silhouetted roof. The skill which placed this beautiful building so happily in its surroundings of park and driveway and river was equal to another task. For if the site presented natural advantages which the architects developed to the full, it also beset them with difficulties. The frontage on Bank street required to furnish carriage entrance on the street-level, a sunken road from street-level to basement and a subway from the station—a ground plan permitting extension of the building in the future was also requisite and provision had to be made for tracks of electric cars with alighting platforms for passengers on the right-of-way adjoining the walls of the hotel on the canal side. The treatment of the latter problem is characteristic of the able work of the architects (for there were two of them); it not only conceals completely from guests all sight and sound of the cars, but furnishes the hotel with a picturesque terrace which is one of its most delightful features.

Essentially Canadian is the scenery and essentially Canadian are the historical associations of the site, while the architecture of the early French chateau period lends itself



THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE EARLY FRENCH CHATEAU PERIOD LENDS ITSELF ADMIRABLY TO CANADIAN CONDITIONS, BOTH IN SPIRIT AND FORM

admirably both in spirit and form to Canadian conditions and climate. The simple and substantial lines portray the youth and vastness of the country.

The appearance of the building from any point is fine indeed, but as you stroll beneath the trees in the Park, the desire to examine the interior tempts you to make an unconventional entry

by the long windows that open on the terrace; one's instinct insists that men who surround a dining-hall with trees or open water on three sides will bestow a like magnificence on the scene within. Yet so fine is the whole exterior that one pauses for a moment, fearful lest the interior should disappoint. But you are quickly reas-

sured, for your eye is carried to an imaginative oil-painting placed above the fire-place, in which Montcalm is represented as gazing at the Rideau Falls and dreaming of the future greatness of the country, suggested in the painting by a mighty group of symbolical buildings rising on the distant Parliament Hill.

fort and luxury are suggested by the heavy velours, curtains and carpet and the carved oak-panelling of the fireplace—a happy blending of simplicity and refinement. The oak-balustraded musicians' gallery holds your glance, and as you pass out through the oaken entrance doors, you have a glimpse of the views which the windows



THIS LANDING OF ONE OF THE STAIRWAYS EXEMPLIFIES EARLY CHATEAU ARCHITECTURE IN ITS SIMPLICITY

The idea is a worthy keynote and symbolises the fine imagination and broad ideas of the designers, which are reflected throughout the building. The whole room is in harmony with this wall-painting—a vast Elizabethan dining-hall, with oak-panelled walls and massive supporting columns, suggesting the period of Montcalm and earlier travellers of his adventurous type. Imposing stained-glass windows and the beamed and plastered ceiling emphasize the fine proportions of this lofty hall. The leaded glazing of the transom lights and the fleur de lis design on the shields at the head of the oak-panelled columns convey the "air" of the period, and modern com-

frame—peeps of pleasant foliage and tree-studded distance.

The long corridor before you delights your eye with its length and breadth and height, the perfect proportions recalling some cathedral cloister. It parallels the terrace and its windows overlook the flanking canal and the open sweep of Parliament Hill. Skillfully spaced are these windows, and when the curtained sun shadows their graceful shapes at your feet and brings out the deep color of oak wainscoting and "old ivory" plaster the corridor is seen to perfection. Pacing its length you arrive at the simple gold doors of the elevators, but the tower with its "arrow-slit" windows and winding

staircase of Hauteville stone tempt you to the floor above.

A fine sense of fitness impelled the architects to provide graceful and more delicate surroundings in the ladies' rooms, and the style adopted—Louis XVI.—is of a period which also harmonizes with the spirit of the building. A French lightness and

addition of a multiplicity of plate mirrors, the architects have given the same light touch.

Very white and cool and perfect is the little marble staircase which brings you to the Rotunda, an entrance-hall worthy of the building. The lofty white stone walls, the grey marble flooring and the hooded stone fireplace reveal



A FRENCH LIGHTNESS OF STYLE PERVADES THIS LONG CORRIDOR,
WITH ITS GENEROUS SPACES

daintiness of style pervades the ladies' dining-room and the long writing-corridor, with its generous spaces and restful view over the steep tree-green slopes of Parliament Hill. Unmistakably of Old France is the vast ball-room; light—almost gay—in tone, with touches of gold; light and space, floods of light—space for many guests—and something of the height and breadth of the sky itself beneath the delicately-pannelled ceiling. The sparkling crystal-cluster candelabra and marble staircase give a May morning freshness to this delightful ball-room. This staircase is of Canadian marble from a local quarry, and leads to the foyer, to the decoration of which, with the

a dignified simplicity characteristic of the architecture which echoes again the period of Montcalm. Something of the spirit which animated Montcalm and other great Canadians abides here—it lingers about the bust of Sir Wilfred Laurier, which, on a lofty pedestal, facing the doorway, lends a fine air of distinction to the hall.

He, too, was a seer and a "trail-blazer" like Montcalm. But Montcalm, unaided by science, was subdued by the paralysing distance of his day. His mighty dreams of broad domains have materialised in our time and his vision of a great trade route linking East and West, has been transmuted into actuality by his compatriot, the

man whose bust holds here the place of honor and to whose work the Chateau Laurier is a further tribute.

This steel road of his imagining has been flung across the plains to the foot of the Rockies; already the summit has been attained and the Yellowhead Pass invaded, and from Prince Rupert the road is being run East, soon to unite Atlantic and Pacific.

restful appearance of guest chambers and public rooms, each with a beauty of its own—the beauty of nice adaptation to purpose. In each one the exact note is caught—the decoration satisfies the eye—and throughout reigns a simplicity more costly than the most lavish “decor”—the intuitive simplicity of good taste; and with this air of quiet luxury, mingles a feeling



THE IRREGULAR ROOF-OUTLINE IS ONE OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PERIOD.
NOTICE THE LITTLE WINDOWS HIGH AMONG THE TILES

Linked up to this great system, an integral part of it, is the Chateau Laurier hotel, standing,—in very deed a castle,—on the brink of a precipice, foursquare to the winds. In equipment, of course, it is the “last word”—embodying every known device for the safety and comfort of guests; this is a matter of mechanics. But in architecture and decoration, the hotel is the most modern expression of Canadian art. What is the distinctive note—the characteristic feature?

You have wandered within its walls noting the many windows—as if the architects had said—“A pleasant thing it is to see the sun”—and observing the

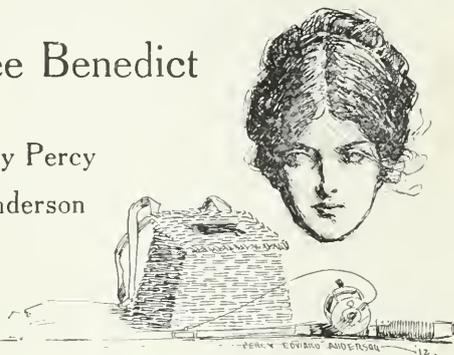
of dignity nothing akin to display.

And the exterior—in a background of blue hills and rippling river; patches of woodland and paths winding into cool shadows;—this too is devoid of the commonplace. But let me place you where we once stood for a while beyond the canal; and gazing upwards—grasp in one view the soaring perspective of the whole. From terrace to tower the fabric mirrors the taste of a people who, while yet in the flush of a commercial youth have created a work of that art which is the most national of all the Arts, a work which we may well fancy will draw a tribute of admiration from other nations.

No More of Me You Knew

By Frank Lee Benedict

Illustrated by Percy
Edward Anderson



I AM a woman—that doesn't astonish you. I am Irish by descent—my name and my quick temper may have led you to suppose that, and you like me all the better for it; and the latter quality I have mentioned you can sympathize with as well as any man I know.

Over and above all this (I dare say I shall be ungrammatical occasionally, women usually are when they try to tell a long story) I am an old maid. Now you are astonished, not at the fact, but at my acknowledging it cheerfully and boldly.

You want me to tell you something about myself—some of my experiences. By the way, that's a ridiculous word, and doesn't mean anything, but it sounds well enough—so let it go.

You think I have had a romance, and you want to hear it. Of course, I know what you'll do—you'll alter my name, and put me in a story, long nose, angular form, and all. You needn't take the trouble to deny it; I shouldn't believe you if you did. You would put your grandmother in a story without hesitation or reverence, and tell your own worst escape unblushingly, if you could make money out of it, or gain the credit of having written a brilliant article.

Bah! I know the whole tribe of you—

but I don't care. Light your pipe, take the easy chair, and imagine me eighteen, for that is where I shall begin.

I was not a handsome girl; I had fine eyes and beautiful hair; I was straight and well made, and I was unusually clever. I was a very proud creature, and though few people suspected it, a very sensitive one, with a great longing to be loved by my relations and friends—and I never thought I got as much affection as I deserved.

I had a sister two years older than myself—she was very pretty, and a wit. I had a sister two years younger—she was a beauty, and a fool. My father adored the elder girl, my mother worshipped the other; and my astute parents agreed in just two things—in underrating me, and hating each other.

Nobody wanted me to be born, though I am sure they need not have blamed me, since I never asked the privilege of being brought into this tiresome old world; but, somehow, both father and mother seemed to think it was my fault.

You see I made my appearance just at the wrong time, when my parents were fretting most under the yoke that bound them together. My father was very tired of his wife, and my mother was horribly jealous of her husband, and neither of them was prepared to

love a child upon which the other had any claim.

By the time my younger sister was born, the keen edge of their mutual anger and rebellion had worn off, and my mother, falling into invalid ways, was sufficiently solitary to open her heart to the new-comer, and love her with all the fervor that a weak woman can put into an affection which centers upon one object, and is essentially selfish.

There we were, still rich enough to be comfortable—might have been much more so if my father had not possessed the happiest faculty for spending money, and my mother had been able to carry her marvellous theories of economy into practice.

We lived up the St. Lawrence, near enough town to have frequent visitors, and go down occasionally for gayeties, and my father staid at home as little as possible—like most men.

I said I was eighteen. Margaret, then twenty, was engaged to a rich man, a good deal older than herself. Lucy was insisting, with all the wilfulness of sixteen, on considering herself quite too old to be tied down to lessons and girlish restraints any longer, and gave my mother no peace until she was allowed to take her place as an eligible young lady—I mean eligible for flirtation and matrimony.

So, between the cool assumption of the engaged sister and the charming selfishness of the younger, I came poorly off for my share in the way of dress and money; and as I was too proud to tease, it grew to be an understood thing that I cared nothing for society or amusements.

"Of course, you'll be an old maid," Margaret always said to me; "you were born for that. Never mind, you'll be a good sort of old thing, and if I ever should have children, an old-maid aunt will be just what I shall need to interest herself in them; and you may be sure father will spend every cent he owns before he leaves this mortal sphere."

And Lucy said:

"Here, Peggy, do alter this dress for me, that's a duck! I am the youngest

and the prettiest, and you ought to be willing to help me."

They always called me Peggy, though the nickname ought to have been my elder sister's, for I was baptized Helen.

"I wish you'd study Greek," my father said, as a standing joke; "you've just the nose for it, Peggy."

"It's no use talking, Peggy," sang my mother, "somebody has got to manage the house. Margaret won't, Lucy is not fit, and you know what my health is—so do try and show that you have some natural affection and gratitude in you. And, oh, Peggy! don't look that way—you do so remind me of your father's sister; and if ever I hated mortal woman, it was that old cat."

There's a whole volume in these four speeches. You can understand what my life was just as well as if I took pages to descant upon my troubles. I was not a bit in the situation of a heroine in a novel. Nobody persecuted me—they were all fond of me, after a fashion, only they were not used to considering me of any real importance. I was a superfluity, in fact, and must pay for it.

In a great many families you will see one child that there seems no exact place for—that was my case. I got in the habit of regarding myself in that light; I was an inadventure, or an accident—and that was all about it.

So I did what I could with my life, of course, in a blind enough sort of way, for there was no one to help me or set me right. I do not mean to lie; I was not an angel of patience, and I had very little predisposition toward martyrdom. Sometimes my temper flamed up, and I went through a process that my father roughly called "playing the deuce;" and they were all glad to stand from under at such seasons; but they punished me for it after by cold looks and sneering words. I always tried to make up for such wickedness by being more attentive to my duties, and more patient, and was half inclined to think it was my own fault that I was not more loved and regarded.

That was Helen Kilduff at eighteen. My birthday came early in the spring,

and the summer that followed was the beginning of my romance.

Nobody suspected it, but I was an inveterate dreamer. My every-day life was so bare and distasteful that I got in the habit of living in a romance; and I think the chief of the tribe of sensation-writers never wove more wonderful plots, and put in more startling incidents than I into my silent novels. I was passionately fond of fiction and poetry. I was under that cold, shy exterior, the most impulsive, warm-hearted thing; and I had grown so accustomed to living in my ideal world, that I think the most startling event arising to change the tenor of my existence would have appeared to me perfectly natural.

I meant to do wonderful things in those days—write books, paint pictures, go on the stage, be a Sister of Charity, go into a mad-house, die early. Oh! you know the whole rigmarole. As we grow out of our youth we laugh at such dreams and fancies—perhaps we might better mourn over the lost power of indulging in such enthusiasm.

It was the loveliest June day imaginable. I had been busy all the morning in the laundry, for Lucy was going away for a week, and the woman would be careless about her fluted dresses—sewing on Margaret's outfit—writing a letter to my father—helping my mother through a neuralgic headache; and at last I was free, and went out into the late afternoon for a breath of fresh air.

I went off to the woods, up on the hill, and sat there and dreamed my dream, and wondered when the change and the magician would come. It was time to go home all too soon—my father was coming up that night, and would bring a friend with him, and a late dinner, properly served, must be ready.

I could laugh at the jumble of the romantic and the practical. Luckily for me I could see the ludicrous side of things; I started up—ran down the hill—hit my foot against a stump—fell—rolled over—heard a cry of dismay—opened my eyes, and found myself in the arms of a young man. Yes, indeed! and as handsome a young man as ever helped a young woman out of a scrape in any novel.

Later I learned that he had been fishing and was just returning with his creel when he saw me stumble.

"Are you hurt?" demanded he.

"I think not," said I, and tried to stand, and could not, and tried to laugh, and felt myself grow sick and pale, and knew that I had sprained my ankle. There's an incident at last—as I am not a heroine you must excuse its lack of originality.

"You are hurt?" said he.

"Yes," said I.

"What can I do? There's a house down there—"

"It's my father's, and I want to go there," I interrupted, and longed to scream, but did not.

"Where are you hurt?" I believe he asked next.

"I've sprained my ankle, I'm afraid," I said, as quietly as I could; and then he looked very helpless, naturally, being a man.

To cut the matter short, he helped me home; and when we reached the veranda, there stood my father and his friend, and Margaret's betrothed, all just arrived, and Margaret herself.

I took that opportunity to faint away for the first, and almost the last time in my life; so I can't tell you how the handsome man made his explanations.

When I came to myself I was lying on a sofa in the sitting-room. Margaret was standing by me, with a camphor-bottle in her hand, and a disgusted expression on her face. One of the maids was unlacing my boot, and hurting me so dreadfully that I screamed, and my father was looming near.

"She's better," said he. "When a woman can scream, she's all right. I've sent for the doctor, Peg; you'd better get to bed. A fine dinner we shall get—women never do have any consideration."

"I never knew such a girl," grumbled Margaret. "Oh, dear! To go tumbling down hills like a great boy! I'm very sorry about your ankle; but don't scream, it makes me faint! And I'm so sick with this camphor. Mary can help you up stairs. Do just see this bracelet Mr. Forsyth has brought me."

Off she went, and I went to bed; and the doctor came, and I had not really

sprained my ankle. So the next day I could limp down stairs; but I was only fit to lie on the sofa, and there was nobody to mind me, for Margaret was busy with Mr. Forsyth, and Lucy was packing. They were all very sorry for me; but they all felt that it was inconsiderate of me to have met with such an accident at such a time.

"How could you do it, Peggy!" expostulated my mother. "To go rolling about and falling over a strange young man."

I felt that it was indiscreet, and was tolerably meek about it. Lucy started on her visit that morning; and in the course of the day up came my handsome young man to inquire after me.

His name was Walter Rodney. He was an artist, and he knew my father slightly; and father introduced him to me, and went off to play billiards with old Mr. Edwards, and Walter Rodney sat a long time with me, and—I didn't hesitate from modesty or effect. Talking about it all makes it seem so recent and fresh, that I was near crying a little, though I am thirty-five.

This was just it! He looked straight into my soul with those beautiful eyes; he talked to me and in his words, the very sound of his voice, my soul recognized a new but perfectly familiar language, a voice that appealed to something deep within my heart, and my whole being cried out in answer.

That may be nonsensical, but it is true! I went straight off into dream-land, and I say, thank God! That love has brought me all the real trouble of my life. I have endured through it every form of suffering, pain, separation—worst of all, suspense; but I say, thank God that I have known it! I shall say it with my last breath here. I believe it will be the first hymn of gratitude my soul shall utter in the hereafter.

He sat with me for a long time. I think we talked from the first like old acquaintances. I caught a glimpse of his choicest dreams and hopes, and understood and sympathized with them, and he knew that I did so.

I am rather a plain old maid, with a long nose; but I believe that each soul sent into this world has its rightful

mate, if only it can find it—and I had met mine; that means more than anything else I could tell you if I talked for an hour.

He was gone. I heard him laughing with my father in the hall; heard him invited back—urged to come frequently. Then his step went out through the vestibule, and my soul followed him.

There's an old song they used to sing of a lover who loved and rode away,

A lightsome eye,
A soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue—
No more of me you knew, my love,
No more of me you knew!

I knew no more of Walter Rodney than that, yet it was as if I had known him always.

The next thing was father and Mr. Edwards talking, and it was about him.

"He's a wonderfully agreeable young fellow," said the old bachelor; "but you know his reputation?"

"Oh, I know!" answered my father, carelessly. "He's half society man, half Bohemian—awfully fast, and all that; but he's very amusing, and as he'll only be here a fortnight, we may as well have the fun of h's society. Margaret is disposed of, Lucy is gone; and he's not likely to look at Peg's big nose—let him come."

Mr. Edwards said something I did not catch, but my father replied:

"Nonsense! Peggy is too busy with her books and her housekeeping to think about flirtation—don't believe she even knows the meaning of the word! The best girl in the world, but a born old maid. Bless you, he'd never think twice about her, and she'd only be bored and frightened if he did."

After awhile I got up and limped to the glass. Was I so plain? This new revelation had made its impress on my face already—I could see it. I was not handsome, like my sisters; but it was not the dull, cold face my father thought it. For the first time I knew that I had magnificent hair—it's just as lovely still. For the first time I felt that the eyes that looked at me out of the glass were much better worth possessing than a pretty woman's prettiness. Then I got away from the



"HOW COULD YOU DO IT, PEGGY?" EXPSTULATED MY MOTHER. "TO GO ROLLING ABOUT ON A HILL-SIDE AND FALLING OVER A STRANGE YOUNG MAN!"

mirror, a little startled at the strange look that had flashed into them.

I did not tell myself that I loved this man. I did not know it. I was a woman; but I went away up into my heaven, and the glory of his face followed me, and the music of his voice thrilled my soul with a melody that has never left me solitary since.

Two weeks went by—two whole

weeks; so brief a space, and yet they held a whole eternity. I have been away down into the depths since then. Oh! I have suffered even if I do say it quietly; but in the very bitterest paroxysm of my agony, yes, in the hours when man and heaven seemed most cruel, I was never wicked enough to deny that I had had a great happiness given to me.

If all coming time should be a blank to me, I was always ready to own that my life had not been wasted. I had loved and been beloved—I had been happy. Other people spread their happiness thin to make it poorly cover a life; I had mine in one glorious avalanche—I never denied that.

Two weeks, and before they were gone, he told me that he loved me—told me the whole story of his life, his errors, his failures, his sins; and I, a woman, loved him all the better because I could pity him.

He was very young, too—only twenty-three; so ambitious, so noble, with his boyish follies falling away from him, and the real nature developing itself and longing to grow toward the light. A genius—you know what a reputation he has made since. Warm-hearted and loving as a woman, generous and wayward as a man; hot-headed, passionate, bad-tempered, ill brought up; familiar with life in all its phases—his own master for years. The only wonder was that he was not worse. Proof enough, except to the willfully blind, how fine his nature was from the fact that, after all he had gone through, he could still love goodness, and long to turn toward the light and the truth.

Lucy came back. For two days she tried her powers of flirtation on him, and he treated her as if she had been a pretty doll. Then she turned about and detested him with all the venom of a weak character; for, though a fool, she was a woman, and, therefore, certain there was a cause for his conduct, and quick to find it out.

There is no meanness of which a mean woman is not capable, from listening at doors to opening letters. Lucy did both, and when she knew the whole truth, she went straight to my father.

He flew into one of his horrible tempers. My mother wrung her hands and lamented over me as if I had disgraced the family, and she had always expected it; and Lucy, uncomfortable at the storm she had raised, took refuge in the conviction that it had been her duty, and so was able to be properly virtuous and severe.

"A miserable, penniless scamp," cried my father. "Over head and ears in debt! And only yesterday Edwards told me he wanted to marry you himself."

This was after a great deal of talk and repetition, on his part, that the real secret of his anger came out. He had always expected me to be an old maid, and was proportionately delighted when he learned the honor Mr. Edwards intended me.

"And he is coming up to-morrow," said he; "and here you are fancying yourself in love with that scapegrace."

"That I should live to bear it!" moaned my mother. "Twenty thousand a year, at least, thrown away."

"Thrown away?" repeated my father, turning on her. "I have known for years that you were an utter idiot, madam; but you needn't think I am! The girl shall marry Mr. Edwards, if I drag her into the church."

By that time, between despair and rage, I was desperate, and his own defiant spirit was fully aroused in me.

More sneers, more threats from him; and at last I poured out the bitterness and grief of my whole life.

"You never cared for me," I said; "you never treated me as your child! I have been neglected, scorned all my life and now you come with this new outrage."

It is no use to go over that dreadful scene. I know how wicked I was—God forgive me and them!

And in the midst of it Lucy, from the window, called out that Rodney was coming up the path. My father turned both the women out of the room; admitted Rodney himself, and then burst out on him. He called him very vile names; he brought up every story against him—every idle report; and for my sake that man bore it.

"I do not deny that I have been reckless and wild," he said; "but I love her! Look at her—she loves me. Don't take from us our one hope of happiness! We will wait—we will be patient; but, for God's sake, be merciful!"

Merciful! Is any man in this century capable of being so where money is concerned?



LUCY LISTENED AT DOORS AND OPENED LETTERS UNTIL SHE KNEW THE WHOLE TRUTH,
AND THEN SHE WENT STRAIGHT TO MY FATHER

The end came at last.
"Leave my house!" my father ordered. "You shall never have her! You have defied me. Let me see if she dares to go to you with my curse on her head."

"Helen!" Walter called.
I went straight to his side. If there had been a gulf of fire between me and

him, I should have gone through it when his soul called out to me in a tone like that.

My father tried to force me away with an oath.

"Let her alone," cried Walter Rodney; "it is the last time I shall speak to her. I do not know if she would consent, but I would not take her from

you—have your way. Only this, Helen, believe that I have loved you, that I have told you the truth! Whatever comes—whatever stories they tell, believe that.”

“I will!” I answered. “And now hear me, father—listen! This man is going away forever—I love him! I swear before heaven that I will be as true to him as if I were his wife!”

He held me in his arms—I felt his kisses rain down on cheek and lips. I heard my father’s voice in wilder passion; then Walter Rodney was gone. I neither fainted or went mad—people have to live when such suffering comes.

The summer passed. Margaret was married; Lucy was sent off to amuse herself under the care of a friend. I lived and bore my burden.

For a whole year I was persecuted to marry Mr. Edwards. He gave up at last, for I appealed to him in my father’s presence to leave me alone, if he had either manly decency, or human feeling

My father did not kill me—that is all I can say.

On through the years! I was twenty-one; Lucy married; my mother died; my father and I were alone in the old house. He never softened—never forgave me during all those years. I don’t think I exaggerate when I say that, after the time when he ceased to be violent and abuse me, he did not speak to me from one twelve-month to another, except when it was absolutely necessary.

He had never been a good man. He lived until I was twenty-three; then he died from the effects of a fall from a horse

He was sick for a fortnight. My sisters came home once during the time for a day each. I took care of him; and at the last I think he knew he was dying, and I think he tried to speak to me, and to say there was no harsh feeling left in his heart, but the words were only broken and indistinct.

“Where I was wrong, father,” I said, “forgive me. Where you were wrong, I forgive, too; and I think heaven will pardon us both.”

He smiled. From that hour he grew

more tranquil and died very quietly at last, holding my hand in his.

There was very little left—even the old house had to go to settle his debts. But I was spared poverty and dependence—a moderate fortune was left me by a relative.

Since we parted, no communication had passed between Walter Rodney and myself. He had been in Europe—in the East; had painted good pictures; was winning a name—the public journals told me that.

Two months after my father’s death he came to America; heard that I was alone, and came straight to find me. I was still in the old house. Lucy was with me—she had just learned of my having a fortune left, and had come to visit me. She was very angry because I would not save the homestead. I did not want the place, and her husband refused to purchase it as she wished. She wanted me to buy it and settle it on her son.

Walter Rodney came. In this world the most tragic events of our lives are usually linked with some incident that is either paltry or ludicrous. I was in my bath-room—in the bath. One of the women came to the door and knocked, and said it was a gentleman’s card—he wished to see me instantly.

I told her to push it under the door; reached out my arm and got the card—it was his.

“Say I will dress and come down,” I cried, too wild to know what I said.

It seemed to me as if I consumed ages in dressing. I could not get my clothes on—I could not arrange my hair. The more I tried to hasten, the slower my icy fingers moved. When I was nearly ready, I upset a pitcher of water over myself. I bruised my hand: I met with every drawback that was conceivable.

I think I must have been nearly an hour getting myself into a state so that it was possible for me to go down stairs. I rushed into my sitting-room—Lucy sat there.

“Where is Walter?” I shrieked.

“Gone,” she said. “I did not know he was here. I came in, and he burst out on me, saying that he had loved you all these years; had come to you, and

you could send him word you had gone to dress; you could keep him waiting after all this time to adorn yourself."

"What did you say?" I asked.

"What could I say? I thought it was better he should go—a beggarly painter; and you know Mr. Pierrepont wants to marry you."

I sent after him. He had gone—no trace. I wrote to New York to a friend of his—no answer. I waited three days; I was a woman and could do no more. The third morning Lucy read aloud from a paper that Walter Rodney had sailed for Europe, on his way to the East.

I gave way then. I was suffering from a violent cold—a fever followed. I was confined to my bed for weeks, so ill and shattered that, cold weather having set in, the doctor ordered me not to leave the house. Lucy had left me, afraid that the fever was contagious. I lived through that winter. I cannot tell you how—but I lived.

When spring came delivered, and Europe would deliver plunged to disaster with an umbrella, he expressed logic—sound, sober logic. To-day, man flies, and flies extensively.

In the same manner, when Canadian, American and English capitalists spent \$904,000 in an endeavor to develop the industry of peat-production in Canada and failed, they operated with logic—sound, sober logic. The only trouble was that the logic wouldn't work. To-day, the Canadian government has succeeded in producing peat on a commercial scale, after years of experiment. As proof of this accomplishment, 1,000 tons of this new fuel have been sold to the residents of Ottawa at a price of \$3.50, as against \$7.50 a ton for hard coal. The demand far exceeds the supply. But, oddly enough, the very success of the Government has caused the abandonment of the enterprise. Capitalists, ever alive to a promising field of investment, have decided to erect a huge plant near Ottawa. It is an unwritten law that Government never enters into competition with a private industry. Thus, with the abandonment of its plant, are concluded the most interesting series of experiments in recent

soul in purgatory ever raised one more hopeless and despairing.

"Heaven have mercy on me!" he groaned. "Helen—I am married!"

There we met and parted. It was very brief—very quiet. He told me all that Lucy had said—I was inclined to marry Mr. Pierrepont—he had better go away. He could see for himself that I had no good news for him; that I shrunk from the meeting, since I could keep him waiting on so frivolous a pretext.

We met there and parted. He held my hand in his. I was the stronger then. I tried to remind him of the life beyond—of the hope of meeting there; but he could only feel the agony of the living death of that hour.

"Never to meet in this world?" he repeated. "And my madness has done it!"

I could not bear that, it was too much.

Experiments that proved it feasible to produce peat for commercial purposes in Canada.

The public as yet knows little of peat production. Yet experts declare that it may yet become the chief fuel in Canada and some parts of the United States, and as an industry it has come to stay.

I have stated that peat was produced and sold at \$3.50 a ton. But this was not done without a long season of obstacles and discouragements, of experiments that failed. For many years much interest has been displayed in the peat bogs of Canada, especially since the provinces of Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba possess no coal deposits and no known lignite deposits of economic value. While peat has been manufactured in those European countries possessing a similar coal-deposit problem to that of Canada, little was known in this country of those processes which proved (after long and costly experiment) successful and economical, and which became the basis of the successful peat industry in Sweden, Russia and Germany. On this account, many of those who interested themselves in the peat question in Canada either depended on processes of their own, or relied on others

swept aside—we had been back in the glory of that first dream. I believe some angel mercifully sent it, to give us strength.

It was all over. He clasped my hands a little closer, looked once more in my face, and said:

“Go your way, now, and let me go mine.”

We neither said farewell. Once again he pronounced my name—

“Helen!”

The old, old voice, with the old tenderness ringing through it; then, before the mists cleared from my eyes, he was gone—and I stood there alone in the silence of the night.

I was twenty-three years old then—I am thirty-five now. Oh! you poor

weaver of the imaginary sorrows of imaginary beings, try and realize it—those years—those years!

I think I have been neither wicked or weak. I think I have had faith in God throughout—and lo you, the end! Two weeks ago I was sitting in this very room, when the door opened, and, without warning, Walter Rodney stood before me. I had known that he would come. Months and months before I had learned the tidings of his wife's death. There was no sign from him. When it was right for him to come he came.

Hark! Did you hear the bell—now, then, a step? That is his! See! here he comes—my handsome Walter still!

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Peat—A Problem Solved

HOW THE GOVERNMENT HAS BROUGHT
FUEL AT \$3.50 A TON TO THE HOUSE-
WIFE OF EASTERN CANADA

By James J. Larkin

Illustrated from Photographs

WHEN that famous bon-mot, "The birds can fly, so why can't I?" was delivered, and its legendary deliver plunged to disaster with an umbrella, he expressed logic—sound, sober logic. To-day, man flies, and flies extensively.

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years from an industrial viewpoint—the experiments that proved it feasible to produce peat for commercial purposes in Canada.

The public as yet knows little of peat production. Yet experts declare that it may yet become the chief fuel in Canada and some parts of the United States, and as an industry it has come to stay.

I have stated that peat was produced and sold at \$3.50 a ton. But this was not done without a long season of obstacles and discouragements, of experiments that failed. For many years much interest has been displayed in the peat bogs of Canada, especially since the provinces of Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba possess no coal deposits and no known lignite deposits of economic value. While peat has been manufactured in those European countries possessing a similar coal-deposit problem to that of Canada, little was known in this country of those processes which proved (after long and costly experiment) successful and economical, and which became the basis of the successful peat industry in Sweden, Russia and Germany. On this account, many of those who interested themselves in the peat question in Canada either depended on processes of their own, or relied on others



THE END ELEVATION OF A PEAT MACHINE. SHOWING THE ELEVATOR WHICH CARRIES THE PEAT OUT OF THE TRENCH. MEN AT WORK DIGGING THE PEAT AND THE TRACK ON WHICH THE CARS TRAVEL WHICH HAUL THE PEAT AWAY

who claimed to have an adequate technical knowledge of the manufacture of peat fuel.

In Canada, too, there was—and is—a national aspect to the industry. The comfort of the three provinces of Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba, is declared to be absolutely at the mercy of the United States. Anthracite and bituminous coals are found only on the Atlantic seaboard and in the far west. Freight rates from both these points are prohibitive, and the use of Canadian coal in Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa is therefore out of the question. Consequently, the people of these three great cities must pay \$7.50 for a ton of United States coal. In Manitoba, the price is \$10.50 a ton; and only a few years ago labor troubles in Pennsylvania forced the price of coal in Ottawa up to \$12.50 a ton.

In Carlyle's "French Revolution" the familiar story is told that when the starving mob attacked the palace, shouting, "Give us bread!" the young princess, glancing over the parapet, remarked, "Why don't they eat cake?" With something like the same intelligence, Canadians are sometimes told that, deprived of coal, they can burn wood. Yet so scarce is wood becoming

that the cost in Winnipeg of the poorest quality of spruce and tamarack is from \$6.00 to \$8.00 a cord. Wood is out of the question, too.

Nor is the fuel problem in Central Canada new. Keen men, years ago remembering that Ireland used peat extensively and that there were 36,000 acres of peat bogs in the middle provinces, set to work and developed methods and machinery for converting the peat into fuel. Nearly one million dollars have been spent in attempts to work the Canadian peat bogs but only miserable failure resulted. The money might as well have been thrown away. Here is a partial list of some of these enterprises:

Brunner, Ont. near Stratford (three companies).

Perth, Ont., near Ottawa
Brockville, Ont.

London, Ont. (thirty years ago).

Welland, Ont. (Senator Geo. A. Cox and associates).

Dorchester, Ont.
Beaverton, Ont.

Toronto and Guelph, Ont.

Farnham, Que. (Chicago capitalists headed by a Mr. Morrison).

Galt, Ont.

Winnipeg, Man. (Lac Du Bonnet peat plant).

Fort Francis, Ont.

Rondeau, Ont.

As mentioned above this list does



not contain all the enterprises in which unfortunate individuals have sought to make money in an attempt to mulstify and squeeze and artificially dry peat in order to reduce the eighty-five per cent., of water it usually contains, down to, say, twenty-five per cent., and then to transform the residue into bricks as a substitute for coal. So many people have been hit in the endeavor to establish a peat fuel industry in Canada that until recently it was more or less dangerous to mention peat in commercial circles.

However, it was inevitable that the matter could not stay as it was, for the fuel problem was as erious as ever. In addition, to allow 3,600 square miles of peat bogs having a calorific value equal to 14,000,000 tons of coal to lie unused was like flying in the face of Providence.

This was the view of Dr. Eugene Haanel, Dominion Director of Mines, when visiting Europe in 1904 with a commission investigating electric smelting. In Northern Europe he found that they were actually manufacturing and consuming 15,000,000 tons of peat fuel annually, for in Norway, Sweden and parts of Russia they were as bad off for coal as was and is Central Canada. Here they had brought peat production down to a science.

Adopting the wise policy of starting where Europe left off he sent a special commissioner to Northern Europe, and th results were published. But there is an axiom that "a wise child dreads the fire" and in this ca e no capitalist cared to take advantage of the information supplied in the report. They believed that peat production in this country was a rank failure.

Now Dr. Haanel persuaded the Minister of Mines to have the Government install a plant at Alfred, Ont., some few miles from Ottawa. Accordingly machinery and appliances known to have given best results in Sweden were installed on three hundred acres of Government owned bog.

The outcome has been very gratifying to Dr. Haanel and the Government. It has been shown that air-dried fuel (of which 1.8 tons is equal to one ton of the best coal) suitable for household use can be manufactured in commercial quantities at a cost that will compare favorably with the best American coal. During 1910 some 1,600 tons of air-dried peat fuel were made at Alfred, five hundred tons of which were sold in Ottawa for domestic purposes at \$3.25 and \$3.50 a ton.

In this connection over ninety-five per cent. of the purchasers expressed themselves by letter to the Canadian Peat Society Secretary as being entirely satisfied. In fact the new fuel has become so popular that last season 1,000 tons were purchased, money in advance, and many more orders could have been secured. In addition to this several carloads were sent out to other centres.

That the methods and appliances employed by Dr. Haanel have been the best obtainable is proven by the fact that the work has been eulogised by the Minister of Militia, Col. the Hon. Sam Hughes, and has received the unqualified endorsement of Professor Chas. A. Davis, of Washington, D.C., peat expert to the United States Government and was unanimously acclaimed by the American Peat Society at its meeting in Ottawa during July, 1910.

In consequence of this endorsement by many experts it was but natural



THE PEAT-DRYING FIELD, SHOWING THE METHOD OF AIR-DRYING THE PEAT BRIQUETTES TO FIT THEM FOR BURNING. ONE OF THE HARDEST PROBLEMS OF PRACTICAL PEAT PRODUCTION HAS BEEN THE REDUCTION OF ITS 85% OF WATER TO ABOUT 25%

that attention should again be drawn towards the commercial side of the industry. Nor was this interest slow in making itself manifest. For Dr. Haand received the crowning proofs that his efforts had met with the greatest success when J. M. Shuttleworth, of Brantford, Ont., and associate capitalists after a thorough investigation of the Government plant became so convinced that the methods employed by the Government meant commercial success that they contracted to continue the work at Alfred and spend \$50,000 or more in trying an improved Anrep peat machine with which is combined a mechanical excavator, field press and stumping apparatus.

The power for driving this machine and for generating the electricity for lighting the field at night is derived from peat, hence the plant is self-contained. Messrs. Shuttleworth and company calculate on making 15,000 tons of high grade fuel during each summer.

When the Director of Mines began his pioneer work, the peat fuel industry in Canada was as dead as the proverbial door nail; but the practical results obtained at Alfred have so stirred the imagination of industrial Canada that companies are now being organized to

exploit and develop the great peat bogs in the middle Provinces.

J. B. Lagarie, representing Montreal interests, made an offer to buy the entire Government plant but the reply was that it was not for sale. Since the Government purchased the entire 300 acres at a ludicrously low figure it was deemed wise to hold them, as further experiments might be needed.

The syndicate which secured control of the plant was fortunate for since then H. P. Timmerman, Industrial Commissioner of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has requested the Government to state its price for the entire holdings at Alfred. He stated that he was acting for interested capitalists and not for the C. P. R. "If," wrote Mr. Timmerman, "we are able to continue on commercial lines the industry which the Government has so successfully put in operation, it will prove the best incentive to the carrying out of similar works elsewhere. It was also stated that the objects of the capitalists was to supply Montreal with the new fuel.

Such is the history of peat production in Canada, but how is this new fuel made? In the first place there is little about the operation that would excite the curiosity of the ordinary



sight-seer. A treeless, stumpless bog there is: stretching generally for miles with a gang of men at work, for all the world like a number of workmen engaged in excavating for building purposes—an aspect that is intensified by the fact that the ground has been carefully cleared of all underbrush, pieces of wood and rubbish.

At the Government peat plant there are many trenches; cables running everywhere; truck-cars standing on an almost circular stretch of track and an engine—everything with that makeshift appearance that characterizes construction equipment, as though it might be moved at any moment. And it frequently is.

But a closer view reveals a perfect method of operation. Down into this bog, which has been carefully drained, dig a number of men who deposit the soft peat into iron boxes linked together in an endless chain in the fashion of a treadmill, and which reach from the bottom of this trench into the open side of a caboose on wheels above. Drawn into this caboose, these buckets of peat are overturned around a wheel when turning to revolve back to the bottom of the ditch and the peat is thus thrown into a larger receptacle. The latter is then drawn out on a cable from another side of the caboose at

right angles to the chain of buckets and it deposits its contents into a small truck car waiting on the tracks beneath.

The moment this car is filled it is sent away along the semi-circular rails for perhaps two hundred yards. When it arrives where it is wanted, a lever on the side of the car is pulled and the wet peat is automatically dumped upon a platform where a number of men await it. Here it is thoroughly mixed and then spread out at uniform depth to dry. This is one of the most important features of peat production—air-drying, the absence of which has meant failure to many of these enterprises.

This completed, the peat, without being moved, is cut into blocks on the ground and when sufficiently dry, is hauled to the storage shed. Now it is ready in assisting to produce warmth and good cheer for the cold, as well as meals for the hungry.

This whole system—that is, the chain of trench buckets; the carriers that convey the peat into the truck-cars; the truck-cars themselves; the platform upon which the peat is mixed at a considerable distance away and the cars which haul the finished product to the storage shed—is now operated by an engine in the caboose stationed over the trench where digging is going on.

Another advantage of the new machine recently installed is that while the old peat excavator turned out thirty tons of peat a day the latest acquisition in machinery not only produces from sixty to eighty tons daily but also dispenses with the services of eleven men and three boys.

In order to manufacture peat on a commercial scale, hand-digging or excavating must be replaced by mechanical excavators and the labor cost, in general reduced as much as possible.

Under the conditions at the Government peat bog, peat cannot be manufactured, including all expenses, for less than two dollars per ton stacked on the field but when mechanical excavators are employed and the output is reasonably large the above figure will be materially reduced,

allowing the peat to be sold at a moderate figure and still allowing good profit for those manufacturing and handling it.

Peat powder is the latest development in the industry and it is not unlikely that the Government may before long start experiments in this connection. An extensive plant has been erected at the back peat bog near Ljungley, Sweden, for the manufacture of this powder for heating purposes. The inventor states that the cost of

manufacture will not exceed \$2.10 a ton and that the cost of a complete plant with a capacity of 20,000 tons annually will be about \$100,000 (not including a bog and the transportation of peat).

Who then, can tell what is the future of this young industry? Is it, like coal, to prove so generally indispensable and yet so simple that its production and use will be regarded merely as a matter of fact? The next few years should surely tell.

WAITING

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

IN the dull earth are housed leaf, bloom and all,
 Waiting till they be roused by that soft call
 Which trembles through the earth and wakes each thing
 To its fair, newer birth which men call Spring.

The fields are bleak and chill, the wood is bare;
 The ice has locked the rill, the very air
 Is void of light and cheer but all these bide
 Till gay Spring shall appear all merry eyed.

Earth's somber arms enfold the flower host,
 The blooms of red and gold we love the most;
 Beneath the sheathing snow are bound, and pent
 The apple blossoms' glow and orchard scent.

One day shall come the word that sets them free,
 So faint it is not heard of you or me,
 Yet they shall hear and heed the subtle call:
 Then bud, and blade, and seed shall waken all.
 So, underneath each frown there waits a smile
 That may not be crushed down but for awhile!
 Below the silence waits the laugh and song
 Which all our wintry hates may not hide long.

Just Smith

A STORY OF THE "MOUNTED"

By A. A. Strachan

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson



SYNOPSIS

Frank Smith, a constable in the Northwest Mounted Police at the time of Riel's imprisonment recognizes, while on guard, his former sweetheart, Edith Wheelock, driving with Major Barton and his daughter Alice, and later in the afternoon saves the lives of both girls by stopping their runaway team, wrenching his arm badly in the process. Inspector Jackson, in love with Edith, comes to Major Barton's house in the evening to congratulate the girls on their escape, and insinuates that Smith is shamming sickness. Edith turns on him angrily, and defends her former lover with warmth, after which Jackson leaves and, going over to the hospital, orders Smith out of bed on guard. Edith slips away about midnight, and clears up her misunderstanding with Smith, who, however will have nothing to do with her, saying that he is penniless and prospectless and can offer a woman nothing. As she pleads, rifle shots and a sentry crying "Halt!" are heard. She gives Smith one quick kiss, and darts away to the house. It is discovered that an unsuccessful attempt has been made to free Riel, in the course of which Larry Devine, a sentry, has been badly hurt, and an unknown man in uniform wounded. Jackson learns that his servant, Caron, is the man implicated in the plot, but says nothing, and later tries to throw suspicion on Smith. Meanwhile Edith takes Alice into her confidence, and tells her about her midnight interview with Smith. Smith is tried for complicity in the Riel plot. Edith proves that he was with her at the time of the attempted escape, and by bringing the doctor and Larry Devine to the trial, also proves that Caron instead was the guilty man. Smith is transferred to Fort McLeod, where he becomes a corporal, and in the spring of the year a horse-breaker, called "Tobacco" Brown, comes to the fort to break the new remounts.

CHAPTER IX.

THAT evening a smoking concert was held in the recreation room at the barracks. This was in ante-license days, but the Governor, who had lately been on a trip through the country, had sent a barrel of beer to treat the boys and it was put on tap for the occasion. By eight o'clock the men, except those on duty, had all assembled, and the room was filled. Many of the detachment men had also come in for the smoker, and to get their horses shod, as was the custom.

Great tin pots, filled with beer instead of tea, stood on each table and the troopers lolled about, drinking and smoking and having a good time, while the chairman, the R. S. M., called upon those who could sing or recite to entertain the company. Brown, having now been attached to the Force, was invited, and entered the room accompanied by Sergeant Mack, just as a young man, wearing a corporal's chevrons, ascended the platform to sing. As the pianist struck the opening bars of the accompaniment and

the corporal raised his head and voice to the strains of "Nancy Lee", Brown stopped dead in his tracks and stared as if fascinated. The Sergeant passed on, but Brown stood as if hypnotised until the verse ended. Then, heaving a sigh, he turned to the man next to him, who happened to be his friend, Sergeant Christy, from Kipp, and asked,

"Say, who is that young fellow singing?"

"Why, how are you, Brown?" said Christy. "That—let me see, he is a new hand here and I am hanged if I know his name,—but Mack will know," and as the remount sergeant joined them, he asked, "Say, Mack, who is the vocalist? A new man, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Mack, "Just sent up from Regina. Got a remarkable tenor voice, don't you think so? They say he captivated all the ladies at headquarters, or something of the sort, which was the reason of his transfer. His name is Smith."

"Smith?" echoed Brown.

"Yes," continued the Sergeant, "That's what he calls himself. But it may not be his right name, ye know. Lots of fellows enlist under assumed names."

Sergeant Christy had been watching Brown with some interest. He seemed ill at ease, but kept his eyes on the singer until he bowed himself off amid loud applause.

"Know the young fellow?" he asked. "But I guess not. From what I have heard he is not long out from England, and as I think you said you had never been there it's not likely you ever met him."

"No," said Brown, "I don't know him. I met a man once very like him, though, especially the voice. It was that startled me, and the song, 'Nancy Lee' was this other man's favorite too. Many's the time I've heard him sing it. But that was years ago; the man I knew must be old enough to be this one's father. If he is still in the land of the living, I hope to meet him again."

"And then—?" questioned Christy tentatively.

"Then," said Brown with an ugly

ring in his voice, "there will be a job for some of you policemen."

So saying he opened the door abruptly and went out.

"Hum!" mused Christy. "There is a mystery about that fellow I can't make out. By the way, Mack, did he tell you how I came to make his acquaintance?"

"Going to run him in as a vag, weren't you? Any way, he is all right—knows how to handle bronchoes; and the old man is tickled to death over him. Hullo! There's young Snowdon, from the creek. Hi, Charlie!

A young man was making his way towards them, through the smoke and the crush. He was dressed in an extremely horsey suit—baggy riding breeches, buttoned at the knee, brown leather puttees and spats, gasometer checked waistcoat, khaki coat and tweed cap. A monocle was screwed into his right eye, held there by wrinkling up the side of his face, as if suffering from an acute attack of neuralgia.

This young gentleman was one of a type common at that day in the Pincher Creek ranching country, but happily long since extinct, or licked by the West into some semblance of manhood.

These were what were called "remittance men"—that is, wasters, whom their families paid a certain quarterly sum to stay away from home in the hope that some day they would be lost in a blizzard or frozen to death by the roadside. But although most of these men played at ranching and sent glowing letters home, telling of their strenuous life on the plains, and their numerous herds of fat cattle, the majority seldom strayed far from the hotel stove in winter, or in summer either, for that matter, unless it was to engage in a mildly exciting polo match with each other.

Charlie Snowdon grasped Mack's hand and shook it listlessly.

"What's the matter, old man?" asked the Sergeant, "Is your dawg sick, or has your polo pony developed glanders?"

"Worse than that, old chap," said Charlie, shaking his head mournfully.

"Don't tell me that your herd of

fat cattle has stampeded or that lump jaw has broken out among them?"

"Worse, worse!" sighed Snowdon, "I'm up against it hard. Mack, old chum, I'm clean bowled over."

"Tell us about it, there's a good fellow."

"The mail is just in. You know I have been expecting my remittance for a week past and had arranged with Bill Stanley to make a little trip to Calgary? I've even entered my pony for the races there, which come off next week."

"And now?" questioned Mack.

"Now," sighed Charlie, drawing a crumpled sheet from his pocket, "here's a letter from the gov'nor. He is on his way out to see my herd of five thousand fat ones. Ye know I told him I wanted to buy a few thoroughbred bulls to give blood to my stock, and I asked for a thousand pounds. And now he writes from Winnipeg to say he is spending a few days with an old college friend settled there and will be here in a week."

"Well?"

"Well, don't you see, he will want to see my herds? My fat cattle and my wild cowboys—and I haven't got any cattle nor cowboys and—and—I can see my finish."

"Poor old chap!" sympathised the Sergeant, "It is too bad. But, say, why not borrow some?"

"By Jove," cried Charlie, brightening up, "that's a good idea. By Jove, I must hunt up Fred Carter. I hear he's in town. Ye know, Fred has got the finest ranch in all the Creek country. He is not like us poor beggars. He has to work for his money. But if I can borrow or hire his ranch, cattle, cowboys and all, for about a week, I will be able to bamboozle the gov'nor yet and that thousand quid will materialize after all. That's a rippin' idea. Ta ta, you fellows."

So saying, Charlie hurried away, galvanized for once into something like energy.

A constable at this moment commenced to sing an old time police melody and everybody joined in the chorus, which was to the old negro

tune of "Kingdom Coming," and ran somewhat as follows.

Pass the tea-pot round, my boys,
To the guardians of our land,
Bet your life it's not our fault,
If whiskey is contraband.

At the conclusion of this old favorite, the chairman arose, and announced that he himself, would now sing the Mounted Police old stand-by, "Wrap Me Up in My Old Stable Jacket," but first the beer pot would be emptied, to the memory of "Departed Comrades," and, as it was now near Last Post, the band would play "God Save the Queen," and the meeting would disperse, with three cheers for the Governor.

On the word the last of the beer was poured into the glasses and drunk in silence, and the deep baritone of the Sergeant-Major boomed out the well-known chorus, which had been sung for years by the Mounted Police, in barracks and around camp-fire:

Wrap me up in my old stable jacket
And plant me deep under the snow
Sound the Last Post as you carry me out
And sing, here the poor beggar lies low,
Low-o, low-o,
Here the poor beggar lies low.

The hour was eleven in the morning; the Orderly Room call had just sounded and the defaulters' parade had marched to the O. C.'s office. The division orderlies had reported to the regimental sergeant-major, who stood on the orderly room steps awaiting the coming of the officers approaching across the square at a leisurely pace, their swords clanking behind them.

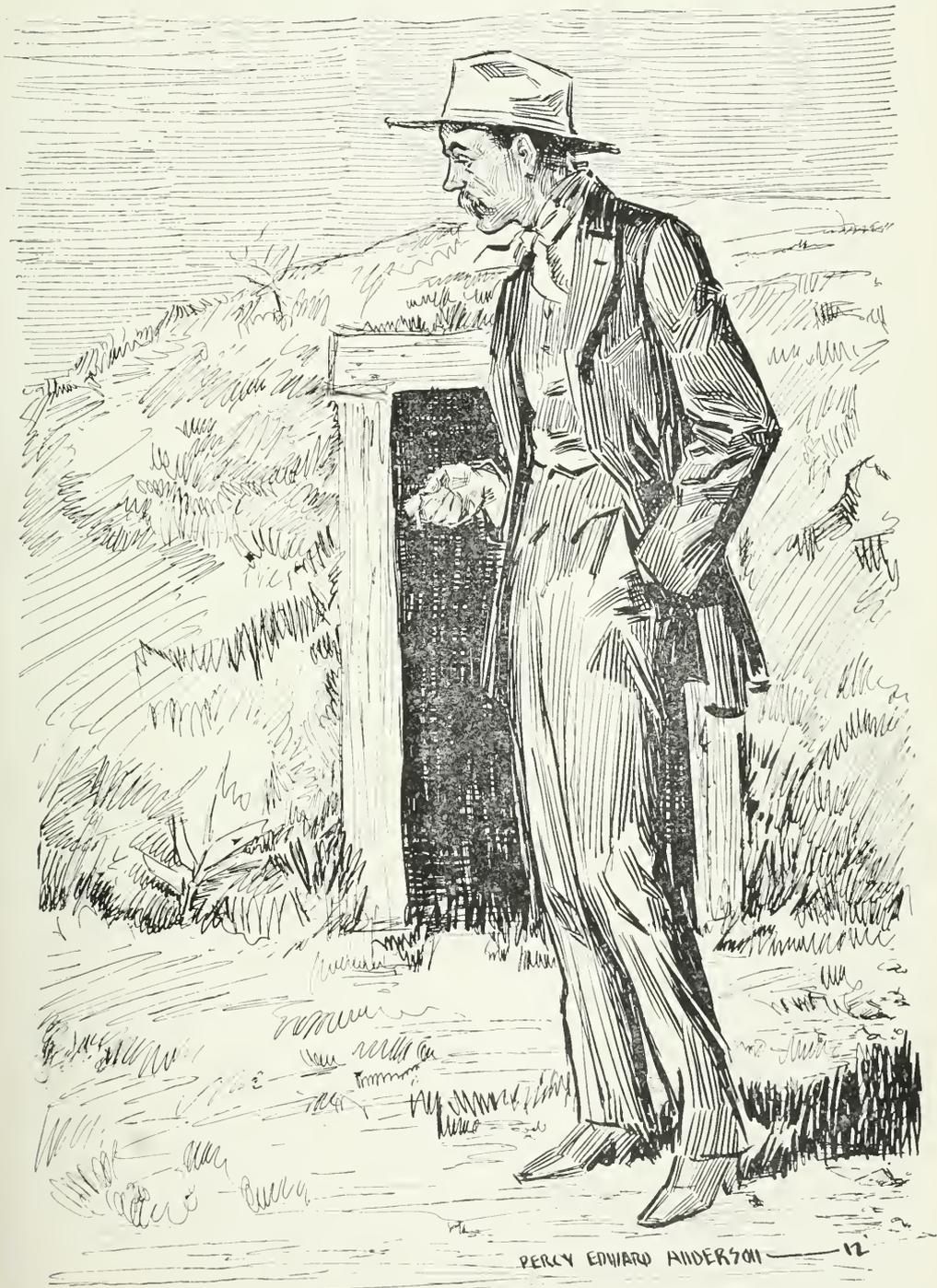
The Colonel came hurriedly from his quarters, a bundle of papers in his hand and hastened towards his office, closely followed by an orderly.

"Dismiss the parade," he said in crisp tones, as the R. S. M. brought the men to attention, and saluted. "The orderlies will make their reports to the divisional commanders. I have business of more importance at present. See that the division sergeant-majors furnish at once a list of all horses and men available for instant service, and send Potts to me right away."

The other officers had now reached



"LOOK IN THE GLASS AND SEE FOR YOURSELF,"
RISING TO HIS FEET



PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON 12

SAID THE BRONCHO-BUSTER CURTLY, AND
HE WALKED AWAY

the scene and, judging from the Colonel's manner that something was amiss, they gathered about him as he entered his office.

"Gentlemen," said the O. C., "I have just had despatches from Stand Off and the Porcupines. The Indians are getting ugly, and I fear there is going to be trouble, unless we can nip this incipient rebellion in the bud. As you all know, while Riel was stirring up the Crees and half-breeds in the North, his agents were trying to incite the Bloods and Blackfeet to join him, and it was only by the utmost diplomacy, by presents to the chiefs and by increasing the rations allowed by Government, that we are able to keep them quiet. Chief Crowfoot is unfortunately absent in England, and the government has thought the time ripe to restore the old order of things. The ration has, accordingly, been cut down, and the red brother is both hungry and angry. Some of the young bucks have left the reservations and have been killing cattle on the ranges. Complaints have been coming in, more particularly from the cattle men of the Pincher Creek country, where the Peigans have been actually seen killing and carrying off young steers, under the very noses of our detachments. Inspector Jackson has been to the reserve and ordered the chiefs to deliver up the culprits, and his request has been met by a blunt refusal. He now awaits further instructions. Therefore, Captain Kerrigan, you will take twenty-five men from your division and proceed at once to Jackson's assistance. I have sent for Potts, the interpreter, to go with you and you are to bring back the men wanted, dead or alive."

"Very well, Colonel," said Captain Kerrigan, saluting, "I suppose Mr. Jackson knows the men he wants."

"He or the Agent. I don't myself know just how many are implicated. Ah! Here is Potts," continued the Colonel, as the interpreter entered the room. "You will go at once to the reserve and tell the chiefs of the Peigan nation that they must give up the young men who have been killing cattle. If they refuse there will be no

more rations issued until they comply."

Jerry Potts was the chief scout of the Mounted Police, and had more influence with the Western Indians than any other man in the district. He was himself a full-blooded Indian, but had long since adopted the garb and customs of civilization. He was a man of few words, but when he spoke, both white men and red knew he meant what he said.

"All-a-right," he said quietly. "Suppose him Bad Young Man, or maybe that Deerfoot, me know um—plenty bad. We catch um."

"That is all," said the Colonel. "Avoid bloodshed, if possible, Captain Kerrigan, but bring those men back if you have to wipe out the whole tribe to get them."

The Captain withdrew, and soon the call of "Boot and Saddle" sounded. In a very short time the detail paraded on the square armed and mounted, ready to march. They were a good-looking lot, their broad brimmed Stetsons pushed well back on their close cropped heads, their well-set-up figures clad in scarlet tunics and blue riding breeches, with top boots and brown leather gauntlets. Their heavy service revolvers were buckled around their waists, and the Winchester carbines strapped to the saddlehorns gave them a workmanlike appearance. Looking them over Captain Kerrigan knew that if the men they were after were above ground he could depend on his command to bring them in, as the Colonel had said, dead or alive.

"Now," said the Colonel, addressing his orderly when Kerrigan and his troop had passed out of the barracks gate and taken the western trail at a smart canter, "find Sergeant Maynard and send him to me."

A few minutes later a bronzed, middle-aged non-com. entered, brought his heels together with a click and saluted. This was the officer in charge of the Stand Off detachment, a man who had grown grey in the service and whose name was greatly respected by every Indian of the Blood nation, for he was totally without fear, and the Indian admires bravery above all else. Many a time he had gone alone

into their very midst and, disregarding their levelled weapons, had, with his own hands, collared his man and brought him away, laughing at their threats and scolding them, as a teacher might a class of naughty children. They had given him an Indian name and stood more in awe of the middle-aged, but still powerful, Sergeant than all of the rest of the police put together.

"Now, Sergeant," said the Colonel, "in just what mood are those devils of Bloods, and what danger, if any, is to be apprehended?"

"The young men, sir, are in a very ugly mood indeed," replied the Sergeant, "I have talked to the chiefs and am in hopes that no serious outbreak will occur. The whole trouble is in the cutting down of the rations. Some of them have even refused their allowance altogether and, if you will pardon me, sir, I think it would be well if the old standard could be restored for a time."

"Not while they maintain their present attitude," said the Colonel emphatically. "Make it plain to the chiefs that nothing is to be gained by threats and lawlessness. Those men against whom evidence can be found implicating them in cattle killing, must be first given up and punished, before any question of increasing the allowance can be entertained, and if they are not surrendered mighty soon, the supplies will be cut off altogether. The men will be captured, if it takes the whole resources of Canada to do it. Make this plain to the chiefs and, if that does not fetch them, round up every head man and drive them in here. I'll talk to them. Take what men you require and get back to your post without delay."

"If you will pardon me, sir," replied Maynard, "I think I will first see what can be done with the men I have. Should I need more I will send a man in."

"All right. If it were not for this Peigan trouble I would go with you myself," said the dauntless commander, "but I cannot leave the post until Captain Kerrigan comes back. Confound these Indians, anyhow! They have been made too much of, but I'll

teach them to take the law into their own hands—I'll put the fear of death into them—ahem! That's all, Sergeant."

Maynard saluted and withdrew, and the Colonel was soon busy over the many reports and other official documents that littered his desk.

Half an hour later, Sergeant Maynard, mounted on his black charger Bess, passed out of the gate on the way back to his detachment.

CHAPTER X.

SPRING lay upon the land in silver and lilac. The prairie was faintly purple with the furry stems and pale blossoms of the pasque-flower; the bluffs of poplar had shaken out their new little silver leaves; and all the coulees ran with tiny streams among the greening grasses.

Corporal Frank Smith's horse approved of those new grasses, and lunched busily upon them, his bridle dragging, and one eye on his master lest this unaccustomed leisure be cut short. But the man lying quite still on a chalky rock with the soft spring wind ruffling his hair, showed no signs of moving, and Skylark edged discreetly away.

Spring was in his veins, and pulling at him like a live thing. He had ridden Skylark hard to ride it out, and flung himself down here at Bull Springs to reason with himself against it, but all he could think of was Edith's pale face, her head held high in the orderly room among the officers, and a glow in her eyes as she spoke for him. Inexpressibly lonely was the little valley. Hollowed in the soft rock was a rude cave, with bunk and fireplace, where a herder had once brought his young wife from the East, and where, men said, she had gone mad from loneliness. He could reach out and touch her former door-post with his foot as he lay.

"It's no place for a woman," he said aloud, looking critically over the empty gash in the earth where the inch-deep thread of water that they called Bull Springs ran over pale sand, and the killdeers scuttered with pattering feet along the miniature beaches.

There was something poignant in their high, monotonous crying—the soul of the prairie trying to find a voice. The streak of feminine that lies in every man brought very clearly to Smith the picture of the herder's wife, standing at the door of her habitation, alone with the kildeers and the idle clouds and the terror of coming darkness plucking at her heart. He shook his head. "No," he repeated to himself, "It's no place for a woman. Oh, my girl, it's a poor stick you're loving."

"You know who I am, Corporal, don't you?"

Smith was on his feet with his hand on his revolver in a breath. But it was only "Tobacco" Brown who had come so softly through the sand behind him, and here adjusted himself instantly.

"I think so," he answered. "Although I am not long up from Regina, I've seen you with the remount rides. Your name is Brown, isn't it?"

The broncho-buster laughed shortly. "As much as yours is Smith. No, don't flare up. It's bad manners to ask too much about a man's name out here. Let's let it go at Smith and Brown. I didn't come here to quarrel about names. Fact is, I'm looking for a man and I thought maybe you could help me find him."

"Indeed?" said Smith, leaning his shoulders casually against the rock, and eyeing his visitor. "Who is he?"

For answer, Brown drew out a well-worn wallet, which he opened, and produced an old-fashioned photograph.

"That's the man," he said briefly.

Smith took the picture and studied it carefully. It was that of a man in the uniform of a British cavalry regiment, taken apparently some twenty years before. Handsome the man was, well-built, though a trifle stocky and heavy-shouldered for grace, and with an ugly, out-thrust jaw.

"I'd rather be looking for him than have him looking for me," the Corporal remarked, handing back the photograph.

"You don't know him, eh?" asked Brown.

"No," he said slowly. "I don't think I have ever met that man. His

face seems somewhat familiar—as if I'd seen it in a dream, or had known someone who bore a resemblance to it. But I can't place him."

Again Brown laughed shortly. "Good!" he commented. "By-and-by I'll tell you where you've seen a face like it before. Just now I want to tell you a story that will interest you before I'm through," and he proceeded to roll a cigarette with every appearance of intending to stay. "Let's get comfortable here on the rock."

Smith looked at the man, and a shade of annoyance passed over his face.

"Really," he remarked, "I don't see what possible concern I can have with your story. How did you happen to know that I was out here?"

"Saw you," said Brown laconically. "Come, be a good fellow, and sit down here. All I want to do is to tell you the story of my life. It won't take long." He looked up with an engaging smile that altered his dark face completely, and Smith, in spite of himself smiled in answer.

"All right," he said, dropping down beside the other. "Fire away."

"The first time I met that chap," said Brown, trickling a puff of smoke from the corner of his mouth, "was with Lord Roberts' column in Cabul, just after Kandahar—you remember when "Bobs" went to Afghanistan to avenge Sir Louis Kavanah?"

"Were you in the service?" asked Smith, as Brown paused.

"No. I was special correspondent for the New York "Trumpet", and wherever there was a scrap on top of the earth, I was in the middle of it. Lord! I'll never forget the morning we marched into Cabul. The soldiers of the guard were drawn up at the Residency gate to meet us—and there were damn few of 'em left, let me tell you—but they saluted 'Bobs' and his staff as if they were on parade at Aldershot. This man—" and he tapped the photograph in his breast pocket—"was in command."

He paused to relight his cigarette, and glanced shrewdly at Smith's face. But there was no sign of disturbance or of recognition there. Idly he picked a

bit of dried clay from the rock-top and shied it down at a killdeer, and then stared out across the little valley absently.

"Well, that's where I got to know him. I wanted the story of the trouble at the Residency. He was the boy to tell it. I don't think he knew the meaning of fear. He's been through pretty average hot work in that row, but he told me about it as simply as if it had been a common business deal. By George! whatever you might think of his private morals, he was a good soldier—as good as 'Fighting Mac'. We got to be quite chummy while I was there, and when I left him, he was going to Egypt to see what he could pick up in the service of the Khedive.

"I didn't see him again until I was down in South Africa, the time of the trouble with Cetewayo. When I got to the Cape, Chelmsford had made a holy mess of the show, and Wolseley had been sent out to relieve him. We were legging it up country by forced marches, when a runner came in saying that Chelmsford had got the Zulus bottled up at last, and there'd be a big battle before breakfast. Wolseley was a gentleman. He didn't butt in and cop off the victory, but sent word back to Chelmsford to go in and win. And Chelmsford did it—knocked the whole bunch of niggers galley west at Ulundi, and ended the war.

"I galloped ahead, when the news came, and got into Chelmsford's headquarters the night before the battle. First man I met was my cavalry officer, sitting on an up-ended bucket and smoking a cigarette. I was glad to find somebody I knew; and I think he was glad to see me. He was in a queer mood that night—said he had a hunch he'd have a Zulu assegai in his heart next day—and though I laughed at him, I couldn't laugh him out of it. He ended up by giving me a packet of papers addressed to his London lawyers, and this photograph here, to take care of for him in case he went out. The queer part of it was that his hunch was a good one. They brought him in with a spear-shaft sticking out of him, and bobbing with every breath."

"Did it finish him?" asked Smith,

for Brown had paused again, with that curiously intent look.

"No. His sort never die until you fire your Colt into them at point-blank range. He lived—I helped to nurse him back to life—" Brown paused again, his voice grating on the words. "Yes, I've washed him and fed him and taken his temperature when he was burning up with fever—damn him!

"Well, I kept his photograph, because I wanted something to remember him by. Besides, he'd have made good copy, and I meant to write his story up. I've never done it; and I won't, until I can write 'thirty' after the last chapter. Then—"

Reflectively he rolled another cigarette.

"Did you ever notice," he resumed, striking a match, "how strangely some things happen in this world? How in the most unlikely places something or someone turns up when least expected? I had a pocket-knife once—a good-for-nothing affair—and I threw it on the ash-heap. Next day the ash-man brought it in and left it for me. I dropped it in the street on my way home. The office-boy had it waiting for me on my desk in the morning. I put it in the waste-basket—but I couldn't lose it. That knife came back every time because it was worthless and nobody wanted it. So it is sometimes with a man.

"In 1882 I was in the Mediterranean on board the American gunboat 'Delaware'. The commander was an old school friend of mine, and I'd been his guest for the cruise. Nothing particular was doing anywhere in the world, and I was laying off after a bout of fever I'd picked up in Maracaibo. Then, one morning, we suddenly got word of the Arab uprising at Alexandria. The Mohammedans were mad-drunk on killing, and we got orders to help the British marines to quell the outbreak. All the boys were tickled to death at the prospect of a row. We landed with a yell, and chased the black devils before us, like the swine they were, shooting and cutting them down right and left. They'd set the old town on fire, and massacred every white they could lay hands on. The

rest had barricaded themselves, and were safe till the flames reached them so we sprinted through the streets hot-foot to save whoever was left alive. We came around a corner like a crack yacht rounding a buoy, and ran plump into a bunch of the Khedive's rebel soldiers with three of their former officers stood up against a wall to be shot. They'd resisted the entire regiment until their ammunition gave out, and now they stood, three bulldogs at bay, looking into the muzzles of their own men's rifles. A red-turbaned galoot—I've always had a notion it was Arabi Pasha himself, though he didn't stay to be identified—was just about to give the word to fire when we tumbled into the square with a yell that I'll bet was heard clear to Cairo. In three minutes we'd cleaned them out—and when we got to the officers, one of 'em was the same dare-devil that had held the Residency at Cabul against those hairy Afghan brutes, and had charged Cetewayo's kraal."

Smith's eyes sparkled. "He must have been a good man," he said.

"Depends on what you call good," rejoined Brown dryly. "Anyway, he was brave. He chose to consider me his rescuer on this occasion, and as his regiment had faded into the desert, he joined us on the 'Delaware' at the commander's invitation. He'd got a bullet through his shoulder, and the chief regret he had was that it prevented him from chasing the rebels across the desert with Wolseley and polishing them off at Tel-el-Kebir. He came home with me to New York. That's three years gone."

"Three, eh?" said Smith. "Did he come to Canada recently?"

"Two years since," said Brown. "It was my own folly, I suppose, now I look back on it. I knew him for a wild, reckless man. But I thought that a brave man could never be anything but a gentleman, if he were gently bred. I learned better. The first thing he did when I introduced him into my home, was to make love to my daughter. She refused his

attentions, and shortly afterward went to England to stay with my sister, I think partly to get away from him. He told me he was going west, and shortly after I went to Bosnia on a rumor of trouble there—you know those little states are always screeching. I went on to Constantinople, and when I stopped at Liverpool on the way home, to see her, she—she was gone. Gone, I tell you—with *him*. I saw the sailing list—they hadn't even troubled to use assumed names. God! It—I couldn't believe it!" He pulled at his collar, as if it choked him, and a dark flush rose to his temples. "If I ever get him——"

"What makes you think he came this way?" asked Smith.

"Oh, I got a tip from a newspaper man in Benton that he had been seen up here about the time of the Riel rebellion. It sounds like him—he follows trouble like a vulture carrion. I hoped to get scent of Jackson's trail in the Force, but——"

"Jackson?" broke in Smith sharply. "Did you say his name was—Jackson?"

"Ay," said Brown absently. "Didn't I tell you? But he'll not be called that here, it's like. Major Jackson was what he went by in the army. The last time I saw it was on the Fragonia's sailing list." He sat up suddenly, and looked at Smith with keen eyes. "You don't mean to say that you know him, after all?"

"There's an Inspector Jackson in this outfit," said Smith steadily. "He is stationed at Pincher Creek. But, although I have no reason to take his part, nor any liking for him, I don't believe he is guilty of what you say he is. It was he, then, whom you meant when you said you'd tell me where I'd seen a face like that in the photograph?"

"It was not," said Brown. "If I'd heard of his being in the Force before this, do you think I'd be here?"

"What did you mean, then?"

"Look in the glass and see for yourself," said the broncho-buster curtly, and rising to his feet, he walked away.

In the Heart of Old Mexico

By Don Salvador Castello Carreras

Mexican Consul General

Translated by Carlos A. Butlin,
Director General of Telegraphs, Barcelona

Illustrated from Photographs

FIFTH PAPER

The arrival of an Indian offering us pearls, clandestinely gathered in the bay, reminded us of the abundance of this valuable jewel along this coast and especially on these shores. At the present time an English company exploits this industry under a monopoly. The centre of operations is at La Paz, but from time to time during the year they send divers and material to Sihuatanejo, where as I have said, pearls are found in the greatest abundance. This fact does not impede the intrepid Indians from frequently diving on their own account and bringing up fine bivalves containing the coveted appendix. The pearls offered to us were not of great value as, except one of good size and appearance, they were mostly defective in shape. One of our companions paid twenty-five dollars for the better one and in Mexico it was priced at three hundred. In this, one can gain an idea of the enormous profits made by a company dedicated to such an industry. We were told that not long ago a black pearl was found in the shape of a pear, which the company sold for fifty thousand francs. Along the coast of Sihuatanejo coral reefs also abound, besides tortoises. The latter are not much sought after notwithstanding the fact of the shells averaging a price of forty to fifty pesos each.

As I have already mentioned, the fisheries in general are carried on along the Costa Grande. This industry along the Costa Chica if not entirely unknown is at least greatly abandoned. One can understand this being the case as for want of rapid means of transport, only the bare necessities of the coast population is catered for, and as these people are not particularly fond of fish the consumption is very limited.

My affection for birds revived in Sihuatanejo at the sight of tame parrots which came to poise on our shoulders and would take food from our hands. I purchased some to take to Spain, so that with their chatter I might be reminded of the incidents and delights of those trying days.

After supper, the Colonel, Ibarra and I went to the telegraph office to communicate with Acapulco and the Capital. So as to relieve Mr. Davidson from a day's ride it was suggested that he might go as far as Papanoa by water, employing for this purpose two boats which existed in the bay. Papanoa is another little harbor some few miles to the south.

The magnificent boats, I style them so, not because they warranted this denomination, but because the good desires of Ibarra made him dream of them being such, were in order and ready for the voyage but we were in want of a pilot. Bernardo Rodriguez

having offered us his services and not at that time being in possession of the corresponding license to navigate, I had to interpose my good offices with the Commandant of the Port of Acapulco who by telegraph was pleased to authorize him, providing he would not take us too far seaward.

All the American telegraphs are worked under the Morse system but the receiver is what is called a sounder, i. e., no band of paper is used, and the

him a whole year and that for his own good he warned him that strict economy was the basis of fortune.

It was a great temptation for this laborious and untiring man to stand there and not take hold of the key himself and he must have regretted his insufficiency in regard to the Spanish language which prevented him from so doing.

We passed the night delightfully—Ibarra and I had our beds arranged



WE STARTED OFF AT MIDDAY UNDER A FULL SUN, AND DIRECTED OUR STEPS TO THE HACIENDA DEL COACOYUL

telegraphist has to take down everything by ear. To me it seemed as if we were merely conversing with the interpretation of the intelligent Senorita Rodriguez. The attention with which Colonel Davidson listened to the click of the instrument reminded me that in his young days he was a telegraph operator and I remembered a certain anecdote connected with him in that capacity which I think will interest my readers.

It is recounted that one day Davidson sent up a requisition for a larger supply of pencils and blotting paper than his chief thought could be necessary for the time stipulated. The said chief himself replied that they would be supplied but he marvelled at such extravagance as he made a pencil last

under the shed of the Port Commandant's house situate hardly twenty metres from the sea. The perfume from the pine trees, the salt atmosphere and the roll of the breakers enchanted me and took me back again to the tender memories of my childhood and to those azure shores which so inspired the poet Camprodon and the musician Arrietta when they collaborated in the production of the famous Spanish opera "Marina" which is the delight of Spaniards as well as Americans.

At daybreak I was aroused by shouts and laughter which came from the Colonel, Mr. Lukes, McBain and Lee Stark, who were glorying in the water. In a twinkling I was up and in the water with them. How delightful was

that bath! I still get enjoyment from the bare remembrance of it.

After breakfast the Colonel's orders were as follows: Lee Stark, Field, Favila and I were to make an inspection of the lands of Coyuquilla and Petatlan on horseback, and meanwhile the Colonel with the others would embark at Sihuatanejo and go by sea to Papanoa (Lands of Coyuquilla) where we should meet two days later. I was opposed to this separation but as

for the tanning of our skins our spirits kept up perfectly. At times under the full influence of her rays, at others protected by the thick foliage we went on splendidly in direction to the Hacienda del Coacoyul situate about half way on the road to Petatlan, the object of our day's ride.

I confess to feeling proud at being selected by the Colonel and Mr. Lukes with the mission of inspecting the lands we were to traverse, my report



THE VILLAGE OF PETATLAN OWES ITS EXISTENCE TO A MIRACULOUS DISCOVERY NEAR ITS SITE OF AN IMAGE OF THE NAZARENE BEARING THE HOLY CROSS

one of the rank and file I obeyed the order just as it was given. It was a pity that the Colonel should have taken that route as we had at our disposal a four-wheel carriage offered by Don Amado Soberania, the coast agriculturist whom the reader will be acquainted with soon. With this vehicle Petatlan would have been reached with every comfort. As things turned out I was found to be in the right.

My group started at mid-day under a full sun. I do not know whether it was that that body had determined to respect us or whether it was luck which enabled us to frustrate her intentions. The truth is that we were soon on good terms with each other and except

being attached to that of the expert, Mr. Field. It goes without saying that I set about my work with a will.

Before being a diplomatist I was, and I intend to continue to be, an agriculturist, this profession being quite a passion with me. I, an old student at the State Institute of Agriculture in Belgium, felt truly happy in contemplation of that incomparable vegetation which my masters had so often told me about, and happy in being enabled to prove the accuracy of their descriptions and the fertility of the tropics.

Lee Stark, who recently drew up the plan of the district and consequently was well acquainted with the country, took one direction, accompanied by

Field. I, with Favila who was not behind his colleague in knowledge of the soil, took another; the object of both parties being to extend our field of exploration.

We had hardly left Sihuatanejo, when I came to the conclusion that we were going to have wonderful things revealed to us, and I all the more regretted that the Colonel would not have the opportunity of seeing with his own eyes the excellence of the lands we were discovering.

After a thousand turns and returns, at about one o'clock we arrived at the Ranuebos del Coacoyul, the property of Don Fabas Mosqueda, of Morelia, widower of a rich Spanish lady whose father was first to cultivate those lands and become wealthy thereby. We very shortly came to the house of the said hacendado (owner of the property). Don Favas is the real type of the Mexican hacendado one usually meets with out in the country. Rough, although kind, he insisted upon us taking seats at his table and partaking of a true Mexican meal from which the *arrocite* (rice), the *tortillas*, the *frijolillo* and the *enchiladas*, etc., were not wanting. After taking a much required siesta we remounted our horses and proceeded on our way.

At evening I received the welcome of Don Amado Soberania, the agriculturist of Petatlan who, with his wife and family, had prepared for us a good supper and a corresponding good bed at his own house. Lee Stark and Field had arrived before us and we found them taking the fresh air at the door. I soon had the satisfaction of learning that my impressions coincided with those of Field and together we were sorry that our chief had not been permitted to enjoy our experience. The reader will see, however, that it was to be, and that he would have that opportunity, as, in spite of his intentions to the contrary, he was destined to follow with his companions in our very footsteps.

From Petatlan to Papanaoa.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century, perhaps at the beginning of the nineteenth, five Indians one day

found the image of a Nazarene bearing the holy Cross in a ravine near the present village of Petatlan and believed that the image had appeared to them miraculously at that spot. Without taking away anything from the merits of this belief I must confess that the most probable would be to qualify the incident as a simple discovery, as the sculpture and the adornments, the latter being very similar to those of images in Spain, correspond to the school of sacred sculpture in vogue at that time so many specimens of which are to be found in the old country. Quite probably the image had been carried in a wrecked ship and the crew endeavored to save it by taking it to a neighboring village but losing their way in the forests they must have abandoned it in the ravine. Whichever the true version, to the Nazarene venerated in the Sanctuary of Petatlan does the town own its preponderance among the smaller villages we had passed through.

Actually, Petatlan has a population of from 1,000 to 1,500 and its whole extension is comprised in a large square from which four streets formed of huts and cabins diverge. A few of these huts are built of brick and a few others of small stone and lime. There is a river flowing too. The excessive heat in these parts exacts frequent bathing, hence the reason why most villages and towns are founded in the proximity of a water-way.

Petatlan possesses a telegraph office and I took advantage of it to get into communication with Ibarra, advising him of our arrival and warning him of the risk and imprudence of going by sea from Sihuatanejo to Papanaoa. In this opinion I had the support of Don Amado Soberania. As Ibarra and the Colonel insisted in their resolution I had to give way but not without telegraphing that like Pontius Pilate I washed my hands of it.

The evening was passed agreeably in the company of Don Ruiz Sanchez, a Spanish merchant established at Petatlan, who had become alarmed at the news about Spain published by the Mexican press. I had the pleasure of giving him a true account of the

actual situation there; notwithstanding, he plied me with many questions like the following:

"Will civil war break out ?

"Will Canalejas be able to carry out his liberal and Democratic proposals ?

"Do you think the Republicans are likely to triumph within the near future ?"

Nothing of the kind, I observed; nothing will happen in that sense; the young King Alfonso XII. is a sovereign worthy of his times. There will be no civil war because the followers of Don Carlos or those of Don Jaime, find no favorable atmosphere in the country for that object; neither will the projects of Canalejas be so liberal as he knows full well in what waters he is navigating and how far he may or ought to go. As regards the Spanish republicans, nothing is to be feared from them; they excite the masses at meetings and popular assemblies merely to scale the ladder to certain heights to which they may be elevated by the universal suffrage of the people. Besides, unlike in past times, the government endeavors to maintain the purity of the popular vote, knowing full well that those same masses, when the occasions arise, are the first to acclaim the King because the idea of monarchy and royalty in Spain is engraved in the manner of being of every Spaniard, due to their past history, and while the army remains faithful to the chief of the nation there can be no fear and you may rest assured in regard to the fortunes of your beloved country.

I was beginning to be quite enthusiastic upon this theme and if I had not been so tired might have sat up all night discoursing in this fashion.

Early in the morning Favila and I ascended the church tower, whence I got a splendid view of the vast extensions of cultivatable land around Petatlan.

Both to Lee Stark and Favila this part of the country was perfectly familiar. Lee Stark had not long before finished the plans for the irrigation of the district on the initiative of Don Lorenzo Elegaza and Don Luis Ibarra, which project was to form the basis of the transformation of this

part of the country into a colony of 10,000 hectares which had been acquired by the Federal Government for exploitation. This project was the origin of the idea of Davidson's expedition. Having examined these plans of Lee Stark I was enabled to gain a perfect idea of the situation of the new town of Petatlan, proposed by the said engineer, as also of the irrigable plains already parcelled out by him.

The moment arrived for our departure and Don Amado Soberania offered to accompany us. We could not have found a better companion. Ruiz Gimenez also escorted us to the outskirts of the neighborhood. Lee Stark and Field started out some time before. Behind us came the mules with a tent and our baggage, the rest of the equipage going with the Colonel's party, which included the cook and Flora, necessary elements for a sea voyage.

I was wishing with all my heart that at the last moment they had been prevented from embarking, as the strong hurricane during the night, together with the effects of a storm at sea, felt by us even at such a distance, made me most uneasy for their fate and I would have given anything to know that they were following in our wake by land. Unfortunately, my illusions were of short duration. We had hardly been on our way an hour when we heard the galloping of a horse behind us and soon after a messenger came into view with a telegram received at the village soon after our departure. The message was from Ibarra and conveyed the news that they had left Siluatancjo for Papanoa by sea at five o'clock that morning. We were instructed to await them at this place but in the event of the storm obliging them to land at Potosi, a small place in the proximity of San Geronimo, we were to send there a part of the baggage and horses as a precaution. This message filled us with great anxiety and confusion. On the one hand, the mules had taken a direction different from ours, taking the shortest cut and were by now quite out of reach. On the other, it not being sure that they would land at Potosi, if we went there

it might happen that we should not meet and our assistance be required at Papanoa. With these doubts I decided to send a messenger to Potosi and employed an Indian for the purpose; this Indian being the owner of a pack of mules and living at Palmas del Cuajo, the place we were passing at that time. We told our companions that we would wait for them at Papanoa and that if they were obliged to land at any other point we would await



THE SENORITAS TENORIO OF THE VILLAGE OF TEPAN.
A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE BETTER CLASS
OF YOUNG WOMEN

them at San Luis. Our anxiety being now somewhat allayed we proceeded on our way, engulfing ourselves in the Sierra de Soyatlan which divides the plains of Coyuquilla and Petatlan and which serves as a support to the Sierra Madre and which terminates in the sea at the cape or promontory denominated by the natives "El Calvario."

As a rule, travellers instead of entering through the Sierra, take the direction towards the sea and bordering

"El Calvario" through the narrow and risky passage between the rocks and the sea, avoiding a long and tedious ascent but, as on this day the sea was rather rough and when this occurs the waves beat violently upon the cliffs by "El Calvario", thus closing the passage to the traveller, we had to desist from this route and take the road through the Sierra in search of a free passage among the defiles of "El Desecho" (The Refuse) a name, it may be said, quite appropriate as even this appellation was too good for such an awful tract of country with its narrow mountain paths and extremely rough ground; but without great difficulty we managed to get through all right.

I would now solicit the patience and permission of the reader for a short dissertation upon the lands we were at that moment traversing and which may some day become the seat of a powerful colony, the fame of which may spread to the farthest corners of America and Europe.

When the illustrious Genovese made known to the world his wonderful discovery; when he went from court to court seeking for protection and insisting upon the existence of a new continent, he was treated as a madman and without the abnegation of the Catholic Sovereigns of Castilla and Leon this brave and wonderful man might have gone to his grave without realizing his marvellous projects.

When in a more reduced sphere the Licenciado Don Luis Ibarra of Mexico, propagated, with the support of our friends Bond and Lee Stark, the idea of creating a colony with the 10,000 hectares of irrigable land at their disposal in Coyuquilla and Petatlan, he did not come out from the ordeal much better treated than Christopher Columbus, was considered to be mad, and was the object of criticism inherent to every one who with his progressive and great ideas rises superior and eventually overcomes every difficulty put in his way against the realization of his proposals.

Ibarra was well, acquainted with these parts, having passed his infancy there; he conceived the idea of colonizing them; he submitted his project, to

the approval of Bond and Lee Stark who immediately proceeded to the study of it; they drew up the plan of what we may style as conquered lands; they projected the works of irrigation and the planting of the new towns to be established; they thought out the system of roadways for exporting the agricultural products from the colony; they negotiated with a North-American syndicate and with the Mexican Government for protection, and for moral and material assistance had recourse to the superior criterion of the eminent Canadian colonizer, Mr. Davidson, and even influenced this gentleman to visit the country. In a few words they brought the scheme to such a point that if not a real creation it has become at least a material fact and on a fair way to realization with a corresponding extension of incommensurable territories the fertilizing and productive conditions of which we were making a study.

I am not one of those to be easily led away by appearances, but, for many reasons and with a long period of practical experience of agricultural matters, I pride myself on being able to see clear in all questions related to the soil. After this observation, and at the risk of my own reputation, I do not hesitate to declare that I have never seen greater natural wealth. When, on soil where neither the use of the plough, nor the employment of fertilizers, nor proper system of sowing, are known, plants like cotton, maize, and sesame are cultivated without the assistance of any other implement than the machete of the Indian; and a minimum profit of 300 pesos per hectare is obtained, it is not venturesome to affirm that, with other tropical cultures now impossible owing to the difficulties of gathering the products in proper conditions; with modern machinery and proper sowing; the production would not only be duplicated but quintuplicated. But let us return to the reality of the moment and continue the thread of our interrupted narration.

Ruiz Sanchez having left us and accompanied by Don Amado Soberania, Favila and I continued our march

with our faithful servant Galan and his untiring son following, the latter a worthy type of resistance and precocity rarely to be found among those of his race. We had now left the Sierra de Soyatlan and penetrated into sylvan plains where the *cayaco* abounds as the principal plant. *Cayaco* is one of a variety of palms giving a kind of nut which, hanging in thick clusters, is coveted by the natives for the oil extracted from it. For several hours



GIRLS OF THE PEOPLE AT PETATLAN—PRETTY AND COQUETTISH, UNDER THEIR GAY SCARFS

we rode through *cayacales* (plantations of *cayaco*) very frequently having to stop and send on our guides and servants to open up a pathway through the undergrowth with their machetes, arriving at about noon at the Rancho del Coyacal where Favila and Soberania assured me we should find a good breakfast and good welcome. As along the whole coast, the arrival of Favila at Coyacal was hailed with glee.

"How are you getting on, Reina?" he cried to a robust, handsome young woman, mistress of the ranch, who on hearing the neighing of our horses, appeared at the door.

"You here again, *Senor ingeniero*?" she replied, as she approached and held the bridles of our horses. Nothing prettier could be imagined than that rough homestead constructed of rushes and canes with a roof of palms, a faithful memento of primitive ages when all the necessities of life were found in nature. Its interior, on the other hand, revealed the progress of the times: the first thing that caught my eye was a fine sewing machine.

Eggs, pullets, *tortillas*, *enchilados*, and to my great glee some nice lamb chops were soon placed upon a snow-white cloth and as soon devoured by us. A cup of excellent coffee followed and even liqueur was offered to better help our digestion of such a succulent repast. Truly Favila and Soberania had not been exaggerating, for Dona Reina, really the queen of that sylvan glade, treated us even better than I could have expected although knowing her excellent reputation.

I had just thrown myself into a hammock when I was roused by the sound of voices, and from among the brushwood I heard a malediction which must have been emitted by Lee Stark, who at that moment appeared, manifestly annoyed at having missed a fine specimen of puma which we could now see escaping in the distance. It was some hours before Lee Stark could get over his disappointment. In the wake of the engineer came Field and the servants, one of these leading the horse of Lee Stark, who had dismounted and in search of big game had penetrated into the forest as was his custom.

After our friends had rested a while and repaired their strength with the same good things as we had just done, we, together this time, proceeded on our way.

I had a better mount this day as the deficient animal I had to endure right up to Petatlan had been exchanged for a fine bay mule which Dona Ines, a rich Indian lady of Petatlan, had kindly placed at my disposal. This

welcome change made the day's journey more pleasant, as with a good trot and long pace Dona Ines' mule was a great success.

The beneficial shade of the Coyacal continued to protect us for a long time and on leaving this district we had displayed to our view the lands of Coyuquilla and the coast, the panorama of which latter extended as far as Papanoa where next day we should await the arrival of the other part of the expedition.

Through Arroyo Seco we came out on to the plain, and as the sun was setting we whipped up our animals to avoid being caught at night in such a wild region. It was almost dark when we arrived at the river, Coyuquilla, which we had to wade. The current was very strong and the water pretty deep. I allowed everyone to pass over before me, some of the animals having to swim, and when my turn came, I noticed that I had Galan's boy behind me. "Go on, my brave boy," I cried to him, at the same time retroceding to allow him to pass. He whipped up his pack and entered the river but, whether it was that the animal was not strong enough to fight against the current or that the boy could not govern him properly, the fact is that half way across both horse and rider were carried down the stream and for a moment I feared they would perish together. My cries attracted the attention of those already on the other side; the father immediately grasped the situation and spurring his horse rushed into the water and at the risk of his life swam towards his son and soon had the satisfaction of bringing him safely to land with his horse.

The baggage mules had not come up yet, and calculating that in crossing our packages and bags were likely to get a good wetting. I decided to await them and see them safely over. I did well in so deciding as, besides superintending the safe passage which was effected by the Indians carrying the loads on their shoulders, I was able to save more than one poor mule from a certain death. It may be that this humanitarian act of mine will get to the ears of some society for the pro-

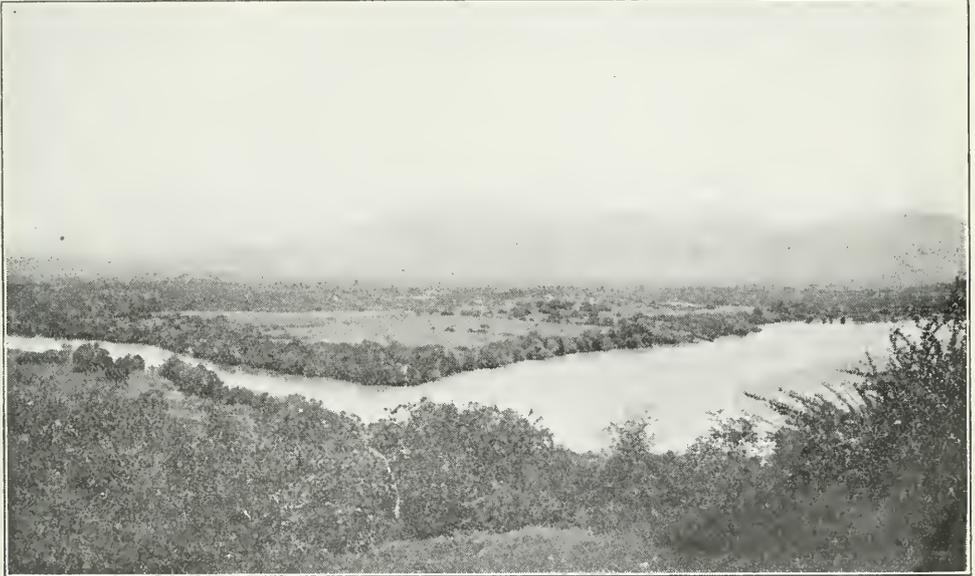
tection of animals and deserve for me a reward. For my part I was proud to have been the means of saving the life of an animal, be it a donkey, horse or mule.

I now thought of overtaking my companions and started into a gallop after them into the narrow path I had seen them enter. The night was closing in. It was pitch dark when I passed by the village of Coyuquilla whose inhabitants showed me the way

fully picking my way just behind Galan, we arrived at a rivulet near Papanoa where they had pitched a tent.

Favila, Soberania and I ordered our camp-beds to be mounted under one of the sheds of the ranch and after a frugal supper we were soon asleep fairly tired out.

The wind began to blow like a hurricane and the storm was not long in breaking over us. Luckily it did not



A TYPICAL VIEW OF THE COUNTRY ALONG THE COYUQUILLA RIVER

my friends had gone, but in a few minutes the darkness was so intense that I could distinguish no path whatever and my poor mule hesitated at every step. I must confess to passing a bad time. I even began to fear that I should have no other remedy than to spend the night in the open. I had lost my way completely. Instinctively I looked to my revolver, prepared my rug and looked about for a leafy tree or thick trunk under which to recline until daylight when I should be able to take my bearings. The sound of hoofs and the prompt appearance of the good Galan raised my spirits. I was not so much alarmed at the prospect of passing a bad night as for the disquietude of my friends who had really become uneasy about me. Care-

last very long but when it ceased we could still hear the tempest raging seaward. From time to time the report of cannon came upon our ears as if at no great distance from us. The next day I learnt the cause of what appeared to be a phenomenon at that time of the night, and in the next chapter the reader will have his curiosity satisfied in regard to this strange event.

From Papanoa to San Luis.

It was hardly daybreak when Mr. Field aroused the men who had passed the night at the Arroyo de Papanoa and gave orders for an immediate start to be made in the direction of the harbor where we hoped to meet our chief and other companions. The

Canadian showed manifest anxiety and the nearer we got to the proposed rendezvous, the greater were his fears in regard to their safety. I must admit that I quite shared his anxiety.

We went along at a good pace through forests and in the same manner as yesterday, with the Indians opening up the way through the thickets with their machetes. There were moments when great difficulty was experienced in getting through without having to dismount. The vegetation predominated in cocoa-nut trees, *cayacos* and royal palm-trees with the wide palms from which latter the Indians form the roof of their huts. We at last reached more open country and were gratified to meet an intrepid old lady who, mounted on a spirited horse notwithstanding her advanced age, was coming in our direction.

"Dona Paquita," exclaimed Favila on recognizing her, "what are you doing here?"

"I've passed the whole night on the beach," replied the white-haired old lady, who was wearing an old wide-brimmed straw hat placed on her head quite coquettishly. "I've been waiting there for Senor Ibarra with whom, as you know, I have some business to treat. He telegraphed me to San Luis where I live, requesting me to be here with the object of becoming acquainted and conferring with the Canadian gentleman. In view of their non-arrival and there being no trace of any sailing-vessel out at sea, I resolved to return home, tired of waiting."

The lady in question was no other than Dona Paquita Galeana, the proprietress of all the territory around, and who, like us, was interested in the safe arrival of the navigators, although she was not so alarmed as we were at their delay. Our fears were perhaps greater on being informed by her that the sea had been exceedingly rough during the past night. After exchanging impressions we separated and in about half an hour we came to the beach.

Papanoa possesses a shore open towards the north and slightly protected to the south owing to a hill

which extends about half a kilometre into the sea. At a small cost a small port could be constructed for the shipment of fruits in small craft to be later transhipped into bigger boats at Sihuatanejo.

On the Papanoa beach there exists but a kind of shed formed of branches and canes which some time ago was built for the refuge of the wood-cutters who used to work in that locality in felling the fine wood trees so abundant there. Dona Paquita Galeana had passed the night under its roof. We also made use of it to obtain some protection from the hot sun and scanned the horizon for any trace of the desired embarkation. There was nobody about to give us any more information and from what Dona Paquita had told us we were certain that our friends had not arrived and gone ahead of us as might have been the case. The situation was becoming more alarming at every moment. The weather was now fine but the sea was sufficiently rough to make one fear that the frail craft piloted by Bernardo Rodriguez were still battling with the waves at some point, unable to reach the shore. It was imperative to take some determination and Mr. Field was not long in making a proposition. According to him, we should continue our journey to San Luis de la Loma, where is the nearest telegraph station, leaving at Papanoa a few horses and mules to await during the whole day the arrival of the strayed party. If at evening time there were still no signs of them the watchers would go and pass the night at a village on the way to San Luis and there await orders the next day. We from San Luis would communicate with Petatlan and Sihuatanejo where we expected they would know something of the fate of our companions.

Before making a start, Lee Stark and I took a sea bath and we all breakfasted. As we were mounting our horses, our attention was attracted to some lamentations which emanated from inside the shed and there we found the Indian Detancour with an attack of fever. We administered to him the necessary dose of quinine and

told him to stay there until the evening.

I had written a letter to Ibarra, explaining our plans and remembering the resources of Robinson Crusoe on the desert island, I placed it in one of the openings of the shed in such a conspicuous position that I was sure of it being found by him if they passed that way. Our only hope was that they might have been forced to land at Potosi and had proceeded to San Geronimo and Petatlan, assisted by

it already contains and the reflux of the wave produces such a report that for a long distance away it sounds like a cannon discharge and at times even a series of such discharges. The noise at times can be heard over a distance of fifty miles inland. As a rule, the storms coincide with the beginning and the end of the rainy season and the coastal inhabitants foretell the proximity or the termination of this season by the cannon reports of the *Talcoy-*



CROSSING A RIVER NEAR SAN GERONIMO. THERE ARE NO BRIDGES, AND THE TRAVERSE IS MADE BY THE SIMPLEST AND RUDEST MEANS

the mules which the muleteer of Salinas del Cuajo had arranged to send them if necessary.

Engulfing ourselves again for several hours in unexplored forests, we at last came to a main road and resolutely got into a long trot in the direction of San Luis. On our way we passed by the famous Piedra del Mar (Sea stone): the *Talcoyunque* or *Boca que brama* (The Roaring Rock) according to the coastal Indians. On approaching it Favila remarked, "There you have the cannon which went off last night." He then explained that we were actually passing over a cavern which, having its entrance facing the sea, received the waves in such a way that the water penetrating with great force into the great cave compress that which

unque. My curiosity regarding the reason for these noises was not satisfied and I regretted that our haste to arrive at San Luis impeded me from examining this strange cave as was my desire. I could realize also what influence such a phenomenon must exercise upon the Indians as a rule insufficiently intelligent for grasping the physical reasons of the marvel.

I also during this march became acquainted with the *coacoyul*, a new plant for me, which produces a kind of very tasty dates, a plant I had not yet seen notwithstanding the fact of having passed through the Hacienda which takes its name on account of the superabundance of this fruit. The *timbiriches* and the *pinuelos*, the latter overweighted with fruit, gave a beautiful

aspect to a great part of our journey. Now and again the road became so wide as to allow of the passage of the vehicle. It was the ancient and lengthy road, which through the coastal forests the Spaniards had opened up to communicate the fort of Acapulco with the ancient Valladolid passing through Santiago Facatula, the situation of which at the mouth of the Balsas river, the reader is already familiar with.

After stopping for a few minutes at Cuadrilla del Tamarindo where we left instructions for the mule pack which should pass the night there, we

proceeded on our way, arriving at Trapiche at three p. m. This is a small ranch not far now from San Luis and here I admired a lovely tulip tree of great dimensions and with an abundance of flowers, which the Indians hold in the greatest esteem and protect by means of railings all round.

Under the sheds of the huts we could observe lovely girls of the creole type, and even pure Indian, in the scantiest of dress, rocking in hammocks, and leisurely fanning themselves with big palm-leaves. Several naked boys and girls approached us, offering fresh water for sale.

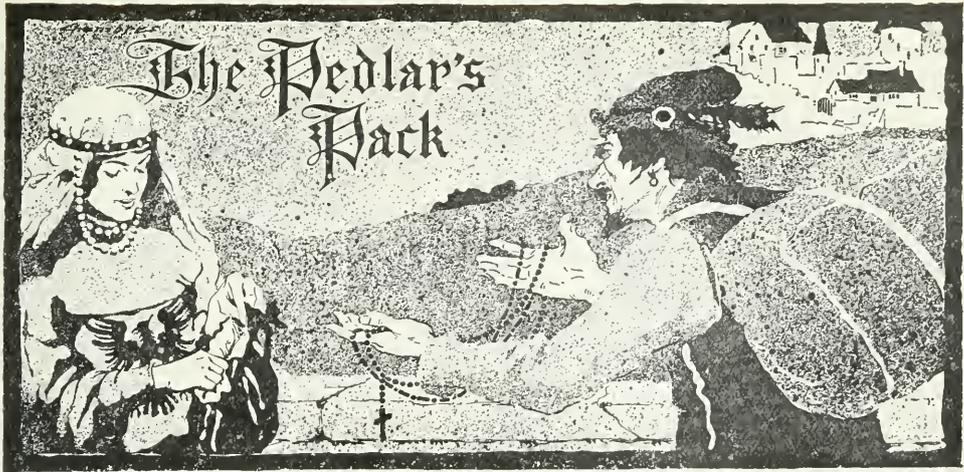
To be continued

TO A MASHER

BY THOMAS A. DALY

Y'E'VE grand style, a bould smile an' gold an' lands galore,
 An' O! but ye're the divvil of a wild philanderer!
 Sure, I longed to whisper warnin' in the ear o' Nora Moore
 When ye passed her Sunda' mornin' an' ye tipped your
 hat to her.
 But I'm thinkin' yer winkin' an' the rollin' o' yer eye
 Made about the same impression that a word o' mine
 could do,
 Fur my eye was full upon her at the minyit ye went by—
 Och! I'd hate to have her look at me the way she looked
 at you!

She has fair eyes, but quare eyes; they're never twice the same.
 I never knew it rightly till I seen 'em in the dark—
 Well, of course, the dark was broken by the match's little flame
 Fur the pipe that I was smokin'—while we sthrolled
 about the park,
 An' not watchin' the match in the hollow o' me hand,
 Sure, it burned me so badly she couldn't help but see;
 Then it was I saw her two eyes, an' O! but they were grand—
 Och! I'd hate to have her look at you the way she looked
 at me!



This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

TURN O' THE YEAR

He neither shall be clothed
 In purple nor in pall,
 But all in fair linen
 As were babies all;
 He neither shall be rocked
 In silver nor in gold,
 But in a wooden cradle
 That rocks on the mould.

—Old Carol.

OLD WINTER, who since last we saw his hoary face, seems to have left his ghost to wander with us, wet and chill, through the summer and fall, is here again with his short days and long nights. The fields are bare, the skeleton trees rattle in the wind, and even the houses have a wintry look, for all the heat and merry fires within. The world, until its white mantle of snow covers its barrenness, looks naked and desolate. There is no song of bird abroad. Old Hairy Woodpecker is snug and warm in his bachelor quarters deep in the heart of the tree, careless as to the fate of his hapless wife and children. The chickadees creep through the naked woods, chattering as they go, and there is no trilling robin to cheer us with his joyous strains as there is in old England, no holly bushes laden with scarlet berries, no mistletoe growing on apple or hawthorn tree. The sedges by the marsh rattle in the wintry wind, and the rushes, dry and yellow now,

join them in shrill gossiping over the slowly freezing water of the inland pools which all through summer resounded with the call of the red-shouldered blackbird, and the plaintive cry of the little brown coot.

But the bright days of winter! What summer day crowned with its roses can exceed them in loveliness and buoyancy? The keen frosty air but brings a more brilliant tinge to the cheek, and a glow that reaches the very heart. In summer, when their rich, deep branches dropping over the road afforded us a grateful shade from the burning eyes of the sun, the trees were not more beautiful than now when their sprays and boughs cross and interlace in fairy pattern, through which, as we look up, we can see the vivid blue of the sky. Even more beautiful are they when, laden with snow, long icicles drop from them in diamond fringe, and each bare twig is covered with what looks like soft moss or velvet. In the very heart of winter we can feel the hope which thrills old Nature there under the snow. Unlike the autumn, when Nature is resting and taking her holiday, in a riot of scarlet and purple and gold, we know that under the snow she is at work upon her new creation—that in that warm bosom lies the seed that will presently

stir and take life and knock under the earth to be let out into the April sunshine. The little first pale flowers of spring are down there in the big heart



PEOPLE SAY THAT IT WAS CHARLES DICKENS WHO INVENTED CHRISTMAS WITH OLD SCROOGE

of old Earth, protected by the deep life-giving snow with its warmth and moisture. The May blossoms are there and the small low-growing humble daisies and all the lovely plants and flowers that make our Canadian woods and gardens so beautiful in the early spring and summer.

As with ourselves, they but sleep to bloom again, as we poor human weeds or blossoms hope to bloom one day in those Gardens Eternal, where there is no winter and no need for either protecting snows or refreshing rains.

ONCE AGAIN

EVERY year the wings on which fly the months seem to gain fresh activities and move more swiftly. No sooner are the Christmas festivities over than here we are again looking into our purses and considering the measure of our Christmas giving.

Once upon a time the Christmas gift was a gift. It was informed with real love and real friendship. It meant something. But as with other nice things, we have changed all that. The happy custom has become shop-worn and tattered—like wedding gifts. Friendship has become a loose relation, and to give to so-called friends—they are for the most part but mere acquaintances really—you have to practise galling economies for months before. Now, the gift which compels grinding economy is no gift at all. It carries with it neither love nor affection, but very frequently some measure of grudging dislike. The whole business of Christmas giving has become false and tawdry—and rather vulgar. Without love, a gift is not worth the paper in which it is wrapped. Moreover, giving should be confined among families, the children and near and close friends. All our other Christmas giving should be to those who are in need of help to make the birthday of the Christ a happy day for His poor.

SAINT NICHOLAS

PEOPLE say that it was Charles Dickens who invented Christmas. He assuredly left us the happiest thoughts about it, but long before that kindly and loving pen of his gave us the

beautiful Christmas Carol, there was one called Saint Nicholas taking care of Tiny Tims and little Cratchitts generally, about Christmas time. Ever since he lived, the world has been taking advantage of a casual circumstance in the life of the Saint, to strap a pack on his back and send him poking his glorious way down chimneys on Christmas Eve.

It appears that Saint Nicholas happened once to rescue three little children about to be sold as slaves, and fed and clothed them, having first put them into a tub and scrubbed them well. He did not do this on any particular eve of any day—just did it out of hand as an example for all good nurses to follow, but it was enough to make him the patron of all children from that day to this.

The real Saint Nicholas—he lives in France—pays all the children a visit about three weeks before Christmas—and a very good custom it is—exhibits his wares, and drops a tiny gift—foretaste of greater things—into the stocking the small rogue hangs up on St. Nicholas Eve. Then he slips away—not to reappear till Christmas or the New Year. In days long before Tiny Tim was born, the children used to scoff at St. Nicholas, just as they do now at poor, over-advertised Santa Claus. It was all "stuff and nonsense" the older children told the younger. "There is no St. Nicholas at all, only Daddy or Mother." You see, the world wags very much the same, one century with another, and there is everywhere a doubting Thomas. St. Nicholas has sharp ears, and detests this sort of incredulity. So he leaves the stockings of doubting little boys and girls empty whether he is known under the name of Nicholas or Santa.

NOT A MYTH.

THERE is a Santa Claus. He is a fact, not merely a name. And he is a whole faith or creed in himself. You cannot see him come down the



THE GIFT WHICH COMPELS GRINDING ECONOMY IS NO GIFT AT ALL, AND CARRIES WITH IT FREQUENTLY SOME MEASURE OF DISLIKE

chimney, nor fly by in an aeroplane, nor hear his reindeer bells with your mortal senses—these being of dim vision and not keyed to sights immortal. But Santa Claus is, all the same. He lives and comes at Christmastide, because "Faith is the substance of things hoped-for"—and is there a child within the compass of the Seven Seas and all the world, who is not born with this divine faith in his little breast? And would you rob the children? And at this time of all others when they are celebrating the birthday of the Child whose story yet thrills all the world? What!—deny Santa Claus, who is part of the Christ Child spirit! What will you offer to the children instead? Cut-and-dried little maxims without one crumb of heart interest in them! Without one hint of joy, or loving, or mystery! Don't you know that to the children some symbol is necessary, if it be but the fairy man the old women tell the little creatures of, over the turf-fire in Ireland, or the fine legend of the

Christmas Doll who wore every pair of shoes out with dancing, and lost all her pearly teeth because she never would stop laughing. How often I looked for the happy creature when I was little! Behind ricks of turf and stacks of hay I sought her on bleak rainy Christmas Eves. To dance all my life, and be laughing always! That seemed then the *summum bonum* of life—to be dancing and laughing always, no matter if all the shoes in the world wore out, and there was never a tooth left in one's cranium!

But I was long past childhood when I found the Doll—the gospel of cheerfulness—the dancing and the laughter.

There are good mothers everywhere who in this scientific and advanced age deprecate the idea of allowing the children to entertain such a "myth" as Santa Claus. You will hear such women say, "I cannot tell my children there is such a person as Santa Claus when I know there is not." Dear women, one way out is to tell the small people that there is a Saint Nicholas, because there really was such a person, and he tubbed and scrubbed three dirty little boys until they shone as new pins, and because, too, it doesn't matter a wisp of straw to Santy whether you call him Nick or not, as long as you don't put "Old" before it.

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," as wise old Will hath it.

MORE ABOUT THE BAHAI.

The following interesting letter has been received by me:

ERIE, B. C.

Dear "Kit":

The "Pedlar's Pack" has given me so much pleasure and help that I look upon you as a real friend. You must forgive me then if I presume a little on our friendship and call your attention to one remark in your last month's pack which does not, for a wonder, bear the hall-mark of truth.

You classify the Bahai movement with the vari-ous cults from the East that have come to this continent to collect money. As a Bahai I feel this to be a great injustice. The Bahai movement is no cult, it is a vast spiritual awakening in the world's history. The leader of the movement seeks no money from anyone, neither does he sanction the quest of money among his followers. The Nashrak-el-Askar now in contemplation has no financial objects in view. It is an expression of spiritual unity between all who love the Lord, whether the

Lord be called by one Name or another. Dr. Frank Oliver Hall, of New York, thus describes the movement: "The attempt is not made to convert anyone from his own religion to another; the Jew remains a Jew; the Christian remains a Christian; and the Buddhist remains a Buddhist; but the Jew becomes a better Jew, the Christian a better Christian, and the Buddhist a better Buddhist. It has no ritual, no creed. It lays down love as the greatest thing in the world."

For years I was closely connected with foreign mission work and I have known intimately many missionaries and discussed their difficulties with them. I think that, when they understand the Bahai teaching, their work will become easier and more effective—they will rely more on living faith and less on collections, and a wave of true vital religion will sweep round the world. It is because I believe this after earnest and prayerful investigation, that I do not want you to prejudice any of your readers against the Bahai movement. The movement is surely from God. It must, therefore, "prosper in that whereunto He sent it." We may not, however, stand in its way, even unconsciously, without losing a blessing.

God bless you, dear Kit, and unfold to your bright sunny spirit all the beauty of His greatness and glory, which are so far beyond what human unaided heart and brain can grasp.

Yours, with best wishes,

(MRS.) MARIELLA LADD.

PANDORA TO-DAY.

ARTHUR STRINGER, in the November Smart Set, treats us to an able essay on what he is pleased to call "barbarous" woman.

Very fortunately he names us—for you, Miladi, are included in this summing up of female barbarity under the hopeful cognomen, "Pandora," the first mortal female that ever lived, according to the poet Hesiod. She was made of clay, to be sure, but the Gods were good to her. They gave her gifts of beauty, fascination—that elusive thing known as charm—as well as music, eloquence and many splendid jewels. Her very name Pan-dora—signifies that she had received every necessary gift. But best of all they gave her, in the bottom of her priceless box, the marvellous gift of Hope, which has buoyed up the world ever since.

I must confess that when Mr. Stringer is finished with her, Pandora, with all her gifts, seems to have lost some of her attractiveness. She is, according to the gifted Canadian writer's thinking, the same Eternal

Feminine she was in the beginning, save that many winds have played upon her, and civilization has had its joke out with her.

We are all "sisters under our skins". Mr. Stringer bears witness that the very "newest New Woman who ever carried a banner and cooled her heels in Holloway" (a dark thrust at the Suffragette, this) "is a sister under her skin to the shaggiest cave woman who ever scraped a bear hide." The modern Pandora is, however, sleek of skin—well-massaged, and groomed and perfumed, and beautifully made up. But it is the same old skin under it all. We are just as savage to-day in our fine furs, our bird-laden hats, our ropes of pearls, our false hair and paint and powder, as ever was man's helpmate



PANDORA LAVISHES HER ENDEARMENTS ON THE POMERANIAN OR THE PERSIAN

the days when she fell tooth and claw on the red meat brought in by the hunter, her lover.

We are, Mr. Stringer tells us, less obvious in our methods. Pandora is the "show animal of the race." She is quite as cruel and can scratch as deeply as before the pretty manicurist set up her tent among the abodes of men. The suffragette is but "the cave woman screaming for her rights" and Pandora weeping in the playhouse over the imaginary woes of "fictitious lovers" is the modern woman, childless, emotional, too much petted, too well off, too feted and admired and—crying for the moon.

Altogether, under the penetrating search-light which Mr. Stringer has flashed upon her, we find Pandora a distinctly selfish individual. She is

averse from maternity and its duties, though she cannot still the voice of the mother which, at one time or another, cries in the breast of every woman. Instead, Pandora lavishes her endearments on the dog or the cat—the Pomeranian or the Persian. "What she loves without knowing it," Mr. Stringer tells us, "is the littleness of infancy." She has to lavish this superabundance of affection, with which, thank God, women are so splendidly dowered, on something, small and living and—since it is not a child—something furry for choice. Poor Pandora! With all the beauty and grace with which the gods endowed her, she is a piteous spectacle, nursing her poodle or Pomeranian, while we common mothers know the joy of holding in arms that palpitate

with love the precious burden of a little child.

Woman's barbarity is mainly shown in matters of dress and adornment; in the rage for furs, for the breast plumage of mating birds; for the pearls men secure at peril of their lives; for all the



"FAIX, I REMEMBER NOW. I BURNT IT WITH THE RUBEISH AT THE FET OF THE GARDEN. WAS IT ANYTHING IN PARTICULAR, MA'AM?"

foolish splendour and passing show that women grasp at—the mere shadows for which they let the substance of life pass by them. For what joy may beauty and splendour and what Stringer calls "the embroidery of life" bring when both the heart and the cradle are empty?

THE GLASTONBURY THORN.

On Christmas Eve (new style), 1753, a vast

concourse of people attended the noted thorn, but to their great disappointment there was no appearance of its blowing, which made them watch it narrowly the fifth of January, the Christmas Day (old style), when it blowed as usual.—London Evening Post, 1753.

THE famous Somerset thorn bush is evidently a believer in the proper dates of occurrences, according to the above testimony, which also appears in the Gentleman's Magazine of the same year. The legend that it sprang from the staff of Joseph of Arimathea when that holy man was climbing Weary-all-Hill (Werrall Hill), and that it burst into flower every Christmas-tide, was believed by many until recently, and is still believed by not a few; but the original thorn was so cut and hacked by travellers that but a chopped trunk remained on which was grafted—according to an old authority—"divers other thorns". True it is, however, that after the Crucifixion of Our Saviour, Joseph of Arimathea left the East, and landed on British shores not far from the old cathedral town of Glastonbury, at a spot where there was an oak planted in his memory, called the Oak of Avalon. Joseph and his companions, says the beautiful legend, marched thence to a hill near the town and there, being weary, rested themselves; which gave the hill the name of Weary-all-Hill. Saint Joseph stuck therein his stick—a dry hawthorn stick which grew, and constantly "blowed" and budded upon Christmas Day.

Three years ago the writer made one of a band of happy pilgrims going about—as never pilgrims went before—in motors throughout England's loveliest shires, Devon, Gloucester and Somerset, and upon one fine September day they found themselves climbing Weary-all-Hill, on the top of which stood the Miraculous Thorn. The Mayor of Glastonbury was good enough to give the scribe a branch of the Holy Bush, which is now forbidden to the touch of tourists, and is indeed guarded about. It was a sturdy bit of thorn—bare but not sapless, and sacredly was it carried across the gray Atlantic to find a home in Canada. It was kept in a vase of water in a quiet up-stairs room, and as Christmas approached it was watched with jealous care in hope of seeing one

white Christmas star shining upon it.

One day it vanished. In consternation we sought it everywhere.

"Did you happen to notice a stick in a vase of water in the little room?" we at last asked the good woman who was joyfully turning things upside down in a grand Christmas house-cleaning and furbishing. She was a new hand, unused to the ways of our modest little household.

"I did, indeed," she said, "it was a withered ould thing so I made away with it."

"Where did you put it?" we asked in dismay.

"In the garbage barrel," said the good creature.

We rushed garbage-wards. It was not in that degraded receptacle.

Then the murder came out.

"No, I didn't," called out Mrs. McGrath, "faix I remember now, I burnt it with the rubbish at the fut of the garden. Was it annything in particular, ma'am?"

But we were speechless.

"FOR EVEN THE LEAST OF THESE"

WE HAVE travelled together throughout the year, you and I, reader, and have come to the end of the

chapter of the months, and to the greatest feast of all the year. Every December comes Christmas with its brave spirit of generosity and charity, its brotherhood love which for once is awakened in every heart, to brighten the darkest and shortest days. I wish you a merry feast of it. When you reach a helping hand to some who are lonely and poor and wandering, do it in such a gracious and tender, and kindly way as will make no poor brother conscious of his poverty. And make some little child the happier for you at Christmas.

The contrast between poverty and wealth is never more sharply outlind than at this time when the shops are a-glitter with good things to eat and to play with, and some poor mother, looking from the flashing windows of the store to the wan but eager face of the little child beside her, wonders at the awful inequality of social conditions which permits the children of the wealthy to have toys to weary of, while the little creatures among the poor have not even a penny doll or a toy wagon.

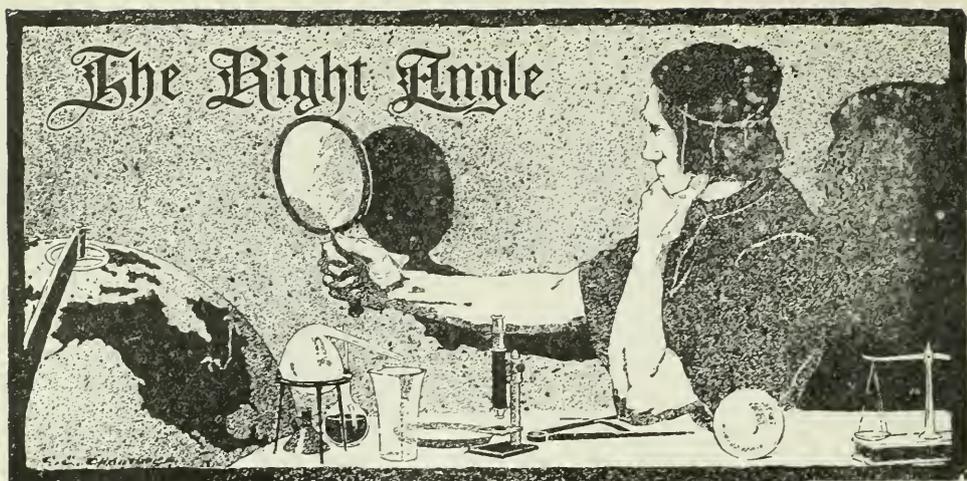
If you make Christmas happy for one of these—then you will have a glorious and a merry feast of it—and what more can a poor Pedlar wish you?

CHRISTMAS WISHES

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

FRAIL scrap of paper, printed, black and white,
 A breath may blow, a finger rend apart;
 Yet it will touch your hand to-morrow night,
 And, winged, bear upon it all my heart.

Frail words that chink a moment on the air,
 And fade to silence, stirring not a breath;
 Yet "love" and "merry Christmas" will outwear
 A thousand thousand gifts, and laugh at death.



MERRY CHRISTMAS

TO ALL its readers, far and near, CANADA MONTHLY wishes a merry Christmas. Maybe some of you are at home, among your family, with laughter and candles and a froth of tissue and ribbons all over the parlor floor—but one more good wish is not too many. Maybe some of you are carrying a letter from home in your pocket, and feeling it heavy over your heart, while you trudge home along the city street to your boarding-house turkey that is somehow flavorless and dry. Here's to you—laying the foundation-stones of success. Maybe some of you are alone in a ten by fourteen shack, wondering if the bacon and the tea will last over the winter, and if you'll have money enough to buy seed wheat come spring. Here's a message of cheer and courage, to endure, and help make Canada a great nation. Wherever you are, and whoever you may be—red or white, good or bad, happy or hungry—here's Merry Christmas, and our hand on it.

TWO NEW BOOKS

CANADIAN books are not many, as yet—we are too busy carving out our destiny to pen reflections often about it—and such as there are show plainly the signs of having been made in the midst of action. They ring of the plough and the mill. They are keenly conscious of Canada's growth and her future. It is as if they were written at the edge of the boiling

crucible, by hands that in a moment would drop the pen to take up the tools of their trade. We are all optimists; all advertisers; and all busy trying to keep up with the swift increase of the country we are talking about.

A volume of verse, "Canadian Heart Songs," has come to our desk—a slim little blue volume with Charles Wesley McCrossan's name on its cover—and the songs are songs of development, of patriotism, of the future. A typical verse is the opening stanza of "O Canada, Fair Canada":

O Canada, fair Canada!
 With endless fields of waving grain;
 With gold that mining cannot drain:
 With mighty forests unexplored;
 With wealth of empires in thee stored;
 Thou glorious nation now full grown,
 What wondrous future is thine own!

It is as if the country were too great for us to express, too big and powerful and full of resources for us to prison its spirit on a sheet of eight by eleven paper, with a penful of ink. The volume is full of these national poems, with a sprinkling of lighter verse on more common poetical themes, and a long religious poem entitled, "The Coronation of Jesus Christ". It is illustrated with reproductions of photographs representing for the most part Canadian scenes; and with some drawings in color. (William Briggs Co., Toronto.)

Another, instead of looking into the future, looks into the past, but with the same idea of development. It is a brief and direct account of the life of Sir

Isaac Brock, by T. G. Marquis, whom CANADA MONTHLY'S readers will remember as the author of "The King's Wish" and other stories published in the pages of this magazine. He says, "In the public mind, General James Wolfe is usually thought of as peculiarly the hero of Canada. But that brave warrior spent only a few months in the country, and during his stay thought merely of driving the French from North America. He took no interest in the country for itself, and never dreamt of making Canada his home. Brock, on the other hand, made Canada his country by adoption, and for ten years, with but one short holiday, he lived within its borders. . . . In many ways, he was the greatest maker of the Canadian nation." The narrative of his life bears Mr. Marquis out in this rather broad statement. A soldier and a gentleman—a far-sighted empire-builder as well—he is well worth Chief Tecumseh's summary of his character when, turning to his warriors, he said, "This is a man!" (Morang & Co., Toronto.)

THE FIRST HOLLY

THERE is always a swift novelty about the first sign of the changing season—the morning when you note the first tasselling catkins on the hang-dog city tree at the corner, when you feel the hot summer sun through your coat on your shoulder-blades, or

glimpse the first flash of August golden-rod that signals the coming of fall. The florists' shops along the crowded pavements have been ablaze with tousel-headed chrysanthemums this long while—white and gold, lilac and maroon—and one had dropped into the belief that Indian summer would last forever. To-day, rounding the corner hastily, we almost fell over a box of glossy holly running over on the sidewalk—and with a start we realized that winter was upon us.

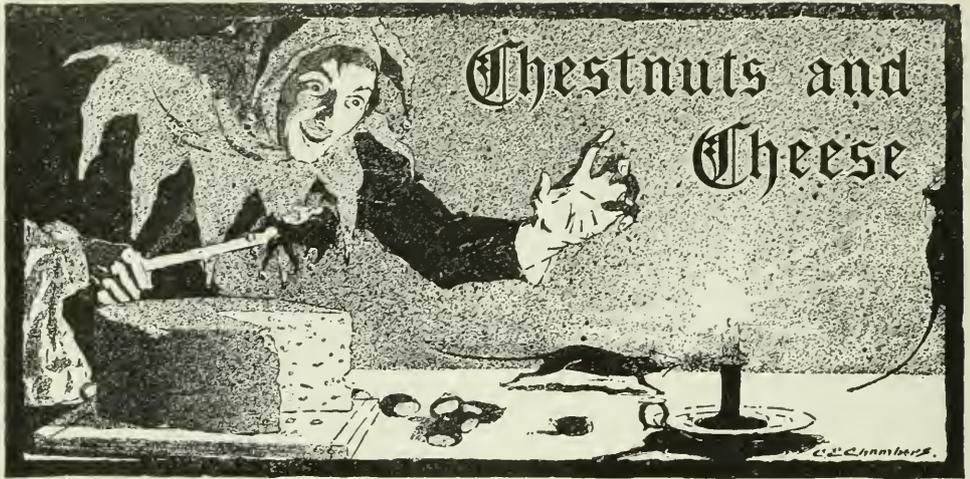
We hadn't gone a block before we realized how unobservant we had been. There were children on the street, prattling about Santy. There were busy shoppers with lists firmly held. The air had a sharp, spicy tang to it, and where the new skyscraper was going up at the corner, spidery iron floor after floor, the structural steel men were gathered for warmth about a riveter's glowing forge.

All day we worked with a sense of something impending—something that the year was holding in reserve for us with an air of one who says, "Now will you have the left hand or the right?" And as we came out into the lamp-lit evening street, we saw first a bright-eyed girl with a spray of holly in her coat, laughing up into the face of a laughing lad; and second a flake of snow that fluttered down and melted on our coat-lapel. The first holly had come into its own.

THERE'S NEVER ANOTHER ROSE FOR THEE

BY LOUISE UPHAM BROOKS

WEE little, brown little, done little bee,
 There's never another rose for thee;
 Never another drowsy sup
 From the pale lilies' fragrant cup;
 Did you fall from the dusky tulip-tree,
 In your bumbling, tumbling, riotous glee,
 Wee honey-drunk sailor, before the wind,
 For the sweets before, leaving sweets behind,
 Wee little, dear little, done little bee,
 There's never another rose for thee.



LOCATION WANTED

"IN THIS great and glorious country of ours," exclaimed the political orator, "there is no North, no South, no East, no West."

"No wonder we don't know where we are at," came a querulous voice from the outskirts of the crowd.

INSOLVENT

"AND," asks the referee in bankruptcy, after the lady has given, as best she may, a list of her debts, "is this all you owe?"

The fair one bites her lips and thinks hard for a moment, then answers:

"I owe party calls to almost everybody in town, judge. Must I put them down, also?"

GET READY

DO YOUR Christmas shopping early, list your uncles, aunts and cousins and go forth and do your shopping for the presents by the dozens; get the slippers for the preacher and the paper weight or blotter for the teacher who is fretting with your small boy or your daughter.

Ask the salesman to advise you and observe him wildly grapple for costly inspiration while he gulps his adam's apple; get your husband something useful, that both of you may enjoy it—say a doormat made of iron, so he cannot destroy it.

Do your Christmas shopping early, but while doing it remember that

you'll still be buying presents in the last week of December, and that hubby will be grouchy and life hardly worth the living while he makes a wild oration on the Higher Cost of Living.

WHAT SHOULD HE DO?

"DO you know," says the young man, "I either dreamed that I proposed to you last night, or else I did propose."

"And cannot you remember whether it was a dream or reality?" asks the beauteous creature.

"For the life of me I cannot."

"Well, you did."

"I did! And you—did you accept me, or reject me?"

"You must try to remember. If I accepted you, of course you may kiss me. If I rejected you, you must bid me good-bye at once."

HANDING HIM THE DRUM

THE clock had just struck midnight. The little parlor was dimly, almost religiously, lighted. Being young, they shied at the darkness, and sat close.

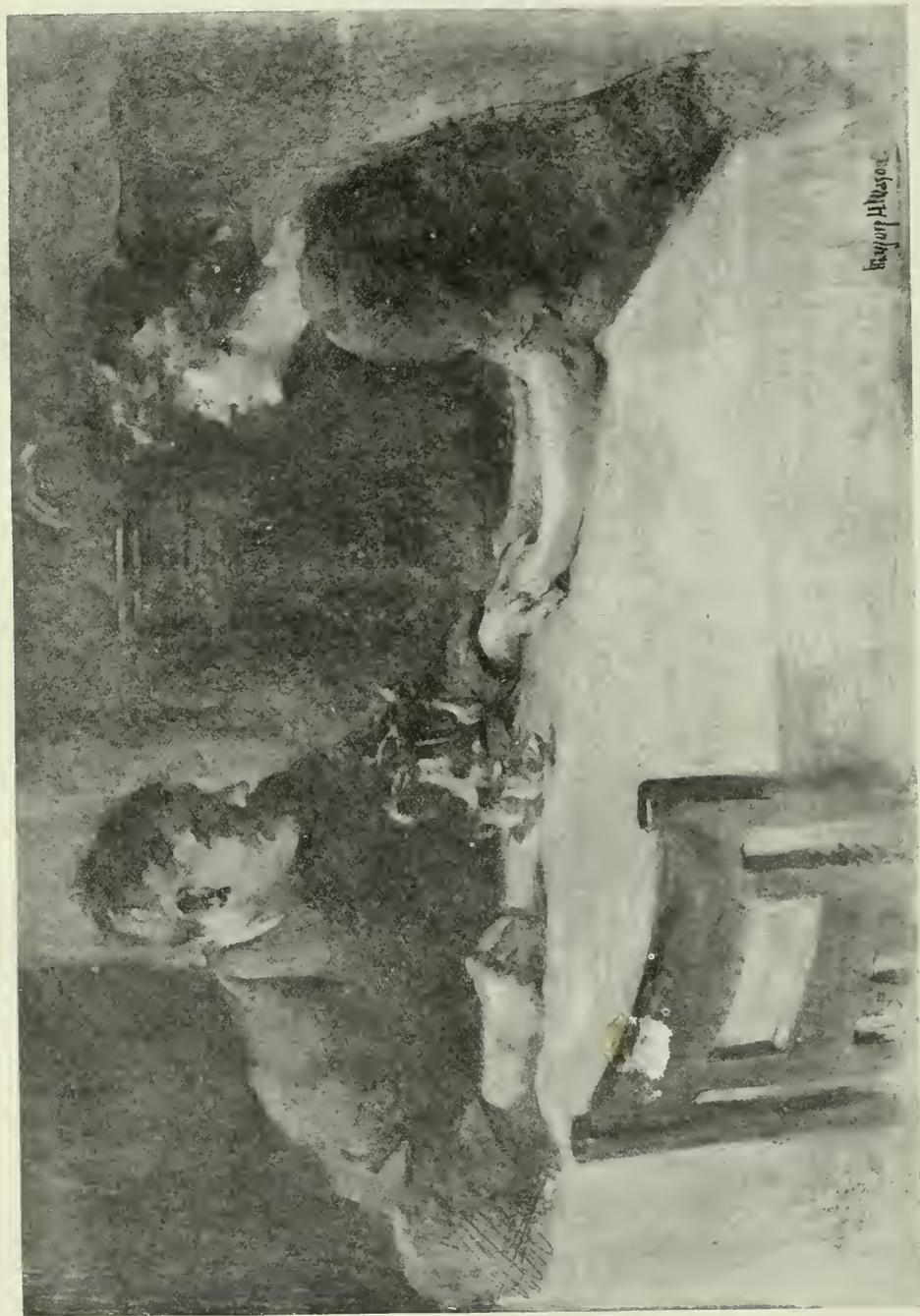
The portieres parted, and her father strode across the room. Silently he handed to Alwin a tiny drum, which the young man dazedly accepted. Turning to Angelica, Alwin inquired,

"Now, what does he mean?"

"Why Allie," she answered, "don't you know? He wants you to beat it."

January





"WILL YOU?" HE ASKED, AND FLUNG OUT HIS FINE STRONG HAND TO HER ACROSS THE TABLE

To accompany "Salvage"
See page 170

VOL. XIII
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Σ

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Σ

Neglected Opportunities of Western Canada

II.

THE MOST EXPENSIVE BONFIRE SINCE NERO BURNT
ROME—JACK PINE GOING TO WASTE—IMPORTS
INSTEAD OF MANUFACTURES

By John H. Parry

Illustrated from Photographs

GOING west from Winnipeg I fell into conversation with a business man from New York. We had gone up to the smoker for our after-dinner cigars when, looking out of the car window, the American suddenly called my attention to the big "prairie fire" that was raging off toward the horizon.

I followed the direction in which he pointed—the whole sky was red with the reflection of the hottest sort of fire.

"Yes," I then answered, "We make a specialty of forest fires of that variety but the queerest part of all is that the farmers start them of their own accord."

"How's that?" he asked.

"Well," I went on, "that fire you see over there is fed by about a thousand dollars worth of straw. If you watch

closely enough to-night you will see several thousand dollars more going up in smoke."

"But, seriously," he protested, "you don't mean that?"

"Well, I'm sorry to admit it myself," I continued, "but it's the truth—millions of dollars' worth of straw are burned in the Canadian West each year."

"But, why doesn't somebody put it to use?" he demanded.

"That's it—why don't they?" I countered.

After that my friend from the east didn't talk much but straw. He refused to believe at first that what I had told him was true—that the Canadian farmer was so shortsighted or wasteful or both as to fail to realize the opportunity that he was annually sending up in smoke. And, finally,

when he did believe, he vowed that he wouldn't be in Montreal a week before he would organize a company and put that wasted straw to use. But—like the others—he hasn't yet come through.

There is probably not a stranger

that goes through the Canadian West that fails to comment on the big straw bonfires that nightly illuminate the sky. But few realize the full scope and possibilities of the blaze they watch.

*Several hundred thousand tons of flax straw potentially worth
\$235 a ton is burned every year by the farmers
of Western Canada*

The fact is, however, that millions of dollars' worth of flax straw suitable for paper and linen making is burned each year while hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of straw that might easily be used for strawboard and the coarser materials is burned as a simple matter of habit on the farms of the Canadian West.

No accurate statistics are possible on the amount of flax straw that is disposed of as waste in Western Canada each year. It has been estimated however, that several hundred thousand tons are burned or otherwise destroyed each year. Purely as straw, with no concern for its manufactured value, this straw would be worth from six to seven dollars a ton in most of the larger cities of Western Canada.

Its value, nevertheless, does not end there. On the contrary that is the smallest part of its importance. Ordinarily, straw—such as that burned in the prairie provinces each year—will yield about 47 per cent., of spinning fibre, worth about \$500 a ton. It is a safe estimate to say, for this reason, that each ton of flax straw that is disposed of is worth, potentially, about \$235, so that if a hundred thousand tons is burned we would soon have an actual money loss of about \$23,500,000 each year. That is worth considering, isn't it?

Of course all of the straw burned would not yield forty-seven per cent. of spinning fibre. Much of it, however, excels in both quality and length the average straw from which the

Russian peasant makes the fibre which now chiefly supplies the linen fabrics of the world.

As a matter of interesting comparison raw cotton in the bale is worth about twelve cents a pound, while flax straw can be bought at from two to eight dollars a ton anywhere in the western provinces, according to grade, from which five hundred pounds of fibre can be obtained. Moreover, in some ways, linen mills prefer the flax straw to the cotton. And yet, to the best of my knowledge, nothing but rumors have ever been started as to the utilization of this enormous wasted product of Western Canada.

It has been said, conservatively, by men who know their subject, that flax straw would pay better if sold as straw than would the seed itself. But there is no reason why both ends of this wonderful double-headed opportunity could not be exploited. For, by harvesting at the proper time, good fibre can be produced as well as a fair crop of seed. In fact, by the new processes raw flax straw can now be converted into perfectly bleached linen fibre ready for spinning, or for the paper machines, in a day's time. The trouble heretofore has been due to the fear of the absence of water for "retting"—an insanitary process of rotting the wood from the fibre—but this is a ridiculous idea and nothing more, for the new process, which has been thoroughly tried out, has eliminated the insanitary conditions of the older methods entirely.

From these facts it may easily be seen that the flax straw that goes up in smoke each year is to-day one of the great neglected opportunities of Western Canada and that at some day, not far distant, it is destined to be utilized in the manufacture of a good part of the linen and paper—for the same process holds true of paper—that is used in the markets of the world.

In addition, however, to the flax straw are the hundreds of thousands of tons of the less valuable straw that is destroyed each year. This is hardly desirable for either linen or paper but is extremely adaptable to the manufacture of strawboard and other of the coarser materials. By new processes

—worthy of investigation—it is also claimed that certain grades of alcohol can now be manufactured from this kind of straw, the commercial value of which offers another opportunity for the man of discernment.

Oddly enough also there is hardly a town in Western Canada to-day that fails to offer unusual opportunities for the establishment of linseed oil mills and yet—situated in the very center of the richest flax growing country of the world—few of these chances have been seized, which, with linseed oil at its present figure, gives a startling example of the manner in which the money making possibilities in this phase of industry are being overlooked.

Millions of feet of tamarack are standing in Western Canada waiting to be utilized in the making of railroad ties, Christmas trees, silk and sugar

So much for the million dollar opportunities existing in the utilization of the fortune-bearing straw stacks. Closely allied to this angle of opportunity, however, is the chance open to the man who will put to commercial use the hundreds of thousands of acres covered with the rich native grasses peculiar to Western Canada—the so-called buffalo grass or prairie wool.

For forage purposes the value of these native grasses is well known but there is no reason to believe that they are not of greater commercial importance. In the United States two companies, whose total capitalization runs into the millions, have been organized in recent years for the purpose of manufacturing wild grasses into matting of various kinds. Both of them have succeeded beyond expectations. And yet, according to experts, the "prairie wool" common to Western Canada is far better adapted to this purpose than the wild grasses now utilized in the United States—and prairie wool can be purchased practic-

cally for the asking in any one of the prairie provinces.

So far we have not done more than touch the actual wasted opportunities of the Canadian West. It is obvious that the wonderful forests of Western Canada are not a wasted opportunity. They are, however, one of the great neglected opportunities of the Dominion.

In the United States at the present time, for instance, the great railroads of the country are having unusual difficulty in securing the proper wood for their ties. So great, in fact, has become the demand for suitable ties that inventors have been set to work to evolve a substitute that will stand the wear and tear of the heavy rolling stock now in use.

In the face of this fact the best and most durable wood for this purpose—tamarack—is found in great quantities in the Canadian West. The rails of the new transcontinental lines, for instance, are nearly all laid from ties that were manufactured from the great forests of tamarack growing in Western Alberta and in British Columbia. And yet—

to-day—millions of feet of tamarack lumber is standing in the Western provinces open to the man who will first put it to commercial use.

Here also—throughout the prairie provinces—are extensive forests of spruce, fir and jack pines. From spruce, by a new process, commercial

sugar is now made, though the best grades—admittedly—are obtained from birch. Just as Christmas trees alone, however, fortunes are in store for a person who will put these excellent trees to this use, the great forest fires of recent years having created a veritable Christmas tree famine in the United States.

One Western Canadian City is spending a million dollars in importing sewer pipe from Minnesota and Ohio, with vitrified clay deposits only ten miles away

In this connection there is hardly any doubt that the jack pines, so extensive in Alberta, might be utilized with great profit in the manufacture of silk. In Europe five tons of silk a day are manufactured from a substance known as viscose—a by-product of wood waste—and the demand for the product far exceeds the supply. At the price that could unquestionably be obtained for this product in the silk markets it is figured that ten tons of wood, such as jack pines, could be made to bring—as silk—five thousand five hundred dollars, a pretty good profit, with wood of this type at a few dollars a ton.

In British Columbia peat deposits are also declared to exist in large quantities—and peat, by a recent process, is made into a paper of the highest commercial grade at a greatly reduced manufacturing cost. In addition peat by a new process patented by the late John Jacob Astor is now much used as a fuel, and from it numerous by-products are obtained such as coke, sulphate of ammonia, acetate of lime, methyl alcohol, paraffine, pitch, creosote and other similar products of the coal-tar family.

In the way of natural resources Western Canada is replete with neglected opportunities. Most of the stone used in such cities as Edmonton, for instance, is imported from long distances, a large percentage from as

far as Indiana. In the face of this fact sandstone, limestone, granite, conglomerate and quartz stone is found in large quantities in the mountains west of Edmonton and is easily available for commercial purposes. One or two stone companies have claims at present but they are composed mostly of speculators rather than practical stone men. Throughout Western Canada, however, almost unheard of chances exist for the mining of stone and near Entwistle, as an example, the best grades of sandstone are to be found in such advantageous position that it might easily be quarried.

The market for stone in Western Canada is a dead certainty and the highest prices could be obtained in all of the leading cities for building purposes which fact, when the tremendous amount of building operations is remembered, should leave no uncertainty as to the fortunes awaiting the practical stone man in the prairie provinces.

Even more tangible than this opportunity is the one found in the making of brick and vitrified products. This year one city in Western Canada alone will spend over one million dollars in the extension of its water and sewer system, yet all of the sewer pipe used in this work will be brought in from Minnesota and Ohio, the freight rate on which will approximate one-half of the cost of the material.

Notwithstanding this tremendous importation of sewer pipes the glacial deposits within ten miles of this same city consist of the best type of vitrified clay yet found in North America and according to Dr. Reis, of Cornell University, and Prof. Edward Orton, Jr., of Ohio State University, who have made extensive tests, the clay is admirably suited to the manufacture of all varieties of vitrified products.

The same holds true of building brick in general. All of the plants in Western Canada are working at utmost capacity and yet, in the face of this fact, brick is almost at a premium and several cities of the prairie provinces after advertising in vain for bids have been forced to import their building brick from the cities of the eastern coast and in some cases from the United States. The brick clay found in Western Canada is the best that it is possible to obtain and—according to investigation—a veritable gold mine awaits the man who will meet the demand.

The opportunities that exist in the mining of coal are, as yet, hardly scratched and are too extensive to be gone into at this time. There was a time, not many years back, when every farm of any importance in Western

Canada had its own coal mine and the farmers dug it out with pick axes, selling to those who wished to buy at as low as \$2 a ton. Yet to-day there is not enough coal mined to meet the demand and the Canadian Pacific alone takes practically the total output of the Alberta mines.

It is a safe assertion that there is a coal field in Western Canada of about 10,600 square miles in extent, much of which lies but six feet under the surface. One company in British Columbia, which furnishes an example of the possibilities open, is mining from three to four hundred tons a day and is hardly more than under way.

I have not begun, nor attempted, to cover the neglected opportunities existing in the natural resources of the Canadian West. So we shall dismiss that part of our story with the simple, but well authenticated statement, that the mineral products of Western Canada will some day surpass those of the richest mining sections of the United States. Bear in mind, however, this fact—that investigation proves that, if care is not taken, most of the wealth from this source will pass into American and foreign hands, who, up to date, have been the first to recognize the possibilities open in this direction.

*What a dining-car superintendent said about the
untouched opportunities for production
of garden truck and flowers*

There is another phase, however, to the subject of the neglected chances in the last great west. Here we come again to the surprising lack of enterprise on the part of the Canadian farmer in meeting the demands for home grown garden and vegetable crops and to the sinful waste of the grain crops, as well.

In my first article I took up at some length the opportunities existing in diversified farming and showed how the railroads and hotels, to say nothing of the public as a whole, were forced to send great distances for their fruits

and vegetables, their poultry and garden products, when, in reality, the soil of Western Canada was peculiarly adapted to the raising of almost every crop and product known.

I shall not dwell again, for this reason, on this paradoxical condition that marks Western Canada to-day as the great country of neglected agricultural opportunities. In this connection, however, it might be well to point out a specific instance of a kindred opportunity that is equally neglected at present.

This is found in the growing of flowers. Practically speaking there is not a greenhouse in the prairie provinces to-day. From the Canadian Pacific's superintendent of dining cars I learn that it is practically impossible to secure fresh grown flowers

in Western Canada and all of those used on the dining cars of his railway are brought in from St. Paul; and flowers, let it be remembered, are unusually profitable with the high prices that now obtain.

The neglect of the farmer to provide storage for his grain is the biggest neglected opportunity of them all when thousand-bushel granaries can be built for \$85 each

But the phase of neglected opportunity that stands out most, aside from diversified farming, is the enormous waste of the grain crops. In one section of Western Canada last year there was a jam of several million bushels of grain which it was impossible to get to market. In this same district last year's crop was not entirely disposed of—that is, gotten out of the district—until August of this year. Each bushel of that grain represented a loss in dollars and cents—a total loss of hundreds of thousands.

And why, you may now ask, is this condition allowed to exist? The answer is simply that the farmers were too near sighted or too penurious, undoubtedly the former, to see the necessity of storing this grain until it could be placed on the market. This is a negative of the sort of neglected opportunities I have described but it is, in its way, the most damaging and thought impelling of them all. It is *neglected* for the reason that the grain farmers have chosen to face this enormous loss in their crops rather than invest in the portable granaries that might easily be secured.

On the great grain farms of the United States no farmer would think of failing to have facilities for the storing of his crops. And the shortcomings of the Canadian farmer in this respect will some day prove costly not only in the actual waste incurred but in the forcing down of prices that will ensue when the grain output is placed on the market in bulk.

With three times the present railroad facilities it would be impossible to get the Canadian grain crops to market before the coming of winter. It is obvious for this reason that the proper course for the farmer of Western Canada to pursue is to fit himself with the portable granaries, of about 1,000 bushel capacity, which can be had, or built, at a cost of about \$85 each. And, let me add, when an expenditure of \$85 will save many times that amount in grain there is some reason for placing this condition in the category of neglected opportunities.

And now, in conclusion, what is it that stands out most in Western Canada to-day? The answer, unpleasant and damaging as it may seem, is the readiness with which Canadians are allowing Americans and foreigners to come in and grab up the great chances of to-day.

No one question is so vital to the future of Western Canada as the settlement of its provinces. But there is a limit to the lethargy with which the average Canadian views the opportunities that exist at his own front door. Millions of dollars will be made from the opportunities existing in Western Canada to-day—from the very chances that Canadians neglect.

It took the Montreal business man, to whom I have referred, to first arouse my interest in the money value of the straw stacks that send their nightly glow over the skies of the

Canadian West. And, in nine cases out of ten, you will find in the visitor to Canada the keenest appreciation of the opportunities that we, ourselves, pass over each day. In business, in

industry and in agriculture you will find the same condition to exist, the moral of which is that opportunity, like charity, begins—or *should* begin—at home.



THE LOST MISTRESS

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

SO near and far are love and hate,
 So close are heaven and hell,
 That I must go away to-night,
 Who loved you, dear, too well.

One kiss to last a lifetime, lad,
 One beat of heart on heart,
 One light good-bye—good luck—good night—
 And then I must depart.

You asked too little and too much,
 I gave too well, too ill;
 So there's an end and here's an end;
 And there's my road uphill.

Salvage

By Edith Huntingdon Mason

*Author of "The Real Agatha",
"The Politician", etc.*

Illustrated by Marjory H. Mason



HE sat on the last step of the magnificent staircase that faced the small square hall, and smoked a retrospective cigarette while he waited for her coming precisely as he had done every night of his three weeks' stay at the Haven for Refugees.

That was not its official title, of course, for it was nothing more nor less than a boarding-house, but he had named it so, careless of the obvious, because the character of its inmates was too apparent to be mistaken. Stress of circumstance had unquestionably drawn together the forty odd people which its palatial roof sheltered, and Fate, the realist, had marked each and every one of them, in big bold letters, "Salvage."

They sat in rows about the large open fire, and he viewed them apathetically, noting again their indifference to their surroundings, the beautiful stained glass windows of the hall, the solid redwood walls and floor and the artistic beauty of the stairs. It was the only sitting-room they had,—the hall. The other apartments on the ground floor had been thrown into one big dining-room, but they seemed not to mind their close quarters and crowded about the fire three rows deep and mused silently upon their share of the tragedy which had bowed them all.

And it was on this account, because sorrow had made of them a brotherhood, that he looked at them without curiosity or conjecture, because he knew that he and they had become a part of the life at the Haven for Refugees for the same reason, and the knowledge made him as well acquainted with them as if he had known them always.

Misery loves company it also does duty as a card of introduction. Not that he cared to know them individually or that he expected to. It was merely a case of acceptance of each other, and of facts, on their part and on his part. He felt now, as he looked at them, old and young, both men and women, some stricken, some brave, but all silent, all grave, all busy with turning over the particular personal problem the general disaster had given them to face, as if he were in a way related to them all, and they equally related to him. And yet he could not remember having spoken to any one of them in all that three weeks. People didn't speak much in the Haven for Refugees.

There was something about its spacious rooms, now dissected checkerboard-like by irreverent partitions, and the haste, not to say ruthlessness, with which its recent elegance had been sacrificed to the exigencies of boarding-house requirements, that somehow inhibited laughter and gay voices.

Like the people under its roof the house itself seemed to be marked "Salvage." With the sun of its late prosperity hardly set, it already had begun to take on the aspect of ill-used grandeur that so quickly falls to the lot of the family mansion which no longer knows its own kind. Handsome as to exterior, rich as to interior, but empty of those for whose pleasure it had been built, it stood a monument to the transitory nature of earthly joys and the swift passing of the glory of the world. It was impossible not to know when mounting its beautiful stair-case, that young and happy people once had sat and flirted there, with no thought of the morrow; it was impossible not to guess when first viewing the tiny rooms into which the great ball-room had been divided, that here had been once the scene of light-hearted revelry and youthful joy.

As the man at the foot of the stairs sat and waited for her, he remembered how that very morning he had stood at the window of his apartment, which comprised a corner of what had once been a billiard room, and had pondered upon these things and had mourned or those careless, happy, high-spirited youths who at one time must have made those walls resound with laughter and the click of ivory balls. Fascinated though he had been by the beauty of the view across the bay mystified by the enormity of the ruin which had once been a city, and thrilled and stimulated as he was by the activity of reconstruction, still he had not been able to help perceiving the immensity of the shadow which hung so close on the heels of the sunshine, and which told the tale of tragedy without, even as the dishonored billiard room told it within.

And she,—she was the very essence of the tragedy, the very incarnation of bereavement. Yet it was not for this that he had remarked her, or the determinate gloom of her vestiture, but because she was the most beautiful thing to look at there, or for that matter, that he could remember ever having seen before. He was or had been previous to the stupendous calamity that had come near to equaliz-

ing the artisan and beggar, pauper and prince, an architect with a growing reputation for success in the requirements of his profession, and his Beaux Arts certificate of graduation recorded honors enough to give value at once to his adjudgment of beauty.

And so he sat and waited there at the foot of the stairs, retrospective cigarette in hand, the firelight playing capriciously through the carved balustrades upon his powerful head and shoulders and his puritan profile, as he turned his face upward toward the hall above, expectant, intent and eager.

And at last she came, slender and round of form, gold-haired and white-throated, and seated herself, according to her custom, just half way down the stairs, where she could see without being seen, and warm her body in the light of the fire, and nourish her soul with the hope which human companionship inspired. It was better than the blackness of her little room on the third floor and the ceaseless lamentations of the old servant who had been her mother's housekeeper, and who absolutely represented the sum total of the ties the earthquake had left her, either of friendship or of kindred.

Exactly half-way down the stairs she seated herself as she had done so many evenings before, and arranged the frank folds of her mourning raiment with mechanical, white hands, and without so much as a rustle.

And exactly as he had done, so many evenings before, the young man on the last step rose to his feet and looked up at her, noting anew her young grace, and the terrifying fixity of her gaze, from which it did not seem possible that anything could banish the horror.

But she did not notice him at all, only leant her chin on her hand and stared over the bannister down at the silent people in the hall, like a person in a dream who does nothing wittingly and expects soon to awaken to a realer life, a truer vision. This did not seem to disturb him, however. His impulse to rise had been instinctive and in homage merely. One does not hope for recognition from a queen, or

expect the angels to stoop earthwards. It was privilege enough to sit and look at her; it had been indeed his only pleasure during the three weeks following the shock which had suddenly disorganized his life, and it satisfied him. He could not have imagined that a girl could look so young and yet lack nothing in womanliness of form, could not have dreamed a face so lovely could look so piteous. And the fine upward ripple of her rich gold hair he knew could be nothing else than the stolen glory of some saint.

In the midst of his reflections, even as the artist in him marvelled and admired, he saw with the suddenness of a blow in the face, with a surprise that he might have felt if the marble statue of Aphrodite had broken into tears before his eyes, that she was crying, saw that she had ceased to look down upon the silent people in the hall below, that she bent her shoulders and wept and wept.

And when that first surprise had passed, realization came, and the effect upon him was as if he had been imperatively called, as if some voice he had always known had assailed his ears with a cry for help, some voice that he must obey, that he loved to answer.

With the second faint shudder of her sobs he was beside her and felt that she knew he had come. Yet he did not sit close to her, did not touch even the hem of her dress, nor did he glance at her. Instead he covered his face with his hands as she had done, and when he had sat so a moment and heard her weeping, a sense of his own loss came over him in a fresh wave of feeling, bitter and poignant. And immediately every low soul-shaking sob from her found its voiceless echo in the deep chest of the man.

When the first hard paroxysm of their grief had passed they looked up and met each other's gaze, and he saw that for the moment she was comforted. And the conviction that it was because they had mourned together came upon him with a shock of such earnest gratitude because it was so that the swift succession of emotions deprived his strong dark face of color.

Such a look it was that she gave

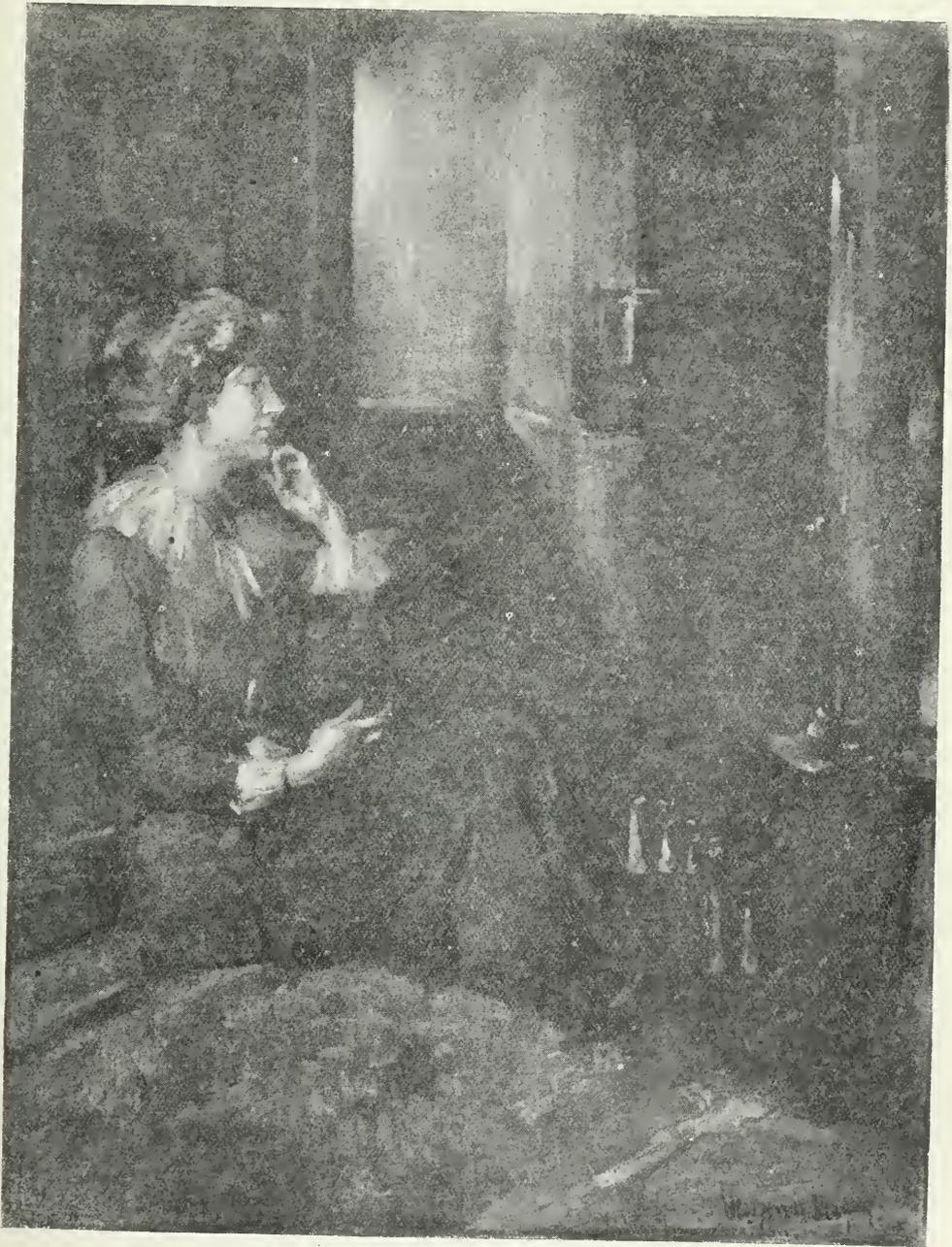
him! The fright for the instant fled, the pinch of the delicate nostrils quite gone, the hopelessness wiped out. Youth and softness and love bloomed again in the wonder of mutual understanding. Then she rose while he still sat silent and transfixed, and soundlessly passed from him, ascending while he counted the inexorable stairs, into the jealous fastness of the hall above.

But he made no grievance of this, felt no resentment, nor even wondered. Surely he had of Heaven all that he could have asked. Had he not by that impulsive sharing of sorrow leapt at one bound from the abyss of non-entity to the heights of intimacy, to the elysium of a personal relation, consecrated beyond the power of evil to alter it, by the sacrament of tears?

Days passed meaninglessly to him after that, for it was not until the third evening succeeding that momentous one that he saw her again. For some reason inexplicable to him, she sat no longer on the stair-case. But in spite of that his faith remained unshaken. Some time he would see her again. He could wait, now that he knew. And on the evening of the third day the impossible happened. He came in late to his dinner, and sat down hurriedly, only to find that she was sitting at his table. He hardly knew whether he looked at her or whether some sixth sense told him of her presence. Certainly their eyes did not meet, he could not have been in doubt about that. Her deep blue gaze was too well remembered in his heart to permit of such a thing. The meal dragged on somehow, but it was not until everyone else had gone, including the other person at their little table, that they spoke.

He never knew exactly how it was that they found speech or who it was that spoke first, only that it seemed somehow as if they had talked together always.

"Our old housekeeper who usually dines with me is not well," she told him,—her use of the pronoun "our" fell upon his ears with indescribable pathos—"and I couldn't dine with strangers, so I came to your table."



SHE SEATED HERSELF WHERE SHE COULD SEE WITHOUT BEING SEEN; AND THE YOUNG MAN LOOKED UP AT HER, NOTING ANEW HER YOUNG GRACE

Her voice was soft and as vibrant as the low tones of a violin.

There was an interval in which they said little, sipping their coffee without

conscious intention and looking at each other, until she mentioned the scene on the stairs.

"Tell me," she said, "why you came?"

He leaned toward her to answer. "Because you wept," he said. "Tell me why."

She hesitated, then one enlightening sentence rushed from her lips.

"This house was my home," she said, quivering.

He started back before the shock of it, his mind recurring at once to his morning's musing in the billiard room. "Then it was perhaps your father or brothers who used to play at billiards in the room where I sleep?" he could not keep from asking. "Yes," she admitted, more calmly. "My father and brothers. They were so fond of that room."

He was silent. He could seem to find no word to comfort her in the face of that fateful past tense she used so simply, and she spoke again presently, turning his thoughts upon himself.

"And your sorrow,—what is it?" she asked, unsatisfied without a mutual exchange of confidence. That he had his tragedy also she could not doubt, first because she had seen him mourn, and second because tragedy was the one thing that all the inmates of the Haven for Refugees had in common.

"I had no one in the world but my mother," he told her. "I lost her in the same moment that my small fortune was annihilated. Because I had her I succeeded in my profession, —I am an architect,—but I shall not succeed again. I am penniless, and—"

he had been speaking jerkily and paused now as if he felt that in this lay the essence of his sorrow, "and alone."

She had not wept in telling her own tragedy, but now the bright tears began to fall down upon her clasped hands quietly but undisguisedly.

"If a man had someone to work for," he added as an afterthought, so taken up with his own sorrowful reflections that he did not observe her emotion, "he might perhaps begin again,—he might again succeed."

Then suddenly and without warning, utterly devoid of premeditation, a question sprang unbidden to his lips. "Will you?" he asked her, and flung out his fine strong hand to her across the table.

She did not speak at once, and the tears continued to flow while he watched them, breathless with the knowledge that they were shed for him. Then a miracle dawned before his eyes, for still without speaking she wound the fingers of both her slim hands into his one big one and hung upon it as if she would never let it go. In much the same way, a person who is drowning, clutches the sturdy log that succors him.

And so these two who had drifted together in the whirlpool of life, were caught up by the same force that had placed them there, and set down again upon the broad safe surface of the open stream.

THE STREET OF FORLORN HOPES

BY JOHN DUNCAN HOWE

LONG, grey and dingy runs the street away,
 Store after little store, sign after sign,
 An eight-mile stretch of trembling hopes, grim fears—
 What weight of petty tragedy is thine!

Good Fellows of the Trail

BEING THE STORY OF A LIVELY TRIP
BY SCOW DOWN THE FRASER RIVER

By Frederick Foster

With Photographs by the Author



THE "FLAGSHIP" OF OUR FLEET, ON WHICH THIRTY-FIVE TONS OF SUPPLIES
WERE CARRIED DOWN THE FRASER

"STEADY there, Old Timer. Pull her over a little—look out for that 'sweeper'. Easy on the sweeps, boys, let her go down with the current, when we're opposite that cut-bank give her hell. *Now pull.*"

It was Ford bellowing orders to the other men who, like himself, were pulling like galley slaves at the four

heavy sweeps thereby keeping the scow in her course. You have met Ford if you ever hit the trail, canoed a hundred miles on a northern river or read a Stewart Edward White novel. This time I met him on the Fraser River in British Columbia.

I had crossed the wheat laden prairies of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta on a Grand Trunk Pacific

train and arrived in the shadow of a track laying machine at the head of navigation of the Fraser. My destination being four hundred miles further west, my problem was means of transportation. The superintendent of a railway construction camp told me two methods were open. First, I could wait an indefinite period of several days until one of the steamboats came up; or, second, I could go down the river on one of the three scows which would leave the next morning. The first method promised comfort but would leave me still two hundred miles from my destination. The second promised a new experience and would take me a hundred miles beyond the steamboats' goal. I chose the latter.

My introduction to Sam Magoffin, the owner of the scows, followed.

"Sure; come along—be glad to have you," he answered the proposition of having a passenger. And the way he said it left no doubt in my mind. The next morning the last truck loads of supplies were put aboard, the final "checking up" of both men and cargo made and the ropes cast off. We were under way.

Leading the fleet was the "flag-ship" carrying the pilot, who did some queer piloting, Ford and Moore, both ex-lumber jacks, the cook and several other men including Sam, myself and "Slim". Slim who was one of those "been there" fellows. The streets of Rio Janeiro were as familiar to him as those of New Orleans. London and Calcutta, Pekin and Honolulu, Vera Cruz and Melbourne were among his stopping places. Last winter he trapped on the Athabasca and the year before he picked hops in Oregon. Slim was like a tea kettle on a hot stove—continually bubbling. And far be it from me to say his bubbling was not entertaining—it was. He recited his experiences with that becoming modesty that marks the true globe trotter; not with the blase air assumed by the school girl whose trip to Niagara Falls is her first and only sojourn of a week away from Lucknow.

The second scow was in charge of "Louie", a French-Canadian riverman, who had with him ten men gathered

from north, east, south and west. The third was in charge of Knull, fair, fat and forty, whose German accent made no impression upon the ten Fins he had on board. Now Fins are rather clannish. That's the reason Knull had a crew of them. Also these same Fins—save one—knew not a word of English or German. This one lone Fin knew some English and acted as interpreter—for one day. On the evening of the first day out he jumped ashore, snubbing rope in hand, for the express purpose of twisting the rope around a convenient tree a few times and thereby tying the scow up for the night. But the rope was heavy, the water swift, the bank steep and slippery. The Fin slipped, the rope slipped, the scow went merrily on its way and nine sons of Finland set up a wail in nine different keys, but all on the same theme.

Knull was in a predicament. The only man he had to whom he could talk was left high and dry on a shore so densely covered with underbrush that to catch up with the scow was impossible for him and the swift water made it equally impossible for the scow to be stopped by "nosing" into the bank. The other two scows carried the row boats and were out of sight and hearing. Hence Knull and his crew went floating into the night without the interpreter, eventually "tying up" in quiet water some miles below. It is supposed the interpreter made his way back to the construction camp; certain it is that Knull believed in signs before the journey ended.

Each of the three scows carried a thirty-five ton cargo. On ours were several tons of beans, flour, hams, bacon and beef, a ton of sugar, ten chests of tea, a thousand pounds of butter and a ton of lard and many boxes of canned goods, also ten tons of blacksmith coal. Louie's scow was loaded with several tons of potatoes, quantities of canned goods and a conglomerate mass of railway construction work supplies—shovels, picks, axes, wheel-barrow, chains, rope, cant-hooks and so forth. Knull's scow carried no grub, other than that provided for the crew for the trip down the river, but

was loaded with additional camp and construction work supplies.

All three of the unwieldy craft were made of spruce planks, four inches thick by ten inches wide, nailed together with forty-penny spikes. The cracks were calked and melted pitch poured into them. The steering apparatus consisted of four sweeps, or oars, about twenty feet long and six

and stern were differentiated by the cook stove, the only individuality the stern had) another one at the stern was sufficient to keep the scow from drifting ashore but more often at least four men were required and when particularly swift water was encountered every man on board, except the cook, worked till the sweat oozed from every pore.



A NARROW SQUEAK FOR THE SCOW IN THE GRAND CANYON OF THE FRASER, WHERE EVERYBODY WORKED AS IF POSSESSED TO KEEP US OFF THE BANK

inches through the thickest part, tapering at one end to afford a handhold, the other end shaped flat and rather thin like an oar. These sweeps had been hewn from spruce trees and each weighed near 150 pounds. Planking extended beyond each of the four corners of the scow and supported sweep locks in which the sweeps worked as though on a pivot. In quiet water usually one man at the bow (the bow

That cook tried the Finn stunt one night. Had it not been for the row boat he too would have been left on the bank. The boat picked him up and when he was landed on the scow he calmly informed all present that he knew nothing about "snubbin' a hitch," which brought additional laughter from the rivermen who had often "snubbed a rope" but never a hitch. After that experience "cook"

decided he was too heavy for light work and altogether too light for heavy work.

These three scows and many more like them are but links in the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The actual building is being done by sub-contractors. Sam Magoffin was one of these. Sam hasn't yet seen thirty years but his experience in slicing chunks out of the Rockies in the States that a Pullman may cross without waking the lightest sleepers it carries was sufficient to secure him the contract for clearing and grading several miles of right-of-way along the Fraser in central British Columbia. The scows were built expressly to transport to the scene of his contract a winter's supplies of food and construction supplies for seventy-five to one hundred men.

It was the last Wednesday in June at ten o'clock in the morning when our start was made. At one o'clock in the afternoon an island hove in sight. The pilot said, "Keep to the right of the island". Ford and Moore raised not a dissenting voice though the current plainly told them "left". The pilot was obeyed. Then we spent five hours getting off a sand bar. Did you ever try to get a thirty-five ton scow off a sand bar with eleven-man-power? After we spent four of these hours waist deep in the water which a few hours previous was snow on the mountain peaks; had pushed, pulled, pried and lifted without moving the scow an inch, Ford, the old sinner, said:

"Well, boys, the pilot put us up here, but it seems as though he can't take us off. I suppose I'll have to." Whereupon he proceeded to rig up what he termed a Spanish windlass. One end of a rope was tied to the scow, the other to a tree ashore. A twist of the rope was made around a row boat oar and the oar held in a vertical position, then another oar was inserted through another twist in the rope and worked in a horizontal position, describing a complete circle, thus winding the rope around the first oar. With one man holding the one oar upright

and four others, two at each end, operating the other one an enormous pull was exerted and we were soon again on our way. From that moment, Ford was the man of the hour. That evening, while tying up for the night, a cold disagreeable rain set in and continued throughout the night and following day. A tent was improvised by cutting two small trees and lashing them together to form a ridge pole which in turn was supported by two other poles at each end lashed in a V shape. Over this skeleton the tarpaulin was spread and provided dry quarters for those not working on the sweeps; however, as all of us took turns no one suffered any hardship. The rain and the melting snows from the mountains caused the river to rise rapidly and on the evening of the second day out, landing was made extremely difficult by the rapid water.

Once we were carried shoreward so rapidly that, although the heavy sweeps were strained by the muscle thrown against them, we could not avoid smashing into a large overhanging tree—"a sweeper"—which broke an eight-inches-in-diameter upright off the scow as though it were a match stick. Also one of the limbs grabbed a couple of sacks of flour and sifted it into the river,—"Casting bread upon the waters," Slim said.

The long twilights made landing unnecessary until nine o'clock but this evening our first attempt to land was made at eight, our successful attempt two hours later. We were enabled to land only by working the scow into a great eddy which whirled us around and around as though we were riding on a cork. It was gratifying, however, to see the eddy was carrying us a little nearer to shore with each revolution and when finally we were able to get a rope ashore, I think all of us breathed a little more freely. We knew Goat Rapids was not very far below us; how far, whether a mile or twenty miles, no one knew. To shoot Goat Rapids in daylight is sufficiently thrilling; to shoot them at night—well, if anyone ever did and lived, he never had nerve enough to tell about it for fear no one would believe him.



A QUARTER'S WORTH OF POSE FROM A GROUP OF YOUNG SIWASHES. NOTE THE SA. IN THE PICTURE AND THE BASHFUL INTEREST OF THE LITTLE GIRL UNDER THE TENT-FLAP

Soon after the scow was made fast for the night every man was in his blankets, for the day had been a hard one. We had made a run of sixteen hours without a stop and hardly an hour was spent away from the sweeps. As near as could be estimated, we had averaged four miles an hour for the sixteen hours. That doesn't sound fast. But remember this was a scow carrying seventy thousand pounds, floating with the current. During the last two of these sixteen hours surely we came sixteen miles, or eight miles an hour, which is going some when on a scow at dark with boiling rapids a little way below.

The river was still rising rapidly and was full of brush, stumps, big trees, little trees and trees which had toppled in from cut-banks. Much of this debris was caught by this same eddy which had been our salvation and by it was swirled around until at times a tree larger than the others would reach out its branches and scrape them over the tarpaulin or along the side of the scow making a weird sound. Then sleepy eyes would see a fallen monarch of the forest slipping over the oily waters into the night for all the world like some strange fantastic ghost.

The morning was again ushered in by a cold rain and the river was now fully eight feet higher than at its normal stage. Our start was made at eight o'clock, at least two hours later than usual. We had breakfasted in relays for each moment the water was rising and consequently was swifter. "Cook" was generously dealing out fried potatoes, bacon, eggs, bread and butter and tea, when someone yelled "White water ahead". Every man knew "white water" at this point meant Goat Rapids. Every man who wasn't already at a sweep jumped for the nearest one; then Ford sang out, "Steady there, Old Timer. Pull her over a little—Look out for that sweeper—Easy on the sweeps, boys, let her go down with the current—When we're opposite that cut-bank, give her hell. *Now! Pull!*"

I've heard the old guard of "Sixty-one" tell how their nervousness of the hour preceding the battle was electri-

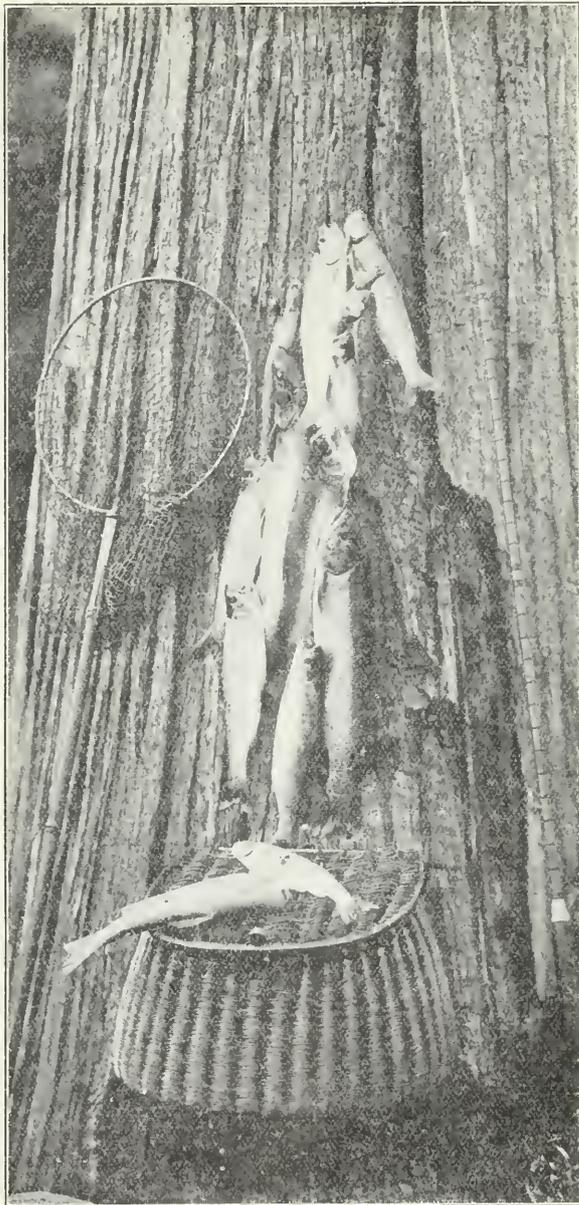
fied into a keen sense of enjoyment by the first rifle shot. I believe eleven men on that scow experienced that feeling. I don't believe there was a man aboard who an hour before was not wishing there were no Goat Rapids. As firmly do I believe not a man on board but who wished Goat Rapids were six miles long instead of three, once the bow sweeps struck the first foaming water. Dangerous! Yes. Had the scow struck one of the numerous rocks over which the water was boiling, eleven men would have been in the water with small chance of getting out alive. And there were many chances to strike. Rafts, canoes and scows have been torn to pieces there, sometimes the men got to shore safely, many times not. A week later the steamboat I passed up for the scow struck and one hundred and eighty tons of supplies and fifty horses were thrown overboard to prevent the boat from going down. Fortunately perhaps for us the water was high, for, although it was swift and doubtless would have worked greater havoc had we hit any of the larger rocks, it certainly made passage over many smaller ones possible which in low or normal water poke black noses above the surface, or worse still, lie just deep enough to be concealed and ready to rip a raft, scow, canoe or steamboat apart.

But we shot Goat Rapids in safety; in fact, without so much as hitting a floating log. We did, however, come dangerously near hitting rocks but our closest call I think came near the foot of the rapids when the curve we rounded revealed a log jam dead ahead. When striking it seemed a certainty, the swift current, aided by a frantic working of the sweeps, veered us slightly to one side and to safety. Not since we were hung up on the sand bar had we seen either of the other scows, so we felt relieved when we overtook Louie that evening and learnt both he and Knull came through the Goat as fortunately as we.

Below the rapids the river broadened perceptibly, consequently the current was not so swift. In fact, at times the river seemed almost sluggish. The

balance of this day and all of the next passed without mishap. We made not more than three miles an hour and now the country tributary to the river was more rolling, although we could see the peaks of the Rockies to the east, while ahead of us, almost due north, could be discerned a range of hills hardly rugged or high enough to be dignified by the word "mountains". However, we knew where these hills and the river met was a canyon of no mean proportion. The Grand Canyon of the Fraser it is called. In reality there are two distinct canyons separated by a half mile of quiet water. We reached the head of the upper canyon Sunday morning and tied up at "Canyon Cache". This is another railway construction camp much like the one from which we started and in addition, as the name implies, is a store house for supplies, hundreds of tons of which were being brought down the river by steamboat. Before the river freezes all the supplies must be cached here to maintain five thousand or more men and five hundred or more head of horses throughout the winter. These men and animals are distributed along approximately two hundred miles of right-of-way and the Canyon Cache is their main supply depot.

Four French-Canadian rivermen are stationed at this point; their only duty being to take scows loaded with railway construction supplies through the canyon. For five dollars a day each of these men face a watery grave, but one must admire their splendid nerve when one sees a scow manned by them take its plunge into the torrent of foamy water. Good fortune still attended the three scows for each was



LAKE TROUT FROM A BRITISH COLUMBIA RIVER

taken through the upper canyon without other mishap than the loss of a sweep. When the last of the three was tied up in the quiet water separating the two canyons it was after seven o'clock in the evening and the four rivermen refused to negotiate the lower canyon until the following day.

So it was decided that each crew

would take their own scow through. Louie led the way, Knull followed fifteen minutes later and we brought up the rear in a half hour. At the entrance to the canyon the river made a sharp bend and the current threw the bow of the scow violently against the rock wall, then the stern swung out until the current hit broadside and carried us into a wider channel. Again fortunately the water was high enough to take us safely over many rocks and the whirlpool at the foot of the canyon. During the low water stage this whirlpool is one of the most dangerous places on the upper Fraser. The pool is about sixty feet in diameter and when the water is low the whirlpool "fills and empties" at short intervals. If a canoe is lucky enough to strike the pool when it's filled almost invariably it shoots across in safety. But let one strike it when the "bottom falls out" of the whirlpool and the chances are it will be sucked down into the vortex.

We were again in quiet water and now in a country more thickly peopled. Pre-emptors' cabins, snuggled in their clearings with the tall fir, cedar and spruce trees as a back-ground, imparted that picturesqueness noted only in a new country. There was little change in the appearance of either the river or country during the following day and about the only thing to break the monotony was a young beaver which swam parallel with the scow an hundred or more yards away. He seemed consumed with curiosity which eventually was satisfied after keeping up the race for a mile or so when he

ducked out of sight and seconds afterward his head appeared, nose pointed up-stream, and away he went back to his "Beaverville".

Tuesday morning we reached Giscombe Portage and found the other two scows had arrived an hour or so previous. At this point one may portage seven miles over a government road to Summit Lake from where, by canoe, one may go down Crooked River to Lake McLeod, thence over Lake McLeod down Pack River which empties into the Parsnip, down the Parsnip into the Peace and down the Peace to Great Slave Lake. At this point also the Fraser makes a sharp turn southward and continues its course to the Pacific Ocean.

Giscombe Portage has two other distinctive features. First, the general store here is the first one to be seen after leaving Tete Jaune Cache more than three hundred miles east. Second a mile below the general store Giscombe Rapids begins. This rapids is equally as dangerous and more than twice as long as Goat Rapids. As my destination was beyond the destination of the scows my plan was to go ashore at Giscombe Rapids and there engage a canoe. This I did. We had come two hundred and sixty miles in an actual running—or floating—time of sixty-seven and one-half hours which, so far as is known, is record time for any scow making the same trip. No serious accidents had befallen any of the three scows or the men who manned them and with genuine regret I stood on the bank and waved good-bye to ten good fellows of the trail.

THIEF

BY DOROTHY GREEN

"THIEF!"—that's the name, lad,
The world has given you.
Would I might deny it
But it's all too true.

For though you right the wrong, lad,
And stain your hands no more,
The pride and faith you've taken
You never can restore.

The Octogenarian



By Will E.
Ingersoll

A STORY OF A JOUST WITH TIME

With Decorations by Frederic M. Grant

IT WAS the golden stacking-time, and the rack stood under a rim of sheaves that steadily mounted and grew as the load on the rack lowered, sheaf by yellow sheaf.

The Old Man, a gray and brick-red Neptune, whose shaggy head moved just above the surface of the stack and who thrust up regularly a trident of bright steel from which a sheaf fell, in a spray of chaff, wrought now on the last of his load. The grain-rack creaked beneath his weight with a void sound, and the bottom-boards, gray and strewn with kernels of new wheat that had shelled out, showed themselves here and there from under the last row of sheaves.

Hector McKinnon, the iron-thewed son who stood in the centre of the stack, building the yellow faggots of straw in concentric rows, noted that the sheaves came up tardily. To a stranger, the easy and tireless fork-play of the Old Man—the quick, deft turn of the wrist, the effortless slide, up and down the haft of the fork, of the fulcrum-like lifting-hand—would have seemed skill at its zenith and steady speed at its acme; but Hector knew that the stout old farmer was to-day only working at half-pressure, and this in the strenuous harvest-season.

There was that, too, in the expression, that drew the attention of the middle-aged and iron-gray son, who had worked in fast alliance and sympathy with his father for fifty of the old pioneer's eighty years. The Old Man was turned facing the sun, the rugged chart of his wrinkles thus in

the full light of day; and Hector, glancing at him as the clockwork up-thrust of the pitchfork slacked and halted like a mechanism running down, saw that the lines of the face, usually tense and zestful, were set in a stolid, ox-like, inexpressive mask.

"Let 'em come, Father; yon's Neil, drawin' up with the next load." The reminder was given with deference; for the government of the McKinnon family had always been patriarchal and the dictator the Father.

Old Hugh McKinnon threw back his shoulders, like one casting down a burden. His blue eyes glinted up imperiously.

"Let 'em come, eh?" he repeated; and Hector, though he forked dexterously, was in a moment knee-deep in big, dry sheaves. The last one on the load, somersaulting high in the air, saluted him smartly on the side of the head, filling his shirt-collar with crisp husks and chaff.

"There, then!" said the Old Man, as he threw his fork with a clang in the bottom of the empty rack and drove away from the side of the stack. "Are ye suited now, Hector?"

He flung the words hardily back, balancing himself without effort to the jolting and swaying of the rack. He stamped his foot and snapped the loose rein-ends with energy at the fat, sleepy team. But these manifestations ceased strangely, ceased of themselves, before he reached the thistled edge of the stubble-field. Hector, watching from the stack, saw the gray hair, thick and spreading like a lion's mane, droop lower upon the broad, stooping

shoulders, and the head drowse forward over the driving-reins. The son, leaning on his fork, found himself repeating, as his own utterance, Old Man McKinnon's slogan of health:

"Eighty years of age, an' never sick a day. Good friends with ever'body but the Doctor. He wun't speak to me."

Dinner-time came, with high noon upon the yellow fields and a splendid hunger telling the hour to the farmers more certainly than clock or dial. In the farm kitchen, clean and savory, the potatoes and turnips in their kettle bubbled, mealy for the mashing; and Mother McKinnon stood out beneath the low eaves and made a dinner-horn of her two hands. Her voice was deep and full; but the baritone hail went out twice across the field before the Old Man heard, sent back his usual "Ho-o-oy!", and signalled his sons to unhitch their teams.

The mother, pausing on the stoop, shaded her eyes with her hand, looking at her husband steadily and long. Robustly as she had sent the dinner-call, it was strange that ears sixty years attuned had missed the hail.

The subsidence of clattering trace-hooks and splashing water at the well was followed presently by the approach, up the path from the stable, of the farmer and his five sons. They came in their usual grouping; Old Man McKinnon and Hector walking ahead; Neil, a taciturn giant, following by himself; and Archie, Dan and Malcolm bringing up the rear.

Mother McKinnon received her husband with her gray head, manlike and massive as to chin, nose and neck, turning after him in a continued and steady regard.

Generation after generation, her family, in its rugged, homely and sinewy longevity, told off the years lightly, reaching the eighties and nineties with the hale core of life burning vigorously beneath the gray, the wrinkles and the tan. But there had been those who were ripe when she was young; and she had seen the prevalence, delayed but sure, of Time



MAKING A DINNER-HORN OF HER TWO HANDS,
MOTHER MCKINNON SENT A BARITONE
HAIL ACROSS THE FIELDS

upon the strong. In her maidenhood, womanhood and mid-age, she had seen successively the passing of a great-grandfather, a grandfather and a father; and the herald manifestations of the end were fixed and strong in her memory.

"Do ye think ye will know me again, Mother?" enquired Old Man McKinnon, gruffly as, walking to the head of the table, he turned and faced her scrutiny. Mother McKinnon dropped her eyes and brought the bacon from



the stove-pan, piled high and savory for the six great soap-shining and shirted figures that waited in their chairs about the board. Few words, as always, were spent during the meal. The mother, eating little, attended with the precision of habit the needs of the table. She did not look again at her husband; but into her eyes, deep and maternal in their map of wrinkles, came an expression thoughtful and convinced, prepared and stoic.

Old Man McKinnon pushed his plate from before him, set his two brown hands upon the edge of the table and, looking furtively at his wife, raised himself to his feet with a kind of swagger and went to the doorway.

"Hector," he said, shading his eyes as he looked down the trail, "Hector, boy, we should be ready to plow in your west field when the stooks is cleared off it. I'll go to the town this afternoon with them ploughshares. You boys finish the stackin'."

The sons looked at each other and passed out. Hector and the mother crossed glances; and wordlessly, with his head bent, the eldest filed after the others to hitch for the field.

The Old Man, sitting in the light wagon, drove the bronchos curvetting into the loop of the town trail. The harvest sun beat down upon him in full strength; but even in that bright bath of heat, he felt, not sultriness, but only a comfortable warmth. A light breeze was abroad; and when, with a flutter of the yellow flower-heads by the roadside, it leapt up the foreboard of the wagon and blew upon his ankles, he dropped his feet to the bottom of the box with a sensation of slight chill.

He looked down upon his hand, spread upon his knee in an habitual posture, masterful and proprietary. It was a great hand, knuckled and seamed as oak-bark; but the skin was tight and dry, and crinkled torpidly, like paper, when the fingers were straightened. Looking at the limb, in its triple aspect of homeliness, strength and age, the old man, nodding his

head above it, saw it plainest in its phase of age and decay.

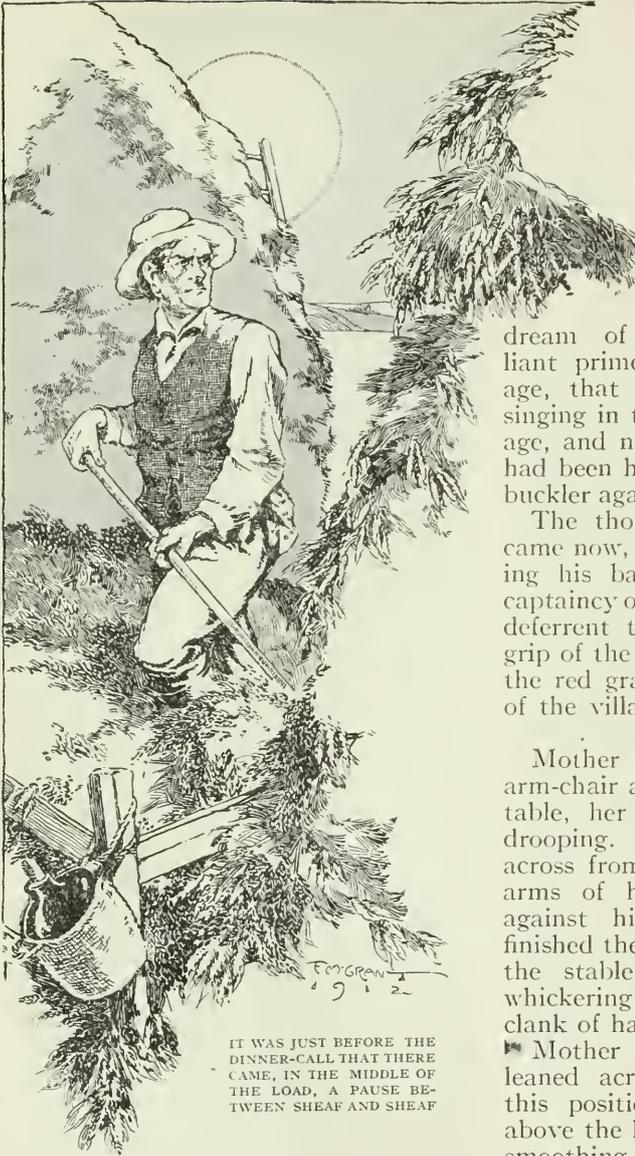
"I am an old man," he said, his voice suddenly full of thrilling and troubled discovery. Many times, since he had passed the Psalmist's milestone, had he trumpeted the lapse of his years, but never before had he acknowledged his eld.

His gray head shook as he lifted it. He had passed the margin of the stubble-fields, left behind him the stacks and the fences. He was unmoored upon the prairie, the breeze bugling in his ears, before him the free sweep of the trail.

In a twinkling, there had closed over him a round canvas roof, and he was sitting in a vehicle that swayed and creaked. Horns grew out between the ears of the bronchos; they wallowed shamblingly in their harness; their graceful flanks became knuckled and bovine. A bracing wildness spread upon the knolls, the sloughs emerald and elfin, the bluffs shaken with wind. Spicily in upon his nostrils came the mint-aroma from the grassy hollows, the scent of wild clover from the upland. He was again robust and full-veined and young, coming hardily to his Canaan, to subdue and to possess.

But the vision fell away as swiftly as it came. The bronchos, feeling the languor in the wrists of their driver, had sprung into an excited canter, and the spokes of the light wagon spun madly as they dashed down a slope ending in a sharp loop. The old man shortened the reins and drew in with such angry power that he brought the team to a stop within the length of the wagon. He made them take the balance of the slope at a walk, their flanks against the whiffle-trees.

An onlooker might have seen nothing perturbing in the incident; but Old Man McKinnon knew that his arm-muscles had responded with unwonted slowness, and that nerves he had always delighted to compare with iron had been shaken into anger with a strange ease.



IT WAS JUST BEFORE THE
DINNER-CALL THAT THERE
CAME, IN THE MIDDLE OF
THE LOAD, A PAUSE BE-
TWEEN SHEAF AND SHEAF

"I am an old man." The words came of themselves now; and along the farmer's rude groove of thought flowed the impression that they had been said, not by himself, but by a voice great and sane and prevalent, and that they were not a soliloquy but a fiat.

The solid base of his strength was slipping, slipping. He had seen the passing of the strong men of his family. With no outward index of decay, they—his father, and his father's

father—had laid down their tools, lapsed into a week's impotent brooding, and gone. This gloomy triumph of Death, thus twice seen, had challenged him strangely and strongly. It had seemed like the losing of a fight to a palpable enemy; and it had been the steady dream of his sure youth, his reliant prime, and his undefeated old age, that he would die in harness, singing in the field. "Eighty years of age, and never a day sick. . . ." It had been his battle-cry, his shield, his buckler against Time and Death.

The thought, sixty years his ally, came now, uncurdling him, straightening his back, giving him again the captaincy of his forces! The bronchos, deferent to the new firmness in his grip of the reins, trotted decorously as the red grain elevators at the bourne of the village notched the skyline.

Mother McKinnon sat in the big arm-chair at the foot of the breakfast-table, her eyes lonely, her wrinkles drooping. Old Man McKinnon was across from her, his elbows upon the arms of his chair, his beard sunk against his chest. The sons had finished their meal and gone; and from the stable came intermittently the whickering of horses and the morning clank of harness-rings.

Mother McKinnon stood up and leaned across the table. Thrice, in this position, she started to speak, above the litter of cold dishes. Then, smoothing her apron with a trepidant gesture, she stepped noiselessly to the side of her man.

"Hughie," she said slowly, in her deep voice the note of the coronach, "will I get ye the staff?"

The Old Man started, as if the words had been thundered in his ear, or as if the voice that spoke them had been the snap of a whip on his bare back. He cast off his coma like a cloak, and thrust himself to his feet. Drawing his brows together and down, he answered her:

"Aye," he said, while she stood puzzled, her hands fumbling at her waistband, "get it—yon staff!"

Mother McKinnon went into the bedroom. From a corner remote and muddy, she plucked a great, knotty stick.

This article had been an heirloom and a presage in the House of McKinnon. Some plaided ancestor, watching his sheep in the Gaelic hills, had cut and shaped it for a shepherd's crook; but now for generations it had had an office more solemn and paramount; it had been the rod and the staff upon which each hale old McKinnon, in his ultimate beaten hour, had leaned and limped into the Valley of the Shadow.

Mother McKinnon came slowly to the table, holding up the crook in her two hands. As she proffered it desolately, she looked aside, missing the glitter in the eyes of the Old Man as he reached for the staff. It was therefore with a start that she felt him seize rather than grasp it; and it was with amazement and perturbation that she saw him shake it like an antagonist, bend it across his knee, break it, and throw the old ash fragments to the floor!

In the tawny harvest morning, the sons, already in the field, saw the Old Man coming, pitchfork over shoulder. He made toward Hector's rack, now partly loaded.

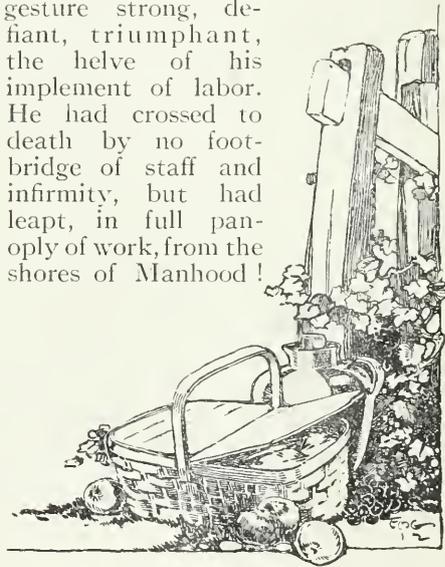
"I'll pitch to ye, boy," he said, in his voice the huskiness and the stress of a great excitement.

Seven times that morning, Hector

McKinnon's rack returned to the field, to be loaded afresh; and it was just before the dinner-call that there came, in the middle of a load, a pause between sheaf and sheaf, a sharp crackle of crushed stubble.

Hector, sliding swiftly from the load, found the Old Man fallen by a stook. His elbow was across the butt of a sheaf, and his eyes, under the thick gray eyebrows, were flashing like those of a wounded hawk.

"Eighty years of age!" he said, in the hoarse and vigorous ejaculation spending the lees of his strength, "an' never—a day—sick. . ." His head fell back, his elbow slipped from the sheaf. The fire died out of his eyes as the lids flickered into place; but the sinewy old hand yet gripped, with a gesture strong, defiant, triumphant, the helve of his implement of labor. He had crossed to death by no foot-bridge of staff and infirmity, but had leapt, in full panoply of work, from the shores of Manhood!



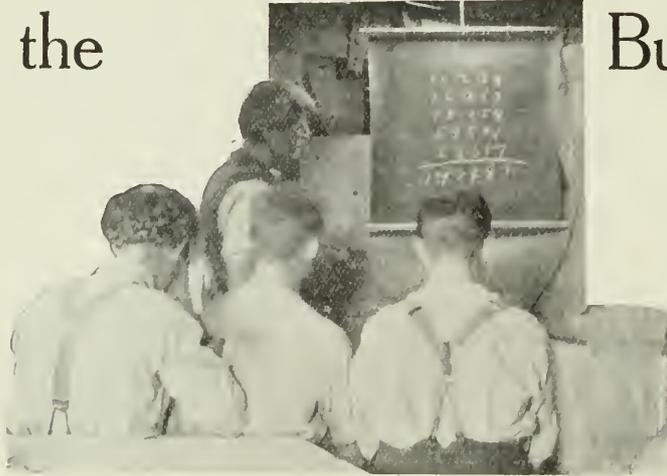
THE MYSTERY

BY KATHERINE HALE

Here in the clang of traffic and the surge
Of grey-faced crowds, how strange it is to think
That yonder lie unbroken fields of snow,
And God's still peace above the hemlock broods.

The Rule of Three

In the



Bush

A VARSITY NAVVY-INSTRUCTOR TEACHING ITALIAN "WOPS" TO CIPHER

HOW THE NAVVIES, LUMBERJACKS AND WOPS IN THE BUSH AND ON THE RIGHT-OF-WAY ARE BEING TAUGHT THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF READING THE KING'S ENGLISH AND THE INTRICACIES OF MATHEMATICS BY UNIVERSITY MEN WHO HANDLE THE PICK AND PEN WITH EQUAL FACILITY

By Alfred Fitzpatrick

Superintendent of Reading Camps

Illustrated from Photographs

THAT Canada may have lumber, railway ties, coal, fish, may get her railways built and her grain marketed, a quarter of a million sturdy Canadians and foreigners must live from six to eight months in camp, miles from civilization, miles from a book or magazine, a picture, a church, a phonograph, a bath, a theatre or a good woman.

These men are the men who are making Canada—doing the hard and

dirty work of half a continent—"God's frontiersmen," as somebody recently called them. And until eleven years ago, nobody thought it worth while to give them a chance to do anything but eat when they could, sleep when they must, and work as long as they could stand up. Since that time, the Reading Camp Association, through its corps of navyy-lumberman-cook-miner-instructors, has given to fifty thousand men a chance to live like decent

Christians by reason of school, reading-room, library, club and church; and has given two hours' instruction a night, ten months in the year, to fifteen thousand men. During 1911 forty University men were out working in camps in Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia; and the cost for men and outfits in 1912 totalled \$25,000. To this work the provincial governments made small grants. Lumber, railway, mining and fish companies, beginning to recognize

Many of them knew nothing of frontier life or work when they went from McGill or Varsity—but they learned. Run through the photographs in any of the Reading Camp Association reports, and you will see them at it. V. L. Clark, graduate Nebraska Wesleyan University, instructor and *skinner* at Summit Camp, Vancouver Island; H. S. Haskins, (Bristol College) instructor and *lumberjack*, Robinson's Camp, Pinage Lake, Ontario; J. P. Wearing, instructor and *cookee* at



ON THE RIGHT-OF-WAY, THE READING ROOM IS GENERALLY AN OLD BOX-CAR, WHICH TRAVELS WITH THE GROWTH OF THE LINE

a good thing, have also made grants to help along the men in their employ, because they found it made them less unruly, more contented, and less likely to "jump their job". The rest has been contributed by wideawake and sensible Christian Canadians.

But the biggest contribution has been that of the instructors, who are in the main University men who have left college to carry the three R's and the Gospel to the men of the frontier.

Camp Two on the Kapuskasing River; W. O. Henry (Varsity), instructor and *teamster in the mud cut* on the railway, Mileage 72, west of Cochrane, are typical captions under these photographs of the sturdy young Canadians who represent the Reading Camps. Freighting, track-laying, swamping, acting as shore hand or slusher, are the employments that take up their days, and at night they return to reading car or tent, or perhaps to some log shack that the company has turned over, to

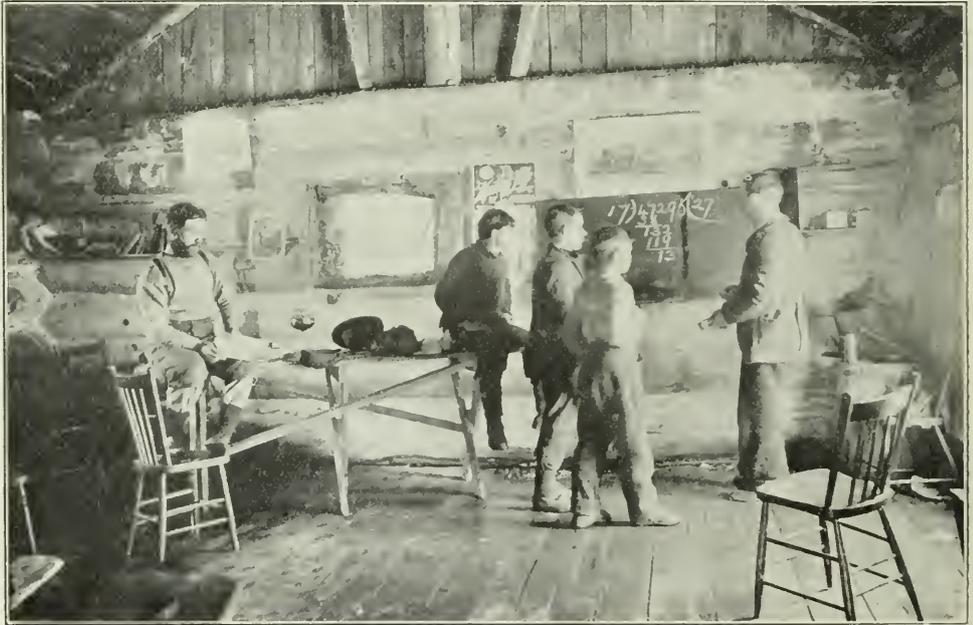
teach whatever they know and their pupils can absorb, from writing to higher mathematics.

And their pupils are as varied as their jobs. Russian, Finn, Slovak, English, Chinese, French, and a host of other nationalities are found in these camps. Often the principal task of the instructor is to teach seven different kinds of foreign wop to speak the King's English. Again, an ambitious navy may want to learn estimating and accounting. Sir Donald Mann

worked with the boys on the grade, but taught them all I knew, and harnessed the best talent available in their interest, in the way of entertainers."

The story of T. S. Scott, of the T. N. & O. and Instructor Brandon is a typical one of the way the men handle their work.

A firm, to whom had been granted the contract of the construction of the last forty miles of the T. & N. O. Railway from McDougall Chutes to Cochran failed to gauge the amount of



INSTRUCTOR H. K. LEAVENS AND HIS CLASS IN THE READING ROOM OF EDMOND HALL'S CAMP, EIGHTEEN MILES FROM NAIRN CENTRE, ALGOMA

himself in his contracting days, once got a fellow workman to teach him how to figure up the cubic contents of embankments and excavations. Whatever the navy-instructor knows, that shall he teach, is the rule; and he will find use for every crumb of his knowledge before he is done. Thomas A. Croft, of McGill, working in a Vancouver Island Camp, wrote, "The man needed for this work should be a Jim Jeffries, Prof. Hetherington and walking encyclopaedia in one. I not only

supplies necessary, were unable to complete their contract in the specified time and assigned. In the spring of '08 the T. & N. O. Railway Commission took over the contract and appointed T. S. Scott, B. A., B. Sc., as manager of construction, with orders to push the work. This Scott did with characteristic vigor and indomitable pluck. Things were soon re-organized and the work begun with grim determination to corral, saddle and cinch the accomplishment of his object.

Scott declared he would have the steel laid to Driftwood Creek before June, 1908. The resident engineers who had become accustomed to the late firm's easy gait and who were inclined to blame for the failure the unforeseen difficulties in construction and adverse circumstances over which the contractors had no control, laughed up their sleeves at the pretentious boast of this newly arrived Hannibal, and offered heavy odds on what they considered a sure thing. But Scott

porters from loss, Scott had other and more important reasons for pushing the steel to Driftwood.

Specifications called for a steel bridge at Driftwood River. It would take some weeks to erect the structure which would have to be completed before track could be laid on the opposite side. The grade north of Driftwood was almost ready for the steel. The material for such a bridge could only be brought by rail, and each day saved in laying the steel to Driftwood, meant a



THE READING-ROOM AT ONE OF THE PARRY SOUND LUMBER COMPANY'S CAMPS. INSIDE THESE FOUR LOG WALLS IS ALL THE CHURCH, SCHOOL, LIBRARY, THEATRE OR RECREATION-ROOM THE LUMBERJACKS KNOW

had already inspired confidence in his immediate followers, and the bettors did not have to go far to look for takers. What Scott's staff could not handle, the new foreman took, and any that was still left was divided amongst those of lower rank. Inspired by Scott's fascinating personality, his dashing pluck and initiative, one bull cook staked a month's salary on Scott's winning.

Anxious as he was to back up his statement and relieve his betting sup-

porters from loss, Scott had other and more important reasons for pushing the steel to Driftwood.

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day's earlier completion of the bridge, and resumption of work on the other side. Moreover supplies were even lower in the camps north of Driftwood than at headquarters, and new equipment was needed all along the line. The expense of toting was ruinous and could be saved only by the laying of the steel. But by all the signs the fate seemed to be dead set against Scott. The rain poured in torrents with short intervals for a week. Dumps slid out and cuts

caved in, and the mud and mire on the right-of-way grew deeper and deeper. The dreaded first of June crept nearer and nearer. Scott lengthened the day's labor from ten to thirteen hours, and the outlook grew so dark that there became a gradual levelling of odds between the bettors and later a rapid rise in the takers against Scott's success.

It was now past the middle of May with no apparent return of Scott's luck. The weather was still treacherous. The unballasted track kept sinking and the cuts, grades and dumps got so sticky it was next to impossible to work. Still the relentless superintendent kept spiking away. On the morning of May 31st the thin black lines, like two eels in a muddy stream, were seen to worm their way out on to the final grade, a three-quarter mile stretch to Driftwood, when, as bad luck would have it, the track-laying machine broke. This meant the handling of the 33-foot (90-lb. to the yard) rails by hand. This would require much more time. Besides the dagos were not used to this method, and did not adapt themselves readily to the new conditions. That morning it did seem as though the fates were still against Scott and that his supporters would lose.

It was on this memorable Saturday morning that the Reading Camp Association's Camp School Inspector, E. W. Brandon, took six other college men up the T. & N. O. Railway as far as the end of the steel, then a mud cut twelve miles north of McDougall Chutes. The weather was still bad, and the mud cut was in a frightful condition. The banks kept slipping down on the grade, and the men, mostly Italians, were up to the ankles, often up to the knees, in water, mud and gumbo. All were grumbling, some had "jumped" and others had threatened to do so.

The tote road from McDougall Chutes to Driftwood, so soon after the break-up and the heavy rains, was practically impassable, and Driftwood Camp, having pinned its faith to the intrepid superintendent, had not attempted to tote more supplies than were absolutely necessary to tide it

over the 31st of May, and awaited the arrival of the Black Horse with feverish interest.

In ordinary weather the bet would easily have been won several days before the allotted time, but as it was, the steel was being laid at little more than a snail's pace.

The usually good-natured superintendent was sorely tried, but possessed his soul in the best patience he could command. Do his best, he could not hold the Italians. To encourage them he even loaned them long rubber boots. Should they carry out their threats to "jump" he would lose his bet, the camps would be on half rations, and the Commission's management little, if any, better than that of the former contractors. Naturally he was not in the best frame of mind when Camp School Inspector Brandon and the other navy-instructors arrived, and the following conversation ensued:

"Mr. Fitzpatrick told me you promised to give half a dozen students work at as many camps up the line, Mr. Scott," said Brandon.

"Oh, by Jupiter! College men! How do I know they can work? The weather's so bad the old stand-bys are quitting. We don't need men up the line. We need men here. They can go to work here if they like, and if they won't work here they can't work up the line," said he, thinking he would test their metal and if it did not ring true he would have struck a knock-out blow and got rid of the book-lovers.

He was surprised to see Brandon, followed by Gray and the other students, slip down the bank and take their places beside the dagos. But he was man enough to appreciate grit and was glad of an opportunity to be independent of those of his disgruntled gang whom he was afraid would "jump" on the least pretext. He therefore shouted, "Put the dagos out of the way and make room for the college men. Soon as you get to Driftwood the day's work is done."

Inspector Brandon had been connected with the work for five years. He had worked with and taught the lumberjack in the Conger Lumber Co.'s Camp in the Parry Sound District.

He had been with the prospectors and miners in Camp Cobalt, and he had navvied at Grant's Camp on the T. & N. O. Railway. Gray, too, knew rough manual labor from a red herring scent.

There was not an Italian on the job who was the equal in stature of either Gray or Brandon, the former six foot and the latter six foot two, and proportionately well built. To see Brandon jump down into the gumbo and handle the ties with the agility of a young giant, followed by Gray, another young Hercules, and the other students, all good, fresh and willing young men, should have been a tonic to the lagging and disheartened navvies, weary of the bad weather and bad footing. But the students set a pace that even the professional navvy found hard to follow.

The conditions were as hard and revolting for one class as for the other, but the students were no quitters, nor were they afraid of mud, despite the facts that it took them half way to the knees, and that they were not offered the loan of rubber boots, a courtesy extended to every dago on the job.

There were in all in the gang about eighty men. Besides the spikers, eight loaded the ties at the back of the track-laying machine, and from twenty to thirty worked in the mud at the front. The ties were thrown in front of the machine and laid in position. Then the heavy steel rail was rolled out and dropped on to the "buggy," a sort of roller made to receive it, and thence caught by the gang and heaved into position on the ties.

Brandon and Gray pushed the dagos from the joint end of the lowering rails and the other students stood next. The ties were scarcely dumped before the tongs were hung and swung for entry, and but a few seconds passed before the joint ends were placed. The rails slipped into place smoothly and almost automatically. The bridle rods were immediately buckled, the engine moved forward shoving out new rails and ties. The foreman ceased to

bawl at the joint makers and spent his whole energy attempting to arouse the dagos, those who handled the ties ahead and the spikers in the rear, none of whom was scarcely able to stand the new pace.

Rails that at the old gait of the dagos would have lasted all day ran out at eleven a.m. It was one-thirty before the new supply arrived. A nasty drizzling rain set in, but work was immediately resumed. The students, now thoroughly familiar with the work, and refreshed with the two hours' rest and a hearty camp dinner, set a still harder pace. The dagos at length caught the contagion, and began to respond. The finish was in sight. The steel was laid to Driftwood bridge. The great Black Horse had arrived and Scott's bettors were saved.

After supper Brandon dropped into Superintendent Scott's office and asked, "What's the programme tomorrow?"

"Oh, you fellows made good. You can place the students at the camps up the line. That man Gray, place him at this camp. I want to keep my eye on him."

All the students were duly located in the camps, and as better jobs opened were given every reasonable chance. When a month later their cheques came for the work on the grade, they were allowed \$2.60 for the first day in the mud cut, a full day's pay of thirteen hours, although they worked but eight.

At Driftwood, Waiteybeag, Camps Three, Four and Five, at Meadow Creek and Broken Home, reading and recreation tents and night schools were established for the navvies, while the students toiled, rejoiced and sorrowed with and taught and entertained their fellow toilers. At the close of six months Mr. Scott wrote me: "As long as you send out men who can act as leaders in actual work, if only for a short time, you will get the confidence of a large portion of the men, whether foreign or native. You sent five or six good men, whom no employers of labor would let go till the last wind up."



Neighbor Jenkins' Christmas

By Eldred G. Walker

("North Somerset")

Author of "Canadian Trails," etc.

With Decorations by Donald MacGregor



VERYBODY down our way knows old Neighbor Jenkins. He is one of the few remaining old-timers. Some say he is eighty-eight, others say ninety years; but he is still upright, though a bit shrivelled, and far more keen than many

of forty-five. One would never believe him to be the age he is, were it not for reminiscences. Once he starts a tale, no pulling out of matches, obvious coughs, or pleas of an engagement elsewhere can prevent him from reeling it off to the bitter end.

I met him early in December at the side of Bristol Bridge, and the instant he set eyes on me out rang his hearty halloa:

"Zay, Narth Zummerzett, bissen't thee a-gwaine to hae summut wi' I? Let's go to the Angel and hae a cup o' zider."

"Jenkins, don't you know the Angel has been shut this long, long while?" said I. For a minute he looked crestfallen.

"Lawks, noa," he answered, "and I were vorgettin' that. Everything be changed. Times baint like they wur. But I wur just a-thinkin' as I should like to hae one more Krizmuz afore I go to that little plot o' mine up in Stoke Churchyard. Old Bill Stokes, the sexton, knows just where 'tiz. But, as I wur a-zayin', wad ye come an' spend a few days wi' I an' Lizer? I want one more Krizmuz. I do."

Heartily I agreed, and with his parting admonition, "Mind ye, come yarly and help us a bit, now," in my ears, we went our separate ways.

Neighbor Jenkins' residence is one of those fine old farmhouses in the Vale of the Chew in Somersetshire. Ancient history was made in the village, and its placidity is not disturbed by modern railway whistles, although the motor cars kick up a smother in summertime. The only way to get there is to drive. As I got to the top of Dundry, the Vale of Chew lay spread out before me. Even though it was Christmas, the fields were a rich green. Down the hill near the bottom was still to be seen the old "lepping stock", reminiscent of the days when the Yeomen of the Valley could and did ride.

The old farmhouse with its gables loomed up majestically in the winter twilight. A couple of sheep dogs

bounded out of the broken gate, barking a hoarse welcome, and a curly-headed farm-boy came to open the gate, giving word to old Nick and Snarler to get to kennel. Then the lad took charge of the horse, and pointed the way through the garden gate up to the front door over which an old horse-shoe was nailed. On that heavy, iron-studded oaken door the knocker fell with a clang, and in a moment it was opened by a big, red-checked girl whose bare arms were big as legs of mutton and whose woollen apron looked very business-like.

From behind her, came Jenkins' big voice, "Come in, me hearty, come in. Baint I mighty glad to zee ye!" and as I moved towards that jolly hail, my feet ground the sand on the stone floor of the old farmhouse kitchen. On the hearth a wood fire blazed and crackled, the gleams being caught up and reflected from the brasses on an old bureau, from the fine old brass candlesticks on the mantel, and from other points of scoured metal. I sank into an armchair before the generous blaze, while Neighbor Jenkins apologized for the dimness.

"We hain't a lighted up yet. Zeemin' to I, 'tiz a bit of a bad sign, but o' late I like to look in the vire an' see things just as I did when I was a boy. But there, I ought to be thankful as I can look at the vire. Many that's younger than I can't—they'm clean spiled their eyes with that newspaper readin'. Why, them wenches of our'n be a novel-readin' directly the lamp be lighted, 'stead o' doin' a bit of scourin' or knittin' the same as they used to. . . . Sall! Sall! Light the candle. There, zee how lazy that wench be a-got. Her grandmother wur the one when she was young."

Only a farm-house kitchen, with big oak beams across the moulded ceiling, and the carved oaken mantelshelf topping the merry blaze. The mysterious points of light flashed from a long, rapier-like bar of gleaming steel that was the spit; and glowed from big brass candlesticks set up against stirrup irons on which not a speck of rust had been visible for a century. These had

been Jenkins' father's. Behind his chair was an old oaken coffer, and behind that a week's firewood stowed away in the sloven's hole. A big settle kept from one's back the wind as it rushed up the big wide chimney in which two or three fitches of bacon were hung, undergoing the farmhouse cure. Those that had been dried and were on cut were on the bacon-rack, close under the ceiling. On the walls were two sets of backbands, brass bedecked, a leader's halter and a team whip—trophies of victories at the local ploughing matches. The woodwork of the furniture shone, too—nothing Frenchy about its polish, which had been brought about by countless hard rubbings with elbow-grease. The old long case clock ticked off the minutes soberly, and when it struck eight, Neighbor Jenkins turned to the lass.

"Sall, a bit o' supper!" and the half of a Cheddar cheese was set forth, flanked by a huge loaf of bread and a jar of pickled walnuts, with a jug of cider. Such cider! It was a beautiful clear amber, flavored to the exact degree of tartness and sweetness. At nine o'clock everyone went to bed, for Neighbor Jenkins keeps early hours, and he was "a-gwaine to pick the geese in the morning".

Had I been asleep? A faint gray light shadowed at my window, and a loud voice bellowed up the stair-way, "Jim! Haste thee! A-gwaine to be abed all day?" Five minutes later Jim clattered down the stairs. By eight o'clock everything and everybody had been fed, and the goose-picking was begun.

Young Jim had brought his pocket-knife to a razor-like edge, and Dick had put up some slings in the cowshed. Clamor in the goose-pen foretold the raid, and shortly the dead were brought into the boiler-house for the pickers. How the feathers flew and the down floated! Dry throats called for draughts of warm cider. The day waned, and sore fingers were the rule. Jenkins bravely held his own at the head of the tub, while Mrs. Jenkins dabbled in and out.

"Not over fat—not near so good as I have had them," she criticized. "Sall,

han't ee biled the wheat?" and then suddenly, "Why, thik vool Jim bin an' killed the owld goose. I've had her for vorty year, and she never laid less than a dozen eggs or hatched less than ten goslings. Now thet lumber-headed hidiot bin and killed her; he might as well 'a' killed I, poor owld zoul!"

Neighbor Jenkins chimed in with his wife's lamentations. "What can a body do wi' her? Can't raffle her; raffling baint allowed. Better make Jim eat her, wings and all."

But Jim protested loudly. "Here, Measter, gie I them few coppers, and I woul be out o' this. I would rather go to Canader, I would, than eat thet owld goose."

"Seemingly it bain't the owld goose arter all," suddenly decided Jenkins. "I zeed 'un turned out with the white spot under her eye and the gert wart on her beak."

Mrs. Jenkins was so overjoyed to find that her favorite was not killed that she immediately went to the cupboard, took out the gin bottle, drew a big jug of beer, another of cider, put this with some nutmeg and ginger into a big saucepan, and set it on the fire. Then she stirred in several spoonsful of brown sugar, and left young Jim at the ladle, threatening to shove his head into the "vire" if he let the sugar burn on the bottom or the beer to foam over the top. Then out came a dusty bottle

of elderberry wine. A teacupful of this was mixed with a teacupful of gin, and just as the liquid in the pot became steaming hot, these new ingredients were added; more rapid stirring by young Jim. But it was not fast enough for Mrs. Jenkins. She took the spoon, and as young Jim stepped back, Sall caught him by one leg while old Jim gripped one shoulder, and he was in the tub of feathers before he

knew it. How the feathers flew as he came spluttering out of the tub, vowing "as he would dowl Sall's biler vire the very first cold morning!"

But by this time the "jump-up-Betty" was ready, and there was a great puffing and blowing as it was handed out in stone-ware cups. How it warmed the tired fingers of the workers, and set them picking again with renewed energy until by midnight the task was done, and the day's work hung in rows in the dairy, ready to be sent to market on the morrow.

After the geese were well on their way next morning, Jim took ladder, axe and saw and went out into the orchard to "cut the gert kissing bush from the wilding tree". The ladder was not long enough to reach, and Jim was afraid to climb, so he proceeded to saw the branch off where he could reach it. Then a visit was made to the holly bush, only to find that some one had cut off all the berried branches the night before. Neighbor Jenkins shook his head.

"Times be changed," he lamented. "When I wur young, there was always plenty of holly about. There might be zum left in gert ground hedge. Now them young town chaps came out in the night and cut everything."

Next day was Gooding Day. The house was all astir with putting up the Christmas decorations. A couple of school-boys came, to wish us a merry

Christmas and to be regaled with some fruits and a few coppers. Other lads came, too, and even the village ne'er-do-well found a big jug of cider on the seat in the porch and a crust of bread-and-cheese beside it.

Inside the Hall there was a rare bustle, as Long Jim, Farmer Greene's young handy man who had come across to borrow a pair of ferrets for a day, had caught Sall under the



THE OLD FARM HOUSE LOOMED UP MAJESTICALLY IN THE WINTER TWILIGHT

mistletoe and exacted the penalty accordingly. And Sall was properly wrathful, although it had been her own suggestion that the kissing bush should hang just inside the front door, instead of under the bacon rack; but it was noticeable after this how willing she was to answer any knock.

In the kitchen, Mrs. Jenkins was busy. First she chopped the suet from William Green's Devon steer, which took the first prize at a whole round of shows, and was bought by a wise man o' Bristol. Now chopping suet with a carving knife is a fine job when the suet gets sticky, and she resigned the chopping to us. Then we were nailed to stone the raisins, a most edifying job of sorting out seeds from a mass of gummy fruit sugar. The currants were to be washed, the bread to be grated, the lemon peel and citron to be shredded; then, with an admixture of flour, all the dry ingredients of the pudding were to be mixed together in one of the big earthenware cream pans with the long brass spoon that hung beside the mantel. Strong arms, this took; and Mrs. Jenkins watched us carefully as we stirred it round and round.

Then besides for the pudding, there was a wonderful mixture brewing in the big brown jug. Jim had been sent to the village pub for a quart of the best old beer and a quart of black porter. Also, he was to be sure to call at the village shop for a quarter of a pound of allspice—"an' be sure an' not ask var all the spice they got!" warned Mrs. Jenkins, who had repeated this formula for sixty years, and knew it well. First the beer and then the

stout were mixed in the jug. Then some eggs were beaten in another cup with two wineglassfuls of portwine. To this were added two more glassfuls of brown brandy, and one of rum. The contents of this cup went into the brown jug. More stirring—vehement, this time. Gradually this concoction was added to the dry ingredients in the pan, with more stirring, to which every-

body in the house lent a hand. Then the pudding basins were greased, filled, a nightcap of dry dough put on to keep the fat in, and they were tied down. Sall had the back kitchen copper boiling like mad, and in they went, Jim being installed as stoker in chief, with the admonition that if he once allowed the water to come off the boil, "nur a bit o' pudden zould he have, not so much as a teaste o' th' oddzes in the cloth."

To bed we went, with the back of the house full of the steam of boiling puddings, and the smell of them all around us. Morn-

ing brought the ferrets, and a rabbit hunt, with luncheon in the open. The shadows of evening were falling when we returned to find the women folk busy with huge piles of toast before the fire, and a toasting fork ready for each of us.

"Jenkins, where be zider? Come, Jim, make a peg or two, and we'll go and try the cellar."

Down we went, with a big jug, a gimlet and a candle to the old cellar. Dark and gloomy it looked with the old wine-pipes, port-hogsheads, brandy-casks and rum-puncheons all set on end. Jenkins moved among them familiarly, recognizing each.

"Yes, we will try this one. . . Well good zider, but she bain't zettled.



"TIMES BE CHANGED," HE LAMENTED. "WHEN I WUR YOUNG, THERE WUR ALWAYS PLENTY OF HOLLY ABOUT"

This should be a good one. . . . Lor, now, she be gone oily; that's the worst o' them rum puncheons. . . . There's an eye-sparkler for next year, but she hain't done working yer. Well, we will try old Jacob. I hae villed he regular wi' Caurt-de-Wyck var nigh on sixty 'year, and kept un clean and zound all the time."

Jenkins up-ended the mug, and sighed.

"Lor, zee how it sparkles! Taste it, don't it meet yure lips, wi' that varget-me-not veeling at the end on it!" Tears almost trickled down Jenkins' ruddy cheeks, as he patted the side of the old barrel. "Ould Jacob! Will I ever live to vill 'ee again? Now, thee bist so good, we will hae Krizmuz. Jim, smack thy lips, and hae a second pull this Krizmuz. Bring down the gert jug." It was pleasant to see the old man's joy as young Jim carried three or four jugfuls of cider upstairs before we followed.

No sooner had I reached the big kitchen than Mrs Jenkins gave me a grater and half a dozen nutmegs to grate on it, and then some ginger. In the meantime she put the toasted bread in layers in a big pan, spreading on each some brown sugar, and a pinch of nutmeg and ginger. When she had the pan half full she covered it to keep the bread warm, and set down before the fire a plate of crab-apples to bake and burst into "witches' cream". A big saucepan was filled with cider, brought to a good heat and poured over the toast; several more followed. A drop of gin, a little elderberry wine and some cardamom nutmegs and ginger were put in the last saucepan, filling the toast-pan to the brim. Then in went the crab-apples, and the concoction was complete. The company might come as soon as they liked.

Sall "hooked it" to reappear with her face shining like satin, her best dress and a new apron on. Jim was in his Sunday best. Neighbor sat in his "beehive" and called for his churchwarden pipe and "baccy-jar", in which half a quartern of best birdseye had just been placed.

Voices and the stamping of feet were

heard outside—there had just been a light snowfall to make the ground white. The shining knocker gave a rousing rattat, and Sall flew. Presently there was a sound of smothered scream and much laughter, as young George caught and "bearded" her beneath the kissing bush; and then in filed the ringers, each with his pair of bells in his left hand and his hat in his right.

"Evening, Mr. Jenkins."

But he gave them a sharp glance of his bright old eyes. "Mister Jenkins?" he demanded. "Oh, that's it, is it? Well, I used to be Varmer Jenkins, when I kept Krizmuz. But zit ye down. Missus, try the toast and zider."

All the farm hands had now come in, and Mrs. Jenkins was busy ladling out the toast and cider, serving the master ringer first. Jim had two steaming plates of toasted cheese, which managed to burn his fingers through two dish-cloths and a towel, and of which he put a little on each plate. The ringers were all served; then the farm-hands, and the family last, according to old custom. The big log in the fireplace was given a turn, and we settled down to enjoy the evening.

"Well, lads," declared Neighbor Jenkins, "I be plazed to zee ye. Minds I o' ould times. Vancy the toast and zider bain't quite right?"

But the ringers disagreed vigorously. "What, zurr? No, 'tis the very best we ever had. Old Jacob must be in good health; why he hain't ben zo good since the Krizmuz afore Miss Jenny wur married. . . . Well, zurr, a-beggin' your pardon, we could do wi' a drop more presently. Now, Jack King, what shall we ring? Just chip up a bit,— 'Bonnie Lad'?"

How those sweet handbells rang out in the old farmhouse kitchen. Rising and falling, the notes fell true and beautiful upon the air, and drew a faint whispered response from the sparkling brass about the chimney piece. Then came "Money Musk", and "The Nutting Girl".

"That's it," agreed Jenkins, nodding with delight. "A zong, a real ould zong. Bill Stokes, thee could use to zing "The Boy in the Kettlesmockan",

what were he old Benny Gover, the sexton at Chew Magna, used to zing? Poor old Benny won't zing un again, pore old chap, and he wur but eighty-nine."

The ringer coughed deprecatingly. "Well, zurr, there be the leddies."

But Jenkins would have none of such excuses. "Eh, Bill," he answered, "if they don't hear wuss than the zingin' 'twon't matter. Hae a drop o' zider wi'out the toast to clear the droat. I don't know what's up now-a-days. Used to that every body could zing a zong; now nobody can't. I don't believe the young uns have the same wind we used to have."

Bill cleared his throat obediently, and then began in a voice which might have been a lusty squall some eighty years gone, to give old Benny's song.

The Hackney Coachman

Benny was a hackney coachman rare,
"Jarvey, jarvey!" "Here I am,
yure honner!"

Ricketts, how he used to swear.
Tamberoo

Benny would swear and he would drive;

His number was three hundred sixty-five

With a ram tam holler I gee whoa,
"Jarvey, jarvey!" "Here I am,
yure honner!"

One day Benny stood on the Strand

"Jarvey," etc.

His coach and horses both looked grand.

Tamberoo

Although his horses looked so smart,

He never once thawt on Mr. Mart.

With a ram tam taller holler I gee whoa

This gentleman he did approach,

All dressed in b'ack, he called his coach.

Tamberoo

The song wandered on through an endless string of verses narrating how the gentleman in black turned out to be the devil himself, and how the rare hackney coachman bested him in the course of a lively drive. Everybody joined in the chorus, old Jack being especially great on the "Tamberoo". John then went

through the steps of "The Dashing White Sergeant", in which there was a deal of clatter with his heel taps on the stone floor.

"Eh, what a Krizmuz Eve," said Jenkins, when he was done. "Lor' a mercy! Don't I wish old Jack Viddler were alive. Wouldn't he hae made you step it out? Nobody ever dances in the barn nowadays, else I would hae got zum on 'em together. But 'tis all new tunes, an' no ould zongs nowadays when Bill and I be gone."

But old Jack King laughed. "What's the use to die a-miserable? Let's be happy! A bit more toast and zider and missus wool cut the pudden, and then Jolly Ringers outside the door to finish!"

No sooner said than done. And how perfect a harmony was heard as those bells were shaken in the still frosty air by men who could not read a note of music, and who had gained their skill by ear alone!

Christmas morn! The thin mantle of snow held in the grip of the frost sparkled with a thousand jewels in the morning sunlight as the choir boys commenced their carols on the lawn. Mrs. Jenkins listened with bright eyes.

"Bless the boys," she declared. "Bring un in and gie un zum pudden. They won't be able to zing much arter that."

How busy Sall was, and how she and Jim quarrelled because he had allowed the paper to scorch on the breast of the goose while she was a-drippin' them ribs o' beef. Both would be ready by the time we came back from morning service at the church.

Once again the old oak table groaned with Christmas fare, and around it were gathered all of Neighbor Jenkins' relatives. A great grandchild sat on



IN THE KITCHEN SALL AND MRS. JENKINS WERE BUSY

his knee and clawed his last lock of hair.

"Dad, let me carve; you must be tired," offered one of the strapping sons, as the old man paused in his duties.

"Tired? No, me boy, not I. But I was just a-thinkin' o' Joe and his childer as be in Canader." They were the only ones absent from the feast.

How the young folks enjoyed themselves over the wishbone of the goose. What excitement there was as to who should bring the ring or the new sixpence out of the pudding. And in the evening what rustling and laughing

there was as the young lads of the neighborhood came to see their girls. That front door passage was most popular. Of course they couldn't go out by the back door, and somehow when they returned from the hall way one cheek was more tinged with crimson than the other, and bright eyes were brighter than ever. Jenkins nodded in his chair, evidently tired. Then he turned to me with a twinkle, and said bravely,

"I zay, we were like that once, and this be a bit zummuz as how we used to keep Krizmuz."

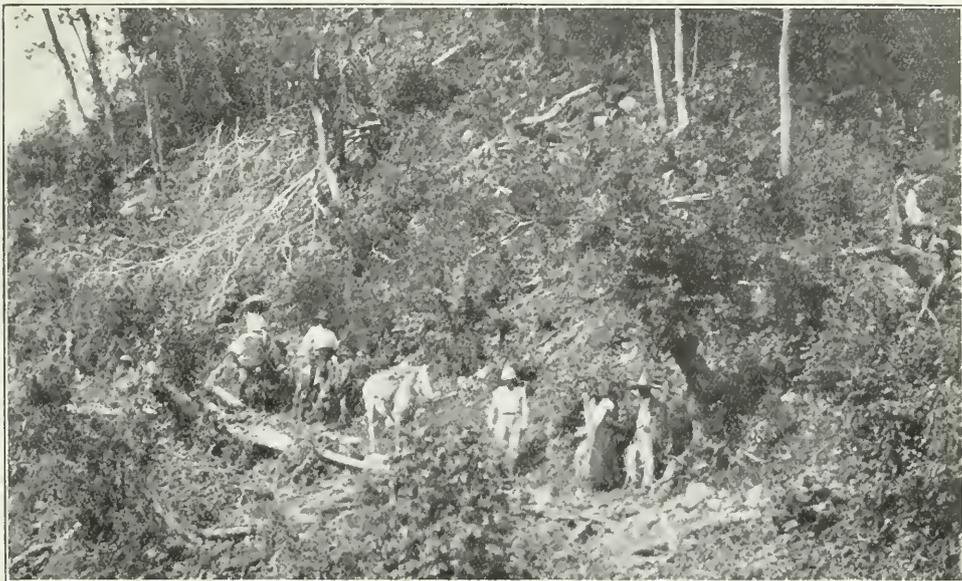
THE STORM—PEMAQUID POINT

BY W. P. H. GLIDDEN

THE scene is grand from this old rock-bound coast,
 Where distance is lost as you gaze o'er the deep,
 Where the sea-gull sports o'er its glittering breast,
 Or floats on its bosom when taking its rest:
 The waves roll in with a languid force,
 Till they reach the rocks that bar their course.

It is awfully grand on this rough rocky main,
 When the storm-king's abroad with his furious train;
 Rousing old Ocean, in his boisterous glee,
 From a slumbering motion into a fierce raging sea:
 The storm-clouds darken the sea and sky,
 The lightnings flash from the storm-king's eye;
 His thundering voice as it now rolls afar,
 Bids his forces cease this furious war:
 The strife has ended—the storm-king has gone.

Now it is a glorious sight
 When the storm subsides, and the wind is stilled,
 As the sun breaks forth with its dazzling light
 And brightens the waste that the storm has filled;
 The seas rushing on to the rock-bound coast,
 Raging and roaring like an angry host,
 They rise in their might and dash on the rocks,
 Throwing their spray with a mighty force,
 High in the air—
 The sun now, as with magic print,
 Pictures the spray with a rainbow tint.



IT WAS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO BELIEVE THAT THIS NARROW TRAIL HAD SUFFICED
TO TRANSPORT AN ARMY

In the Heart of Old Mexico

By Don Salvador Castello Carreras

Mexican Consul General

Translated by Carlos A. Butlin

Director General of Telegraphs, Barcelona

Illustrated from Photographs

SIXTH PAPER

From San Luis to Tecpan

WE arrived at San Luis in a most dejected state of mind as the want of news about our companions was causing us the greatest anxiety. Things were the more aggravated because it was Sunday and the telegraph office was closed. My search for the telegraphist was

fruitless as I was soon informed that he had gone out shooting for the day. San Luis is a small town on the border of a river of the same name and has a population of about 1,000. The only inn of the place where we had dismounted was quite out of the question and the prospect of the bad night we would have to pass made our situation all the more trying. But, during my search for the telegraphist, my atten-

tion was attracted to a house of agreeable aspect at the door of which a *woquecito*, (a light carriage on two wheels) set me thinking. I then remembered that Messrs. Fernandez, well known Spanish merchants of long standing, possessed a hacienda at San Luis, and Ibarra had told me that they would probably place a carriage at the disposal of the Colonel. Seeing a stout and kindly looking gentleman at the door I approached him:

"Is this the Hacienda of Messrs. Fernandez?" I ventured to ask.

"It is, sir," replied he, who proved to be Don Manuel Ruiz, the administrator of these gentleman, "And you and friends are probably those who are coming with Senor Ibarra."

"Just so," I replied, with alacrity, "Senor Ibarra and Colonel Davidson are coming along behind and delayed and we have to wait for them here."

"Then here you will find everything prepared for your stay and there is the carriage which Don Baltasar sent for your use."

We certainly did not hesitate to take advantage of this kind reception and within a few minutes were all comfortably installed.

Don Manuel Ruiz is a man from Bilbas, almost Mexicanized after twenty years residence in the country, but his vizcoyan accent and the free and easy manner natural to those of his province will never abandon him. On hearing his first words I guessed we were both from the same country.

The amiable wife of Don Manuel, a true Mexican lady, vied with her husband in showing us the most exquisite kindness. Their children also, among whom I remember a lovely fair-haired girl, as ideal as one of Murillo's virgins, were most pleasing and the memory of those hours spent in their company will never leave me as long as I live. They offered me nothing less than the drawing room of the house, where they prepared a soft white bed, but my companions preferred to defy the heat and sleep on their habitual camp-beds, in the shed.

At nightfall I again went to the telegraph office and had the good fortune to find that the operator had

returned. In a very short space of time we were in communication with Sihuatanejo and the telegraphist there, our good friend the senorita Rodriguez, informed us that her father had returned with the boats after having landed the Colonel and the rest of the party safely at Potosi, where they were obliged to put in on account of the storm which showed no signs of abating.

As may be imagined, I flew with the news to Field, the good friend of Davidson, who was really beginning to despair. Our tranquillity, nevertheless, was not completely restored as we got no news from Petatlan and were consequently ignorant of the exact situation of our friends. If the muleteer sent from Salinas del Cuaajo to Potosi had not obeyed our instructions, our friends might still be stopped there for want of the necessary elements wherewith to catch up to us.

The night passed without any further news, but at daybreak a message was received from Petatlan saying that the party had arrived there, as had been presumed by our good friend, Don Amado Soberania, who was still accompanying us. They requested us to send them the pack-mules as they had procured the necessary horses. We immediately sent a messenger to Tamarindo where the mule column had passed the night, and gave orders for same to leave at once for Petatlan. The Colonel and Ibarra were duly advised of this and that we would wait for them at San Luis.

Our equilibrium being now restored, and with the prospect of a day's rest before us, our spirits rose and as for myself, I took the opportunity of getting as many hours of sleep as possible. I did not waste all the time however, in this manner, but held long conversations with Senor Soberania Don Manuel Ruiz, and acquired interesting information about cultivation, labor, the customs of the district and many other details which at some future date may be of the greatest utility to me.

On the following day, at about noon, the advanced members of the Colonel's party burst into the square, making a

tremendous noise in demonstration of their glee at joining us again and soon after came Mr. Davidson, comfortably seated in the *woquecito* we had sent to Tamarindo for his use.

The moment had arrived for the curtain, which shrouded the mysteries of our friends' experiences, to be drawn apart and Ibarra recounted to us how after twelve hours' navigation along the desert coast of Potosi, they had to land and found themselves alone and without the elements which through the treason of the muleteer, could not reach them. They pitched their tent and under it passed the night as uncomfortably as can be imagined. The insects gave them not one moment's rest, the lagoons near by were full of of caimans (alligators) and the sound of these animals opening and shutting their jaws as if preparing for the feast in prospect even reached the camp and naturally kept the people alert.

Ibarra, always so animated, resolved to go on foot as far as San Geronimito, the nearest village to the coast, and only accompanied by an Indian who knew the district, he, after wading several lagoons up to his waist, at last arrived there and had the fortune to find the necessary animals for bringing his friends along. Accompanied by the son of Don Amado Soberania, Ibarra returned to the beach with horses and provisions and very soon the party were on their way to Petatlan, where they arrived at night.

The following day the column marched in this order: First the guides, then the Colonel in the carriage which he drove himself, and behind, the rest of the party forming as it were an escort to our Chief, the mules with baggage forming the rearguard.

We bade farewell to Don Amado Soberania at San Luis but some hours after we were fortunate again in receiving the attentions and hospitality (including a nice lunch) of his brother Don Jose Maria.

At noon we entered Tecpan after half a day's rough and tiring march on account of the great heat and the fatigue of our animals. If our marches had continued to be undertaken with-

out the necessary halts and without the probability of relief horses I feared more than once that we should have had to make our entry in Acapulco *pedibus andantibus*.

Tecpan is a pretty town with a population of about 1,000, clean like all the coastal towns and villages and situated on the banks of a full river which only the boldest of the expedition attempted to cross on horseback, the rest crossing on ferry-boats.

After a brief stay at the house of Senora Galeana, whose family, as the reader will have observed, is to be found along the whole Costa Grande, some of the party passed over to the residence of Don Jose Maria Soberania, who would not renounce the privilege, according to him, of lodging us. I had the good fortune to be one of his guests and can bear faith to his excessive kindness.

The afternoon being given up for rest, the Colonel amused himself in playing with the school-children, who hastened to surround him. I, for my part, spent the time in acquiring information about the inhabitants and would beg to submit my conclusions to the patient reader.

The coast inhabitant does not like being called an Indian and in reality he is not, as Spanish blood runs through his veins. The primitive native race has almost disappeared entirely and along the coast the majority of the people are *mestizos*, (descendants of mixed parentage) when not creoles. The latter denomination is applied to descendants of Europeans born in America.

It is to be surmised that at the time of the Spanish occupation and above all when through the Mexican Pacific coast communication between the metropolis and her new Oceanic possessions was established, the Costa Grande, and particularly the neighborhood of Acapulco, must have been preferentially inhabited by the Europeans who maintained commercial relations with the west of New Spain, and with those farther off territories of the Philippine Archipelago and their

blood must have been perpetuated in the region either pure or crossed with that of the native.

The coast inhabitant is remarkable for his fine stature, for the correct lines of his form and for a more agreeable facial expression than is usual among Mexican natives; there is an abundance also of even arrogant types and the woman is really handsome. Their color is undoubtedly more or less dense bronze but when the lines are correct this circumstance rather tends to increase their agreeable aspect.

The elevated temperatures of this region obliges the wearing of the

The colors of the women's dress are most vivid, yellow, blue and red predominating. The men cover their heads with the wide straw or felt sombrero typical to the Mexicans and the women wear the *tapalo* or *rebozo*, to which they give numerous applications, sometimes hanging it as it were down from their head, at others wearing it like a turban, and inside the house they wear it as a shawl in a most graceful fashion. The Mexican woman would never think of leaving her house without the *tapalo*, thus imitating the man who no matter how hot it might be will never abandon his *poncho* or *zarape*.



VILLAGE WOMAN WADING IN THE TECPAN RIVER

scantiest apparel, to such an extent that boys and girls up to seven years never wear anything at all with the exception of a light piece of linen which the girls put on as a kind of frock, and the adornment of their bust with metal or coral collarettes. On arriving at their youth the masculine members of the community wear the classical shirt and breeches common to all the Mexican country people and the females on passing the same age use a fine linen chemise with short sleeves and open at the bust; they also wear a short skirt or wind a colored plaid round their thighs and so substitute the skirt.

Both articles are as a rule of Mexican make, woven by hand, or on primitive looms, but modern industry has introduced machine made cloths to compete with the former although the quality of the latter is manifestly inferior.

A wide difference is also to be observed between the hammocks woven by hand by the Indian and those turned out by machinery. The latter will never be able to produce the beautiful *henequen* hammocks which the clever Indians of Yucatan, Oaxaca and Guerrero weave from the delicate fibre of the said and other tropical plants.

Only in price does the manufactured article compete.

The people in question are very pious, fervent Catholics and like the majority of Mexican natives even fanatical in their beliefs. In spite of this characteristic their customs are pretty free and easy and above all, in the regions where, as along the coast, there exist few parishes and priests are scarce, and moralizing influences are consequently few, the families are created without any bond whatever until when, from time to time some zealous priest pays them a visit or the bishop of the diocese makes his

in the water at eventide. The women, like the men, are excellent swimmers and are very clean in their habits, not only in regard to their clothing but also with their bodies which they soap over every day, it being strange to see the contrast of their dark color with the white froth of the soap as they dive time after time until the natural color is restored. The bathing hour constitutes one of the principal enjoyments of these people.

At sunset we lingered for some time on the river-bank contemplating the animated spectacle of numerous flights of blue-birds which after flying about



THE COMMON METHOD OF TRAVEL IN THE COAST VILLAGES

periodical round, marriages are solemnized in a wholesale fashion. For this reason we must not blame these people for bad will or resistance to moral principles but rather should attribute their backward customs to the want of interest shown by those appointed to look after their welfare. Notwithstanding all this, I found the coast people quite modest in their ways and both males and females, when bathing in the river as they do every day, have the greatest respect for one another. I have seen nothing more picturesque or original than the sight of numerous groups of men and women

our heads for some time, sought rest among the branches of the trees, filling the air with their characteristic chit-chat.

As the women return to their homes after their bath they all carry with them their *bules* (kind of pumpkin) filled with fresh water. Their deportment is graceful, their facial expression is bright with very lively eyes, and they are fond of being addressed as they pass; their conversation is also very interesting and agreeable. The men also have a kind and respectful nature. They will never address a superior without taking their hat off

and they salute one another military fashion. Although the schools are quite elemental, a careful education is given because the teachers are as a rule well educated, and hence the people's culture is increasing every day and illiterates are perhaps fewer in proportion than in many countries which profess to be more advanced.

The climatical conditions exercise such an influence, and nature is advanced to such an extent that rarely a girl reaches twenty years without becoming a mother. On the other hand, it is notorious that along the Pacific Coast the people live to a good old age so that if the climate produces an advance in one sense it does not precipitate wasting away in the other.

The use of tobacco is so general about here that even some women and children smoke. Cigars are preferred, which they roll up from a leaf they cultivate and dry themselves. Cigarettes are not so much favored but these are also elaborated by them and instead of paper they employ a very fine maize leaf (*elote*) to cover the cut tobacco. I have tried these products and found them highly satisfactory.

The coast people are not so addicted to drink alcoholic beverages as are the natives of other regions or states of the Mexican Republic. Not once during our sojourn in these parts did we see a single drunken man and it must be remembered that we had with us over thirty Indians. We had not the slightest trouble in this respect.

Home life is also quite interesting and simple. While the children play at the door the mother is engaged in her household duties, the principal of which it may be mentioned is the confectionery of the classical *tortillas* (a kind of cake) which are the delight of both old and young. The Indian woman insists upon the primitive mode of making these. Every attempt to introduce special machines for the purpose has failed and hand-making continues to be general. It consists of keeping the maize in salt water for several hours until it becomes soft, then after washing the grain it is crushed upon a stone called the *metate*, with the aid of a stone or wooden

roller. After kneading they make balls of the paste and then with singular dexterity they convert these with their hands into fine discs or pats, which are cooked upon a special oven constructed by the Indians with refractory earth named by them *comale*. This cooking is almost instantaneously effected. These cakes are served up warm in a plate and to preserve the heat they are kept covered by a serviette or woollen cloth. With these cakes it is customary to eat the *frijoles* which are also baked after kneading, and other articles of food usual in these parts are eggs, *elotes*, *tomales*, cheese, the *jocoque*, a milky preparation given principally to children, and on high days fowl, pullet and pork enter into the menu, these latter being the sole meat foods consumed by these people.

When the heat is excessive the Indian becomes indolent, and passes the day rocking in a hammock. They are very fond of dancing, singing and of music in general, the principal instrument played being the guitar. They are also fond of shooting, but on the other hand, fishing does not enter much into their pleasures and what is done in this respect is limited to the rivers and lagoons.

Phonographs and sewing machines are abundant because, notwithstanding the miserable surroundings of these people, North-American travellers have no compunction in leaving these articles on the instalment system for very long terms.

Spanish and other foreign tradesmen visit the neighborhood from time to time and sell linen or cotton goods, ready-made clothes, jewelry, domestic utensils and trifling articles. From these and from the establishments called *abarrotes* or *cajones de sastrre* which, although very poorly stocked, exist only in the villages of relative importance, these poor people acquire all the necessities inherent to their mode of living which is sustained by work in the fields or the profit from cattle breeding.

When the coast inhabitant decides to work for his living, he fixes upon or chooses a part of the forest and asks permission of the owner to exploit it

according to an agreement whereby he stipulates to hand over to the proprietor a part of the crops. In the work of tree felling he does not spend much time. He employs the wood for constructing his hut and the palisade for protecting certain parts of the plantation; the rest he uses as fuel as, although the greater part is fine wood, it has no value for him because of the scarcity of transport means or roads. After clearing the soil the Indian does not take the trouble to prepare it in any way for the sowing. With the point of his machete he digs holes at distances which he knows by routine to be proper and in each one buries his seed. He then has nothing more to do than await the harvest season. In this fashion does he sow maize, sesame and cotton, usually collecting three crops; he pays the owner the stipulated part and does no more work for the rest of the year. Next year he does not trouble to work the same field which he would necessarily have to turn over, but goes farther along, clears another part of the forest and repeats the operation as before. Cultivation then is generally carried out on virgin soils and thus it may be explained how the Indian obtains a profit of 200 to 300 pesos per hectare per annum as a minimum.

If he goes in for cattle breeding he makes use of appropriate land which he sows with Para grass or Facaton fodder, the best known pastures in the State of Guerrero, and enclosing these he lets the cattle loose on them. He sells the best animals to dealers who periodically pass this way and replenishes the enclosure with new animals.

When the temperature permits, they make cheese from cow's milk and sell this article well at neighboring markets and even send it to other States which produce less quantities.

In a general sense it may be said that these coast people have no other aspiration than to cover their bare necessities and only desire the tranquillity and comfort of their homes.

Along the Guerrero coast we noticed no luxurious tastes of any kind. The Indian laborer lives just in the same manner as the artisan. Even

the proprietors have become accustomed in such a way to the mode of living habitual to the district that there is very little outward difference between them and the very poor. Their food is the same, they sleep on petate beds or hammocks and inside their residences one would never think to be in the home of a well-to-do person.

The foregoing are the chief characteristics of the inhabitants of these parts.

In Tecpan the Colonel and party were treated splendidly. The political chief or prefect, Don Julian Otero, gave us a banquet to which he invited the other authorities and principal people of the town. On uncorking the champagne, the young and clever schoolmaster Don Oscar Gomez Monroy eloquently toasted the health of the future Hero of Guerrero, Colonel Davidson, whose merits he exalted and on behalf of all promised enthusiastic support for the great scheme in view. The Colonel replied, showing himself to be ever the altruist. The speech of Colonel Davidson, like that of Mr. Lukes, perfectly translated into Castilian by the Licenciado Ibarra, was received with hearty applause not only by the diners but also by the people who outside could hear all that was going on in the interior.

Ibarra then spoke with all the eloquence and sincerity he is distinguished for. I, in turn, was urged to say a few words and after my short speech had been interpreted by Ibarra, I was made the object of such a demonstration of good-will from my friends that I was tempted to note it down. At first I suspected that they were making me the object of a joke but I soon understood that it was all thoroughly sincere. When Ibarra had finished the last phrase, the Colonel rose and in an interrogative and enthusiastic tone cried to his companions "What is the matter with the general?" The Canadians replied with one voice "He's all right," and then immediately broke out into the strain of "For he's a jolly good fellow, etc." On hearing this song without understanding the words, I confess to feeling that they were playing a joke upon me

and only when Ibarra explained that it was the English way of showing a high appreciation of me, did I feel at ease and endeavored to show my gratitude. Like manifestations were repeated towards me on many other occasions during the excursion, but of course I was well prepared for them and took them in the right spirit.

The night passed without more incident than the continual buzzing of the mosquitoes which we could not get rid of even by burning several cakes of *sogno tranquillo*.

From Tecpan to Acapulco, El Arenal and Buen Suceso.

On leaving Tecpan, rather late in the morning, the plan was to go only as far as "El Arenal", where Don Baltasar offered us hospitality. Tecpan is only three hours from San Geronimo so that the day's journey was to be a short one but from this moment we were in no hurry to arrive at Acapulco as until the tenth there would be no steamer at that port to take us. From this circumstance we derived the advantage of being able to prolong our examination of the district.

Late in the morning we arrived at San Geronimo, a pretty place on the bank of a large river which it is impossible to wade. We had to cross in ferry-boats which are always kept in readiness. The system of transport is certainly original and interested us very much. The persons and merchandise are first put on board, then the animals are pushed into the water, and swimming, are made to drag the boats across. On the opposite shore, numerous natives of both sexes were with curiosity awaiting our arrival. Several women were washing clothes and men and children were bathing. The banks, with their wonderful green and exuberant vegetation gave an original tint to the picture which was still more brought into evidence by the brilliant sun's rays reflected into the water as if the river were full of golden sand. The painter's brush had here an incomparable subject and one of the few occasions on which Nature is surprised displaying her charms to the full. Even simple photographs, taken

by us, on being revealed turn out to be veritable pictures. I shall never forget such a charming spot.

As the boats were small, the transport operations were long and laborious. On the other side at last, and in the district of "El Arenal" we again mounted our horses and after a short gallop came up to the Hacienda of Messrs. Fernandez and were received by Don Baltasar, with open arms and unerring signs of cordial welcome.

Don Baltasar here is the squire of quite 20,000 hectares of land, which comprise several towns and villages. The hospitality extended to us by this Spanish gentleman was truly exquisite and frank to the extreme. The afternoon was passed in listening to his impressions on agricultural matters, I in turn giving him the latest news about Spain he was thirsting for. He has lived in Mexico for the last thirty years, and so very few Spaniards go that way that the visit of one fills him with the highest glee and he overwhelms his visitor with kindness and attention.

After a good dinner, the evening was passed listening to a good phonograph, giving forth the latest music, the stock of which Don Baltasar very frequently replenishes. Spanish music in tangos, *jotas*, *sequidillas* comprised a large part of the repertoire, and produced in all that wonderful effect that only Spanish music can awake. The typical Aragonese *jota* was chorused and even danced, as was a cake-walk played in honor of the Canadians, who could not resist dancing it with such light step that one would never suspect they were fatigued after so many days marching, and counter-marching. Not even the chief could contain himself and heartily joined in the fun, surprising everybody with his agility.

"He's all right!" I cried, enthusiastically, as the others applauded and shouted "Hurrah," as the last bars of the typical American dance terminated. Everybody was really happy to see the good chief so well and contented after so many days of hard work and troubles. Unfortunately, poor Flora could not join us as she was longing to. Her

feet were in a disastrous condition owing to the bad roads.

We bade farewell to our kind host at daybreak and resumed our march. Colonel Davidson rode in the carriage, but now and again ceded it to Mr. Lukes. The others formed a kind of cavalry escort around them. Through the ranches of Tomatal, Cucatulla, Lacualpan, Camalote, Cayaco, Papayo, Lapote and Cux de Ocaquera, and passing by Coyuca de Benitez and the mill at Angas Blancas, we arrived at Cahuatitan at noon. Here we put up at the Hacienda "Buen Suceso", the object of the day's journey.

During the day my poor horse became quite done up and Dona Ines of Petatlan, his owner, stood a great chance of losing him. I was consequently obliged to lag behind and arrived long after my companions who chaffed me for it.

Don Enrique Weeis had prepared for us splendid and comfortable lodgings, and we passed the time in his house and among his banana and pine-apple plantations so much at our ease that we gave no account to the hours flying. What a man this Don Enrique is! Not even in these solitary regions could there be missing the most renowned European wines; Burgundy, Rhine, champagne, with every kind was this forest sybarite provided, and he proved to be a wonderful host demonstrating the greatest pleasure at serving us.

I have mentioned him as being a hero, and I call it heroism for a man, accustomed to the society of great cities, to consecrate his youth and best years of life to the arduous work which never gives immediate results, living day after day among people of inferior culture and only at the impulse of a blind faith in the future. Don Enrique possesses the intelligence and virtue sufficient for carrying out his big enterprise and it will not be long before he reaps the reward of his constancy.

Weeis is a model among the colonists who go to the New World in search of fortune. If Mexico one day sees the production of the Guerrero State increased it will be due to Weeis in the first instance as, if Don Baltasar did

good work at San Luis and San Geronimo, he limited his initiative to increase production within the limits of the rutinary cultivation of the country but Don Enrique has initiated the movement of progress in cultivating products of much greater profit and more suitable to the tropical zone.

In his vivariums at "Buen Suceso" there are more than a million young plants waiting to be transplanted and Weeis offers them gratis to all who ask for them.

The night passed quietly and we really became sentimental at the thought of so soon having to leave such comfort and such good treatment. The Colonel gave orders for all to be in readiness by daybreak and while still dark, we were all ready to mount. In reality, this early rising was not altogether necessary as the day's march was to be a short one, but the fear of the hot sun during the first hours of the morning influenced our decision in this respect. A heavy rain-storm obliged us, however, to delay our start for an hour and when we did get on our way the sun was making itself already felt.

Following the road towards La Barra Del Coyuca, the expedition was led by Don Enrique, who better mounted than we, took us through undulating by-paths until we came to a district abounding in ponds and lagoons and very soon after we had to wade a channel which although narrow was very deceiving and we all got a wetting almost from head to foot.

Passing the ranches of Espinalillo and La Cuadrilla de San Nicolas, we reached La Barra where the meeting of the Coyuca River with several rivulets forms a great lake which extends as far as Pie de la Cuesta. We had to cross the lake in boats as the gasoline launch belonging to the Mexican Pacific Co., was under repair. The wading of the lake was very interesting, and if my ammunition had not already been spent I would have had many opportunities to shoot at numerous varieties of water-fowl, so abundant in these parts. Once on the other side, we had in view a good three hours march over hot sandy soil. The sun

was by this time literally toasting us and there was not the least possibility of shade anywhere. Through Cuadrilla de la Barra and the ranch "Cazadero" we advanced up to Pie de la Cuesta, a little village surrounded by big leafy trees which would seem to have been established there as a resting place for the tired traveller before attempting to climb the Cuesta, the only path which from Costa Grande can be utilized for entering Acapulco, as the passage along the shore is cut off here by the waves beating right up to the rocks.

After a frugal breakfast and a good rest we made ready for our last stage and proceeded to ascend the mountain path, always led by Don Enrique. Messrs. Fernandez' carriage could not be utilized any farther and the Colonel had to mount his horse again.

The mountain road to Acapulco is not a road; it is a defile through which it seems impossible that armies so formidable as those during the wars of conquest and independence could pass, yet, there is no doubt that they did pass with cannon and all the war material and baggage inherent to large armies.

During the struggle between Morelos and the Royalists, this wild place must have been daily traversed by both armies as it is well known that the neighborhood of Acapulco and the road between the Coyuca harbors and

Atoyac were the scene of more than one terrible battle.

We had to overcome numerous obstacles, now climbing an awful sharp incline, now descending through a gorge where we risked our lives at every moment and so we struggled up to the ranch of the Chivos, where the joking Weeis, without any previous notice, played us a trick by suddenly leaving the beaten track and leading us right among the hills. He knew what he was doing, though, and we at last found out his intention by observing that now and again we went through newly cut trenches. These were some signs of the projected railway track which Weeis was directing and which he desired us to inspect. We were now approaching the trench near the shore at a height of a hundred metres above the sea level, and very soon the view of the Pacific ocean appeared to us in all its splendour and we could look back upon more than forty kilometres of coast-line, which after so many incidents, we had left behind us.

Sometimes on foot, and leading our horses, at others on horseback, according to the roughness of the ground, we at last reached the embankment which is prepared for the Acapulco section of the railway and now on a smooth level, free from all obstacles, we came in sight of the promised land, the end of our journey of accidents and fatigue.

To be continued

THE MESSAGE

BY KATHLEEN K. BOWKER

THE meeting boughs above me bend
 A little of their joy to lend—
 And as the wind goes blowing through
 It brings a breath of love from you.
 And through the shadows on the grass—
 A thousand thoughts before me pass—
 Dear, dancing thoughts, as light as air,
 That won't be written anywhere.

Just Smith

A STORY OF THE "MOUNTED"

By A. A. Strachan

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson



SYNOPSIS.

Frank Smith, a constable in the Northwest Mounted Police at the time of Riel's imprisonment recognizes, while on guard, his former sweetheart, Edith Wheelock, driving with Major Barton and his daughter Alice, and later in the afternoon saves the lives of both girls by stopping their runaway team, wrenching his arm badly in the process. Inspector Jackson, in love with Edith, comes to Major Barton's house in the evening to congratulate the girls on their escape, and insinuates that Smith is shamming sickness. Edith turns on him angrily, and defends her former lover with warmth, after which Jackson leaves and, going over to the hospital, orders Smith out of bed on guard. Edith slips away about midnight, and clears up her misunderstanding with Smith, who, however will have nothing to do with her, saying that he is penniless and prospectless and can offer a woman nothing. As she pleads, rifle shots and a sentry crying "Halt!" are heard. She gives Smith one quick kiss, and darts away to the house. It is discovered that an unsuccessful attempt has been made to free Riel, in the course of which Larry Devine, a sentry, has been badly hurt, and an unknown man in uniform wounded. Jackson learns that his servant, Caron, is the man implicated in the plot, but says nothing, and later tries to throw suspicion on Smith. Meanwhile Edith takes Alice into her confidence, and tells her about her midnight interview with Smith. Smith is tried for complicity in the Riel plot. Edith proves that he was with her at the time of the attempted escape, and by bringing the doctor and Larry Devine to the trial, also proves that Caron instead was the guilty man. Smith is transferred to Fort McLeod, where he becomes a corporal, and in the spring of the year a horse-breaker, called "Tobacco" Brown, comes to the fort to break the new remounts. He suspects Smith of being the man he is after for the abduction of his daughter, but learns that instead it is Jackson whom he is seeking, and comments on the resemblance of the two men.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

THE Colonel paced to and fro in front of the Orderly Room, chewing an unlighted cigar, and looking like three days of rain.

No word had yet come from Captain Kerrigan and his party, who had pulled out that noon for the Peigan reserve to arrest the Indian cattle rustlers. It was nearly dark, now, and they had had ample time to return, unless—

The Colonel glanced at the last low

red in the west where the embers of the sunset burned like glowing coals, and threw his ragged cigar away. From the gathering shadows down the draw came the uncanny yip-yip-ya-ap! of a coyote, signal of approaching darkness, and as if decided by the boding sound, the Colonel turned sharp on his heel and started for the Sergeant-Major's office.

"Guard, turn out!" yelled the sentry in front of the guard room automatic-

ally, but the O. C., shook his head. "No, no, turn in the guard," he said hastily, and passed on. The sentry cocked an estimating eye after his superior officer, and whistled "Boot and Saddle" under his breath. He had seen the Colonel move with that swift decision before.

"Sergeant-Major," said the O. C., entering that officer's sanctum, "I fear that Mr. Kerrigan has met with resistance, and I'm going to see about it myself. Order 'D' troop to saddle up at once, and have the artillery squad and the nine-pounders ready. I'll teach those damned Indians a lesson they won't forget in a hurry."

The Sergeant-Major's mouth was open to reply when the note of a bugle sounding the "Trot" came faint and clear down the trail.

"That's Kerrigan," he said, instead of assenting to the Colonel's order, and both of them made for the door.

Darkness had come in good earnest now, and Captain Kerrigan's troop rode up to the barracks gate at a swift trot like shadows out of the gloom. In the midst of them the boss teamster drove his four-in-hand hitched to a two-seated wagon in the back of which sat two young buck Indians, securely shackled and facing a couple of troopers with loaded carbines. In front of the guard room the party halted. Captain Kerrigan dismounted and handed his horse to a trooper.

"We have got them, sir," he said, saluting. "At least two of them, Bad Young Man and Deerfoot, the runner. The others are not now on the reserve, but Major Jackson and his men are on their trail. I thought it best to bring these men in at once."

"Right," said the Colonel. "See that they are safely locked up. Did you have any trouble, I was on the point of ordering out 'D' troop and going to look for you."

"Well, not what you would really call trouble, perhaps," replied Kerrigan, "but they are in an ugly mood, that's certain. They didn't make any actual resistance, but they looked as if they would enjoy having our scalps on their belts, and the chiefs refused to help us find the culprits. We had to round

the beggars up ourselves, and that runner Deerfoot gave us no end of a chase—but we got him."

Bad Young Man and Deerfoot accordingly were locked up with all care. An Indian, however, is the very hardest kind of a prisoner to hold securely. After the wild, free life of the prairie, it breaks his heart to be shut up in a narrow cell, and many a red man has made away with his own life rather than endure confinement. Imprisonment seems only to turn them into wild beasts. They will stick at nothing to regain their freedom. So when in the morning the special sentry who had been placed over them was found neatly bound and gagged in the cell that had held his prisoners, his relief was not greatly surprised. The sentry protested that while he was sitting reading close to the barred opening in the cell door, one of the Indians had reached through and gripped his throat so that he could make no outcry. The other meantime pulled his keys out of his belt and unlocked the cell door with them. Afterward the two bound and gagged him, locked him in, and departed into the night by way of the prison wall and a couple of ponies stolen from the camp of some half-breeds on the flat below. This was only a guess, based on the fact that two ponies were missing in the morning. But whether the sentry had been overpowered as he said, or whether he had gone to sleep on his post, the Colonel gave him a dressing-down and packed him off under escort to Regina for twelve months imprisonment, and the fort had its work to do over again. It would never do to give the Indians such a tempting example of the ease with which they could slip between the mounted policemen's fingers; and no time nor effort could be lost in effecting the recapture of Bad Young Man and Deerfoot.

Word was wired to all the divisional headquarters, and from there sent by courier to the outlying posts. In a short time the whole countryside was in the chase. At MacLeod, the excitement was at fever heat. Every man who could be spared was in the saddle.

Small parties were despatched in every direction, and the Colonel himself prepared to lead fifty men out to the reserve where, in conjunction with the Pincher Creek detachment, he intended to surround the band of Peigans and compel them to give up the fugitives if they had returned to their lodges.

The Colonel was out surveying the preparations for the departure of his detachment, when Brown, the broncho-buster, drifted leisurely up to him. The air of the cowboy had perceptibly faded from his demeanor, and he spoke to the Colonel with a direct, if respectful, manner.

"I understand you are intending to go out after those two Indians, sir," he said. "May I be allowed to join your force as a volunteer?"

The Colonel glanced at him with some surprise.

"Oh," he said, after a swift survey of him. "You are the man who has been breaking our remounts, aren't you? Why, certainly you can join us. But I warn you there may be danger. Those red devils are not likely to surrender now without a fight, and they have the sentry's carbine, as well as his cartridge belt and revolver."

"I've been in scraps before," said Brown with a slow smile. "I'll borrow a carbine, though, if you don't mind."

"Oh," said the Colonel again, glancing at him once more. "Well, if you've seen fighting before, we'll be glad to have you. We'll need every man to-day. I will give orders to issue you a full equipment."

So it came about that when, an hour later, the troop pulled out at the gallop, the horse-breaker cantered in the advance guard between Scout Potts and Corporal Smith. He was in high spirits, with his inevitable cigarette between his lips and his right hand resting lovingly on the butt of the Winchester he carried at his saddlehorn.

"Now," he said, turning to Corporal Smith with a laugh as they cleared the fort, "you fellows get busy making history. I'm in the field for the old 'Trumpet' again — and I'll lay my saddle that my friend Jackson will bob up again before the day's over."

Smith looked at him thoughtfully, opened his lips as if about to say something, thought better of it, and with a dig of the spurs in his mount's flanks, galloped steadily along the trail.

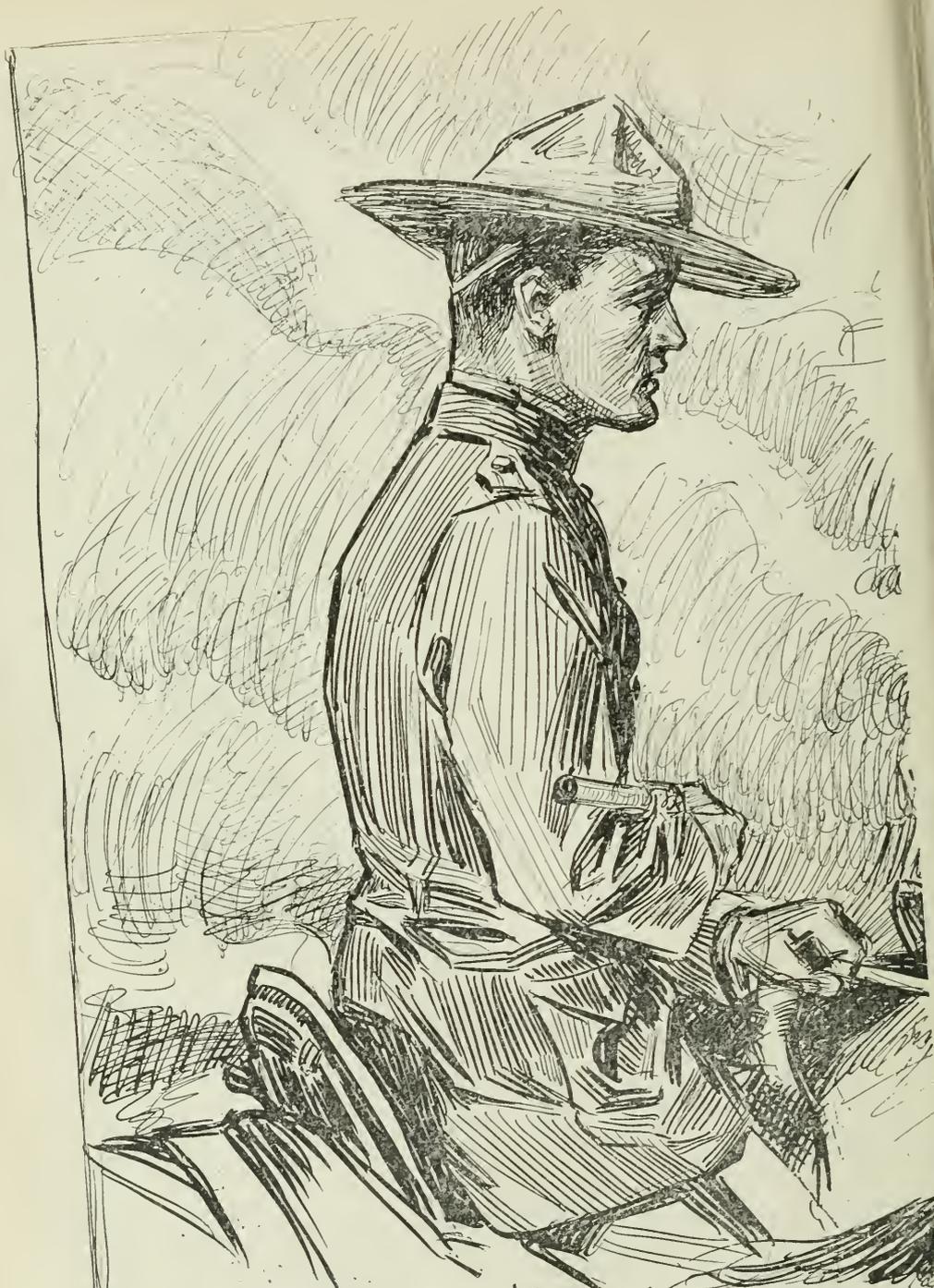
CHAPTER XI.

As the first shafts of dazzling sunlight struck the snow-capped summit of Chief Mountain, two Indians stood on the crest of one of the Porcupine Hills and rapidly scanned the surrounding country. Bad Young Man carried the carbine he had taken from the sentry at MacLeod, and the cartridge-belt with the revolver slung in it was buckled around his sinewy waist. Deerfoot bore an American Springfield rifle.

Carefully they looked across the wide stretch of country that lay below them, and suddenly Bad Young Man uttered a sharp exclamation. Instantly both sank flat on their faces in the long grass. Away to the east, the buildings of the Agency could be seen, and Bad Young Man's keen black eyes had noted a troop of Mounted Police slowly advancing along the western trail, with skirmishers thrown out on either side to comb the underbrush and low scrub which clad the valley between the two hills.

Necessarily, their progress was slow, as the brush was dense enough to offer good cover for the fugitives, but they were quite close enough to cause the Indians serious alarm. The outfit had camped at the Agency the previous night, having found no trace of the Indians on the eastern slope or in the reserve. Now, after an early breakfast, the troop was again in the saddle, with orders to beat up the country clear to the Rockies, or over them, if they found a trail to follow.

So far, no sign had been found. Potts rode along slowly, a little ahead of the advance guard, scanning the ground carefully. Whether the escaped prisoners were on foot or mounted no one knew. If the former, their moccasins would leave no sign. But if they were afoot, they could not have left the district, but must be hiding somewhere in the bluff. There were too many patrols on the lookout for them



PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON '12

"NOW," SAID BROWN, TURNING TO CORPORAL SMITH WITH A LAUGH
THAT MY OLD FRIEND JACKSON TURN



"YOU FELLOWS GET BUSY MAKING HISTORY. I'LL LAY MY SADDLE UP BEFORE THE DAY IS OVER"

to make it possible for the fugitives to break through.

If Bad Young Man had looked farther west, as he and Deerfoot took their morning survey, and could have penetrated the shelter of the thick woods along the creek bottom, he would have been even more perturbed. For, advancing through those woods, at an angle that would eventually cross the trail of the Colonel's party, was Inspector Jackson of the Pincher Creek detachment and three of his men. The Indians dodged the advancing detachment from MacLeod, and lay up in a bluff that seemed to them secure, but which lay directly in the path of Jackson's party.

It was about noon that Jackson heard the sharp "ping" of a rifle bullet and saw a shower of poplar leaves fall from a clipped branch. Directly in front of him was a flat bench of some two hundred yards extent. Back of that was a poplar bluff, and back of that a sheer wall of a cut bank. But it was not the scenery that took Jackson's attention. He caught a fleeting glimpse of an Indian, with smoking rifle in his hand, as he threw himself down in the long grass not fifty yards away; and signalled his men to draw rein.

"Steady, men," he said in a low voice, "and attend to my instructions. The men we want are here. One of them lies in the grass over there, and has us covered with his rifle. The other is probably in the bluff by that cut bank. Sergeant Wilson, Young and myself will dismount. Agnew will hold the horses and retire into that group of poplars. Sergeant Wilson will deploy to the right; you, Young, to the left, and cut off their retreat to the hills, while I will advance and make the arrest."

But Sergeant Wilson, who was an old campaigner, and used to Indian ways, demurred.

"Let me advise you, sir, to be cautious," he said, not without a flicker of admiration in his eyes for Jackson's nerve. "If they have the drop on us, we'd better get to cover and match our strategy with theirs.

They will shoot us on sight, if we get in the open."

Jackson gave a short, ironical laugh, and looked at the sergeant in the way that always made men fidget with their fists.

"Sorry I can't give you a feeding-bottle, Wilson, but the milkman didn't leave any this morning," he remarked pleasantly. "I'm not going to skulk for a worthless Indian. And you'll do as I tell you, and be quick about it. Understand?"

"Very well, sir," said Wilson; and without further comments he and Young slipped into the bushes as directed, each scoring up another mark against the Inspector in their private souls.

"Now," said Jackson, advancing on foot towards the Indian in the grass, "I arrest you, Bad Young Man, or whatever your name is, in the Queen's name. Put down that rifle and stand up."

The Indian rose, but there was no look of surrender in his shiny, surface-lighted black eyes, and the rifle rose with him. Jackson clinked the handcuffs in his hand, and advanced with slow steadiness.

"Put down that rifle, you dog," he cried, "and hold out your wrists."

But the Indian backed away, and levelled the rifle at Jackson's breast.

"No come near, me shoot," he said quietly.

Jackson laughed shortly, and sprang. But with the action there rang out a sharp report—the officer staggered, tried to draw his revolver, clawed the air wildly, and slid slowly to the ground. At almost the same instant the Indian dashed for the bluff. Two other shots followed, as Wilson and Young broke cover and ran for the fugitive. Again Wilson fired as he ran, and the Indian dropped; but at the same moment another rifle spoke from the bluff, and Wilson fell with a bullet in his thigh. Young ran to his comrade's assistance and dragged him back into cover, while Bad Young Man gained the shelter of the bluff, and joined Deerfoot.

"Gosh," said Young, bending over

Wilson's injured leg, "they got you bad that time, old man. Losing much blood?"

"No," said Wilson. "Don't mind me. We've got to hold those two red devils here till 'D' troop comes—they're somewhere between here and the Agency, and they'll have heard the firing. Is Jackson dead?"

"I think so," said Young. "Anyway, they're covering the ground, and there's no use trying to go to find out—not that I care very much, at that."

"No, it's no use now," agreed Wilson. "I can't stand, but if you give me your rifle I'll lie here and pot them if they show on this side. You work around to Agnew and borrow his carbine and send him off at once for assistance. Then you can work around behind them and cut them off if they try to escape to the hills."

"All right," said Young. "But better bandage up that leg of yours before you bleed too badly. I'll be as quick as I can." And with the word he was off through the brush.

But he had hardly gone ten steps when the sound of horses' hoofs at the gallop was heard, and Potts, Smith and Brown, followed by the advance guard of the troop, dashed around the bend. Instantly Wilson raised himself up.

"Bad Young Man and Deerfoot are in that bluff over there," he shouted. "Don't let 'em break for the hills. They've got Jackson, and winged me. Two rifles."

Instantly Smith strung out his men, dismounted and under cover, to surround the Indians until the rest of the troop should arrive, and Wilson gave a rapid account of the encounter. Brown suggested that they charge the bluff at once, but Smith shook his head.

"They can't get away, and there's no use wasting men. We'll wait until the Colonel comes, and let him manage the show."

"Well, perhaps you are right," agreed Brown. "Those red devils certainly mean business. That's Jackson lying out there, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Smith. "I'm going out in a minute, and bring him in."

"You'll do nothing of the kind,"

said the correspondent, dropping his hand on Smith's shoulder. "He lies like a dead man. Why add your corpse to his, when you were just now saving your men?"

"That's all right," said the Corporal, "but the question is whether he is dead. If we were sure he is past help, it would be a different thing, but he may not be; and I'm not going to let a wounded man lie out there in the sun without making an effort to save him. Anyway, I'm going out to see, and I'll go unarmed. You take my carbine, and if they shoot, pump lead into them as fast as you can."

"It will probably be too late then, my boy," returned Brown, "but go ahead. It's a Victoria Cross exploit, and I'll do what I can to cover you—or to avenge you."

Throwing off his tunic, Smith walked coolly out to where Jackson's body lay, without a sign being made by the hidden Indians. He raised the officer's head, and made a quick examination. Then he straightened up and called to Brown, who lay with his finger on the trigger of his carbine, "He's alive, though I'm afraid he's mortally wounded. He's just coming to, and I'm going to try to carry—"

The sentence was never finished. A shot from the bluff wakened the echoes of the wood, and Smith pitched heavily forward on the body of the man he was trying to save. Only a lazy little puff of smoke, floating in the hot air, flecked the dappled green of the woodland.

"You devils!" said Brown between his teeth, "You fiends!" He fired the eight shots in the magazine of the rifle in rapid succession, and had the satisfaction of hearing a yelp of pain from the bluff and only one shot fired in return. Before he had emptied his own Winchester, Potts and the three policemen came running up, and waving his rifle, he charged across the open, yelling, "Come on boys, let's get 'em!"

Potts, the crafty, shook his head; but the three policemen dashed into the bluff at the heels of the enraged American. There was a lively fusillade of shots, and an Indian broke cover, making for the river. Potts fired

coolly, and the Indian fell to his knees, jumped up again and tried to run on. But Brown had burst out of the bluff, firing as he ran, and the Indian, pitching forward on his face, lay still just as the other policeman came out of the bluff, leading the securely shackled Bad Young Man with them.

Brown turned the body of the dead redskin over with his foot.

"Got his," he muttered. "Good Indian."

Meantime, Potts had reached the two bodies lying in the open, and made a swift examination. Smith was shot in the shoulder, but would recover. The Inspector was in a much worse condition. Potts, like all scouts had some knowledge of surgery, and was busy applying a compress to stop the flow of blood, when Brown and the policemen came up.

"One you boys ride like hell to the Creek for doctor," said Potts, looking

up. "Colonel and waggons come soon—all-a-right."

Agnew nodded, and went over to his horse, and Jackson, returning from those dim shores where he had been, opened his eyes, and stared at Brown.

"Wheelock," he whispered, "they—got me—assegai—" and closed them again. Then, with anxiety, "It is Wheelock?"

"George Brown Wheelock, war correspondent," said Brown gently, "and we meet again, Major, for the last time."

"Wheelock?" said Smith suddenly, sitting up and pressing his hand to his forehead. "Where is she?" He stared about him stupidly—at Jackson and Brown; at the ironed Indian, standing between two constables; at the Colonel, galloping across the bench with 'D' troop at his back, and then as Potts caught him quickly in his arms, he relapsed again into unconsciousness.

To be concluded

AU REVOIR

BY CY WARMAN

THIS au revoir, so sadly like good-bye,
 Appals. This morning, when you went away
 The heavens wept. I have not seen the sky
 Since yesterday.

The tides will ebb and flow—the sun will rise
 And set beyond a sea of burnished gold,
 And, as it sinks, my jewel, know mine eyes
 It did behold.

And, when the full moon swings from out the east
 And glides above the meadows wet with dew,
 Know that a welling tide of love, released,
 Flows out to you.

The Value of the Fishing Industry to Canada

By N. G. Neill

THE fishing industry of Canada is an important asset in our national financial statement. It is one of those subjects on which little has been written in a form that is interesting to the general public, although much valuable and readable information may be found in Government blue books.

The fishing industry in Canada at the close of the year 1910 represented a production in round figures of \$30,000,000. Of this, a little over \$15,000,000 was exported, the balance of the catch being used for home consumption—about \$2.00 worth of fish per head of our population.

At present when so much discussion is being raised about the high cost of living, it seems appropriate to draw attention to our fisheries, as fish furnish an economical and a valuable source of food supply. To quote from an eminent authority, Sir James Critchton-Browne, M.D., Vice-President of the Royal Institute of Great Britain:

“It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that, for working people of all classes, people who work with their brains as well as those who work with their hands, fish is an economical source of the energy necessary to carry on their work; and that for children and young persons it furnishes the very stuff that is needed to enable them to grow healthy and strong.”

It is encouraging to note a few points in connection with the growth and development of the fishing indus-

try. Strange to say, in Eastern Canada, including Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Quebec, there is no increase worthy of note in the last ten years. The product of their fisheries in 1900 was \$14,283,679; and in 1910 only \$15,615,485. But a tremendous growth has taken place in Western Canadian fisheries, viz., from the inland waters of Ontario to, and including, British Columbia. The production of fish in Western Canada in 1900 was \$6,353,560; as compared with the close of 1910, which showed the magnificent total of \$13,727,038, an increase of over 100 per cent., in ten years. These figures do not include seal hunting on the Pacific Coast.

The largest catches on the inland waters are whitefish, trout and herring. On the great inland sea of Lake Superior the trout catch outnumbers all others. Lake Winnipeg shows a very material increase in the catch of whitefish in the last few years, whereas there is a big decrease shown in the catch on the five Great Lakes. A comparison of these figures brings us to a very interesting subject. On Lake Winnipeg there has been established for a number of years efficient fish hatcheries under the control of the Government; whereas, on the five Great Lakes, few, if any, active steps have been taken to foster the fishing industry. But at last the Government has realized the value of this industry, both as a factor of com-

merce and as food for the people, and they have now adopted a more active policy, looking to the establishment of fish hatcheries. It is to be hoped for the general good of the country that a liberal policy will be continued of encouraging and fostering the fishing industry of the Great Lakes by the establishment of efficient hatcheries at numerous points. To reap the harvest it is a world-wide cardinal principle that we must sow the seed. This is as true of the fishing industry as of wheat raising.

The latest fish hatchery established is the one at Port Arthur on the western shores of Lake Superior. The building of this hatchery was started in the summer of 1911, and was partly in commission in the winter of 1912. This hatchery has an annual capacity of turning out fish fry, which, at maturity, will represent a catch of the enormous total of \$10,500,000 yearly. The hatchery is equipped for the propagation mainly of lake trout, as owing to the rocky and clay formation of Lake Superior, trout find their native haunts on the shores of the Lake. A certain percentage of whitefish are also being hatched out, as there are a few sandy spawning beds in the smaller bays, which form the native haunt of the whitefish. A very interesting experiment is also being tried out in the placing of salmon fry in the lake this year, as it is believed that a very valuable salmon fishing industry can be established at Port Arthur.

Fishing as a sport is also being given serious attention at this hatchery, and at the earliest possible moment brook trout and salmon fry will be placed in the many beautiful streams and brooks surrounding the city of Port Arthur. It is the intention of the department to so carry on this work of propagation and replenishing as to create a veritable sportsman's paradise in the vicinity of Thunder Bay.

A walk through the fish hatchery is a very instructive and interesting sight. The spawn, after being taken from the mother fish in the fall—and this is usually collected by the

officers of the Fishery Department from the fishing tugs—is brought to the hatchery and distributed in trays, over which there is a constant stream of cold water running. It takes, on the average, 195 days for the spawn to germinate into living fish. It is very interesting to pick up the little round globes, which look like balls of gelatine, and holding them up to the light, see the eyes and dim outline of the form of the minute fish inside. Only a small percentage of the spawn die. The dead cells are readily detected, as they turn white upon the atom of life within becoming extinct. After the baby fish extricates itself from its globular cell it is fed for two weeks on grated beef liver. By this time it is not more than a quarter of an inch long, and is then taken out and placed in the spawning beds where the old fish always gather at certain times to foster the young and growing fry. Three years is the usual time taken for fish to mature. They are not usually caught, and if caught are released, prior to that period, because the gill nets, which are generally used on Lake Superior, allow young fish to swim through. These gill nets are a great improvement upon the old style of pound nets. Many young fish were previously destroyed annually, being caught by the gills in the small mesh of the pound net.

It is a remarkable fact that few, if any, of the spawn or eggs, which are deposited in such numbers by the fish during the spawning season in the open waters of the lakes or rivers, ever come to maturity. This brings up a very curious and interesting subject. By some unexplained provision of nature the fish are influenced to deposit their eggs or spawn usually on stormy nights, and, as the eggs are delicate, one can easily see how they are destroyed by the action of the turbulent waters. And this will naturally take place, even in calm weather. It is a generally understood principle that the water at the bottom of the lakes is never ruffled to any extent, although the surface might be lashed into billows. But then you must remember that the

fish deposit their eggs on the more shallow sand bars and ledges of rock.

Fish culture, especially in view of these facts, would seem to be the natural course to follow if we expect to maintain our fishing industry. We have for many years been gathering enormous harvests from the lakes and rivers of our country without doing anything to replenish them. As in many other things we have to look to China as our leader in this connection. It is believed that China is the home of fish culture, for it is known that over 150 years ago fish culture was receiving their attention. And they even went so far as to develop a species of goldfish which are to-day known as the "Fan Tail." This goes to prove that the fish hatchery is not a new thing or an experiment by any means, but that after all these years of extravagant waste, we are following in the steps of people whom we like to look on as the "Heathen-Chinese."

Another remarkable instance of the value of fish hatcheries is to be found in Norway, which is one of the largest producers of fish to-day, and which fifteen years ago had not less than forty-five hatcheries.

About the only fish that really take care of their eggs and bring them to maturity under natural conditions are the bass, which unfortunately cannot be efficiently nurtured or propagated in a hatchery. The female fish digs a hole with her nose in the bottom of the river or lake where she deposits her eggs, and then with her tail replaces the earth. Until the eggs are matured and the small fish are hatched out, both the father and mother circle around the nest of eggs. Those who have investigated this interesting condition tell us the parents will adopt any methods to defend their nest. They have been known to jump out of the water on to the bank or into a passing boat

when they thought their nest was about to be disturbed.

A fish hatchery, even with the output of that at Port Arthur, which is valued at \$10,500,000 annually, is not a large building. An imperial measure quart will hold 7,000 salmon trout spawn, and the same measure will contain 40,000 whitefish spawn. In fact, whitefish spawn is so small that it has to be treated in glass jars instead of on trays on which the salmon trout are gradually nurtured into life.

Here is a valuable industry which requires only a small outlay in buildings and equipment, and only a nominal maintenance cost per year. Yet it is the nucleus of an industry that will give employment to many men, and, through large export trade of lake trout and whitefish, will be the means of bringing in enormous revenue.

It must not be imagined that this is a new industry at Port Arthur. The fishing trade has always been of considerable monetary value, as the piles of fish on the wharves, especially in the fall of the year, and the car-loads which are shipped out throughout the year, both east and west in Canada and in the United States, amply demonstrate. But Port Arthur has in this hatchery the nucleus of a very much larger development, and one which will redound to the credit of the Province of Ontario and the wise policy of the Fishery Department of the Government.

It can readily be seen that our fish hatcheries are a valuable asset in our country's development, creating a source of wealth to our people, and at the same time supplying at a low cost a valuable form of diet; and, consequently, they should be given every attention by the Government, and also should receive a greater amount of interest from all classes of our people.

Cornering Oatmeal

By Hubert McBean Johnston

Illustrated by Frank H. Young

ALEX MACPHERSON shifted uneasily and wiped away the perspiration. "No, sir, I have no money—that is, none to speak of. But my father has a business, and I'll be a partner some day, and——"

The old Dutchman held up his hand.

"Dot is not enough," he interjected. "When I married me my Gretchen, I did have no money either—none; but I had my mill—and debts and a mortgage. The debts and the mortgage, they are paid, and I have the mill yet. Yet I have no Gretchen—only my Alvina now. You have not enough already."

"But I will have," argued Alex stubbornly. "My father has, and I am going to have. Besides Alvina——"

Old Hans shook his head more in reproof than in disapproval. "It would not be fair to my Alvina, and to her I must be fair. When you have some money, or a business, or a mill—or even a mortgage—I will talk to you, ja. Now, nein." He was very decisive in his manner.

Tramping disheartenedly homeward, the young Scotchman could not but acknowledge the justice of Vanderjact's decision. The old man was wealthy; it was only fair that an aspirant for his daughter's hand should have something.

Macpherson, senior, glanced at the clock and then glared at his son in disapproval.

"Yon was not my bed hour on the Sabbath when I was a lad," he hinted with dry sarcasm. "Ye been courtin' yon Dutch lass again?"

Alex allowed the taunt to pass.

"Do you remember when I quit school, father?" he asked diplomatically.

"Ay." Macpherson, senior, resumed his paper.

"I've been working for you ever since."

"You've been drawin' pay." He turned the page and spread the whole sheet out between his son and himself.

"You said you'd make me a partner as soon as I knew the business. I believe I know it now; what do you think?"

Macpherson the elder laid down the paper and picked up a book.

"What do I think!" He roared it. "A partnership! Ye a partner o' mine?" Apparently the idea was too much for him.

Alex refused to budge from his position. "I've been working for you full six years now. I think I'm entitled to it," he replied sturdily.

Sandy Macpherson abruptly changed his tone from anger to that of scoffing laughter. Ridicule will serve where wrath fails.

"Six year!" he mimicked jeeringly. "Six year was but an apprenticeship in my day. It's a nurse you'll be needin'—not a partnership. Gang along to yer bed."

But Alex did not go to bed at once. He climbed the stair thoughtfully, and when he reached the room, sat down at the writing table. He ran up a column of figures that he had been putting down. Their total made him pull a long face. The expression on his father's face when he had come in, bothered him; it had driven his own troubles pretty well aside.

Picking up his pencil again, he drafted a letter. The address read: "Messrs. Sims, Adams & Sims, Advertising Agents, New York City." Having completed it, he read it over critically and stuffed it in his pocket.

"I'll typewrite it to-morrow just for safety's sake," he muttered to himself as he turned out the light. "On the firm's letterhead, it ought to bring them down."

Sandy Macpherson was not entirely averse to giving his son a partnership—and far from feeling as strongly as he had pretended. Vanderjact, his competitor, he did not like; Alvina Vanderjact, the daughter, he rather admired—even as a daughter-in-law, he could find no real, tangible objection to her. But with business as it was, she must come as the wife of an employe—not partner. He was determined that he would never have Alex's wife explaining a small income to her father. There was no reason why Hans Vanderjact should know anything of "Macpherson's Oatmeal" from the inside.

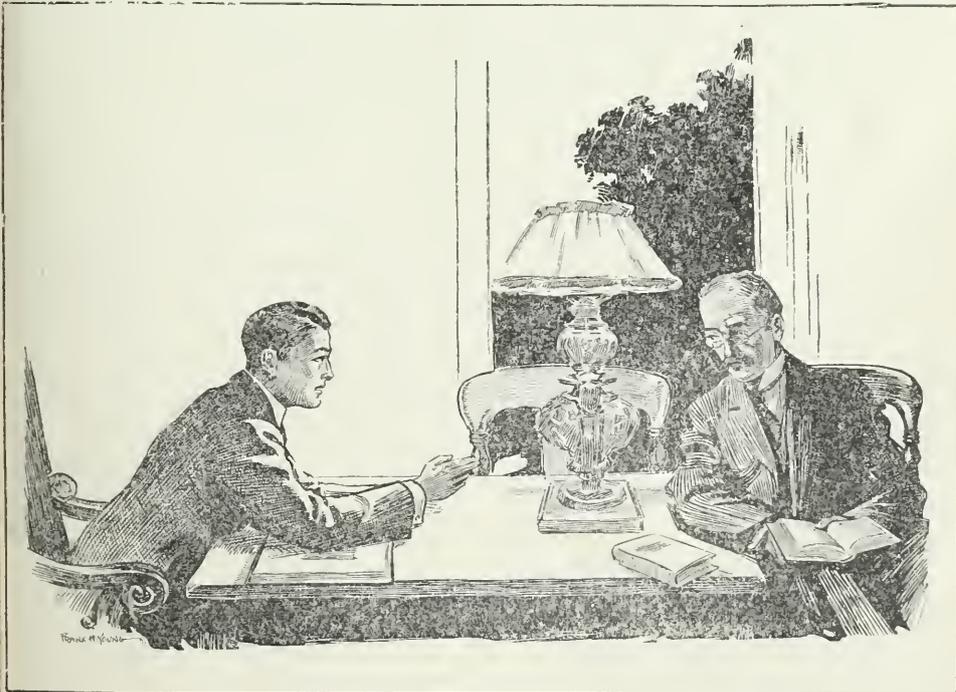
Macpherson's dislike for Vanderjact

dated back to even before they had been competitors. His original objection to the Dutchman had been simply that he was a Dutchman—nothing more and nothing less.

When he had first come to the town, Macpherson had been horrified to discover that the entire district relied for its supply of oatmeal solely on Vanderjact's mill.

"A Dootchie makin' braw Scots' o'tmeal!" he had commented in indignant wrath.

He had immediately demonstrated that he possessed the courage of his convictions against all Hollanders by at once putting almost every cent he possessed into an opposition plant. It was only after he had tied up all his money that he discovered Vanderjact had stolen a march on him and had contracted with the farmers of the whole district for a term of fifteen years for a first option each year on their entire oat crops at prevailing market prices at each time of purchase. Although thus forced to buy in much greater quantity than was demanded



"A PARTNERSHIP! YE A PARTNER OF MINE?" APPARENTLY THE IDEA WAS TOO MUCH FOR THE ELDER MACPHERSON

by his own mill, the surplus which Vanderjact did not require he at once turned over at market prices without handling, and shipped to outside points. His original calculation had been that Macpherson would buy from him; but save on one or two occasions when he had found it absolutely necessary, this the Scotchman had absolutely refused to do.

The hard feeling, originally founded on prejudice, had turned to bitter enmity when he discovered that Vanderjact intended to make a profit at his expense—a profit on virtually every dollar's worth of business he did. Nor was this enmity lessened when he found that the Dutchman, seeing that Macpherson would not buy from him, was willing to sell for outside shipment at market prices. He never reasoned with himself that Vanderjact was simply trying to protect his own market; he regarded the whole operation as a conspiracy aimed against himself. Though the price he could have secured from Vanderjact would have totaled only to the regular market, plus about half what the freight would cost him, he preferred to buy outside, even

though the expense was somewhat more.

The Dutchman's shrewdness had reacted against Macpherson in another way—a way which Vanderjact himself had never anticipated or foreseen. Instead of biding his peace, Macpherson had chosen to believe that the farmers of the district were leagued in a conspiracy against him, and was foolish enough to upbraid them. He managed to first create a laugh at his own expense; then to stir up against himself sufficient resentment to ruin his home market.

Forced both to pay a higher price for his raw material and to bear the higher cost of selling to outside points—not to mention the expense of developing that outside market—Macpherson ceased selling oatmeal in bulk, and as a counter move for self-protection went into the package business. His endeavor was to secure a higher price for his product, and until heavily advertised brands invaded his market, he did well enough. Newer and extensively advertised cereals, however, hit him seriously; the advent of the breakfast foods, with their tremendous national publicity campaigns and aggressive sales methods, struck him a body blow. What his son suspected, Macpherson knew to be a fact—his affairs were really in an extremely bad condition.

Several days after, as Alex was standing in the open doorway of the mill attending to some shipments, he was accosted by a dapper little man who twirled a sharply pointed mustache with a zeal almost religious in its fervor.

"You're Mr. Macpherson?"

Alex admitted the correctness of his guess.

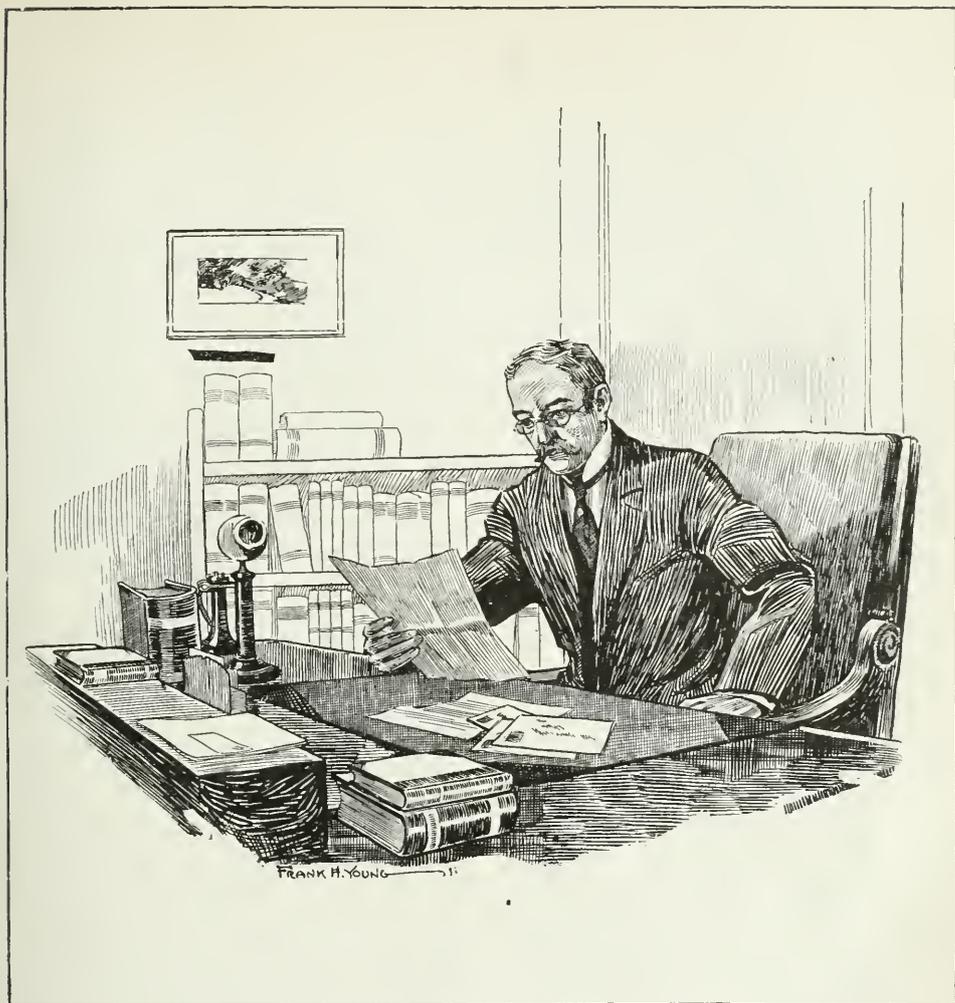
"My name's Sammis," the stranger introduced himself. "Represent Sims, Adams & Sims, advertising agents. Just happened to be in town, thought I would drop over. Ever advertise?" The last of these jerky sentences popped out in the form of a question.

"I guess it's my father you want to see." Alex was all indifference. "He attends to that end of it."

"What are your own ideas on the matter of publicity?" Sammis was a



SEVERAL TIMES HE APPROACHED VANDERJACT ABOUT ALVINA



BUT WHEN THE NIGHT SHIFT WAS PUT TO WORK TO FILL THE ORDERS,
MACPHERSON BEGAN TO LOOK ANXIOUS

man who never neglected an opportunity. Macpherson, senior, was the man to-day; it would be Macpherson, junior, to-morrow.

But Alex Macpherson was his father's son—he was not to be caught. "I really know nothing about it," he confessed, candidly. "Here's father now."

Realizing that he had the head of the house to deal with, Sammis wasted no time, but proceeded straight to the heart of his argument.

"We're more than an advertising house, Mr. Macpherson," he explained. "We realize that advertising and sales-

manship must go hand in hand to insure success, and we don't want to merely prepare you an advertising campaign and then stop. We want to handle your advertising, but not unless we may expect from you the fullest kind of selling co-operation. We have too much at stake to touch it in any other way. We are students of sales methods and we want an opportunity of putting our experience to work for you all along the line. We have a good reputation as business developers to maintain, and we know that you have a product whose quality needs only to be shown to the public in the right

way to make it an unqualified success. That's why we want to get together with you; we are seeking accounts that have back of them goods good enough to make good for us when we have made good for them."

"Ye're a gude talker," commented Macpherson at last, breaking a silence that had threatened to close the conversation; "but I'm afraid I'm no' interested." He was on the point of turning away.

"Mr. Macpherson," questioned Sammis quickly in a rapid effort to regain the waning interest, "would you be interested—if I engaged to double your sales, have you the capacity to meet the demand?"

The Scotchman paused, "Ay," he responded, cautiously.

"And if we double for you again on top of that?"

"Ye canna dee that," he said, laughing. "Dec ye mean ta tell me ye can dee in a year what I hae bin tryin' to dee for over twelve?"

"Just that!" Sammis was very much in earnest. "Not that we claim to know anything about the oatmeal business—for we don't. But we do know that your goods are good, and we do know that we can sell them as fast as you can put them out. You know one end of the business; we know the other. We ought to make a strong combination."

Macpherson laughed again. "Ye talk brawly," he scoffed.

Alex decided that the time had arrived for him to take a hand in the conversation.

"You're not thinking of advertising, father?" he asked, innocently.

"I think not," decided Macpherson, dryly.

It was the answer he had anticipated. "I'm glad to hear you say so, for I couldn't agree to any such foolish expenditure," replied his son.

"Agree!" Macpherson glared at his son.

Alex determined to make sure of his work. "Surely I have something to say about it, fa——" He stopped in well-feigned confusion at the look on his father's face.

Macpherson did not deign to reply.

"Mr. Sammis," he said, turning to the advertising man, "will you step inside with me a bit?"

Alex had outgeneraled his father; the first victory belonged to him.

The advertising which started in the course of the next six weeks included an entire new selling plant, with fresh material and new ammunition throughout. The name of "Macpherson's Oatmeal" began appearing on full and half pages of practically every newspaper of importance within a radius of a hundred miles; billboards throughout the district were emblazoned with huge reproductions of it; booklets with numerous ways to cook "Gude Scots O'tmeal," and "Macpherson's Oatmeal" in particular found their way to almost every household within the magic circle. The name began to drop glibly from the tongues of a multitude who had never before heard of it.

A corps of expert salesmen covered the wholesale and retail grocery trade wherever the advertising went—booking orders by the padful on the strength of the aggressive publicity. Within a week the mill's reserve stock was cleaned out slick and clean; by the end of the fortnight every wheel was turning to its full capacity for nine hours daily; before one single month had passed, Macpherson's mill was doing something it had never in its entire history done before—it was running a night shift and stopping only for breakdowns.

Never had Macpherson seen such orders. As the reserve stock disappeared he said nothing, but silently rubbed his hands. When they reached the full capacity of a nine-hour day he went so far as to twit Alex for having opposed the idea of advertising. Alex merely smiled. But when the night shift was put to work, Macpherson began to look anxious. His original territory had been pretty well worked and was taking care of itself satisfactorily; Sammis was clamoring for him to carry out the original plan and extend into pastures new.

"Take another point four or five hundred miles away," he advised, "and establish a wareroom there as a distributing center for another sales



"I DON'T UNDERSTAND," GASPED ALEX IN STUPEFACTION, "WHAT DOES IT MEAN?"

and advertising campaign. That way you'll gradually work over the whole country in circles and then as the edges of your circles meet you'll have your goods in stock everywhere in the whole country and be in shape for a national campaign in the magazines."

"But I can't meet the demand now," Macpherson protested. "Hadn't we best make haste a bit slower?"

"Haven't I advised you well so far?" demanded Sammis, secure in the campaign's success. "Call in a builder and enlarge your plant if you must; but get into the field, Macpherson—get into the field while the moment is ripe for you."

Plans were drawn for an addition twice the size of the original mill. But mills cannot be built in a day, and to keep pace with the demand Macpherson drew on several mills in adjoining towns, buying bulk oatmeal from them in carload lots. This he had put into his own cartons and shipped to his trade.

Then, one morning he found a letter on his desk—a letter from a wholesale

house. Messrs. Adam Edwards & Co. begged to state that the last consignment of "Macpherson's Oatmeal" they had received had gone sour—partly in their own warehouses and partly on the shelves of their customers. The letter also announced the return of some forty-odd cases, and asked that they be replaced with new goods, vaguely hinting at a withdrawal of trade if the fresh consignment was not up to standard.

But the trouble was not confined to one house. A whole batch had gone wrong and for a week every mail brought similar letters.

After Macpherson had examined some of the returned cases he knew where the difficulty lay. The stock that had gone bad was that which he had bought outside. Whether it had been sent him in a spirit of malice to hurt his trade or whether in their haste to fill his order the mills had not taken proper care mattered little. The damage was done.

"Alex," he said to his son that evening, "this means shuttin' down

on the advertisin' till yon new mill's completed. We'd better wire that man Sammis to come down."

"That would be too bad, father," answered Alex; "don't you think possibly it was just a mistake—that the next lot may be all right?"

"Ye canna tell," replied Macpherson broadly; "the'r mistak's are dom expensive to us. 'Tis a resk o' reputation and we canna afford to lose that."

Alex did not reply. To shut down on the advertising would be to lose ground already gained; to keep on and not be able to supply the market the publicity developed would be suicidal.

"Do you think I know oatmeal, father?" he questioned at last.

"You ought," replied Macpherson shortly.

"Well, then, why not do this?" Alex leaned excitedly across the table. "Why not put me out for a while and let me buy for you? You can easily get someone else to look after the shipping for a bit and it will be a whole lot better than cutting down right at this stage of the game."

Macpherson looked doubtful.

"What do you say?" cried Alex. "Will you do that?"

"Ay—on one condition."

"Name it."

"On condition that no word of this gets to Vanderjact. I'll have no string o' wagons streamin' up here frae yon Dootchman. Ye understand—I'll hae none o' his o'tmeal."

"Then it's settled," said Alex. "I'll engage to deliver in cars on the mill siding."

"Ay," agreed Macpherson shrewdly, "if you promise that—in cars."

As he reached the door his father called him back.

"I'll reserve the right to refuse any oatmeal that's not up to standard," he ultimated. "You'll have to put that in your agreements with sellers."

"You'll be buying from me, father," replied Alex. "I'll first buy and then sell to you; if it's not right, you can turn it down."

Macpherson was suspicious. "Why will ye do that?" he asked.

"It will give me a chance to make a bit of money," his son explained.

"I have some of my own to invest somewhere, you know; if I can buy low enough I may be able to make a little profit."

His father grunted. "Very well," he commented. "Do it your own way. But I'll pay no more than I hae been payin'."

"No more," Alex agreed.

From the railroad station, where he had a long talk with the agent, Alex took a walk the following morning down to the other end of the village to Vanderjact's mill. Old Hans Vanderjact was alone in the office.

"I'm going into business, sir," announced Alex, opening the conversation. "I want to buy oatmeal from you—to job it. I have a connection that will give me a fair output if you will sell to me. Your oatmeal's good and you have the capacity to turn it out."

Vanderjact nodded slowly. "Und you buy for your father, ja?"

Alex merely laughed. "Whatever I buy, Mr. Vanderjact, will be loaded on cars right on your own siding. Does that look like local selling? I'm going into the jobbing business, I tell you."

Old Hans sighed ruefully. "Vell," he agreed, "we haf the capacity, ja. You father has gifen us that. To him I would not sell, nein; to you, ja, you are a jobber."

The balance of the conversation was confined to an arrangement of terms. Vanderjact was to supply Alex with oatmeal in such lots as he required it for the space of one year. Alex managed to secure figures which allowed him a small profit. While Vanderjact did not get the prices he asked, the deal would enable him to keep his mill running.

While Alex would have liked a couple of cars at once, he felt it best not to be too hasty. To avert the suspicions of both his father and Vanderjact he absented himself from town for several days. By the one he was supposed to be buying oatmeal; by the other to be selling it. In reality, he was fishing.

On his return he had three cars loaded. Fifteen minutes after the

switch engine was hitched to them they were on his father's siding.

Macpherson examined them critically. "They're gude," he approved. "Almost as gude as our ain. I'll take them."

For the next four months the little comedy was repeated almost daily. Some days four or five cars would be handled, other days only one or two, and occasionally none at all. Alex managed to average three cars a day, however, and to keep the mill owners at both ends of what he termed "the direct line" well satisfied. Meantime, he enjoyed a glorious vacation.

Several times he approached Vanderjact about Alvina; but each time the old Dutchman put him off. Finally, one day he put his request a little stronger than usual.

"Well," replied Hans, "I guess you haf a business, ja. But I am sorry; would your father not take you back with him?"

Alex shook his head dolefully. "How could I ask him? Or do you think I would if I could?"

"Den," pursued Vanderjact briskly, "will you be a partner with me? I make good oatmeal—you sell it well; what you say?"

The offer took Alex's breath. "I—I—" he stammered; "I don't know what to say."

"Of course not." He leaned back in his chair toward the desk and drew forth a long, folded paper, "Here," he said, "is an agreement for partners. I had my lawyer get it ready. If you like it, all you have to do is to write your name and it is done. Now—now—say nothing. Just put it in your pocket and read it well. Then tell me to-morrow, eh?"

When he was out of sight of the mill Alex opened the paper and ran it over. Even at a glance he could see that it would be a good agreement for him. Moreover, it was complete, even to the bold signature of Hans Vanderjact. It required but the addition of his own name and that of a notary to make it legal and binding.

"Father," he said suddenly that night at the table, "I want that partnership. Am I entitled to it?"

His father looked up from his plate, "Aye," he replied quietly, "I think you are, lad. I've been thinking so this three months gone. We'll see to it to-morrow."

As he had spoken, Alex's hand had instinctively gone to his pocket for Vanderjact's contract. He had meant to use it as a leverage on his father. Then, on the impulse of the moment, he drew it suddenly forth and, without a word, handed it across to his father. Macpherson read it over carefully, raised his eyebrows slightly, and then handed it back.

"Tis a gude contract," he said broadly. "Which will you take?"

"Yours," replied Alex without an instant's hesitation, "if you still want to make it after you know it's Vanderjact's oatmeal I've been selling you all along."

His father never moved a muscle of his face. "Did you think I didna ken that?" he asked at last. "Ay. I'll still make it. You deserve it for the way you've covered the tracks to the Dootchie."

"I shall have to tell him to-morrow when I refuse this," Alex commented.

"Ay?" Macpherson put it with a rising inflection. It was a question. "Well, the new mill's near complete." He paused a moment in contemplation. "Why will you no' take his offer too? You'll be weddin' his daughter, I mistake no'."

Alex whistled softly.

"Father," he asked a few moments later, after a second's thought, "did you ever guess that I had opposed your going into advertising just to spur you on? I've often thought it queer you never jumped on me for that."

"Ay, I did," grinned Macpherson. "I found the draft o' your letter to that man Sammis, an' I put two and two together. I had it before Sammis came to see us. I didna advertise to spite you; I tried it because I thought maybe you were richt."

When he returned the paper to Vanderjact next day the Dutchman slowly unfolded it, noted that it bore only his own signature, and then looked up at Alex, where he stood beside the desk.

"I couldn't," replied Alex tersely to the implied question. "It would be false pretenses. You think I've been working up a market for your oatmeal when I haven't done any such thing. I've been selling every bit of it to my father."

Old Hans smiled and nodded.

"I know it," was his amazing reply. "I have known it all the time. The second lot of cars that you did run out of here I watched. I was just waiting to hear you tell me. That is good. Ja. You can have Alvina now—for you have done what is good."

Then he dipped the pen in the inkstand and offered it to Alex.

"Will you sign it yet?" he asked. "When you marry my Alvina it will belong to you some day anyhow. Why not now?"

Then Alex explained. "I'm going in with my father," he said.

Still Vanderjact held out the pen.

Alex shook his head. "I couldn't do it," he replied very decidedly. "I couldn't serve two firms; I've tried it and it doesn't work out."

Suddenly Vanderjact arose, stepped over to a screen that commonly stood beside his desk, and pulled it aside.

Behind it sat Sandy Macpherson!

"You might sign it, lad," he suggested with a deep chuckle. "Read it first if you like and then put down yer name. 'Tis a right bonny contract."

In a daze Alex discovered that it was a different document from the one he had carried over night. The bottom bore the signature, not only of Vanderjact, but of his father as well!

Then he read it over. It was an agreement for a combination under the title of The United Milling Company; it took in the two mills, and his signature would give him a one-third interest in both. When he looked up at them they both burst into laughter.

"I don't understand," he gasped in stupefaction. "What does it mean?"

"That two old fools has come to their senses, already," replied Vanderjact.

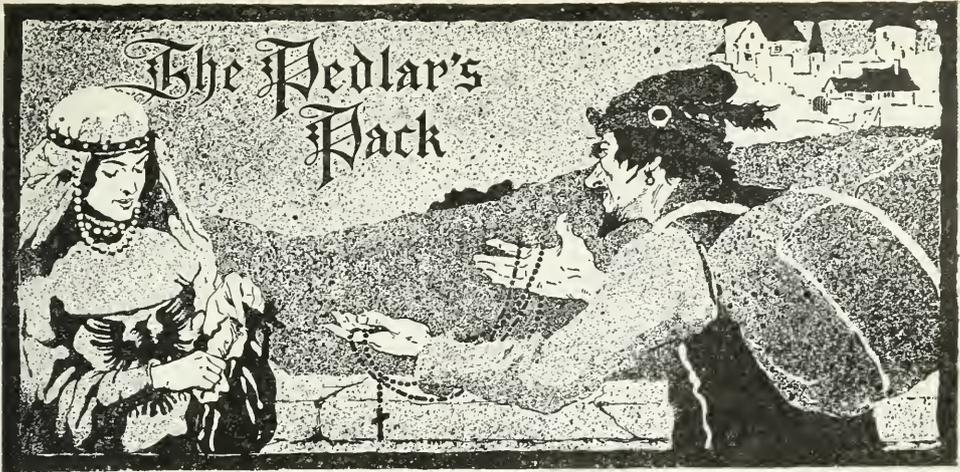
"I—I—you— When?" He got it out at last.

"After I had been buyin' frae ye less 'n a week," replied his father. "Did you think to blind two old birds, ye bairn? Vanderjact here had to sell an' I to buy. 'Twas merely the obvious. Put doon yer name, lad."

IGNORANCE

BY GRACE HUDSON ROWE

A MILLION heads sleep here beneath the roofs,
 And thousands of us never saw the light
 That, stark against the breakers' snarling jaws,
 Flashes its steady red and white to sea.
 Warm and content, we never know who, far
 Beyond our little circle's rim of light,
 Walks hungry in the snow for us, and builds
 The House of England safe, and wide, and free,



This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

TO THE NEW YEAR

Sweet are thy lips of holly red to earth
 Still blushing 'neath the yet hung mistletoe;
 The bells are pealing with a peaceful mirth,
 Greeting and blessing—bowing to and fro.

What joy dwells in the breast of hidden green!
 Each bud, a well-nursed hope, rests calmly
 there,
 Wearing itself upon earth's dews unseen
 To burst in splendor on the golden air.

O'er thy brow Bethlehem's star beholden—
 Shines upon thy heart all heavenly peace,
 Through the sad tears of ever changing men
 And sighs for love—and for all wars to cease.

O, may thy feet, gentle as drifting snow,
 Be guided by the holy of all lands;
 O, whilst the breath of war burns a wild glow,
 May Christian nations clasp each others'
 hands!

HERE we are again facing the New Year! The shortest day has passed but the larger part of our Canadian winter is yet to come. Not for us early little spring flowers in February. Not for us a stroll down the old lane, pausing to listen to the lark who whirls aloft in a lovely burst of sunshine, or seeking the first young violet leaves at the foot of the oak, or plucking the silvery catkin from the willow that broods above the little stream down yonder. With us February stands, a cloaked figure, grim and gray, showing little promise of the spring that nestles under the skirt of his mantle, or the glories of the May-

time when all the young world bursts into song.

In the old land across the water Robin Redbreast sits singing on the glossy holly bough, and even as early as January, the faint bleat of the first lamb trembles on the bleak air. Here we have the "wintry veil of maiden white" of which the poet speaks, and we have the mid-winter thaw, and roads gray with mud and trampled snow. This too, is the time of the Opening of the Books of the year that has sped, and the casting up of accounts with his Ghost. Too, before us on the same desk, lie the white pages on which we will write—what? during the coming months.

What did you do with last year? Did you keep even one of the good resolutions with which you so buoyantly and carelessly faced the rosy Boy you called for twelve long months 1912? Did you do one good deed worthy to be remembered? Help anybody? Comfort anybody? Make any sacrifice of self in the service of anybody? Or did the days slip by—fading from dawn to dark—idly frittered—this good, this rare, this priceless Time?

WHAT HAVE YE WRITTEN?

ALL the past year Death has been busy. Not one day did he let

pass without reaping of human harvest. How memories arise and throng like ghosts about us as we face the new months pregnant with events—with tragedies, griefs and losses for so many of us, and with joys as well. Perhaps we too, shall fade as a leaf before a New Year rings out upon the old world again. Even as we stand and ponder, Death passes us rapidly, striking at Life as he goes. How many happy opportunities foregone do not the dead months reproach us with! What have we done to Love, to Friendship? How much love, how many friends have we lost by procrastination about so small a matter as writing, or through the groove of special occupation, or the little trivialities of everyday life, such as the hasty word, the petty misunderstanding born of false pride or foolish reticence, the idle gossip—anything! Everything! O, sins of omission, how heavy you can lie across the soul!

But we may still redeem some hours of old Time, as he himself tells us

The space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When Time and thou shalt part forever.

THE SCARLET WOMAN

SOME commotion obtained in England lately over the letter in one of the London newspapers of Miss Cicely Fox-Smith, who it seems has lately toured Western Canada and is now recording her impressions. They were not nice impressions, being of a crimson or vivid hue. Drunken men being thrown out of saloons followed by spittoons, and other articles of bar furniture; painted ladies of easy virtue, and too many willow plumes, with the foolish remittance man—that unfortunate “blighter”—dancing about among them—seem to be all the inspiration Miss Fox-Smith got out of our last great west. It savors of comedy to see old Lady London holding up mit-tened hands in horror at the gay and vicious Prairie Towns. Of course, Miss Fox-Smith brings in “woolly” when she speaks of Canada. Who invented the epithet? The funny part of the story is that many Britishers

living out West, took Miss Fox-Smith seriously, and flew to our “Colonial” rescue. They wrote letters terribly in earnest—letters with an English accent,—defending the Prairie Towns, and assuring Londoners that Canada is not another Babylon, and that the Scarlet Woman has not yet emigrated. These poor chaps are quite terribly in earnest. So is a lad from Blackpool, who solemnly warns his countrymen against the wild and woolly, and her temptations. He tells them there is more unconcealed vice in a prairie town of three hundred inhabitants than in a dear old-country city of thirty thousand, with no end of bars where women may congregate and drink like forty Sairy Gamps and have young ladies with very red cheeks and very long earrings to wait on them. Imagine Calgary, or Moose Jaw, or sweet young Saskatoon, with a procession of Bats in plumed hats strolling through its respectable main street, as a like procession strolls from Leicester Square, through the Strand and into, say Liverpool Street, in London! Of course, in London the Gamps would not be thrown out of public houses at high noon, much less have such vulgar things as spittoons thrown after them, nor would all the Bats be able to sport willow plumes, nor has London, or Glasgow, or Dublin, what Miss Cicely Fox-Smith designates in her innocence, “twilight” districts. But we are very bad—we certainly must be very bad and lurid and scarlet out West!

Miss Fox-Smith is a regular Eye-Opener. That's what she is. I wonder how she would like the title for a pseudonym!

WOULD YOU WANT DEATH TOO?

A WOMAN, thirty-three years old, a wife and mother, lies dying slowly in the Audubon Sanitarium. She may live for years and years; live to be a very old woman, but she can never be cured, can never stir hand or foot, or help herself in any way. Moreover, she is not paralyzed as we think of paralysis—as a sort of placid, peaceful, if helpless affliction. She is in continual pain. No opiate is any longer effective. She must suffer always. The muscles of her body are useless and impotent,

but her nerves are alive and throbbing. "Most persons," she says herself, "recall with a shudder the jumping nerves of toothache. My entire body is enveloped with such nerves which I must endure, from which my paralysed muscles do not permit me to shrink—and that pain never leaves me save when I drowse for a moment."

So this woman makes outcry for death. She appeals to humanity at large to give her peace. But to give her that for which she asks—so pitiously—would be to break the law and commit murder, so she must suffer to the end. Her physicians would willingly grant her request, but they dare not. A nurse who loves her would give her the kind grace of eternal rest but she dares not. Legal-medical experts have placed their views on this question before her. Such power over life and death, they told her, must not be given into the hands of any man or any body of men. It would be dangerous to the whole race. And now, the woman, Mrs. Sarah Harris, makes her last appeal through the press, and entreats that exception be made in her case, and an end put to her sufferings. She pleads frantically. She is receiving letters every hour from good people suggesting prayers and patience. She replies that she is past all that.

"It is idle to say to me," she says, "that all things are ordained for the best, and that pains of body are inflicted to chasten us. If that is so it does not concern me now. I am content with what I know, that the grave only can bring me peace, or rest, or cessation from pain. Those three things I most ardently want. Won't a way be found for me to have them through the counsels of the many-minded? It is common humanity to end by death the sufferings of beasts that are hurt beyond recovery. I am no longer open to sympathy, pity, or religious advice. Find me a way of honorable relief. Make some special provision for cases as hopeless and as desperate as mine."

Such—in small part—is the appeal of one agonizing human creature. I would make such were I in like cir-



HOW MANY FRIENDS HAVE WE LOST BY NEGLECT
OF EVEN SO SMALL A MATTER AS
WRITING A LETTER?

cumstances. I would hope that there was one being kind enough, and sorrowful enough for me, to give me the peace I craved. What would you do?

FASHIONS IN MURDERS

THE great police trial in New York brought out the fact that the old type of murderer has gone completely out of fashion. There are fashions in everything, even in murder. There was the time of the blustering, arrogant gamester who in the stories, as in real life, was ready to go about his murdering in a noisy, boasting way. Then came a term of quiet restraint, of murdering after the Rice and Patrick poisonous fashion. We have now



"I'M TOLD WE MAY EXPECT SOMETHING FIERCE WHEN THEY BRING IN EVIDENCE ABOUT BALD JACK'S WIFE," SAID A STOUT WOMAN, LICKING HER LIPS

arrived—at the closing of the cycle which began long ago in Rome—at

the perfumed stage or mode in murder.

The gun-men of New York who thought nothing of calling a man out of a restaurant and shooting him down in the glare of electric lights, are perfect sybarites in the matter of dress, perfumed baths, and the latest craze in ties. "Gyp, the Blood" luxuriated in what the ladies call "lingerie" of the finest make. "Bridgie" Webber ran to perfumes. The secret luxury of "Lefty Louie" was cobwebby handkerchiefs edged with tiny frills of real Valenciennes, while "Whitey's" affections ran to the matter of scented soaps. What "Jack" Rose loved best would sound foolish if it were set down in print.

Sweet, innocent, even lady-like follies, these. Like Lewis' unfortunate "Girl in Green", one of the gun-men used to riot in ties of the same verdant hue. There is a Paris Apache whose one fancy is flowers—bunches of violets and roses. He buys out the Madeleine—with other people's money, after a successful business enterprise—and the old *filles des fleurs* follow him with their prayers. Then, the church of the Madeleine, from which the market names itself, being close by, our Apache lays an offering of violets before *la Sainte Vierge*—who, perforce, accepts them with placidity. In these degenerate days Our Lady does not descend from her pedestal to take the place of an erring nun, or crown with roses some simple jongleur. Did she—she would, we feel assured, and speaking with the reverence due to such an august Lady—give her Apache something more stinging to think about than the prick of the thorn of one of his roses. Yes—there is a fashion in murders as in everything, and it runs in cycles like all fashions, and like all fashions arrives in the end at Death.

WOMEN AND MURDER TRIALS

IT IS odd, the attraction the sensational, the bizarre, even the horrible, has for women. There must be something racial in this. What is it? What extraordinary, primeval root of femininity is accountable for the love-making and marriage between black and white, Occidental and Oriental?

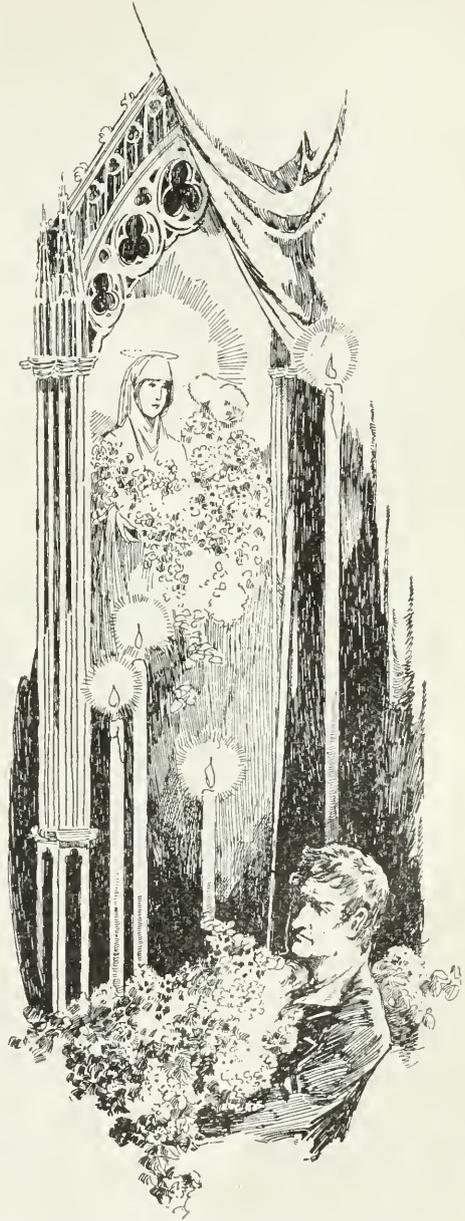
What is the secret of the fascination which the monkey has for the pretty girl who peers at him between the bars of his cage? What has beauty to do with murder, laces with rags, perfume with refuse? Why,—to take fiction—should a Gouverneur Morris heroine, all beauty and spirit and divine physical charms, be attracted by a legless beggar? And why should the corridors of the Criminal Court Building be packed during a murder trial with everything that is lavish in feminine fashion and feminine delicacy and beauty?

Of course, Echo has no answer. What do the reformers say?

So far nothing, for the good reason that they have not turned their attention towards the matter, but some day the storm will break and many an aigrette and flower bouquet will be cast to the four winds of heaven as a consequence.

The Pedlar, in his occupation as a picker-up of shreds and patches in human real estate, was present throughout the Thaw trial. Pedlars go everywhere by reason of their calling, and this fellow made acquaintance with many a twisted aigrette and wilted willow plume during his peregrinations hither and thither. About that time the Pack was empty save for Omar who muttered and threatened at being knocked about at the bottom of an empty wallet. It was about this epoch in a varied career, too, that your friend met with the Sob Sister. She was five—not seven—at the Thaw trial. She was, too, generally large, and blonde, and ruffled.

Crowds of women of all stages of society waited every morning about the corridors of the big Criminal Courts Building, and stood the stare of policemen and reporters and the grin of messenger boys with the stolidity of the griffins that look down on Paris from the ramparts of Notre Dame. The collars got wilted and the hats dented, but the wearers seemed oblivious of all in the grip of their amazing curiosity. So in the last month or thereabouts women again crowded to hear the stories of "Bald Jack" Rose, of that arbiter elegans,



IF SHE COULD DESCEND FROM HER PEDESTAL, SHE WOULD PERHAPS GIVE HER APACHE SOMETHING STINGING TO THINK ABOUT

"Bridgie" Webber, and his perfumed comrades. Some brought their lunch baskets. These certainly found their food seasoned with plenty of red hot sauce. Others accounted things slow. "Seems sort of tame after the Thaw expose," said a stout, middle-aged

woman, "but I'm told we may expect something fierce when they bring in evidence about Bald Jack's wife"—and she licked her lips like the Bronx lioness when she sees the men coming with the baskets.

"There's an old picture I seen once,"—says the door officer in a moment of calm.—"that shows the women pointing their thumbs down for the death of the fellow in the ring; and I give you my word if Judge Goff put the question to the women that attend these trials, I believe they'd put their thumbs down so quick they'd burst their gloves. Women isn't cruel nacherally, but they like excitement."

And perhaps the doorman put the best face on the matter.

THE NOBLE BOOK

A NEW, soft, withal brilliant star has risen in the calm skies of Canadian literature, and with it comes the promise of a fine work later on. A book has been written which has set the critics talking all together. It is called "The Record of a Silent Life" and is by Anna Preston.

People are asking, "Who is Anna Preston?" She is a young girl who resides in a farmhouse in Ontario—a beautiful "farmhouse" filled with books and flowers and music. She has never written anything before. She has never travelled abroad. She has never seen the old world cities of history and romance save in her dreams. She is a naturally shy and silent girl given more to observation, meditation, and study than to any of those things which attract (and distract) the ordinary young person. Anna Preston is not an ordinary young person. Neither is she extraordinary, save in the matter of genius, and as the author of a remarkable work, one of those fine gems which makes its appeal rather to the cultured than the commoner class of readers. Moreover, she is the only daughter of a writer whom most of us know and admire, Sidney Preston, author of "On Common Ground" and many other works and sketches.

The book (B. W. Huebsch, New York) written by Miss Preston, is the story of a woman born without the

gift of speech. It is told in the autobiographical form and is the self-revelation of a fine and noble nature which rises above the sad handicap of eternal silence, and instead of being comforted by others and leaning against them, is itself a comfort to many others. The book oddly reminds you of the Bronte sisters. It is as if little Jane Eyre had flitted back from the dim beyond and was talking to one for a minute, or you were walking in Cranford hand in hand with Miss Matty. Yet it in no real way resembles the work of Charlotte Bronte or Mrs. Gaskell, while it breathes the spirit of both. It is a quaint, tender, but not mawkish tale; it is in fact informed with real strength and spirit. A delicate thread of humour runs through it all.

Joyce Breadalbane, the centre and pivot round which the story swings, is a very real person. Her ideal of life is service—to give herself to others. The passion for service grips her soul; she is a natural theosophist who knows nothing at all of the nuances of that religious cult as such are presented in the books; who only knows that others need her, who gives freely of her understanding, and love, and sympathy to all who pass by the way, but who for herself asks nothing.

The keynote of this book is the simplicity that is the hall mark of greatness, and the sincerity with which it is written and which marks it as a literary work of purity and rare value. It is the first work of an author from whom Canada may expect much. As a clear-cut cameo of delicacy and color shines among a glitter of more tawdry stones, this record of silence shines true and clear amid a huddle of lesser literature. But only the lover of true gems, the artist in cameos, will pick it out.

FROM AN OLD PAPER

ON some wind—assuredly, not of adversity—a copy of "The Pennsylvania Packet," date January, 1787, fluttered like the withered leaf from a tree into the Pedlar's Pack through that common-place and quite modern instrument, the post office box. What kindly antiquary sent this leaf of an

old newspaper my way may not be guessed. The little journal is yellower than the illustrative kite's claw; it rattles with age like a very brittle old lady I once knew in Dublin who ticked like a clock when she moved, and creaked when she stooped. All its s's are f's and its advertisements stately as minuet curtsies. In its newspaper it bears this item:—

"A letter from Canady of the 21 ult., says While I am writing I am informed that Mrs. T. has made a piece of cloth for blanketing out of the hair from the hide of which her husband tanf. This is a laudable example of industry and frugality and deserves imitation."

Industry indeed! Fancy any Mrs. T. . . . or B. . . . or Z. . . . of these days making blankets out of the hairs of beasts. How did she make it? By what slow process of needles and knitting could any woman make a piece of cloth of separate hairs?

What patient days were those old days when all the s's looked like f's!

Here is an advertisement worthy of perusal:—

100 DOLLARS REWARD.

Ran away from the subscriber, an indented Irish fervant man, black complexion of a very effeminate appearance, short hair, speaks with the brogue; a notorious liar; had on a bright blue coat with yellow buttons, molekin jacket, black breeches and a large cocked failor hat. Had in company with him two horses and a red-haired young woman whom he passed for his wife. He was bought of Jeremiah Parker in Philadelphia on the 27th of May, 1784. It is expected he may escape to Ireland and the above reward will be given to anyone who gets him and delivers him to the following persons—etc."

It is news to one that Irishmen, or any white men, were bought for slaves in the old days as this advertisement attests. Let us hope that the effeminate black-haired Patrick escaped to his native Cork with or without the young woman who apparently was in no way related to him.

But did you notice she had red hair? That's the way of the world. Red hairs have no chance whether they be discovered on the lapel of "Himself's" coat on lodge night, or grow legitimately on the head of the girl. She gets the blame every time.

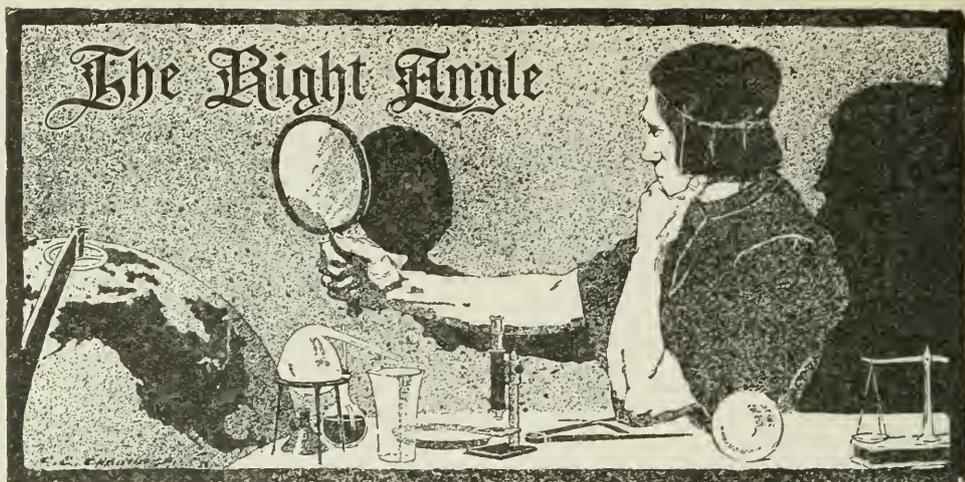
THE SEEKER

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

THE *world is wide; somewhere can hearts forget:*
Thus thought he, turning to the unknown west,
But everywhere some scene or face he met
That woke to keener life the old unrest.

He heard a maiden singing in the eve—
He heard a voice he would forget again;
In busy haunts he thought the past to leave;
It sought him out amid a thousand men.

He turned with weary feet to homeward ways,
Believing peace he nevermore could claim;
But there in humble round of common days
He found the peace of heart which has no name!



THE MOVIES

WE went to the moving pictures the other night. We had a good time. Three simple stories were told on the films—stories of the poor, all of them. There was the story of the young workman whose little sister, "Sunshine", had been betrayed by a "toff" and who killed the betrayer, the film showing the murderer confessing to a priest in prison as a sort of *remarque* drawing to the pictured story of his life as he was telling it to his confessor. There was the story of the old man who thought he wasn't wanted by his married daughter, and how their baby won him back. And there was the story of the country school-teacher who fell in love with his unruliest tom-boy pupil. Simple and common plots, these; you and I have seen them all in real life, or got them second-hand from the columns of the morning paper.

And the house watched them as breathlessly as ever an audience listened to the flowing periods of Mansfield. Why shouldn't they? It is the first time the poor have ever had the opportunity to see their own lives portrayed. Is it a lesser art than Bernhardt depicting Theodora? And, by the way, Madame herself has acted for the camera, saying that she wanted to have her art preserved for future generations.

WE DO PLAY

IT was mingled feelings of amazement and amusement that we read in Canadian Collier's recently an editorial

stating that Canadians were commercial and desk-bound and had forgotten entirely how to play, in their absorption with dollar-gathering.

Undoubtedly the editorial was thoroughly sincere and earnest; but we cannot help feeling that it was written on a morning when the editor had stepped out of bed wrong foot foremost and saw the world askew. As compared with England, our sports are more varied, and their devotees are recruited from a much more representative class than the leisured sportsmen of the old country. As compared with the United States, where the average man takes his exercise vicariously in the bleachers yelling for the Giants or the Cubs, our people are incalculably more athletic and sport-loving. Look at the sporting section of any of the metropolitan Canadian papers—where else will you find respectable middle-aged matrons skipping about on ice intent on "the stanes" and the broom? Where else will you find business men belonging to snowshoe clubs and tramping for miles in the open on Saturday afternoon? Where else will you see the lacrosse, the sailing, the tennis and golf and ice-boating and tobogganing and horse-back-riding enthusiasts among the professional and business men of the community that you will find in any Canadian city?

Broadway would throw seventy-eight connoption fits if it could have as merry and wholesome a good time as—

say, Toronto. And in proof hereof, we would respectfully invite the editor of Canadian Collier's to read the sporting sheet of his own daily paper.

THE WINTER PATROL

ON one of the days of this month just passed, a Mounted Police patrol left Le Pas for Fort Churchill, on the shores of Hudson Bay. Another, a group of five men, with dogs, left Dawson for Fort MacPherson, beyond the Arctic Circle, a seven hundred mile journey over the snows. Others, unchronicled and unknown, are travelling their lonely beats through the wilderness, carrying His Majesty's law and order to the farthest outposts of the world. What Inspector Fitzgerald did for the Eskimos of Herschel Island; what Captain Horrigan did for the warring Indians of the Yukon; what many a quiet constable in scarlet has done without recognition or reward except in the books and memories of the Mounted Police, is worth more than many a deed that wins a marble monument.

Remember them, as you sit by your glowing grate these evenings when indoors seems so pleasant to you—mushing along the pass through the mountains, helping to make the Empire that you may be safe at home.

DIVORCE

LAST summer we led CANADA MONTHLY with an article on the increase of divorces in Canada, and some of our good readers raised incredulous eyebrows at the statement that

the increasing volume of divorces was taxing the senate. That divorce was even increasing at all, was mooted.

This year, on November 15th, according to a dispatch from Ottawa, there were forty-two applications for divorce up before parliament, breaking all previous records.

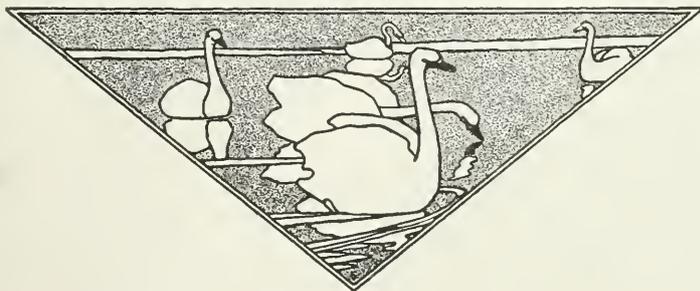
Are we taking to beating our wives in Western Canada, or is the suffrage influence spreading?

THE ANCIENT COMPANY

IN modern Canada, with a history reaching back only some three hundred years, it sounds strange to hear a defence in a Toronto court based on a charter granted by the Second Charles.

Yet that is what the Ojibway Indians convicted of killing and trapping animals out of season, and the factors of the Hudson's Bay Company, convicted of having in their possession in the closed season 288 beaver skins, 78 otter pelts, and 1,960 musquash skins, have appealed to. The charter of the Company, and the privileges of the Indians granted by England before there were any provinces, it is claimed, give them inalienable rights to trap and deal in fur-bearing animals whenever they choose, whether in or out of season, without reference to the Ontario close season act.

Canada may be young, but she is old enough to have traditions. Nevertheless, somehow it seems as much of an anachronism as Rip Van Winkle in his knee-breeches would be on Yonge Street.





SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT

TOWNE—"There's one thing about my wife. She makes up her mind if she can't afford a thing that she doesn't need it."

Browne—"Something like my wife, only she buys it first and makes up her mind afterwards."

BUSINESS

"OF course," said the shrewd business man, "I don't want to be sick, but it looks as if I'd have to call in Dr. Brokeleigh for a couple of weeks."

"Why?" demanded his partner.

"Because he owes me a hundred dollars, and that's about the only way I can collect it."

WHAT HE WANTED

A QUEBEC shoe-dealer recently received the following order from a French-Canadian customer:

"You will put some shoes on my little families like this, and send by Sam Jameson the carrier: One man, Jean St. Jean (me), 42 years; one woman, Sophie St. Jean (she), 41 years; Hermedes and Lenore, 19 years; Honore, 18 years; Celina, 17 years; Narcisse, Octavia, and Phyllis, 16 years; Olive, 14 years; Philippa, 13 years; Alexandre, 12 years; Rosina, 11 years; Bruno, 10 years; Pierre, 9 years; Eugene, we lose him; Edouard and Elisa, 7 years; Adrien, 6 years; Camille, 5 years; Zoel, 4 years; Joseph, 3 years; Moise, 2 years; Muriel, 1 year; Hilaire, he go barefoot. How much?"

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HIS GRIM JEST

DOROTHEA—"What were you doing after the accident?"

Herbert—"Scraping up an acquaintance."

WHY HE WAS SORRY

A MEMBER of the Canadian bar told this story at a lawyer's dinner:

A farmer's son conceived a desire to shine as a legal light. Accordingly he went to the nearest city where he accepted employment at a small sum from a fairly well-known lawyer. At the end of three days' study he returned to the farm.

"Well, Bill, how'd ye like the law?" asked the farmer.

"It ain't what it's cracked up to be," responded Bill gloomily. "I'm sorry I learned it."

NAMING THE BABY

THE mother of the girl baby, herself named Rachel, frankly told her husband that she was tired of the good old names borne by most of the feminine members of the family, and she would like to give the little girl a name entirely different. Then she wrote on a slip of paper "Eugenie," and asked her husband if he didn't think that was a pretty name.

The father studied the name for a moment and then said:

"Vell, call her Yousheenic, but I don't see vat you gain by it."



February



"MISS EMILY," HE SAID, AND HIS VOICE TREMBLED A LITTLE, "I WISH YOU WOULD LISTEN TO ME FOR A MOMENT." IT WAS COMING! OH, DEAR, IF HE ONLY WOULDN'T

To accompany
"Her Elderly Lover"
See page 285

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Σ



By Robson Black

With Cartoons by M. B. Aleshire

SMUGGLING is a game. Some people play games for fun, some for keeps. Many folks go at Lost Heir, for instance as if it were Lost Health or Lost Reason. It is that way with smuggling things. The immorality depends on the spirit you fetch with you. Whether you pilfer in the sportsman's joy of pure ecstasy or with the low-brow venality of one who seeks to profit—*that* cuts the line between the gentleman and the caitiff, (caitiff being no too severe a word under the circumstances, I ween). When a man or woman takes merchandise over the border from Canada to the Republic, their guilt is not to be ascertained by such clumsy resorts as

Victoria-Statutes-chapter-forty-seven-beginning-near-the-bottom. It is a logician's problem to know just how far a pretty woman feigning sleep on a Port Huron Sarnia train with three pairs of new shoes suspended in the skirts of her six-months baby girl resembles a brick-moustached bandit guiding three contraband Chinamen between Winnipeg and Fargo. That's an involved moral and geographical problem. It is not for me to weigh and adjudicate but, speaking off hand, I immensely prefer the lady.

Smuggling is like a handsome shop-lifter before a jury of young farmers; you may prove she broke the law but you cannot prove she isn't handsome. Strong men who turn pale and eat

their knuckles at the very suggestion of theft and fraud, just blossom into a fine, healthy, contagious, musical smile when you taunt them with getting three pairs of silk pajamas over the river from Ogdensburg to Brockville. Is it not after all the same association of tickling ideas that delights the small boy when he surreptitiously lifts a pumpkin pie off Auntie's window-sill? It may be theft, and he profits by it when he eats the pie, but he thinks of the surprise that is coming to Auntie not of the remorse that should be eating at *his* vitals.

Mr. Sidney Smith, giving a definition of what makes "wit", said: "Let any man show me that which is an acknowledged proof of wit and I believe I could analyze the pleasure experienced

on principle. But with most people the principle of *Protection* looks reasonable enough when the customs officer nabs the fat man across the aisle and demands acidly whether he got his shirt in Buffalo or Fenelon Falls. But you would bristle into a militant quill-throwing free trader were he to turn about and ask you sixty cents duty on your nice shiny shoes. So long as he kept his eye on the Buffalo shirt he was His Majesty's loyal gendarme upholding the banner of the Law. When he dares poke his glances insinuatingly in your direction, you give him the glassy welcome of a hangman hunting for clients. To the stoic that sort of spiritual outlook is rank selfishness, but, in the language of the ballad, "everybody's doing it"; and as an Ontario alderman once shouted to his fellow citizens: "I'd hate to be always butting against the voice of the vox populi".

Down in some of the countries south of the St. Lawrence where Jones, of Maine, and Baptiste McClure, of Quebec, can chat to one another over the line fence and still be under two flags, a measure of free trade is enjoyed that the reciprocity framers never even dreamed of. It is as if parts of these communities had steeped themselves for so many years in the convenience of buying in the open market of the continent that it had become legitimate and praiseworthy through age. Week by week, year by year, father, mother or the hired man hitch up the sorrel mare for the village *over the border*, returning at night with boots, shoes, cotton goods and coal oil, Ah, coal oil—that's the Edenic apple. If it were not that American coal oil can be bought for thirty per cent., saving over Canadian oil and give more satisfaction, the imp of smuggling might drop his pranks a while. Families along sections of that border do not "break the law" by stealth but in the more or less honest conviction that the practices of their grandfathers have deodorized the offence of its immorality and made it an unrelated physical act.

To give variety and color to the evidence, to illustrate its enormity



EMBEZZLING? THE SLEUTHS ARE ON YOUR TRAIL.
SMUGGLING? EVERYBODY'S DOING IT

from it into surprise partly occasioned by the display of talent in discovering it". That surely hits into the popular distinction between smuggling and embezzlement. To embezzle, you take from a private party while enjoying his trust. To smuggle, you plunder from a *government* under a direct challenge, to "try it if you dare". Surely there must be some such curious kink of human nature to cause the polite secretion of dutiable goods by thousands of men and women of social standing adventuring from nation to nation by the media of boats and trains. I know a college professor, a free trader, who tells me he smuggles

when tacitly sanctioned by the "best citizens" of a country, a Canadian of wealth and good reputation, once the mayor of his city, landed from Europe at a Canadian port with his wife and a particularly handsome daughter. When the luggage had been heaped on the dock with customs officials prying into the treasured depths of Paris gowns and furbelows, the ex-mayor stepped to an officer's side and requested a hurried examination owing to the closeness of train time. The largest trunk had been unfastened when the handsome daughter whispered to her father: "Give me a dollar bill and stop worrying". With the bill crushed in her glove she approached the examiner. "The train leaves in half an hour and we will be left in this place over night," she murmured—and she slipped the money into his hand. The trunk went closed instant and the load of luggage passed on to the train.

The Niagara River is perhaps the most used of all waterways in the transportation of illicit persons and goods. Whatever the vigilance of a large body of customs agents, that narrow stream could unfold tales of midnight and midday excursions so daring as to dispute the sanity of those responsible for them. Goods have been floated across in barrels, bound together and submerged from sight. Yachts, purporting to be out for a day's innocent jaunt, have drawn up at American and Canadian docks with gay pleasure parties intended to disarm the suspicions of officials until they were out of sight, when the hold could be emptied at leisure. The frequency of these smuggled cargoes from side to side of the Niagara has given rise to many absurd yarns hinting at the existence of aeroplane smugglers, and subterranean passages beneath the boundary. But the telescope of the coast guardsman usually has a more important object on the horizon—the Chinaman.

The total prohibition imposed by the United States Government and the head tax of five hundred dollars for entrance to Canada renders even one of these gentlemen of financial

importance and the capture of a sneaking Oriental is of more glory than many barrels of molasses. One must consider, too, the unmatched wiles of a well-trained Hong-Konger determined



THE CAPTURE OF A SNEAKING ORIENTAL IS OF MORE GLORY THAN MANY BARRELS OF MOLASSES

to pass freely between these western Promised Lands. Five hundred dollars is a large tribute for a small man and it takes an amazing lot of laundry or fried eggs to lift that personal mortgage. So Master Chinaman, desiring to start business in Canada rather than Toledo, goes to his Grand Master of Wiles, obtains full information, rates, risks, probable prison term and other matters any gentleman desires to know before starting on a voyage. If he dwells in Toronto he starts next day for the Niagara frontier or the neighborhood of Detroit where the going is good to the other side of Jordan. Miles from a country village he climbs a fence, close in the footsteps of his Chinese guide. At the water front a white man steps from a clump of willows, nods recognition to the leader and in turn heads the procession in a fresh direction by which after a circuitous route they reach a boat house containing a gasoline launch. Another white man sits at the engine, for smugglers seldom work without partners. The Chinese clamber aboard. Out into the stream, through the winding maze of the marshes, shoots the little craft. If the venture be made at midnight or through the thick of a foggy morning, the smuggler puts his motor at half

speed, and comfortably fills his pipe until the shreds take fire like a stack of straw. But should there have been a telepathic warning that officers are making a special annual clearing sale of the fraternity, the cargo crouches solemnly on the floor, lights are extinguished, silence is enforced, and a new landing place is made for. If the trip is successful—and hundreds of them must be, from the number of whites engaged in the business—the Chinamen strike for the interior without an instant's delay and by the local knowledge of their guide, may or may not reach a town some miles from the



IN COURT, A CHINAMAN'S INSTINCT FOR EVASION IS A THING FOR A MUSEUM

coast without arrest. When caught and returned to the border for trial it has been found extremely difficult to compel prisoners to "peach" on the whites who guided them past the customs line. A Chinaman in the witness box is a phenomenally aggravating fellow, for his wit is superior to the bluster of an attorney and his instinct for evasion is a thing for a museum. Imprisonment, fine, deportation, or all three, are the common punishment. The white smuggler, on the other hand, has time and again wormed his way out of convictions with absurdly inadequate fines. Thus, two men, May and White, of Port Dalhousie, Ontario, took two Chinamen from the Canadian shore to Youngstown, Ohio, in July last and were caught and fined \$150 each and one day in jail. Canadian sentences are

somewhat stiffer; nevertheless the avocation holds, its recruits by the spell of adventure, peril, and fairly certain profit.

How deep are the roots of this game of national defiance, how through long practice they have grafted the title of "good business" may be judged from this recent incident—an incident that may be multiplied into hundreds up and down the international border to-day.

An honorable merchant in the city of Kingston, Ontario, ordered a bill of goods from one of the biggest wholesale houses in Rochester, New York. A week passed, and a letter came from the manager of the company stating that the goods were ready to ship and adding: "What price do you wish marked on the invoices; it may help you overcome the duty?" In essence and in form and fact that was a neat invitation to steal \$200 from the Canadian treasury. It was made by a firm of high reputation in business. And it was made as a matter of course, and to a stranger, with the deliberation of a long-continued habit. I am glad to say the Canadian merchant wrote the following reply: "Your letter is in language I refuse to understand. Ship the goods in the regular manner, invoiced at my exact purchase price." When the Game becomes a piece of recognized ritual in international business that is where anarchy takes its entrance cue, for there never was a more painstaking actor.

The Game spreads. We begin with an individual, carry the infection to a company, fix it finally upon a whole community. I am inclined to believe that in the end some people reverse the order of things and smuggle *conscientiously*, so much can habit become a fixed law. I knew a rector who brought an ice-cream freezer across—absent-mindedly; and a city solicitor who forgot to declare a talking-machine in the bottom of his club bag. I say they *forgot* to pay their duty and the word is no satire. They did forget because so many folks had been dining tales into their ears that the squirm of self-conviction was insensibly cocained. Later despatch: the rector

paid up; the solicitor is thinking about it.

When an enterprising citizen takes out his papers as a smuggler it is often from the lure of a contest of wits as much as the incentive to make money illegitimately. A few years ago one of the ablest sea-captains on the Atlantic Coast, the son of a daring smuggler of the older and more piratical days, gave notice to his company and disappeared for many years. As master of a smuggling ship he turned up once more in the neighborhood of Father Point in the St. Lawrence River and a Government cutter was sent to watch his movements. On a Wednesday morning while the cutter lay at the wharf of the isolated wind-swept hamlet, the captain was called ashore to receive an important telephone message from an alleged French-Canadian farmer some miles to the east.

"There's a smuggling ship just off the farm," said an excited voice, "and the crew is busy unloading the goods."

Assuring him of a handsome reward the captain hurried back to his vessel, got up steam and bore off to the east at full speed. Meantime the smuggler, who had himself been speaking to the captain from a spot many miles west of Father Point, steamed down the river to the Government dock and while the revenue ship grew smaller and smaller in the eastern sky he impudently unloaded his illicit cargo on the King's property where French-Canadian agents carted it inland during the whole of an afternoon. When the angry commander returned from the east at nightfall, Master Smuggler was again far on his way to Boston for another cargo and not a trace of the untaxed goods could be seen.

Some smuggling is funny, some adventurous, some brutalizing, some baldly and flatly venal and some—hanging on the edge of a question mark. Perhaps the latter is what a wide community of the clothing, boot and shoe, and drygoods merchants of Windsor and Detroit might prefer to call their contribution to the curious catalogue. In these establishments are special series of rooms, built and

maintained for the sole purpose of permitting the purchaser from the opposite side of the border an opportunity to discard his old garments and don the new. Numbers of men and women cross the ferries of the Detroit River bearing on their backs the garments of approaching poverty and on their feet the discarded shoes of a sensitive tramp. At nightfall, back they flock but lo! new plumage, new wing feathers, new comb and new claws. Of a truth is it that the solemn swift ribbon of water rolling down from the St. Clair should be bottled and sold as the Renewer and Revivifier



IT'S HARD FOR A CUSTOMS INSPECTOR TO RECOGNISE FOLKS AS THEY GO AND COME FROM DETROIT

of Youth and the one Sure Cure for the Shuffling Gait.

In the phrasing of the old school proverb: "Cheating comes to its master," and the temptation to smuggle sooner or later *ensnares* the persistent woman shopper accustomed to fly over border lines with a grin and a toss of the head.

A wealthy husband and wife residing in Seattle visited Canada about a year ago and at an aristocratic hotel were introduced to a display of lace gowns. The seller gave the usual arguments of cheapness "because fancy goods come into Canada from Europe duty free". The husband counted out \$400 in cash and his wife carried the gown to her room in a fever of delight. They smuggled the article into the States by rolling it with other clothes in the bottom of a trunk. Two months

later Madame wore the gown to a bridge club, and like most smuggling ladies, she could not hold her tongue. One of her companions told the wife of a customs collector, who told a special agent, who told a woman detective, who called and seized the gown. "Outrages!"—this from the woman. "Impertinent usurpation of rights guaranteed by the constitution!"—similarly from the husband.

The first step following seizure was to appraise the gown and fix a value basis for assessing the duty. It was submitted to five or six experts in the lace trade. And here lies the bitter essence. Of the six estimates of the

accused firms of fur dealers in Montreal with blindfolding American tourists.

"The Montreal fur swindlers," said he, "victimized many American school teachers last summer by having them leave orders for goods which could be made up 'just in time for the period in the fall when the duty is suspended.' Of course there is no such period, and of course the victims were forced to pay the duty in addition to the huge prices charged by the Montreal swindlers."

Above all other legal considerations, beware of the foreign shop-keeper who induces the traveller to buy heavily, by offering to pack with the goods cash slips for only fifty to seventy-five per cent. of what was actually paid. The practice is especially prevalent in Europe among dealers in feminine fripperies, bric-a-brac, art furniture, and such like. The customs agents at all ports, Canadian and American, have a complete list of foreign dealers who give fake bills, and goods entered under bills from these houses are subject to special scrutiny. The use of any such bill by a returning passenger, if detected at the time of entry or afterward, subjects him to criminal prosecution in addition to forfeiture of the goods and a fine equal to the value of the goods and the evaded duties.

It is not at all strange that customs officials, as a class, prefer to underestimate the amount of Canada's loss by illicit transportation of goods, false swearing, and the thousand deceits open to individuals and companies. When they assert that not one per cent., of total importations escape the tariff tax there is absolutely no way of supporting their estimate statistically, as there is no way of refuting it. It is wholly a matter of guessing. Col. Denison in the Toronto Police Court once said to a detective of the Eaton departmental store, "I suppose you don't catch more than one in ten of these shoplifters?" and the detective replied: "Not one in fifty." It must be a good deal that way with the prevention of international smuggling on a wholesale scale; one is apprehended and forty-nine continue industriously.



IF THERE IS ONE DIAMOND RING SMUGGLED UNDETECTED IN A SEASON, THERE ARE TWENTY THOUSAND

gown's value, the highest was \$78 and the lowest \$60. The value of \$70 was finally fixed and the duty of sixty per cent., or \$42, was paid by the husband. As a special penance the officials compelled the husband to add the total of the gown's value, \$70, so that the seventy-dollar dress cost him \$152, nor is he entirely free to-day from the risk of criminal prosecution by the Treasury Board.

Chief John A. Wilkie, of the United States secret service, in charge of the special agents of the Customs branch, and who has made smuggling almost as dangerous as counterfeiting, recently



THE CHINESE CLAMBER ABOARD, AND OUT SHOOTS THE LITTLE CRAFT INTO THE MAZE OF THE MARSHES

If there is one thousand dollars worth of furs taken from Canadian stores to the States each year without a penny of duty there is a million dollars worth, for the fur trade thrives during the summer in this country by virtue alone of American tourist purchases. If there is one diamond ring taken to Uncle Sam's place between Christmas and Christmas by his absentee spenders, there are twenty thousand. With the growing flood of personal traffic back and forth from New York to Toronto, from Winnipeg to Chicago, from Vancouver to Seattle, the flotsam of illegitimate imports increases in direct ratio to the profitable current of international trade. Obviously the greatest vigilance, the most unsparing pressure, is directed toward the suppression of falsely quoted commercial shipments. Thus a dishonest Detroit dealer might list a two thousand dollar motor car at \$1500 and save his customer thirty per-cent. on the difference. On standard goods, however, such a trick is difficult, for the reason that a customs appraiser is generally in possession of elaborate information gathered from a multitude of sources and aimed to defeat just such an attempt. He knows, or should know, the quotations on old china, the dresses of Paquin, a Venetian vase, Italian busts, English boots, Irish linens, American arc lamps, and Chinese fire-crackers. A hitherto reputable New York firm of art dealers was haled to court a short time ago for wholesale frauds in the importation of art goods. Expensive canvases were imported from Europe in syrup barrels, and between layers of window glass. Opium and cocaine are poured into Canada from China, Turkey and

India by similar means. The source of opium confiscated in every raid on Chinese "joints" has only in rare cases been traced, the supposition being that it was carried from American points in comparatively small packages by English agents. Despite the unbending restrictions upon its distribution, probably two thousand pounds of it are stored secretly in the Chinese resorts between Halifax and Victoria at this very moment. Similarly with cocaine. Hip pocket agents, as they are called, patrol the streets of Toronto and Montreal doling out supplies



WHEN MADAME STEPPED ASHORE THE CUSTOMS INSPECTOR SAID SUAVELY, "ARTICLES UNACCOUNTED FOR —"

to poor wretches at fifty cents for a diluted quarter-ounce. All these defiling poisons are purchased by such travelling dispensaries from "wholesalers" who work hand in hand on both sides of the boundary, and so cunningly as to guarantee protection.

A Canadian woman of some social prominence, crossing from Liverpool to Quebec, confided to the French maid, assigned to her cabin, the infor-

mation that she had bought in Paris a seven-thousand dollar pearl necklace. The maid was politely pleased and assured Madame that her fears of a search at the Customs dock were quite



OFFERING TO PAY HIS MAJESTY'S LAWFUL DUTY
ON A MEASLY BOX OF CIGARS

without foundation. Madame became more and more chummy and divulged six or seven other objects hidden in her trunk. Near Quebec the little maid was seen to whisper a word to the Customs officer as he came aboard from the tender. Mr. Officer promptly scribbled a note in his book, and when Madame stepped ashore he doffed his cap to her and said suavely: "Articles unaccounted for: one necklace of pearls, the canvases of two paintings, four

sapphire and opal rings and a silver dinner service." The lady stared. So did the brass buttons. The lady screamed a plebeian "What?" and fell into the arms of the maid who cooed: "Dear lady, one must put up with these little accidents." The sequel is that the Customs Department had to increase the girl's annual retainer and the moral is: "Put not your trust in mademoiselles."

At the Royal Military College at Kingston, cadets are allowed no pockets in their uniforms, nor can they carry parcels of any kind. Under these circumstances the seniors sometimes compel their "fags" or freshmen to import peanuts and sweetmeats past the college sentries and officers by stuffing them into their pill box hats—a successful device except when the sun is hot or the wind blows high. Thus is necessity ever the mother of invention. The thumbscrews of the customs laws have extorted many such ingenious ideas. Professional smugglers have been known to secrete a dozen precious stones in their mouths and carry on an intelligent conversation with the customs examiner. Others have carried jewels in hollowed boot heels and inside the casing of an empty watch. A fraud was uncovered at Vancouver by which men went aboard incoming steamships from China and Japan and in the seclusion of a cabin, donned a dozen suits of silk pajamas apiece, stuffed themselves into corpulency with bales of silks and then walked down the gangplank innocently holding out a box of cigars on which they *volunteered* to pay His Majesty's lawful tax.

CHANGE

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

LIGHTLY he shut the door, and swung away,
A whistled melody sweet on his lips.
And left her. . . . But in that brief moment's space
She closed a chapter in the Book of Life,
Left Love behind, and turned her to The World.

Thistledown o' the Clouds

By James Church Alvord

Author of "The Sins of the Mothers," "The Nun at the Tavern," etc.

Illustrated by Charles A. MacLellan

THE Fourth of July started in at Nipmuc Park with a howl of unprecedented success. Never had the lovely lake, tossed down right upon the border-line between two states and into a veritable clump of factory-towns, drawn such crowds as on this wonderful summer day.

The clang of the electrics streaming to the rococo gate in droves, the shrieks of the women at the jolt of the sudden stop, the answering hoot and jump of the young men long wearied by the clutch and lurch of the running board, gave a vivid thrill to the crush and swelter of the hour. All southern Massachusetts and northern Rhode Island was debouching himself and his girl, or his wife and his children, at the tumultuous entrance. The happy-go-lucky crowd fairly mobbed the ticket-sellers at the side-show booths; but everybody was laughing, joshing, elbowing. The women mill-workers were a bit over-gorgeous in their clothing, the lads and men a trifle sporty in their checks and plaids and hat-bands, yet everybody was ready to give and take, to look for the laugh and forget the fret. The smile of the blue heaven above was matched by the grin on the gay humanity beneath.

Each car, tooting its way up into the reckless mass of pleasure seekers, bore on its front the enormous announcement that Mlle. Gabrielle La Fere, the beautiful French aeronautiste, imported straight from Paris at unstinted expense, would ascend that afternoon in her own balloon and "jump immediately above the park into the cerulean waters smiling from below." A boy at the switch distributed handbills out of which glowed a glorious cut of Gabrielle smiling blithely from the seat of her parachute. She looked like a dental advertisement. The diamonds around her neck, as huge as pigeon's eggs, had been presented by no less a person than the Tsar of Russia himself—at least the hand-



bill said so. Milford fought with Woonsocket, Hopedale with Pascoag, for the possession of these flaming concoctions.

Out from the skirmish at the gate-way towered an enormous head and shoulders, crowned with fiery locks and decorated with an even redder beard, while a pair of childish blue eyes in the midst of all that flaming looked anxiously here and there, searching for somebody lost. At last they caught sight of a slim dark young fellow piloting a middle-aged woman cautiously through the melee. Only the woman's bonnet and her fluffy gray hair were visible. A voice to match the giant immediately roared at somebody hanging on to the region of his armpits, apparently.

"There he is, fiddlin' with a skirt," bellowed the voice, "th' d— fool! The man below made a valorous jump. Just then the pack cleared for a moment, and he saw. A little man he was, medium-tinted in hair, in clothes, in complexion. His mouse-colored necktie summed up his soul.

"Aw—g'lang, Skeedunk," he sputtered, "she's old, and Bill Dane, 'e's always sweet on wimmen folks. She don't cut no h'ice. Wish she did, it's that 'ot."

"Don't cut no ice? Say, Bonehead, you *are* a new one, you are! That fem's Flora Whistler, as was Flora Stowe, as was Flora Brown, as was Flora Parsons, as was Flora Beecher—that's who she is. Carolyn Bill married her daughter, after every feller in th' shop had told him the kind she were, after I'd lambasted him good and hot. I was his boss them days. A month after th' weddin' I seen her up to Hoag Lake, as was Hog's Pond, scootin' about on that merry-go-round, an' flutterin' her pretty white dress 'way out in th' wind, th' dress she married an honest lad in. The organ was squealin' "Sweet Marie" like somebody were stickin' knives into it. The fellow runnin' th' shebang were just her kind, two peas in a pod and th' pod over-ripe and witherin'. Fluffy yellor hair, vi'let eyes, wax-figger cheeks, shirt front open to peek-a-boo his softy neck to admirin' feemales.

His get-up was all pleats an' blue stuff an' red ribbon. Not that I object to a tasty tie—wear 'em myself. But he made me sick. Look at Carolyn pilotin' Ma: he treated Josie just that way, worshipped her. There she was on them horses an', every time girly-girly come around, he gave her a little lovin' wipe. 'Twould have been pretty enough if she hadn't been another feller's wife. Which she were. Well they run away together, an' Carolyn followed 'em an' begged her to come back, an' she laughed at him, and they got strapped an' sent for money, an' Carolyn sent on all he could squeeze out—said as how he didn't want the little thing to suffer—an' now he's lost sight—Gee, there he comes now! Here, Bill Dane— Carolyn! we're' dead late."

The dark, melancholy young fellow, whose only beauty was a pair of haunting eyes, joined them listlessly. He had an air of refinement about him that set him superior to his comrades at once, his clothes were of a better cut, his hands smaller, his talk was Southern.

"That was mother-in-law," he announced." She had lost her friend in the crowd, an' she's right scairt with no man about." He saw no reason for the smile which broadened round, so paid no attention to it.

The three wandered among the crowd and vainly did Skeedunk attempt to drag the attention of the sad boy at his side to the screaming jollity of the day. He looked at the bear, when he was ordered to look; he bought popcorn, when it was thrust upon him; he took an oar in the boat, when the haw-haw-haw of the red-beard announced that he dasn't 'cause he'd never been learnt. His rowing was of a superior order and when urged, he even gave examples of different strokes. He looked at the pictures of Mademoiselle La Fere with a languid interest, suddenly brightened, stepped nearer to the ensanguined poster—the artist had blossomed the lady out in scarlet regimentals—then dropped softly back. The smile died out of his face, the eyes lost their sudden lustre. For a moment the boy had

almost risen to beauty. At noon Skeedy was forced to order the lunch according to the tastes of himself and the gray-necktie Bonehead. "Gee," the red-beard confided to Bonehead, as he rustled the menu ostentatiously, "he's a fool, a plum idiot, to go round moonin' forever over a skirt. Huh, I've had 'em an' lost 'em by the dozen—no-count females!"

Evidently Skeedunk was an unappropriated blessing still a-dangle on the matrimonial tree. And he was certainly long ripe at that.

In the centre of the Park grounds, on a little knoll free from trees, the balloon was slowly filling with hot air generated from a trench dug in the ground. The huge, dingy, bulbous thing of yellowish-white was by noon-time but a shapeless mass of promise and expectant wrinkles, as it swayed and bellied above the inrush of air. The parachute attachment lay on the ground beside it and two anxious blue-jeaned attendants were assisting a pompous Milford policeman to keep off the fingers of the crowd. A rumor drifting everywhere, declared this to be the lovely Gabrielle's first jump despite the legend on the handbills. Excitement deepened. Something like that furor at watching the sanguinary contest between life and death, which tingled up old Roman veins, leaped into the speech and the emotions of these steady-going men and matrons from New England looms.

Still, when Skeedunk suggested that the thing might be so, Bonehead



"GEE," CONFIDED SKEEDY, "I'VE HAD 'EM AND LOST 'EM BY THE DOZENS—NO ACCOUNT FEMALEES"

exuded scepticism of the intolerant British type.

"Seed it myself," he rebelled rather tumultuously for such a mouse, "said on board an experunced h'aeronautisty from Paris. Guv' 'er pictur too, sailing down real natural. How'd 'un get 'er pictur if 'er never jumped?" He retired into his grayness again.

Carolina Bill looked at him a moment in wonderment but said nothing. He of the scarlet whiskers put them both down for "gumps."

At two o'clock a bell rang to announce the hour. The three shopmates who had gone off from the ground for a momentary round of soft drinks, found all the advantageous places jammed when they returned. The balloon already floated several yards in air, two men were busy with the parachute beneath. One of these caught the attention of Skeedunk and he lifted his great height on tiptoes for a further glimpse. He discovered readily a slim, girlish lad, garbed in extravagant imitation of a college boy's summer outfit, and crowned with a flop of golden curls. He let one shrill whistle ooze between his closed lips and landed squarely on the ground once more. He was glad that Bill was merely medium height. He knew that yellow flop. He knew too the frenzied bursts of Dane's sudden tempers.

A clapping of hands, amid which a



"THAT WAS MOTHER-IN-LAW," HE ANNOUNCED, "SHE'S RIGHT SCARIT WITH NO MAN ABOUT"

merry girlish laugh was smothered almost past finding out, announced the advent of the wonderful French aeronautiste. But Mlle. Gabrielle was far too petite for even the gigantic Skeedy to glimpse in the midst of those billowing herds of humanity which surged around her. The little tent in which she had been preparing herself for her "act" was ripped from its mooring and hurled to the ground as the stalwart men and the strapping women fought for a sight of the dainty creature. Above the uproar soared the gruff roar of the policeman and the sweet voice of the girl pleading.

"O, please—please—really, this gown rips awfully easy. O, please, please—you're squashing me something dreadful—Please!"

William Dane started at the sound of that musical cry and arose as if to elbow himself through the jam; but his older comrades laid detaining clutches on his shoulder.

"Don't be a loony," Red-beard adjured him.

The boy shook himself and smiled bitterly. "For twelve months I've fed on ghosts," he said, "I have right smart. Don't blame me."

The policemen and the employees, aided by the director of the Park, had managed by this time to thrust the curiosity-driven people back. Skeedy could see a black head bobbing excit-

edly and even catch, now, a fleeting glance-full of filmy, cloudy stuff of shimmering blue. The young man with the golden curls was evidently anxious and solicitous, for he repeated certain instructions over and over while the girl mocked him with her pretty bubbling laugh and shook a rebellious head at his lecturing. The giant was certain that he caught the youngster's words. "You must hug onto the ropes like a wrestling champ," he was commanding, "the straps aren't enough. Stop giggling and listen! The straps aren't enough. It's hugging will flash you in the winner. Hug or—die. Do you hear me?—hug or die."

The tinkling laugh with which the blithe young creature mocked him swept suddenly aloft as the mechanics loosened the ropes and the huge bulb lifted itself, with the easy gesture of a vulture's wings, some twenty feet above the earth, allowing Gabrielle to be seen by the entire assemblage. A great shout spouted after her from the sweltering pack, thrilled by her loveliness. She was as exquisite as some strange equatorial bird, liting on her perch, preening her dainty plumage. Her nebulous dress of blue waved slightly in the wind, swept down around her tiny, blue slippered, blue-stockinged feet, and blazed with golden stars. The Tsar's world-famed necklace snuggled about her neck. The stars were tinsel, but they gleamed in the blaze of the day. The diamonds were rock-crystal, but they winked up jovially at the sun. And the crowd knew, now, to a man and a woman, that all that beauty was to race neck-and-neck with death. Her face was turned from Dane and his two friends so that, at first, they could only see the slender, graceful, exultant figure poised in mid-air above them, the heavy masses of black hair, the pink rose-wreath twined around her head. Carolina Bill wrenched and groaned.

"Ghosts," he murmured, "ghosts; but they hurt—ugh!"

The girl twisted herself and showed an exultant face. It was Josie.

His two friends leaped at the frantic boy. Skeedunk writhed his immense



"GHOSTS," HE MURMURED, "GHOSTS;
BUT THEY HURT"

muscles around the lad's chest, held his hands as if he were a naughty baby. Bonehead gripped him by the legs. But Dane wriggled, fought, punched, kicked, attempted to scream. He fought bitterly, frantically, he was mad with love and hate and terror.

"Let go," he sputtered behind the kind, strong palm which smothered his utterance. "Let go! She shan't go up. I tell you she's my wife. She shan't go up."

The crowd around turned for a moment to watch the battling men and the girl above, oblivious to her husband's presence, shook her bangles to the sunlight, twinkling them here and there, waved her arms, threw kisses right and left. No one was omitted in that prodigal generosity. Her face glowed with excited vanity. For the moment she was the most beautiful and the most observed woman in her little world. She asked no more of life than that. The effeminate youth below called once more. "Remember the rebound and you're all right. Grab, at the rebound, like a bull pup on a tramp and you're all right."

She laughed back gaily and kicked out one blue kid slipper coquettishly towards his tremulous exhortations. The silk stocking was heavily embroidered with white daisies, tawny-hearted.

"O, you pretty creetur," wailed a woman's voice, "don't you know you'll likely die?" At this a silence fell across the crowd.

In the silence Dane choked with a maddened agony of speech, the manager of the Park counted, "One—two—three" rather aggressively, and the balloon leaped skyward.

At that moment William Dane tore himself from his comrades and dashed headlong into the tiny vacant ring where the balloon had been. He flung himself catapultic upon the blond-haired boy, who was gazing dully after the balloon, and struck him full in the girlish face. The boy dropped into a huddle on the grass, half-gathered himself into a limp heap, and began to whimper like a spanked child. Once more, and once only, Dane stooped and struck him in the face. A great jet of blood spurted after, the flashy



"STOP GIGGLING, AND LISTEN!" HE COMMANDED.
"DO YOU HEAR ME? HUG—OR DIE!"

suit was incarnadined. The policeman bustled up, the crowd caught hold; but the red-haired giant, straddled before them, spoke one word.

"She's this feller's wife." The crowd snorted and stood back.

Up—up—up rose the girl. Above the giddy roofs of the absurd show-buildings, above the high tops of the cypresses along the edge of the shimmering lake, on and on. She waved her hands in kittenish, flirtatious gestures, threw an even more abundant supply of kisses earthward, rested on her perch as lightsofely as though she scarcely needed its support. She seemed a creature of the air. Even prosaic Skeedy felt the mystery of her mood and feathery grace. Even Bonehead opened his mouth in an attempt to gulp in something untouched by his comprehension hitherto. Carolina Bill stared numbly up, smitten dumb after his one deed of irresistible wrath. The crowd, in the horror of the moment when the viewless air carried off into its irresponsible vastities one so reckless and so fair, stood breathless around him; his friends were grouped on either side; the show-boy sniffed and slobbered at his feet. At last the girl became a mere dot on the heavens, a daub of blue beneath a soaring yellowish ball which rushed on wings of space higher and higher.

So far above them was she that it became impossible to distinguish the moment when she sundered the parachute from the balloon. Suddenly she began to fall while the winged thing above her, relieved from her weight, flashed at incredible speed towards the clouds. The girl fell swiftly, perpendicularly. The women in the park closed their eyes involuntarily; the whimpering youth arose to his knees and gaped at her; William Dane held his breath and waited tensely. It seemed that the cruel fall could never stop. The parachute dropped behind the girl tightly closed, motionless, save for its unending and brutal descent.

Then marvellously, without warning, a huge white flower blossomed out against the sky just above the tumbling girl. The sigh of relief from that packed and bunched humanity swept clear across the park and was echoed up from the flotilla of boats upon the lake. Josie was plainly visible now, a blue heart in that magical pale blossom, leaping upward in the rebound. She flew with a hideous jerk, like some vibrant creature snatched from the sea at the end of a fisherman's line. But as she flew there shrilled from those unscalable heights a cry of fear, of agony, of desperation. Far, faint, phantasmal, a bitter thing to hear. For a second the people thought the danger passed as the form settled beneath the parachute; but it detached itself, vaulting through the void immense, while the gigantic umbrella followed after, rocking from side to side with a waggish air of triumph. The girl had not "hugged on." Women fainted everywhere; the lad of the golden curls gathered his flimsiness together and fled; Dane stalked steadily, stealthily, more and more immediately beneath the down-thundering woman.

Twice the slim figure turned a summersault in space, her blue skirts swishing wide, her white arms flashing in the dazzle, her loosened hair floating. Each time the stars on her shimmering raiment twinkled gruesomely. The crowd was face to face with death and was not enjoying it.

It takes a Roman stomach to digest a Roman holiday.

Momentary relief swept over the throng as the faint wind caught Josie's azure draperies and pushed her towards the pond. The men and women along the shore ran out from under the smash of that down-coming, the boats upon the water swung to the rescue. In a minute—in far less than that—everybody knew that she would crash into the summit of an ancient elm which spread its fan of branches beside the wharf. One man had already discovered this and was standing beneath the tree. Skeedy sprinted towards him.

Standing there alone William Dane was transfixed by the immensity of his love until, despite the commonness of his ready-made clothing, his rather garish crimson tie, his untrained figure, he gleamed out from the shadows with a certain fineness. He took on heroic proportions, was exalted above his fellows by the inborn tenderness of his spirit. For two breathless seconds the throng watched his face, uplifted, exalted, glorified, as he tossed his sinewy arms towards that silly reckless girl hurtling through the air head-downwards.

The body crashed through the topmost twigs and a shower of leaves danced fluttering earthwards. The branches gripped the floating hair and again the figure turned, crushing through the lower boughs feet-foremost. The tree had slacked the impetus, the man gripped himself and prepared. He thrust his hands even higher, he leapt towards her as she came, he snatched her skirts with swift and strenuous fingers, and hurled her sidewise across his head. She slid rather than crushed to the ground. It was an effort of incredible subtlety and strength.

The people, flocking in under the elm tree, found Carolina Bill seated on the grass, holding the pallid, unconscious creature in his arms, sopping at the blood which oozed out over her charming shimmering frock. He was rocking back and forth as he crooned. The red giant towered behind.

"There, there, honey," the boy half-

chanted, "I've got you. All's right, all's right. Nothing can hurt you, now, honey—I've got you."

During the following fortnight the situation proved too delicate for anyone of the young fellow's friends to dare attempt. That Josie lived they all knew; but nobody ventured as far as the door-bell. Even the women held timidly aloof. The lad from North Carolina came and went, a smiling, joyous creature, transformed back into his old popular self. He offered no tidings and the group of workers around him asked none. Woonsocket has a tender heart and understands great agonies through great experiences.

At the end of the two weeks he hurt his foot slightly about the factory and the next day was forced to join the loafers at their noontide meal. Just as the Blackstone River enters Woonsocket, rolling down from mill-town after mill-town far above, it crooks itself like an elbow and loiters through a narrow stretch of grass and wavering trees. The place is green with a half-apology for being so and isn't very green after all. The grass is soiled with mill-smoke, the birches beside the river gray-olive with smudge, the very buttercups and daisies show a grimy white and a dimmed gold. But the river, unless you look too close at its coffee-colored flood, sour with the stench of acids, thick with the rot and refuse of a hundred shops, mirrors the blue sky above and even flashes back the sunlight in ripples of iridescent glow. Here beneath a clump of maples the cold-lunch-men meet and gossip and smoke away the short rest hour. Here came Dane with his dinner pail and his fuming pipe on this fourteenth day. As he came Skeedy, stretched to all the bulky length of him in the shade, determined to break the silence; but not until the hour was almost past did he screw himself up to

the questioning point. When he spoke he blurted brutally in.

"How's th' woman, Carolyn?" he blustered because he was so frightened at his own audacity. One can't be scared and gentle at the same time.

The boy arose and faced his fellows.

"You-all reckon I'm a lunkhead and a softy," he cried and folded his hands across his chest, "But she's mine—mine forever and ever." He bared his head with a sudden snatch and raised his eyes into a swift thanksgiving. "Not that I wouldn't give her back, give her back gladly to that poor good-for-nothing cuss as sent her sky-larking in a balloon, if that'd make her whole again. I reckon you-all know it wouldn't. She'll never walk no more, Doctor tells. I hope to see her wheeling her little chair out on the porch and she'll do that all right, all right—Doctor tells. But, my God, boys! don't think I'm longing to see her suffer. I ain't. I'd give her back—I'd more'n give her back, if that'd help. But she needs me. She'll always need me, she'll always be lying there like a kid for me to nuss and care for and love. We've talked it out. She's dreadful sorry; but I—I—I've got her back and she needs me. I can't rightly reckon I'm sorry. Call me a looney, if you like: I don't care what you-all think. She's mine. Nobody'll ever snatch her away again—she's mine to keep."

The factory bell clanked out its imperative note of warning and the boy, who bossed on the third floor up, galloped into a hasty run. The rest of the men, foundry hands under the redoubtable Skeedunk, lifted themselves loungingly from the fragrant grass. Just as they turned to go the huge red-beard spoke.

"Caroliny's a fool," the rims of his eyes shimmered with moisture and his lips twitched, "just a d—— fool."



THIS MODERN AUTOMOBILE MEETS BOATS AT SODA CREEK, AND CARRIES PASSENGERS TO ASHCROFT, 137 MILES OVER THE OLD CARIBOO ROAD

Good Fellows of the Trail

PART II.

By Frederick Foster

Illustrated from Photographs

MY arrangements to go from Giscombe Portage to Fort George by canoe were soon made: Dave Huble and I would start early the next morning, portage the rapids, and Ed Seebach with the canoe would meet us at noon at "The Dutchman's cabin."

In communities where the advent of a stranger means news of the outside world, acquaintanceship follows rapidly. The newest news I had was more than a week old, but I could go back a month without fear of delivering

a message already told. And so we sat, "Old Joe", "Sandy" and myself, in the shade of the log store building gossiping, when through the bush came "The Pilot". Sight of him foretold trouble, so no one was astounded when he spoke: "Boys, we're on the rocks, will you help us off?"

Some questions revealed the fact that the scow struck the first large rock in the rapids and several of the planks in the bow had been battered in, making a great hole. The momentum of the scow, however, was so great that

before much water could pour in, the scow was high enough on the boulder to lift the bow above the surface of the river. The Pilot had made his way to shore in a small boat and hastened back to the store for assistance. A canoe was launched and was soon alongside taking off the men, the scow being allowed to remain until a steamboat rescued it three days later.

After the first flurry of excitement caused by the return of the Pilot, I followed Joe to his cabin to while away the afternoon.

"Too many damn settlers comin' in. I'm starting to-morrow to find new trappin' grounds. Stretch out on that bunk over there." With these words he ushered me into his "summer home." There is not a creek, river, or lake in central British Columbia that Joe does not know. Each fall for more than two decades he has poled his canoe up some stream to where foot-prints advertised the presence of beaver, martin and mink. There he built his cabin, cached his canoe and winter's supply of "grub" and put out his line of traps. When the hillside showed evidence of spring's return the balsam canopy was removed from the canoe, the winter's catch of fur piled in the bow and Giscombe Portage again claimed Joe until the proper season for the canoe to be pointed again toward the silent places, that Milady might protect her pretty neck with furs of exceeding richness.

No one realizes better than Joe the meaning of the scows coming down the Fraser. No one sees with plainer vision the railway, farms and homes evolving. To Joe, the awakening of the wilderness means scarcity of fur. And so he starts on the morrow to look for new trapping ground, for the "damn settlers" are coming in greater numbers than ever before. As we watched, there passed three scows carrying more strange faces than were seen in the full course of a year at Giscombe, when Joe first came. Then came a canoe, this time not with a bundle of furs in the bow, but with a bundle of greater worth—settlers' effects. Here followed a raft, a handful of logs lashed together; its cargo

of three, but a month removed from Holland's meadows, staring in silent admiration of their adopted country.

The call has gone out. No longer shall one of earth's richest domains be locked to the outside world merely because Milady asks for furs. Joe and his kind are being pushed back by the same relentless force which pulled Hans from the hay fields of Holland and transplanted him in this melting pot of opportunities. Soon, the loon's call to her mate will be answered by the screech of a locomotive. Where the Willow, Salmon, Stuart and Chilaco rivers silently empty their gold laden waters into the Fraser, towns will rise. The forests will ring with the axemen's strokes; plows will scour in the molds of centuries; herds will roam over the meadows and Mrs. Huble's call to the evening meal Joe and I answered, will be echoed by many a housewife in parts where never a child's cry broke the silence.

The sun was not more than an hour high when Huble and I began the portage of the rapids. The first two miles were made over the Giscombe-Summit Lake trail, the balance of eleven-mile journey through the forest, sometimes following an indistinct trail marked by broken twigs, at other times making our own trail. Upon a certain hill-side which was more or less free of underbrush but over which many rotted logs were distributed, we saw many signs of bear. In the search for grubs and insects, the greedy beasts had literally torn many of the logs apart. Where the same hill dipped into a valley a beaver had dammed a tiny stream forming a pond twenty or more feet in diameter; had built her home and was raising her young in this secluded spot.

A few minutes past noon we reached the cabin of the Dutch preemptor and there were met by Ed Seebach who had his canoe well loaded with furs, starting them on their way to the St. Louis, Missouri, fur market. An invitation from Mr. Huble to spend a few weeks with him next fall on a hunting trip rang in my ears, as we pushed off in the canoe.

In central British Columbia this is

the dawn of a development which will have no parallel in all history. Next year when the Grand Trunk Pacific runs the first transcontinental train into the Pacific Coast terminal, Prince Rupert, the inrush of settlers from throughout the world to this land of promise will start the world's statistical pencils working. Towns must be established to provide the demands created by this army of settlers. The topography of central British Columbia makes the establishment of many towns impractical but assures the few a degree of great importance. As Ed and I canoed down the Fraser, we saw one of these new towns in the making; with transit, chain and level a score of engineers were laying out the town of Willow River with scientific precision.

The novelty of seeing a "town being made to order" appealed so strongly that I sought the Chief Engineer.

"You are standing on the corner of the two principal streets of the future town," he told me. "The stake on which you just knocked the ashes from your pipe, marks a lot which will

be worth several thousand dollars a year or so from now."

Then with a blue-print spread before us he launched into the subject.

"Here, at the crossing of these two streets, is where we are standing," he explained. "Four blocks down this way," tracing the blue-print with his finger, "will be the railway station and yards. This portion we are now surveying is the business portion only. When our work is finished the plans must be registered at the Government offices, then the town is thrown open to settlement, or a better word is occupancy. For town building in Western Canada is much like sky-scraper building in New York. Everything is made ready for the tenants to move in. As it is the wish of the railway company to make this one of the leading towns of central British Columbia the completion of our work is being looked forward to by merchants, manufacturers, home-builders and investors, who are anxious to get in at the beginning."

"Then you think that some day here will stand a city?" I asked.



"SLIM" MILLER'S CABIN—THE CLEANEST BACHELOR SHACK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, BAR NONE



THE HIGH TALLE LAND LYING BETWEEN THE ROCKY AND THE CASCADE RANGES IS SUITED TO FARMING, AND IT WILL NOT BE LONG BEFORE FIELDS LIKE THIS WILL BE COMMON THERE

"Yes, there are many reasons why a city should rise here. There are seven billion feet of timber in the immediate vicinity waiting to be manufactured into lumber. The Willow River is an ideal logging stream and the boats on the Fraser can distribute the lumber manufactured here throughout central British Columbia, while the railway will carry it to the prairies. One of the largest coal deposits in the world lies a short way southeast; the Peace River country of unlimited agricultural opportunities spreads to the north and here at our door is an unlimited water power supply. So there you have it—manufacturing, mining, agriculture, a combination which puts cities on the map."

Had I not so recently seen skyscrapered cities and thriving towns where but a few years ago coyotes sent up their eerie howl to the moon, perhaps I would have discounted the Engineer's enthusiasm, but I realize in Western Canada, it is village yesterday, town to-day, and city to-morrow. I have seen

men of meagre means establish businesses in these new towns and make good. I have seen banks of world wide reputation establish branch banks in tents. I have seen investors purchase new town property for a few hundred dollars and sell it for many thousands. I realize that back of it is the half million people other nations are sending to Western Canada yearly. Let us not call them immigrants—that word seems to imply gunny sacks and garlic; let us call them Builders of a Nation, who have sold their Illinois farms, their city homes or their old country bank stock and are grasping the opportunities that only a new country can offer.

I am going to visit central British Columbia again next summer. I will again cross the wheat laden prairies of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta and I'll see from the car window the mighty Fraser and in my mind's eye, I'll see Ford, and Slim and the cook as I saw them when we went down on the scow. I'll perhaps clasp Sam Magof-

fin's hand again and ask him what railway he is helping build now. When I come to Willow River I will see the Engineer's prediction has come true. There will be wide streets flanked with stores; home-like houses nestled among the cotton woods and balsams; saw-mills down by the river; trains, some headed for the Pacific, others for the prairies. I hope I'll again meet the Siwash Indian, who never having seen a train, assured me: "White man, he dam smart, but how he make trains pass?" I tried to explain the working of a switch to him. "Ah! I see, he portage."

Upon my arrival at Fort George, I found that my companion for the next week had secured saddle and pack horses and after a night's and day's rest, we "hit the Stony Creek Trail" for the valley of the Stuart River. Starting at six in the evening, we made our first stop at "Slim Miller's Cabin". Slim was not at home but my companion knew that a certain board out by the cache covered the key and soon each of us occupied a bunk under the roof of what Slim boasts is "the cleanest homesteader's cabin in British Colum-

bia." By daybreak we were again on the way and for a week we journeyed through that part of British Columbia where the Nechaco, Stuart and Mud Rivers form the valleys of unknown possibilities. A few years hence, Central British Columbia will attract the attention of the civilized world by its cities, farms, mines and factories.

The Greek boy we met on the trail—a winner of a Marathon race held in Athens—now a hotel owner; the Italian who was walking to a job a hundred and fifty miles away, a half loaf of bread his food supply; the Englishman who bought 25,000 acres on Lake Bednesti; the American who has a chain of stores,—the names of these men are being written in the history of the development of this inland Empire.

My return trip to the Fraser River and down it by steamboat to Soda Creek and from there to Ashcroft and the railway, by automobile over the historical Cariboo Road, strengthened my earliest impressions. Follow the Good Fellows of the Trail into Central British Columbia, all you who would seek opportunity in a new country.

THRO' THE RAIN

BY A. ARTHUR TANES

IT was in early autumn when fields are bare and brown,
 And withered leaves are falling, that I came down from town
 And you had come to meet me—to meet me at the train—
 That day we drove together—together through the rain.

How well I do remember the very words we spoke,
 And how you laughed, protesting; the way I held your cloak.
 And did we count discomfort? Or you, or I, complain,
 That day we drove together—together through the rain?

Though many a year has vanished, since then, I see you yet,
 Your hair all wet and waving, your face—can I forget?
 Do I, indeed, remember? Oh, ask me not again!
 That day we drove together—together through the rain!

The Barrel of Borogoves

By
Emma

Kenyon
Parrish



Illustrated
by

C. Edith
Mitchell

RADDIE and Elfrida had the afternoon before them; they had met about half way from home, each on the way to the other's house, but as Elfrida was more "dressed up" than her cousin, it seemed proper for her to do the visiting, and they went back to Raddie's. They always began their afternoon exercises in a spirit of strict politeness; this time was no different.

"Look at here," purred Raddie, "I'm got a new Esop-Fable. Let's look at the picshurs. That's Esop-Fable standing there, talking to the men. They're going to pitch him over a clift."

"What's a clift, Raddie?"

"It's a big high place, Elfrida; as high as our bookcase."

"What they pitch him over for?"

"Oh, but cause he told so many stories. Here's a story he told about a hen—oh, let's play hen, Elfrida! We're got a barrel in the hay-barn; we could be hen in the barrel. Let's!"

They raced to the barn. "I beat!" panted Raddie, just a nose ahead. "O my sugar! this barrel's full of pop-

corn-pobs! Mr. Whinkyter put 'em in there, I know."

If you had asked Raddie his name he would have answered promptly, "Radwin Whitaker." But if you had asked him his father's name he would have answered equally promptly, "Mr. Whinkyter!" He had got things tangled up when he was young, and had been too busy ever since to straighten them out.

Elfrida was used to that, and she asked, "What he put them in there for?" Grown people are so thoughtless; no wonder she asked.

But this loyal son of an oddly named parent flew into an appearance of absolute fury at the question. "What for?" glaring at Elfrida and shaking the barrel fiercely; "think we're got to keep all our barrels empty for a hundred weeks? Ha, ha, I should fink not!"

Elfrida gazed at him a moment, in awe. His light-blue eyes fixed hers sternly, then they flickered, then they danced and all his little white teeth flashed.

"Oh, Raddie, you looked so funny

you scared me! I thought you was burglars."

"Don't be a-scared, Elfrida, I was just pretending. I'll always let you know when I be real burglars, but-cause you're a little girl, you know."

In spite of this magnanimous assurance Elfrida did not like to let her mind dwell on the subject. "Let's play somepin' else, Raddie."

"Bear! Let's! I'm got a cloth young bear in the house; I'll get it."

"No, don't, Raddie, I'm afraid of him. I wish I'd brought my teddy-bear, he's always nice to me. Oh, play you be bear and I be lady, and I



"WE'RE GOT A BARREL IN THE HAY-BARN, WE COULD BE HEN IN THE BARREL. LET'S!"

shut the door on you quick, and you cry, awful, and say why was I so cryul! Yes!"

"No, sir—mom. You have to play the way I like. I be bear, and eat you up, and you cry awful, and call your mamma. Yes!"

Elfrida looked as if she might cry before the enticing programme was so much as begun.

"Never mind," soothed Raddie; "we won't any of us be bear; we'll all play meat-shop-man. I'll put this board on the barrel and I'll sell you lots of nice meat. Lady, do you want some lovely horse-meat? Good to feed horses. And here's some stray-cat-meat; other kind o' cats don't like it; won't you have some, lady?"

He squeaked his voice so fine and threadlike in his efforts to dispose of his wares that it "pinched" Elfrida's ears and made her laugh.

"Hello, Laughing-at-Me-and-Spoil-

ing-this-Play!" an Indian way he had of bestowing names to suit a person's character or actions. He shouted this in a rolling voice, at the same time putting on what his mother was compelled to call his "pirate scowl."

"Don't be mad, Raddie. Please, Mister, I want some stray-cat-meat." Elfrida squeaked her voice, too, to make the transaction more real.

But the meat-shop-man had become surly; "Can't have any," he snapped, "all sold. My mother—I mean, Mrs. Whinkyter—bought the last ton of it; but," relenting, "I got some blue-munge and some lovely ice-cream."

Elfrida didn't understand "blue-munge"; few would have recognized the delicacy by that name; she bridged the difficulty, saying patronizingly, "Your ice-cream looks temp'in'; won't you please sell me a dollar of it?"

Raddie certainly lacked the winning affability of most tradesmen; again his eye had grown cold and steely; "All sold. You ought to been earlier. This is a freight-train, now; but ladies can ride on the board if they're in a hurry. Haul-the-bo-o-oard! That's what our conductor always says. Hustle up, lady, get a wiggle; now I'll help you up, lady."

But instead of helping the lady up, the conductor tumbled off and the barrel tipped over. "There, now! All Mr. Whinkyter's pobs wasted! and the barrel 'most broke! O hello, Spoiling-Freight-Trains-and-Tipping-Over-Pobs!" The "pirate-scowl" seamed his face, clear to his bumpy and intellectual forehead. After letting the effect of this much hyphenated title sink into his cousin's soul, Raddie softened. "Well, I'll just roll the old barrel into the corner. O my, Elfrida, wouldn't it be fun to roll *in* the barrel! watch me do it."

He crawled in, feet first, and made a rapid, highly exciting journey down the space between the harness-room and the horse's empty stall, where the barrel bumped against some posts. He crawled out and rolled it up the incline.

"Let me ride in it!" cried Elfrida
"Here! you can't get in first, don't



"THERE NOW! ALL MR. WHINKYTER'S POBS WASTED, AND THE BARREL 'MOST EROKE"

you know what! I began this play."

Unless some one startled her, Elfrida was pink and white and golden, smiling and silvery-voiced; a dear little fairy of a girl, if she *was* Raddie's cousin; but now she looked not much less than cross, and she complained, "When you was to my house I let you play things first."

Raddie relented at once. "All right, Elfrida, you get in first."

After all, Elfrida hung back; "I guess I'm afraid, Raddie; you get in first."

"All right, first inners!" he warned; "I'll squeeze up smaller;" an impossible thing to do, because his tight little "knickers", his stout stockings and his wiry gingham waist, with almost not any collar at all, were every one made to fit snugly the Raddie of three months ago, who must have grown at least a few ounces in that time; but he crept in and Elfrida imitated him, though her pretty ruffles and plaits and her soft, fluffy hair gave her some trouble. Without the least warning Raddie set the barrel rolling; he neglected even to tell his cousin she would be turned round with the barrel; he had scarcely noticed the fact himself. Well, Elfrida's screams were piercing, right in Raddie's ears, first in one ear, then in the other. He kept still, partly because he was a big boy, "past half-past four years old" as he often said, and partly because Elfrida's ruffles were in his mouth. When the barrel bumped the posts he said, "Now we're here, Elfrida!"

Elfrida may have discovered that already; "wasn't it fun!"

"No, not quite, Raddie; it scared me; let me out, let me go, Raddie."

"I ain't a-holding you, Elfrida. Ain't girls funny!"

"Yes, you are too, Raddie. You're pinching my hair."

"Look at here, Elfrida; here's my two hands, count 'em. Could a boy pinch hair, without no hands? You get out first, so I can get out. Those gets in last got to get out first. I made that rule."

"I can't, Raddie; my hair is tight."

Raddie tried to turn and loosen her hair from whatever was holding it,



ELFRIDA'S SCREAMS WERE PIERCING, NOW IN ONE EAR, NOW IN THE OTHER

but somehow he could not. "I'm—hitched—too," he grunted; both the children pulled and tugged, but the barrel would not let them go; they stopped to take breath. "Oh, my,"

chuckled Raddie, "wouldn't it be funny if they couldn't find us for a whole year! Then burglars could come in the night and carry us off to jail." He had an idea that jails were the strongholds whence the gentry alluded to sallied forth by night to plunder, returning at daybreak to those pleasing abodes to enjoy their booty.

"My mamma wouldn't let them," wailed Elfrida.

"Course; Mr. Whinkyter wouldn't, either; I was just pertending; you know how Alice used to pertend?"

"Alice-to-the-Looking-glass?"

"Course; ain't any other Alice. Oh, let's play we're Alice-in-the-Barrel!"

"I'd rather get out; I don't feel smooove; roll us back, Raddie."

"Don't you know barrels won't roll only but one way when people are in them? Ain't girls funny!" he apostrophized for the second time.

"Mamma!" called Elfrida in a sad and broken little voice.

"Now you're being mimsy, Elfrida; O hello, Mimsy-Mimsy!" he mocked.

"What's mimsy?" Elfrida's voice still quavered but her curiosity was ever easily aroused.

"Why, don't you 'member?" Raddie's voice became deep and full with the strengthening of his emotions; "it's in the 'Looking-glass'; 'All mimsy were the borogoves.' Maybe we're both mimsy, Elfrida; we might look like borogoves, I guess we do, all rumpled up, so; and I s'pose we could be mimsy."

"I don't want to be borogoves," protested Elfrida; "Mamma! Mamma!"

"Mr. Whinkyter!" shouted Raddie, though he knew it was no use; his father never came home before four o'clock, except Saturdays.

"Mamma!" called both children; this time Raddie put his hands to his mouth and gave the "elephant-roar", the way he did when playing "loose elephant", rainy days in the house.

"Sh! I thought I heard mamma," whispered Elfrida.

Raddie indulged in another elephant-roar before he listened; voices were heard. "They're in the barn!" called someone anxiously.

"I tell you, Ella, they can't possibly get in the barn; it's locked," returned someone else, equally anxiously.

"Sh! that sounds to me like Elfrida," came from the first voice.

"It sounded to me like Raddie," came from the second voice.

"Thank goodness, they're not in the cistern, anyway."

"Now I hear them again."

"Why, Anna, I thought you said the barn was locked!"

"Mamma, mamma!" called Elfrida, ecstatically. "Mother!" roared Raddie.

"Where are you, Raddie?"

"Here, mother, in this barrel; here's your barrel of mimsy borogoves."

Raddie's mother loosened Elfrida's fluffy hair from one nail, her dainty ruffles from another and her pretty slipper from a third; "I have sometimes—thought—Ella," she remarked, carefully expunging all severity from her accents, "that you—do—dress Elfrida a *lit-tle* too fancifully for playing comfortably. There; now, dear, you're free." Then, in brisk, mother-tones, "Come, son, hop out."

"I can't get a-loose," sputtered Raddie, setting his muscles for another strain.

Aunt Ella sprang cheerfully to his assistance; she unfastened his stout sensible waist from one nail, his well-greaved knee from another and his trimly-girt ankle from a third; "Only three places caught, Anna," she explained, triumphantly but sweetly.

His mother covered her embarrassment by turning to the master-culprit; "What do you think I ought to do to you, Raddie boy, for being so careless with your dear little cousin?"

He looked around, judicially: "I fink you better ask me to put some of Mr. Whinkyter's popcorn-pobs back in this barrel."

"Let's!" cried Elfrida; "I'll help you; yes!"

"And we'll play the pobs are borogoves; yes!" shouted Raddie.

Aunt Ella laughed; "Perfectly safe for at least five minutes."

Mrs. Whinkyter shook her head, but she laughed, too.

UNWILLING EVE

By Robert Ames Bennet

Author of "For the White Christ," "Which One?" etc

Illustrated by
Percy Edward Anderson



CHAPTER I.

WAVE-TOSSED AND CASTAWAY.

THE beginning was at Cape Town, when Blake and Winthroe boarded the steamer as fellow passengers with Lady Bayrose and her party.

This was a week after Winthroe had arrived on the tramp steamer from India, and her Ladyship had explained to Miss Leslie that it was as well for her not to be too hasty in accepting his attention. To be sure, he was an Englishman, his dress and manners were irreproachable, and he was in the prime of ripened youth. Yet Lady Bayrose was too conscientious a chaperon to be fully satisfied with her countryman's bare assertion that he was engaged on a diplomatic mission requiring reticence regarding his identity. She did not see why this should prevent him from confiding in *her*.

But, angle delicately as she would, the Englishman was deaf to all her invitations, and walked innocently past all the open doors she left for him to go through, apparently unaware of their very existence.

Notwithstanding this, Winthroe came aboard ship virtually as a member of her Ladyship's party. He was so quick, so thoughtful of her comfort,

and paid so much more attention to her than to Miss Leslie, that her Ladyship had decided to tolerate him, even before Blake became a factor in the situation.

That gentleman had lost little time in doing so, however. By an accident of travel, he had been at the gangway in the moment when Lady Bayrose and her charge had arrived, and his eyes had expressed a prompt admiration of Miss Leslie.

From the moment he crossed the gangway the Canadian engineer entered upon a daily routine of drinking and gambling, varied only by attempts to strike up an off-hand acquaintance with Miss Leslie. This was Winthroe's opportunity, and his clever frustration of what Lady Bayrose termed "that low bounder's impudence" served to install him in the good graces of her Ladyship as well as in the favor of the Canadian heiress.

Such, at least, was what Winthroe intimated to the persistent engineer with a superciliousness of tone and manner that would have stung even a British lackey to resentment. To Blake it was supremely galling. He could not rejoin in kind, and the slightest attempt at physical retort would have meant irons and confinement. It was a British ship. Behind Winthroe was Lady Bayrose; behind her Ladyship, as a matter of course,

was all the despotic authority of the captain. In the circumstances, it was not surprising that the Canadian drank heavier after each successive goading.

Meantime the ship, having touched at Port Natal, steamed on up the East Coast, into the Mozambique Channel.

On the day of the cyclone, Blake had withdrawn into his stateroom with a number of bottles, and throughout that fearful afternoon was blissfully unconscious of the danger. Even when the steamer went on the reef, he was only partially roused by the shock.

He took a long pull from a quart flask of whiskey, placed the flask with great care in his hip pocket, and lurched out through the open doorway. There he reeled headlong against the mate, who had rushed below with three of the crew to bring up Miss Leslie. The mate cursed him virulently, and in the same breath ordered two of the men to fetch him up on deck.

The sea was breaking over the steamer in torrents; but between waves Blake was dragged across to the side and flung over into the bottom of the one remaining boat. He served as a cushion to break the fall of Miss Leslie, who was tossed in after him. At the same time, Winthrop, frantic with fear, scrambled into the bows and cut loose. One of the sailors leaped, but fell short and went down within arm's length of Miss Leslie.

She and Winthrop saw the steamer slip from the reef and sink back into deep water, carrying down in the vortex the mate and the few remaining sailors. After that all was chaos to them. They were driven ashore before the terrific gusts of the cyclone, blinded by the stinging spindrift to all else but the hell of breakers and coral reefs in whose midst they swirled so dizzily. And through it all Blake lay huddled on the bottom boards, gurgling blithely of spicy zephyrs and swaying hammocks.

There came the seemingly final moment when the boat went spinning stern over prow. . . .

Half sobered Blake opened his eyes and stared solemnly about him. He was given little time to take his bear-

ings. A smother of broken surf came seething up from one of the great breakers, to roll him over and scrape him a little farther up the muddy shore. There the flood deposited him for a moment, until it could gather force to sweep back and drag him down again toward the roaring sea that had cast him up.

Blake objected,—not to the danger of being drowned, but to interference with his repose. He had reached the obstinate stage. He grunted a protest. . . . Again the flood seethed up the shore, and rolled him away from the danger. This was too much! He set his jaw, turned over, and staggered to his feet. Instantly one of the terrific wind-blasts struck his broad back and sent him spinning for yards. He brought up in a shallow pool, beside a hummock.

Under the lee of the knoll lay Winthrop and Miss Leslie. Though conscious, both were dragged and bruised and beaten to exhaustion. They were together because they had come ashore together. When the boat capsized, Miss Leslie had been flung against the Englishman, and they had held fast to each other with the desperate clutch of drowning persons. Neither of them ever recalled how they gained the shelter of the hummock.

Blake, sitting waist-deep in the pool, blinked at them benignly with his gray-blue eyes, and produced the quart flask, still a third full of whiskey.

"I shay, fren's," he observed, "ha' one on me. Won' cos' you shent—notta re' shent!"

"You fuddled lout!" shouted Winthrop. "Come out of that pool."

"Wassama'er pool? Pool's allri!"

The Englishman squinted through the driving scud at the intoxicated man with an anxious frown. In all probability he felt no commiseration for the Canadian; but it was no light matter to be flung up barehanded on the most unhealthful and savage stretch of the Mozambique coast, and Blake might be able to help them out of their predicament. To leave him in the pool was therefore not to be thought of. So soon as he had drained his bottle, he would lie down, and that

would be the end of him. As any attempt to move him forcibly was out of the question the situation demanded that Winthrope justify his intimations of diplomatic training. After considering the problem for several minutes, he met it in a way that proved he was at least not lacking in shrewdness and tact.

"See here, Blake," he called, in another lull between the shrieking gusts, "the lady is fatigued. You're too much of a gentleman to ask her to come over there."

It required some moments for this to penetrate Blake's fuddled brain. After a futile attempt to gain his feet, he crawled out of the pool on all fours, and, with tears in his eyes, pressed his flask upon Miss Leslie. She shrank away from him, shuddering, and drew herself up in a huddle of flaccid limbs and limp garments. Winthrope however, not only accepted the flask, but came near to draining it.

Blake squinted at the diminished contents, hesitated, and cast a glance of maudlin gallantry at Miss Leslie. She lay coiled, closer than before, in a dragged heap. Her posture suggested sleep. Blake stared at her, the flask extended waveringly before him. Then he brought it to his lips, and drained out the last drop.

"Time turn in," he mumbled, and sprawled full length in the brackish ooze. Immediately he fell into a drunken stupor.

Winthrope, invigorated by the liquor, rose to his knees, and peered around. It was impossible to face the scud and spondrift from the furious sea; but to leeward he caught a glimpse of a marsh flooded with salt water, its reedy vegetation beaten flat by the storm. He himself was beaten down by a terrific gust. Panting and trembling, he waited for the wind to lull, in hope that he might obtain a clearer view of his surroundings. Before he again dared rise to his feet, darkness swept down with tropical suddenness and blurred out everything.

The effect of the whiskey soon passed, and Winthrope huddled between his companions, drenched and exhausted. Though he could hear

Miss Leslie moaning, he was too miserable himself to inquire whether he could do anything for her.

Presently he became aware that the wind was falling. The centre of the cyclone had passed before the ship struck, and they were now in the outermost circle of the vast whirlwind. With the consciousness of this change for the better, Winthrope's fear-racked nerves relaxed, and he fell into a heavy sleep.

CHAPTER II.

WORSE THAN WILDERNESS.

A WAIL from Miss Leslie roused the Englishman out of a dream in which he had been swimming for life across a sea of boiling oil. He sat up and gazed about him, half dazed. The cyclone had been followed by a dead calm, and the sun, already well above the horizon was blazing upon them over the glassy surfaces of the dying swells with fierce heat.

Winthrope felt about for his hat. It had been blown off when, at the striking of the steamer, he had rushed up on deck. As he remembered, he straightened, and looked at his companions. Blake lay snoring where he had first outstretched himself, sleeping the sleep of the just—and of the drunkard. The girl, however, was already awake. She sat with her hands clasped in her lap, while the tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"My—ah—dear Miss Genevieve, what is the matter?" exclaimed Winthrope.

"Matter? Do you ask, when we are here on this wretched coast, and may not get away for weeks? Oh, I did so count on the London season this year! Lady Bayrose promised that I should be among those presented."

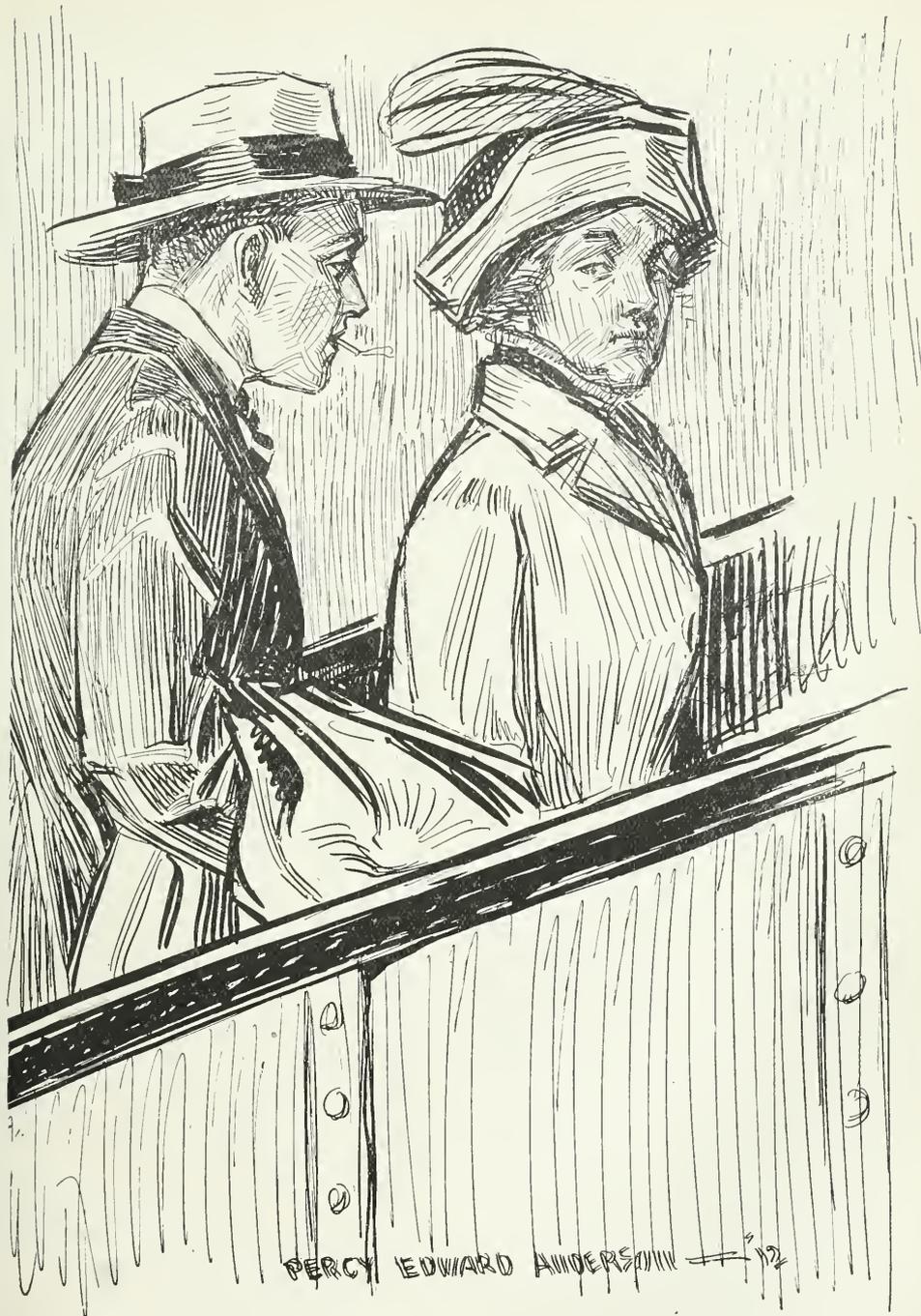
"Well, I—ah—fancy, Lady Bayrose will do no more presenting—unless it may be to the heavenly choir, you know."

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Winthrope? You told me that she and the maids had been put in the largest boat—"

"My dear Miss Genevieve, you must remember that I am a diplomat. It was all quite sufficiently harrowing,



THE EYES OF THE CANADIAN ENGINEER EXPRESSED A PROMPT
OF LADY BAYROSE, AND EARNED FROM WINTHROPE



ADMIRATION FOR MISS LESLIE, IN SPITE OF THE DISAPPROVAL
A COMMENT ON "THAT LOW BOUNDER'S IMPUDENCE"

I assure you. They were, indeed, put into the largest boat— Beastly muddle!— While they waited for the mate to fetch you, the boat was crushed alongside, and all in it drowned."

"Drowned!—drowned! Oh, dear Lady Bayrose! And she'd travelled so much—oh, oh, it is horrible! Why did she persuade me to visit the Cape? It was only to be with her— And then for us to start off for India, when we might have sailed straight to England! Oh, it is horrible! horrible! And my maid, and all— It cannot be possible!"

"Pray, do not excite yourself, my dear Miss Genevieve. Their troubles are all over. Er— Gawd has taken them to Him, you know."

"But the pity of it! To be drowned—so far from home!"

"Ah, if that's all you're worrying about!—I must say I'd like to know how we'll get a snack for breakfast. I'm hungry as a—er—groom."

"Eating! How can you think of eating, Mr. Winthrope—and all the others drowned? This sun is becoming dreadfully hot. It is unbearable! Can you not put up some kind of an awning?"

"Well, now, I must say, I was never much of a hand at such things, and really I can't imagine what one could rig up. There might have been a bit of sail in the boat, but one can't see a sign of it. I fancy it was smashed."

Miss Leslie ventured a glance at Blake. Though still lying as he had sprawled in his drunkenness, there was a comforting suggestion of power in his broad shoulders and square jaw.

"Is he still—in that condition?"

"Must have slept it off by this time, and there's no more in the flask," answered Winthrope. Reaching over with his foot, he pushed against Blake's back.

"Huh! All right," grunted the sleeper, and sat up, as had Winthrope, half dazed. Then he stared around him, and rose to his feet. "Well, what in hell! Say, this is damn cheerful!"

"I fancy we are in a nasty fix. But I say, my man, there is a woman pre-

sent, and your language you know—"

Blake turned and fixed the Englishman with a cold stare.

"Look here, you bloomin' lud," he said, "there's just one thing you're going to understand, right here and now. I'm not your man, and we're not going to have any of that kind of blatter. Any fool can see we're in a tight hole, and we're like to keep company for a while—probably long as we last."

"What—ah—may I ask, do you mean by that?"

Blake laughed harshly, and pointed from the reef-strewn sea to the vast stretches of desolate marsh. Far inland, across miles of brackish lagoons and reedy mud-flats, could be seen groups of scrubby, half-leafless trees; ten or twelve miles to the southward a rocky headland jutted out in the water; otherwise there was nothing in sight but sea and swamp. If it could not properly be termed a sea-view, it was at least a very wet landscape.

"Fine prospect," remarked Blake, dryly. "We'll be in luck if the fever don't get the last of us inside a month; and as for you two, you'd have as much show of lasting a month as a toad with a rattlesnake, if it wasn't for Tom Blake,—that's my name—Tom Blake,—and as long as this shindy lasts, you're welcome to call me Tom or Blake, whichever suits. But understand, we're not going to have any more of your bally, bloomin' English condescension. Aboard ship you had the drop on me, and could pile on dog till the cows came home. Here I'm Blake, and you're Winthrope."

"Believe me, Mr. Blake, I quite appreciate the—ah—situation. And now, I fancy that, instead of wasting time—"

"It's about time you introduced me to the lady," interrupted Blake, and he stared at them half defiantly, yet with a twinkle in his eyes.

Miss Leslie flushed. Winthrope swore softly, and bit his lip. Aboard ship, backed by Lady Bayrose and the captain, he had goaded the Canadian at pleasure. Now, however, the situation was reversed. Both title and authority had been swept away by the

storm, and he was left to shift for himself against the man who had every reason to hate him for his overbearing insolence. Worse still, both he and Miss Leslie were now dependent upon the Canadian, in all probability for life itself. It was a bitter pill and hard to swallow.

Blake was not slow to observe the Englishman's hesitancy. He grinned.

"Every dog has his day, and I guess this is mine," he said. "Take your time, if it comes hard. I can imagine it's a pretty stiff dose for your ludship. But why in—why in frozen hades any Canadian lady should object to an introduction to a countryman who's going to do his level best to save her pretty little self from the hyenas—well, it beats me."

Winthrope flushed redder than the girl.

"Miss Leslie, Mr. Blake," he murmured, hoping to put an end to the situation.

But yet Blake persisted. He bowed, openly exultant.

"You see, Miss," he said, "I know the correct thing quite as much as your swells. I knew all along you were Jenny Leslie. I ran a survey for your dear papa when he was manipulating the Q. T. Railroad, and he did me out of my pay."

"Oh, but Mr. Blake, I am sure it must be a mistake; I am sure that if it is explained to papa—"

"Yes; we'll cable papa to-night. Meantime, we've something else to do. Suppose you two get a hustle on yourselves, and scrape up something to eat. I'm going out to see what's left of that blamed old tub."

"Surely you'll not venture to swim out so far!" protested Winthrope. "I saw the steamer sink as we cast off."

"Looks like a mast sticking up out there. Maybe some of the rigging is loose."

"But the sharks! These waters swarm with the vile creatures. You must not risk your life!"

"Cause why? If I do, the babes in the woods will be left without even the robins to cover them, poor things! But cheer up!—maybe the mud-hens will do it with lovely water-lilies."

"Please, Mr. Blake, do not be so cruel!" sobbed Miss Leslie, her tears starting afresh. "The sun makes my head ache dreadfully, and I have no hat or shade, and I'm becoming so thirsty!"

"And you think you've only to wait, and half a dozen stewards will come running with parasols and ice water. Neither you nor Winthrope seem to've got your eyes open. Just suppose you get busy and do something. Winthrope, chase yourself over the mud, and get together a mess of fish that are not too dead. Must be dozens, after the blow. As for you, Miss Jenny, I guess you can pick up some reeds, and rig a headgear out of this handkerchief—Wait a moment. Put on my coat, if you don't want to be broiled alive through the holes of that peek-a-boo."

"But I say, Blake—" began Winthrope.

"Don't say—do!" rejoined Blake; and he started down the muddy shore.

Though the tide was at flood, there was now no cyclone to drive the sea above the beach, and Blake walked a quarter of a mile before he reached the water's edge. There was little surf, and he paused only a few moments to peer out across the low swells before he commenced to strip.

Winthrope and Miss Leslie had been watching his movements; now the girl rose in a little flurry of haste, and set to gathering reeds. Winthrope would have spoken, but, seeing her embarrassment, smiled to himself, and began strolling about in search of fish.

It was no difficult search. The marshy ground was strewn with dead sea-creatures, many of which were already shrivelling and drying in the sun. Some of the fish had a familiar look, and Winthrope turned them over with the tip of his shoe. He even went so far as to stoop to pick up a large mullet; but shrank back, repulsed by its stiffness and the unnatural shape into which the sun was warping it.

He found himself near the beach, and stood for half an hour or more watching the black dot far out in the water,—all that was to be seen of Blake. The Canadian, after wading

off-shore another quarter of a mile, had reached swimming depth, and was heading out among the reefs with steady, vigorous strokes. Half a mile or so beyond him Winthrope could now make out the goal for which he was aiming,—the one remaining topmast of the steamer.

"By Jove, these waters are full of sharks!" murmured Winthrope, staring at the steadily receding dot until it disappeared behind the wall of surf which spumed up over one of the outer reefs.

A call from Miss Leslie interrupted his watch, and he hastened to rejoin her. After several failures, she had contrived to knot Blake's handkerchief to three or four reeds in the form of a little sunshade. Her shoulders were protected by Blake's coat. It made a heavy wrap, but it shut out the blistering sun-rays, which, as Blake had foreseen, had quickly begun to burn the girl's delicate skin through her open-work bodice.

Thus protected, she was fairly safe from the sun. But the sun was by no means the worst feature of the situation. While Winthrope was yet several yards distant, the girl began to complain to him. "I'm so thirsty, Mr. Winthrope! Where is there any water? Please get me a drink at once, Mr. Winthrope!"

"But, my dear Miss Leslie, there is no water. These pools are all seawater. I must say, I'm deuced dry myself. I can't see why that cad should go off and leave us like this, when we need him most."

"Indeed, it is a shame— Oh, I'm so thirsty! Do you think it would help if we ate something?"

"Make it all the worse. Besides, how could we cook anything? All these reeds are green, or at least water-soaked."

"But Mr. Blake said to gather some fish. Had you not best—"

"He can pick up all he wants. I shall not touch the beastly things."

"Then I suppose there is nothing to do but wait for him."

"Yes, if the sharks do not get him."

Miss Leslie uttered a little moan, and Winthrope, seeing that she was on the verge of tears, hastened to reassure

her. "Don't worry about him, Miss Genevieve! He'll soon return, with nothing worse than a blistered back. Fellows of that sort are born to hang you know."

"But if he should be—if anything should happen to him!"

Winthrope shrugged his shoulders, and drew out his silver cigarette case. It was more than half full, and he was highly gratified to find that neither the cigarettes nor the vesta matches in the cover had been reached by the wet.

"By Jove, here's luck!" he exclaimed, and he bowed to Miss Leslie. "Pardon me, but if you have no objections—"

The girl nodded as a matter of form, and Winthrope hastened to light the cigarette already in his fingers. The smoke by no means tended to lessen the dryness of his mouth, yet it put him in a reflective mood, and in thinking over what he had read of shipwrecked parties, he remembered that a pebble held in the mouth is supposed to ease one's thirst.

To be sure, there was not a sign of a pebble within miles of where they sat; but after some reflection, it occurred to him that one of his steel keys might do as well. At first Miss Leslie was reluctant to try the experiment, and only the increasing dryness of her mouth forced her to seek the promised relief. Though it failed to quench her thirst, she was agreeably surprised to find that the little flat bar of metal eased her craving to a marked degree.

Winthrope now thought to rig a shade as Miss Leslie had done, out of reeds and his handkerchief, for the sun was scorching his unprotected head. Thus sheltered, the two crouched as comfortably as they could upon the half-dried crest of the hummock, and waited impatiently for the return of Blake.

CHAPTER III.

THE WORTH OF FIRE.

THOUGH the sea within the reefs was fast smoothing to a glassy plain in the dead calm, they did not see Blake on his return until he struck shallow water and stood up to wade

ashore. The tide had begun to ebb before he started landward, and though he was a powerful swimmer, the long pull against the current had so tired him that when he took to wading he moved at a tortoise-like gait.

"The bloomin' loafer!" commented Winthrope. He glanced quickly about and at sight of Miss Leslie's arching brows, hastened to add: "Beg pardon! He—ah—reminds me so much of a navvy, you know."

Miss Leslie made no reply.

At last Blake was out of the water and toiling up the muddy beach to the spot where he had left his clothes. While dressing he seemed to recover from his exertions in the water, for the moment he had finished, he sprang to his feet and came forward at a brisk pace.

As he approached, Winthrope waved his fifth cigarette at him with languid enthusiasm, and called out as heartily as his dry lips would permit: "I say, Blake, deuced glad the sharks didn't get you!"

"Sharks?—bah! All you have to do is to splash a little, and they haul off."

"How about the steamer, Mr. Blake?" asked Miss Leslie, turning to face him.

"All under but the maintopmast—curse it!—wire rigging at that! Couldn't even get a bolt."

"A bolt?"

"Not a bolt; and here we are as good as naked on this infernal— Hey, you! what you doing with that match? Light your cigarette—light it!—Damnation!"

Heedless of Blake's warning cry, Winthrope had struck his last vesta, and now, angry and bewildered, he stood staring while the little taper burned itself out. With an oath, Blake sprang to catch it as it dropped from between Winthrope's fingers. But he was too far away. It fell among the damp rushes, spluttered, and flared out.

For a moment Blake knelt, staring at the rushes as though stupefied; then he sprang up before Winthrope, his bronzed face purple with anger.

"Where's your match box? Got any more?" he demanded.

"Last one, I fancy—yes; last one, and there are still two cigarettes. But look here, Blake, I can't tolerate you talking so deucedly—"

"You idiot! you—you— Hell! and every one for cigarettes!"

From a growl Blake's voice burst into a roar of fury, and he sprang upon Winthrope like a wild beast. His hands closed upon the Englishman's throat, and he began to shake him about, paying no heed to the blows his victim showered upon his face and body, blows which soon began to lessen in force.

Terror-stricken, Miss Leslie put her hands over her eyes, and began to scream—the piercing shriek that will unnerve the strongest man. Blake paused as though transfixed, and as the half-suffocated Englishman struggled in his grasp, he flung him on the ground, and turned to the screaming girl.

"Stop that squawking!" he said. The girl cowered down. "So; that's better. Next time keep your mouth shut."

"You—you brute!"

"Good! You've got a little spunk, eh?"

"You coward—to attack a man not half your strength!"

"Steady, steady, young lady! I'm warm enough yet; I've still half a mind to wring his fool neck."

"But why should you be so angry? What has he done, that you—"

"Why—why? Lord! what hasn't he done! This coast fairly swarms with beasts. We've not the smell of a gun; and now this idiot—this dough-head—has gone and thrown away our only chance—fire—and on his measly cigarettes!" Blake choked with returning rage.

Winthrope, still panting for breath, began to creep away, at the same time unclasping a small penknife. He was white with fear; but his gray eyes—which on shipboard Blake had never seen other than offensively supercilious—now glinted in a manner that served to alter the Canadian's mood.

"That'll do," he said. "Come here and show me that knife."

"I'll show it you where it will do the

most good," muttered Winthrope, rising hastily to repel the expected attack.

"So you've got a little sand, too," said Blake, almost good-naturedly. "Say, that's not so bad. We'll call it quits on the matches. Though how you could go and throw them away—"

"Deuce take it, man! How should I know? I've never before been in a wreck."

"Neither have I—this kind. But I tell you, we've got to keep our think tanks going. It's a guess if we see to-morrow, and that's no joke. Now do you wonder I got hot?"

"Indeed, no! I've been an ass, and here's my hand to it—if you really mean it's quits."

"It's quits all right, long as you don't run out of sand," responded Blake, and he gripped the other's soft hand until the Englishman winced. "So; that's settled. I've got a hot temper, but I don't hold grudges. Now, where're your fish?"

"I—well, they were all spoiled."

"Spoiled?"

"The sun had shrivelled them."

"And you call that spoiled! We're like to eat them rotten before we're through with this picnic. How about the pools?"

"Pools? Do you know, Blake, I never thought of the pools. I stopped to watch you, and then we were so anxious about you—"

Blake grunted, and turned on his heel to wade into the half-drained pool in whose midst he had been deposited by the hurricane.

Two or three small fish lay faintly wriggling on the surface. As Blake splashed through the water to seize them, his foot struck against a living body which floundered violently and flashed a brilliant forked tail above the muddy water. Blake sprang over the fish, which was entangled in the reeds, and with a kick flung it clear out upon the ground.

"A coryphene!" cried Winthrope, and he ran forward to stare at the gorgeously colored prize.

"Coryphene?" repeated Blake, following his example. "Good to eat?"

"Fine as salmon. This is only a small one, but—"

"Fifteen pounds, if an ounce!" cried Blake, and he thrust his hand in his pocket. There was a moment's silence, and Winthrope, glancing up, saw the other staring in blank dismay.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Lost my knife."

"When?—in the pool? If we felt about—"

"No; aboard ship, or in the surf—"

"Here is my knife."

"Yes; almost big enough to whittle a match! Mine would have done us some good."

"It is the best steel."

"All right; let's see you cut up the fish."

"But you know, Blake, I shouldn't know how to go about it. I never did such a thing."

"And you, Miss Jenny? Girls are supposed to know about cooking."

"I never cooked anything in all my life, Mr. Blake, and it's alive,—and— and I am very thirsty, Mr. Blake!"

"Lord!" commented Blake. "Give me that knife."

Though the blade was so small, the Canadian's hand was strong. After some little haggling, the coryphene was killed and dressed. Blake washed both it and his hands in the pool, and began to cut slices of flesh from the fish's tail.

"We have no fire," Winthrope reminded him, flushing at the word.

"That's true," assented Blake, in a cheerful tone, and he offered Winthrope two of the pieces of raw flesh. "Here's your breakfast. The trimmed piece is for Miss Leslie."

"But it's raw! Really, I could not think of eating raw fish. Could you, Miss Leslie?"

Miss Leslie shuddered. "Oh, no!—and I'm so thirsty I could not eat anything."

"You bet you can!" replied Blake. "Both of you take that fish, and go to chewing. It's the stuff to ease your thirst while we look for water. Good Lord!—in a week you'll be glad to eat raw snake. Finnickly over clean fish, when you swallow canvas-back all but raw, and beef running blood, and raw oysters with their stomachs full of disintegrated animal matter, to put it

politely! You couldn't tell rattle-snake broth from chicken, and dog makes first-rate veal—when you've got to eat it. I've had it straight from them that know, that over in France they eat snails and fish-worms. It's all a matter of custom or the style."

"To be sure, the Japanese eat raw fish," admitted Winthrope.

"Yes; and you'd swallow your share of it if you had an invite to a swell dinner in Tokio. Go on now, both of you. It's no joke, I tell you. You've got to eat, if you expect to get to water before night. Understand? See that headland south? Well, it's a hundred to one we'll not find water short of there, and if we make it by night, we'll be doing better than I figure from the look of these bogs. Now go to chewing. That's it! That's fine, Miss Jenny!"

Miss Leslie had forced herself to take a nibble of the raw fish. The flavor proved less repulsive than she had expected, and its moisture was so grateful to her parched mouth that she began to eat with eagerness. Not to be outdone, Winthrope promptly followed her lead. Blake had already cut himself a second slice. After he had cut more for his companions, he began to look them over with a closeness that proved embarrassing to Miss Leslie.

"Here's more of the good stuff," he said. "While you're chewing it, we'll sort of take stock. Everybody shell out everything. Here's my outfit—three shillings, half a dozen poker chips, and not another blessed— Say, what's become of that whiskey flask? Have you seen my flask?"

"Here it is, right beside me, Mr. Blake," answered Miss Leslie. "But it is empty."

"Might be worse! What you got?—hairpins, watch? No pocket, I suppose?"

"None; and no watch. Even most of my pins are gone," replied the girl, and she raised her hand to her loosely coiled hair.

"Well, hold on to what you've got left. They may come in for fish-hooks. Let's see your shoes."

Miss Leslie slowly thrust a slender

little foot just beyond the hem of her draggled white skirt.

"Good Lord!" groaned Blake, "slippers, and high heels at that! How do you expect to walk in those things?"

"I can at least try," replied the girl, with spirit.

"Hobble! Pass 'em right over here, Winnie, my boy."

The slippers were handed over. Blake took one after the other, and wrenched off the heel close to its base.

"Now you've at least got a pair of slippers," he said, tossing them back to their owner. "Tie them on tight with a couple of your ribbons, if you don't want to lose them in the mud. Now, Winthrope, what you got beside the knife?"

Winthrope held out a bunch of long flat keys and his cigarette case. He opened the latter, and was about to throw away the two remaining cigarettes when Blake grasped his wrist.

"Hold on! even they may come in for something. We'll at least keep them until we need the case."

"And the keys?"

"Make arrow-heads, if we can get fire."

"I've heard of savages making fire by rubbing wood."

"Yes; and we're a long way from being savages,—at present. All the show we have is to find some kind of quartz or flint, and the sooner we start to look the better. Got your slippers tied, Miss Jenny?"

"Yes; I think they'll do."

"Think! It's knowing's the thing. Here, let me look."

The girl shrank back; but Blake stooped and examined first one slipper and then the other. The ribbons about both were tied in dainty bows. Blake jerked them loose and twisted them firmly over and under the slippers and about the girl's slender ankles before knotting the ends.

"There; that's more like. You're not going to a dance," he growled.

He thrust the empty whiskey flask into his hip pocket, and went back to pass a sling of reeds through the gills of the coryphene.

"All ready now," he called. "Let's

get a move on. Keep my coat closer about your shoulders, Miss Jenny, and keep your shade up, if you don't want a sunstroke."

"Thank you, Blake, I'll see to that," said Winthrope. "I'm going to help Miss Leslie along. I've fastened our two shades together, so that they will answer for both of us."

"How about yourself, Mr. Blake?" inquired the girl. "Do you not find the sun fearfully hot?"

"Sure; but I wet my head in the sea, and here's another souce."

As he rose with dripping head from beside the pool, he slung the coryphene on his back, and started off without further words.

CHAPTER IV.

A JOURNEY IN DESOLATION.

MORNING was well advanced, and the sun beat down upon the three with almost overpowering fierceness. The heat would have rendered their thirst unendurable had not Blake hacked off for them bit after bit of the moist coryphene flesh.

In a temperate climate, ten miles over firm ground is a pleasant walk for one accustomed to the exercise. Quite a different matter is ten miles across mud-flats, covered with a tangle of reeds and rushes, and frequently dipping into salt marsh and ooze. Before they had gone a mile Miss Leslie would have lost her slippers had it not been for Blake's forethought in tying them so securely. Within a little more than three miles the girl's strength began to fail.

"Oh, Blake," called Winthrope, for the Canadian was some yards in the lead, "pull up a bit on that knoll. We'll have to rest a while, I fancy. Miss Leslie is about pegged."

"What's that?" demanded Blake. "We're not half-way yet!"

Winthrope did not reply. It was all he could do to drag the girl up on the hummock. She sank, half-fainting, upon the dry reeds, and he sat down beside her to protect her with the shade. Blake stared at the miles of swampy flats which yet lay between them and the out-jutting headland of gray rock. The base of the cliff was screened by a

belt of trees; but the nearest clump of green did not look more than a mile nearer than the headland.

"Hell!" muttered Blake, despondently. "Not even a short four miles. Mush and sassiety girls!"

Though he spoke to himself, the others heard him. Miss Leslie flushed, and would have risen had not Winthrope put his hand on her arm.

"Could you not go on, and bring back a flask of water for Miss Leslie?" he asked. "By that time she will be rested."

"No; I don't fetch back any flasks of water. She's going when I go, or you can come on to suit yourselves."

"Mr. Blake, you—you won't go, and leave me here! If you have a sister—if your mother—"

"She died of drink, and both my sisters did worse."

"My God, man! do you mean to say you'll abandon a helpless young girl?"

"Not a bit more helpless than were my sisters when you rich folks' guardians of law and order jugged me for the winter, 'cause I didn't have a job, and turned both girls into the street—onto the street, if you know what that means—one only sixteen and the other seventeen. Talk about helpless young girls— Damnation!"

Miss Leslie cringed back as though she had been struck. Blake, however, seemed to have vented his anger in the curse, for when he again spoke, there was nothing more than impatience in his tone. "Come on, now; get aboard. Winthrope couldn't lug you a half-mile, and long's it's the only way, don't be all day about it. Here, Winthrope, look to the fish."

"But, my dear fellow, I don't quite take your idea, nor does Miss Leslie, I fancy," ventured Winthrope.

"Well, we've got to get to water, or die; and as the lady can't walk, she's going on my back. It's a case of have-to."

"No! I am not—I am not! I'd sooner die!"

"I'm afraid you'll find that easy enough, later on, Miss Jenny. Stand by, Winthrope, to help her up. Do you hear? Take the knife and fish, and lend a hand."

There was a note in Blake's voice that neither Winthrope nor Miss Leslie dared disregard. Though scarlet with mortification, she permitted herself to be taken pick-a-back upon Blake's broad shoulders, and meekly obeyed his command to clasp her hands about his throat. Yet even at that moment, such are the inconsistencies of human nature, she could not but admire the ease with which he rose under her weight.

Now that he no longer had the slow pace of the girl to consider, he advanced at his natural gait, the quick, tireless stride of an American railroad-surveyor. His feet, trained to swamp travel in Louisiana and Panama, seemed to find the firmest ground as by instinct, and whether on the half-dried mud of the hummocks or in the ankle-deep water of the bogs, they felt their way without slip or stumble.

Winthrope, though burdened only with the half-eaten coryphene, toiled along behind, greatly troubled by the mud and the tangled reeds, and now and then flung down by some unlucky misstep. His modish suit, already much damaged by the salt water, was soon smeared afresh with a coating of greenish slime. His one consolation was that Blake, after jeering at his tumble, paid no more attention to him. On the other hand, he was cut by the seeming indifference of Miss Leslie. Intent on his own misery, he failed to consider that the girl might be suffering far greater discomfort and humiliation.

More than three miles had been covered before Blake stopped on a hummock. Releasing Miss Leslie, he stretched out on the dry crest of the knoll, and called for a slice of the fish. At his urging, the others took a few mouthfuls, although their throats were now so parched that even the moist flesh afforded scant relief. Fortunately for them all, Blake had been thoroughly trained to endure thirst. He rested less than ten minutes; then, taking Miss Leslie up again like a rag doll, he swung away at a good pace.

The trees were less than half a mile distant when he halted for the second time. He would have gone to them without a pause though his muscles

were quivering with exhaustion, had not Miss Leslie chanced to look around and discover that Winthrope was no longer following them. For the last mile he had been lagging farther and farther behind, and now he had suddenly disappeared. At the girl's dismayed exclamation, Blake released his hold, and she found herself standing in a foot or more of mud and water. The sweat was streaming down Blake's face. As he turned around, he wiped it off with his shirtsleeves.

"Do you—can it be, Mr. Blake, that he has had a sunstroke?" asked Miss Leslie.

"Sunstroke? No; he's just laid down, that's all. I thought he had more sand—confound him!"

"But the sun is so dreadfully hot, and I have his shade."

"And he's been tumbling into every other pool. No; it's not the sun. I've half a mind to let him lie—the paper-legged swell! It would no more than square our aboard-ship accounts."

"Surely, you would not do that, Mr. Blake! It may be that he has hurt himself in falling."

"In this mud?—bah! But I guess I'm in for the pack-mule stunt all around. Now, now; don't yowl, Miss Jenny. I'm going. But you can't expect me to love the snob."

As he splashed away on the return trail, Miss Leslie dabbed at her eyes to check the starting tears.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear!" she moaned; "what have I done, to be so treated? Such a brute, oh, dear!—and I am so thirsty!"

In her despair she would have sunk down where she stood had not the sliminess of the water repelled her. She gazed longingly at the trees, in the fore of which stood a grove of stately palms. The half-mile seemed an insuperable distance, but the ride on Blake's back had rested her, and thirst goaded her forward.

Stumbling and slipping, she waded on across the inundated ground, and came out upon a half-baked mud-flat, where the walking was much easier. But the sun was now almost directly overhead, and between her thirst and the heat, she soon found herself falter-

ing. She tottered on a few steps farther, and then stopped, utterly spent. As she sank upon the dried rushes, she glanced around, and was vaguely conscious of a strange, double-headed figure following her path across the marsh. All about her became black.

The next she knew, Blake was splashing her head and face with blackish water out of the whiskey flask. She raised her hand to shield her face, and sat up, sick and dizzy.

"That's it!" said Blake. He spoke in a kindly tone, though his voice was harsh and broken with thirst. "You're all right now. Pull yourself together, and we'll get to the trees in a jiffy."

"Mr. Winthrope—?"

"I'm here, Miss Genevieve. It was only a wrenched ankle. If I had a stick, Blake, I fancy I could make a go of it over this drier ground."

"And lay yourself up for a month. Come, Miss Jenny, brace up for another try. It's only a quarter-mile, and I've got to pack him."

The girl was gasping with thirst; yet she made an effort, and assisted by Blake managed to gain her feet. She was still dizzy; but as Blake swung Winthrope upon his back, he told her to take hold of his arm. Winthrope held the shade over her head. Thus assisted, and sheltered from the direct beat of the sun-rays, she tottered along beside Blake, half unconscious.

Fortunately the remaining distance lay across a stretch of bare dry ground, for even Blake had all but reached the limit of endurance. Step by step he labored on, staggering under the weight of the Englishman, and gasping with a thirst which his exertions rendered even greater than that of his companions. But through the trees and brush which stretched away inland in a wall of verdure he had caught glimpses of a broad stream, and the hope of fresh water called out every ounce of his reserve strength.

At last the nearest palm was only a few paces distant. Blake clutched Miss Leslie's arm, and dragged her forward with a rush, in a final outburst

of energy. A moment later all three lay gasping in the shade. But the river was yet another hundred yards distant. Blake waited only to regain his breath; then he staggered up and went on. The others, unable to rise, gazed after him in silent misery.

Soon Blake found himself rushing through the jungle along a broad trail pitted with enormous footprints; but he was so near mad with thirst that he paid no heed to the spoor other than to curse the holes for the trouble they gave him. Suddenly the trail turned to the left and sloped down a low bank into the river. Blind to all else, Blake ran down the slope, and dropping upon his knees, plunged his head into the water.

At first his throat was so dry that he could no more than rinse his mouth. With the first swallow, his swollen tongue mocked him with the salt, bitter taste of sea-water. The tide was flowing! He rose, sputtering and choking and gasping. He stared around. There was no question that he was on the bank of a river and would be certain of fresh water with the ebb tide. But could he endure the agony of his thirst all those hours?

He thought of his companions.

"Good God!" he groaned, "they're goners anyway!"

He stared dully up the river at the thousands of waterfowl which lined its banks. Within close view were herons and black ibises, geese, pelicans, flamingoes, and a dozen other species of birds of which he did not know the names. But he sat as though in a stupor, and did not move even when one of the driftwood logs on a mud-shoal a few yards up-stream opened an enormous mouth and displayed two rows of hooked fangs. It was otherwise when the noontime stillness was broken by a violent splashing and loud snortings down-stream. He glanced about, and saw six or eight monstrous heads drifting towards him with the tide.

"What in — Whee! a whole herd of hippos!" he muttered. "That's what the holes mean."

To be continued

The Canadian Government Plays Pied Piper



AT THE PRESENT RATE OF INCREASE, IT WILL DOUBTLESS NOT BE LONG BEFORE PROFESSIONAL RAT-CATCHERS WITH TRAINED FERRETS WILL GO ABOUT RIDDING HOUSES AND FARMS OF RATS AT SO MUCH PER HEAD

By Felix Koch

Illustrated from Photographs

HIS Britannic Majesty's Government in the Dominion of Canada is up in arms against the rat, and the Honorable Deputy Minister of Agriculture for the Province of Manitoba is playing the role of a second Pied Piper, in order to rid the region of rats.

In the words of an official report from the center of trouble, there is an area ninety miles long abutting the United States in its northern frontier, and sixty miles wide, in which the rats

have made their appearance, and the Deputy Minister estimates that the damage done this year by the brown rat is over a million dollars. What is more, it will increase proportionately unless the people awake to the seriousness of the situation and stamp out the pest.

According to the report of the government inspectors, the rats in the province move in a radius of fifteen miles each year. As long as two years ago the Department produced a virus that

it was thought would eliminate the pest. There was quite a considerable amount of interest at first, and many applications were made for the virus. Thousands of rats were destroyed by its use. But, by and by, the public interest lagged, and now no systematic method seems to be followed.

At Gretna, however, Mr. J. J. Golden, then Deputy Minister of Agriculture, and His Majesty's Pied Piper, conducted some interesting experiments last year in order to determine the amount of food a rat would consume per day, and, at the same time to test the virus.

A number of rats were caught alive in the traps and fed, and, while the amount of food consumed varied, Mr. Golden demonstrated beyond peradventure of a doubt the efficacy of the virus in the following manner:—

Two rats were caught and one of them received an injection of the virus. Within two days it died: while the other rat, not having been provided with food, proceeded to devour its dead comrade. Within twenty-four hours it had consumed all of the dead rat, with the exception of half an inch of the tail, and it succumbed, within a few hours, to the poison which had been injected into the other rat.

Among other interesting experiments, Golden found that the rats, while at present confining themselves to the cities and towns, made frequent visits into the fields and destroyed quantities of grain. Along the southern border of Manitoba corn is raised to a certain extent, and this spring a farmer found sixteen rats in a shock of corn, which demonstrated that this colony had lived in this particular place throughout the long cold winter, and had fed upon the grain and the corn-stalks.

Just how Canada will continue to fight the rat it will be interesting to watch. Probably here, as in the English cities, professional rat-catchers, with trained ferrets in leash, will go from house to house, and farm to farm, ridding your place of rats, at so much the job. The rats will be hors de combat and the property of their captors, who may find some use for the accumulated skins.

Or again they might imitate, in each community, the example of some Ohio farmers, who not long since held what was, without doubt, the queerest hunt ever held in America.

As matter of fact, this chase would have been funny, if it hadn't likewise been practical. There was all the need of skill that the best of hunts prescribes in it, for you and I are wont, again and again, to use the simile, as sly as a rat, aren't we?—and here the hunt was of rats alone.

The site was at Brush Ridge. The Brush Ridge country may be inferred from its name. In Indian times the brush thereabouts was so thick that the folk couldn't see a hundred yards ahead. The ridge is a part of the watershed between the Mississippi and the Great Lakes, lying in Marion County, between Toledo and Columbus at an elevation of about 1,000 feet over the sea. The soil is rich and supports prosperous farmers.

There came to them, even as to the farm-folk of Egypt, a plague. In this case the plague was of rats, and they swarmed into barns and cribs and out-buildings, they overran the corn-shocks and they wrought their damage everywhere. Hundreds of bushels of grain were devoured.

Rats burrowed into the foundations of the buildings and gnawed through roofs and partitions. It seemed utterly impossible to get rid of them.

Of course the farmer folk tried poison, and they experimented with cats and dogs and traps, but to no avail.

By and by two Nimrods of the country-side, Edward Campbell and Edward Baer by name, resolved to organize a hunt. The farmers were divided into two armies, thirty-three men apiece, and each with one of the two organizers of the affair for captain.

There was to be a six-weeks' war, and to the victor should go a banquet at the expense of the other. It was stipulated that the cost of this fete should not be more nor less than fifty cents the head. The tails of the rats slain should be kept and counted. One William Hero was appointed to keep score, as well as to hold the stake

money. Then, just before the supper, the victors should receive back their own money-contributions.

On the first of November the hunt began. The Campbellites used ferrets to drive out the rats. The other side secured the use of four famous dogs of the region.

Everything was fair in this war, and if one side could steal the tails from the other, without being caught, there was no objection by the judges. Also,

floors, digging out burrows and the like. Then, as fast as the rats came out, men and boys would proceed to kill them.

On the Brown farm there are three large barns, as well as a granary and a tool-house, and in this the rats were legion. Thirty-two of the Baer-ites were deployed to this place, and it took all of them to free it of the vermin. All in all, thanks to assistance from the dogs, five hundred and twenty-six rats were killed here.



THE HUNTERS LAID REGULAR SIEGE TO PLACES WHERE RATS WERE KNOWN TO BE, SOME WORKING INSIDE, AND OTHERS WAITING OUTSIDE WITH THE DOGS, 526 RATS BEING KILLED AT ONE FARM

if one or the other could impanel outsiders to help, well and good, for the prime object was to get rid of the rats.

Daily for over a six-weeks' term, the combatants marshalled to the slaughter. There were men and boys and dogs joining to meet at some rendezvous. The captains then chose the particular farm to be used as battle-ground. Barns and outbuildings were blockaded, some of the hunters taking their places on the outside prepared to kill the rats as these came out. The others invaded the interior, proceeding to take up the

Enthusiasm, rivalry and fun combined in the rat-hunt. Now and then a dog-fight helped liven things up a trifle. Farmers passed apples and cigars and there was a good time before they quitted one place for the next farm.

Sometimes the armies were divided into companies of four, six or ten, and from houses to corn-fields they passed, the dogs locating the rats in the corn-shocks. The farmers then proceeded to upset the shock and the dogs went for the rats. In a single shock often

as many as eight rats were killed. In one instance fourteen little rats were discovered in a shock.

Sometimes, too, rats were found to have burrowed into the ground beneath the corn-shock, leaving a mound a foot in height.

In the long run, however, the Campbellites lost the hunt, and this by depending on the ferrets rather than the dogs, the former proving far the slower. There was much fun, nevertheless, with these ferrets. Two of them would attack a rat, starting a

fight and then cutting the rodent's throat as with a razor.

Once the end of the hunt had come, only Hero knew just how the sides stood. There were one hundred and forty-eight people engaged in all, and there wasn't room for the crowd in one home, so some were deployed to the school, for the feast that was held.

After the meal the scores were read and it was shown that, all in all, 6,610 rats were killed, of which number the Baer-ites had slain 4,313.

ON THE OULD CURRAGH ROAD

BY GORDON JOHNSTONE

'TIS white, white break the rollers on the rocky coast of Erin,
 And gaily smile the fisher huts along her yellow shore;
 And, oh, the grey-gull soars aloft to show the coat he's wearin'
 Where Moira sang among the nets upon the wave wet floor,
 In that springtime, oh, that springtime
 When me heart was bent on rovin'
 When it should have stayed a-lovin'
 On the ould Curragh road.

'Tis little sense the sea-born lad can boast when he's a striplin',
 'Tis many maids the whipster meets and holds each colleen dear;
 But now I'm hearin' ever in the drop of water ripplin'
 The laughter tumbly in her throat and, oh, 'tis late to hear;
 But 'twas sweeter, oh, 'twas sweeter
 Than the lilt of lark or linnet
 For it seems that heaven was in it
 On the ould Curragh road!

'Tis dark, dark falls the gloamin' on the crags and spray capped
 meadows,
 But blacker was that bitter night that lured me love from me;
 And, oh, the winds run seekin' her among the dunes and shadows
 Bewailing in their anguish with the lonely sobbin' sea;
 And they're moanin', oh, they're moaning
 But me still lass sleeps unheedin'
 Where me crushed heart lies-a-bleedin'
 On the ould Curragh road!

My Elderly Lover

By Frank Lee Benedict

Illustrated by Julia McCarthy

WE went to look at the house. The house suited us, and there not being any tiresome masculine will to keep us in a state of doubt, by suggestions of leaky roofs, or smoky chimneys, or any other pretext for shilly-shallying, we took the house that very morning for five months, and before nightfall were established therein with our belongings, namely, three trunks, a box of books, an ancient brown thrush, and old Hannah, who had formerly been my nurse, and was now our house-keeper and autocrat generally.

It was a little village nestled in the shadow of the Catskills. When the sun went down, we were sitting in our parlor, over a quiet cup of tea; and Tim, the bird, singing in the window as loudly as if he wished to prove to the hosts of robins in the garden how little their melodies were worth compared to those of a thrush, that had been properly educated among hand-organs and humans.

Aunt Marjorie was the dearest old-maid relative that ever anybody owned. Naturally, to the wisdom of not quite eighteen years, like mine, she seemed very ancient; but I have since decided that thirty-eight was not exactly the age of Methuselah, though it appeared so then. She was a pretty woman, too, only rather pale; and her brown eyes had an absent, cold look, as eyes do that have never been lighted up by the dreams which youth ought to know. Aunt Marjorie considered herself an elderly woman, and was willing so to do, though she looked a great deal younger, in her sober-colored

gowns, than many an old frump, going about with bare elbows, like a new sort of writing implement, and displaying as many bones in her neck as a whole family of skeletons ought to possess.

There was an odd thing about aunt Marjorie—she had never been in love. I might not have believed another woman who told me such a thing of herself; but aunt Marjorie's word was to be taken without salt. I used to pity her exceedingly for having missed that experience. I had been in love half a dozen times, at least, and liked it very much; and I always felt that she had been outrageously cheated by the old jade, Destiny. But Marjorie never pitied herself, and seemed very well satisfied to take life as it came. To be sure, she had never had much time, until lately, to wonder and lament, for from the day she was sixteen she had always been living for somebody else, as hard as she could live. She had had an invalid mother, and a brother with a broken back, and as soon as they died, more distressed relatives came along, and after the others were comfortably under the sod, she had me to take care of, my parents having got rid of the responsibility by dying, too. A weary hand-ful Hannah says I was—as far back as my memory serves, I am obliged to confess that she tells the truth.

So now I was grown up. I was past seventeen, and we still lived together; but aunt Marjorie had been cheated out of her season for love-dreams and nonsense. Each time I was newly in love—how often that had been within

the last two years I will not try to count,—I pitied her more and more, and was excessively patronizing, and told long stories for her edification; and she was always the most charming confidant in the world.

But I don't seem to get to the point. I wanted to tell you of myself, and I am all the while gossiping about the love passages that my aunt did not have. I'll try it again.

My name is Emily Vane, but there is nothing of the weather-cock about me. I change my mind frequently, but I always have a good reason for it. Aunt Marjorie's name was Vane, too, as was right and proper, since she was my father's sister. I used to wonder what she thought about, as she never had any love affairs; and how could novels and poetry interest her, since she could never comprehend their mysteries? And now she never would; Fate had cheated her; she was thirty-eight years old. Oh! a dreadful age! There was nothing for her to do but stand aside and see me live my romance out. I was very magnanimous; I told her all about my loves, and my plans, and the novel life I meant to experience—and she was always interested. Sometimes, in thinking over our conversations, I would be astonished to discover that she had guided me by her judgment, for all she knew nothing about such things, and I was so wonderfully wise.

But here I go again, wandering like a weak-minded wind; and all I meant to tell about was my life that summer, beginning with the day we settled down at Clover Cottage, as contentedly as if we had been the little pigs in the old story. I am sorry, for the sake of my comparison, that pigs were the animals spoken of; but let that go!

After tea, aunt Marjorie went up to her room to put her things in order, but I felt too indolent for any such exertion, so I slipped out into the garden, and wandered through the orchard at the back of the house, and was delighted with everything I saw. Finally, I sat down under the apple-trees, and looked at the beautiful landscape spread out below; the narrow valley shut in by the towering

hills; a lovely river in the distance; and a soft purple haze gathering about that made it like an enchanted scene.

I was imagining a wonderful picture, which I meant to paint some day, and a beautiful poem that I intended to write, and a symphony that I would compose, and all sorts of exalted fancies when there was a noise as if the world had come to an end, and the orchard wall fallen in the crash; and, worse than all, the bark of a great dog, which was not to be borne with equanimity, if instant death in the general dissolution of the universe was.

Clatter—bang; dog barking again. I was just ready to run, when I heard a man's voice exclaim,

"The deuce!"

Then I stood still; I was so angry at the idea of having my privacy thus invaded, that I forgot my fears. I just took time to remember that it was like a bit out of a sensation novel; then I called boldly,

"Who's there?" and stood ready to run if the dog barked again.

"Be quiet, Nero," I heard the male voice command—and it was a very deep, musical voice; so I thought I would make another point in the novel by stepping out from my covert and confronting the youth. I remember distinctly deciding that he had blue eyes and golden hair—for my last hero was swarthy as a corsair, and the female mind requires variety.

More muttered words; strangled growls from the dog; then, in a tragic voice I cried,

"Who comes? Speak, I say."

I thought that sounded more like a melodrama than it did like "Cometh up as a Flower," or one of Annie Thomas' novels, and I was annoyed at myself. I tried to think of something witty and annihilating to say, but I couldn't; so out I stepped, and tripped over a blackberry-vine, and nearly fell on my nose; and the big bark boomed out again; and instead of saying anything, I squealed like a guinea pig—and the nasty vine tore a hole in one of my stockings.

When I recovered my equilibrium, I found myself face to face with a great Newfoundland dog, with his

mouth open in stupid wonder, and a tall man, who had his mouth open in astonishment. But away went my romance. The hero was, at least, forty, his face did not look old, but his hair was a little gray, though it did curl.

"I beg ten thousand pardons," said he. "I had no idea there was anybody here! I live in the next house, and am in the habit of going through the orchard on my way down the hill."

The blackberry-vine was scratching my legs; I was conscious that my dress was showing my torn hose; so all I could do was to grin idiotically and say,

"Yes."

"I fell in getting over the wall," pursued the stranger, "and Nero fell over me. I hope I didn't frighten you."

I only grinned idiotically once more and this time I said,

"No."

Then the nasty, old, gray-haired wretch bowed, and whistled to his dog, and said,

"If you will permit, I will trespass this time, but I promise to prove a more civil neighbor in future."

Through the orchard he went, leaped over the wall, and disappeared down the hill. I looked at my stockings: As I expected, they were dreadfully torn. I bounced into the house, and was cross as a bear all the evening, and alarmed aunt Marjorie by informing her that we had a horrid old white-haired man for a neighbor, who was either a madman, or a burglar, and I rather thought both. But Hannah happened to hear me, and with her usual impertinence spoke up,

"No, indeed, Miss Emily; the new girl was telling me about him. He's a Mr. Cromlin, and comes here every summer; she says he's a proper nice man."

I looked in a very dignified way at Hannah, but Hannah was not in the least subdued.

"You've torn your dress," said she; "what a careless child you be! I declare, Miss Emily, you ought to leave off jumping about so—you're a'most grown up now."

I should have been glad to wave Hannah out of the room with a gesture of command; but as I knew it would only result in her telling me "not to be silly," I walked away with great dignity, and heard her confide to aunt Marjorie, "Em'ly'll always be a baby—it's the way with short girls."

Now my height was a tender point with me, and I was more angry than ever, and consoled myself by getting up a respectable hatred for the man, who had been the means of bringing such varied and unendurable humiliations upon me.

Would anybody believe a creature could have such ill-luck, and be so tormented! The very next day, old Judge Boker, who was staying in the village, came out to call on us, and brought that detestable Cromlin man in with him; and when I went down into the parlor, there he was; and when aunt Marjorie introduced us, he said unconcernedly,

"I hope you have forgiven the fright I gave you last night."

I looked daggers at him, and answered with a drawl,

"I don't remember! Oh, yes! now I do. You were with the big dog."

Then I didn't talk to him any more, only to speak when he addressed me; and, in spite of my dignity, he would do that as often as he pleased. The old judge seemed mightily amused at my answers; but aunt Marjorie once or twice looked a little grave, though, of course, I did not mean to be taught how to treat a man by an old maid who never had a love affair, when I had been engaged three times. It wasn't reasonable, and for awhile I was inclined to think that aunty was getting like the old cats in books, who hate their young lady relatives; but I got over that, and was somewhat ashamed of having indulged the fancy.

That was the first visit Mr. Cromlin paid us, but it was by no means the last. Indeed, I may say that he rushed along toward an intimate acquaintance as rapidly as he could, by all the devices that would suggest themselves to the natural clumsiness of the masculine mind. It took me some time to get over the dislike,

which the manner of our first meeting had naturally given me; but I did gradually, and he seemed quite grateful, as was right and proper. If there had been anybody goose enough to chant his praises incessantly, I dare say I should have hated him to the end of the chapter; but that was not aunt Marjorie's way, and old Hannah, having a deep-rooted aversion to everything masculine, never exhausted greater commendation upon him than to say "that he was well enough for a man," and that only when he presented her with early vegetables from his hot-bed, or made himself agreeable in some equally tangible fashion.

I told aunt Marjorie, at first, that I could not abide him; but she did not attempt to argue me out of my dislike.

"He seems inclined to be very polite and friendly," she said, "so I don't think you ought to allow him to see that you are prejudiced against him. We need not accept his invitations to drive and walk, unless you choose."

Of course, as she did not force him on me, I could see that it was my duty not to be rude, and gradually we grew very good friends. He really was not old-looking after all, I discovered, though his hair did show a little gray, but he was so tall and handsome that I got over thinking of him as elderly.

Matters went on beautifully for as much as six weeks, which is a long time for a woman to agree with any man. But after that I began to have my own little scruples and troubles, though for awhile I kept them even from aunt Marjorie. Of course, you know what was the matter. At least, you do if you are a young woman, and can sympathize with me. That stupid man was doing what all his stupid sex will—getting in love. Oh, dear me! after the first light broke on me, and I could think the matter over, it was useless to employ the participle, as if it were a business just begun and not near a consummation, the silly creature had fallen over head and ears into the most tremendous sort of insanity. It was so foolish of him. At first I was so much vexed with his folly, that I could not even be sorry; but after a little, I reasoned myself into a better

state of mind, and could, at least, feel pity. Of course, there was no possibility of my going beyond that: the idea was too absurd. Why, if he stopped to think, or had any faculty of the sort left, he must perceive it himself.

I meditated a great deal about the matter, and tried very hard to find out what it was best for me to do. It seemed only cruelty to show him by a sudden and decided change of manner, that I had discovered his secret. If he had been twenty-five, I should not have hesitated to do that; but I had read in so many novels, what a serious thing love is to a man who is getting toward middle-age, that I was frightened at the idea of doing anything which might make him desperate. But it was very foolish of him; I could not help saying that, though I was so sorry. I declare, I could not sleep a wink that night for thinking about it, so I sat up and read the last volume of a new novel; and how I did cry over it, for in a sort of way it was a parallel case to mine, only the heroine married the man out of pity! I did wonder a little whether I ought to do that; but as I was always able to look at every side of a subject, I could see that such weakness would be fatal to him and me. My wretchedness would only make him more miserable; so, when I decided that he must be refused, I really felt I was doing a heroic thing in not snatching at martyrdom, as so many girls would have done, who had not my ability to take in every bearing of a subject presented for serious consideration.

Luckily, the next day, Mr. Cromlin was absent, so I had time fully to study my line of conduct, and be able to preserve my usual manner toward him. I decided that would be best. All I could do was to prevent his speaking out as long as I could possibly prevent it. Of course, the denouement must come at last; but if I could defer it till near the time of our departure, it would make matters much pleasanter for all parties.

Well, he returned, and he was in such an ecstatic state when he came to the house, that I was really afraid



THERE SAT AUNT MARJORIE, LOOKING SO PALE AND DREARY. "COME DOWN," SAID I. . . . "THAT LONG,
HANDSOME CROMLIN WANTS TO MAKE LOVE TO YOU AND I'VE PROMISED
— THAT HE SHALL HAVE HIS CHANCE"

aunt Marjorie would discover his secret. I did wish that it was possible for me to whisper a warning word to him, for his own sake. He was very kind and delightfully attentive; in spite of my troubled mind, I could not help enjoying the amusements he was always providing for us. Nothing looked better than his courtesy to aunt Marjorie; I could see that it was altogether on my account; but it was very nice of him. Actually, if she had

been a young lady, he could not have appeared more pleased with her society, and it was wonderful how well he hid the restlessness I knew he felt. I could hear him laughing and talking, till it made my heart ache to think what hollow mockery it was, and how like a novel, only much more thrilling and dramatic. At last I used to dread being left alone with him, for I knew that he would not be able to control himself much longer; that the secret which was on his lips would burst out in spite of his control, and I should have to make him unutterably wretched, and I never was one of your hard-hearted girls that delight in giving pain.

One evening, we had been out to walk, and met several young people from the village; and that foolish fellow turned crusty because I talked with Dr. Glesson, and made a pretence of devoting himself to aunt Marjorie; but, dear me, it was such a wretched pretence. I could see that he was just as miserable and jealous as he could be.

Then people came in and staid awhile, but aunty had a headache, and went away to her room, and I sat in mortal dread that Mr. Cromlin would not go with the others. I felt a sort of presentiment that he would stay and do something foolish, and I was as correct as if I had been clairvoyant, and could read his mind like a book.

The others went and he staid. I felt myself begin to tremble from head to foot, but I remembered that if he did speak, it was my duty to end the matter then and there; and I must be firm, however much his suffering pained me. I chatted and laughed like a crazy thing, I was so nervous, but he sat grave and solemn as a statue, and that made me worse still. But it was more unendurable when he began to talk, for it was plain what an effort he made to speak of ordinary things; so I flew off to the piano and began—played all sorts of bits from Barbe Bleue—anything to keep him quiet. At last I looked up and there he stood by me, looking as pale as a ghost, with such anxious eyes.

"Miss Emily," he said, and his voice

trembled a little, "I wish you would listen to me for a moment."

It was coming. Oh, dear, if he only wouldn't! I tried to laugh, and ran my fingers down the keys.

"What a solemn tone," said I, though it was very hard work to speak playfully; and I felt like an actress doing comedy, when she has a dreadful tragedy hidden in her real life. "Couldn't possibly listen, when you talk like that, and look like your own tomb-stone."

"Be good-natured, and don't mind my looks," said he; "I am too much in earnest to attempt further concealment."

"But I do mind," I answered, trying to gain a little more time. "I can't bear solemnity—it worries my nerves."

"But this need not worry you," said he.

For half a second, I was vexed. Had he so much masculine conceit, that, in spite of my caution, he really supposed he had only to speak to make me willing to listen? Then I thought that could not be, and I did not snub him, but I could not hear him talk then; I had got too nervous, and I wanted to be perfectly composed, so that even while I told him how hopeless his dream was, I might assure him of my friendship and sympathy, and calm his distress by my wisdom and sensible advice.

I rose from the piano and said,

"Bless me, it is dreadfully late! You must not stay another minute."

"Just listen——"

"No, no," I interrupted, putting my fingers in my ears; "not a word—the clock has struck eleven, and I am always deaf as a post after that."

He looked vexed, so I was less sorry for him.

"I did not think you would treat me like this, when you see how much in earnest I am," he said.

"Now don't be cross," I ordered, "else I'll treat you worse. I'll show you how wicked I can be. I'll listen, then, I promise; and I'm sure it is very good of me——"

"Yes, and I thank you," he put in, before I could finish.

"But not to-night," said I; "if it was

only to punish you for interrupting me."

"But——"

"Now be good, and don't tease me," I urged. "I will listen—indeed, I will, though I wish you wouldn't tell me anything solemn. Oh! it would be so much better if you would not—so much better."

"What do you mean?" he asked, sternly.

"I didn't mean to say that, at all events," said I, getting a little confused. "Now please go at once; Hannah will want to shut up the house."

"But Hannah says you will always do as you please," returned he, smiling.

"But I mean to be good; I've turned over a new leaf, and Hannah is cross for a week if I keep her up; besides, aunt Marjorie has a headache, and I ought to go to her; please let me go."

"I was forgetting that," he said, evidently remorseful. "Indeed, I should not have stayed."

Now that was very nice of him, and spoke volumes for his amiable disposition!

"Good-night," said I, kindly. "Remember, we are always friends."

"Friends? Yes, I hope so—I have need to hope so."

His voice shook again, and he held my hand so tight that I was sorry I had given it to him; but he restrained himself, and added gently,

"Say good-night for me to Miss Vane. I wish her pleasant dreams."

He went away without a word, and I flew up stairs, so nervous and excited that I did not quite know what I was about. Auntie was in bed. I could see her face looking pale in the moonlight, but she said her head was better.

"Mr. Cromlin has just gone?" she said.

"Yes," said I, and gave her his message; then, all of a sudden, I broke down, and began to laugh and cry at once.

Auntie was so frightened by my absurdity, that she turned as white as a ghost, and begged me to tell her what was the matter. So out it came, though I had meant to keep his secret. I told her what I was afraid of, and how hard I had tried to keep the man from

rushing on to a disappointment; and she listened in the most attentive way, in spite of her headache, which I knew was dreadful, by the look in her eyes. She said very little, but advised me to go to bed and sleep, and forget all about it.

"But I'm very unhappy," said I. "You are, aunty—you are growing elderly, and have your feelings under proper control; but I am so impulsive, and it makes me wretched to think of bringing misery on anybody."

"Yes," she answered, shading her eyes with her hands, "I am growing elderly—you are right."

She added some words that I did not catch; but when I asked her what she had said, she only replied,

"My head aches so that I can't remember. Go to bed, dear girl. God bless you!"

I was quite touched by her kindness, for her voice sounded full of tears; and I knew that she pitied me for being placed in such a distressing position. I offered to sit by her and bathe her head, but she would not permit it, and hurried me away, she was so anxious that I should not be any more troubled, dear old thing!

I went to bed, but I did not expect to sleep a wink, and I am sure I don't know how it happened that I did; but I was lost the moment my head touched the pillow, and I never woke till Hannah thumped, like the Day of Judgment, at my door next morning.

Auntie was not down to breakfast. Her head was so bad that she had told Hannah not to let me come in, because she was in hopes to sleep; after that she should be quite herself again. I had a dreadfully lonesome day, and was in mortal fear, each moment, that Cromlin would appear; but he did not; and in the afternoon Hannah told me that she had seen him drive toward the village.

Aunt Marjorie came down to tea, but went back to her room again; so I started out for a walk, in hopes to avoid Mr. Cromlin. I went through the orchard, and met him face to face.

He looked so troubled and dazed, that I could have cried, and I began to think that this state of things could

not go on. I must have peace. If he would be silly he must, and I would end the matter.

"I was just coming to your house," said he. "I have been busy all day, in the village, about some confounded land I own."

"Don't speak disrespectfully of your possessions," said I. "Property is a good thing."

"Yes," returned he; "and just now I am more thankful for having it than ever."

I knew what he meant. I could not be silent, for fear he should misinterpret it, so I said in a rather frozen way,

"Indeed!"

"Yes," he went on, quickly. "I think you know why. You must have seen the truth, for I am a very poor dissembler—you have seen?"

"There are truths one does not wish to see," said I, speaking as sternly as I could, for I wanted him, from the outset, to understand what his fate must be.

"I don't know what you mean," he answered, "and I can't stop now to ask." And then he went on, before I could utter a word.

"Miss Emily," he said, directly, "I must speak! I am a coward, an elderly fool; but I could not go to Marjorie first. She has avoided me lately, treated me with so much reserve that I got afraid! Oh! be frank with me—tell me if you believe there is any hope? I have been sure, for some time past, that you had discovered my secret, and I believed you would be my friend. Shall I speak? Is there any hope? If I were younger, I might bear the disappointment better; but falling in love is a serious business, when a man gets to be forty."

I did not know what to say—I was so sorry for him. He did not give me much time. Presently he cried out in a violent way,

"Tell me the truth. Your silence is like a confirmation of my fears. Do you believe there is any chance for me—that Marjorie could be brought to care for me? Oh, Emily, child! I would be so good to her—I would try to make her happy!"

The trees went round, the sky came down. I felt as if I had fallen out of a balloon. What an idiot I had been! He was talking still—my thoughts came like lightning. I understood everything, even to aunt Marjorie's odd manner the night before. I could have beaten my brains out for a fool's, but furious as I was with myself I could be glad.

"Come into the house," said I, and pulled him along without another word.

Upstairs I dashed into aunty's room. There she sat, looking pale and troubled but so pretty. It dawned upon me at last that she was not a female Methuselah.

"Come down," said I.

"What for?" she asked, drearily.

I began to laugh and to cry. I had been an awful fool, but I meant to keep it to myself, and I made up my mind to lie a little.

"There's a man there wants to ask you a question," I said. "Oh, you dear goose! didn't you know I was trying to pump you last night? That long, handsome Cromlin wants to make love to you, and I have promised that he shall have the chance."

I fairly dragged her down stairs into the parlor. Then I retreated, and only heard Mr. Cromlin exclaim,

"Marjorie!"

But the voice was enough.

Just Smith

A STORY OF THE "MOUNTED"

By A. A. Strachan

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson



SYNOPSIS.

Frank Smith, a constable in the Northwest Mounted Police at the time of Riel's imprisonment recognizes, while on guard, his former sweetheart, Edith Wheelock, driving with Major Barton and his daughter Alice, and later in the afternoon saves the lives of both girls by stopping their runaway team, wrenching his arm badly in the process. Inspector Jackson, in love with Edith, comes to Major Barton's house in the evening to congratulate the girls on their escape, and insinuates that Smith is shamming sickness. Edith turns on him angrily, and defends her former lover with warmth, after which Jackson leaves and, going over to the hospital, orders Smith out of bed on guard. Edith slips away about midnight, and clears up her misunderstanding with Smith, who, however will have nothing to do with her, saying that he is penniless and prospectless and can offer a woman nothing. As she pleads, rifle shots and a sentry crying "Halt!" are heard. She gives Smith one quick kiss, and darts away to the house. It is discovered that an unsuccessful attempt has been made to free Riel, in the course of which Larry Devine, a sentry, has been badly hurt, and an unknown man in uniform wounded. Jackson learns that his servant, Caron, is the man implicated in the plot, but says nothing, and later tries to throw suspicion on Smith. Meanwhile Edith takes Alice into her confidence, and tells her about her midnight interview with Smith. Smith is tried for complicity in the Riel plot. Edith proves that he was with her at the time of the attempted escape, and by bringing the doctor and Larry Devine to the trial, also proves that Caron instead was the guilty man. Smith is transferred to Fort McLeod, where he becomes a corporal, and in the spring of the year a horse-breaker, called "Tobacco" Brown, comes to the fort to break the new remounts. He suspects Smith of being the man he is after for the abduction of his daughter, but learns that instead it is Jackson whom he is seeking, and comments on the resemblance of the two men. Shortly thereafter, a party from Fort McLeod, including Smith and Brown, go out to round up two young Indian outlaws, and come upon them just as they have shot Major Jackson. Smith goes out to bring in Jackson's body, and is himself wounded. The Indians are captured, and Jackson, returning to consciousness, recognizes in Brown the war correspondent, George Brown Wheelock.

CHAPTER XII.

IN a ward of the Police Hospital at MacLeod, Major Jackson, the hero of a hundred fights from Burmah to the Arctic, lay dying at the hands of cattle-thief, Bad Young Man.

"Rather a poisoned-rat sort of end-

ing, doctor," he had commented when the impossibility of recovery had been told him. "I'd rather have had it otherwise; but it's kismet, I suppose. By the way, will you ask that chap Wheelock to come in to see me? I've a message to give him."

The doctor nodded, and went away,

thinking Jackson a hard customer; and presently George Brown Wheelock, as we must now call him, stood beside the officer's cot, looking down on the man he had so lately bitterly hated. He was balked of his revenge by another hand, but, although no word had been spoken, he had begun to doubt that this man had done him the injury he ascribed to him. The dying man's first words deepened his doubt.

"Wheelock," said Jackson, trying to raise himself on his pillow, "I don't know how you happened to turn up here just now, but it's a bit of luck for me. You've been my friend more than once—and I haven't had so many friends that I forget one of them. Once before, when I thought I was dying, I gave you some letters and papers which, after my death, may do justice to some that I never did justice to while I was alive. Will you take that trust for me again?"

But Wheelock hesitated, and an uneasy color mounted to his high cheek-bones.

"Look here, Jackson," he began, after a pause, "I'll tell you frankly, I followed you to this place with the intention of shooting you at sight. What have you done with Edith?"

"Edith?" said the major, staring. "I don't know what you mean."

Suspicion lighted afresh in Wheelock's eyes. "Oh, yes, you do," he said acidly. "You sailed with her on the Fragonia, and I have never heard a word from her since. God knows I've been a poor guardian, and left her too much alone, but I know her character well enough to know that she would never have left home unless you had urged her."

The sick man stared at him stupidly.

"The Fragonia?" he said blankly. "Edith—and I? Do you mean to say that you don't know where she is?"

"Do you?"

"Certainly."

"I thought so," snapped Wheelock. "Where is she, then?"

"A month ago she was at Regina, the guest of Major Barton and his daughter Alice—her school chum in England, you know."

"With the Bartons? But he is an officer in the English army."

"He *was*, you mean. For over a year he has been with the Mounted Police, and Edith is staying with his family. I didn't know she was there until I came down from the north last August, and I certainly never suspected you didn't know where she was. Did you imagine——"

Wheelock nodded. "Yes. I believed that you had done both her and me a great wrong."

"You certainly paid me a compliment," said Jackson, wearily. "I've been nothing to boast of as morals go, but I've never done that. If you ask her, you'll find out that I've been trying to get her to marry me this year, and she has trampled all over my protestations of affection. I'm too old, I suppose, for a woman to care for me any longer—anyhow it makes little difference now. I wish I could see her before I go."

He had spoken as if talking to himself, with a weakness and wistfulness that showed how near he was to the end. It was as if his familiar armour of reserve and uncompassion were no longer worth wearing, and Wheelock, looking at him, swallowed a strange lump in his throat.

"I beg your pardon," he said very soberly, holding out his hand. The Major took it, with a faint smile.

"And now," said Wheelock, briskly, "let me help nurse you back to health, as I've done before."

"Too late, old chap," responded Jackson. "I've 'got mine' as they say in this country. The doctor told me so this morning. But there is a firm of lawyers in London to whom I want you to send certain papers, after I am dead. Will you?"

Before Wheelock could reply, the Hospital Orderly entered.

"Sir," he said, addressing Jackson, "there is a gentleman outside who has just arrived from Calgary by the stage, and who wishes to see you on a matter of importance. Can you talk with him?" And he held out a card.

"Upon my word!" said Jackson, reading it, and passing it over to the

war correspondent, "After all, I need not give you my commission. It is the very man I wanted you to give those papers to—Snowdon, of London. Who would have expected to see him here?"

"I'll go," said Wheelock, making a movement to rise, but Jackson shook his head, and bade the orderly bring Mr. Snowdon in.

A tall, fine-looking, grey-haired Englishman preceded the orderly into the ward, and walked straight to Jackson's cot, his keen eyes fixed on the officer's face.

"Mr. Edward, don't you know me?" he demanded. As he spoke, Wheelock was vaguely conscious that a woman had entered behind him, and stood, with the orderly near the door.

"I do know you, Mr. Snowdon," said Jackson slowly, "although it has been years since we met. But you are the last man I should have expected to see here."

The lawyer seated himself, and drew out a neat packet of papers. "Partly," he said, "I came to see my son Charlie, who is ranching in the Cypress Hills, and partly to trace down the heir to the Avondale peerage, which has been a-begging these two years and more."

"The Avondale peerage!" repeated Jackson, his eyes lighting.

"And now I have found him," continued the lawyer briskly, "though I am sorry to say not in the best of health. Indeed, sir, you have led us a pretty chase. Jackson, humph! It sounds little enough like the Honorable Edward Osborn, in direct line to the Earl of Avondale's estates, with a rent-roll of ten thousand pounds a year."

"How did it happen?" asked Jackson faintly, "There were three lives between me and the earldom."

"Ah, a curious affair," said the old lawyer, with a certain gusto. "The old Earl could not have been expected to live much longer, of course. But the heir, your uncle—an officer in the artillery, ye know—was killed by the bursting of a gun at Woolwich, three years ago. And his son, your cousin Hal, went hunting once too often, about a month after he had been the Earl of Avondale, and broke his back over a water-jump. Where have you

been, that you did not see the papers, my lord?"

"It is no use," said Jackson. "I am dying, so what good is the title to me now? I suppose you have heard what happened? Let me be plain Jackson to the end."

"This is very sad, my lord," said Mr. Snowdon, "very sad, indeed. But you have a son——"

"God forgive me," said the officer, "I had a son, but I don't know where he is. I don't even know whether he is alive or dead."

"But I do," said Wheelock, breaking into the conversation for the first time.

"You?" said the patient in amazement. "Then where is he?"

"He's in the next ward," said the newspaper man. "Hold on, don't strain yourself," as Jackson struggled to sit up, "you'll displace the bandages, and you want to save your strength until this business is settled. Wasn't your wife's maiden name Smith?"

Jackson nodded.

"I thought so," said Wheelock. "You left her when her boy was only a little shaver. Well, she took her maiden name, and gave it to the boy. He knows, of course, that his father's name was Osborn, for he as good as told me so himself, but he isn't particularly proud of it. He is a corporal in the Mounted Police, and deserves the Victoria Cross for attempting to carry his father out of the zone of fire when he lay out in an Alberta coulee, wounded and dying. The Osborns won't need to do any blushing for him, let me tell you."

"Frank Smith," groaned Jackson. "The gods have grim ways of joking. Is he badly hurt?"

"No, he is recovering well. I saw him this morning, and I think he could be moved safely, if the doctor will OK such a proceeding. That is, if he wants to see you, which I doubt."

"Will you go and talk to him, old chap?" said Jackson faintly. "I'd like to see my boy, and—it will be too late before long. Oh—why didn't I know this before?"

"Because both of you were blind as bats, I think," said Wheelock. "I

spotted the resemblance the moment I saw him. In fact, I thought at first he was you. But I'll go——"

"Stay," put in the lawyer. "Let me go. There is a lady with him."

"A lady?" repeated Wheelock.

"A lady," continued the old man imperturbably, "who came down from Calgary with me in the stage. But she has a right to be there—she is his wife."

"His wife!" echoed both listeners in amazement.

"Yes, his wife," said a woman's voice, and the veiled figure who had been seated with the hospital orderly near the door advanced and faced the startled group. The war correspondent was the first to recover his wits.

"Edith!" he gasped. "My girl!"

Jackson stared at her stupidly. "I don't understand," he muttered. "What do you mean?"

The lawyer seemed the only one able to grasp the situation. He rubbed his hands together softly and chuckled. It was a dramatic moment, and appealed to him greatly.

"It means," he said quietly, "that this lady is the wife of Corporal Frank Smith, of the Mounted Police. Or rather, of Lord Everton, heir to the Earldom of Avondale. They were privately married in England, some three years ago, but they have been parted by circumstances which they will doubtless explain to you themselves. I learned of this marriage some months ago, and met Lady Everton at Regina by appointment. Learning that her husband had been wounded, she accompanied me here. That is the whole story in a nutshell."

And then Jackson quietly fainted.

After all, it was Edith who brought Frank Smith and his father together again.

"Now that we are so happy, dear," she pointed out, "we don't want to be pigs. Let's forget the past, and at least let him have a little comfort out of this late good fortune. It will cost us so little, and he hasn't had very much out of life, after all."

"He's made his own life, Edith,"

demurred her husband. "And if you could have seen my mother——"

"Hush, dear,"—and she put her hand over his lips, an advantage that he promptly took. "Listen. If your father had come back while she was alive, wouldn't she have been the first to forgive and forget everything?"

He pondered over this, broodingly.

"Yes," he agreed at last. "I suppose she would. . . . She was a brave and a good woman. . . . I'll see him."

"And be kind?"

"I'll try. After all, he's my father."

Suddenly Edith began to laugh a little hysterically.

"Oh, Frank!" she explained, "isn't it funny? He has been making such persistent love to me, and I've been trampling on him so unmercifully—and all the time he was my father-in-law. It's—it's heartless to laugh, I know—but I can't help it."

"Did you always trample on him?"

"Always. Of course. Wasn't I in love with you, silly?"

"Never forgot you were married to—a wastrel?"

"Never forgot I was married to *you*. But, Frank, you've cheated me out of a lot of the fun of being engaged—I've almost had to choke myself to keep from talking about you. When—when a woman's in love with a man, she thinks of nothing but him. And I was Miss Wheelock, and you were——"

"Just Smith," said Lord Everton, with a touch of bitterness. "But I can give you something now, Edith. That's the one blessed thing about this whole business; that I can take you to a home worthy of you. You'll make a handsome countess."

"Hush, dear. He is still alive. Let's not talk about that yet."

They went to the Earl of Avondale hand in hand, and Wheelock, sitting with Mr. Snowdon by his bed, greeted them jocularly, albeit with a certain anxious look about his eyes.

"Well, Edith," he said, "so I am father-in-law to a real live lord, eh?"

"Yes, dad," she said demurely, "and thank fortune he is a *live* one."

"While I," commented the Earl

cynically, "will soon be a dead one, eh?"

"Oh, my lord!" deprecated the lawyer.

"What's the odds?" said the patient. "I have joked with Death before, and I'm not going to turn hypocrite at the last. Come here, Edith."

The girl moved forward, her husband at her side. The dying man looked at them, and held out his hand weakly.

"Can you forgive me, Frank?" he said with a catch in his voice. "For *her* sake?" and the younger man put his hand for the first time in his remembrance in his father's.

"Kiss me, Edith," he said, speaking with difficulty. "I'll never bother you again." With tears in her eyes, the girl kissed him on the forehead, and he held her hand as she drew away.

"You'll make a handsome countess," he said wistfully, echoing his son's

words. "I wish I could live to see you. Here's hoping that you and Frank make a better story of life than I have done. . . . Now," with a touch of his old manner, "if all of you will be kind enough to leave me, Frank and I have some family matters to discuss."

Quietly, the group departed, leaving father and son alone for their first and last interview. On the square, at the officer's quarters, the famous war correspondent and his daughter, Lady Everton, chatted on the verandah with the Colonel and his wife, while the bugler sounded "retreat" and the flag was slowly hauled down to be stowed away for the night in the guard room locker. Soon, lights began to appear in the row of barrack room windows as the men retired to their quarters, and night settled down gently on the fort.

The End.

OUTING

BY CY WARMAN

THE WHITE road racing out behind,
 The motor's mellow horn;
 The subtle, perfumed summer wind,
 Breath of the waking morn.
 The apple-orchard's quiet shade,
 The meadows wet with dew;
 It seems to me this world was made
 For you, my love, for you.

The brown-skinned, barefoot country lads,
 The rural, rustic swain,
 The frisky flocks of Mary-hads
 All loafing down the lane.
 The noonday luncheon by the lake,
 The milkwhite sail at sea;
 Was not the good Lord good to make
 This world for you and me?

WAR

BY EDGAR WADLACE

A TENT that is pitched at the base,
A wagon that comes from the night,
A stretcher—and on it a case:
A surgeon who's holding a light.
The Infantry's bearing the brunt—
O hark to the wind-carried cheer!
A mutter of guns at the front:
A whimper of sobs at the rear—
And it's war! "Orderly, hold the light—
You can lay him down on the table: so—
Easily—gently! Thanks, you may go."
And it's war! but the part that is not for show.

A tent with a table athwart,
A table that's laid out for one:
A waterproof cover—and naught
But the limp mangled work of a gun:
A bottle that's stuck by the pole,
A guttering dip in its neck;
The flickering light of a soul
On the wandering eyes of the wreck
And it's war! "Orderly, hold his hand,
I'm not going to hurt you, so don't be afraid,
A ricochet! God! what a mess it has made!"
And it's war! and a very unhealthy trade.

The clink of a stopper and glass:
A sigh as the chloroform drips
A trickle of—what? on the grass,
And bluer and bluer the lips.
The lashes have hidden the stare:
A rent, and the clothes fall away.—
A touch, and the wound is laid bare—
A cut, and the face has turned grey—
And it's war! "Orderly, take it out
It's hard for his child and it's rough on his wife.
There might have been—sooner—a chance for his life."
But it's war! and "Orderly, clean this knife."

The Defiance of Billy Oreamnos

A HUNTING ADVENTURE IN THE CANADIAN
ROCKIES

By Everett McNeil

ONE fall, while a member of an English government survey, working up the valley of the Elk River, British Columbia, I had a most extraordinary adventure, in which a mountain goat (*Oreamnos Montanus*), a grizzly bear, and my humble self played an exceedingly exciting and dramatic part.

We had passed up the Elk River some thirty miles beyond the Sulphur Spring, now quite famous for its healing properties and frequently visited by those troubled with rheumatism, and were surveying the wild and mountainous region lying between the nearly paralld Elk and Fording rivers, a veritable hunter's paradise. Mountain goats and mountain sheep were seen nearly every day high up on the mountains beyond the timber-line, mule deer and elk were plentiful in the valleys, and twice we had had a distant glimpse of a grizzly bear and had frequently come upon bear signs—tracks, rubbing-trees, etc.,—while at our work.

Naturally, being fond of hunting, I was very anxious to have a try at some of this big game, especially the mountain goats, an animal I had never yet hunted; and, consequently, when on the morning of the twenty-eighth of September, my birthday, I was told that I might have a holiday in which to celebrate that important event, providing I would do my best to bring

into camp some fresh meat, I very gladly accepted the proviso, and determined to spend the day hunting goats.

The Rocky Mountain goat is emphatically a mountain-climber; and the one who hunts him must expect to do some wearisome and often dangerous climbing himself, or he will never get within shooting distance of this, the most fearless and skilful of all four-footed mountaineers. His natural home is above the timber-line, among the cliffs and precipices of the mountain tops; and, although he is sometimes found feeding in the lower valleys, at the first alarm he will flee to the rocky fastnesses of his mountain home. Accordingly, when I set out from camp a little after sunrise, I was prepared to do some arduous mountain-climbing; and I was not disappointed.

The day before, we had seen a flock of a dozen goats grazing on a small mountain meadow, situated about midway up the side of a particularly rugged-looking mountain; and it was toward this sky-pasture, in the hopes of still finding the goats there, that I now made my way.

The goat-meadow, as we called it, was some five miles from the spot where we were then encamped, and the road thither was anything but an easy one to travel; but, at last, I reached the base of the mountain on

whose side the goats had been seen, and began my climb upward.

For nearly a mile I struggled skyward through green timber, carpeted with needles of spruce and pine, and then passed beyond the timber-line, and came into the region of bare rocks. I knew, if my reckoning was correct, that the goat-meadow lay just beyond a crag to my left that stuck out from the side of the mountain like the nose on a man's face, and, accordingly, I began to work my way toward this crag as noiselessly as possible. When I reached the crag I very cautiously climbed to its top, and, slowly raising my head, took a look beyond.

My heart gave a jump. The goats were there, a baker's dozen of them; but at the far end of the meadow, too far away for me to shoot from where I was, and near a ragged hogback of precipitous rock some three or four hundred feet high. I knew that at the first sign of danger the wary animals would retreat to this rugged fortress, where it would be next to impossible to get a shot at them; and, after considering the situation for a few minutes, I determined to try to reach the summit of the hogback by way of the mountain, and to creep along the top until I came within range of the goats. Accordingly I made my way down the side of my lookout, and, carefully keeping out of sight of the goats, worked upward toward the hogback.

I had covered about half the distance, and was slowly crawling across a little open space, where there were no rocks to hide me, when, to my surprise, for I felt quite sure the goats had neither seen nor winded me, I saw an old ram suddenly raise his head, and start on a swift run for the rocks, followed by the other goats; and, to my still greater surprise, all ran almost directly toward me and away from the hogback.

"Now, for a shot," I thought, hurriedly crawling to a rock and crouching behind it. But, just before they came within range of my Remington, the old ram in the lead turned sharply to the right, and dashed into one of the many gullies that seamed the mountainside, and, swiftly follow ed

by the flock, disappeared from sight, leaving me anathematizing my ill luck.

However, a hunter who cannot stand disappointment has no business hunting big game in the mountains; and, consoling myself with the thought that it was through no blunder of mine that I had lost the game, I started after the goats, hoping yet to get a shot at them, for I knew that the mountain goat, unless badly frightened, does not usually go far, but seeks some near-by retreat high up among the rocks where few of his enemies can follow him.

After half an hour of exceedingly difficult and sometimes dangerous climbing, I came to where the rock shelved off into a narrow passageway, running along the side of an almost precipitous cliff, and a couple of hundred or more feet above the bottom of the gully that here split the mountainside. As I stood hesitating whether or not to take this precarious path, I saw a couple of mountain goats slowly climbing up the steep side of the gully, but too far away for me to risk a shot at either of them from where I was. Apparently the goats were bent on reaching a shelf of rocks that I could see jutting out a hundred feet above their heads. A hurried glance along the narrow ledge in front of me showed that it would bring me within easy range of the rocks toward which the two goats were climbing; and, without giving the danger another thought, I hastened along its narrow passageway.

For a hundred yards the shelf of rocks was six or more feet wide, affording an easy and a safe passage to feet as accustomed to mountain-climbing as were mine; then, to my surprise and chagrin, there was a break thirty feet wide, where the projecting shelf had been torn away by a heavy snow-slide, leaving me still a hundred yards from the point of vantage I wished to attain.

I was loath to turn back, for by peering over the edge of the shelf I could see the goats still climbing upward, with eyes too busy choosing sure footholds to notice me, and I felt quite certain, if I could advance the other hundred yards, of being able to



BACKING ALONG THE NARROW SHELF OF ROCK DIRECTLY TOWARDS ME, I SAW A FULL GROWN MOUNTAIN GOAT, AND CLOSE AFTER HIM, A HUGE GRIZZLY BEAR

kill one and possibly both of them. But, how was I to cross that thirty feet of space? I glanced down over the broken edge of the shelf, and saw that, some ten feet below, a sufficient quantity of slide-rock had lodged to make a precarious pathway across the break, and that once across the break, it would not be difficult to climb to

the shelf of rocks again, and continue along its surface until I was within rifle shot of the climbing goats. I studied the rocks below carefully for a few minutes, and, feeling assured of their solidity, determined to make the venture.

A rifle, in a climb up or down a perilous bit of rocks, where a single

misstep might mean death, is an awkward and dangerous weight to carry, and I resolved to lower my gun to the ledge below before climbing down myself. Accordingly I tied one end of a piece of strong twine, which I had in my pocket, to the trigger-guard; and had just swung the gun over the edge of the shelf, when a noise from behind caused me to turn my head quickly. The sight I saw was so unexpected and fearful, and startled me so violently, that, in the excitement of the moment, I let go of the twine, and heard my rifle go rattling down the rocks below.

Backing along the narrow shelf of rocks directly toward me, I saw a large mountain goat, a full-grown billy; and, close after the ram, his eyes fixed hungrily on the goat, but apparently too fearful of those sharp straight horns always kept pointed toward him to venture to rush in and seize his prey, crept a huge grizzly bear. To my surprise the goat did not act as if he was as frightened as he was angry, nor did he show the least signs of panic; but, stopping every minute or two, he stamped his powerful front feet, gritted his teeth, and defied the bear to come on and have it out. When the goat stopped, the bear would stop, raise up on his hind legs and growl most ferociously. I could see that both the goat and the bear were fast working themselves up into a great rage, which would soon cause them to throw caution to the winds and come to close quarters.

But, what of myself, perched there on that narrow ledge of rocks, my rifle gone beyond present use and my only available weapon a small hunting-knife, with an angry mountain goat and a furious grizzly bear, each a deadly dangerous animal under the circumstances, coming nearer every moment?

I confess that at the first sight of the grizzly and the goat, and the thought that I had no weapon save the knife, my blood ran cold with the most terrible fear I have ever felt in my life; and I turned quickly, intending to let myself down from the break in the shelf to the ledge of rocks below,

when I was horrified to find that my falling rifle had struck and dislodged a sufficient number of the rocks to make my escape that way impossible. Indeed, so loosely were the rocks held against the precipitous mountainside, that I would certainly have gone to my death had I attempted to pass over them.

For the first few seconds after I fully realized the hopelessness of my terrible situation—alone and unarmed on that narrow shelf of rocks, hanging two hundred feet in the air, with a hungry grizzly bear and an angry mountain goat coming toward me—I have no distinct remembrance of what I did or how I felt. Then I found myself, in spite of my terror, beginning to watch the actions of the two animals with an ever increasing interest; and soon I became so deeply entranced that, for the time being, I even forgot my own peril, and watched for the outcome of that extraordinary contest with fascinated eyes and bated breath.

The ram was a magnificent specimen of his kind. From nose to tail his pelage, or fur, was as white as newly fallen snow, without a spot or stain, and looked as if it had been combed that morning. He was now so near that I could observe closely his big stockily-built body, his short thick muscular legs, his powerful neck and shoulders, and the two jet-black horns, round and smooth and sharp as skewers, that, like two deadly daggers, armed his head. If his opponent had been other than the terrible grizzly bear, I would have had serious doubts as to what the outcome of the battle might be. But, what could an animal, however, brave and gritty, weighing some three hundred pounds and armed only with two horns not over a foot in length, hope for in a contest with the huge bulk and enormous strength and sharp claws and sharper teeth of a grizzly, the most powerful and ferocious animal on the American continent? Indeed, it seemed most extraordinary that the goat had had the courage to face his huge antagonist; and, doubtless, he would not have done so had he not been caught on that narrow shelf



WITH A THUD THAT SOUNDED LIKE THE IMPACT OF A PILE-DRIVER, HE STRUCK THE GRIZZLY
AND BEAR AND GOAT WENT OVER BACKWARD

of rocks, where it was impossible for him to escape by climbing up or down, and where, if he turned tail and attempted to escape by running, the grizzly would be upon him before he had gone many yards. It was as gallant a fight for life as ever I expect to see, and my heart warmed with

sympathy and admiration for the brave goat.

By this time the angry ram was within a couple of rods of where I lay hugging the rock as closely as possible; but neither of the animals took the slightest notice of me. I do not think they saw me. They had eyes only for

each other. The goat was in a terrible rage, hammering the rock with his feet, gritting his teeth furiously, and making short bouncing rushes at the bear; but always stopping just outside of the reach of those huge paws, and backing off again. At every rush the grizzly would rear himself up on his hind legs, growling savagely and striking terrible blows that never hit the goat, but he still hesitated to make the fatal rush that would end the contest.

Suddenly the ram backed swiftly to within a dozen feet of where I lay; and, something in his quick jerky movements as he did so, in the way he gathered himself together for the forward rush, told me that his patience had been exhausted, that the critical moment had come—and I was right.

For an instant he paused, to pound the rock with his front feet, and to grit his teeth in a frenzy of rage; and then, gathering himself together, he suddenly bounded toward the bear, like a great white bouncing ball. There was no stopping this time, until, with a thud that sounded like the blow of a pile driver, his head struck the grizzly directly below his fore legs, and bear and goat went over together backward.

In my excitement I sprang to my feet, utterly forgetful of my own danger, and stared at the fighting beasts. For a half minute there was a furious struggle, then, with a frightful growl, the grizzly staggered to his feet above the body of the goat, whirled round, and started, running blindly, straight toward me, froth and blood falling from his mouth; and, before I fully realized my awful peril, he was within a dozen feet of where I stood, paralyzed with fear, unable to move hand or foot, my eyes on the great ugly head and the wide-opened mouth. But, even as I looked, suddenly, as if every atom of physical strength had been instantly stricken from his body, he collapsed, and slid along the smooth rock to my feet, and lay still, while his eyes grew glassy.

I do not know how many minutes I stood there, staring at the grizzly, before I comprehended that he was dead; but, never can I forget the joy-

ous feeling of relief that passed through my entire body, when I did realize that fact and that I was safe.

On examining the body of the bear, I found that the two sharp horns of the goat had been driven full length into his breast, one of them piercing his heart and the other tearing a hole in his lung, inflicting wounds that would have been instantly fatal to any animal less tenacious of life than a grizzly bear.

Author's Note—The killing of the grizzly bear by the mountain goat may have an improbable sound to those unfamiliar with the bravery and fighting qualities of this gallant animal; but the hunters of the Canadian Rockies, who know both the goat and the grizzly, would find nothing improbable in it. William T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park, sportsman and naturalist, in his book "CAMP-FIRES IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES," says: "I regard the mountain goat as an animal to whom fear is an almost unknown sensation", and, in support of this opinion, he quotes Mr. Arthur B. Fenwick, an ardent Canadian sportsman and nature-lover, who has seen much of mountain goats, as follows.

"As to the fighting capacity of a full-grown billy goat, he will, with a little luck, kill almost anything.

I will tell you another fact, which without the explanation you would not believe. A goat will sometimes kill a full-grown silver-tip bear! I once found a big goat, dead, which evidently had been killed by a silver-tip, as there were lots of tracks all around, and the goat's back was broken. I thought it queer that the bear had not taken the goat away and buried it, as usual, so I looked around. I found a large silver-tip bear, dead, and all bloated up, and when I examined him I found that the goat had punched him twice, just back of the heart. He had been able to kill the goat, and had then gone off and died."

"Silver-tip" is another name for a grizzly bear.

The gallant goat was also dead, his neck crushed by a blow that would have felled an ox.

My rifle lay broken at the bottom of the gully, and I made no attempt to recover it; but at once hastened back to camp, and, returning with a couple of men and a horse, we brought back a

goodly portion of the bear and the goat meat, and the skins and the heads of the two animals, valued trophies of one of the most remarkable fights ever witnessed in the Rocky Mountains.

Tales of the Picannin

By Nan Moulton

OUR first picannin was a younger brother of Charles, playing substitute for him. Irritation seems mixed greatly with my faint impression of him, and a touch of amusement reminiscent of the day we found him absorbed in Punch; of his quaint way of bending a listening ear to help in his misunderstanding of our Anglo-Canadian; of his off-hand "A'right!" for all the world like a Yankee newsboy; and of his inimitable little bob and "Well, g'night, Missis!" as he betook his brown little entity dancing off to his blanket.

Charles came next and stayed until "the end" wrote itself to Farm School life. Charles was a lovely treacle color and had temperament and ambitions, the chief of which latter was, one day by-and-by, to "werk by Pretoria." He was protector, interpreter, and business adviser in bead transactions. His office, primarily, had been to wash up, to sweep, and to "cook" the kettle. The way I remember him oftenest is a golden-brown, slightly smoky little face at the tent-flap and a voice announcing, "Kettle cook, Missis."

But his office enlarged itself and the branches thereof came to be legion. He made a beautiful footman, announcing all callers after their kind. A military man was always "di capiten," all the South African Constabulary

"di Polees," our District Head Master, "di Baas," and all others were simply "Engles, Missis," or perhaps, with a fine shade of contempt, "Boer, Missis."

He became buyer for the firm of the two of us when rations ran low between the treks to town, and trudged over the hills three miles to "di winkel," a little shop of mud bricks, presided over by an energetic Swede and a soft-eyed young German. One evening I was waiting for him to come back when a soft tinkle, tinkle of bells came to me down the hill. I listened and lazily wondered as the steady tinkle came nearer, and then—all at once Charlie appeared around a corner of the little kitchen, Charlie glorified in a coat of blue serge, "ten bob, Missis," and, above his bare brown feet, a marvelous pair of black leather puttees with a row of brass bells adown the sides, "five bob, Missis." He was so funny and pleased over them and never wore them while working, but only when he went to a far kraal to buy eggs, or to visit, or when he went again to "di winkel," or when a guest graced our board. At other times the puttees hung on a nail in the kitchen, a nail consecrate; and, at night, the brass bells gleamed in the light from candle or paraffin stove, and visitors of Charles paid them tribute of admiration and envy.

As interpreter and adviser in our

buyings of beaded things from the Kaffir women, he was invaluable, and guarded our money interests in voluble heated native tongue whenever a maise girl wanted to overcharge us for a rather worn voorskirt (a sort of small beaded leather apron). And when his own haughty sister came one day in a glory of decoration that fired us with desire of possession, he persuaded her long and eloquently, but she was incorruptible. "No like, Missis," he said, "not want," in the tone of one to whom failure comes hard, and went wearily away to light his fire.

It came about one day that slander touched his young life. The suave S. A. C. officer in command at Schiedpad called at the farm-house below on his weekly visit for the hearing and redressing of wrongs. Might he see our boy, he asked deferentially a few minutes later, and took Charles away with him. And Charles returned in a flame of indignation that lasted for days. Old Oom Goos had aroused it. "He say my *steal*," said Charlie.

"What?" we asked.

"Perskiis, (peaches) eggs," sobbed the aggrieved boy, "tabac, mealties,—all!" with a wave of his brown hand down to the farm below.

"Never mind!" we said. But he did, for, at night, when Swartjong, Oom Goos's boy, came up as usual to skoff with Charles, and, incidentally, help wash the dishes, he was banished hungry, after Charlie had told him in scorching Kaffir, in unpublishable English, in lurid Dutch, his (Charlie's) opinion of Oom Goos, his *vrouw*, his sons, his sons' *vrouws*, his daughters, his farm, his peaches, his tobacco, and all that was his, very much including his boy Swartjong.

The recompense came the day we left Rooikop, when Oom Goos sent Charlie down to the orchard with a great sack to fill with peaches for "di twee goed schoelmissises" to take away with them. The air with which Charles departed after those peaches was heavenly. Revenge and triumph and conscious rectitude were writ large in the small figure and treacle face, and he stayed long away and

picked largely, until, with the utter plumpness of the sack, the wrong was quite wiped out.

After the first pay-day at Elands-laagte, Charles asked leave to go home to Rooikop with his "maley," offering in his stead for a few days, Coolan, a dear wee boy with regular features and even teeth. For an afternoon Coolan was instructed in the domestic way he should go. Afterwards the two stayed on together and worked and played and quarreled to their hearts' content. Ethelind's hammock appealed to their luxurious instincts and they parodied it by means of a mimosa-limb and a tent-rope and all the small Kaffirs of the neighborhood disported themselves thereon by sunlight and moonshine with shrill shrieks of glee.

It was about this time that Charlie's vocabulary needed expurgating. We hoped it was not the leaven of the S. A. C., troopers around whose tents Charlie spent leisurely afternoons, and we didn't like to think the Kaffir night-school was responsible for the evil communications that corrupt decorous speech. And we tried to blot out the memory of the day the wasps were aggressive, and Charlie, watching them being smoked out from the rocks, or assisting in the operation with great glee, inadvertently stepped upon one and exchanged his oil of gladness for the profanity of pain.

One hot day the sun flickered through the mimosa branches upon Ethelind and her kitten and her purple leather Shelley, as she curled her scrap of self into her hammock, so Coolan and Charlie were despatched up the mimosa tree to spread a rug where absence of foliage above induced lack of shade below. The little S. A. C. Corporal had wandered across from their tents with our letters and stood watching the boys. Suddenly Coolan looked down at the Corporal with a little dancing of his eyes. "Twee bobijaan?" (two monkeys?) he suggested.

"Yes," smiled back the Corporal, "twee bobijaan."

But the dignity of Charles disallows the calling of names, and the ever-ready resentment of Charles flamed

with a fierceness not warranted by the jesting occasion. "Sy fader bobijaan," he flashed, and not in fun. But Coolan, from his perch, slated Charles coolly and forcefully and lengthily and finally—"Jou fader is 'n bobijaan, en jou moeder is 'n bobijaan, en jou broeder is 'n bobijaan, en jou suster, also," going back, in time of strife to beams in the genealogical eye, as naturally as the children of light.

And was ever a Christian caught by a foolish conundrum, but he straightway took in his brother? List to the tale of the olive which Ethelind invited Charlie to eat. He looked at it. It was green and moist, palatable surely. It was a new quantity, and an occasional male creature understands Eve. He bit it vigorously—and fled.

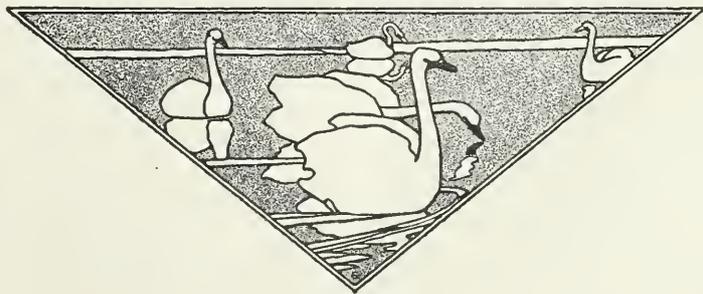
"You like olives?" we asked gravely when he came back.

"No good, Missis," and Charles removed the plates with an aloof manner. But he put in his tufty head at the tent-flap a minute later, a gleam of mischief melting the frozen dignity of his features. "Gif Coolie, Missis?" And Charles in turn tempted Coolan that he too fell, and his momentum of disappearance was accelerated even beyond that of Charles, who was curled up in a corner of the marquee speechless with joy.

It was a rainy week, that last seven days at Elandslaagte, and out of its sodden greyness glimmer a few stray memories of Charlie's quaintnesses. Ethelind was preparing dinner one night and the smoke from the damp

wood got into her eyes. Ethelind, being a true princess, exceedingly dislikes discomfort of any sort and always blames the nearest person for the pea under the mattresses. "Oh, Charlie!" she wailed, and "No *my*, Missis," came his righteously indignant protest. On an afternoon when the rain stayed itself for a season, Charles disappeared along the Aventure road, and it was all but dusk when we saw him again and rebuked him for tardiness. "My *pick trees*," is his defence, borne out by the documentary evidence of hatchet in hand, and a fair-sized tree trailing in his wake. Taking refuge from the rain that was ever with us, two huge, horrid frogs hopped over my feet as I searched for matches in the twilight gloom of the "slaap-tent." Frogs being more of a horror to me than many mice, I fled to Charles for succor, and a few minutes later, Charles, stick in hand and shouting "Hi!" at intervals accomplished the exodus of the foe.

Then Easter-week came and Charles prepared to return to the kraal of his father, laden with a resume of many kinds and conditions of "skoff" (food), and we, in a Cape-cart, drove back twenty-six veldt miles to the "dorp" and civilization. And it being the will of the gods that civilization should henceforth claim us, the "Good-bye, Missis," that floated after us above the wet veldt grasses and the waving of the officer's cap from his kinky head, was the last we heard and saw of our small brown Providence.



In the Heart of Old Mexico

By Don Salvador Castello Carreras

Mexican Consul General

Translated by Carlos A. Butlin,

Director General of Telegraphs, Barcelona

SEVENTH PAPER

*At Acapulco and by sea to Manzanillo,
Mexico.*

From the hill-sides on which are established the workshops and offices of the railway and near the walls of the ancient *Ciudadela* (fort) we could admire the largest and most beautiful bay of the whole Pacific Ocean.

We were lodged by Don Enrique in in some of the wooden huts and as at "Buen Suceso," he overwhelmed us with every attention. After a short rest and while waiting for the dinner hour, I went off to have a look at the port. I selected a point from which I could dominate an extensive view for miles in both directions, the only interruption being the Island of the Raqueta situate some distance from the entrance, which forms the two sea arms known by the name of Grande and Chica (Big and Little).

After dinner I returned to my vantage ground and continued to contemplate the calm sea on which a few craft were rocking, among them a corvette of the United States Navy. Everything was in full activity and the going and coming of the dock laborers and the rushing about of the people engaged in selling and buying gave a lively aspect to the quays which was truly interesting after such a journey through almost desert lands.

Acapulco to-day has a population of about 5,000; it continues to be considered as a fortified town owing to the existence of the fort and its port is of such importance that besides Mexican lines of steamers, those of nearly every nation of the world call here on their way from Central to North America.

The different services of the port are pretty well organized and although there may be some deficiencies owing to the scarcity of quays, which calls for the employment of lighters in loading or unloading operations, the general conditions of the harbor elevate the port to the first rank principally on account of the protection offered to ships from the storms which proceed from the South and West; these are most to be feared as northerly and easterly winds are never experienced owing to the protection given by the amphitheatre of mountains which in these directions surround the bay.

At the present time, Acapulco is the outlet for all the agricultural and manufactured products of the Guerrero coast besides good quantities of mineral and when the railway from this port to Igualo via Chilpancingo is an established fact, the port will acquire extraordinary importance and will be to the Pacific what Vera Cruz is to the Atlantic.

Colonel Davidson and his party received every attention at Acapulco

and in our honor a splendid banquet was given.

From here we sent telegrams saluting President Diaz and the Governor of Guerrero State, Don Damian Flores, and Davidson took advantage of the opportunity to manifest the grateful impression he had gathered during his inspection of these fine territorios. The Governor replied at once, inviting the Colonel to stay at Chilpancingo on his way back to Mexico.

The whole town took part in manifesting good will towards us, and especially distinguished the Colonel by accompanying him to his lodgings with a band of music. A dance was organized by Don Manuel Gonzalez Rubio, Commandant of the Port and Chief of the Customs, a great friend of mine and for whose kindness, together with the amiability of his good wife and children, we shall ever feel the utmost gratitude. This dance was graced by the presence of the principal dames and young ladies of the town, who also vied with the others in showering attentions upon us. I may mention at this opportunity that our friend Flora at Acapulco appeared in her natural dress. She must have felt in her glory after a month of being condemned to go about like a ragamuffin.

During three days we remained here, and the kind treatment showed no signs of abating.

We occupied part of our time in collecting our notes taken during the march and in making a prolonged inspection of the bay and its conditions. We went as far as Costa Chica, where we found the exuberant vegetation to be compared with what we had already seen and we realized certain studies which in the future may be of the greatest importance for what we have in view.

On the 11th, in the afternoon, the Pacific Mail steamer, "City of Para" arrived and on this we were to embark. Even the earth wished to bid farewell to us, and saluted us with two tremblings, one in the morning, the other in the afternoon. Acapulco, so chastised by earth-quakes, signs of which we could appreciate in the ruined church and

other buildings, supplied us on the last day of our stay with such a sensational phenomenon and although the tremblings were slight, they were of sufficient effect to make us imagine what would happen when the tremblings are greater.

In the morning of the twelfth, we left the bay in direction to the north and to the port of Manzanillo. From the steamer we could appreciate the whole extension of those lands over which we had journeyed with such toil and fatigue. We had displayed to our view the peaks of the Brea mountains, after these the lands and hills of Coyuc de Benitez which formed the foreground of the Picos Alzados and the Tres Telas with an elevation of more than 3,000 metres. Beyond the Sierra of Atoyac appeared the crests of Teotepec, 3,200 metres high, and beyond Tecpan we could devise the Cerro Alto and the Cuatro Cruces.

Opposite Talcoyunque and beyond San Luis, we could see the mountainous country of Dolores, and beyond Petatlan and Coyuquilla the mountains of Focalmua. Our memory was continually being refreshed by the sight of these districts in the distance.

Half way through the afternoon we were opposite the port of Sihuatenajo, the panorama being closed in by the Sal and Gundan mountains, and at evening when we passed La Union and shortly after the mouth of the Balsas river, we caught sight of the peaks of the Guadalupe hills. We were now losing sight of land owing to the approaching darkness and we began to contemplate the silvery waters of the ocean, reflecting the rays of a full October moon, which illuminated the space during that night of a happy, quiet sea voyage. Almost a month has passed since we set out, as the reader will remember that we started under a full September moon.

Night was now upon us, and passed quite tranquilly but at daylight, we were all up, anxious to see, although from a distance, the coast unknown to us. The steamer was surrounded by dolphins and tunny fish and millions of other fishes of multiple colors, some of great size, followed our wake

appearing almost at the surface. Along Costa Grande there is no fishing industry and we could not help thinking that this would be another fountain of wealth to add to the numerous schemes we were studying.

Half way through the morning we were contemplating the hills of Carrizal, Agemidor, Pomaro, Maquilen, Coalcoman and Coahuayana and in

the background those of Colima. We were now very near to Manzanillo. At about noon we arrived at this port, and landed under the most sultry conditions, the heat was insupportable. We took the train for Colima, where we passed the night and, via Guadalajara we were on our way to the Capital. Our expedition had happily terminated.

The end.

AN INTERPAROCHIAL AFFAIR

BY T. A. DALY

OCH! there's divil a parish at all
 Like this one o' St. Paul.
 Here the winter begins wid the fall
 An' it sticks to the middle o' May.
 Streets an' houses an' people are gray
 An' the night lends its hue to the day,
 For the blessed sun's light hangs like fog on the walls
 Where a man does be livin' his lone in St. Paul's.

Faith, 'tis odd that the same parish plan
 Gave so much to St. Ann.
 There's one parish that's fit for a man
 Wid a hunger for warmth an' for light!
 'Tis a comfort to find, day an' night,
 Streets an' houses an' people so bright;
 For there's summer-warm hearts an' there's kind, open
 han's,
 An' a girl wid a face like a rose, in St. Ann's.

In a parish just over the line,
 Called St. John the Divine,
 There's a cozy new cot, an' it's mine!
 Och! 'tis I will have throuble to hide
 From my face all the joy an' the pride
 That my heart will be feelin' inside,
 When next Sunday at Mass they'll be readin' the banns
 For meself o' St. Paul's and Herself o' St. Ann's.



This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

EVEN a Pedlar has to lay down his pack sometimes, he being a mere human and liable to the ills and sufferings which afflict frail humanity. Thus it has been with the man of wares who ventures to put forth the plea of illness as apology for a very small—and I am afraid—shabby collection of shreds and patches with which to tickle the fancy of the fair dames, his customers. Forgive the poor fellow, and be, reader, as you always are, compassionate.

A TALE OF A DOG

I WOULD like to tell you the story of how a dog of my acquaintance—indeed I may go further and say a dog friend of mine—spent his Christmas. This is not a temperance tale, so if your feelings on this question are in any way sensitive, pray pass it by.

There are dogs and dogs, as you know, and there exist among this noble animal as many types and characteristics as among men.

Every variety of dog has his individual trait. The bull for his gameness; the greyhound for his swiftness; the collie for his watchfulness; the beagle for his scent; the setter, the noblest of all, for his fidelity, loyalty and keen instinct; the terrier for his snap, his wonderful gift of comradeship and his indomitable courage. As for the 'coon dog, let his name, too, be inscribed on

the roll of fame for he can outbark all creation, can scratch more, gulp more, live longer and die harder than any other dog of our knowledge.

Mr. Grimbage—his stable name is Toby—is a stately, reserved old gentleman of a Bedlington terrier who gets foolish moments when he scrabbles and otherwise goes on a little toot. He is either extremely reserved or exceedingly emotional. There are days when he is only Mr. Grimbage and you dare not even think of him as Toby. And there are days when he is as far from being Grimbage as Dr. Jekyll was from being Mr. Hyde.

On Christmas Eve Toby disappeared, and Mr. Grimbage took his place. He disapproved of the fuss and feathers of the holiday preparations, of the squeaks and screams of the youngsters whenever Santa Claus rang the bell with a fresh package. He even made surreptitious snatches at that gentleman's legs which made the express man shy a kick at him. He growled at the mother of the puppies and nipped those youngsters at every chance. Altogether, Mr. Grimbage was at his moodiest and surliest all the day.

WHAT RODDY DID.

RODDY—by rights Roderick—is a boy who is never idle. Satan always finds him something to do.

Roddy is an observant boy, and lets no opportunities slip by for want of catching them by the poll. All day Mr. Grimbage, who detests boys when his name is not Toby, had eluded him, growled at him, and had generally shown a distaste for his society. And all day Roddy had pursued him. In the evening, when everybody was upstairs busy tying up their Christmas packages,



Roddy, alone in the dining room, began a noiseless search for goodies. All at once he espied upon the sideboard some Scotch whiskey—laid out for the refreshment of those of the gentlemen who might care for that sort of thing later in the evening. An appalling desire to make a spectacle for all the cats in the neighborhood of Mr. Grimbage came over this Satanic boy. Thus would he pay off old scores. Mr. Grimbage should be inoculated with "Wee Tappit Hen" until he became intoxicated. You see, Satan was finding work for idle hands.

WHAT MR. GRIMBAGE DID.

MR. GRIMBAGE, seized suddenly from behind where he lay dozing under the sofa, came up with a growl. But he was held as in a vice between Roddy's knees.

"You old scoundrel," quoth that Inquisitor, "there isn't a wicked thing you haven't done in the world except one thing, and that you're going to do now. You've committed murder, you're a common thief, you've nipped people and growled at people and bitten your wife and children. And now," said Roddy, pouring some of the terribly strong mixture in a tumbler, "you're going to go on a bat—that's what. And your wife'll hate you and give you what for, and the family will cast you off in disgrace. Here goes!"

Deliberately, with a spoon, Roddy fed Scotch whiskey out of the glass into the throat of Mr. Grimbage. Spoonful after spoonful fell into that cavity. Oddly enough, Mr. Grimbage did not choke or sneeze as much as you

might expect. So Roddy says, and Mr. Grimbage was too intoxicated later to be able to deny the statement. After a tidy drink had been put away, Mr. Grimbage shook himself free, and made for other quarters, and in the new excitement of being sent out to post letters Roddy forgot all about him.

THE DEBACLE.

IT WAS half an hour later that we stumbled over a gray form which lay outspread in the middle of the hall. "Why will you lie just where people can fall over you, Toby?" we demanded angrily. But with an ecstatic snort Mr. Grimbage rolled over, opened one eye—which gave him the expression of having winked—and solemnly regarded us. Then he tried to scratch a flea with a hind leg which only beat the air feebly. Then he essayed to get up. A fatal move, for he only slid, spread-eagled, over the slippery floor. It was when we knelt down beside him and he opened his mouth to lick our hand that he gave himself away. There was an unmistakable flavor of Wee Tappit Hen, and if ever a dog was smiling, Mr. Grimbage was doing it then. The appalling truth then came upon us. Mr. Grimbage had been drinking! But, impossible! Absurd! He could not have helped himself. Who could have done such a terrible thing?

At that moment Roddy burst in the door.

THE END OF THE STORY.

IT WAS not a satisfactory ending, especially for Roddy. But we will pass that by—merely remarking that it is an awful thing for a boy not to get a single thing on Christmas morning after he had written—with his tongue in his cheek, I'm afraid—to Santy for engines and motor boats and things.



But it was a notable night for Mr. Grimbage. You never saw a jollier chap. He skated over floors, scratched the air, and fell into naps from which he woke to gambol with the world and

make playful dabs at a disgusted house-cat. His wife came up, sniffed at him contemptuously, and left him. Mr. Grimbage didn't care. He might be Grimbage or he might be Toby—or he might be anybody. Once during the evening, he made a dash for the open and tried to bite a passing motor. In dismay the family hurled itself shrieking into the road and rescued him and carried him back. He didn't care. He was out for a good old time and he was a man-dog anyway. This was a game that women could neither play at nor understand. As time went on he grew worse. He even sang. Of course his words were indistinct, but I fancy he was repeating Roddy's oration and commenting gleefully on the fact that he had been a wicked old man and that this was the climax. There was nothing to do but put him to bed. He went gallantly. At the whistle he skated through the house, fell down the kitchen stairs, went sideways down the garden to his kennel and fell in.

And in the morning you should have seen him make for the horse-bucket.

Mr. Grimbage has been "strictly temperance" since. He made no end of New Year's resolutions, mounted the wagon, and has not since come down. Show him a glass and he will flee to the farthest ends and hide in corners. And he took his revenge out on Roddy's Sunday knickers—especially the seat of the same.

Moreover, you can call him Toby, now.

SPRING FASHIONS

LIKE the ladies, the birds are busy now with their spring fashions, and good Dame Nature is certainly a wonderful costumer. In the heart of the Everglades, in the Pearl of the Antilles and the multi-colored tropics, she keeps her store of colors and sunshine, but in the bird-world, unlike ours, fashions are so arranged that each family is supplied with its individual styles and coloring.

The rejuvenescence of mother's and father's dress, though a great source of happiness, no doubt, can be nothing like the elation of the youngsters who will wear spring colors for the first time.



RODDY FELT AN APPALLING DESIRE TO MAKE A SPECTACLE FOR ALL THE CATS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF MR. GRIMBAGE

Mr. Tanager's red coat is sadly in need of re-dyeing, but it will only be the same bright scarlet he wore when he came North last year. Young Master Tanager is shedding his olive-green, neutral clothes, which have been up to this the same color as his sisters', and, no doubt, much to his disgust, have caused him to be addressed as a mere girl by bold tropical mashers. ■■■■

The Bobolinks are also going through their metamorphosis. They have the great misfortune of being a legendary *bonne bouche*, much on principle that as larks sing sweetly all the sweetness in their little bodies lies in their tongues. Caligula, was it, who used to have pies made of lark's tongues set before him at his feasts? Fancy a monster like that having Shelley's sweet bird sacrificed for the sake of his gross palate. Poor Bob-o-linken has been harried and worried, and were it not for the cleverly-concealed nest in the hayfield, the family would probably have long since become extinct. The young males are without doubt watching—with the jealousy of a youth with

his first moutasche—each white and cream feather as it comes, and the little hooded effect of the ivory-tinted feathers around the black face which he sees mirrored in his drinking pool.

Master Red-shouldered Blackbird is winning his scarlet and buff epaulets, and father is shining up his, while mother and the girls are content with nice tailored suits of sober brown, striped with black. Things are reversed in the bird world in the matter of fashions. There, the women are the sensible ones.

From the land of flowers and warmth and sunshine where all this dress-making is going on, let us look in for a moment on the snow-buntings, those exquisite little birds with their soft brown, white and black points, making as they fly a Maltese cross against the snow banks. These wonderful little voyagers have their costumes in the far North, in the mountains of the high lands, and in the glens where lie their corries sheltered by the hills. A writer once described the song of the snow bird when heard in the lonely corrie, where never the track of hunter is seen or crack of the rifle heard, as a wild song of infinite charm and poetry. In it is expressed the lonely grandeur of the fastness away there in Scotland, the passion of the storm, and the glory of the sunshine. One travelling by night across the rocky hill-face once heard "an hour after midnight the snow-bird salute the as yet infant dawn with his clear wild song."

THE POETRY OF TOM DALY

READERS of CANADA MONTHLY have found between its pages from time to time, exquisite little poems signed T. A. Daly. Mr. Daly is here with a whole volume of verse—a new book; "Madrigali" (David McKay, Phil.), which completes the trinity of Celtic-Italian poetry for which this author is rightly famous. The two former volumes, "Canzoni" and "Carmina" met with a wonderful reception, and the same will no doubt be accorded to "Madrigali." No one has seen into the soul of the Italian emigrant as has Mr. Daly. No one has interpreted the

thoughts and feelings of that simple and sincere spirit as he has. It is a child's soul, the Italian, full of surprise, joyousness and faith. It also has the tenderness which is unknown to children—who cannot have it since they do not know tragedy or sorrow. With the Italians, tragedy is racial. It is in their big, soft eyes, and wherever there is tragedy, there must also be sorrow.

No one interprets Dago speech like Mr. Daly. It is perfect, this lingo of the banana man, the organ player, the flower seller. Excellent as is the author's Irish dialect, it is hardly as perfect as the broken, halting vowel-ending English speech of the Italian. And yet—even as I write, the "caoine" in some of those Celtic lilt wakes music in my soul.

From "Madrigali" we take here and there a verse, plucking in this garden of flowers a blossom as we go:

THE ITALIAN WIND.

I do not like da ween' dat blows
 Along da ceety street.
 Eet breengs a message to da nose
 Dat ees not always sweet.
 An', too, eet brags, dees ceety ween',
 How reech som' peopla are—
 Dat's w'en eet's drunk with gasolene
 From passin' motor-car.
 Eet ees no wondra I am sad
 For hear eet blow like dat
 An' speak of teengs I nevva had
 An' nevva gona gat.

So, here I'm sad; but mebbe so
 I weell be happy yat.
 Dere ees een countra-place I know
 A farm dat I can gat.
 An' soon as I can finda man
 Dat like dees ceety street
 An' buys from me dees leetla stan',
 I gona jomp at eet.
 Ah! den w'en I am plant da leek
 An' garlic dere, you see,
 Dose countra ween's dey sure weell speak
 Italian to me!

To my mind by far the best thing Mr. Daly has written is not in "Madrigali". It is neither Italian nor Irish, but pure English—or rather the soul of a man expressed in the tense nervous language which only our purest Saxon permits. It is a poem "To a Thrush," and is one of three prize-winners in "The Lyric Year," a volume published in November last. "The Thrush" received the second prize,



NO ONE HAS INTERPRETED THE THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS OF THE SIMPLE
ITALIAN SOUL AS HAS MR. DALY

and this out of a competition which numbered about nine thousand five hundred poems. It is purest poetry of the higher class, and limited as is my

space here, I felt that a proper appreciation of the brilliant work of T. A. Daly would not be possible if I omitted it.

Here is a verse or two:—

TO A THRUSH.

Sing, clear, O throistle!
 Thou golden-tongued apostle
 And little brown-frooked brother
 Of the loved Assisian!
 Sing courage to the mother,
 Sing strength into the man,
 For they who, in another May,
 Trod Hope's scant wine from grapes of pain
 Have tasted in thy song to-day
 The bitter-sweet red lees again.
 To them in whose sad May-time thou
 Sang'st comfort from thy maple bough
 To tinge the presaged dole with sweet,
 O prophet then, be prophet now
 And paraclete!

The thought in "The Thrush"—I regret that I may not print the full poem—is a beautiful combination of the song of God's Chorister of the forest, and a little child born crippled into the world while "the little brown-frooked brother" is pouring out his throbbing melody.

Poets are the apostles of God. They bring us His messages. They open doors. They enlarge vision. We are apt in the grind, in the commonplace, to lose sight of the gentle personality of God—of the dignity and solemnity of Life. The poet reminds us.

A BAHAI'S BELIEF

I append the following letter:—

ERIE, B. C.,
 December 26, 1912.

DEAR PEDLAR:—

One of your readers who noticed the letter of mine which you kindly published last month, is puzzled about the possibility of being a Christian and a Bahai at the same time. Others may share his perplexity. I am therefore, writing out my reasons as briefly as I can so that you may publish them if you think fit.

I am a Bahai and a Christian because:—

1. The Bahai precepts are identical with the precepts of Jesus as they are laid down in the Gospels and as they were understood by the early Christian Fathers.

2. The Bahai teaching illumines the Bible and shows it to be, not merely a sacred revelation respected by a section of the world's people but the repository of truth from which all religions are supplied.

3. The Bahai teachings explain Jesus' promise: "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold; them I will bring and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." The history of the movement shows how this promise is being fulfilled.

4. The Bahai teachings explain the inconsistencies and mutual persecutions that stain

Christian Church History better than anything I ever heard. They declare that the pure Christianity taught by Jesus is unchangeable and they restate it, holding that inconsistencies and so on in Christians are due to the influence of materialism on their spiritual forces. This materialism must be swept away, even as Jesus swept away the money-changers from the Temple in His day. Each individual can help.

5. Jesus clearly taught that His message to the world was not to be considered a final one. He told His disciples that He had many things to say to them that they were not yet able to bear. This simply means that the law of life is progress. The truth does not change: for it is "The Word" of an infinite immortal Being; but we mortals change our viewpoint continually and need to have re-statements now and then according to our capacity and according to the rate at which we are travelling. To illustrate, imagine how different would appear the same scene when passed in an old-fashioned donkey cart, such as is still occasionally seen on an English country road, and from the luxurious Pullman, travelling at something over sixty miles an hour. Still more striking is the change in a landscape when seen from the standpoint of the aeronaut. Yet the landscape is in all cases the same. Hence the mortal view of Truth has to be checked up from time to time as the world's life quickens.

6. The Bahai teachings focus and account for the religious awakening towards unity that has been such a marked characteristic of this century. The churches are caring for the bodies as well as the souls of men, the clergy are sinking many sectarian differences in social work. Science is showing us the wonderful powers that lay dormant in the human mind and consciousness. We are growing strong enough to "bear" many of those things that Jesus promised to tell His followers. Hence, He comes into our midst again, gently, quietly, humanly, as He came long ago, but this time not in the flesh but in the spirit, speaking first to those whose spirits are attuned to His own.

7. To work is to pray, to love is to serve, to believe is to act accordingly: These are the leading Bahai precepts put into plain and unvarnished language. They seem to me to express the highest and noblest of which our poor human nature is capable.

Please do not think that I speak with any special authority, legitimate or usurped, on these matters. I have just tried to put down as simply and briefly as possible the results of my knowledge of the Christian religion and my investigation into the Bahai claims.

No one can live in these times without feeling keenly the need for religious and social adjustment: and no woman can help sending up an earnest prayer that such adjustment may be brought about by spiritual rather than military and naval forces. Any movement that strengthens the spiritual forces in our midst must appeal to us.

Yours for peace, plenty, purity and justice,
 MARIELLA LADD.

Seigneurial Founders of the Northwest

By the Viscount de Fronsac

WHO in modern, matter-of-fact, grain-growing Manitoba could believe to-day that a plumed knight of the feudal age first set authoritative foot on the soil of that western province, or beheld the distant peaks of the Rocky Mountains with the idea of extending to the waters of the Pacific the limits of the European monarch whom he served? There is not a mark on Manitoban soil to show that the knights of Louis XIV. of France carried thither the lilies of France and the vanguard of a civilization that has passed completely away with the glories of sentiment, honor and chivalry, leaving no trace behind.

Forget Manitoba for a moment, and turn back a leaf of history's page to the ancient feudal province of Normandie, birthplace of so much greatness. Among the seigneurial nobility there in the fifteenth century was the family of Gauthier de Mongauthies. Of this family, the good knight Rene Gauthier, Seigneur de Varennes, was an officer in the regiment of the celebrated Prince de Carigan, which in 1667 was ordered into Canada under the Colonel de Saltieres. The Seigneur de Varennes married Marie, daughter of Pierre Boucher, another officer in this same regiment and administrator of New France, as Canada was then called, and Count de Boucherville.

By this marriage he had several sons, one of whom, Pierre Gauthier de Varennes, Seigneur de La Verendrye, lieutenant and knight of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, was not only one of the most remarkable men of his time, but was one of the seigneurial founders of the Northwest. He was born at Three Rivers in 1685. He entered the army of France and

served with distinction as an officer at the battle of Malplagnet, where, "fighting like a lion," he received seven wounds and was left for dead on that famous field of blood and glory. But he recovered and returned to New France, where his attention was drawn to the subject of extending the King's dominions to the waters of the Pacific, by this means controlling the waters of the Western Seas and all their coasts.

The project appealed to La Verendrye's imagination, and he petitioned the governor, Beauharnois, for a commission to undertake the task, which that officer granted, providing La Verendrye defrayed his expenses from his own private purse, and assumed the obligations of what might result from its failure. That was all that La Verendrye wanted. Filled with enthusiasm at the thought of founding a great feudal state, and undaunted by the thought of the toilsome journey or the damages from hostile Indians, he raised a small company of brave men and departed into the untrodden wilderness.

That is the beginning of the history of Manitoba. In the name of the French King, La Verendrye carried his arms and the banner of France into what is now the most eastern of the western provinces, crossed the site of what is now Winnipeg, and penetrated into the Rocky Mountains far enough to discover the westward flow of the rivers that empty into the Pacific. By his commission, he was governor for the King of all this territory, and he established several forts, one of which was on the Saskatchewan. These he maintained with miraculous success, considering the difficulties with which he was beset. At headquarters he was

continually handicapped by the jealousy and envy of others, and through their plottings he was finally recalled and died before the full fruit of his plans had matured. His sons, who had been associated with him in the work of exploring and developing the new country, left a reputation second only to their father's, whose views were those of a soldier, statesman and imperialist rather than those of a trader or adventurer.

Associated with the annals of the fur-trade are the names of Volant and Radisson, also of the seigneurie, and originating in Provence. Near the town of Manosque, in the South of France, the family of Volant had held the feudal lordship or seigneurie of Arobenas for many generations. An ancestor, Nicolas Volant, entertained King Francis I. in the family manor-house when that monarch visited Provence in 1516. One of Nicolas' daughters had been chosen to present the keys of the town of Manosque to the king on the occasion of that visit, and historians of the province praise her charms and virtue.

Of this Provencal family, a cadet branch became established in Brittany, one of whom, Claude de Volant, Seigneur de St. Cloud, came to New France "for the glory of God and to extend the domain of France under the Royal Standard." He married Frances, daughter of Pierre Esprit de Radisson, a famous explorer, whose wife was a daughter of that Admiral Kerth who had captured Quebec for the English in earlier days, Kerth being a Huguenot exile driven from France in the bloody Huguenot days and in the rival service of the English monarch. By this marriage, Claude Volant, Seigneur de St. Cloud, became Seigneur de Radisson. His name is written broad across the history of the founding of the Northwest, and with his brother-in-law, Chouart de Groseilliers, he became the means of founding the Hudson's Bay Company.

He had been commissioned as captain, and sailed in his ship, "The Eaglet," but the English commander, who was in charge of this ship which was to penetrate the Northwest by way

of Hudson Bay, became fearful before the completion of the voyage, and turned back, in spite of the protests of Volant de Radisson. However, in after years Radisson continued to perfect his plans, for which Prince Rupert stood sponsor. One of his sons, Etienne Volant, Seigneur de Radisson, as colonel of the Burgess militia, promoted the interests of his brother Nicolas in opening up the commerce of the Northwest in furs and carrying on the work of their father.

But the real work of Radisson was accomplished in connection with Groseilliers in the regions of what is now northern Manitoba and western Ontario and the region about James Bay. Groseilliers belonged to the ancient family of Chouart, who had possessed the noble fief and manor of De La Porte in Brittany for over two centuries. One of this house, Medard Chouart, married Marie Poirier at Charles St. Cyr, and their son Medard, moved by the love of adventure, ambition to perform great deeds, and restore the fortunes of his family, came to New France before 1647, where he obtained the Seigneurie of Groseilliers, and where, with Volant de Radisson, he established Rupert's Land.

It was in 1661 that Groseilliers and Radisson made the first explorations of Hudson Bay from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg. They saw that the vast wealth in furs, as well as any other wealth offered by the region, could be collected in stations along James Bay, and shipped direct to Europe. They reported this discovery to the French Fur Company, but without effect. Then they travelled to Plymouth, England; thence to Paris, hoping to interest the French courtiers. In Paris they met Colonel Carr, a Scottish officer, who listened with great interest to their story, and introduced them to Prince Rupert of Bavaria, cousin of Charles II. of England, who was acting as his royal cousin's ambassador in Paris. The result of their interview was that Prince Rupert caught the enthusiasm of the two explorers, and determined to assist them.

In the following June they brought a valuable cargo from New France to

Europe, and this so impressed Prince Rupert that he induced the King in 1670 to grant him and seventeen others the charter of the Ancient and Honourable the Hudson's Bay Company of Gentlemen Adventurers, Trading into Rupert's Land. The Prince became first governor of this Company, and the land over which they had a charter to operate was named after him.

These three men, Gauthier de La Verendrye, Volant de Radisson and Chouart des Groseilliers, were the seigneurial founders of the great Northwest. The first pointed out the possibilities of the command of the Pacific, and the two others demonstrated the feasibility of the sea route from Hudson Bay to Europe, which has so long been a bone of contention and which only

to-day is becoming recognized in its full value. They were men of the race of Champlain and Gilbert, of Carter and Raleigh and Cardross and Cabot. They were soldiers and navigators, historians, statesmen, philosophers and imperialists, instructed in science as their day knew it, and associated with greatness from their childhood. There is little knowledge of them among Canadians of to-day. History remembers them, but no Province has been named for them, and no monument erected to their memories. Perhaps the time may come when the work they did for Canada will be given a truer valuation and a higher respect among those who would never have been, save for these seigneurial founders of the great Northwest.

A LULLABY

BY HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

BYE, little baby, bye, oh bye!
 The gold June moon is in the sky;
 Watch its gleam through the curtain beam.
 Bye, oh baby, off to dream.

Bye, little baby, bye, oh bye!
 The sun's abed and night is nigh.
 Hark to the breeze run through the trees.
 Bye, oh baby, on my knees.

Bye, little baby, bye, oh bye!
 As gently breathing here you lie,
 Wee sleepy head ready for bed,
 Bye, oh baby, sleep, I said.

Bye, little baby, bye, oh bye!
 Day's load shaken with that sigh.
 Snuggle him deep; his toes shan't peep.
 Bye, oh baby, gone to sleep!



HER LINES

"ANYHOW," she says complacently, "my dressmaker told me this morning that I had positively splendid lines."

"So you have, my dear," commented the hard-hearted husband. "So you have, but they are all lines of latitude."

A THOUGHTLESS WOMAN

"MY wife," growled Kadley, "is the most forgetful woman."

"Indeed?" queried his friend, politely.

"Yes; she can never remember in the morning where I put my pipe the night before."

HIS OPINION OF THEM

"AN heirloom," explained the farmer's wife to her thirteen-year-old boy, "is something that has been handed down from father to son, and in some instances is greatly prized."

"I'd prize these heirlooms I'm wearing," remarked the youngster, "a good deal more if they wasn't so long in the legs."

THE RESPONSE WHOLESALE

A SOCIETY woman wrote to an army officer at Fort Sam Houston: "Mrs. Smythe requests the pleasure of Captain Bunker's company at a reception, July Sixteenth."

Next day she received this note of acceptance: "With the exception of three men who have the measles and one who is in the guardhouse, Captain

Bunker's company accepts Mrs. Smythe's kind invitation for the sixteenth."

HIS SUCCESS

"YOUR friend Little tells me he's got his wife pretty thoroughly trained now."

"Yes, he's got her trained so that he can make her do pretty nearly anything she wants to do."

WATCHING HIS DEVOTION

THE big steamer had left the pier. The young man on the tar barrel still waved his handkerchief desperately.

"Oh, what're you waiting for? Come on!" said his companions disgustedly.

"I *daren't*"—with one fearful glance backward.

"What's the matter?"

"She has a field glass," said the young man.

WHAT HE FIGURED ON

A BUNCH of old Banks fishermen in the cabin of a smack had been puzzling for half an hour over the mental problem: "If a herring and a half cost a penny and a half, how many herrings can you buy for a shilling and a half."

"What did you say the mackerel and a half cost?" asked one of the fishermen.

"I didn't say mackerel: I said herring!" explained the skipper.

"Oh, that's different," said the sailor man. "I've been figuring on mackerel."

March





"GOD BLESS YE, TERRY," HE SAID—AND I CAUGHT MY TRAIN EAST BY FAITH

To accompany
"The Heart of Terry Fitz"

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The Heart of Terry Fitz

By Maureen O'Grayham

Illustrated by Marjory H. Mason

CHAPTER I.

“ANYBODY,”—the Guardian of the Gate couldn't see far over his cubic displacement that, lit by official brass buttons, preceded him into space, but Alexander was upstanding and persistent—“Anybody,”—an outlying arm of the Guardian of the Gate grew visible in emphasis,—“Anybody'd think you was a *Doukhobor*!”

Alexander's big hand clenched. “Mighty!” He was always most Doric under emotion. “Mighty!” But the fat back of a Guardian of the Railway Gate may be turned with impunity to the prickliest Scotch thistle.

“Make a black-and-white of him for the ‘Motley,’” I suggested with a tired little giggle, as I slipped through the gate under the escort of a red-cap out of the cosmopolitan crowd that surged behind the spiked railing of the Winnipeg station. The engines in the yard fussed over their business of bearing restless humans to further restlessness; the red-cap balanced my suit-case in two efficient hands and whistled—and I hadn't said good-bye to Alexander.

That fat old official wouldn't let him come with me to my train, just because he had left his Press pass in his other coat, and there wasn't time to go around by the way we knew. Suddenly I was sorry I hadn't been nicer coming down to the station. I signalled to him, as he stood, black and thundery, above the crowd, and away up to the east, where the crowd was not, we found each other again. His hand came through the iron spikes and patted my saucy brown face in his quaint, grandmotherly way.

“God bless ye, Terry,” he said—and I caught my train east by faith.

East! Going east! I couldn't be glad yet. I was too tired. But just the motion of the train, swaying magically eastward, began to take some crumple out of the tiredness. I was so weary of the west. I infinitely hated Winnipeg. That was our text as we started for the station.

“But what way do you not like Winnipeg?” Alexander had wanted to know.

“What way, Aberdeen?” I mocked at him. “Every way. The streets are

so white in the June sun. And I cannot get near the *liebe Gott* for that yellow-brick apartment block opposite my cave. Winnipeg hasn't any soul or any heart-beat—perhaps little pulses here and there—and it hasn't any moods or any mysteries. Everything is so astare. I hate the everlasting topic of real estate. And I'm fed up with your old wheat—wheat is blood, wheat is life, they say—yes, I know, Alexander Archer, but it hardens fresh, sweet soft hearts, and stifles fine intellectual impulses."

"Y'are brilliant to-night, Terry." I suspect always that gravity of Alexander's mouth.

My gravity met his. "Yes, it is just eleven o'clock by the City Hall. I always begin to be brilliant near midnight. I was born then. When are your lit moments, Alexander?"

"Never."

"Brief and definite," I commented, "yet the bows of eloquence are buried with the Archers."

"Ay, bur-r-ried!" Alexander doesn't really burr. His r's are only reminiscent. "Ay, bur-r-ried. Did ye finish your litany o' hate?"

"Not nearly. I'm bored with having a genius for finance. Why should a woman have a genius for finance? When I write again, I want to just babble of utter frivolity. I want to wallow in paragraphs of impertinent color. I want to flute sweet words on a pipe of my own whimsy, and I shall die quite happy when I have scrawled one long string of golden, foolish verse."

"And here I am, dyed in markets, starched with stocks. I won't edit a financial page again—ever, ever, ever, Alexander!"

He caught the appeal. "I know," and his quiet hand closed over mine. "I know—the pains of prose." Alexander always understands. While I waited, my rebellious lip caught under a steady tooth, Alexander began in a solid Scotch manner, (he isn't often *solid* Scotch, praise be!) "There is a subject——" But I bit in, "It hasn't any predicate, Alexander, and won't parse."

"Ye know, Terry,"—the solidity

broke up—"I want to bark back at ye, just a big tolerant 'Woof'. When ye tip your chin up quick like that and snap, y' are for all the world like a bit terrier. Look at yourself yonder." I looked and saw a great pair of lapis lazuli eyes set in a brown, pointed, impudent, little face, with brown-black hair falling over the eyes and being always blinked away,—a Scotch terrier for sure.

"I had rather be an Irish terrier," I sulked.

"Can't buck fate, Terry."

"I can. Positive, Terry; comparative terrier. Note the positive, sir!"

"I have long noted it," he gloomed. "Won't you be positive you love me and will come back and marry me in October?" He was bound to parse that subject. Well, let him! I was tired and excited and reckless enough to-night to tell him the truth.

"How *can* I love you when I'm leaving you this way! Mrs. Browning says——"

"Mrs. Browning be——"

"Dinna sweer sae muckle. How then can I marry you when I've been waiting all my life for an O'—— and you are not even a Mac——? Alexander Archer Ainsley, A. A. A., sounds like something aerated, a bread shop or waters."

"Terry, doan't!"

"Then suppose I finish that litany——"

"But you don't hate *me*, Terry?"

"But I do."

"Diagrams and reasons?"

"Diagram—how would a lion rampant on a yellow field do?"

"But *somebody's* got to be Scotch." He grinned good-temperedly.

"And reasons—you're such an incorrigible *POKE*."

"You mean?"

"I mean that I can't stick around for a year and a half *after* I know what I want and still be wanting it. I mean that I did care, that I knew the first day I ever met you that I had sighted home for the first time in all my upheaving life. And you called at circumspect intervals and smoked your placid pipe before my fire and were comradely and entertaining and hard and cold as your own old Aberdeen

granite. "Good for something," you said once. "Good for tombstones," I told you. Because I was then digging a grave. I waited first in joyousness at what I knew, then in wonder that you did not say you knew too—No, don't interrupt—then in dismay lest I had been too unconcealing. Oh, I used to hold my hands in my lap till I hurt them because they kept wanting to go out to you, and I felt my face flaming often in fear that I had spoken aloud what was singing in my heart and behind my lips. . . . And then I grew afraid you would see the hurt in my eyes, and I couldn't live any longer like that. A woman's pride is all she has, and to live clear-eyed with herself, she must keep her pride beyond all love. So, one night. I sat down with my love and my pride. I decided I couldn't do without you altogether, in all my world was no one so quaint and dear and difficult and refreshing. But this ghastly love had to die, or my pride and my work and I would go trailing in the dust. I am only a little brown girl and I haven't a strong will—a strong will would perhaps have helped—but I killed that love. Only it was hard to do, so that now I am all tired with that, and with choking my soul with work, and now my heart is all a hard cold lump——"

"You silly, silly Gumpus!" Alexander's voice was infinitely soft, "Ye silly little Gumpus!" (whatever on earth that may be)—I was afraid he would take me in his arms right there as I got off the car. "I knew that first day, of course, whenever your bluebell eyes blinked away your falling hair as you nodded to me, I knew that there would be just werselves." (That's his most Scotch word, "werselves") "I could not ask ye to marry me, lassie, that first day. You were getting the most salary——"

"The most salary! You men and your gey pickle bawbees! Marry you! I didn't want to *marry* you." My face flamed again. "I don't ever want to marry anybody. But if I did, I'd rather sit on the end of the sidewalk and eat a crust with the man I cared for than— It was that I could not wait to know that you *cared*. I

was Irish and you made me *wait*——"

"Doan't, Terry! Listen to me. I never dreamed that you did not know in some heartward woman way that I was at your feet. My dear, my dear, for all your Irish I did not know you were waiting. You flew no sign such as you fear. I hoped, of course, but I did not know till you told me just now that you cared. A man has his pride, too, Terry, but my salary is enough bigger than yours, now, my work a sufficient success—Terry!"

But I only shook my head sorrowfully. "You've been a dear to me, Alexander, in all comradely ways, and I would if I could. What you call brilliance to-night is just frazzled nerves. My heart is cold and hard, it will always be, I think. And I am too tired to talk any more. Now, if you pat me on my terrier head, kindly, as indicated by the look of your eyes, I'll—I'll *bite*!" And then we struck on the fat snag. He was so final in his denunciation, "Anybody'd think you was a *Doukhor*!"

CHAPTER II.

FIFTY into twenty-seven, and what room is left for two wide hats? And an awakening to big grey friendly rocks—why, I had been missing rocks all the while and not knowing. And bye-and-bye I could get out and speak to real maples. There are memories of varnished leaves blown up by the wind in the shine of the June sun, of fugitive pools dodging among lively green bushes, of living water whose brisk blue had been all but forgot in a land of brown streams, of jolly, groggy rail-fences and homely tan-bark roads and lanes that were lost in mystery, and in an emerald lake an island all a drift of bloom. A delicate woodland was tamarack, some one said, a subtle, unreal green, light feathery foliage seeking and waving like some sea-thing. Then a shaven and more subdued world still sweet with rose and may. And Toronto with her chestnut blooms unfolding along her streets.

But the streets were surely narrow, so that some constriction came about one's breathing. And suddenly one missed the foreigner on the corner, the

bobbing of gay-kerchiefed heads, the Millet groups, the quaint melange of a Winnipeg Main Street below the City Hall. The Press Folk were beautifully hospitable. I found Alexander's cartoons framed here and there in an editorial office. And they spoke kindly of my horrible talent for monetary matters, and wonderingly, comparing of my fugitive verse. There were satisfying, inactive visits to their lovely golf links, and drives through an endless, rambling real woods they dare to call a park. But, one day, knocking my head against Toronto's sublimely unconscious consciousness of omniscience, I suddenly said within myself, with a gasp of dismay, "I'm a Westerner!" And knocking oftener against that rather wearing consciousness of omniscience, I said out loud, heartily, "I'm a Westerner, glory to God!" But then went on home to see if it were really true, and if already I were looking back at Babylon.

"Mary Anna, Mary Anna, God love you, Mary Anna!" Aunt Brigy laughed and wept and laughed again. Dear old Aunt Brigy who had mothered the brown scrap of a baby that was I, through long, warm careless years! It was my gay young soldier-father, you see, who had got killed so inconsequently but gloriously just before I was born. I was to have been a son, of course. My sweet young mother was going into the shadow after her soldier-lover.

"The baby is Terence," she sighed to Brigy, her old-nurse.

"'Tis a bit av a gurrl." Brigy held me to my mother's lips.

"Call her Terence," and my mother was gone.

"What's this at all?" Brigy was "destroyed intirely," and at a hurried christening, added Mary Ann, "the blissid saints' names." And the brown baby that came to the new country with Aunt Brigy was Mary Ann Terence Fitz-Gerald, if you please. 'Twas an alien folk where she settled, a people who knew not Holy Ireland, nay, who mocked. So "Mary Anna" I was modified to protect me from ribald prejudice. And now dear funny old

Aunt Brigy, all gone puckered and eerie with the years and the "troubles", tucked me into the softest, homiest bed under slanting brown rafters, God-loving me in her soft Celtic, and mourning my thin weariness, and I slept, unutterably content.

And then the days and Mary Anna went lost in an outrageous ease. In the mornings I lay and revelled in the trees at my windows—green leaves nodding in at me welcoming—and revelled the more in the all-gone-ness of yellow-brick apartment-blocks that shut out the *liebe Gott*. The first day at breakfast Jane Driscoll stubbed in blushing, with a bunch of dewy roses—ah, this was my adored East—when before had I had dewy roses for breakfast? I kissed Jane, and, behind her blushing, found her grown very fat, around her mouth and eyes a look as of drab living. Jane and I had gone raspberrying many a hot morning in the fallow-land beyond the wood, and traded sun-bonnets because she preferred the pink frill on mine, and poured water on each other's wrists at noon-tide by the spring in the old hollow stump a-squat in a hoof-marked circle of wet clay. Jane had meant then to be an army nurse with a red cross on her sleeve, and I a missionary to the Chinese. And here she was, blushing before me, fat and drab and house-keeping for an old crabbed father. And here I was, thin and brown and mathematical and ink on my nose. And her eyes were not the comradely eyes of the raspberrying days.

"My brother-in-law, the Inspector, says"—I had been remembering the spring, not listening—"says your 'Dead Sailors' is a very remarkable poem. He thinks you will go far. We are very proud to know a literary celebrity—" Why had her sister Joanna married that high school man? Jane's vocabulary needed rescuing.

"Don't be a silly idiot, Jane," I admonished her. But Jane, stubbing and blushing, had gone. In the fragrance of her roses I forgot her annoying foolishness.

There was a hammock swung under the trees. "Do you know what I'm loving, Aunt Brigy?" Her mystic



I PUT IN A SNAPSHOT OF TERRY WITH HER HEART-SHAPED, AUDACIOUS FACE, AND UNDERNEATH,
"SHE'S VERRA FOND O' SANDY"

old eyes looked and knew. "The feel av the grass under your fut," she said and wondered. It was a surprise again, and a joy like the grey friendly rocks. The loving-kindness of the grass, how I was folded in it as the days drifted past! Aunt Brigy never quite saw that cave of mine hung high above an asphalted street. She would have died so, without grass under her "fut".

That first night John Doremus loomed up before the lazily-swaying hammock.

"How nice of you to come so soon, John Dough!" And I stood up to

welcome him with both hands. He patted them, two in one of his.

"And how nice of *you* to come home at last, Mary Anna! Your hands are pretty as ever, do you mind how I used to admire them in church?" We laughed at the memory of old blandishments.

"Are you impudent still?" he demanded.

"More impudent."

"And conceited still?"

"You, at least, are rude still. Have the years brought you no grace?"

"Now, isn't this great? Here we are quarreling as comfortably as ever.

Curl back in your hammock, Mary Anna, and I'll sit here on Aunt Brigy's best cushion with the shamrocks on, and you tell me about your frivolous life out there, and I'll tell you about my useful one here." That was a moderately long speech from the John Doremus I remembered. His shoulders were a bit more stooped—he was always heavy-shouldered—and his shag of black hair hung over his low forehead as carelessly as in the days when he had chased me, a fleeing young de'il in a white frock, over his lawn and borrowed me in the name of the Queen, one, two, three. He shut his eyes in the same lazy smile. We quarreled most amicably.

In the morning, Aunt Brigy and Gran'ma Bevins watered their geraniums on either side of a fence of white pickets and gossiped rejoicing. Whereafter I found Aunt Brigy directing long, speculative looks in my direction.

"What did she say, Brigy jew'l?" I coaxed her.

"Most times she be a mortal liar"—there, was no venom in the matter-of-fact statement—"but she do be sayin' that Johnny Doremus has never married, an' him wid the grand farrum and a warden in the church and the prisidint av the agricoolteral sassiety, and she do be whisperin' to me, bless me sowl, that the neighbors do all be sayin' 'tis niver a marry he'll marry till he can get Mary Anna." And she blinked at me with a magnificent solemnity, while I went pink with laughter and finally tumbled out of the hammock and buried my face in her calico petticoats.

"God give you sense, the lot of you! I've heard of one pretty girl he proposed to and one to whom he paid prodigious court through two winters. Sure, a terrible time he'd be having waiting for an omadhaun like me. We're just sort of old cousins. You'll come to an awful end, Aunt Brigy, if you gossip with Gran'ma Bevins over that picket fence."

Faith, I began remembering the old ladies again. Alexander would call them "a when damned auld wives."

But "Betther for you!" Aunt Brigy

muttered darkly at me as she went to dig her potatoes for dinner. And I knew she was thinking of the Man of Worth John Dough had grown to be.

A faint, forgotten music stirred the outrageous ease of me in the hammock on an afternoon when showers and winds had shaken out the fragrance of the flowers, the pungency of the green grass, and the scent of the good brown earth. And I followed the odd, faint music around Gran'ma Bevins' corner to discover (with the same joy of remembering stirred by the grey friendly rocks and the feel of the grass) that it was the ring of the stone on scythes. No smelly street-car for an hour first, but just around one's own corner the melody and flashing of birds, the shadows of clouds over the long grass, the shine of buttercups, the white-and-gold of daisies, the tree-bordered fields of new sweet hay, the old-fashioned ring of the stone on scythes. Suddenly I was on my knees, face buried in delicious purple clover. The sweetness of that honey-heavy, honey-perfumed patch of purple clover cured a lot more crumples out of my spirit, and I went softly on to the tangled church-yard on the slope up the road where all my people were lying at rest under their white marble crosses in the shadow of the old lichen-ened church. My own people! And, long after, I went softly back, a tenderer Mary Anna than had been.

In Aunt Brigy's stiff little parlor I found a solid lot of women arrayed for presentation.

"How nice of you to come to see me! And how odd that you should all have happened at once! I'm sorry to have kept you waiting." I was shaking hands, my heart warm to their quick friendliness. But it hadn't happened, it seemed. They weren't personally calling on me at all. This was a deputation from the Women's Club to The Lady-who-wrote, and they said bromidy things to me, and would I speak to their club on a day named?

It was my holiday and there were the nerves and the never having spoken in public. But there were too many of them and they were fluent, with plenty of stress, and I had grown

unused to women. I consented, but the warmth in my heart was gone. Aunt Brigy looked disapprovingly at my short blue cotton frock and scarfed panama on the day I went forth, a pen-and-ink offering. "Lady lecturers," she insisted, "wear dresses wid thrains to thim."

It was a chastened meeting of the "pome, prayer, and paper-on-progress" sort. I just told them of some of the writing folk I knew, especially of what some western women were doing. They came out of their inhuman propriety after a while and asked some questions, and we parted good friends.

Came a peaceful Sunday of bells calling over the fields, and old ladies in black going decorously by to church, old ladies grown prodigiously older than I had remembered, old ladies with one cotton-gloved hand carrying a black parasol of some forgotten vintage and one cotton-gloved hand resting above their high old stomachs, old ladies following old men bent over tapping sticks, the feet of the children along the afternoon way, unnaturally frizzed children with subdued feet and Golden Text expressions, and in the evening the muslin girls and their squeaky-soled beaux going endlessly down the hill and around the square, and all day long the friendly week-day spirit stiffened into a solemn reserve, the reserve greatest towards those of a differing communion.

After that, calamities crowded around my hammock. The Parson came to call. He was not the round, whiskered, human padre of our youth, but a lean, ascetic man with mouth awry from conflicts with earthy tendencies, and an odd hunching of his shoulders when he spoke. He brought me some Church literature out of compliment to my presumed tastes. He inquired about the churches in Winnipeg, the spiritual pastors and masters thereof, but when he got to my own parochial activities I headed him off by a Machiavellian allusion to his garden, of which I had fortunately heard. It was his enthusiasm, but what do you think that man said? Why, that he and his wife loved the

garden and the gardening so that they got up early in the mornings to give it their best, and, then, when they found themselves loving it greatly, they had cut out their gardening as too selfish a pleasure except for a certain necessary time each day. He mentioned my wonderfully wide opportunities for influencing the world for good, and I was pretty thankful when he reached the matter of a contribution to the new baptismal font. I could meet him there for the first time, and for the first time he got a tangible response and went away with a slant smile.

Then "The Weekly Echo" made almost a column about "the native daughter, Miss Mary Anna Fitzgerald, who, under her quaint pen-name of 'Terry Fitz', had brought glory not only to her native town and country, but to all of Canada." The United States was permitted to share the glory, having published for Terry Fitz. Her brilliant school career was reviewed, her journeyings mentioned, her work in Winnipeg all got wrong, her future—oh, wirra, wirra, to be pointed at with pride by an odious local paper!

The depression of it was still upon me, though lessening under John Dough's lazy chuckle of amusement as he read, when Aunt Brigy fluttered excitedly towards us—"Mayor Marshall's comin' up the path," She tugged at my sulky shoulder, "Sure he's the darlin' fine man!" He was the real anointed in public affairs, all right, explicitly a J. P., heavy watch-chain over a prosperous frontage, and the air of one who sat with frequency and with emphasis on important committees. In the days when I was a leggy brown tom-boy, he had come back, a slim young lieutenant, from some North-West rebellion, and, the glamour of warfare round and about him, he had been much at Aunt Brigy's by reason of a wistful-eyed sewing-girl who stayed with us that winter. But he married the smug daughter of the prosperous farmer whose acres touched his own. The wistful-eyed sewing-girl had later married a man who drove the delivery wagon for the grocery. Now the Mayor sat in the best rocker

and talked in ponderous periods while the flower-petals closed.

"I read your 'Vagrant' in last month's 'Tracks and Trails,'" he announced.

"Oh, thank you!"

John Dough choked. But the Mayor waved aside my gratitude and smiled in slow reminiscent savouring of a phrase.—"You spoke of the *person-el* of the wagon-party—*per-son-el*"—he smiled indulgently—"One picks up those queer western phrases, I guess, unconsciously."

My gravity stood the shock, but I changed the subject hastily. "Tell me about yourself, Mayor Marshall."

"Oh, I stay on here, I stay on here." He crossed a foot over his knee—pretty soon he couldn't. "John Mabee, he come back from Ottawa last week—'there's two things always here when I come back,' he says, 'Frank Marshall and the big weeping-willow by the Town Hall, the man and the tree'—he's very witty, John Mabee. But the tree grows and so does the man. I am Mayor for my second term now. Oh, we grow prosperous *and* infloential."

"And your family?"

"The wife is not so well—not so well—but she drives about. I got her a new canopy-top this year. Lucinda is fourteen now, ah yes, fourteen and tall. She is your sort, I wanted to tell you about her, she will come and show you her poems. We'd like your opinion on them. We laid the corner-stone of our new church last month, and Lucinda's poem celebrating the event was published in last week's 'Guardian'. You will judge of her promise. Ah, my dear young lady, you must not be so modest" (I had protested against playing judge)—"not so modest, ah, no, we read what 'The Critic' said of you last winter" (he read too much, confound him!)—"So I came to pay my tribute to Success, ah yes, Success."

"The old blatherskite!" said John Dough as Aunt Brigy attended the Mayor to her honored gate. And then he saw my face. "Good God, Mary Anna," he growled, "Do they *all* talk to you like that?"

I had never heard even a mild swear

from John before and I was very much impressed and greatly comforted.

"Every last one of them," I told him, "Jane Driscoll and the Woman's Club and that odious paper, and the bleak padre and that blatant Mayor, every last one of them, John Dough, but you and Aunt Brigy. Oh Lor!" I sat up in a passion of protest. "Why can't I just belong humanly?" I demanded. "Haven't I fought with their children, and stolen green apples from their orchards and helped marry their daughters and flirted with their sons—"

"You have that." John Dough's agreement was whole-hearted. "Come on for a drive in the moonlight, Mary Anna, and forget them."

For a muzzy week or more the skies went weeping. Reading maketh a full anybody and I was stodgy from overmuch magazines. Bleak a bit in the spirits, too, missing the understanding and mirth of the paper folk, and almost ready, like Edmond Rostand, to hide under the table to avoid my callers who had nothing to say the like of which I had been used to hear.

And just here began to arrive by frequent mail Alexander's diabolically clever series of sketches, "The Moods of Winnipeg," wordless, delicately beautiful, knocking at my memories.

The first was a twisted ribbon of river at the soft going down of the sun, wistful, blurring reflections of full green leaf and mahogany bank and vagrant canoes, and, citywards, dim grey towers with misted fire at the loop-holes.

And I remembered, as he had meant me to remember, the *Fairy Mood*—the long, sweet August day at St. Norbert, green and enticing and Catholic and French, in an atmosphere of other-worldliness, brown-habited Brothers and the quiet Saints in the convent niches and the soft-footed Sisters shepherding homeless babes—then the paddle home along the green-and-gold banks of the Red River into a city nothing a-stare and nothing noisy, but leavened with the magic of a luminous mist, so that an erstwhile ugly brewery became an enchanted castle and all the unrelenting outlines of an aggres-

sive and angular architecture grew softly indefinite.

I grinned a bit at Alexander's canniness, put the picture away in my deepest trunk, and went for an ice-cream with John Dough. One of the attentions that all young men at home pay to the muslin girls is to take them to a stuffy ice-cream parlor in a bake-shop and nourish them with corn-starch frozen.

The next was another twisted ribbon of river, low so that the ripple of the molten current showed the hid stones, the banks were massed richesses of Autumn's staining—he had somehow brushed in the most heart-hushing stillness—and at a turning of a path by a brown bush a woman waited, quiet to weirdness, on her face some strange, exquisite prophecy.

And again I remembered, as again he had meant me to remember, the *Mood of Waiting*. Never was such an October in the pungent, frosty West. Day after day the sky was smoothly blue, the air hushed and listening, the evenings smokily purple as in the East. A strange moon rose at night, smudged-crimson and smoky-amber like a diverted setting sun. It was uncanny the way the breeze never moved, nor the dust lifted, nor any rain hinted, while the Assiniboine dried between her banks, and a look of wonder that held a hint of uneasiness crept beneath the basky enjoyment that, for the moment, softened the keen, bronzed faces of the western city. In the massed trees along the winding rivers were warmth and richesses of color-maturity not often granted them in a land where, their green joy done, death usually was sudden, brown and shrivelly. There were rich russets that almost glowed into deep crimson, and all the wealth of tones down to shimmery pale-gold. The rose-tangles and the underbrush and haws made a soft red warp for the upper weave of green merged with gold, and gold toned to bronze, and bronze deepened to brown. And nothing in all the wood moved save when an old faded leaf, too tired for glory, floated with soft weary grace down to a turf unbelievably May-fresh in an October world.

This time I shivered a bit at Alexander's uncanniness, but put the picture away in my deepest trunk, and drove ten miles with John Dough to see a base-ball match. At the next town they had a professional team, and the young men and the muslin girls all drove to the matches and rooted after their sort and kept note of the averages.

The third was a spread city, indistinct and dwarfed under the dark-blue night sky that comes with glinting frost. And, flung petulantly along the dark were waving wisps and trails of elusive curling color that now seemed to lift and drift in whimsical aimlessness, and now were caught and tangled by a wayward hand, and now were disquietingly gone.

It was the *Woman Mood* he meant. But I, looking at the reckless, impatient, fantastic making and breaking of the beauty of the sky that night, had thought it a woman-mood of God, rather than of the city, God in a woman-mood loving and smoothing and flaunting and flying the rapture of color, the preciousness of the rapture, the splendor of illuminance—then, incorrigibly ennuied, tearing the phantasmal irradiation, disturbing the harmony only to incredibly create further harmony, tormenting the ravishing rose and unearthly green of a blown spirit-garment—then carelessly brushing all the distracting, ghostly loveliness away behind the blue, and turning to the chill sweetness of the infinite stars.

But Alexander found the *Woman Mood* in the city, too. We had but just come from laying frankincense at the feet of a little, little baby, and the gay flicker of spirit on the white face of the girl-mother who used to have a desk in the office, her eerie flaunting of joy in the face of death—it was as heart-shattering as the softness of the baby's head under wandering lips, and the curling of a pink palm around Alexander's inquisitive, awkward, index finger.

Petulant beauty, a white joy, a baby's soft head—I turned the key on that quick-flung picture, the silly heart of me beating up into my throat, but I turned the key. After that, the

pictures went to join the lost in the trunk as they came in the mail, unopened.

CHAPTER III.

I WAS going at last with John Doremus to visit his aunt and cousins on the farm. They all lived in the patriarchal fashion in that part of the East. For the first time since I had come home, I really looked at myself as I dressed before the oval mirror, looked at myself gravely and long, looked at myself long and smiling. "Aunt Brigy," I called, "look!"

She peered at me gravely and long, then peered at me long and smiling. "God love ye!" she said, "you look like Mary Anna at last, the Saints be praised! But ye look," she shook her old head at me, "full av divilmint, full," she said, "av onendin' divilmint." The outrageous ease and the long wet days and the clover in the fields and old John Dough and darling Aunt Brigy and the feel of the grass and my own people under their white marble crosses and the friendly trees and the roses for breakfast, all the dullness, all the dearness had tied up the frazzled nerves all tidy and rested the tired brown face of me until it looked back out of my mirror rounded to the old heart-shape, a warm rose beating under the brown, the eyes not so eerily big now, and the brown-black hair curling more than a terrier's really ought. Aunt Brigy and I laughed at each other with amazing levity and I put on a distracting frock of palest rose and tied a long rose veil over my droopy white hat and set forth with John Dough on excellent terms with the world, the flesh and the devil.

"What are all these parcels cluttering up the buggy?" I demanded.

"Your supper, partly," John told me frankly and pushed as many as he could under the seat.

The afternoon was adorable, not hot enough to subdue one, and all green and gold and blue, an audacious, dancing Pan-day. John, driving home to his aunt, looked so like duty and every-day, with his supper under the seat, and parcels in his pockets, that I was moved to tempt him. "Let's

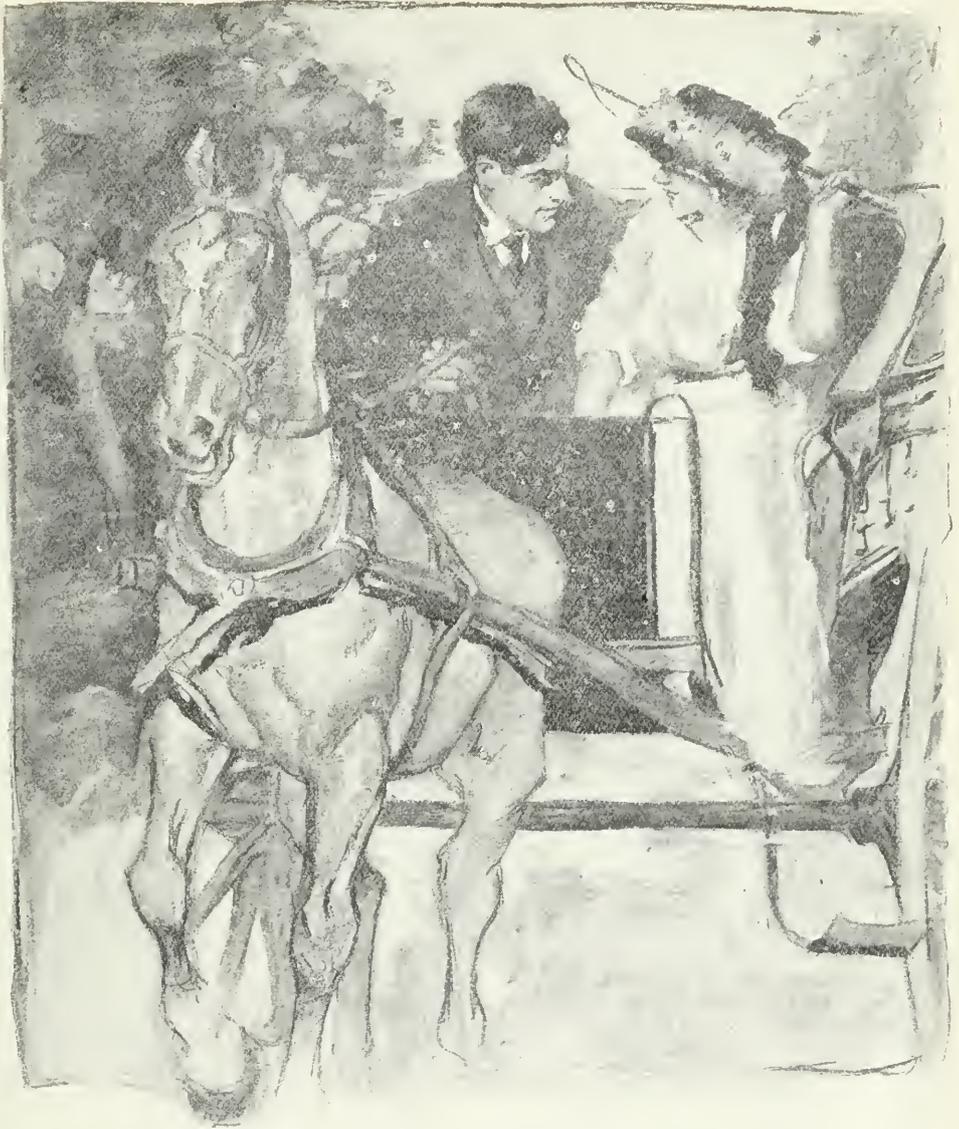
run away," I said, "let's not go to your aunt's. Look at the fields! Listen to the grasshoppers! Sniff this heavenly air! You've spent your life going home to your aunt, John Dough. Let's just follow this road down the hill and run away!"

John looked at the parcels, he looked at the road, he looked at my naughty eyes behind the wayward curls, and he suddenly laughed out loud and young as I had never heard him laugh, and turned old Billy down the hill.

"Let's go fast," I urged, "let's go just lickety-pelt."

And lickety-pelt we flew, the staid horse and the staid buggy and the staid John all rather aghast at themselves lickety-pelting along the staid macadam road. We forgot about the supper under the seat till my white shoe suddenly showed a crimson stain. There were those wretched supper strawberries pouring all over the dusty bottom of the buggy. We gathered them up laughing and gasping over what John's aunt would say, and the rural post-mistress, jogging past with her leather bags, looked suspiciously and sternly at me and nodded severely to John. We drove on and on by delicious fields of clover, past sun-spiced pines, through lanes where trees met above us, and along the edge of shaded blue waters, dawdling mostly, flirting perhaps—I mentioned being on good terms with the devil—and we arrived at John's Aunt Emily's at six o'clock instead of three, and the tea waiting since five. John looked reckless as he handed out the supper strawberries, vouchsafing no explanation to his indignant relatives, and went away to put up the horse; while I explained we had gone for a little drive, and hadn't meant to be so long, and better wash the strawberries twice, the—the—the roads were rather dusty, and how young Aunt Emily looked, and what a pretty frock Cousin Betty was wearing, and I had heard of Elmira's popularity with the neighbor boys, and Aunt Brigy sent them her love and a doilie of Irish lace, and wasn't I growing fine and fat?

Supper and milking over and the hired men gone and the frost in the



"LET'S GO FAST," I URGED—"LET'S JUST GO LICKETY-PELT!"

atmosphere lessened, my hat and dress and all visible appurtenances of clothing were examined and commented upon, and I answered or dodged personal and impersonal questions till I could make John take me home.

"My, but you are a lucky girl!" Elmira envied me in a rather pretty, complaining voice. I don't know of what detail this was apropos as they pried, but I forbore revealing to her the ache of the eyes over proof-reading, the rush at copy-time, the dusty

desks and clicking type-writers, the cussedness of printers, the often late hours, the general ink on the nose—she was so much happier envying me. I grew more glad that John and I had run away from a few hours of this, and I made him take me home as soon as I decently dared, pleading Aunt Brigy.

The queer, warm currents that had been beating up under my skin all day were chilled now, the "divilmint" was gone. Air can only temporarily charm

an ache. And here in the moonlight the ache was growing very poignant, the ache of losing my path in the home-wood, the ache of missing the happening of things, the ache that Alexander's *Woman Mood* had brought beating into my throat. The heavy horse stodged along the fifth concession, atoning for his lickety-pelting of the afternoon, the moonlight swooned above the fragrant, misty fields, somewhere crickets shrilled, somewhere frogs bubbled, long ago our talk had died away in the wake of the moon.

Some vagrant breeze lifted my rose veil against John Dough's dreaming face. He caught some in his teeth, turned tense and white to me, visioning in the moonlight the heart-shattering curling of a pink baby-palm around a granite Scotchman's awkward, inquisitive finger, shocked me wide awake by some new quality of strain in his usually so-lazy voice. "Mary Anna, don't go away ever again. Stay home and marry me."

God in heaven, what was the matter with all the men? My good old friend, John Dough!

"John Dough," I said, startled and angry, "don't be any more foolish than the Lord made you! Whip up that horse and drive me home as fast as ever you can." But John Dough caught my hands. "I have loved you all my life, Mary Anna. But you were always so scornfully merry and so hard. And you were so clever and ambitious. And I let you go and waited. And then you came back so tired and worn, softer than I had ever dreamed of you. You have been different—and I thought——"

I struggled for the whip or the reins, but he held me still. "Stay here, Mary Anna," he pleaded, "look how rested you are, all your own self again,—you may write all you want—we will go away—anything now, for times are good. Mary Anna, I love you—I want you——"

"Oh, how *could* you, John?" I panted. "The weariness and softness were because of another man——"

"But all summer you——"

"I didn't—how could I know?—they were all so tiresome putting me

on a cold old pedestal—all but you—and we were such good old friends—oh, John, drive me home!"

What *had* that mad day done to him? Staid, quiet, lazy, good old John! With a queer, white face and reckless, blazing eyes he caught me into a fierce embrace, kissing me on my bare rebellious lips until I somehow, praying to God, got one arm free enough to strike old Billy with the stinging whip. And while Billy plunged and the buggy rocked and John came dazedly back to some of his senses, I found myself beating in some white, primitive, outraged anger at John's stricken face.

"Don't touch me," I moaned, when he would have helped me from the buggy at the gate, "and never come near me again."

And I threw myself on the white bed under Aunt Brigg's brown rafters, threw myself and my rose frock and my rose veil and the strawberry-stained shoes down in an agony of grief, and rage, and humiliation, and self-reproach, and revelation; for I, who had no gift of tears, cried desperately till dawn, while the hard cold lump finally melted away, and I knew that the only thing in all God's earth that I wanted now and always, East or West, asphalt or daisies, was just Alexander.

So, in the dawn, I rose and wrote to him. I have to be honest or die, and I told him everything. And because I am Irish and my heart lifting suddenly with the writing, I put in a snapshot of a few days before, Terry with her heart-shaped, audacious face in her summer braveries of frills in a gay green world, and underneath, "She's verra fond o' Sandy". This was all my admission. The rest was maist confession.

And then, God bless him, knowing intuitively my need, he wired, "She's ma dearie, ma unco' dearie"—he had told me once it was my high truth he loved me for. But Alexander was growing quite human. Fancy his banging his perfectly good saxpences like that! Still, it was never saxpences Alexander was ungenerous with.

CHAPTER IV.

HE has started his new illustrated paper now. The "old thief of an uncle" opportunely crossed the Styx, and Alexander has enough capital for the independent journalism he craved. He is quite mad about the West, but he thinks our papers, the Winnipeg ones chiefly, are a bit bleak, reflect most dully the warm, various-colored life around them. And he wants, too, to emphasize more a Canada of the spirit in contrast to the material advantages we are so prideful over. I look forward to great fun when his satiric pencil gets after some of the frantic local politics of the West. His "A wee fou" rocked the city with laughter and never mind your party politics. He is gathering about him a staff to send dull goblins flitting.

I am to have a page of my own. Because I was weighted to solidity for so long, I shall call it "Bubbles". Alexander has done me a drapy lady with dreamy hair blowing shiny, soapy, iridescent bubbles across a summer meadow. And my page shall be lightness and foolishness and color and joy and dreams.

For the rest, I'm going to drop myself where every woman belongs, into the deeps and restfulness of her man's bigness. But because I never want to rest long, there is the excitingness of Alexander. He is of such great sweetness and of such sudden quaint gnarliness, he says the most outrageous things with the face of a sucking saint, he has a wonderful amount of what would be quiet insolence towards the world were it not tempered by his frank, freckled smile. The awful squareness of his jaw is softened by his adorable mouth. I am so glad he is

over six feet, big and rich and warm, I am so proud he doesn't care a damn, I am so in love with his tousled yellow hair. When he comes in from an outdoor expedition his fair skin is so aflame beneath that fury of hair and his scowl of eyebrows that he looks like a terrifying Northern warrior. ("Face like raw beef," sneered All-Night Algernon, from behind his cigarette smoke. "Face like raw dough," I flung back at him, handing him a pocket-mirror. No more Orpheum tickets thereafter for Terry Fitz. A-weel!) He has the deepest bass that ever woman thrilled to, with a coax to its deepness that draws the heart right out of your body. I fancy he has always gone loved by women. I can see the Aberdeen lasses idling for him—and no fault of his, I'm sure—his granite apartness would never even know. His absence is growing big in the days. Yesterday he sent me our paper's cover design in all its blazon and braveries. To-day there was a little sketch of a small brown girl and a big fair man seated on the last board of a dilapidated sidewalk nibbling at a single crust.

He is coming for me when the woods are red. Aunt Brigy says "it bangs Banagher" and "Ochone" and she's "clane bate wid it," and to myself I add "Wirra, Wirra, for the Scotch granite of him and the impulsive Irish of me."

I went to-day to see the wistful-eyed sewing-girl, and she has a soul of porcelain instead of the brown-delf one of the Mayor.

I have one grief. I can never be an O' now.

But he's coming when the woods are red.





WHEN THIS "ALASKAN HOLDUP" WAS FIRST TRIED OUT, THE ACTOR BEHIND THE DOGS SHOUTED "GEE!" AND "HAW!" IN VAIN TO THE HUSKIES WHO REFUSED TO RECOGNIZE HIS OX-TEAM VOCABULARY

The Magicians of the Movies

By Sarah Helen Starr

Illustrated from Photographs

Courtesy
Republic
Film Co.

NICKELS and dimes, collectively, are of as much importance as five dollar gold pieces, all of which goes to say that a great quantity of those small amounts paid in daily to the moving picture people has hurt all sorts of other business, and especially the legitimate theatre. Henry W. Savage says that the auto

has made inroads upon first floor audiences, vaudeville and pictures combined take the balcony while pictures take the whole gallery *en masse*. The news-of-the-world photos on the two front pages of the weekly magazines are lessening in interest for in Pathe's and other weeklies one can see world doings of importance actually

taking place in the country where they happened. These have been caught by great numbers of watchful camera men all over the globe.

Of course, the slight cost of entering the picture show has a great deal to do with its popularity, but there are more reasons than that. The question of time is quite as important in this busy world. Business men, shoppers and school children can "drop in" to see a show whenever it is convenient. They are short enough not to tire one's patience and varied enough to suit all. Historical pageants please the serious, comedy the care-free and melodrama the emotional.

The change in attitude of the film companies is very interesting. Several years ago the "movies" were rather forced upon an unwilling public. It was quite the thing to leave a vaudeville house when the pictures began to appear. The companies had to offer great inducements to actors to work in their pictures, and only the poorer ones, with no hope of advancement in the profession, would pose for the camera. The film companies paid these well and furnished the costumes. When a company went into the Adirondack woods for snow pictures they were furnished with fur coats and caps, woolen stockings, moccasins, etc., to provide for their comfort and keep them contented. For what director could tell when a New York manager would telegraph for one of its actors and the latter would return to the footlights?

Money dignifies many professions and breaks down barriers of prejudice, so more and more of the profession saw the advantages of picture work and fairly clamored for its rewards. Now, only actors with years of experience to their credit will be considered for "leads" in the pictures. The film companies have become quite independent with the great growth in their business and no longer pay exceptionally high salaries except to the members of their stock companies.

The plot of a picture follows the scenario or written story outline which some writer has sold to the company. Most of the harrowing melodrama

which one sees has been written to fit a location. The company perhaps goes into a region where great rocks and precipices abound. Then the scenario editor, or director, or somebody connected with the firm writes a story of love and intrigue in which he can use that hanging shelf of rocks or this particular cave to advantage. The result is a melodrama with no particular point in view, except to be so full of excitement and action that our eye must work fast to follow the "harrow." Pictures of this sort—made to fit a location—are the poorest produced, because anyone could write such stuff and audiences themselves realize this. Some companies have all their scenarios written "at home" and at times by one man, but he soon runs out of clever ideas and proves beyond a doubt that the company must buy of outside professional writers or soon go to the wall. And, so, now, almost all the firms buy their stories from writers and pay anywhere from \$10 to \$200 for them, according to what they are worth. It is said that our cowboy Western pictures are much in demand abroad, especially in Italy.

The companies produce from two to five pictures a week according to their capital and equipment. One company has not bought scenarios from outside writers for two years because they are specializing in the production of stories taken from the best literature and history, and these can easily be arranged by their scenario editor from the books themselves. It is a bad plan for writers to attempt to dramatize books for the film as most of these will cause copyright complications.

There are thirty studios in this country where moving pictures are taken, some of them large buildings, glass covered, and with space for many stages to be used at the same time. The actors rarely have an idea what the entire story is about but do the separate scenes as they are directed. The stage manager or "director" says, "Enter right, kiss your mother who weeps by the table, clasp your sweetheart tenderly and, taking your gun from the wall, say 'Farewell'." A scene is usually rehearsed once or twice.

Then the camera begins to turn. The actors "fit the word to the deed" and compose lines as they act to make the whole more realistic to themselves and the picture on the screen more convincing.

When an actor first applies for work in a picture concern she or he is usually put on a few times in mob scenes to see how the features photograph. All actors at first thought they were fitted for picture work, but many find the "posing" very different, from what they expected. A successful actor may have been particularly valuable because of his flawless enunciation, which, of course, is valueless in the pictures. Another may have been a splendid singer with a remarkable taste in gowning—all of which is good in its own sphere. The picture actor must be an expert pantomimist, and in these days of suppressed emotions on the legitimate stage the old Shakespearian type of actor whose dramatic outbursts carry him all over the place is rare.

If the actor has made good in a few mob scenes and can ride a horse, swim and be otherwise useful in outdoor scenes he may, in time, be asked to join the stock company at a regular salary.

Some actors depend on the bright lights, the music and an artistic setting for their inspiration. Some of the best professionals do badly in rehearsal, only to rise to heights supreme on "first nights". The picture actor has no such inspiration. His acting must come from within. Only too often he does an emotional scene in a cold, bleak exterior immediately after breakfast in the morning.

Professional actors hired by the day earn from five dollars up according to their value and reputation. "Supes" earn about three dollars but are many times more bother than they are worth. A band of these will charge over a hill and storm a fort with great dash and spirit in the rehearsal, only to be struck stiff with fear when the camera begins to turn. One of their number often falls down in the wrong place, causing involuntary leap-frogging by those

behind, and the whole has to be done over again.

Stock actors earn from forty dollars a week up to two hundred dollars or more. Mabel Taliaferro, who was especially engaged to play in "Cinderella" earned more for her services than she has ever done in a whole season on the road. Bernhardt received thirty thousand dollars for posing in "Camille," and Rejane a fortune in "Madame Sans-Gene." Some actresses in New York prefer to work by the day than to belong to the regular stock of one company. One emotional actress, formerly a protegee of Frohman, earns fifteen dollars a day from the different companies who hire her. "I can do a scene or so for the B— Company in the morning, and if they are through with me can go to the F— Company in the afternoon, receiving a full day's pay from each firm. When the photography turns out badly 'retakes' must be taken and I have another day or so of posing the scenes over again all of which is paid for at the regular rate."

The picture actress has many advantages over her professional sister. She can stay in one city month in and month out; nor does she have to pack and "live in a trunk" as she must on the road. She can have a home and does not need to be separated from her husband. Her savings bank account can grow normally as it is not subjected to the jolts which it would receive when confronted by excessive hotel rates in small towns or robbery in station lunch rooms. Neither are the attentions of the stage-door "johnny" forced upon her, for she goes to the studio in the morning and leaves before dark. Her hours are those of people in other lines of business and not the impossible fly-by-night ones which rob one of beauty sleep. Best of all she can criticise her own work. The chief reason why we have so many poor actors is that they cannot see themselves. Some of these have corrected faults of speech by use of the phonograph, but the picture actor is brought face to face with his own shortcomings when he sees his work on the screen. One

company requires that all its stock players come to the studio Wednesday evenings when the pictures of the preceding week are run off. Each actor then sees and studies his own weakness and, if he is wise, improves accordingly.

The profession of acting has not been one reputed for its healthfulness—the familiar figure of the long, sallow, lean actor only too vividly makes one think of long rehearsals in a musty, dim-lit, cold theatre, a make-up put on in a small room, dusty with flying powder, and a late bed-time hour. Picture work is one of the most health-

film. The actress who runs out of the house with her child in her arms must dodge the flames to escape bad burns.

A certain picture story demanded that there be a collision between two trains in a tunnel. The company journeyed over to the Jersey side from New York and followed two tracks to the opening of a large tunnel. Suburban trains come and go through this tunnel at the rate of about one every two minutes. The director decided to take the picture of a receding train with its smoke issuing from the mouth of the tunnel and immediately follow it by the appearance of the fainting



Courtesy of Reliance Co.

PRINCESS MONA DARKFEATHER, ONE OF THE LEADING ACTRESSES OF INDIAN PARTS, AND IRVING CUMMINGS, LEADING MAN OF A WELL-KNOWN MOVING PICTURE COMPANY

ful professions in the world when the outdoor scenes are taken. Of course, there are hardships and dangers connected with this as well. Much of the riding is bareback and that takes skill. Several actors have been drowned while swimming in the open ocean for shipwreck pictures. Jack London's camera man took great chances on a wooded island in the South Seas when he photographed a panther.

The burning of a cottage is often produced by taking strips of old film and running these under the eaves and about the foundation of a building. These are then lighted, producing splendid flame and much smoke which runs around the house with great rapidity, following the path of the

and injured people being carried out into the air. It was necessary for the actors to go into the dark tunnel and stand on the opposite track while the train thundered through, then dash through the smoke to the track over which the train had just passed and out into the air before the camera. The time had to be calculated to a second and a switchman hired to watch the signals, for only a minute could be used before two more trains would dash in and out of the tunnel.

One daring actor jumped off Brooklyn bridge for the camera, but such thrillers have no great value, as audiences are more horrified than elated with such risks. Another leaped across a great gap between two rocks

at the Dells in Wisconsin, causing a thriller film and some notoriety. In one instance a loaded revolver was used by mistake, exploding in the very face of an actor seated across a card table from another. The victim was not killed, but almost completely lost his eyesight and the matter cost the picture concern a pretty sum of money in exchange for which the actor received some meager satisfaction and agreed not to talk to the papers.

When animals are used a director has real troubles. Even a trained horse must be rehearsed again and

them, for they did not know his voice, nor appreciate his ox-team vocabulary. The man who could control them was no actor. The company were puzzled. Someone had a bright thought and suggested that the dogs always turned off there because they smelled their home camp in that direction. After that the scene was done from another cut in the woods from which their noses could be pointed homeward, and later, whenever the dogs were used, they had to be photographed at a time of day when the sun and the location suited the stubborn animals.



Courtesy the Lubin Co.

INTERIOR OF A MOVING PICTURE STUDIO SHOWING THE DIFFERENT STAGES. ON ONE AN ACTOR ENTERS RIGHT, KISSES HIS MOTHER, AND, TAKING DOWN HIS GUN FROM THE WALL, SAYS FAREWELL! WHILE AT HIS LEFT ELBOW ANOTHER MAN CONFESSES TO A PRIEST IN PRISON OR RESCUES A FAINTING HEROINE FROM A BURNING BUILDING

again for the scenes of the story, but when untrained animals are used production becomes so expensive that it is almost without profit. They will run in the wrong direction time after time and waste many feet of film. A string of Alaskan huskies attached to a dog-sled were supposed to be caught by the camera as they dashed through a cut in the pine trees after the villain, who had preceded them on foot. The dogs would come just to the cut, then turn and go off in the opposite direction. The actor who rode behind them shouted "gee" and "haw" (right and left) in vain. He had no control over

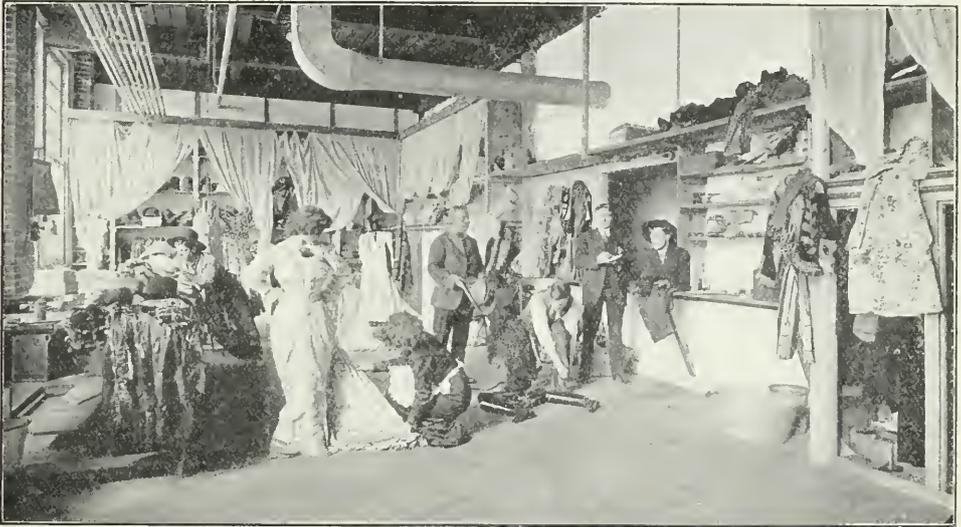
Cold and heat alike have to be endured by the picture people. A company doing snow pictures along the Maine border made many picture stories near a lumber camp when the weather was twenty below zero. A fire was always started so that the actors who were not in some of the scenes could be kept from freezing, and dinner was brought from a nearby hotel in fireless cookers and thermos bottles. This same company spent a season in Arizona riding horseback at breakneck speed many days when their eyes were burning red in the hot sun, or doing touching love scenes in a

cactus desert with the sun scorching their shirts.

Very funny things constantly occur in each company. One of these came near having a tragic ending. A troupe were sent to Lake Tahoe in California to take a few realistic Indian pictures in the woods. One day a bewhiskered and swarthy actor in hunter's clothes was dragging the blonde ingenue by her hair when an old hunter rushed out from his cabin and was about to shoot the brute. The hunter had been lost to civilization for so long that he had never heard of

from the crowd of bystanders danced a hornpipe. And he had done it well too—so well that the whole action of the story would have been lost to an audience. No one had noticed this when the scene was taken but, of course, the whole had to be taken over.

A certain story began by Gertrude saying good-bye to her lover from her front door steps in June. Bushes bloomed near the step and the sun shone brightly. The next scene carried the story to winter before the same steps, so it was necessary that the film people transform one season into



Courtesy the Lubin Co.

EVERY MOVING PICTURE STUDIO HAS A WELL-EQUIPPED WARDROBE ROOM, WHERE ANYTHING FROM A MANDARIN'S CEREMONIAL COSTUME TO A NEWSBOY'S RAGS MAY BE FOUND. A COMPANY WHO WENT INTO THE ADIRONDACKS FOR SNOW SCENES WAS COMPLETELY OUTFITTED WITH FUR COATS AND CAPS, MOCCASINS, WOOLLEN STOCKINGS, AND UNDERWEAR BY THE FILM COMPANY

moving pictures, and the director, hero and supes were forced to dash the gun from his hands and forcibly hold him until the matter could be explained.

One day a crowd of "supes" were gathered together for a scene on a city street. The heroine and other actors were stationed at the centre for the main action. All had been rehearsed, so the scene was played and recorded by the camera. What a surprise when the film was run off for the first time in the studio! The interest of the picture was not at the center at all but one's attention was immediately drawn to the right corner where some freak

another by scattering white powder and "fake" snow over the ground and putting a dark glass over the camera shutter to make the day seem dreary.

A travelling man once remarked to a moving picture owner who sat next him in the Pullman that he wished he were in the moving picture business himself. "You do, eh?" remarked the moving picture man, sardonically. But the travelling man persisted. "Why, you people find a few mountains for a setting, throw in a couple of love scenes and send the film all over the world to be sold at a big profit."



Courtesy the Reliance Co.
EDITH HALDEMAN, A "JUVENILE" WHOSE FACE IS
FAMILIAR TO MOST MOVING PICTURE "FANS"

Whereupon the film man began to talk about his troubles.

"The country is not all ours," he began. "We had just picked out an ideal spot in the Adirondacks for a battle when the man who owned the property rode along and said we had better consider ourselves on the other side of that fence, and that he had never had any use for picture concerns anyway."

Then the film manufacturer went on to tell how they hunt locations. As soon as a company arrives in a new country the directors spend several days in driving about to find beautiful settings for scenes in each story to be produced. Some of these scenes of out-door grandeur are the very thing the audience carries away in its mind when the story has been forgotten. At times one exclaims with rapture over that nearby valley or distant high mountain with its pines brought into relief against a perfect sky. The sun is just right there at noon and all is well until one of the party catches sight of the ever-present telegraph poles and wires which bisect the view. Impossible to an audience, for such a scene must give the impression that it is far from civilization. Every colonial home, broken down spring house or babbling brook is noted by the picture people for future use and often a whole story is built extemporaneously, as it

were, about a particularly novel setting.

Arranging the scenes is one of the most complicated problems which the director must work out. If he is producing several stories that week and in each of these there are several separate scenes to be enacted in a given location, he usually does these one after the other on the same day, thus saving much valuable time. In the studio too, all the scenes to be done before certain scenery are done in succession so that the place can be cleared for a new "set". Of course, the process is confusing to the actors in the story, but that is where their adaptability and experience in changing from role to role comes in. If each story were produced or acted out scene by scene in the order it appears in the picture theatre, the company of actors would continually be bobbing from place to place.

One might ask how the story is finally put together to be run off from one long film. Say that the scenes are taken according to accessibility to location and not in exact conformity to the story. Perhaps the whole plot includes twenty scenes. The director has numbered these on the scenario which he holds in his hand. Now, he finds that scenes five, eight and seventeen are to be taken on Jones's porch, so he decided to take these three bits of acting in succession. Just before the scenes are taken someone holds out cardboard numbers five, eight and seventeen before the camera, and by a couple of turns of the camera crank the correct number of that scene is recorded. When the complete film of that story is sent to a city laboratory for development an assistant there, whether he knows the first thing about the story or not, can "splice the film"—that is he can cut the film where each number appears, and reattach the pieces in their correct order from scenes one to twenty.

Much time is wasted on certain days because the sun is not out or because it rains or snows. All that time the company has its expenses of salaries to its actors and directors. The companies which have large studios can

usually make a "fake" exterior on bad weather days and thus finish a story which must be on the market the day it has been promised. One company had taken a story in a snowy out-door setting in winter. One scene had to be taken over, but in the meantime the snow had completely melted. Clever stage hands rigged up a studio snow setting for this one scene and when the whole story was "run off" the most observing spectator did not recognize the difference.

Many companies have gone to cold regions for snow pictures and found this an extremely expensive process, as the danger and trouble from "static" is so frequent. "Static", or electricity in the film, appears at ordinary temperatures when the film is too old; and is caused in cold regions by friction as it moves around in the camera. On the developed picture the film shows half transparent trees in the background, or is as if marked by streaks of lightning, and cannot be sold if it is very bad. Of thirty-four picture stories taken in the north woods in winter by one of the largest firms in the business, twenty-five were full of static. Imagine the loss of money in that venture!

When a company is sent to a small town in California or perhaps another to a Maine village or lumbering camp, it is the policy of the director, advertising man and the rest of the troupe to make friends immediately with the local newspaper people and all the other prominent dignitaries of the place. Also, one keeps one's eye open for local talent. By thus being on friendly terms with the town the company can win all sorts of favors. They may want to use the engine at the railroad station, or take a scene at the saw-mill, or another in the lobby of the local hotel. At Saranac Lake last winter a company found that the place afforded some wonderful skating rinks and that the amateur champion skaters of the world resided here. They immediately made friends all round and were able to weave several stories about a skater, using these amateurs in the pictures. Ice-boat experts also kindly offered to dash

across the lake in several scenes and before the first week was out the whole town was following the "movies" people about and wishing audibly that they could be in a picture.

One morning a disastrous thing happened. The director wanted a great crowd to file between a cut in two snowy hills for an Alaskan story which had to have its Chilkoot Pass. He thought he could get more men in the picture if he issued his call for early Sunday morning. The newspaper proclaimed the call for a mob and several posters were placed in windows of the stores. On Sunday morning the thermometer read about thirty below zero, but the interested crowd came out in throngs, small boys predominating. And then they waited. The camera man did not arrive. All the rest of the company were there and all was ready but the camera man had not come in the sleigh. A half hour and then an hour passed. A team had gone for him but did not appear. The people began to feel the cold and one by one slipped away toward home. The director did his best to keep the throng together, but without success. When the camera man did arrive no crowd of would-be Alaskan miners were there and from that day on the company found it impossible to gather together a crowd in that community.

When a picture has been run too



Courtesy the Reliance Co.

ALICE JOYCE, A STAR ACTRESS WITH ONE OF THE WELL-KNOWN MOVING PICTURE CONCERNS

much long streaks called "rain" appear in the film and mar the scenes. As soon as "rain" begins to be seen the film sells to the theatres at a much cheaper price, and is called a "second run picture." Most small theatres use a few "first run pictures" and some "second run" ones to reduce renting expense. The better moving pictures houses will not use anything but "first run pictures" and make much of advertising this fact. A phenomenon known as "hylation" sometimes occurs when men in evening dress with white shirt bosoms are used in the scenes of a plot. A ghost-like figure, really a sort of a reflection of the lights on the shirt bosoms, follows the actors about the room.

Another expense is often encountered when the "supes" strike. Two hundred of these at three dollars apiece per day had done all the big scenes in a war story as they were told, but just as the work was nearing an end it was necessary for them to ford a stream waist deep. They absolutely refused, saying the water was too cold. No amount of persuasion would win them over, so that scene had either to be eliminated, spoiling the crucial part of the story; or the company had to find new supes. To show the company's authority it was much better to find new supes, so four days was spent in gathering together a new force and these cannily refused less than four dollars a day!

The old trick pictures where furniture danced and walls wiggled are about ended. Audiences seem to prefer "straight" stories of love, comedy and adventure in natural settings. Modern trick pictures might be said to be those in the realm of botany and zoology. In these, flowers grow from the seed, going all through the stages from bud to bloom, and educating the young mind through its wondering eyes. In the "Odyssey" and other pictures fairies and giants are sometimes seen. The apparent differences in stature of the actors is produced by the use of mirrors and reflectors on two separate stages. One of these stages is at the side of the camera and the actors who are to appear very small act their parts

here. A mirror, back of the other stage, facing the camera reflects these actions, making them appear very small on the finished picture. The actors who are to appear large act directly before the camera. The corresponding size of "props" takes some skilful managing on the part of the producers.

Double negatives are appearing quite generally among the film stories at the theatres. In these, two separate pictures are exposed to the same negative. When the mother sits by her library table thinking of her long lost child the action of the little one at play is taken and appears as if in the background of the same picture, the one fading into the other.

The expense of costuming is not nearly as great for the moving picture actress as for one in the profession. Color does not have to be reckoned with so it is possible for her to wear a blue skirt, pink waist, yellow tie and green belt if she wishes. The screen calmly translates the outrage into neutral grays and whites. Black gowns trimmed in wide mesh white lace photograph most effectively, but the actress must be careful not to wear too much white near her face. Large plaids are extremely effective in out-of-door scenes with a snowy background. The larger companies have great wardrobe rooms where a force of dressmakers are constantly busy with costumes and draperies.

Everyone acknowledges that the films are improving. The National Board of Censorship in New York has helped the matter along. The approbation of this board has become an established custom, and, although it would not be considered unlawful to produce a film which they disapproved, one would be the laughing stock of the rest of the film concerns, and the theatres, in all likelihood, would refuse to use the film as its patrons would ask for the usual "Passed by the National Board of Censorship" stamp. Murders and suicides cannot be acted before a camera, or they will not pass this board. Actions conveyed to the sight have such an effect upon the memory that no scenes of violence or indecency

can be allowed. Each picture, if it shows scenes of violence at all, must prove that the object of the film is all for the right, and right must predominate over wrong in the end of every story. One comedy picture had a bright and original plot which would not pass the board for this very reason. A band of robbers gave a sum of money to a poor widow who had been crowded to starvation point by a mean landlord. Then, in order to make good the amount they had given her, the robbers held up the landlord, taking away the very amount she had just paid him and escaped victorious. This made robbery a smart trick and a bad influence to young moving picture enthusiasts.

Two years ago it was said in New York that Charles Frohman had such an aversion to the pictures that any actor who came to him for a position, saying that he had been with such and such a picture concern, was in a way to be put out of the office. Now, the papers declare that he himself is about to launch into the picture business on a large scale.

The Kinemacolor and other concerns have done great work with colored pictures. They have been successful in producing pictures in their natural colors, although yellows do not yet photograph as yellow.

Thomas Edison proposes to teach children geography, biology etc., by

means of films. He is now preparing a complete school course of films which he will soon show, and a school in Orange, N. J., has been given over to him for the use of the first trials. He maintains that he can supply any school with a film service amounting to one hundred dollars a month in cost. The one objection so far to the use of films in the school seems to be the danger to the eyesight of too much of that sort of thing.

Rapidity of developing films is also worthy of note. It used to take about four weeks to take a picture and have it ready for exhibition. Pictures of the recent floral and industrial parades of the Potlatch celebration in Seattle were shown in the theatres three days after parade day!

Some of the film companies are now sending out lists of musical accompaniments suitable for use with certain films. With historical and poetical portrayals these are of prime importance.

Seventeen thousand theatres in the United States show pictures daily. The B— Company may make seventy-five copies of a certain story, sending these to seventy-five theatres per day. Two thousand people attend each of these theatres every day—that means one hundred and forty thousand people a day are influenced by just *one* film; inspired to laugh or cry, or perhaps imbibe a bit of education unawares.

WITH A SHAMROCK

BY JOHN DUNCAN HOWE

HERE'S luck to you in fair weather,
And luck to you when it's foul;
Here's luck to you altogether—
Lark-time, or at call of owl.

Luck's a jade no man may whistle,
None may hold and none recall,
But

There's a rose with every thistle,
And a shamrock with them all!

In the Evening



By Will E.

Ingersoll

AN IDYLL OF LOVE IN LAVENDER

With Decorations by Frederic M. Grant

THE evening brightness streamed through the opening where the path ran between two bent old willows, to end its wandering with a neat bend between the diamond-shaped flower-beds and stop restfully beneath the scrubbed doorstep of Miss Craig's cottage.

The square cottage-window gave back the glow of the entering light with a reticent sparkle of its four small panes; and into the two soft eyes set in the little old face that looked out between the pink blossoms of the house-plants, there came a kindred shy brightness—though not borrowed from the beaming of any sun—as Miss Craig saw, far down the path, old Arthur Bell draw slowly near. The sight of those two eyes was not so strong as it had been once, and old Arthur was yet a good way off,—but Miss Craig could have told you, even now, how feebly the halting cane-end was printing dot after dot in the dust of the footpath; how, carefully held between an awkward brown forefinger and thumb, was a posy of wild-flowers, picked painfully and at hazard by the trail; and how the mild blue eyes, under the embarrassing sense of being watched, were watering with old Arthur's attempt to stare unaffectedly before him as he toiled along.

Miss Craig turned from the window and, with a little gesture that had wandered up with her from distant girlhood, put her finger at the side of her mouth, pondering smilingly over the square of mottled sunlight on the floor, devising a dainty and house-

wifely welcome that should contain a little message of the heart. The unsuccess of forty years had not lessened her hope that she would one day storm his obtuseness.

She stepped to the old, brown-varnished sideboard, took out a white china bowl, brushed it out with her apron-end, drew her palm back with a smoothing motion over her wavy gray hair and, moving into the sunlit doorway, curved her hand above her eyes and glanced brightly down the path. Then, hurrying around to the back of the cottage, where the lengthening shadows of the poplars fell over a neat, small square of garden-ground, she dropped softly on her knees before her line of raspberry-bushes, and began to pick berries into the bowl.

Old Arthur passed in between the willows, alternately tightening and relaxing his lips, and moving with such nervous stiffness that he stumbled blindly over every unevenness in the path. His black felt hat was set with a prim squareness over the white hair combed scantily down upon his neck. Above the white collar the neck showed, patterned and checked with crossing lines and brown like worn leather. A red corner of handkerchief hung out of the pocket of his coat, the tails of which bobbed oddly between his legs as he walked. The flowers were dropping one by one from his posy, as his nervous constraint made him forget to hold his fingers tightly.

Miss Craig's white cat trotted purringly out to meet him. "Poosey,—eh, Poosey, Poosey," he said, in his



big broken voice, rubbing the cat's neck with the end of his cane, and pretending to be absorbed in this, as he moved up the final steps to the doorstone.

the old cheeks with fresh color and made the soft, light hairs that floated cloudily out from the old temples glint like thread-silk newly unspooled.

Arthur Bell had known Norah Craig for half a century. He had always approached her thus trepidantly; because there was a thought, born decades ago but yet unspoken, hidden diffidently away in the worn old brain,—a thought which spoke in all his actions, which he knew spoke in all his actions, and which, although it burned to reveal itself, every energy of the fading mind was employed in the effort to conceal.

Norah Craig's had been a soft, flower-like aging. She had retained the roundness of her little face, the baby-like pucker of the lips, the noiseless, kitten-like smoothness of movement, the quaint reticence, that had been hers in her shy girlhood. She had faded rather than withered. The gray had stolen with unwonted softness into hair that still rippled sweetly over the smooth temples. Tenderly, and leaving no trace of line or wrinkle, the bloom had faded from the little face, leaving a faint after-color that was like nothing more than the pink of late, late evening.

When, on quiet evenings, he drew near the little cottage, the sweet anticipation of presently coming within the charm of the shy, gray eyes, the quaint, faded egg-tip of chin, the puckered, small lips, always created, first a stir of ecstasy, then this agony of self-consciousness. It was exactly the same as it had been in the days when he was stalwart and young and she pretty and shy and rosy. He had worn himself out, loving her secretly; but he had not noticed the years pass, was none the less a lover. If it had not been for the whitening of his own hair, the stiffening of his own joints, he would not have known, now, that he was grown old; for he was blind to all the changes that time had made in the "Nonie" of that far-gone maiden-time.

She had long known that Arthur Bell loved her—and, just as strongly as the big man had longed to pet and protect her, she had longed to be petted and protected by him. The awkwardness of which he had always been so ashamed was to her his dearest attribute; for it was that through which the love he had not dared to voice was always speaking. Yet it vexed her, too, at times; for the great humility which lay behind it made him obtuse to all her shy little attempts to show him her own heart.

Arthur Bell had been half a century with that unspoken question on his mind,—half a century turning over in his mind how she would receive it when spoken,—half a century trying to think of words to say it in.

She could not go far in these attempts for her own reticence. She could show him with simple and unshameful artifice the daintiness of her housewifery, the cleanness of the little cottage. She could show him what home with her would be; and she could add to this the tenderness of little gestures that their long intimacy warranted. She could do all this; but he must speak. All the usage of her Methodist forbears said that.

From Miss Craig's deft little fingers the raspberries fell into the bowl with a soft sound; and as she picked, she thought. The western red of the summer evening had widened out gloriously, till every cloud in the quiet heaven was edged with pink; and the glow, falling over the lower poplartops upon the tiny garden and the little figure kneeling by the laden berry-bush, touched the fading rose of

She would not herself enjoy many of those berries that she was picking so eagerly. Her pleasure would come in placing them, with brightly-polished spoon, tiny cream-jug, and daintily-cut tea-cakes of her own making, before him when he should come, hot from his walk, into the cottage-parler and



HURRYING TO THE BACK OF THE COTTAGE, WHERE THE LENGTHENING SHADOWS OF THE POPLARS FELL OVER HER SQUARE OF GARDEN, SHE DROPPED ON HER KNEES BEFORE HER LINE OF RASPBERRY BUSHES

lower his stiff old limbs into the chair from between the arms of which he had so often looked his dumb, long love.

Then, pretending to employ herself at the cupboard behind him, she would let her eyes rest fondly upon the bent, broad shoulders, the tremulous old head with its thin gray hair, the big awkward brown hand splayed sheepishly over the end of the chair-arm,— but be assiduously busy among the cups and saucers, if he chanced to turn his head.

She would not, as she watched, note the gray, the wrinkles, the stoop. To the marvellous eye of her love would be present the “Artie” Bell that she had seen and loved at school, and kept on loving till now.

Old Arthur, leaving the white cat purring complacently in the pathway, passed toward the cottage-door. He caught his breath nervously as he entered, holding it till he had crossed the door-sill, but letting it out with a great exhalation of relief when he saw that the room was empty. He would now have time to seat himself, rest, and gain composure to greet the little figure in whose eyes he had always imagined his deportment was a thing of such moment. It would be easier, too, to rise and greet her from the tranquil depth of the old chair, than it would have been to approach, as he had imagined himself doing while coming along the path, beneath the steady regard of the gray eyes and, all hot and breathless and disconcerted, face her in the doorway.

He took off the prim felt hat, hung it on his knee, and, wiping from his forehead the perspiration of his walk, passed his hand tremulously over the thin strands of hair that had once been so thick and flaxen, and leaned back stiffly in the chair.

The year had not handled old Arthur as gently as they had the little woman. They had twisted him with hard labor, weakened him with sickness, tortured him, through his sensitiveness and diffidence, in his social relations, and worn him out with the care of a great, anxious love. He looked around the tidy room, his dusty, booted feet set down sheepishly upon the clean floor, and his fingers, seamed and brown with



the laborious years, loosely closed over the crook of his cane.

If he could have known, as he looked around upon the tastefully-draped corner-shelves, the pictures hanging by their red cords, the brackets with their quaintly-grouped ornaments, the mottoes, the few books of little Miss Craig's dreamy girlish time,—if he could have known how often, in her morning arrangement of the furnishings of that little parlor, she had paused, comical and small in her housewifely apron and turban, to look across the ravine at his cabin standing forlornly on the opposite green knoll-side, and had in a moment formed the impulsive resolution to run over the short distance and throw herself, warmly, breathlessly into his arms!

Several minutes passed. Old Arthur, his nervousness gone, let his strained attitude involuntarily relax into one more easy and natural, laid his tired gray head back against the pink crochet-work tidy that draped the back of the chair, and pressing his lips together thoughtfully, dropped into the groove of his old dream. The breeze played with the window-curtains, tossing them apart and letting the red evening light stream fully into the room. The slow pendulum of the parlor clock sent off imperturbable second after second. The white cat lay in the square of late sunlight on the floor, purring sleepily.

Presently the hat hanging from the old knee fell softly to the floor and lay there brim up. Old Arthur was asleep.

A light footfall came at the doorway and the old woman stepped in; the bowl, heaped full of the red berries, held daintily between her two small hands. She saw the old figure in the chair, and, not noticing that Arthur was asleep, she held her eyes shyly away as she moved across the room to set the bowl on the table. She did not wonder that he watched her entry in silence; for these two shy old lovers always met mutely, sitting together sometimes for many minutes without speaking, before they drifted, by ways that they themselves could not after-

ward have traced, into the current of their picturesque, old-day talk. She brought dishes and spoons from the cupboard, moving rustlingly over the floor-boards worn and bleached with many scrubblings, holding her head down as each return trip from the cupboard brought her facing the chair and its silent occupant. These successive lowerings of the little gray head brought at length a light feather of wavy hair sweeping down upon her cheek. She put it back twice; but when it fell a third time, she let it stay; and with indescribably girlish effect it lay against the faintly-colored old face, moving when the stirred air caught it, till its rippling end caressed the reticent little tip of chin.

At last, all was ready—the berries in the blue-edged saucers, the spoons near in their shining glass tumbler, the fresh-poured cream frothing in its jug, the two chairs drawn companionably up to the table. Miss Craig, her hand on the tea-cosy, spoke shyly, without looking around.

“Wud ye come now, Artie, an’ we’ll be havin’ our bit of supper?”

No answer coming, the soft gray eyes turned slowly toward the big chair.

Old Arthur leaned back, a forlorn figure, his hat and stick fallen to the floor, the red light from the window upon his wrinkled forehead, rugged cheek-bones, and thin, gray-stubbed chin, his breath coming hoarsely and slowly; a weak, worn old man, wan with his waiting and his loneliness, but lord of the whole heart of the tender-eyed little woman who watched him there.

Through all the spent years, how she had wanted to be his nurse, his pet! There had been many an evening when, a thoughtful or embarrassed break coming in the old man's wandering talk, she had been obliged to sew away with all the energy of her little red fingers, to repress the impulse that arose within her to go to him, put her arms about his neck, and tell him in one flood of tender words, how utterly, devotedly, passionately, she was his. In spite of her shyness and sweet



womanliness, it had been a hard task for the warm, impulsive little heart to hold its secret through the years.

Now he was asleep before her, every line of loneliness and weariness and care on the sad old face showing forth in vivid portraiture as the bright band of sunset light, streaming across the little parlor, bathed aged sleeper and worn chair in its radiance. O, more strongly, more throbbingly than ever it had risen before, arose the old passionate impulse in the little woman now!

She put her hand at her cheek, trembling as the thought rushed thrillingly out over all her nerves. She ran her fingers trepidantly along the table-edge, her glance fluttering alternately toward and away from the face of the old sleeper in sweet irresolution, her heart beating till it pained her; then she took two hesitating little steps forward, paused, retreated back to the table, leaned back on her palms there a moment, her breath coming and going quickly, her face one wave of color—and finally, with a swift and soft rustle of her skirts, she swept across the room, bent over his chair, put her two hands to his cheeks, and kissed him on the lips!

Old Arthur slowly unclosed his eyes, turning them from side to side in the daze of his return from slumber. Expectant, her face burning, Norah Craig leaned above him, waiting for his eyes to draw to the focus of full consciousness and turn upward to her face. She felt she had gone too far to draw back, and her limbs were tied in a knot of shame, tenderness and trembling.

"Nonie," the voice came at last, without any change of tint in the neutral gray of the seamed, obtuse old face, and with the usual awkward deference in the tone, "ye've been standin' too clost to thon stove. 'Tis all red an' warm ye are." Then, as he lowered his eyes, groping in an embarrassment that submerged every other feeling, the old embarrassment that had been his life's handicap, for a further topic

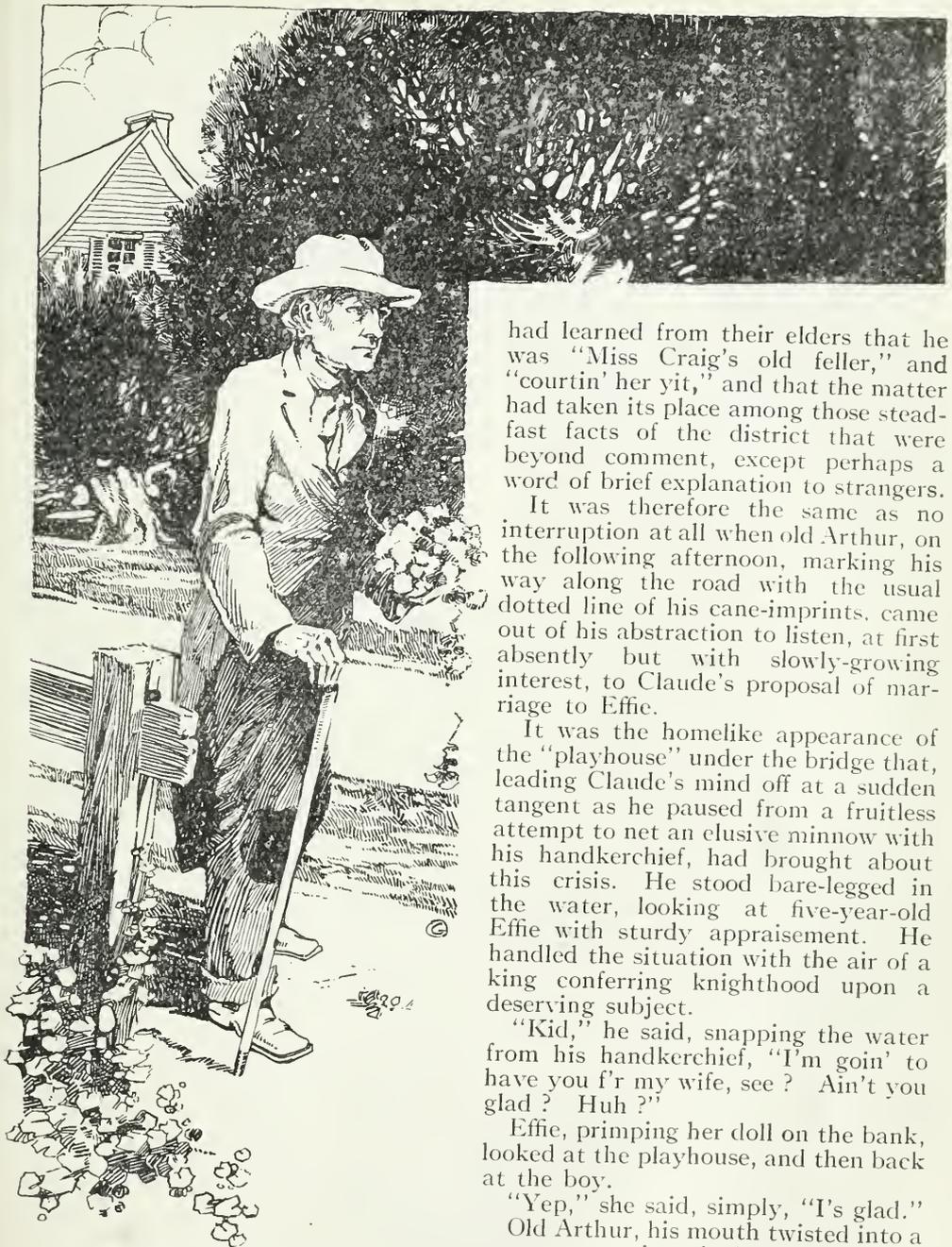
of conversation, "Aw, me hat an' me stick—they're on the flure, beyant. Eh, 'tis asleep ye found me again, 'tis sleepin' I've been this while, Nonie." He raised himself stiffly and leaned forward to pick up the felt hat and cane.

When he had recovered them, little Miss Craig was back at the table, her head turned away to hide the flush that yet burned in her cheeks, repeating in a low voice the invitation to supper.

Norah Craig's eyes were not less tender that evening as, standing in her doorway, she watched the old lover toil off into the loneliness of the twilight: but in her heart there was something of despondency. A steady little taper of hope that had made her years serene and expectant, burned, on this night, very dim and very small.

The little bridge at the trend in the path where it passed out through the hedge of poplars and willows that shut Miss Craig's cottage out from the dusty and broad highway of popular travel, was a point of loitering and play for two small children. There were minnows in the brook that ran under, and there was a safe and pebbly wading-place for tiny, bare feet. Forbye, there were dry twigs for "stick-horses", and the excellent enticement of Miss Craig's frequent hand-out of bread-and-syrup, for which the two small vagrants cadged obliquely with naive oral bulletins about the events of their world, standing hand in hand on her doorstep in the hungry mid-afternoons:—"Our red billycalf got losted yesterday," or "Mudder's makin' me a pair pants wis pockets," being generally full tender for a thick slice apiece.

The two had come to look upon old Arthur as an adjunct, an object, to be glanced at and then ignored. His comings and goings, with the red kerchief sticking out of his pocket, the cane, and the posy, were as regular as the recurrence of the days. He came at the time when Miss Craig's cottage-windows were smiling full in the face of the afternoon sun; and the shadows and lowings of late eventide found him sitting with his pipe across-



"AW, THAME YOUNGSTERS," SAID THE OLD MAN TO HIMSELF AS HE HASTENED ALONG THE PATH

from her with her crochet-needle, just within the doorway; the two old heads slowly moving in accompaniment to their quiet talk, the white cat on the doorstep between. Claude and Effie

had learned from their elders that he was "Miss Craig's old feller," and "courtin' her yit," and that the matter had taken its place among those steadfast facts of the district that were beyond comment, except perhaps a word of brief explanation to strangers.

It was therefore the same as no interruption at all when old Arthur, on the following afternoon, marking his way along the road with the usual dotted line of his cane-imprints, came out of his abstraction to listen, at first absently but with slowly-growing interest, to Claude's proposal of marriage to Effie.

It was the homelike appearance of the "playhouse" under the bridge that, leading Claude's mind off at a sudden tangent as he paused from a fruitless attempt to net an elusive minnow with his handkerchief, had brought about this crisis. He stood bare-legged in the water, looking at five-year-old Effie with sturdy appraisal. He handled the situation with the air of a king conferring knighthood upon a deserving subject.

"Kid," he said, snapping the water from his handkerchief, "I'm goin' to have you f'r my wife, see? Ain't you glad? Huh?"

Effie, primping her doll on the bank, looked at the playhouse, and then back at the boy.

"Yep," she said, simply, "I's glad."

Old Arthur, his mouth twisted into a queer expression, looked down from the bridge at this tableau. Norah Craig had come into her doorway, and he could see her out of the corner of his eye.

"There's that old Mister Bell," said Claude, raising his voice carelessly, "a-going over to Craig's."

"My Ma says he wantsa mawy Missis Cwaig," observed Effie, without looking around.

"Why don't he say so, then?" said Claude, coming out of the water and giving an important hitch at his belt, "he'll be dead soon. Come on, le's go into our house, Mah."

Arthur Bell gripped his stick, turned his shaking head, and looked squarely at the little old woman in the cottage-door. The cottage was a good hundred yards off; and it is probable he gained half his courage for that bold glance from the fact, that at that distance Miss Craig's face was only a faint, featureless blur.

He set out, walking with an erectness that surprised himself, and with a new resoluteness tensing his shaven chin. The cane-end still printed the dots in the dust, but they were lightly-impressed and far between.

"Aw, thame youngsters," said the old man, to himself, over and over, as he hastened along the path, "aw, thame youngsters! 'Why don't he say so,' is it? 'He'll soon be dead,' is it? Aw, thame youngsters."

Norah Craig was upon the door-stone, her hands beneath her apron and her head a little on one side. The quaint attitude of waiting, embodying to the old wooer all that was graceful and lovable and bringing home to him again the contrast of his own homeliness and awkwardness, disarmed him once more, as it had done a thousand times. His shoulders fell humbly; his eyes lost their glint of resolve and became again doglike and worshipping; the old

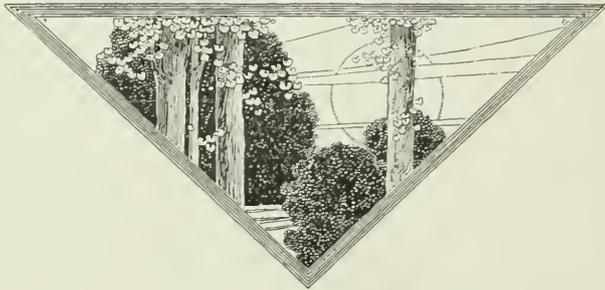
embarrassment overflowed him and drove his speech to the cover of platitude.

"There is rain in thame clouds, Nonie," he said, monotonously, as he looked away from her at a bluish bank of vapor that rose in the east.

There came a kind darkness that evening that hastened and deepened the twilight; and, in cover of the dusk, the seed that had been sown by the talk of "thame childher" as old Arthur repeated to himself again and again the two phrases that had spurred him, grew and blossomed. He was thankful that Miss Norah, in the kind prevalence of the gathering shadows, could not see the trepidant workings of his face and how his twisted old hands gripped the arms of his chair to hold themselves from trembling, as his resolve, the crown of all the years wherein this little maiden of an older day had sat so daintily in the shrine of his mind, surged to the point of speech.

"Nonie," he said, leaning forward in the darkness—and at the sound of his voice, choked and broken and deep, the little woman put her face suddenly down in her apron, with a gesture like that of a small girl ashamed. "Nonie, I'm goin' to have—I'm goin' to have you for—aw, plaze, darlin', will ye be wife to me?"

Without raising her head, Norah Craig leaned over. When she was quite close to his chair, she tossed down the shielding apron and, with a swift, soft movement, put her little gray head down to its home next his heart.



UNWILLING EVE

By Robert Ames Bennet

Author of "For the White Christ," "Which One?" etc

Illustrated by
Percy Edward Anderson



SYNOPSIS.

Three people, Genevieve Leslie, a society girl; Cecil Winthrope, an Englishman in the diplomatic service; and Tom Blake, a Canadian civil engineer, are wrecked on the most desolate and wildest stretch of the Mozambique coast. Blake's admiration for Miss Leslie has been squelched by Winthrope on board the steamer, but shortly after the storm subsides, Blake proves himself the strongest and most resourceful of the three, and assumes command of the party. A headland shows some ten miles to the south, with promise of water and safety from the malarial swamps. This the party heads for, and in the journey Winthrope sprains his ankle, which forces Blake to carry him. Almost spent with thirst, they reach a river, and Blake, pushing ahead, finds that it is salt with the sea-water of high tide.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

The foremost hippopotamus was headed directly for him. He glared at the huge head with sullen resentment. For all his stupor, he perceived at once that the beast intended to land; and he sat in the middle of its accustomed path. His first impulse was to spring up and yell at the creature. Then he remembered hearing that a white hunter had recently been killed by these beasts on one of the South African lakes. Instead of leaping up, he sank down almost flat, and crawled back around the turn in the path. Once certain that he was hidden from the beasts, he rose to his feet and hastened back through the jungle.

He was almost in view of the spot where he had left Winthrope and Miss Leslie, when he stopped and stood hesitating.

"I can't do it," he muttered; "I can't tell her,—poor girl!"

He turned and pushed into the thicket. Forcing a way through the tangle of thorny shrubs and creepers, until several yards from the path, he began to edge towards the face of the jungle, that he might peer out at his companions, unseen by them.

There was more of the thicket before him than he had thought, and he was still fighting his way through it, when he was brought to a stand by a peculiar cry that might have been the bleat of a young lamb: "Ba—ba!"

"What's that?" he croaked.

He stood listening, and in a moment he again heard the cry, this time more distinctly: "Blake!—Blake!"

There could be no mistake. It was Winthrope calling for him, and calling with a clearness of voice that would have been physically impossible half an hour since. Blake's sunken eyes lighted with hope. He burst through the last screen of jungle, and stared

towards the palm under which he had left his companions. They were not there.

Another call from Winthrope directed his gaze more seaward. The two were seated beside a fallen palm, and Miss Leslie had a large round object raised to her lips. Winthrope was waving to him.

"Cocoanuts!" he yelled. "Come on!"

Three of the palms had been overthrown by the hurricane, and when Blake came up, he found the ground strewn with nuts. He seized the first he came to; but Winthrope held out one already opened. He snatched it from him, and placed the hole to his swollen lips. Never had champagne tasted half so delicious as that coconut milk. Before he could drain the last of it through the little opening, Winthrope had the husks torn from the ends of two other nuts, and the convenient germinal spots gouged open with his penknife.

Blake emptied the third before he spoke. Even then his voice was hoarse and strained. "How'd you strike 'em?"

"I couldn't help it," explained Winthrope. "Hardly had you disappeared when I noticed the tops of the fallen palms, and thought of the nuts. There was one in the grass not twenty feet from where we lay."

"Lucky for you—and for me, too, I guess," said Blake. "We were all three down for the count. But this settles the first round in our favor. How do you like the picnic, Miss Jenny?"

"Miss Leslie, if you please," replied the girl, with hauteur.

"Oh, say, Miss Jenny!" protested Blake, genially. "We live in the same boarding-house now. Why not be folksy? You're free to call me Tom. Pass me another nut, Winthrope. Thanks! By the way, what's your front name? Saw it aboard ship—Cyril—"

"Cecil," corrected Winthrope, in a low tone.

"Cecil—Lord Cecil, eh?—or is it only the Honorable Cecil?"

"My dear sir, I have intimated

before that reasons of—er—state—"

"Oh, yes; you're travelling incog. in the secret service. Sort of detective—"

"Detective!" echoed Winthrope, in a peculiar tone.

Blake grinned. "Well, it is rawther a nawsty business for your honorable ludship. But there's nothing like calling things by their right names."

"Right names—er—I don't quite take you. I have told you distinctly, my name is Cecil Winthrope!"

"O-h-h! how lovely!—See-sill! See-seal!—Bet they called you Sissy at school. English chum of mine told me your schools are corkers for nick-names. What'll we make it—Sis or Sissy?"

"I prefer my patronymic, Mr. Blake," replied Winthrope.

"All right, then; we'll make it Pat, if that's your choice. I say, Pat, this juice is the stuff for wetness, but it makes a fellow remember his grub. Where'd you leave that fish?"

"Really, I can't just say, but it must have been where I wrenched my ankle."

"You cawn't just say! And what are we going to eat?"

"Here are the cocoanuts."

"Bright boy! go to the head of the class! Just take some more husk off those empty ones."

Winthrope caught up one of the nuts, and with the aid of his knife, stripped it of its husk. At a gesture from Blake, he laid it on the bare ground, and the American burst it open with a blow of his heel. It was an immature nut, and the meat proved to be little thicker than clotted cream. Blake divided it into three parts, handing Miss Leslie the cleanest.

Though his companions began with more restraint, they finished their shares with equal gusto. Winthrope needed no further orders to return to his husking. One after another, the nuts were cracked and divided among the three, until even Blake could not swallow another mouthful of the luscious cream.

Toward the end Miss Leslie had become drowsy. At Winthrope's urging, she now lay down for a nap, Blake's coat serving as a pillow. She

fell asleep while Winthrope was yet arranging it for her. Blake had turned his back on her, and was staring moodily at the hippopotamus trail, when Winthrope hobbled around and sat down on the palm trunk beside him.

"I say, Blake," he suggested, "I feel deuced fagged myself. Why not all take a nap?"

"And when they awoke, they were all dead men," remarked Blake.

"By Jove, that sounds like a joke," protested the Englishman. "Don't rag me now."

"Joke!" repeated Blake. "Why, that's Scripture, Pat, Scripture! Anyway, you'd think it no joke to wake up and find yourself going down the throat of a hippo."

"Hippo?"

"Dozens of them over in the river. Shouldn't wonder if they've all landed, and 're tracking me down by this time."

"But hippopotami are not carnivorous—they're not at all dangerous, unless one wounds them, out in the water."

"That may be; but I'm not taking chances. They've got mouths like sperm whales—I saw one take a yawn. Another thing, that bayou is chuck full of alligators, and a fellow down on the Rand told me they're like the Central American gavials for keenness to nip a swimmer."

"They will not come out on this dry land."

"Suppose they won't—there're no other animals in Africa but sheep, eh?"

"What can we do? The captain told me that there are both lions and leopards on this coast."

"Nice place for them, too, around these trees," added Blake. "Lucky for us, they're nightbirds mostly,—if that Rand fellow didn't lie. He was a Boer, so I guess he ought to know."

"To be sure. It's a nasty fix we're in for to-night. Could we not build some kind of a barricade?"

"With a penknife! Guess we'll roost in a tree."

"But cannot leopards climb? It seems to me that I have heard—"

"How about lions?"

"They cannot; I'm sure of that."

"Then we'll chance the leopards. Just stretch out here, and nurse that ankle of yours. I don't want to be lugging you all year. I'm going to hunt a likely tree."

CHAPTER V.

THE RE-ASCENT OF MAN.

AFTERNOON was far advanced, and Winthrope was beginning to feel anxious, when at last Blake pushed from among the close thickets. As he approached, he swung an unshapely club of green wood, pausing every few paces to test its weight and balance on a bush or knob of dirt.

"By Jove!" called Winthrope; "that's not half bad! You look as if you could bowl over an ox."

Blake showed that he was flattered.

"Oh, I don't know," he responded; "the thing's blamed unhandy. Just the same, I guess we'll be ready for callers to-night."

"How's that?"

"Show you later, Pat, me b'y. Now trot out some nuts. We'll feed before we move camp."

"Miss Leslie is still sleeping."

"Time, then, to roust her out. Hey, Miss Jenny, turn out! Time to chew."

Miss Leslie sat up and gazed around in bewilderment.

"It's all right, Miss Genevieve," reassured Winthrope. "Blake has found a safe place for the night, and he wishes us to eat before we leave here."

"Save lugging the grub," added Blake. "Get busy, Pat."

As Winthrope caught up a nut, the girl began to arrange her disordered hair and dress with the deft and graceful movements of a woman thoroughly trained in the art of self-adornment. There was admiration in Blake's deep eyes as he watched her dainty preening. She was not a beautiful girl—at present she could hardly be termed pretty; yet even in her draggled, muddy dress she retained all the subtle charms of culture which appeal so strongly to a man. Blake was subdued. His feelings even carried him so far as an attempt at formal politeness, when they had finished their meal.

"Now, Miss Leslie," he began, "it's little more than half an hour to sun-down; so, if you please, if you're quite ready, we'd best be starting."

"Is it far?"

"Not so very. But we've got to chase through the jungle. Are you sure you're quite ready?"

"Quite, thank you. But how about Mr. Winthrope's ankle?"

"He'll ride as far as the trees. I can't squeeze through with him, though."

"I shall walk all the way," put in Winthrope.

"No, you won't. Climb aboard," replied Blake, and catching up his club, he stooped for Winthrope to mount his back. As he rose with his burden, Miss Leslie caught sight of his coat, which still lay in a roll beside the palm trunk.

"How about your coat, Mr. Blake?" she asked. "Should you not put it on?"

"No; I'm loaded now. Have to ask you to look after it. You may need it before morning, anyway. If the dews here are like those in Central America, they are d-darned liable to bring on malarial fever."

Nothing more was said until they had crossed the open space between the palms and the belt of jungle along the river. At other times Winthrope and Miss Leslie might have been interested in the towering screw-palms, festooned to the top with climbers, and in the huge ferns which they could see beneath the mangroves, in the swampy ground on their left. Now, however, they were far too concerned with the question of how they should penetrate the dense tangle of thorny brush and creepers which rose before them like a green wall. Even Blake hesitated as he released Winthrope, and looked at Miss Leslie's costume. Her white skirt was of stout duck; but the flimsy material of her waist was ill-suited for rough usage.

"Better put the coat on, unless you want to come out on the other side in evening dress," he said. "There's no use kicking; but I wish you'd happened to have on some sort of a jacket when we got spilled."

"Is there no path through the thicket?" inquired Winthrope.

"Only the hippo trail, and it don't go our way. We've got to run our own line. Here's a stick for your game ankle."

Winthrope took the half-green branch which Blake broke from the nearest tree, and turned to assist Miss Leslie with the coat. The garment was of such coarse cloth that as Winthrope drew the collar close about her throat Miss Leslie could not forego a little grimace of repugnance. The crease between Blake's eyes deepened, and the girl hastened to utter an explanatory exclamation: "Not so tight, Mr. Winthrope, please! It scratches my neck."

"You'd find those thorns a whole lot worse," muttered Blake.

"To be sure; and Miss Leslie fully appreciates your kindness," interposed Winthrope.

"I do indeed, Mr. Blake! I'm sure I never could go through here without your coat."

"That's all right. Got the handkerchief?"

"I put it in one of the pockets."

"It'll do to tie up your hair."

Miss Leslie took the suggestion, knotting the big square of linen over her fluffy brown hair.

Blake waited only for her to draw out the kerchief, before he began to force a way through the jungle. Now and then he beat at the tangled vegetation with his club. Though he held to the line by which he had left the thicket, yet all his efforts failed to open an easy passage for the others. Many of the thorny branches sprang back into place behind him, and as Miss Leslie, who was the first to follow, sought to thrust them aside, the thorns pierced her delicate skin, until her hands were streaked with blood. Nor did Winthrope, stumbling and hobbling behind her, fare any better. Twice he tripped headlong into the brush, scratching his arms and face.

Blake took his own punishment as a matter of course, though his tougher and thicker skin made his injuries less painful. He advanced steadily along the line of bent and broken twigs that

marked his outward passage, until the thicket opened on a strip of grassy ground beneath a wild fig-tree.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Winthrope, "a banyan!"

"Banyan? Well, if that's British for a daisy, you've hit it," responded Blake. "Just take a squint up here. How's that for a roost?"

Winthrope and Miss Leslie stared up dubiously at the edge of a bed of reeds gathered in the hollow of one of the huge flattened branches at its junction with the main trunk of the banyan, twenty feet above them.

"Will not the mosquitoes pester us, here among the trees?" objected Winthrope.

"Storm must have blown 'em away. I haven't seen any yet."

"There will be millions after sunset."

"Maybe; but I bet they keep below our roost."

"But how are we to get up so high?" inquired Miss Leslie.

"I can swarm this drop root, and I've a creeper ready for you two," explained Blake.

Suiting action to words, he climbed up the small trunk of the air root, and swung over into the hollow where he had piled the reeds. Across the broad limb dangled a rope-like creeper, one end of which he had fastened to a branch higher up. He flung down the free end to Winthrope.

"Look lively, Pat," he called. "The sun's 'most gone, and the twilight don't last all night in these parts. Get the line around Miss Leslie, and do what you can on a boost."

"I see; but, you know, the vine is too stiff to tie."

Blake stifled an oath, and jerked the end of the creeper up into his hand. When he threw it down again, it was looped around and fastened in a bowline knot.

"Now, Miss Leslie, get aboard, and we'll have you up in a jiffy," he said.

"Are you sure you can lift me?" asked the girl, as Winthrope slipped the loop over her shoulders.

Blake laughed down at them. "Well, I guess yes! Once hoisted a fellow out of a fifty-foot prospect hole—big

fat Dutchman at that. You don't weigh over a hundred and twenty.

He had stretched out across the broadest part of the branch. As Miss Leslie seated herself in the loop, he reached down and began to haul up on the creeper, hand over hand. Though frightened by the novel manner of ascent, the girl clung tightly to the line above her head, and Blake had no difficulty in raising her until she swung directly beneath him. Here, however, he found himself in a quandary. The girl seemed as helpless as a child, and he was lying flat. How could he lift her above the level of the branch?

"Take hold the other line," he said. The girl hesitated. "Do you hear? Grab it quick, and pull up hard, if you don't want a tumble!"

The girl seized the part of the creeper which was fastened above, and drew herself up with convulsive energy. Instantly Blake rose to his knees, and grasping the taut creeper with one hand, reached down with the other, to swing the girl up beside him on the branch.

"All right, Miss Jenny," he reassured her as he felt her tremble. "Sorry to scare you, but I couldn't have made it without. Now, if you'll just hold down my legs, we'll soon hoist his ludship."

He had seated her in the broadest part of the shallow hollow, where the branch joined the main trunk of the fig. Heaped with the reeds which he had gathered during the afternoon, it made such a cozy shelter that she at once forgot her dizziness and fright. Nestling among the reeds, she leaned over and pressed down on his ankles with all her strength.

The loose end of the creeper had fallen to the ground when Blake lifted her upon the branch, and Winthrope was already slipping into the loop. Blake ordered him to take it off, and send up the club. As the creeper was again flung down, a black shadow swept over the jungle.

"Hello! Sunset!" called Blake.

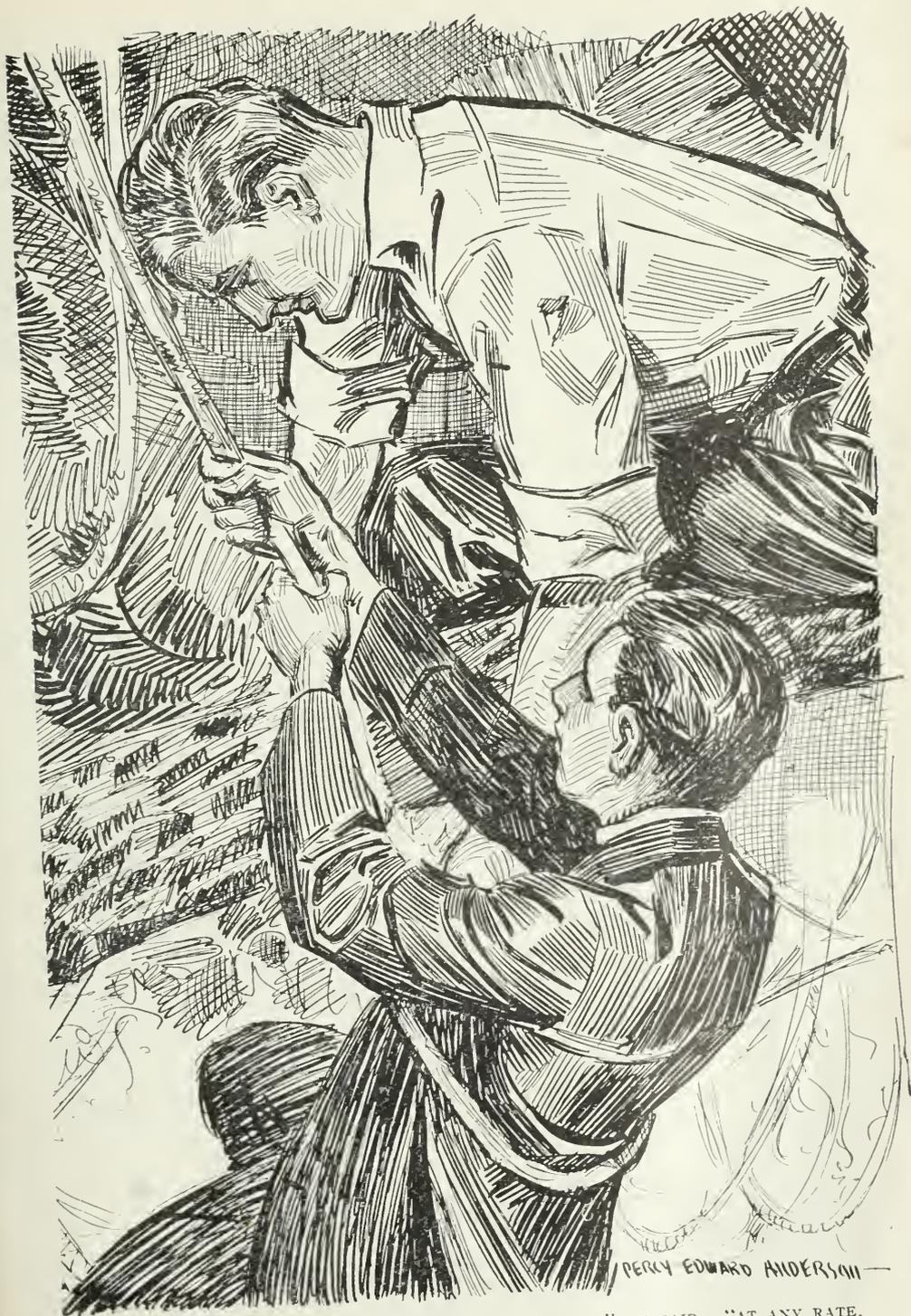
"Look sharp, there!"

"All ready," responded Winthrope.

Blake drew in a full breath, and



BLAKE GRUNTED WITH SATISFACTION AS WINTHROPE SWUNG HIMSELF UP AND CLIMBED
WE'RE ABOARD FOR THE NIGHT, AND NONE



THE LAST FEW FEET UNAIDED. "YOU MAY DO, AFTER ALL." HE SAID. "AT ANY RATE, TOO SOON, EITHER. HEAR THAT YELPING?"

began to hoist. The position was an awkward one, and Winthrope weighed thirty or forty pounds more than Miss Leslie. But as the Englishman came within reach of the descending loop, he grasped it and did what he could to ease Blake's efforts. A few moments found him as high above the ground as Blake could raise him. Without waiting for orders, he swung himself upon the upper part of the creeper, and climbed the last few feet unaided. Blake grunted with satisfaction as he pulled him in upon the branch.

"You may do, after all," he said. "At any rate, we're all aboard for the night; and none too soon. Hear that!"

"What?"

"Lion, I guess— Not that yelping. Listen!"

The brief twilight was already fading into the darkness of a moonless night, and as the three crouched together in their shallow nest, they were soon made audibly aware of the savage nature of their surroundings. With the gathering night the jungle wakened into full life. From all sides came the harsh squawking of birds, the weird cries of monkeys and other small creatures, the crash of heavy animals moving through the jungle, and above all the yelp and howl and roar of beasts of prey.

After some contention with Winthrope, Blake conceded that the roars of his lion might be nothing worse than the snoring of the hippopotami as they came out to browse for the night. In this, however, there was small comfort, since Winthrope presently reasserted his belief in the climbing ability of leopards, and expressed his opinion that, whether or not there were lions in the neighborhood, certain of the barking roars they could hear came from the throats of the spotted climbers. Even Blake's hair bristled as his imagination pictured one of the great cats creeping upon them in the darkness from the far end of their nest limb, or leaping down out of the upper branches.

The nerves of all three were at their highest tension when a dark form swept past through the air within a

yard of their faces. Miss Leslie uttered a stifled scream, and Blake brandished his club. But Winthrope, who had caught a glimpse of the creature's shape, broke into a nervous laugh.

"It's only a fruit bat," he explained. "They feed on the banyan figs, you know."

In the reaction from this false alarm, both men relaxed, and began to yield to the effects of the tramp across the mud-flats. Arranging the reeds as best they could, they stretched out on either side of Miss Leslie, and fell asleep in the middle of an argument on how the prospective leopard was most likely to attack.

Miss Leslie remained awake for two or three hours longer. Naturally she was more nervous than her companions, and she had been refreshed by her afternoon's nap. Her nervousness was not entirely due to the wild beasts. Though Blake had taken pains to secure himself and his companions in loops of the creeper, fastened to the branch above, Winthrope moved about so restlessly in his sleep that the girl feared he would roll from the hollow.

At last her limbs became so cramped that she was compelled to change her position. She leaned back upon her elbow, determined to rise again and maintain her watch the moment she was rested. But sleep was close upon her. There was a lull in the louder noises of the jungle. Her eyes closed, and her head sank lower. In a little time it was lying upon Winthrope's shoulder, and she was fast asleep.

As Blake had asserted, the mosquitoes had either been blown away by the cyclone, or did not fly to such a height. None came to trouble the exhausted sleepers.

CHAPTER VI.

MAN AND GENTLEMAN.

NIGHT had almost passed, and all three, soothed by the refreshing coolness which preceded the dawn, were sleeping their soundest, when a sudden fierce roar followed instantly by a piercing squeal caused even Blake to start up in panic. Miss Leslie, too terrified to scream, clung to Winthrope,

who crouched on his haunches, little less overcome.

Blake was the first to recover and puzzle out the meaning of the crashing in the jungle and the ferocious growls directly beneath them.

"Lie still," he whispered. "We're all right. It's only a beast that's killed something down below us."

All sat listening, and as the noise of the animals in the thicket died away, they could hear the beast beneath them tear at the body of its victim.

"The air feels like dawn," whispered Winthrope. "We'll soon be able to see the brute."

"And he us," rejoined Blake.

In this both were mistaken. During the brief false dawn they were puzzled by the odd appearance of the ground. The sudden flood of full daylight found them staring down into a dense white fog.

"So they have that here," muttered Blake—"fever-fog."

"Beastly shame," echoed Winthrope. "I'm sure the creature has gone off."

This assertion was met by an outburst of snarls and yells that made all start back and crouch down again in their sheltering hollow. As before, Blake was the first to recover.

"Bet you're right," he said. "The big one has gone off, and a pack of these African coyotes are having a scrap over the bones."

"You mean jackals. It sounds like the nasty beasts."

"If it wasn't for that fog, I'd go down and get our share of the game."

"Would it not be very dangerous, Mr. Blake?" asked Miss Leslie. "What a fearful noise."

"I've chased coyotes off a calf with a rope; but that's not the proposition. You don't find me fooling around in that sewer gas of a fog. We'll roost right where we are till the sun does for it. We've got enough malaria in us already."

"Will it be long, Blake?" asked Winthrope.

"Huh! Getting hungry this quick? Wait till you've tramped around a week, with nothing to eat but your shoes."

"Surely, Mr. Blake, it will not be so bad," protested Miss Leslie.

"Sorry, Miss Jenny; but coconut palms don't blow over every day, and when those nuts are gone, what are we going to do for the next meal?"

"Could we not make bows?" suggested Winthrope. "There seems to be no end of game about."

"Bows—and arrows without points. Neither of us could hit a barn door, anyway."

"We could practise."

"Sure—six weeks' training on air pudding. I can do better with a handful of stones."

"Then we should go at once to the cliffs," said Miss Leslie.

"Now you're talking—and it's Pike's Peak or bust, for ours. Here's one night to the good; but we won't last many more if we don't get fire. It's flints we're after now."

"Could we not make fire by rubbing sticks?" said Winthrope, recalling his suggestion of the previous morning. "I've heard that natives have no trouble—"

"So've I, and what's more, I've seen 'em do it. Never could make a go of it myself, though."

"But if you remember how it is done, we have at least some chance—"

"Give you ten to one odds! No; we'll scratch around for a flint good and plenty before we waste time that way."

"The mist is going," observed Miss Leslie.

"That's no lie. Now for our coyotes. Where's my club?"

"They've all left," said Winthrope, peering down. "I can see the ground clearly, and there is not a sign of the beasts."

"There are the bones—what's left of them," added Blake. "It's a small deer, I suppose. Well, here goes."

He threw down his club, and dropped the loose end of the creeper after it. As the line straightened, he twisted the upper part around his leg, and was about to slide to the ground, when he remembered Miss Leslie.

"Think you can make it alone?" he asked.

The girl held up her hands, sore and

swollen from the lacerations of the thorns. Blake looked at them, frowned and turned to Winthrope.

"Um! you got it, too, and in the face," he grunted. "How's your ankle?"

Winthrope wriggled his foot about, and felt the injured ankle.

"I fancy it is much better," he answered.

"There seems to be no swelling, and there is no pain now."

"That's lucky; though it will tune up later. Take a slide, now. We've got to hustle our breakfast, and find a way to get over the river."

"How wide is it?" inquired Winthrope, gazing at his swollen hands.

"About three hundred yards at high tide. May be narrower at ebb."

"Could you not build a raft?" suggested Miss Leslie.

Blake smiled at her simplicity. "Why not a boat? We've got a penknife."

"Well, then, I can swim."

"Bully for you! Guess, though, we'll try something else. The river is chuck full of alligators. What you waiting for, Pat? We haven't got all day to fool around here."

Winthrope twisted the creeper about his leg and slid to the ground, doing all he could to favor his hands. He found that he could walk without pain, and at once stepped over beside Blake's club, glancing nervously around at the jungle.

Blake jerked up the end of the creeper, and passed the loop about Miss Leslie. Before she had time to become frightened, he swung her over and lowered her to the ground lightly as a feather. He followed, hand under hand, and stood for a moment beside her, staring at the dew-dripping foliage of the jungle. Then the remains of the night's quarry caught his eye, and he walked over to examine them.

"Say, Pat," he called, "these don't look like deer bones. I'd say—yes; there's the feet—it's a pig."

"Any tusks?" demanded Winthrope.

Miss Leslie looked away. A heap of bones, however cleanly gnawed, is not a pleasant sight. The skull of the

animal seemed to be missing; but Blake stumbled upon it in a tuft of grass, and kicked it out upon the open ground. Every shred of hide and gristle had been gnawed from it by the jackals; yet if there had been any doubt as to the creature's identity, there was evidence to spare in the savage tusks which projected from the jaws.

"Jerusalem!" observed Blake; "this old boar must have been something of a scrapper his own self."

"In India they have been known to kill a tiger. Can you knock out the tusks?"

"What for?"

"Well, you said we had nothing for arrow points—"

"Good boy! We'll cinch them, and ask questions later."

A few blows with the club loosened the tusks. Blake handed them over to Winthrope, together with the whiskey flask, and led the way to the half-broken path through the thicket. A free use of his club made the path a little more worthy of the name, and as there was less need of haste than on the previous evening, Winthrope and Miss Leslie came through with only a few fresh scratches. Once on open ground again, they soon gained the fallen palms.

At a word from Blake, Miss Leslie hastened to fetch nuts for Winthrope to husk and open. Blake, who had plucked three leaves from a fan palm near the edge of the jungle, began to split long shreds from one of the huge leaves of a cocoanut palm. This gave him a quantity of coarse, stiff fibre, part of which he twisted in a cord and used to tie one of the leaves of the fan palm over his head.

"How's that for a bonnet?" he demanded.

The improvised head-gear bore so grotesque a resemblance to a recent type of picture hat that Winthrope could not repress a derisive laugh. Miss Leslie, however, examined the hat and gave her opinion without a sign of amusement. "I think it is splendid, Mr. Blake. If we must go out in the sun again, it is just the thing to protect one."

"Yes. Here's two more I've fixed for you. Ready yet, Winthrope?"

The Englishman nodded, and the three sat down to their third feast of cocoanuts. They were hungry enough at the start, and Blake added no little keenness even to his own appetite by a grim joke on the slender prospects of the next meal, to the effect that, if in the meantime not eaten themselves, they might possibly find their next meal within a week.

"But if we must move, could we not take some of the nuts with us?" suggested Winthrope.

Blake pondered over this as he ate, and when, fully satisfied, he helped himself up with his club, he motioned the others to remain seated.

"There are your hats and the strings," he said, "but you won't need

them now. I'm going to take a prospect along the river; and while I'm gone, you can make a try at stringing nuts on some of this leaf fibre."

"But, Mr. Blake, do you think it's quite safe?" asked Miss Leslie, and she glanced from him to the jungle.

"Safe?" he repeated. "Well, nothing ate you yesterday, if that's anything to go by. It's all I know about it."

He did not wait for further protests. Swinging his club on his shoulder, he started for the break in the jungle which marked the hippopotamus path. The others looked at each other, and Miss Leslie sighed.

"If only he were a gentleman!" she complained.

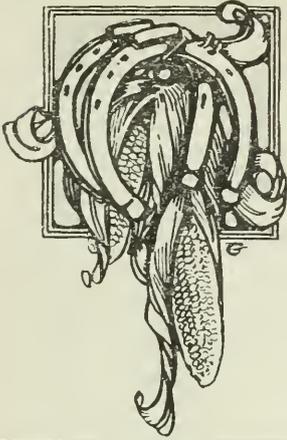
Winthrope turned abruptly to the cocoanuts.

To be continued

RESURRECTION

BY KATHLEEN K. BOWKER

THE trees, 'neath their burden of summer,
 Seem weary, and faded, and done.
 They loosen their leaves with a shudder
 And droop in the gold of the sun.
 Cut back, and lopped off, and pruned over,
 Each seems an unsightly, dead thing—
 But—one touch of God's gardening finger,
 And they twist into bloom in the Spring.



In Those Days

By Florence Randal Livesay

Illustrated by
Gertrude Spaller

"THERE were giants in those days," says the ancient chronicler, but the latter part of the phrase on the lips of a certain lady of well nigh eighty means the days of old Montreal, of which she has most vivid recollections.

"I will just tell you of the things that I have seen myself," she says, as she realizes she has a good listener. "It will be very patchy but you may be able to put it together in readable form if you really think it is interesting to others. I wish you could have talked to my mother, who lived to be ninety-four, and then you would have had stories!

"Her husband was a captain in the Sutherland Highlanders. In consequence of wounds received he resigned his commission and was later sent out by the English Government to act as head of the Indian Department. At the time all the Indians employed by the Hudson's Bay Company brought their furs in canoes to Montreal, where they received supplies of calico, tobacco, beads, etc., in return. Sir George Simpson was then prominent in the Company's affairs and very often indeed have I gone with my parents to his house.

"Ah, my dear, those were the days! You see, the military element and the old French families gave a peculiar flavor to society. When one went to a house one was expected to converse with clever men and women.

Dinner parties were arranged for six o'clock; when invited for an evening one arrived about eight. Very few people had carriages then and most of us walked to the scene of festivities, lanterns being carried by the servants. Upon arrival, the guests were ushered at once into a room where tea was served, light refreshments being offered. The various apartments, lighted with massed candles in sconces, were given over to those attending, as their tastes inclined. In one, card tables were set out. There were no bridge fiends then, but whist, piquet, and other French games were the vogue. In the next room one sat and talked with the gentleman to whom one was introduced until another was brought up by the hostess. If there were no ball room proper in the house some room was cleared for dancing and we went through the minuet or the slow valse then in fashion.

"As I was the oldest daughter of the family I was more fortunate than some girls and was allowed to go out when only about fifteen or sixteen. That is why I can tell you of having seen men who wore the knee breeches, silk stockings, buckled shoes and satin coats.

"The ladies' gowns? Ah, satin was satin in those days. The skirts were very full and stood out of themselves; the bodices were cut pretty décolleté, I am afraid, and of course the sleeves were short. From the time I was six

years old until after my 'salad days' were over I never wore a long sleeve. I can remember still the pained way in which we spoke of some American visitor who had been observed with a high necked and long sleeved gown. The hair was worn in masses of loops and braids and many a woman sat up all night rather than disarrange the coiffure achieved by the over-worked hair dresser. On each great occasion this man was in such demand that he had to be engaged at whatever hour he set, even on the day before the night of the reception. The girl with many braids was to be envied, and I remember that at school some of the older girls would sew their braids together in order to make a more respectable showing. The belles of the day always wore strings of pearls in the hair, real pearls, I mean, not gew gaws.

"But when I am talking about clothes I must tell you of some I saw in an old attic when I was a young girl. A friend of mine used to accompany me to this place and there we would garb ourselves in these beautiful things of a former day and fashion. We would pirouette in them around the garret or nonchalantly stroll about the long garden at the back of the house, commanded as we well knew, young minxes, by the officers' quarters. I will warrant the gowns at least were worth seeing! Perhaps I would don a satin evening gown of palest blue, stiff with its own loveliness, and over it slip a 'spencer' or coat of a wonderful shade of pink, embroidered in pearl beads. The poke bonnet would be lined with ruffles and flutings of pink satin while at one side there was a huge up-standing bow and a graceful feather. Or again, I might wear a splendid black velvet gown, fit for a princess. I remember still a muslin frock, oh, of the sheerest India stuff, embroidered in gold moons, so scantily fashioned that I could scarce sit down in it—oh, my dear, these are dreams of a foolish old

woman, for why should I tell you of clothes, long ago vanishing in the smoke of the great fire? You will think me a hivering body, so I will speak of sterner stuff, for you must know we thought of other things than dress while at school.

"What school was this? It was a famous one in its day and it sent out women into the world who knew things thoroughly. The children nowadays would be staggered indeed at the load of books we conned each night. Miss Easton, the headmistress, was a woman who had a passion for education and who made her pupils learn, whether they wanted to or not. She kept a huge boarding and day school, assisted by many masters of arts and sciences. She was almost masculine in appearance and in the quality and breadth of her attainments. She cared little for



WE USED TO GARB OURSELVES IN BEAUTIFUL THINGS OF BYGONE FASHION AND NONCHALANTLY STROLL ABOUT THE LONG GARDEN COMMANDED BY THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS



ONE SAT AND TALKED TO THE GENTLEMAN TO WHOM ONE WAS INTRODUCED UNTIL
THE HOSTESS BROUGHT UP ANOTHER

manners, which you were supposed to acquire at home, and she was remarkably adept at taking off her slipper and leaving a red mark on your bare neck, for a faulty lesson vexed her sorely. No prizes were given at the end of the year, but each girl strove daily for the privilege of wearing a medal (for each class) as the head girl. We had a four days' examination at the end of the year, when doctors, clergymen, and lawyers, as well as the parents, were invited to attend and ask questions at random from any book studied during the year. But much of our learning had nothing to do with text books. Astronomy was taught us from the stars in the heavens, we being often roused from

our beds to take observations; geology was practical work, too, with a master with us on our expeditions. I believe I could best you now in geography, and in history we studied that of England, Rome and Greece with Natural Philosophy. Latin, Greek, a little Hebrew, French and Italian were the languages to be grappled with while music and painting absorbed the rest of our time. Yet I think we all loved school and to me it was a real punishment to stay away. I studied hard and later on in life I coached a future Minister of the Crown in Latin and Greek and I was but a sample of the result of Miss Easton's educational methods.

"Sunday was rigidly observed in our

household and indeed by all but the French families who had their own traditions and ideas as to what was right and proper. We lived away up St. Antoine Street, and St. Gabriel church, which we attended, was near the old parade ground. We walked to Sunday school, stayed for service, came home for dinner and then went off to service again. I can still remember the horror with which the idea of evening service was received by the older Presbyterians, when mooted. 'Twill be but a meeting place for beaux and belles, they cried.

"One of my most vivid recollections centres about the rebellion of '37. One day I had walked into town with one of our servants, being then a little girl, to do some shopping. Suddenly there was a great uproar in the street and a lot of men rushed by shouting. These were the Fils de Liberté. In the commotion I became separated from my companion, who ran home, frightened out of her wits. Some gentleman took me by the hand and led me into a store, telling me to stay there until he called for me. That night the Home Guard was called out and patrolled the streets, the men being the fathers and brothers of those considered to be in danger. My mother was staying at the time at our farm in St. Eustache, but the Patriotes allowed her to come through the lines. She put what valuables she might into the wagon which brought her, knowing that she was leaving all other belongings to the flames. The soldiers she met were not very formidable, being mere youths in many cases, some of them armed with wooden guns. Many of these poor lads were later burned to death or shot when the church in the village was attacked. They had taken refuge in the galleries, removing the staircases, and even in the belfry,

shooting the soldiers when they broke in. A fire was kindled behind the altar, forcing those who could escape and who had been hidden in the crypt to rush out and give themselves up. But few received quarter, for the dreadful death which befell poor Jack Weir was in everyone's thoughts, and his comrades had sworn to be revenged for his merciless slaughter. He had fallen into the Patriotes' hands and his mangled body was afterwards found by the advancing soldiery, the sight driving them to fury, for he was greatly beloved.

"In Montreal it was rumored one night that the rebels were advancing by stealth and that a general massacre of the English was to take place, the French being spared if a light were placed in the windows of their homes. Accordingly every householder was told to illuminate his window and I remember that a sheet of tin was tacked near the frame, to form a rude socket for the candle which was placed in it. For two or three nights in succession my father and brothers did not return from their patrol, and we were all so frightened at being left alone.

"With the centering of the fur trade in the posts of the West my father's duties in Montreal became unnecessary. He was appointed Secretary-Treasurer of the first railway company ever operating in Canada, the trains of which ran from Laprairie to St. Johns. I was a passenger on the first trip made on this line. The coaches were built on the English plan in compartment style and everything was on a small scale. I expect we attained no very wonderful speed, but we certainly felt we had accomplished as much as the 'flying-men' do to-day, when we reached the end of our journey in safety."



Johnny Bedotte— His Finish

By L. V. Kelly

Illustrated by
C. O. Longabaugh

JOHNNIE BEDOTTE, The Wolf, was a trapper of the mixed blood of France and Cree. Perhaps more of the Cree showed in his physical construction, for there was more of it. His beard was coarse and sparse, his eyes black and set above high, wide cheek-bones. Johnnie knew the art of trapping fur as well and as thoroughly as a fur-clad belle knows the art of trapping hearts. In his world of wilderness and nature, Johnnie was wise even beyond the wisdom of his ancestors on his mother's side.

He could go into the woods with a strip of birch-bark and with its aid make a bull moose raging mad in ten minutes, he could call the gigantic king of the northland forests from the tenderest of lily pads, more surely perhaps than the gentle grunting of a lone moose cow. For Johnnie had the gift of throwing supreme insult and

challenge into the "Ugh, ugh" of his own original moose-call.

Johnnie could take a fish-head, odorous and charming, fasten it with such finesse above the steel jaws of a cruel trap that the minks ran over each other in the endeavor to get the dainty, he could build a deadfall into which the very foxes would walk with open eyes, he could shoot the light out of a deer's eyes by the glimmer of a flambeau. Johnnie knew the woods as his mother knew the lore of the Crees, but he loved the whiskey of the white men as his full-blood wife loved him, and his devotion to it when not on the trail had caused him to suffer such fearful exposures that the dread white plague had fastened its icy fingers upon his once mighty lungs.

Johnnie was a trapper of the old school. He hated a repeating rifle only worse than he detested the petty modern breech-loader, he scored it

bitterly. His weapon was an old Martini-Henry, heavy, cumbersome, single of shot and true of direction. He loved it. Conversation often arose among the trappers of the relative merits of the repeating carbine or the single shot. Johnnie would cough rackingly, tenderly fondle the scarred stock of his weapon, and reply,

"Dis fine goon. I shoot heem ten year, five wintaire, five summaire, I know heem well. Once I go shoot buffal-o on Hay reever. I go ver' slow up de flat for I hear heem ole bull beller. Den I see heem, seex hoonderd yard, maybe, pawin' de cart' an' noartin' lak he plum' crazee.

"I draw fine bead on hees shouldaire, an' I fire dis ole goon once,—ole bull jes' stiffen hees legs up an' stan' like stiff. I tink, 'Da's foony, ole rifle she nevaire do lak dat ag'in. Moost miss heem complete.'

"So I feex heem sight jes' right an' aim ag'in, but ole bull he stan' jes' so as before. Den I get mad, me, an' fire four bulletts at dat ole bull an' heem standin' dere all tam, makin' no move. Bimeby I fire seex tam, an' den I see white spot on side of ole bull's shouldaire.

"'Da's foony!' I sez to me, an' I look some more. Dat white spot was white rock on odaire side of dat bull. Dis ole goon,"—stroking the rifle fondly—"she shoot heem so close dat beg hole cut clean t'rough heem, an' dat first shot I make was kill heem so dead he jes' stiffen right up an' die dere 'fore he kin fall down!"

Johnnie loved his rifle, he loved the woods, and he loved also the brew of the barley, the odor and taste of the merchandise that the whiskey smugglers brought so silently across the sloughs and timber stretches of the northland to exchange for the rich furs which the trappers had risked life and limb to obtain. With a self-denial that comes only to those who dwell in the lone stretches of the unsettled north he usually refrained from indulgences until his winter catch was in. Then he sought, and obtained, a fighting spree, returning to his shack and his patient wife stripped, coughing, but unrepentant.

This year Johnnie's catch was in early. He had a great bale of furs, mink, otter, foxes, wolves, some bears, and one black fox. How his eyes glistened as he looked upon that costly bale! He could buy a Peterborough canoe, he could travel away out to Edmonton and see the steam cars, he could live years on the proceeds. He gloated while his silent and patient wife moved about the log cabin in pursuit of her usual household duties.

New Year's day approached. Johnnie thought of past days and of the joyous times he used to have with the other French breeds who made of that great day the biggest, most glorious, most extravagant celebration of any of the three hundred and sixty-five. The call of the tempter came. He prepared himself with painstaking attention to detail. First some skins were taken from the bales and wrapped carefully up to be used for purchasing the liquid which drove dull care away. This was one necessity. Followed others. He brought up his little jumper sleigh and painted it red and blue, pink and purple, he groomed his wiry ponies until they shone like silk, and he dyed their tails vermilion, their manes scarlet, and their shining sides yellow. Always he hummed the paddling song of the north.

On New Year's morn the most bizarre outfit perhaps that ever startled the sedate poplars and somber spruces flickered through the open spots, Johnnie, gay in toque, courier-du-bois sash, beaded moccasins, jacket and leggings, holding his nippy team well in hand until he reached the head of the long village street. Then with a shrill yell and a whoop he threw the reins loose and flashed at breakneck speed toward his goal, the shack of Donald Macnair. Johnnie was ready and anxious to howl.

Donald Macnair was as Scotch as his name and as careful and cautious as his blood and his occupation would allow. He retailed, at marvellous figures, a concoction composed of blue-stone, Hudson Bay rum, sugar and water; and he took pride in averring that there was more fighting qualities in one glass of his fiery beverage than

there was in a quart of the stuff sold by rivals. Johnnie knew Donald's claim, and he knew it was based on fact, so he headed for it with feverish desire. With a yelping flourish he dragged his ponies back on their haunches, leaped out and into the place; with the loss of few words he exchanged ten dollars' worth of mink-skins for a quart of fiery liquid; then he tore away again. Before a half hour had passed he was back, ponies dripping with sweat, and bought another quart. Donald complacently waited, assured, by previous experience, that business was going to be brisk.

Time passed, and Johnnie did not return. Donald grew restless and impatient and he went forth in search of explanation. Down by the log boarding house he discovered another trapper who gave him news.

"Johnnie Bedotte, he says that whiskey you sell ain't no good," explained the informer with gusto. "He pay you ten dollars for a bottle an' it don't make him drunk. He buys another bottle an' it doesn't either."

"Why, the black-hearted liar," stormed the worthy Scot, white with passion and injured pride. "That stuff would eat the bottom out of a brass kettle. The man's trying to spoil my business." Then he started on a lone crusade in search of the detractor of the virtue of his wares. Half a mile out of town he met a trader to whom he confided his inquiry. "That frog-eating son of a Cree is going to eat them words or he don't get more whuskey from me," declared the descendant of Robert Bruce grimly, reverting in his excitement to an accent he had lost with education. They followed the zig-zag trail of Johnnie's sleigh until, rounding a bend in the brush they stopped and gasped,—then hastened forward. Heaped at the side of the road was a gay chariot, a mass of splintered, gaudy colors; the remains of Johnnie's jumper; off in the brush a threshing, snorting tangle of yellow and vermilion showed where the frantic ponies were thumping their lives out in crazed endeavors to get free; and crumpled against a rock where he had been pitched lay Johnnie, absolutely

unconscious, a great crimson gash across his scalp and forehead. Macnair stopped and looked reproachfully at the man's silent form.

"An' ye said it wasna good whuskey!" he chided.

They wrapped the injured man's head in his many-colored sash, they swabbed his face with snow, and slowly he moved and opened his eyes. Then he struggled to his feet, glancing around while a smile of supreme joy sparkled from his eyes and irradiated his countenance.

"Da's fine," declared Johnnie with enthusiasm, "Da's fine. Macnair, I t'ought you dam' cheap, but dat mus' be good whuskee." His jaws set tight and the battle light flared in his eyes; he coughed violently and spat, more blood reddening the snow.

"Das fines' whuskee I ever see," he continued faintly. "You sell me one o'daire bottel an' I lick whole dam' town. Eh? Gosh, da's fine time," and he dropped over again.

Macnair crashed through the brush to the struggling team, two shots rang out and, as he clumped back, silence reigned.

"One had a broken leg, the other was cut open with a snag," he explained to the trader. "If Johnnie hadna apologized like a gentleman I would leave him here to die, but we better take him in." Stooping he gathered the wiry, bloody form in his great arms and started on the two mile walk to the settlement.

"Ta think of a mon sayin' my whuskey wouldna give the right effect," snorted Macnair as he deposited the helpless burden on the floor of his establishment. Next day, loaded on a dog-drawn sled they dragged Johnnie to his home in the poplars and turned him, wretched and shaken, over to his silent, patient spouse.

The northern stars blinked brightly, the frost sparkled on the trees, beneath the Aurora Borealis a mass of black clouds piled up and the wind soughed. Speedily the heavens were blotted out, the wind picked up and roared as it swept in its bitter strength. The poplars groaned and creaked; the spruces moaned as they entered their



HE RETURNED TO HIS SHACK AND HIS PATIENT WIFE

annual battle with the great winter storm; across the icy surface of the lake the blizzard howled as it sought something with which to wrestle. In Johnnie Bedotte's cabin the fireplace blazed as the upright logs caught the flames and snapped out sparks and heat. Three days had passed since his trip and his affliction had conquered him. In one corner stood his bale of pelts; in another his snowshoes, rifle and hunting outfit. Johnnie lay in a huddle of skins and robes on the floor, and his wife moved in and out as she worked. Outside the dogs had burrowed into the snowbanks to escape the screaming wind.

Suddenly Bedotte's squaw stopped and listened. From the outside came the crunch of snow, the tramp of feet, the sounds of men talking as they unharnessed dogs. Then the door was thrown open and three men, laden with packs of furs, stamped in and closed out the driving snow. They dropped their burdens and nodded to the woman, who nodded back; they spoke briefly to Johnnie and removed their outer garments, for the hospitality of the northland knows no forbidden guests when the storms blow.

The squaw commenced to prepare a meal. The men lighted pipes and conversed of their season's catch; Johnnie, between convulsions of coughing, joined in. Supper over, the squaw washed the dishes, and returned silently

to her corner by the fireplace where she squatted and stolidly watched one of the visitors bring forth a pack of cards and thumb them slowly. Johnnie's eyes sparkled; the woman's glowed, but the cause of the expression was different. With the loss of little time the four men commenced to play, first dragging Johnnie on his bed closer to the light of the blazing logs, and then gathering around, sitting crosslegged on the floor.

Outside the storm grew in fury and the poplars cracked, while the spruces crashed as they fell before the tempest. All night the men played, ceasing only to eat the meals prepared by the woman; all day the game went on while the storm pounded outside and whipped across the forest. The evening of the second twenty-four hours saw the gamblers haggard, grim, intent, losing steadily to Johnnie who piled his winnings behind him and urged the players on. Then came a turn of fortune. Adam, the Bear, drew good cards and commenced to win steadily. Johnnie's winnings vanished and he began to cut into his own store. By morning he was almost stripped, but his face showed no sign of despondency or disappointment; carved in iron he accepted good and poor hands alike; a drawn, brown wreck, he impassively gave or took as his cards dictated. Then he was down to the last hide, and his eyes gleamed as he saw his cards, but Adam's hand was better, and

Johnnie fell back on his pallet. The game stopped while the woman brought food again. Johnnie lay and stared at the split logs of the roof.

Breakfast over, they looked and found the storm had broken. The dogs were out and fighting among themselves, the sun shone down on the unbroken stretch of snow. The men agreed to play to noon and then take the trail again, Adam dickering with the others to haul his accumulated wealth. So they returned to the game, and Bedotte sat up. He spoke to his woman. She brought forth a bundle, which upon being opened proved to be a magnificent black fox skin, soft, fleecy, thick, wonderful. The trappers looked and longed, Adam's fingers itched as he fondled the cards. Johnnie caressed the skin tenderly, then laid it beside him; next he called for his rifle which he placed on the skin, then followed his clothing, beaded and gaudy, his snowshoes, traps, the blankets and skins from his wife's bed, the very blankets and skins too on which he lay. All went in the heap beside him,

"I play heem ag'in all you got, Adam the Bear," whispered Bedotte, steadily, as his black eyes set against those of Adam.

"Et ees not enough," replied Adam,

lightly. "You mus' play more against my pile."

Johnnie thought.

"I add my dog team too," he said finally, holding himself in a sitting posture by main will power.

"I go you dere," agreed Adam, for Johnnie's team was the pride of the country, big, strong, tough and perfectly trained.

"Eet ees good," quoth the sick man, almost too low to hear. "Deal. One han' is enough, first cards." Adam nodded, the others strained forward, for it was a princely gamble. The woman sat beside her stripped hearth and appeared not to notice, giving no sign excepting a discouraged droop to her shoulders. They dealt and they looked.

"A pair of queens," announced Adam, laying his hand face up. Johnnie looked to see, then placed two kings on top of them.

"Give all to her," he muttered in Cree as he waved one hand at his wife and fell forward with the black blood gushing from his mouth. "I die," he bubbled throatily as his friends tried to pick him up. Then he closed his eyes and his spirit passed to the Unknown, while his squaw wailed by the fireplace.

VENICE

BY T. D. J. FARMER

WHERE Brenta cast up her alluvial sands
 In the dim centuries of long ago
 She rose, a child of pride and pomp and show
 Outrivalling all her other neighboring lands,
 And wealth and commerce fell into her hands
 From subject cities. And to-day although
 'Mong the world's business marts she ranketh low
 In Art's rich treasury she still commands.
 But, 'mid her golden domes, her carved facades,
 I sought in vain for verdant spreading shades,
 I listened, but upon mine ear there rang
 Of horse's hoofs no distant echoing clang
 Nor sound of rumbling wheels—she hath not these—
 Because her paths are o'er th' untrodden seas.

Pioneering in New Ontario



HOW THOSE MEN WORKED, CUTTING DOWN TIMBER, GRUBBING OUT STUMPS,
AND BUILDING LOG SHACKS

By Rufus Allen Burriss

Illustrated from Photographs

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is a first-hand story of the pioneer settlement of the district now known as "New Ontario," told in singularly vivid and direct form by the man who gathered up the first band of settlers twenty-five years ago, and embarked on a hard and hazardous journey into what was then a wilderness, and to-day is a region of thriving farms. He was urged on by a strong—some might say a blind—faith in the possibilities of the country, and time has proved him right. Of such stuff as this, the Canadian pioneers, both east and west, have been made.



R. A. BURRISS

IN 1889 the phrase "New Ontario" was unknown to the world, and anybody who talked of colonizing it was laughed at for his pains. I know just how that laughter sounds. For this is the story of New Ontario's beginning, of which the end is not yet.

The invasion of the American settler into Canada had just commenced, in a little trickle of a few hundreds a year—actual figures are not procurable—and

the government had not yet awakened to the settler-attracting campaign that has had such amazing results in the last decade. But I had for years worked on the idea of colonizing the rich Rainy River district with poor tenant farmers from the United States—men who had actual farming experience, but lacked capital to get a start; and I applied to the Crown Lands department of the Province of Ontario for twenty thousand acres of land. I got an amused "No" to my plea; but I persisted, and finally the minister said, "I guess we had better let him have it. Anyway he can't run off with it." So I made my first step in the scheme.

The next thing was to select the land

ready for the Government's surveyors, and in the dead of winter I made a one thousand five hundred mile trip over the ice of the Lake of the Woods and Rainy River, picked out my land, and by spring it was ready for the settlers. How I meant to carry it through, without money or support of any kind but my own word and a faith that it would succeed, I didn't know. But on the 7th day of May, 1889, some fifty heads of families arrived in Rat Portage, now Kenora, en route to Rainy River. There was one family from San Francisco; there were a grey-haired father, three grown sons and a son-in-law from Cottage Grove, Oregon. There were three men from a town in Illinois. Indeed in that little company seventeen states and all the eastern provinces were represented, even to Nova Scotia. All of them had left wives and children behind them; all came, attracted by free government land in the Rainy River Valley, and the prospect of being able to carve out a home and an inheritance for their families.

These sturdy, determined men were not rich. Wives had said to their husbands as they departed for the Canadian homestead land, "Don't try to send us any money. We'll get along somehow." And some of them had not enough for their own living expenses of the most modest sort. One man approached me quietly, and slid a five dollar bill into my hand, with the direction, "Will you give this to Green Norris? He looks like he needs it." At the first available opportunity I drew Norris aside, and said, "Mr. Fullerton asked me to give this to you." The money, all crinkled, was in the palm of his hand. He gazed at it a moment, and the tears trickled down his anxious face. He had left a wife and six children at home. And this was only one of the examples of brotherly feeling which pervaded this company of poor men who had assembled from the four quarters of the American continent to do battle with the wilderness. They were a remarkable crowd. They were moral and religious men, with an earnest purpose in life. Not one was a drinking man. Two proved to be camp

followers, and caused considerable trouble on various occasions; but in the mass, it was a singularly sturdy and strong-fibred group of settlers.

A hotel in Rat Portage had been chartered, and on Saturday night when all the representatives had arrived, a great reception was held in the dining room. Brief speeches were made by every man present. Nineteenths of them said, "My wife persuaded me to come." Many of them broke down, too strongly moved to complete their speeches.

Mr. Tapscott, the Baptist minister of the place, spoke with great feeling. He said, "This is the most marvelous sight I ever witnessed; my heart has been thrilled and stirred as never before." He concluded his remarks by inviting the strangers to take complete possession of the Baptist Temple, over the Lord's Day. He suggested that the centre seats of the church be occupied by the visitors; that the entire services be conducted by them, and that he and his congregation would be the guests, occupying the side seats. The invitation was accepted. I marched my people from the hotel to the temple, conducted the morning services, and invited a man by the name of Thomas to conduct the evening service. The reception given to this first American contingent to this new country was appreciated. This kindness helped and lighted many a burden from sick and sore hearts; for there are numerous trials in store for the poor man who endeavours to carve out a home in the wilderness.

It was on Monday, the tenth of May, that we embarked on the steamer Kenora. This was to be the last stage of our journey. All the men were quite happy; and most of them spent their remaining cash for provisions, and various supplies which they knew they would require. One man spent all of his surplus cash for three bushels of potatoes, about which we will hear again.

Our trip carried us two hundred miles through the Lake of the Woods and the Rainy River, through the islands and the famous sturgeon-fishing territory, and past the island known



OUR TRIP CARRIED US TWO HUNDRED MILES THROUGH THE BEAUTIFUL LAKE OF THE WOODS AND RAINY RIVER

as "Hungry Hall". Do you wish to know how Hungry Hall derived its name? Many years ago, some fishermen and others were marooned on this island. It was the period just before the breakup. The ice on the Lake of the Woods freezes to the depth of thirty-six to forty inches. The lake is dangerous, when the icy floods rush down Rainy River, and great ice jams occur. The ice is solid between the islands, one great gorge.

It was the time of the ice in the early spring. It was many a weary day those lonely men had to wait. Their provisions grew less and less daily until they were on the verge of starvation. At last aid arrived. The half-famished men rushed for the supply like wild animals. Someone of the rescuing party remarked, "That was a hungry hall." So the place has been designated by that name ever since.

Rainy River is a splendid body of water separating Ontario and the state of Minnesota for about eighty miles. Rainy River is formed by

Rainy Lake. On this river is International Falls near Fort Francis, where thirty thousand horse power is being generated at the present time. We had one exciting experience at the Manitou Rapids. As we toiled along up the river, and were just about to make an abrupt turn, our steamboat gave several shrill blasts, which reverberated up the valley.

In a few minutes, the river bank on the Minnesota side was swarming with Indians. They put out from every point along the shore in their canoes, all headed for the steamboat. Among the first to arrive was an old Indian chief, a skilled river pilot. He was to take charge of our boat, and under his guidance, we were to ascend the rapids. As the other Indians came swarming around our boat, a coil of rope was placed in one of the largest canoes; and they all started along the shore, keeping close to the bank in order to avoid the madly rushing current. On and on they forged their way up the river, until at last they reached the placid waters above the



MEANTIME THE WOMEN-FOLKS HAVE BEEN BUSY LAYING OUT A BOUNTIFUL SPREAD, AND AFTER THE FRAME IS UP, HOW THOSE MEN DO EAT. THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A HUNDRED BARN-RAISERS PUTTING AWAY SOME GENUINE FARM COOKING

rapids; and well back on the shore they fastened the end of the rope securely to a large tree. The steamboat shrieked again, blowing off steam. The old Indian chief was at the wheel, and the engineer was given the signal to throw the throttle well open. The steamboat seemed to become a living plunging thing, as she dashed into the foam of the rapids. The rope, one end of which was attached to a tree on the bank of the river, and the other end to a capstan, was hidden for a while in the waters; but just as the dead pull came, the rope came to the surface. On and on, inch by inch, moved the steamboat, trembling in every fiber, at times standing still, until at last the Manitou had been conquered, and the rope was no longer required. The Indians were given a sack of flour, which they carried off to their reservation.

There were three steamboats all in company on this memorable trip. Captain Thompson had charge of the "Kenora." Then there were Captain Bridges and Captain Lous, making the

first voyage after the opening of navigation.

Another series of dangerous rapids was called the, "Soo Rapids". All night the steamboats lay at anchor. Very little information could be obtained as to what had caused the delay. I apprehended difficulty, for I knew by intuition some trouble was coming. In a private way, I approached every one of my men, and said, "Don't get off this boat without direct orders from me." Numerous questions were asked, but I was not in a situation to give any information. All I could say, "Wait, you will see."

Hours passed by, and I observed the situation growing more serious. I passed among my people again, and asked for their tickets. They asked why I wanted their tickets, but I could not tell. I did not know myself. As I anticipated, the water over the Soo Rapids was so shallow that the boats could not get over without grave danger; so it was evident that they were going to discharge their passengers on the banks of the river, in



LANCE JACK'S BARN NEAR EMO. THE FRAME IS UP, AND EVERYBODY IS HUNGRY



A RAINY RIVER BARN IN PROCESS OF GOING UP. TWO SIDES ARE CHOSEN, AND THERE IS ALWAYS A LIVELY RACE BETWEEN THEM TO SEE WHICH SIDE WILL GET ITS TIMBERS INTO PLACE FIRST

the Indian Reservation, seventeen miles from our destination.

The steamboat kept moving up closer and closer to the shore; the gang plank was pulled out; and the order came to "get off". All the passengers aboard the other boats got off without a question. All the passengers of our boat except my people did likewise. There they were standing, waiting for my orders. They had their overcoats, lunch baskets, and effects, all in order, and were prepared to get off in a body.

The command in a stern voice from the Captain came to me. "Get your people off." With what calmness I could muster, I walked out and said, "Captain, my people are not going to get off this boat." No doubt he anticipated trouble with me and he was prepared for it, and he blurted out, "What in h—l is the matter with you?" One of the owners of the boat happened to be on board. He quickly approached the Captain and, placing his hand on his shoulder, said, "Don't talk that way to that man; he is not used to it." The Captain sat down and filled his pipe.

I invited the owner of the boat, and the purser to go with me into the purser's office. Then I closed the door and said, "I realize your position; you can go no further, but it is preposterous to attempt to put my people off here in the wilderness, seventeen miles from our destination. I have men here seventy years of age, women, children, stock, and effects, and these must receive some consideration." I stated further "It is my desire to help you out all I can. I will suggest that you take two of my men and go to the Indian reservation, and see if the Indians with their canoes can be hired to take us the rest of the way."

The idea struck him favorably. "I hadn't thought of that. I'll go," he agreed. But I called out two of my men and asked them to make the trip, and if possible to arrange with the Indians to take us to Emo. Off they went on the three mile trip to the Indian village, and I waited their return with anxiety.

At last they appeared, and as soon

as they got within shouting distance, we heard the welcome words, "The Indians will take us to Emo for seventy-five cents each, if we will walk the three miles round the rapids." Instantly I gave my people permission to disembark and start on the journey, in the meantime laying all their tickets on the purser's desk, with the request, "Please give me seventy-five cents for each of these tickets. Also I need four dollars to pay for a guide to go with the men who take the stock through by land. And besides, you must pay me for a boat to take all the effects to Emo."

The purser counted out the money without hesitancy, and I left the boat, seeing ahead of me a long string of men walking along the edge of the water, bound for the Indian village, and making haste to join them. But when I got there, a new trouble awaited us. The English missionary, acting as interpreter, introduced me to the chief, saying that the Indians were refusing to take their canoes over the rapids, for fear they would not be paid—"White man lie, never pay money".

I glanced over the scene. Along the shore a fleet of canoes lay, and on the bank all the Indians lay on the grass of the sunny slope, inert, inactive and glum. "Tell the chief," said I to the missionary, "that there is one white man who will not lie to an Indian. Every Indian who will take his canoe over the rapids will be paid, even if he is not used. Here is the money," and with that I put my hand in my pocket, withdrawing a handful of bills which I displayed to the chief.

His black eyes sparkled, and he transmitted the word to his men. Quicker than one can snap a finger, every Indian was rushing for his canoe, and in the next moment was in the boiling, tossing water of the Soo Rapids. There was never a more beautiful sight than the ensuing battle between man and water. I stood in profound admiration, and marvelled at the Indians' dexterity. My people also stood still, and waited, wondering what would happen next. When the first Indian brought his canoe out of the

boiling, foaming rapids, I assigned two of my men to the craft, ordered them to pay their Indian seventy-five cents on their arrival at Emo, and told them that I would refund them the money. As the other canoes came in, I continued the performance, repeating, "Pay your Indian, pay your Indian," until all but one Indian had been dispatched. Him I paid, and sent back; and then stepped into the canoe that had been reserved for my own use, manned by a fine, strong young Indian, and swung off into the waters of the river.

My canoeman could understand and speak some English. I offered him a reward if he would pass all the other canoes and put me into Emo first. There was a shout and a waving of hats, as we swept past canoe after canoe, and I was the first to reach Emo. It was a long and tiresome trip, but I stood on the riverbank and saw each Indian receive his pay. One man from Indiana, about fifty-five years of age, in attempting to get out of his small quarters, upset the canoe, and rolled out into the water. The stolid Indian smiled. The money was in my coat pocket. I found change and refunded to each his seventy-five cents. Another stage in our journey was ended.

That was the first boat in the spring. The people of the Rainy River Valley had been shut away from civilization for six months, and the first boat in the spring was welcomed. It was heavily loaded with provisions for all the little settlements along the river. The population of this magnificent valley was very small, at this time. No richer land can be found anywhere. All this valley was once the bottom of a great lake; Rainy River is now the channel. The soil of this valley is from two to fifty feet deep, and the most prodigious crops are produced. At that time, this district teemed with game of all descriptions, bear, wolf, mink, martin, deer, cariboo, and moose. One of my men from Kentucky found over fifty head of moose in his yard one morning. John Sweeney, and one or two of his neighbors, the first winter, tracked down four moose. The bull moose heard the tramping of the

hunters first, jumped up just to receive a leaden messenger, then the cow moose and two calves went down, thus providing meat for the new settlement. This was the favorite habitation for the Indian, the spot he considered his happy hunting ground.

I had chartered the Union Hotel, at Emo. The proprietor was overwhelmed. He simply gave me the keys of all the bedrooms, and advised me to bed the people. There were beds everywhere. I had a great time making complete arrangements, but the people were not fastidious, and were easily pleased. They were all glad to reach their destination, for many of them had travelled for a week or ten days. The old men, women, and children were tired.

Next morning, the sunrise was most beautiful, but the landlord and a few of his companions had been drinking liquor, and he was out of his right mind. He was angry with me and my people for not one of them entered his bar, or drank a drop of liquor. He had given me reduced rates; and because no money was spent over the bar, he informed me that he intended to raise the charges fifty cents per day. Here was a new day, and a new trouble. I intended to occupy the hotel only for a few days. My idea was to locate my men on the land, as soon as possible. I thought that all of my difficulties had been overcome, and I felt happy because I was on the verge of victory, but liquor interfered and attempted to dictate and drive me hard. I refused to be dominated by a man under the influence of liquor. He said, "You can't do otherwise; there are no other hotels; you will have to pay the price."

I called my people together in the parlor. They wondered what I had to say. I told them the story of the landlord's demand, and stated, "I will not submit; a way will be provided out of the difficulty." While I was speaking, I happened to glance out of the window, across the street. The street seemed to be filled with people in front of the leading store of the place. There was great agitation. A man in the crowd motioned to me to come down.

Before leaving the room, I admonished the people to have courage, and to remain seated until I returned. I ran out upon the street, bare-headed. A way was opened through the crowd, and the owner of the store said, "I have heard of your trouble, and I want to help you out; here is the key to my wharf-house. You can empty it and use it. Here is a stove, and stove pipes, and here are mattresses, and blankets. Take them all if you can use them." I said, "I will take them." Another man said, "Here is the key to my wharf-house, and ten thousand feet of lumber you can have. Take it all if you require it." I said, "I'll take it."

I rushed back upstairs and, in a few brief words, explained what had happened. Then and there, I formulated a plan to organize a hotel. I ordered my people to go at once and pay the landlord, then to take all of their effects out of the hotel, and pile them out in the street. I appointed two men to clean out the wharf houses. Two men were sent to get the stove, stove pipes, and put up the stove. Some who were carpenters were set at building tables and benches, others preparing sleeping places. One man from Rock Falls, Ill., and another from Oregon acted as cooks, at a dollar per day and board. I took the cooks, purchased all kinds of provisions, cooking utensils, knives, forks, and spoons and sent them to buy bread. Not a word was said, but men went sternly about obeying orders. In two hours from the time we were turned out, at twelve o'clock, dinner was announced; and a more sumptuous repast was never placed before a more grateful people.

At the Union Hotel, dinner had been prepared for seventy-five people, but every guest in the house left, and came to our hotel, which had been conceived, organized, and had had a meal made ready all in two hours.

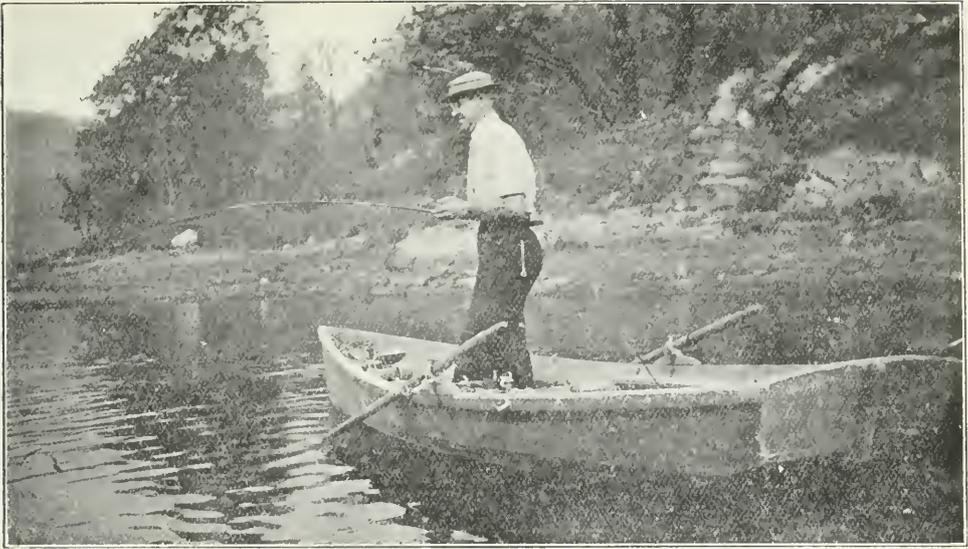
I appointed a book-keeper. The cost of everything was kept, and equally divided, and it was found that our meals cost fifteen cents each. I kept the hotel going for a week or ten days, until I had all my men settled.

I achieved all this without money and did not go in debt. It was a financial proposition which carried itself.

Ten miles north-east of Emo, my tract of twenty thousand acres of land was located. The entire party started out to see it. There were teams and lunch baskets, I hired a guide, and we arrived at the corner of the land about noon. This was a great day in the wilderness. The young men opened the lunch baskets, and the provisions were put out on logs, and on the ground. There was a beautiful spring of water, cold as ice, and as clear as crystal. I rose from where I was seated on a log, and called upon J. Carry Smith, from Richmond, Indiana, to return thanks. Every head was uncovered and bowed in reverence. It was a joyous meal.

It is said that troubles never come singly. A trouble here came to me like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. I suggested that the old men remain by the baskets, and rest; and all the others take the trip of inspection. We were prepared to start, when one of the party, a man from Ohio, stood forth, and said, "Gentlemen, we have been deluded and misled. This entire proposition has been misrepresented. The task to conquer this forest and to carve out a home is too great a task. The work is too stupendous; we will simply be squandering our time. Now is the time to go back. Nothing is to be accomplished by going on. I am going back. I would advise all of you to go back."

As quick as a flash, I was on a log, and my first words attracted attention. I said, "Go back! Go back to what? What did you leave? You are all too poor to go back. Here are our possessions, and there is one hundred and sixty acres of this fertile land, covered with magnificent timber, for each man. Every man before me now is worth one thousand dollars. True, we are isolated now. Because this country is almost inaccessible, and because of its remoteness is the very reason you can obtain a free home. The railway will come and then the people will flock in, but you will be in advance of all, and consequently reap a rich harvest.



NOT ONLY HAS NEW ONTARIO BECOME A THRIVING AGRICULTURAL REGION, BUT IT IS FULL OF GOOD FISHING AS WELL

Rainy River holds out no chances for the faint-hearted, the hesitating, or the man who does things by halves; on the contrary, it will break and crush him. You will have to pull against the collar for at least three years. Nature rules with a stern sway, and you must be prepared to pay her toll, if you would gain her treasures. We are at the corner of the promised land, and we are going to go around and inspect it; and you, sir, a doubting Thomas, and a coward, may go back. We are not here to go back. Take the lead, guide. Forward, men."

A shout went up, the guide started along the survey line, and all the men followed, shouting, singing, and laughing. Hour after hour, we trudged along the freshly cut survey line, floundered in muskeg and silently and slowly crawled through the dense woods of pine, tamarac, spruce, cedar, and poplar.

This was a tiresome day for me. I fell by the way-side as I climbed the brush of the survey line, and my young heroes carried me out. The day was a victorious one. It requires considerable pluck to get into a country in advance of the band of steel, but it is the men who get in then, who will score success.

This was a memorable day. I have

never seen so many tired, miserable, yet happy men before in my life. A good supper and a good sleep restored their courage; and when I called them together the next morning, it was unanimously agreed upon that I should apportion the land.

Some might have thought this task would be an impossible one. This is the way I went about it. I had a large township map. I asked every man to indicate on paper whom he would like for his neighbor. This was an unlooked for suggestion, and had the tendency to intensify their interest in the proposition.

For two hours, there was a constant stream of conversation, each man consulting his friends; but at last, the last paper was handed in, and I went into my room, and in an hour's time, I had every man's name written down on a quarter section. The map was then placed on a large table for inspection. Every man crowded in to see where his farm was; and as each one turned away, he said, "I'm satisfied." There was only one dissatisfied man.

I was soon made to comprehend the great difficulties with which I had to contend in order to establish my people. No farm work could be done, for the people were too poor to make a start. While the land was being pre-

pared for the crops, remunerative work must be provided. To solve this difficulty, I appealed to the Provincial Government, and secured a grant of about twenty-five hundred dollars for road construction, for there were no roads. Some of the brave souls carried their effects in on their shoulders; some erected tents; others built log shacks. The road-work proved a blessing. How those men worked cutting down timber, grubbing out stumps, digging ditches, and grading roads, which would pass in front of their cabin doors; they received one dollar and a half per day and board. One man, from what is now Oklahoma, came with a team. Down near Rainy River, I asked a farmer to let Green Norris have enough land in which to plant three bushels of potatoes. I asked the Indian Nation man to plow it. The potatoes were planted. Then came on the road construction work, the building of a house, and other responsibilities. The potatoes were never cultivated. Late in the fall Green Norris concluded to go and investigate. He thought he might get a few bushels of potatoes. Great was his surprise when the little patch yielded him seventy bushels.

Log cabins were built. Families

kept coming through. A church was organized. Then a school-house was erected. Next came a saw-mill, store, and post-office. Prosperity crowned their labor. It was not many months, until the twenty thousand acres were occupied. Then I called for twenty thousand more, then another, then another. Twelve years have passed by, and my family of prosperous people has grown, from a handful at first, to over three thousand. We have established seventy rural school districts, and our people, all of whom came in poverty, are worth now in lands, chattels, and cash over three millions of dollars. The Canadian Northern Railway runs through our settlement. No more happy or contented people can be found. Green Norris, who has prospered with all the others, recently wrote to me, stating, "I have fifty tons of fine hay for sale. Can you give me the names of buyers?" Buyers were plentiful, and his hay was worth twenty dollars per ton.

The secret of a useful life is to help others to help themselves. Thousands of poor men only want a chance. To help a man, thus enables him to become a better husband, a better father, a better citizen, and above all, a better Christian.

PREMONITION

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

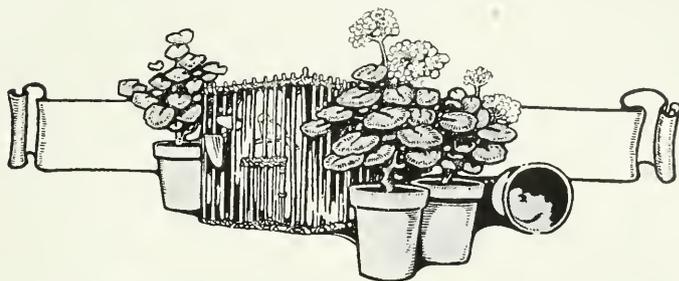
THE wind swung into the south an hour,
 The smudged snow melted and turned to grey,
 And though I knew it was February,
 With Maytime all of two months away,

Yet there in the street I walked more lightly;
 Smelt open water; saw, though I knew
 The Mud Hen lay in her winter quarters,
 Her white sail arching against the blue.

Aunt Ingham's Invitation

By Grace Hudson Rowe

Illustrated by Margaret Hittle



JESSIE INGHAM came in from the postoffice, flushed with excitement, but prettier than ever. "Oh, mamma!" she cried, holding up an envelope, "here's the invitation from Aunt Ingham."

Aunt Ingham was rich, and lived in New York. A few months before she had stayed a day or two with her sister, and had then promised to ask Jessie to spend part of the winter with her.

"Yes! it is the invitation," cried Mrs. Ingham, after having read the letter.

"Oh! I am so glad," cried Jessie. "But, dear me! what shall I wear?"

"We must manage somehow," replied the mother, thinking, with a sigh, of their straitened income. "As a preliminary step, suppose you bring down your black silk."

Many and glowing were the visions that glided through Jessie's brain during the next week of preparation. Mrs. Ingham had a talent for fitting, and Jessie was clever at trimming and arranging. Sad to say, there was little enough to arrange and trim. The black silk was sponged, and went through such extraordinary transformations that it would not have been

astonished to find itself Nile green or sky blue at the closing ceremonies. Mrs. Ingham brought to light an ample black velvet mantle of irreproachable pile; this she cut into an evening wrap, which was just the thing for Jessie's tall and elegant figure.

"If my child is poor, among the stylish and fashionable girls she will meet at her aunt's," she said, "she has the figure of the Churchills, that many of them would barter their diamonds to obtain."

A brown cloth dress of Mrs. Ingham's, unworn for years, and, therefore, abundant in material, was ruthlessly sacrificed at Jessie's shrine, in spite of her conscientious remonstrances, and made into a neat suit for travelling and every-day wear. A long, curling, black ostrich plume was also produced from the same mysterious receptacle, and twined around a little black velvet hat, giving it an air at once romantic and fashionable. The packing day was an occasion of anxious and momentous interest. Jessie looked on breathlessly while the velvet wrap was settled into its place.

"Don't you think, mamma, that I had better call Sarah to stand on the

lid, for fear it will not shut down?" suggested Jessie, as the last tray was put into the trunk.

Mrs. Ingham could scarcely keep her countenance; there was no lack of unoccupied corners in that trunk.

"No, dear. I think it will fasten quite easily."

"What's all this? So you are really going down to the city, Jessie?" said a white-haired old lady, who had entered the room unperceived.

"Oh, Mrs. Thurston! I did not hear you come in. Yes, ma'am, I am going on Monday."

"If she had seen as much of it as you and I, Mrs. Ingham, she would not be so jubilant. I wonder you are not afraid to trust her with those gay cousins of hers!"

"Jessie is a discreet girl, and I do not think a glimpse of the world will do her any harm," said her mother.

"Perhaps not. At all events, I have brought you an old woman's contribution, Jessie, to help a possible toilet in the gay world." As she spoke, she unrolled several yards of exquisite old lace.

"Oh, how beautiful! But don't give it to me, Mrs. Thurston, keep it yourself."

"My child, I have kept it for forty years. I think it should once more emerge to do duty on a white young neck, and fair young arms; put it in the bottom of your trunk—you will find some use for it."

Monday morning came; the early train condescended to stop at the little station, and Jessie was duly on board in time, with the peaceful consciousness that her trunk was also safely deposited in the baggage-car behind her.

Mrs. Ingham had told Jessie to sit perfectly still until her uncle should come into the car to find her. So, when they reached New York, she remained in her seat, her bright brown eyes scanning closely every face that entered.

"Ah! there he is—that's Uncle Ingham."

"Here you are, Jessie, safe and sound!"

"Quite so, sir."

"Give me your checks, we will have to take a car. Your aunt and the girls were out in the carriage."

Jessie assented to every proposal, and they were soon at her uncle's house. The hall door opened. What light and warmth and sound streamed out into the foggy street.

A fresh, silvery voice was singing, "Ye Merry Birds," in the parlor. Her aunt greeted Jessie cordially; and Emeline, a blonde, with fair, wavy hair, was sufficiently warm. Pauline, at the piano, rose and fluttered forward gracefully.

"Why, Jessie, I am very glad. How is Aunt Frances? Come upstairs and remove your hat and wraps before dinner."

"You have just enough time; the room behind mine, Pauline," said her aunt, with that suavity and grace of manner for which she was remarkable.

Pauline was polite in offering brushes, combs, and so on, but Jessie had prudently provided those articles in her travelling-bag.

"Oh! never mind stopping to do over your hair; it does very nicely as it is," said her cousin.

Jessie wished Pauline would leave her alone to arrange things to suit herself. She could do nothing satisfactorily with that amiable face looking on, and that irreproachable toilet beside her. Her dress suddenly seemed to turn old-fashioned and poor.

She got through the evening very well—her aunt and cousins were very kind and attentive; but she felt a certain shyness among such well-dressed and elegant ladies. She was glad to plead fatigue, and retire at an early hour.

I cannot say that any of Jessie's glowing anticipations were distinctly realized. Her cousins and aunt were civil and kind enough, but evidently she was considered a personage of the smallest importance. When callers came, Jessie was always introduced; but beyond a few polite inquiries as to "how she liked New York," and remarks on the state of the weather, they had no conversation for her. Jessie was twice as clever as the majority of the men and women who

came to Mrs. Ingham's house; but if, when sometimes encouraged by the attention of some young gentleman who recognized a handsome face and elegant figure when he saw one, she ventured to laugh and talk with her natural vivacity and freedom, her cousins would look at her with a sort of displeased astonishment, which could not fail to constrain and silence a timid young girl, who had not learned to trust to her own instinctive notions of propriety.

Jessie went alone to the galleries and the Metropolitan. She had overheard her aunt one day sharply reproving Emeline and Pauline because they did not convey her to all the places to be seen. Pauline had replied angrily that it was not her place to march around with all the country girls that her mother chose to bring up to see the sights. Emeline laughed at Pauline, and said that her sister thought such a handsome brunette as Jessie altogether an inappropriate walking companion, and declared that she would see to her herself. She was as good as her word, as far as a walk down Broadway went; but she encountered a young woman who was on a shopping tour, and shopping being Emeline's delight, the sight-seeing was instantly relinquished, and poor Jessie was obliged to agree that to be dragged around through different shops all the morning was perfectly to her taste.

Jessie, however, was blessed with a perfect capacity to find her way; she made good use of her eyes, and in a short time was able to roam about at will. She never tired of examining beautiful carvings and embroideries, or watching the endless succession of the streets. All these things, and the sounds and sights of the city were entirely novel to her. The rush of life on the crowded thoroughfares did not bewilder her; on the contrary, it seemed to her the very companionship and amusement she had been wanting all her life.

She was walking through one of the cross streets one day, when a tiny little terrier dog, a perfect gem of diminutiveness, bounded past her side, but catching Jessie's admiring gaze, wheeled

around and seemed disposed to make her acquaintance.

"Why, what a little fellow you are to be out all by yourself," she said. "Don't you think you had better come home with me?"

The little dog seemed to relish this style of address very much and jumped and capered around Jessie as though she were an old established acquaintance. The street was quite solitary; so, as she pursued her way, she talked to her new little friend to her heart's content, he responding after his own fashion.

"I should like to know who you belong to, little one," said Jessie, as she reached the corner.

She was not left long in doubt, for, as she turned to cross the street, a voice behind her called:

"Imp! Imp!"

Jessie involuntarily turned her head, and saw an amused face belonging to a tall, decidedly stylish and well-dressed gentleman.

Imp treacherously forsook his new friend at the sound of his master's voice; and the two disappeared down the avenue.

"There now," thought Jessie, coloring very much, "that comes of my country manners, I suppose. Nobody but me would have talked to a dog in the street. I daresay he was laughing at me all the way. Pauline and Emmy would ridicule me to death if they knew it. Well, they won't know it from me!"

When she reached home, she found the two girls in excited and earnest consultation over what costumes should be selected for some occasion of moment.

"Where are you going, Emeline?" said Jessie, as she paused before the fire to warm her cold fingers.

"To Mrs. Chetard's; a grand party on the nineteenth, given to Irene on her coming out."

"The nineteenth! Why, that is more than a week off."

"I know that; but I haven't the smallest idea what to wear."

"Wear your green silk. That is more becoming to you than anything you have."

"Oh! I couldn't think of wearing that; I had it on at the Daters' the other evening, and lots of times before."

"But you could make it over, with a chiffon overdress, couldn't you?"

"Make it over!" ejaculated Emeline, in scornful accents. "Make over a dress for such an affair as Mrs. Chetard's will be—that shows you know nothing about it."

Feeling that she did know nothing about it, and cared still less, Jessie departed to her own room to take off her hat and coat, and continue the perusal of an absorbing novel she had found there.

At the dinner table her aunt looked up when the subject of the party was broached.

"Did you give Jessie her card of invitation, Pauline?"

"No, ma'am, I forgot it," replied Pauline, indifferently.

"Jessie's invitation! When did that come?" said Emeline.

"Two hours ago," said her mother, "with a note from Mrs. Chetard, begging pardon for having omitted it when the others were sent. She said she had just learned that I had a young friend with me, and hoped she would pardon what looked like incivility, and be sure to come."

"I am much obliged to Mrs. Chetard; but I cannot go," said Jessie, quietly.

"Why, my dear, I should be sorry for you to miss an opportunity you may never have again in your lifetime."

"I have nothing to wear, Aunt Ingham."

"That is a decided obstacle," interposed Pauline. "One would hate to be shabbily dressed at such a brilliant affair."

"I have a white silk that you are perfectly welcome to; and Pauline, I am sure, would be delighted to lend you her scarlet satin sash and coral hair-band," said Emeline, maliciously indifferent to her sister's angry looks.

"Thank you, Emeline; but I think I prefer to stay at home and entertain uncle."

"Thanks, Jessie," said her uncle; "that is more than either of my daughters ever said for me, old clothes

or not. Come and pay me a visit in my study, and we'll talk it over."

Wondering much what he could have to say on the subject, Jessie followed her uncle. To her surprise and delight, he told her that he wanted her especially to go to Mrs. Chetard's party, and as a new dress was requisite, that new dress she should have; so he put into her hands a sufficient sum for the purpose, particularly desiring that she should purchase a silk, and that it should be pink.

Now you may think that because Jessie had lived in the country most of her life, she knew nothing at all of the proper style and cut of a lady's attire. But you are mistaken. Jessie had an innate knowledge of what was truly tasteful. Besides, she had not been in New York two weeks without finding what was the especial direction of the reigning mode. So, on this occasion, she quietly made up her mind to consult no one, but follow out her own ideas, and have a costume adapted to her style, and yet according to the prevailing fashion.

The evening of the ball arrived. Jessie's dress was perfect. I shall not attempt to give you any description of it, beyond that it was peach-blossom pink, which showed off her dark hair and beautiful skin to perfection. I will not add another word, except to remind you of how white Jessie's round arms, bare from the elbow, looked under that filmy old lace of Mrs. Thurston's, that had once come into play to add perfection to her Marie Antoinette toilet or how the wreath of pink roses nestled among the curls and puffs of rich brown hair that matched in color her shining eyes.

It is enough to say that the dress was as pretty as a dress could be, and that Jessie looked as she had never done before. If that loving mother, far away in the poor little house in the country village, praying for every joy and blessing for her darling, could only have taken one look at her then.

Jessie was a little late, and her cousins were already impatient, standing in full costume downstairs, to be inspected by their father, when she descended.



"HASN'T IMP SPOKEN OF ME FREQUENTLY SINCE THE OTHER DAY, MR. FIELD?"
INQUIRED JESSIE, SAUCILY, AS THEY PROMENADED

"Why, Jessie, you are quite dazzling," ejaculated Mrs. Ingham.

Pauline and Emeline pretended not to look at her, which fact, coupled with a studied avoidance of the subject of dress and appearance, on the way to

Mrs. Chetard's, gave little Jessie an uneasy feeling that she did not look especially well after all.

The ball, as far as Miss Jessie Ingham was concerned, was a triumphant success. Her aunt made many skillfully

directed efforts to keep her in the background; but that was impossible to do. Jessie was most radiant, and her costume was undeniably elegant and stylish. So many partners, so much attention—Jessie thought a ball the most enchanting experience to be imagined.

Mrs. Chetard came up, during the evening, to present "my nephew, Mr. Everhard Field."

Jessie recognized in an instant Imp's master, and the recognition was mutual. Jessie was astonished that they should meet again. Mr. Field showed no surprise, but a vast amount of satisfaction, which he testified by remaining not far from Jessie the whole evening. If he liked to be near her, she was anything but displeased; the other men might dance well enough, but none of them danced as Mr. Field; the other men might talk well enough, but they were nothing to Mr. Field; she had seen him before; she felt that intuition which it is so sweet to follow, that he was her friend.

"Hasn't Imp spoken of me frequently since the other day, Mr. Field?" said Jessie, saucily, as they promenaded down the long hall.

"Not in so many words, Miss Ingham, but he has been visibly dejected. I think he and I are in need of the same remedy."

"What is that?" said Jessie, with curiosity.

"I am sorry to disturb your promenade, Jessie, my dear," said her aunt's soft voice at this moment, "but I am just about to make my adieus. Mr. Field, you are in town for the winter, I hope?"

"As far as I can see, Mrs. Ingham."

"You have kept yourself so far from us, for the last years, that you have almost forgotten what pleasures New York can offer you during our gay winter months. We will have to show him, won't we, Jessie?"

"I shall certainly test your capacity, Mrs. Ingham. I accept that offer on the spot," said Mr. Field.

Nothing could be more smiling and attentive than Mrs. Ingham's manner was to Mr. Everhard Field, or more affectionate to Jessie. Jessie was puz-

zled over her evident desire to win Mr. Field's attention.

"I will do myself the pleasure of calling to-morrow," said Mr. Field, as he put Jessie in the carriage.

"Well, Jessie," said Mrs. Ingham, as they rolled homeward, "your pink dress and your winning ways have done you some service if you have caught Mr. Field. Do you know, child, that Everhard Field is the catch of the season—he is worth, without exaggeration, millions?"

"How absurd, mamma," said Pauline, "to say a man is caught just because he dances a few times with a girl."

"There were many black looks cast upon you to-night, I can tell you, Jessie," pursued her aunt. "Mr. Field is considered a star of the first magnitude; he is a peculiar sort of man, too; he receives all overtures with great composure, and takes good care not to show the slightest preference for any one of our belles."

"Does he?" said Jessie, absently. She was thinking that if Mr. Field was so rich and sought after, there was little chance that he would take any more notice of her.

The next morning, Jessie began the delightful task of transcribing to her mother all the delights of the ball; the dancing and the throng of beautiful girls were dwelt upon at great length; and Mr. Everhard Field held a prominent place in Jessie's records. These labors were broken by the announcement that Mr. Field himself was in the drawing-room, and has especially asked for "Miss Jessie Ingham."

"Oh, dear!" thought she, with a sigh, "nothing to go down in but this old brown dress; he will wonder what has become of the young lady in the pink silk."

It was not without a very uncertain and fluttering heart that Jessie descended the staircase. She paused a second at the drawing room door. "Now he will see what a poor, awkward country girl I am," she thought.

Mr. Field did not seem to see anything of the sort. He saw what he thought the sweetest, frankest little face in the world; the slight shade of



"DON'T YOU THINK, MAMMA, I HAD BETTER CALL SARAH TO STAND ON THE LID?"

embarrassment thrown over her was not the thing to injure her effect in the eyes of a man like Everhard Field. Pauline and Mrs. Ingham were brilliant and amusing in their conversation; but Mr. Field, with most pointed courtesy, addressed the greater part of his remarks to Jessie, and in an unobtrusive way was so evidently taken up with her, that Mrs. Ingham felt like biting his head off.

As he rose to take leave, Mr. Field asked Jessie if she would drive with him in the afternoon, an invitation which she accepted with inward delight. Whatever tact Everhard might display in bringing her into the conversation with her aunt and Pauline, she could not get over the restraint that their presence invariably inspired; and to talk and laugh at will, when she knew she would find ready sympathy and appreciation, was a keen pleasure in anticipation. Mr. Field was impatient to have his little wild flower all to

himself. He could see that Jessie, under the eye of her suave aunt, and the smiling and animated little Jessie of the ball room were two different creatures.

That drive was one of unalloyed pleasure to Jessie, and so satisfactory to Mr. Field, that he proposed a walk the next morning. Every day, through some excuse, he found himself in Jessie's society. There was always some expedition that they must make together. Such rare and beautiful baskets of fruit and flowers appeared, with the invariable address, "Miss Jessie Ingham," that Mrs. Ingham was ready to die of envy at the evidences of Mr. Field's wealth and generosity. There is something imposing in being brought face to face with wealth. Mr. Field's cars, and horses, and servants, impressed Mrs. Ingham with profound respect every time she saw them, because for one reason they were, so to speak, in the market; and she was

filled with wrath to think that, instead of her Pauline, it was her country niece who seemed destined to have these things.

"If I can only keep the man from proposing," she thought; "and get her home, there may be some chance for Pauline yet."

But she was too wise to betray herself by speech or manner. If Jessie did come into possession of that magnificent establishment on Madison Avenue, Mrs. Everhard Field in embryo was not to be slighted.

"Have you ever heard Tetrizzini sing, Miss Jessie?" said Mr. Field, one Monday afternoon as they sat in the drawing room.

"Never," said Jessie, trying to perform an intricate stitch in crochet that Emeline had showed her.

"Then you will to-morrow evening, when we go to the Philharmonic Concert."

"Philharmonic Concert! I am not going to the Philharmonic Concert."

"What! Did I not tell you that I had tickets? Did I not ask you to go with me?"

"Never!" said Jessie, laughing.

"But you will go, won't you?"

"I don't know," said Jessie, gravely. "I don't know that I ought to spend

my last evening in New York away from home."

"Your last evening in New York! Surely, you do not go on Wednesday!" he cried.

"I fear I must," she said, unable to repress a rising color at Everhard's slight start.

"Jessie," said Mr. Field, in a low voice, "I cannot let you go without leaving me some promise that I shall see you again. I have been so happy in these last few weeks with you, Jessie—from my heart I love you. Only tell me, that I may have that happiness forever."

"But I have known you such a short time," faltered Jessie.

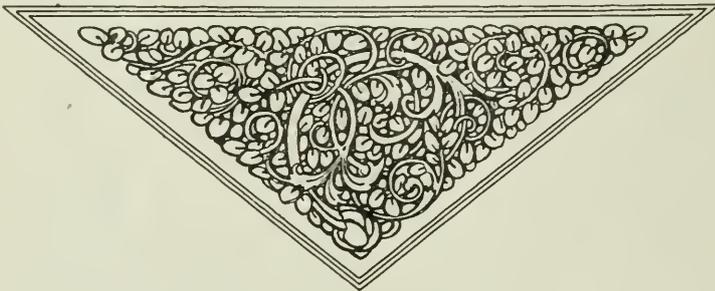
"That is nothing, nothing at all," said Everhard, eagerly. "If you can care a little for me, it is all that I ask now. Only tell me that you trust me, and will give yourself to me."

"I do trust you," said Jessie, lifting her frank eyes to his.

"And the rest?"

Her answer was not distinctly audible, but he was satisfied; and it was Mr. Everhard Field who accompanied Jessie home.

Mrs. Everhard Field has a house on Madison Avenue, and a villa on the Hudson, and her aunt, in consequence, is the most assiduous and eager of her "thousand friends".





This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

THE WHITE MORNING



WHITE was the world when the shades were raised. The snow was late in coming, and rarer than it used to be in Canada in the old days. Of late, one finds each year more resemblance in the matter of weather to the Old Country with its fog and rain and thick mist. But to wake one morning and find the Snow Man in possession is most exhilarating. "Silently as a dream the fabric rose; no sound of hammer or of saw was there," says

Cowper, in one of his touches of rare beauty. And yet, we think of the roses of summer—of the exquisite summer moon-nights when the queer, little-known musicians of the grass were playing in orchestra and the one man in the world was— Ah, well!

OLD WINTER

A TIME of age is old Winter. And yet, he is the enemy of age. The sad little sentence—"I hardly think she

will outlive the winter," is spoken by the middle-aged daughter of some most dear old mother. The enemy, with every cold blast, knocketh upon the door. The old earth, robbed of the passionate embraces of her god, the sun, consoles herself, much as do other women, with the thought of the seedlings hidden deep in her bosom under the soft fleece of snow, seedlings which will burgeon in the spring—the pleasant spring which is now advancing upon us. Odd thoughts come to us in the dead of the year while winter still broods over the earth—thoughts of the vast, sullen power of the restless sea, of the sentinel hills, scarred and old; the changes in our own lives from last edge of spring to this; the incredible swiftness of time; the sad knowledge that with hope, youth too, is fleeing.

The owl, rolled into a ball of feathers, is still sleeping soundly in the deep hollow of an old tree. The mole has burrowed his way deep into the ground in search of food—to where the worms lie secure from the frost, for his summer hunting-ground is tenantless. The chipmunk lies asleep by his store of nuts and acorns, and the long-tailed field mouse has still a fairly full granary. His pretty cousin, the dormouse, who tied himself into a ball with his tail last November, has stirred once in his

snooze and turned himself over for another nap. Mother Earth holds all these and myriad others in her warm breast all the long winter time, and, often, thinking of them, we have caught ourselves walking softly through the woods and lanes, mindful of the wonderful life underfoot, for one of the tenderest mysteries of winter-time is the maternity of this great earth of ours.

WHAT IS MORALITY?

ONE would think that anyone could answer the above query. Apparently in Ontario, at all events, and in Toronto more especially, the question has two answers. Quite recently we

were treated to an exciting—and hasty—lawsuit against a certain Toronto music hall for a so-called immoral exhibition on its boards. That same week Toronto society—the woman contingent of it especially—were rushing to see a royal concubine exhibit the jewels she had won from an asinine young king at her own price. Our new-fledged “titled” aristocracy was in the theatre every night; not to see this creature act, for act she could not, nor dance, nor sing, but merely to see the rope of pearls which cost a young royal fool his throne; to gloat over the “gowns” this very unmoral young woman wore. She, who had sold herself in the highest market the world holds, who was drawing \$4,000 a week merely to exhibit her charms, cost aristocratic Toronto \$18,000 in one week.

Said a barber from an outside town to the man he was shaving:

“I went down to Toronto to see the French dancer everybody is talking about, but there was a better one at the vaudeville show here. Why, the Frenchie couldn’t dance, couldn’t sing, couldn’t do nothing. She was pretty enough, and all fussed out—but I’ve seen girls at twelve dollars a week who could beat her every way.”

As they certainly could. The point of the argument is this, however. Why should clergymen, “moral” detectives and others hound the poor “night-stand” girl who wears tights (oh, what an old, old story!) and camps in a miserable hotel or lodging-house—why should they try to shut the doors of the cheap theatre to which people with little money go after the day’s work, and permit a king’s one-time mistress to exhibit the price of her shame before the tin-knights of Canada and their ladies! Why the discrimination? Is it because our beloved shepherds and pastors who bleat from their pulpits every Sunday are afraid to tackle “the little weaknesses” of their wealthy patrons, but most valiantly unloose the vials of their wrath on the poorly-paid chorus girl, or cheap theatre? Two words arise in my mind with which to label such ungodly and weak men, but I may not write them



WHAT IS MORALITY? ARE THERE TWO MORAL CODES, OR THREE, OR FOUR?

lest, dear Madam, your refined soul be offended.

REFINED SOULS

"WHAT went ye out for to see? A reed shaken in the wind?" You know better. No mere piping wind would draw any of you. You, or the "moral" censors of your city, drag the manager of a music hall before the court to answer to the charge that some of the men and women he employed made obscene jests and "danced in tights"—and at the same time, the drawing-card in one of Toronto's big theatres was the appearance of a woman who exploited her own shame and the dishonor of an uncrowned king! Let me say that everywhere the beads of morality are strung upon elastic. The nicest, most refined women, the women who would be the first to draw away their laces from some poor down-and-out sister of the streets, were those who crowded eagerly to see a woman whose shame was wrought as a crown of glory about her unashamed brow.

How can we run to see an immoral and rich actress, and at the same time permit our officers of the law to arrest and hale to court a young girl who does a similar song and dance or similar act in a cheap vaudeville house? Crowds gather to see a declassé pose in Paris gowns and Portuguese jewels. A girl, or girls, of perhaps more beauty, did their acts at the cheaper theatres to which ladies do not go. The French-woman was written up in the press—as though she were really a decent, honest and brilliant creature of heart, soul and intellect. The sob sisters and brethren fell over the English language trying to describe, not merely her loveliness, but her lovableness. And all the while the dear pastors were stoning the other woman. 'Is this right? Are there two moral codes, or three, or four? If there was wrong—as there might have been—in the smaller theatre, why was the same wrong overlooked in the larger and more fashionable place of



THE DRAWING CARD IN ONE OF TORONTO'S BIG THEATRES WAS THE APPEARANCE OF A WOMAN WHO EXPLOITED HER OWN SHAME AND THE DISHONOR OF AN UNCROWNED KING

amusement? And why did the nicest of our women patronize the latter?

Where, in fact, do you—clergyman, justice of the peace, or man in the street—draw the line?

BIBLICAL SAYINGS

WE HAVE been collecting sentences from the Bible which you would never believe could be found there. They seem so commonplace, and what a little girl would call "every-day-like." Here are a few with chapter and verse:

"What ailed thee, O thou sea."—Psalms CXIV., 5.

"It was fierce."—Genesis XLIX., 7.

"Take thee a tile."—Ezekiel IV., 1.

"Take thee a barber's razor."—Ezekiel v., 1.

"Take thee much soap."—Jeremiah II., 22.

"One of them took a sponge."—Matthew xxvii., 48.

"Thou shalt not take thee a wife."—Jeremiah xvi., 2.

"Dine with me at noon."—Genesis XLIII., 16.

"I am thirsty."—Judges iv., 19.

"Set thine house in order."—II. Kings xx., 1.

"If I drink I will pay for it."—Numbers xx., 19.

"Isaac was sporting."—Genesis xxvi., 8.

"I go a-fishing."—John xxi., 3.

"One goeth with a pipe."—Isaiah xxx., 29.

"Drink thy water by measure."—Ezekiel iv., 11.

Who, for instance, would allow off-hand that "It was fierce," appeared in the Holy Book?

LAUNDRY WORK

"MY BUSINESS," said the bustling little woman, as she set forth her array of creams and washes in the Beauty Parlor, "is to iron the creases out of Society. I mean the wrinkles on

the faces of Madam This-or-That, and sometimes I am busy from morning to night.

"But how do you do it?"

"I just iron them the same as I would a handkerchief, only harder," said the little woman, smiling somewhat maliciously. "I first iron the face with a flat iron and then I put on heaps of cold cream. It is not easy to do and it takes it out of me. Here is a patient coming in who won't object to your seeing the whole process, if I ask her—unless you want to have your own face ironed, you know."

Declining the soft impeachment that a young thing like the Pedlar ever owned up to a wrinkle, and the patient being agreeable, we are able to describe the beautifying process.

To begin with, the patient had a face like an orange, just as rough-skinned and as yellow. Such a skin was never seen before.

The Beauty Doctor began with face steaming. She laid hot wet cloths over the lady's face, then while these cloths were still applied she went all over her skin with a warm iron, steaming and rubbing it. Then she rubbed in half a pot of skin food. After this had been absorbed and the residue wiped off, she polished the patient's face with a powder-puff until it was as white as alabaster. Then she dusted it off with a dry puff and began the making up. She rubbed the whole face over with a pink powder which she worked in thoroughly, accentuating the color on the cheeks. She darkened the brows and eyelashes with something brown that she took out of a bottle; she reddened the lips and then bade the lady look at herself in the glass.

"Mercy," said the patient, "how well I look! I'll give you half all I have if you make me look like that all the time."

"I don't want half all you have," said the little woman, as she pocketed a handsome fee, "but I will throw in free a few don'ts for women who want to keep pretty and young.

"Don't go to bed worrying; wrinkles come in the night.

"Don't go to bed tired; wrinkles come from aching bones. Eat a little



SHE DARKENED THE BROWS AND LASHES WITH SOMETHING, REDDENED THE LIPS, AND THEN BADE THE LADY LOOK AT HERSELF IN THE GLASS

and lean out of the window and get some fresh air; then go to bed and leave your windows up all night. Don't go to bed hungry, and never go to bed angry; anger brings furrows quickly.

"Don't have any more ills than you can help. Each minute of ill-health brings a little line in the face.

"Don't read too much; rest your eyes often; don't sew too much. Don't have poor teeth; don't have any kind of a defect you can avoid. I leave the two biggest don'ts for the last. Don't be jealous—jealousy brings the ugliest lines of all, and—

"Don't nag your husband or children or servants."

I couldn't help thinking, as the newly-beautified lady went forth to fresh conquests, of the orange-colored face that was under all the grease and powder, and of how it would look when it was all washed off and Miladi would have to dip deep in her purse to have it all done over again.

And I couldn't help thinking that even a face like an orange would be healthier and better than one plastered with all manner of red and white stuff.

The orange would at least be honest, though it might be a trifle sour.

THE LITTLE OLD LADY

"ALL RIGHT, take your time; take your time," said the conductor, encouragingly. We were in a car in the city suburbs where an old lady who was coming into town was waiting to enter the conveyance of the Common People. "Take your time," he said again. And we, knowing how much can be put into a tone, were glad, for the old lady had mistaken the standpoint for waiting by twenty or thirty feet, and there was anxiety in her old face lest she should be left behind, and it is hard to hurry at eighty. There was just as much kindness and comfort in the conductor's tone as if he had been her son, and for a moment it transfigured the prosaic corner with its unstudied genuineness. A dear, ricketty little old lady she was, who had come in to do a bit of shopping, or maybe take tea with a friend, and she did not seem to know the ways of the town very well. The motors



THERE WAS ANXIETY IN HER OLD FACE LEST SHE BE LEFT BEHIND, AND IT IS HARD TO HURRY WHEN YOU ARE EIGHTY

frightened her, and above all the bicycles, which indeed ought not to be permitted any more in our large cities.

Little do we recognize how much kind and gentle words mean to the old, most of whose beloved ones have drifted away to the Silent Land! They try to accommodate themselves to the ways of the younger generation, but they must have sad and lonely hours of which those around them know nothing. Life, I think, grows easier for the old. The blood does not stir tumultuously at seventy. The temper is shorn of its lightning flashes. One arrives at the knowledge—which would have been of such vast service to us when we were younger—that life is much too short for strife and worry and little, mean passions.

But—how terribly these little old ladies are missed when they creep quietly away from us! What a gap is left! How sweet she was! How tender and thoughtful for us; how patient with our stronger and more restless moods! Do you never think

that you would be kinder and more tender to your dead mother if you could have her back for a little while? You remember many a little careless act of neglect; many a little pleasure you might have given by some act of self-sacrifice on your side. But you did not, and the goad pricks now when you can do nothing, and the beloved little old figure is covered away forever!

MISS STEAD AND SPIRITUALISM

IN AN article in a recent English magazine, Miss Estelle Stead, daughter of the so-called "Prince of Journalists," who went to his death in the palace ship "Titanic" about this time last year, gives a little talk on spiritualism. The occult has always attracted human beings. Gifted with a reasoning mind and an intelligence which can be highly developed, the attitude of man towards the unknown will always be one of research and speculation.

Often, when watching the wise face of a dog which, through contact and companionship with the human family, has become what we term "almost one of ourselves," I wonder if he has any sort of idea in regard to the mystery of life, or any thought of other worlds after this. How do we know he has not? We can be no more certain as to a dog's thoughts than we are as to the absolute personality of a real God. Religion gave the world its belief or its uncertainty in a future state of being. Faith, that most wonderful thing in the world, can blind the very reason. Not every doubting Thomas—and the world overflows with them—may have the comfort and soul-joy born of real knowledge. The rest of us must take everything on trust and on tradition.

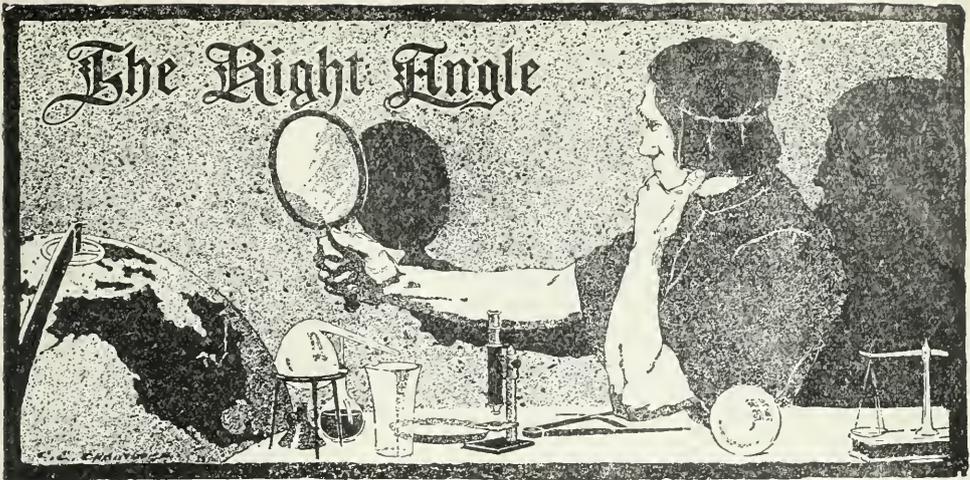
There are quite as many arguments in favor of materialism and absolute annihilation, as there are others against it. But, to my mind, the greatest stumbling block to all this spiritualistic idea is that never, despite entreaties

and opportunity, has the writer been able to connect with this world in the faintest degree, any of the beloved dead who have left me. I have attended seances in almost every important city in the world, but beyond the foolish shibboleth of the medium—not a sound has broken the dread silence between this side of the Curtain and the other. And now Miss Stead comes forward to tell us that since his death on the "Titanic," she has held frequent converse with her father and that just lately he has been busy with the Balkan War and his peace propaganda! And yet, if we dismiss from thought the old idea of heaven, its angels and harps and eternal song, might it not be possible that when we leave this planet we are translated to another—say Mars—where we still retain our human mind, so to speak, and human outlook, and still take an interest in the doings of old Mother Earth? Perhaps this may be the reason for the extraordinary and very common messages we are supposed to receive from the Spirit World. We have just moved on. We cannot turn back, but we may look over our shoulder.

I remember a spirit once who was more agitated over Peter's silver watch than an elderly lady fighting her way to Heaven on the other side had any right to be. It seems the wrong nephew got hold of Peter's watch after his wife's death, and she was in a fearful state about it.

"I want Frank to have that watch! I want him to have it—not you, Arthur," she shrilled from the medium's chair. Somewhere in the rear I heard the deep cackle of a man's laughter. Apparently Arthur was determined to hang on to Uncle Peter's watch—and what could the old lady do there in Limbo, or in Purgatory—or in Mars, perhaps?

Alas! we know nothing! There is but the beating of the rain, the cry of the wind, and the long, long silence.



STATISTICS EIGHTEEN-THIRTY

[T was with amused surprise and much comparing interest that we read a copy of "Williams' New York Annual Register for the Year 1831," which fell into our hands recently.

In those days of side-whiskers and tight coats, it appears that the Mohawk & Hudson Railroad had a capital of \$300,000, with permission to increase it to \$500,000, ran from Schenectady to Albany, and had a grade not to exceed one foot in 230, the land being flat in character. Another, the Canajoharie & Catskill, was predicted to offer a great saving in transportation of produce for the farmers along its line, "the average time consumed in the transportation of produce by a railroad at moderate speed, say *a little over twelve miles an hour*, offering a total transport time one-eighth that of the Erie Canal." The whole cost of constructing this railroad was estimated at \$698,506.78, and the annual expenses, including interest at 7%, stationary engines, fuel, toll gatherers, engineers, repairs of machinery, bridges, culverts, etc., at \$90,271.37. In the language of the street, the Canajoharie & Catskill was "some railroad".

When you remember that one Canadian road announces as a matter of course the expenditure of \$25,000,000 for new lines west of the great lakes in a single season, — as the Canadian Northern did last year; and that the official government reports for the year ending June 30th, 1912, showed

in all Canada 2,953 additional miles of railway, with 1,738 miles more reported ready for operation and 10,000 miles under construction, the entire railway activities of 1830 in New York state could be put in Sir William Mackenzie's vest-pocket and he would never know they were there.

The branch of the United States Bank at the city of New York had a capital of \$2,500,000; this, however, was a big branch, and that at the city of Buffalo, for example, had an apportionment of only \$250,000 capital. Balance this against the \$15,000,000 capital of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, divided between its 366 branches throughout the Dominion.

Again, the assessments of real estate in the city of New York in 1830 totalled \$87,603,580. In 1911 Winnipeg's real property assessment ran above the \$200,000,000 mark.

In the entire state of New York there were "209 incorporated manufacturing companies, 88 cotton manufactories, 208 woollen manufactories, and 202 iron manufactories." The value of cotton goods manufactured was estimated at \$3,000,000 annually, and that of woollen goods at the same. Iron was valued at \$4,000,000 annually, and other manufactures in proportion. In July, 1911, Toronto alone had over 900 factories, employing 65,000 persons, and representing an invested capital of \$75,000,000.

If the nineteenth century was the United States' and the twentieth is

Canada's, all we have to say is that we have a pretty good start.

THE ETCHING

THERE were some color etchings reservedly disposed in the picture dealer's window—delicate, refined things. At first we did not notice the young fellow who shared the window with us; then we heard his soft, correct whistling, and looked out of the tail of our eye to see a rough-necked, wind-reddened chap in nondescript workman's clothes—the last man one would have expected to see intent before the etching of bowls and French peasants entitled "The Porcelain Market." Strangest of all, he was Saxon in type; not the soft-eyed greasy Latin whom one sees—and often perceives by other senses as well—in art galleries on free days.

He was entirely absorbed, moreover, whistling something from an opera that we couldn't even place, something with intricate intervals and modulations and changes in movement—something that we wouldn't dare attempt to whistle—and doing it with the unconscious ease of a mocking-bird reflecting aloud about his nestful of eggs and his little brown mate in the bush. He walked around us as if we had been a stump, and resumed his intent study—of a French street this time, and some parti-colored posters on an old grey wall of cracked mortar and a clock that said twenty-five minutes to twelve.

We continued to look at him out of the tail of our eye. He might have been a seaman, or a structural steel worker, or one of those red-faced, muscular gods who, a gunny-sack wrapped about their knees, perch high above four straining dapple grey horses and nurse a juggernaut truck through the tangle of city traffic under the authoritative eye of policemen. His hands were big and powerful; his grey shirt, though not body-greasy, was none too clean. For five minutes more he stood there; then with deliberation quitted the window and pursued his way down the street, a loose-knit, sturdy figure, giving an impression of one who saw clearly his goal and marched with unhurried directness upon it.

But what the devil was he doing with "The Porcelain Market"?

THE LAND OF LITTLE CARE

SUCH is the title of Samuel Ellsworth Kiser's new book of verse, characteristic, optimistic and friendly. It appears that the land of which he sings is just around the corner—

Come, little comrade, let us fare across the hills beyond the city,
And loiter in the open where no voice may call to us for pity;
We'll wade in brooks and wander by the slanting fields and forest edges,
And listen to the winds that sigh and sing through aromatic sedges.
We'll linger in the hawtree's shade, and carve the letters of our names
On mossy fences that were made by hands which toil no longer claims;
The golden willow's branch shall be a whistle you may blithely blow
And every pool shall be a sea where stately vessels come and go.

Boyhood whistles gaily through his pages, and problems seen through childish eyes grow strangely easy of solution:

We ain't as rich as some folks are, and can't put on much style,
Ma says pa's income don't go far when things cost such a pile.
But still I don't see why it is that she should be so sad;
We've got three dogs, and that's two more than Frank Gill ever had.
The Brewsters they got rich in mines, the Gills in corn and hogs,
But still they needn't feel so proud—we beat them all on dogs.

Pa with the grip—"a blamed impatient patient, but we dasn't tell him so"; brother Willie who "hussels up" when prayer time comes "And nearly 'fore I get to where it says to let Thy will be done—both starting even, too—he's through"; the cider mill; the chickens dozing on their perches; the friendly colt that comes to lay its velvet muzzle in your hand—all are familiar to the country-bred, and doubly sweet to those who have left woods and fields behind them for the ring of shod hoofs on asphalt, and the smoky sky of town.

Mr. Kiser's muse is none of your stately goddesses—little of Euterpe and less of Calliope—but a comely, wholesome, friendly sort of lass, sunburnt a bit, likely wearing a checked apron and able to bake cookies. And we consider her a bully sort of sweetheart.



WHAT HE KNEW

"YES, Jim said when he married May that he'd rule his own house or know the reason why."

"And does he?"

"Not exactly. He seems to have compromised on knowing the reason why."

HER DIAGNOSIS

THE doctor's bell had rung as Mrs. Doctor was putting small daughter to bed.

"Slip to the head of the stairs, dear," she suggested, "and see if it's a caller or a patient."

Small daughter went, in her little pink pajamas, listened a moment, and megaphoned back in a whisper.

"It's somebody that's lost their nerve, mamma. I heard daddy say so."

A LUCKY DROP

"SHE gave me three pairs of slippers for my birthday," exclaimed the pretty girl, extending a slender foot.

"What a windfall!"

"No," she demurred reflectively, "it sounds to me like footfall."

PRESENCE OF MIND

THE Bachelor Girl had spent the evening with friends and departed laden with a jar of luscious homemade raspberry jam.

The car started up with a jerk, and in a wild clutch for something solid, she threw her arms about the man ahead of her, smashing the jar in transit against the iron handrail.

He looked down at himself, running red, and said deprecatorily.

"It's too bad you haven't some hot rolls." We might have breakfast.

HOW FAR SHE'D GOT

HE was very drunk and rocking along Rachel Street when a Salvation Army lassie touched him on the shoulder.

"Do you know you're going to hell, friend?" she demanded.

The wayfarer reflected. "Oh!" he said. "Well, where — where you goin'?"

"I'm going to heaven," she answered. "Come along."

"H'm!" he commented. "Well — how long you been goin' there?"

"Twenty-two years, praise the Lord!"

"Unh-ah!" he rejected. "Twenty-two years goin' to heaven an' only got as far as Rachel Street. By-by!"

HER LITTLE SCHEME

THEY had held solemn conclave over one of the baby's small sins, and punished her by putting her in the dark, dark closet. Silence ensued, unbroken by so much as a murmur.

At the end of fifteen minutes, they began to be anxious. Of course she couldn't have fallen, or got smothered, or fainted,—The head of the house said "Nonsense!" but at the end of five more silent minutes he opened the door, to have a delighted curly head pop out and a merry little voice cry,—

"Boo!"

CRUEL AND UNUSUAL

BARGER will auction to the highest bidder by piece the contents of Mrs. M. Shall on Clinton Street, moved to the salesroom for convenience of sale.

A VERSATILE "STRAIGHT FLUSH"

BY ANDREW BELL BENNETT

HERE is a knave, malicious, obscene, selfish and rude;

His sin, seems to be poisoning mankind by his fiendish mood.

He's a mocker of all goodness, a master of Black Arts;

Suppose then we dub him, subordinate, "The Jack of Hearts."

The next is more cheering, I'm glad to say;

He fills your souls with the happiness ray.

He'll do you good when troubled— with the smile he imparts;

Surely then we should call him our King of Hearts.

Then next comes a woman, pure, noble and good;

Like heroes in battle, before the world always stood;

A paradigm of grandeur—let Cupid hand her darts—

She's worth while struggling for, this one Queen of Hearts.

But the trump card, our minion, is higher than all,

(Of that which is masculine) on our knees duly fall,

To salute he who is honest, generous, (and forgiveness imparts),

Why men, he sure "takes the pot," our glorious idol, the small Ace of Hearts.

ROUND ROBINS

TO simplify the baseball news which five times daily we, peruse, let's have a form arranged to read: "We have more pitchers than we need.

"—'s ankle bothered him to-day; — doesn't know if he can play because biz in his billiard room is showing such a wondrous boom.

"— —, the wonder from Bean Hill, gives all the training camp a thrill when he unwinds his set of twists or nabs the ball with his big fists.

"Cap. — declared to me this morn: 'As sure as you and I are born

my team will win that pennant, sure; we show that by our training tour.'"

Then in the blanks we'll put the name which in each city stands for fame; and, changing statements day by day, we'll save a lot of time this way.

NOTICEABLE

YOU are Scotch, are you not, Mc-Tavish?" asked Bilgus of the waiter.

"Partly, sir."

"Ah, I have a good deal of Scotch in me."

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir. I've noticed, sir, beggin' your pardon, that you had drank quite a number of Scotch 'igh-balls, sir."

THE CYNIC REMARKS

WE often have wondered what psychological impulse tells some women when to laugh at the theater.

A man who is under twenty or over forty finds it hard to understand why there should be anything except soubrettes on the stage.

Folks who adopt music as a profession may not be said to have a hold on fame until they have caused the postponement of a concert because of their illness.

Some people go around missing trains just because it gives them a chance to boast of their absentmindedness.

The man who takes you to one side and tells you that he is simply crazy because of his love for some girl, is simply crazy.

Love makes the world go 'round—but two drinks of Scotch will give it a perceptible whirl, according to Haig and Haig theorists.

A man will make more excuses for being fired than his boss does for firing him.

The man who stands on the street corner and ogles women is usually the one who applauds the loudest at the play when the hero tells the villain to unhand the girl.

Some men are mean enough to make scrap books of baby food pictures and preserve them to show to the victims in about fifteen or eighteen years.



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"AMERICAN BEAUTIES FOR THE
"AMERICAN BEAUTY," HE SAID.
PINNING IT ON HER COAT
—See page 415

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Σ

The Prairie Wife

WHAT A PRAIRIE WOMAN HAS TO SAY ABOUT A
WOMAN'S LIFE IN WESTERN CANADA

By A. M. Ross

Illustrated from Photographs

FROM time to time scribblers from the East and from the Old World make hasty trips through the west, gaze at the country from the car windows, "do" a city like Vancouver, Calgary or Edmonton in a day or two, and in that time succeed in analyzing the financial and social conditions of the place to their final residue. They hire a carriage, perhaps, and drive out to visit some farmer's wife, whom they may unluckily find up to her elbows in the wash tub or in the throes of house cleaning, take her as "typical" (they love that word) and then having assimilated all there is to know, go home to their garrets and write "impressions" that are about as wide of the mark as one might naturally expect them to be under the circumstances; and which make the prairie woman and her city sister as well, hot with indignation at their stupid misrepresentations. One of these women journalists, whom I met about a year ago, and who, to my certainty gained her knowledge of Vancouver, a city of 150,000, in the

course of about two days, went home and wrote that the women of Western Canada were, in her opinion, the most unhappy women in the world! That was surely news to them.

Another scribbler whose knowledge of his or her subject must have been very slight, has sketched the following dolorous picture of the "prairie wife."

None of her youthful beauty remains. She has lost the freshness in the prairie wind, the round figure between the awkward kitchen steps and the pump. The curved cheek has melted into the hard line of jaw and cheek bone. The mouth has lost its old quick curves. The eyes are tired and a little accusing—accusing not of husband, nor the prairie, nor the children, nor the housework, but accusing life itself. She is a tired woman, with nothing left to dream about. The husband is out yonder, busy in the fields, among his men, among his horses; he gets to town sometimes—a twenty mile journey. He still banters his wife affectionately, but she does not respond as she once responded We talk glibly of the golden grain, the Empire's granary, the sturdy Western farmer. She is left out of the picture, while she should be glorified in her dirty apron, her untidy hair, her worn temper, and her over-worked hands. She is the heroine of the plains and often, when the wheat has made the farmer rich and given

his daughters finishing courses in Paris, the heroine is taken on a tour of the world, when it is too late, when she is too tired to respond to new stimulants, too weary to care for the colors of life again.

Now, as my father came to Western Canada at the time when there was not a foot of railroad past Winnipeg, which is about the centre of the continent; as he drove to his first homestead, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, bringing his wife and family of five children with him in a prairie schooner: as he settled at a spot which was fifteen miles from the nearest town or post office; and as I worked my way through university by teaching in summer schools, always on the outskirts of civilization, I hope I may be pardoned for the presumption of thinking I know something about the life of a prairie woman; and to the best of my knowledge and belief the ghastly picture sketched above is far from being correct.

Whoever drew it was apparently unaware of the fact that a large proportion of the settlers that have come within recent years to the western prairie provinces are not only intelligent, well-educated people, but well-to-do, and far too progressive to put up with "awkward kitchen steps". As for the pump, if the writer of the above elegy had been at all familiar with the west he (or she) would have known that water, for laundry purposes at least, is almost always a problem, as the natural water is so hard. Therefore people, with any "get-up" about them usually have soft water cisterns conveniently placed, or at least rain water barrels. Failing that, the water for laundry and all purposes except drinking and cooking is hauled by one of the farm hands from the nearest soft water pond so that the amount of pumping done by the housewife is usually not sufficient to spoil her figure.

As for the prairie wife having a "dirty apron, untidy hair and a worn temper," whether she has or not depends largely on her upbringing. There is, as I will attempt to show later, really no excuse for the first two at least. Unlike her Eastern sister on an Ontario dairy farm, the prairie

woman seldom milks cows or does any work outside the home and as the mail order house supplies most of the clothing and household linen required almost as cheap as she could make it, she seldom does much sewing.

To be sure there are some slovenly creatures such as the one pictured in the above quotation, though as far as my experience goes they form an unhappy minority, and most of them could pen elegies compared with which the famous wails of Jeremiah would dwindle into insignificance, since it is more than probable that their management is as slovenly and discouraging as their appearance, and they are sure to be able to tell heart-rending tales of disappointment and failure. I have known just such people and their untidy appearance, untidy house and ill-cooked meals were enough to take the heart out of the bravest man.

By the way I once heard a mounted policeman, who had been posted for years on the plains and had seen many a colony planted, take root and flourish, enunciate the following axiom: "Whenever you see a man who is doing extra well it is safe betting that there is a wife behind who is supplying the motive force." It is absolutely fatal, therefore, when the wife loses her grip and allows herself to become "a tired woman, with nothing left to dream about". However, the women I have met have been of quite a different type.

Looking back over the women I have known I would say that, generally speaking, the life of the prairie woman is far from being unhappy. Whether it is or not depends on her husband and on her temperament and ideals. If her husband is considerate, he will take pains to make everything as convenient for her as possible. For instance, there is no reason why the kitchen steps should be awkward when by using a little common sense they can be made convenient, possibly without any additional outlay.

Then, if the woman is intelligent and refined, she will contrive to make her house a home, be it built of sod or logs or lumber. It is marvellous what the pioneer woman can do with a few

yards of unbleached calico, with which she smoothes out the inequalities of wall and ceiling, forming a smooth foundation for paper or a coat of tinting, and a few magazine pictures. And she does not—at least the true pioneer woman does not—mind this humble little home as much as one might think, because she is always looking forward to the time when she will have a big house with pretty curtains, soft carpets and modern conveniences. It is always interesting to note what an improvement in the homes of a country side a few years brings. People in the West always seem to calculate to enjoy the money which they make.

so much time for reading, for music, fancy work, or whatever one's particular hobby may be. But perhaps I could explain better what I mean by giving concrete examples.

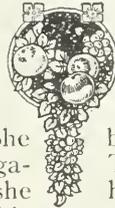
I have said it is unnecessary for the prairie wife to be untidy, or to be made to put up with inconveniences, and I think I can demonstrate that by my own mother's case:

My father came to Canada when he was too old to adapt himself to new conditions and learn new ways, and my mother, poor woman, suffered in consequence. For instance when he came to his homestead first he brought his wife and family with him, driving a distance of one hundred and fifty miles



THE TRANSITION OF ONE FARMER'S WIFE IS SHOWN HERE—FROM THE LOG CABIN OF THE HOMESTEADER TO A COMMODIOUS AND COMFORTABLE FARMHOUSE IN THE AGRICOLA SETTLEMENT NEAR EDMONTON

I have frequently heard it remarked that the woman who reads never becomes overwhelmed with the loneliness of the prairies. She manages to have books and magazines and by means of these she can keep in touch with the outside world and hobnob at will (in imagination) with the smartest people of the day. If one chooses to look at it that way, the long winter evenings when there is nothing else to do gives one



in the spring when the roads were almost impassable. That was unnecessary. Other men built a house before they brought their families. That was the beginning of many hardships and difficulties, which none of our neighbors were called upon to endure, but through it all my mother never lost her pluck or courage and never began the day with unwashed face or unkempt hair though, Heaven knows, she had an

excuse for doing so if anyone had.

And that the hardships we endured were unnecessary was demonstrated a few years afterwards when my father, utterly discouraged, sold out the farm for about \$600 more than the mortgages that were on it and prepared to move off somewhere else, where he could homestead again. But my mother had had enough of pioneering. Besides, she had been under the impression all along that things might have been much better managed, but my father was filled with the idea of man's superiority and on principle would not take advice from a woman, even though it seemed good. Mother therefore refused to leave the spot, entered into negotiations with the man who had bought the farm for much less than it was worth, and bought it back at an advance of fifty per cent.

At once the family finances took on a different aspect. She used every effort to have all the land broken up, in order when a good year came to have a crop worth while. The teams that under my father's regime had gone to the fields about nine in the morning were now out at seven. Not only were payments made promptly, but new buildings replaced the old log house and dilapidated barns. A water proof granary replaced the leaky affair in which grain could not be kept over for higher prices.

By and by she saw that her children must have a better education than they could get on the farm. The eldest son, who had so ably stood by her in her efforts to redeem the farm, was given a business college course. Then in return for his labors she gave him half the farm, and moved to the nearest city where she set up a little home maintained by the proceeds of her crops and remained there while the three younger were attending university. Later she moved farther west where one of her younger sons was starting in business, bought property and built a house. To-day she has a handsome home surrounded by large grounds and has sufficient money invested to provide an income which keeps herself and my father, who is still living. Her sons are all in business and well-to-do—

all except the writer who, being a woman, never went seriously into the business of money making, but makes enough by her pen to live comfortably.

This is the story of one prairie woman whose lot was much harder than usual, who through it all never degenerated into a sad-eyed frump, with cause to do so, if any one had; and who, despite the years of hardship she endured when her little family was growing up, is far from being too weary to care for the colors of life again. Only the past summer when returning from a day's sight-seeing among the beautiful mountains about Vancouver one of the girls of the party remarked: "Isn't Mrs. Ross one of the greatest old sports you ever saw? She comes back from the day's outing fresher than any of us!" And that was a woman who thirty-two years ago drove from Winnipeg to a prairie homestead, and for eighteen years plumbed the depths of the hardships that may come to the lot of the prairie woman.

During the years I was attending university I had a further experience of prairie life because, as the family finances were still somewhat limited and I was eager to drink more deeply of the cup of knowledge than my family considered necessary for a girl, I agreed to foot my own bills through college, and provided the funds by taking a summer school during the college vacations.

My first was in Southern Manitoba. I arrived in March (this was the year prior to my entering university), and was met at the station by one of the trustees with whom I was to board. On the way out he informed me that they were ten miles from town, which was also their nearest post office. How my heart sank! I wondered if I could ever endure it even for a few months. I had not lived in the country now for some years and I was quite overwhelmed by the prospect.

But I soon found that country life was not half bad, indeed much better in this district than it had been at my old home. Most of the settlers in the neighborhood had located there about twelve years before, at a time when their nearest town and market was



THIS WOMAN BEGAN IN A "SODDY" ON THE PRAIRIE, A HUNDRED MILES FROM HER NEAREST NEIGHBOR, YET EVEN THEN SHE WAS CLEAN AND FRESH AND SMILING. TO-DAY SHE LIVES ON THE SAME LAND, IN A THICKLY SETTLED NEIGHBORHOOD, WITHIN AN HOUR'S DRIVE OF THE RAILWAY.



forty miles distant. At the time he came, my host, whom we will call Mr. B—, had but one ox and his brother another, which they put together to make a team. That autumn I was there the brother threshed 10,000 bushels of wheat, besides other grains, and Mr. B— slightly less. I on my salary regarded them enviously, for they seemed to have no proper conception of the value of money, and seldom had to stop and think of the price when they wanted anything, though they had by no means lost the habit of economy. But all in the neighborhood, with the exception of two old bachelor brothers, lived well, dressed more than well and generally enjoyed life.

Nor was the life of the women hard. Far from it! Perhaps my hostess, Mrs. B—, had the hardest lot of all because she had no daughters of her own. Her family consisted of herself and husband, two sons of about four-

teen and sixteen years, myself and one or two hired men according to the season of the year. In harvest, of course, she had more. Sometimes she managed to have a girl to help her, but more often not, as girls were very difficult to procure.

Her house was a small one, of six rooms including two lean-to buildings used as kitchen and diningroom. These latter had painted floors, all the others being carpeted with rag carpet. Mrs. B— was a most immaculate housekeeper, and it kept her busy preparing the meals for her family and keeping her house in order. Incidentally I might say that she was always scrupulously neat herself.

But she was far from being a household drudge however. She may have milked cows in the early days, but not during the time I knew her. One of the men did that. On wash day, too, one of the men carried the soft rain water from a large tank connected with

the barn, and turned the washing machine and wringer. Her washing was always done before noon. The mail order houses or local store supplied the clothing for her husband and sons, and her own work gowns and aprons, also the household linen, so that sewing occupied little of her time. There was scarcely an afternoon that she had not time for a bath and a nap before she began preparations for supper.

She had a pony at her disposal which she could harness herself, if necessary, but which one of the men usually harnessed at noon, when she was going anywhere. She frequently went visiting during the week, always coming home in time to get tea; and it was her almost invariable custom to have all her work done at noon on Saturday and to go to town in the afternoon. Usually I went with her, as her youngest son and I were both taking music lessons.

The following year after my visit a railroad passed through that part of the country skirting their farm and placing a station about a quarter of a mile from their house. Since then they have gone on and prospered. One son is still on the land with them and the other is in business in a nearby town. Mr. and Mrs. B— have built an elegant home fitted with all modern conveniences.

At the time I knew Mrs. B— she was about thirty-eight, and her prosperity has come in plenty of time for her to enjoy the reward for the earlier and more strenuous years. I have not seen her since, but I have seen her husband, and though ten years had passed he scarcely looked a day older.

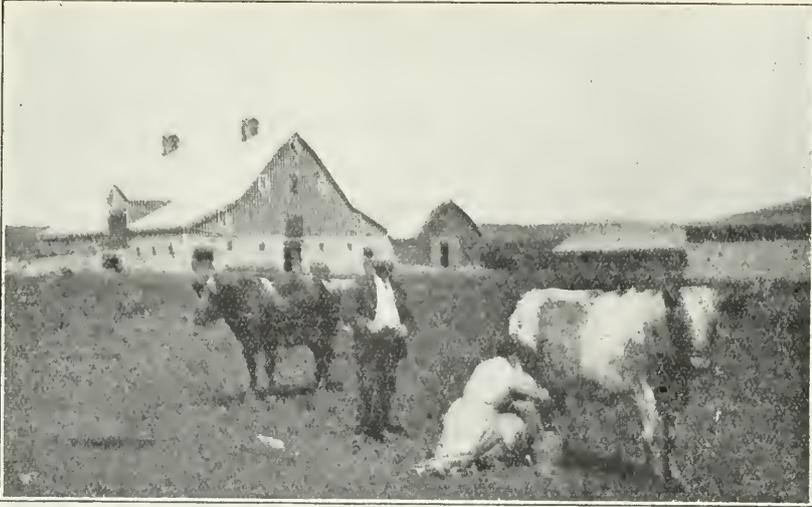
This is by no means a unique case. It is only medium. Mr. B— had two brothers who were both better off than he, and a neighboring family of whom both parents were university graduates were much more prosperous still. Theirs might almost be said to be the story of the average farmer. They did nothing that many others have not done.

The following year my experience was less pleasant. At the close of the college term I took a school in what is now Southern Saskatchewan. This

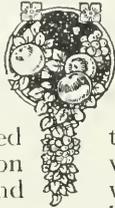
was much newer, and more remote from civilization. When I had travelled as far as I could by rail I found that I had still about forty-five miles to go by stage. After a long day's drive through a beautiful park-like country I arrived at my destination, a very raw little settlement on the outskirts, so it seemed, of civilization, though that was not so for there were more prosperous settlements still farther back. But this one was not prosperous, because it was settled with the wrong kind of people. I don't think I ever met such slow-gearred, shiftless people in my life, and the worst of the colony was that the settlers were nearly all related and all tarred with the same brush.

I was taken as a boarder in a small shack of logs, banked and roofed with sods. It was ceiled, and divided into three rooms by white cotton stretched over scantlings and was not so bad when the weather was dry. But when a summer torrent came the results were disastrous, I am told. A kind-hearted woman with a larger house inviting me to come and stay with her, I accepted, and never knew the truth of this by experience. But these were the dirty-aproned, tangle-haired, accusing-eyed sort of women. Even she of the larger house was, though there was no excuse for it, for their farm was rented and they really never did any work worth talking about. The family consisted of the parents and five children, all except the eldest girl, who was about eighteen, born on that farm. Hope deferred had seemed to take all the energy and ambition out of them, if they ever had much, which I doubt. They were splendid people, but they were the kind who pray earnestly and then sit down and wait for their prayers to be answered. They seemed to have been benumbed by what they considered the hopelessness of a losing fight.

That autumn a railroad was built through that part of the country. About ten years later I came back that way on a visit. This family, though the three sons were grown to manhood, the eldest daughter married and the younger was teaching school



MILKING HER PET COW, UNDER THE AMUSED SUPERVISION OF HER HUSBAND, TO PROVE THAT SHE HASN'T FORGOTTEN HOW TO DO IT SINCE THE FAMILY HAS PROSPERED



and earning a salary, were still hopelessly poor, in spite of the fact that they had a good deal of land which they neither worked nor pastured. Only the second son showed symptoms of waking up and taking a hold on life.

The other family of the sod shack were little better off either. True, they had a new house, which I think I was told was not quite paid for. They were in rather poor circumstances, the father having, some years before, given up farming and taken a government position as fire ranger, or something of that sort, which carried but a small salary.

On the other hand a thrifty Dutch and an equally thrifty English family that had located there the year of my first visit had become comparatively wealthy, and most of the other people had done well, some of them very well.

Being extremely fond of horses I decided, before leaving that neighborhood, to visit a stock farm some twenty miles distant where a consignment of handsome animals had just arrived from the Old Country. We were going to drive the distance, and on the way we stopped for lunch at an ambitious little town where there was pointed out to me, as one of

the leading citizens, a man whose hand and heart I had, ten years ago, been unable to see my way to accept. He had apparently survived the shock, however, as he was then, to the casual observer at least, happily married, and reputed to be worth a million!

There we met the man whose farm I intended to visit and he very kindly asked me to drive out with him. On the way he entertained me with stories of his early experiences. He had strayed farther back from civilization than anyone else, and had homesteaded his land about 1882. In 1884 he made his first trip out to civilization, a distance of 175 miles, to buy his first live stock, a cow and a few pigs. On the journey he spent only ten cents, as there were no stopping places by the way, and he was obliged to cook his own food and sleep under his wagon. At that time he had one of the finest studs of thoroughbred horses in the Province of Saskatchewan, besides acres of land and wheat and fields of cattle.

He laughingly assured me that he didn't know where they would put me at the house that evening, coming thus unexpectedly, but he guessed they would find room somewhere. I haven't

yet forgotten the room in which I slept that night!

Their house had been built twelve years before when the nearest town from which they could get their windows and fittings was forty-five miles distant. It was a large, handsome structure of prairie stone, fitted with bath room, and hot and cold water. By means of a windmill and storage tank they had devised a system of water works for the farm.

The room in which I slept was a large, square one. On the floor was a fine Brussels rug in soft shades of tan, and at the windows curtains of exquisite Irish lace in a pretty ecru shade. But the bed! I just hated to disturb it. The mistress of the house was an Irish woman, and on one of her visits home had brought with her a supply of the daintiest bed linen. My coverlet and pillow slips were of fine linen adorned with lovely drawn work and embroidery and the sheets of fine hemstitched linen.

In the morning I had a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with my hostess, and though I was intensely interested in the magnificent animals which we saw in the paddocks I was still more interested in this prairie woman whose experience must surely have been harder than falls to the lot of most women, since, for the first twelve years of her residence there she was so far from town that the trip required four days! Later there had been a town within thirty-five miles and for possibly the last ten years prior to my visit, within eight miles. But occasional visits to the Old Country and at least one summer spent on the Pacific Coast had helped to alleviate the monotony. The feeling that they are prospering and the knowledge that they have attained to such a condition, financially, that they need not live there unless they wish, does much to make the prairie dweller feel that home is one of the best places on earth.

Of her family of four children, all of whom had been born on that farm, the two eldest were almost grown up. The girl had graduated from school and was teaching and the boy was finishing his course in business college.

The two younger were still at school.

Although the family, including help, was quite large, the mother was far from being an over-worked drudge. They had brought from Scotland a married foreman for the farm whose wife was housekeeper, and relieved the mistress of most of the work, if not of the care of management.

It was pleasing to note that though this couple had known frontier life at its worst they were still, when scarcely more than middle-aged, in a position to enjoy for many years yet the fruits of their toil. The man was possibly forty-eight, or fifty but the dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked Irish girl who some twenty years before had cast in her lot on this prairie farm, though her hair was growing silvery at the temples, had lost little of her comeliness and none of her wit. She was still clear-skinned and rosy-checked and her husband's keen, grey eyes were often alight with quiet amusement at her many witty sallies.

Another of my teaching experiences took me to Northern Saskatchewan, to a very new settlement made up mostly of well-to-do Americans. Although the people I boarded with farmed extensively they really lived in town, that is if one could call a town the hamlet which had begun to build up about the railroad station. The family consisted of the parents, four sons, the youngest of whom was sixteen, and three daughters, one grown up and the youngest about eight.

The first year they had lived in tents and shacks until a house was built and laughed and joked and pretended they were just camping. The father had been a senator in Minnesota, and the whole family were well-educated, quite musical and most entertaining. The mother was one of the sweetest women I have ever known. In their early, struggling days in Minnesota they had suffered; but in Saskatchewan it could scarcely be called pioneering, success had come so quickly. In the two years he had been there, he assured me, this man had cleared more money from his farm, the sale of a large tract of land on which he had taken an option and

his lumber business than he had been able to save in the years that had gone before, and he was almost fifty.

For the women life was not remarkably hard. Water at that time was difficult to obtain and had to be drawn and stored in cisterns; but the men did that. When possible, a girl was kept, the greatest hardship being that it was so hard to get one of any kind, much less a satisfactory one. But during my stay they had a most capable Norwegian, who practically took charge of the kitchen, the mistress assisting with the cooking and the younger girls attending to the up-stairs work. The house was furnace-heated and had a bath room.

That winter was a particularly stormy one. Food for the cattle had been provided early in the year so that it could be conveniently gotten at. Besides feeding the cattle, which was done by two hired men, one of whom, I remember, was an Oxford graduate and the other a graduate of the University of Dundee, Scotland, who were serving a sort of apprenticeship before beginning on their own homesteads, there was practically no work to do.

There was a good library in the house, and the master, a German by birth, subscribed for a number of leading Canadian, American and German magazines. He even took a German art magazine! All were great readers. Evening dinner, or supper as it was called (and what good cooks those American women are) lasted usually about two hours in winter, and it was the rule of the house that at that meal each must recount the best he had read, or anything amusing that had occurred during the day. After supper each read, wrote, or did what he pleased. The family was quite musical and could muster a four piece orchestra, so that there was no lack of music, particularly when a neighbor, who had formerly sung in Westminster Abbey, came in for an evening. I might also mention that on two evenings a week a number of us gathered in a little art class which was taught by a graduate of the Kensington

Art School, London. Though the country was wild and bleak and bare that winter stands out in my memory as a particularly pleasant one.

I had still another experience in a very new settlement. It was two years later that I spent the summer on a farm in a very new district. The man had traded his farm in Kansas for a quarter section in Saskatchewan "on sight unseen," as they express it, and come to take possession. They were just a young couple with a child of about two years of age. The first year was phenomenally bad. The spring was extraordinarily late, and frost came early in the autumn. That year crops were a failure, but fortunately they hadn't sown much. It was the second summer I was with them.

He was a most industrious young fellow and handled a tremendous amount of land himself. With three horses on a gang plow and five on an immense harrow he turned over the ground at about double the rate they did in my younger days. In the meantime the sickle of binders and reapers has become longer and now one man can do about as much work as two used to do.

They were just the sort of people that are bound to succeed. The last time I heard of them they had all their necessary payments made and were buying more land in addition to a quarter section which the husband homesteaded and I am sure that at the present moment they are comfortably situated.

The wife had been a school teacher before she married, and it seemed as though she brought into her house-keeping that system and order which she had learned during her school teaching days, also, as her husband was fond of telling people, she was an excellent cook. She never began a day unwashed, uncombed or without being dressed neatly in a clean cotton house dress.

Breakfast was about six, for life is strenuous on the prairies in the summer, and consisted of hot cakes and syrup manufactured from sugar, ham or home-made sausage and eggs and

lastly oatmeal and cream, with a glass of delicious rich milk at each plate and a cup of most delicious coffee.

Every afternoon she was dressed well enough to receive any caller who might drop in, and sat down to her sewing. At five o'clock she rose to put on the fire for supper. By six she had a most tempting meal of, perhaps eggs in some form (she could cook eggs in more toothsome forms than anyone I ever knew); creamed or exquisitely French fried potatoes; if it was autumn, the most delicious fried chicken—they raised hundreds of chickens, and not only raised but ate them—jams and jellies they had brought from home. O, I do not remember all the things, but whatever she had was always delicious. I mention the food particularly because in the East farmers are supposed to live so poorly, and because her cooking was always such an inspiration to her husband. In whatever humor he came to the supper table he always went to the barns singing at the top of his voice. I used to think it would be difficult to measure how much of that man's success, when it really came, was due to his wife's companionship and her good cooking.

They were the only members of their family who had ever gone so far afield from the family homestead, and they would have been very lonely sometimes, had they not been such good pals. It might naturally be expected that the first winter when, on account of the baby who was too small to be taken long trips in the cold, they were pretty well shut in they would be very lonesome. But not at all. They lived in a big log house which was on the farm when they bought it, and of which they used only the down stairs rooms. These had been finished inside by nailing building paper of a dull blue shade over the scantling. There was rag carpet on the floors and pictures on the wall, and really these rooms were quite cosy. The former occupants had left behind stacks of magazines and books. The wife assured me that they had so much enjoyed that first winter because,

as she expressed it, "they had so much time to read and to visit together."

The last time I met a real, typical prairie woman was in a Canadian Northern train away up in north-western Saskatchewan as we went bumping over the ties on a new branch which had just been opened. The settlers had preceded the railroad by about three years, and for that time their nearest town was Saskatoon, over one hundred miles distant.

I noticed her when she came into the car, and could not quite place her at first. I may say that I was making a special trip at that time for the purpose of hunting up heart-rending stories of the tragedy of the prairie woman's life, and I thought she looked too trim and happy to be one of them. Also, two dour-looking old Scotchmen who were just returning, I afterward learned, from Saskatoon where they had been down to apply for their patents, noticed her at the same time, and it was wonderful to notice the softening of their harsh features as a smile of welcome that might almost be said to be affectionate, overspread their faces.

In time I managed to engage her in conversation. It appeared that she and her husband had come from Ontario and settled in that district three years before the advent of the railroad, and when Saskatoon, one hundred and twenty miles distant, was their nearest town.

"Heavens!" I thought, "here's just what I have been looking for. Surely this woman can tell me of experiences" as heart-rending as any one could wish. But alas, alas! This is what she told me.

With her husband and three children, the eldest of whom was four and the youngest a mere infant, they had settled on a prairie homestead; and I imagined lived in a sod shack just like the one shown. At least some of her neighbors lived in just such.

"And weren't you horribly blue and lonely in those early days?" I enquired sympathetically.

"Never thought of such a thing!" she exclaimed briskly; "and as for

being 'blue' I never have a glimpse of that color except on wash day."

Then she went on to explain that really to live on a homestead is not so frightfully bad as it is pictured.

"But," I expostulated, "isn't your work very hard with three children to look after and a house to care for?"

"O," she replied, "I have just to get the meals and keep the house tidy; and as the house is small, just three rooms, there is not a great deal of house-keeping to do.

"I did have a girl for ten months once," she continued, "but she didn't seem to think that she should do any work and was really more bother than she was worth, so I let her go and now get on alone."

"And you never find it lonely?" I questioned incredulously.

"Not at all," was the cheery response. "For the first two years there was not another woman within miles of me but I did not mind a bit. A woman really does have such a good time in the west. Men simply dandle her on their finger ends and she rules as a queen among them."

I could readily imagine how popular this bright little woman, her pretty children and her home (I learned that she was musical) must have been with the young homesteaders of the neighborhood, and even with those dour old Scotchmen; and how she managed to find life interesting even on a homestead,—especially after I learned how much land her husband had been able to buy and homestead—1,280 acres of land then worth \$18 an acre for \$7,440. That cannot be done now.

As we talked, the whistle blew and she gathered together her bundles. Soon the train stopped, apparently in the midst of the bare prairie, though had it been light enough to see, the traveller might have discerned an upright post with a cross piece bearing a name, which indicated that it was a flag station. I went to the platform with her and watched while the brakeman courteously assisted her to take the big jump necessary to reach the ground. There was no one in sight to meet her. The wind sighed mysteriously over the illimitable prairies, and

for a moment she stood irresolute, then as the train moved on I saw her stoop down to look under the car for some one at the other side and heard her girlish trill as she greeted the husband waiting over there with a wagon to take her home.

After she left a man on the train, who knew her, told me what a bright dauntless little body she was. She was the life of the whole settlement. She played the organ in church and led the choir. As an illustration of her way of taking fun out of everything he told me of one occasion when a party from the settlement were going somewhere. On that particular day the train in passing over the unfinished road-bed, was derailed, thus causing an aggravating delay. But this young woman, who he told me, possessed a beautiful soprano voice, instead of fretting and worrying over the annoying wait, took up a position on a pile of ties and began singing. Soon she was joined by two young fellows, and the three passed the time very pleasantly singing trios, to the great amusement of the rest of the company.

On this particular day when I met her she had been down at the nearest town transacting some business. Her husband was postmaster and she his deputy, and as his time on the land with his horses was worth, at the current market rate, \$10 per day, she had gone to look after the business. They were then living six miles from the post office they kept, on another farm, and one day in the week she left the parson, who boarded with her, to care for the children, and she rode to the post office, six miles distant to distribute the mail!

And yet life to her was a joke, and she could not see that it was hard! At least, according to the way in which she described it to me, the advantages so outweighed the disadvantages that one counted them as insignificant.

To be sure all are not so happily constituted as this woman, nor are all so happy and contented as those I have pictured. I remember one woman whose husband had done almost as well as the one described above, and in addition to that she conducted

a millinery business in a considerable sized town around which their land lay; but she told me she had wept every day since she came. I couldn't sympathize with her as I should.

There are cases of hardship, to be sure. There are people who do not get on, but that is usually due to laziness and mismanagement. The prairie is hard on the laggard. If a man is not out by times in the morning his crop is sure to be caught by the frost in the autumn when his "lucky" neighbor has finished his cutting the day previous. If a man does not hurry and provide fodder for his cattle and wood or coal for his fire while the warm weather lasts, he can have all the hardship he likes getting it in when the winter storms come, but the provident man can sit by his fire then.

Also, when sickness comes and

doctors are far away it is hard, but we remembered afterwards that in the early years when we and our neighbors were thirty miles from a doctor and had houses far from being air-tight, we never were sick. I doubt if there was a case of sickness in our settlement in the first four years.

When the husband is unkind and inconsiderate the wife's life is unhappy, but it would be no matter where she lived. When a woman is delicate and has a large family of small children and she cannot get help her lot is hard, but that is a condition which is being rapidly overcome. But on the whole, as I remember it, the life of the prairie woman is far from being an unhappy one and she is far from being the sad-eyed drudge of the quotation which has formed the text for this lengthy dissertation.

REGRETS

BY HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

YESTERDAY, I spanked him;
 To-day, as he lies there,
 Poor, hotly fevered little wight,
 With tousled, golden hair,
 I wonder was it right?
 Sometimes I've called him bad;
 I guess it's only play
 And just mere boyish fun
 That makes him act that way;
 But what is done is done.

To-morrow, says the doctor,
 We'll know what to expect;
 His temperature is higher and,
 As though I could protect,
 I sit and hold his hand.
 He can't be really ill;
 Why, yesterday, he played
 And made a noise; I spanked him—my
 I wish instead I'd prayed.
 What—what if he should die!



Passing Ships



AS THE PRINZESSA ANNA WENT TO SEA

By Hilda V. T. Jones

Illustrated by Katherine Southwick



THE half-discordant sounds from the German-Chinese band reached the ears of Louis Sonnenschein as he left the dining-room, and he paused to listen. For four years he had heard these sounds every night during his residence in Shanghai, but until to-night there had been no call in the music for him. They were playing "Dixie"—a pitiful attempt at the stirring air—and, with some old fever surging in his blood, he walked towards the scantily-filled drawing-room of the hotel and stood irresolutely in the doorway.

In the room a few couples were dancing half-heartedly, while here and

there sat groups of onlookers, all wearing the bored expression that soon settles on the countenances of Continentals who make Shanghai their adopted home and who continue to live according to home morals. As he watched, the band gave up their attempt at the southern air, and the couples stopped. He turned abruptly to leave, and in his haste almost knocked down a stranger dressed in grey tweeds. As he muttered his apology, his eyes fell upon the woman at the man's side. Her eyes were upon him—smiling, pleased, bewitching. Sonnenschein paused to watch her as the couple continued their way

into the room and seated themselves by one of the open windows. Her voice reached him,—an American voice surely, sweet, soft and calm.

"Isn't it queer—and nice, too—to hear 'Dixie' in this little German hotel, dear?" Did Sonnenschein imagine it, or were her tones homesick? "Of all our music, that is dearest to my heart."

"Americans—what?" The voice of a man standing next Sonnenschein made her companion's reply indistinguishable. Sonnenschein smiled.

"So it seems. I am, myself, one-half an American. My mother came from the state of Virginia. But I have met few from this new country. Do you know who they are?"

"No, worse luck. She's the most attractive woman in this damn place," said the other. "Don't fancy her husband, though. Looks like a regular shark."

"More like a missionary to me," judged the German. "But she is certainly beautiful."

The man at his side yawned openly. "What price we go over and talk to them? They've been here a week, and it would be quite all right. We couldn't any more than get turned down, anyway."

The missionary—if such he were—was no more agreeable on closer acquaintance, but the eyes of his wife were plainly grateful, and after a little rather awkward conversation, she graciously proffered the seat next her to Sonnenschein and indicated one next her husband for the other man, who presently found that he had a hobby in the subject of jades, and met him on this common ground with enthusiasm.

"So you like 'Dixie'?" said the German to his partner. "That is really why I came over here to see you."

"Oh, yes!" she answered with enthusiasm. "I love it. There's no tune in the world like it—all fire and rhythm and joy—is there? But then,—I forgot—you aren't an American."

"But yes," he disclaimed. "A half at least I can claim. My mother was from Virginia: It has been one of my

dreams to go back to the country from which she came—the—the Tide-water?" he finished interrogatively.

"Oh! But that is my country, too. I was born just twenty miles from Washington." In the pause that followed, their eyes met. "Then we—we are not quite strangers, are we?" she said, a little unsteadily.

"I was just thinking that we are not strangers at all," answered the German. His voice was even, but a light burned in his blue eyes.

"But your name is German—and so is your voice," she demurred.

"There is no doubt of the German name," he laughed lightly. "Don't use it, then. Call me 'Boy'—that's easy and foolish and just right."

"The easiest thing in the world," she laughed back again, "easy because it is so plausible."

They laughed together. It was a foolish joke, and yet they would have laughed at a lesser one—together. Her husband turned from his discussion of jades, and regarded the handsome, laughing face of the German with unfriendly eye.

"Jane," he broke in curtly. "It is time to retire. Good-night, gentlemen." And, rising to his feet, he led her away.

The following evening, Sonnenschein sought the two out again—this time alone. Mr. Allen's disagreeable manner had not softened since the previous evening, but nevertheless he made some attempt to draw out the German and sound his theories of life. His wife listened quietly, her eyes and wits searching, alert.

"Yes, that is true," the German was saying. "The life here does unfit us for any other life. Where else can one get more, or better, or cheaper servants? Where can one's inherent love of gambling find greater opportunities? Where can one's inborn curiosities be more easily or quickly appeased? Where has anyone the chance to live as one pleases without question or remark? Why, sir, I can easily name you a hundred reasons why it's degrading, rotten, poisonous to soul and body alike. It's easy to make money here, easier to spend it.



"JANE, WHY CAN'T YOU HURRY?" HE DEMANDED IN A TONE OF SHARP IRRITATION

Where is the incentive to remain white when all the world is yellow? Why, white is off-color!"

He spoke bitterly, and the missionary listened with grim unsympathy.

"But Christianity—your God—" he objected. "Surely you do not discount completely the claims of religion?"

He laughed. "Yes. A God five

thousand miles away is pretty likely to be forgotten. If Christianity exists at all—which one learns to doubt in this hell—what does it mean to us here? What does God mean to us? What can he do for us? . . . Oh, I don't mean to be atheistical, sir," as the missionary's face took on an air of shocked disapproval, "but after you've seen good men go down—down—down

to unspeakable degradation, you can't help losing some of the faith that seems so easy in a Christian community."

"But every man has good and noble instincts. Those very instincts are God," put in the woman's voice, softly.

"Yes, that may be so, too," answered the German quickly. "But there is nothing that vanishes so quickly as good instincts—that is, after you have stayed here awhile." He looked her square in the eyes, his own appealing. "I left home a perfectly good, clean youth," he went on, after a moment's hesitation. "Every good impulse was uppermost in my mind, too. But one can't live here and remain unlike the others. It's unpleasant to be a freak—far easier to be like everyone else. Until I met you—" and he shifted his glance to meet that of Mr. Allen— "I didn't realize quite how far I had drifted. You and Mrs. Allen have made me see things differently, somehow."

"Yes?" rejoined Mr. Allen, and his voice was still unsympathetic. "We are but instruments. Give thanks to God, not to us, sir."

A little later, when they parted for the evening, Mrs. Allen paused a moment after her husband had moved away.

"Good night, Boy," she said softly. "And remember—if one can realize the difference, one can make it right. Good-night."

He made no movement to shake hands, but his eyes clung to hers in a long, eager look. "Good-night, Girl," he answered. This time it was his voice that trembled.

That night alone in his hotel room, where a few scattered photographs, some odd pipes and several good Tientsin rugs and Pekin embroideries spelt home, he came face to face with his feelings. He was in love with a married woman—and a missionary's wife at that. He laughed at the absurdity of it; and then the laugh broke in a lump rising in his throat.

"My God!" he said, "and the worst of it is she's a *good* woman."

He dined late the following evening, on purpose to escape the Allens, and

after the meal he escorted Fifi St. Clair to the theatre, fulfilling an engagement of a week's standing. Perhaps there was a little too much of Fifi. Her eyes were very big and very blue; her hair very thick and very yellow; her gown a vivid peacock-blue affair cut in a daring fashion that showed her white shoulder-blades and her full bosom. Undeniably she was handsome and chic. But the eyes of the women swept her with one appraising glance and moved deliberately away.

The play was "As You Like It", and just before the curtain went up, Mr. and Mrs. Allen were ushered into the seat next Sonnenschein's own. She knew him instantly, and smiled her greeting.

"Isn't this delightful?" she murmured, her voice expressing her pleasure more than words could have done. But the German did not meet her eyes.

"It's—a real comedy," he answered, with a touch of bitter amusement. Puzzled, she looked at him for an instant, and then, the light from the stage suddenly throwing his companion's dashing profile into relief, Mrs. Allen understood. She closed her eyes for a moment in pain; and then, turning to the players with an air of interest, she talked to Sonnenschein no more. Yet somehow he was certain that she understood and forgave; and on Fifi's voting the Rosalind a stick, they departed, at the end of the second act.

Fifi had been amusing to Louis Sonnenschein, not so long since. She had a frank, healthy pleasure in mere living, a sort of unashamed, rosy animalism that appealed to him. It was interesting to see anyone have so good a time out of delicate food, fair wines and the tawdry trappings of the barbaric civilization the Oriental city boasted; it made him feel like a grown-up watching a child hilarious over a Punch-and-Judy show. But to-night she jarred. He noted the fine purplish lines netting her cheeks, the too-heavy arms and torso, and shrank with something like disgust from her strident laughter.

"Fifi, my dear," he said, "I am not amusing to-night. The world is out of joint, and I don't feel like frolicking. Suppose you offer a smile to that cavalier who has been gazing at you these fifteen minutes, and see what he does with it?"

She glanced at him wisely, not at all offended. "Got the hump, eh? Well, all right; run along, and pay the check as you go. By-by!"

He went out into the street, without a glance behind him.

It was several days before he saw Mrs. Allen again. Instantly he descended from his rickasha and joined her.

"Are you walking?" he asked simply.

She nodded, with her grave smile. "But I don't know where. After feasting my eyes on jade and pearls and carved metals, they are somehow weary." She indicated with her look the great jewelry shop she had left.

"May I walk with you and suggest a way?" he asked eagerly.

"Please do—stranger," she answered.

He turned to dismiss the rickasha man, and when she saw his face again it was altered. He spoke with an effort.

"I—I am not a stranger because I wanted to stay away," he said. "But I was ashamed—after that night at the theatre."

"Hush, Boy," she commanded. "Don't talk that way. I've missed you while you've been gone—and then, too, I knew you were sorry. If you felt the difference between us"—and her voice was wonderfully gentle—"I am sure you won't take her—again?"

"No, no! Nor see her, either. I—I couldn't now. But—"

"I understand," she said softly. "It is hard to break with old associates for an ideal."

"You wonderful woman!" The German's voice was low, and she laughed lightly.

"No, not at all wonderful. Just human—that's all. Now let's forget all about it, and be glad that we're alive."

"*Schon gut!*" said Sonnenschein

lightly, taking her change of key. "To begin with, here is a flower-shop and you shall let me buy you roses—American Beauties for the American beauty."

"Just one," she agreed, and she let him fasten it to her coat, smiling like a girl. "It's a long while since I have had a really foolish and delightful compliment like that." And with that they went out into the Chinese city once more, took rickshas and turned toward Bubbling Spring Road.

Bubbling Spring Road was alive with vehicles of every description, with gaily and fashionably dressed women and men in all the glory of uniforms and continental dignity. The sun spread a blaze of warmth and light over the driveway and dappled the paths with light and shade. They were again on foot, and Sonnenschein, at least, had forgotten everything but the smooth cool cheek and fringed eyelashes that he could see beneath her drooping hat.

"Tell me about yourself," she said softly. The worn phrase sounded very sweet on her mouth. He felt her sincerity. "In some ways I feel as if I knew you very well," she went on, since he did not speak. "I feel as if I understood you; that we could be friends—not in the common sense of that badly misused word, but really friends. And yet—I don't know you at all."

The man did not answer, even then, and half turning, she looked at him with gentle inquiry. Their eyes met, and at what she saw in his, she trembled, fascinated and yet afraid.

"What does it matter?" he said almost roughly. "I've nothing to tell you of what has happened before I met you. It is nothing worth while—nothing. But you have made things different—you've made my life worth while to me now. The page is unwritten yet—I cannot tell you anything because so far there is nothing to tell."

"But—"

"No," he broke in, "I was never more sincere in my life. You know I am telling you the truth when I say that I love you. Don't you?"

She shrank from him. "No, no—not that!" They were standing still in the path now, and she glanced about her with the woman's instinct of flight.

"Don't be afraid," he said, noting it. "There's nothing to frighten you. According to codes I know I shouldn't have said that. But it can't degrade you, Girl. It's the one good and pure and true thing in my life. It's everything to me. Why is it wrong to be square with the one person in the whole world whom you love and reverence? You're unhappy—sad—I don't know what trouble and sorrow there is in your life, and I've no right to hold out a finger to help you. But sometime perhaps I could help you—and before we part here, I want you to know where you can come when that day arrives. I shall wait for that signal always; and try to be worthy of it when—if—it comes."

He stopped and looked down at her. For a fraction of a second she closed her eyes and shook her head, holding out her hand. He clasped it in his own, and they clung together for a long moment in a silent pressure. Then she gently withdrew her fingers.

At the corner of the street by the hotel he stopped to buy her another rose,—a white one, half-opened.

"This one means something different," he said quietly, and she pinned it on her coat beside the other.

It was about nine o'clock that evening when he mounted the stairs, unable longer to bear the noise and confusion of the main floor. Half way up, he met the Allens, departing. The man carried a valise and an ulster was thrown over his arm. She had a small hand satchel, and behind them came three Chinese boys laden with all the accessories of travel necessary in the Flowery Kingdom. They passed him without looking up, but the German, glancing at Mrs. Allen, saw the sad droop of her mouth and the flash of tears on her long lashes. Pinned to her travelling coat were a red and a white rose.

He turned, watching them descend. Mrs. Allen walked uncertainly, and supported herself by the handrail.

As they rounded the corner, Mr. Allen thrust back his head—a turtle-like, ugly head. "Jane, why can't you hurry?" he demanded in a tone of sharp irritation.

There was a note in his room, a note hastily written with a pencil at the point of departure. He opened it thirstily. It had no beginning.

We are going in a few minutes, leaving Shanghai, going I do not know where. Boy, do you know that the one memory I care to take away is that of your friendship? You ought not to have said the things you did; I ought not to write this note; there's no rhyme nor reason to any of it, but I'm glad of it all. We're just chips—a pair of strays that floated for an hour in the same eddy, and then sheered off. We'll never see each other again. But you will always be *Boy* to me—and perhaps you'll sometimes think of me as *Girl*. I'm beginning to be old—you didn't see the little folds about my eyes that will soon be wrinkles, you didn't see the first faint fadings of color in cheeks and lips, the fadings, too, of color in the spirit. The last spark of youth fired up in me to meet the indomitable youth in you. You've paid me the inexpressible compliment of thinking me young. In years perhaps I'm not so old; but life has beaten the youth and spring and joy out of me, so that I feel older than the desert that used to be the Garden of Eden and for a few brief hours you brought back girlhood to me. I can't be sorry, somehow.

And you—Boy, you need a woman—a good woman. I saw the hunger in your eyes. Because I am the wife of a man with one all-absorbing passion in life, you cannot think of me; but don't forget me. Put a purpose into your life—for my sake, if you will—make yourself worth while, a man among men; and some day when you find a free woman whom you can ask to share your life, offer her something worth having. Then I shall have done something for you after all. And, Boy, I'd rather do that than anything else in the world. Perhaps at first this may seem hard counsel—but, Boy, you won't refuse to do this one thing for me, will you? It's the only thing you can do.

For two months, he did nothing. He could not believe them gone, without a trace. He searched every hotel, every boarding place, every steamer list, ticket office, inquired of every rag-tag native boat threading the narrow waterways, every rickety cart bound inland, but to no avail. There are a myriad ways of disappearing in China.

Then he awoke. He had thought he knew that last letter of hers by

heart. Yet reading it one morning again, the last words struck him like a blow. This idle searching of his was the last thing she would have had him do. Day after day had slipped by; his office desk was dusty and piled with undone affairs; and the evening before he had overheard a half-scornful, half-pitying word about "Sonnenschein, poor devil" from a business acquaintance of whom he had seen little lately. And she perhaps was thinking of him as laying the foundation of success, "the only thing he could do for her." With sudden decision, he called a rickasha, and surprised his impassive Chinese comprador by spending the entire day at work in the office,—the forerunner of many such unvarying days.

People liked Louis Sonnenschein; and before he had lost interest they had prophesied a success for him. Now that he was again in harness, they remembered their old prophecies. The general verdict was that something—probably a woman—had thrown him off the track for a bit, but that he had come back unquestionably. He found that business came easily—and before the year was out, his Dresden firm, noting his success, called him back to the head offices at an advance of salary, and commissions.

He found it hard to leave Shanghai when the time came. It was replete with memories—some he wanted to forget, some he would remember as long as the breath was in his body, some he cherished as he did the memory of his mother. The last day he shut his office door and went out upon Bubbling Spring Road to the spot where he had told her he loved her.

He threw himself down in the grass, and pressed his cheek to the fresh green turf where she had stood, a year ago. "Oh—Girl!" he said between his teeth. "You don't know what you've done for me. A year more, and the reprieve would have been too late—I'd not have gone back. But it's been hard—hard as the devil. You don't know that, either. And I can never tell you. Just good-bye—that's all." He laid his lips to the grass. "Good-bye," he whispered again; and then

without looking back, turned to the dock and the high decks of the liner that would take him home.

Wait long enough, and to Shanghai, as to Port Said, will come everyone whom you have ever known, passing along the Bund or Bubbling Spring Road. Six months after the liner that bore the German had stately gone to sea, a thin, white-faced woman in travel-stained mourning stepped from a small river-boat, and went with sure directness from the wharf to the hotel.

At dinner she sat alone, a desolate slim figure in her black among the brilliantly-gowned women. No one spoke to her; and she addressed none, though many glances were cast in her direction. She was still beautiful of feature and the masses of her chestnut hair glistened in the light. Long after her meal was finished, she sat there, scanning the other diners with big, blue-shadowed eyes.

For three nights she sat alone and watched, totally oblivious to the attention she created. But the third night she rose with decision, squaring her frail shoulders, and walked to the desk, where she asked to see the register of eighteen months before.

"And he left an address?" she demanded of the clerk. That worthy shook his head indifferently, and turned to the Chinese comprador behind his chair. The Chinese rose with a gleam of interest in his slant-eyed face, and studied the woman for a full minute. She underwent the scrutiny as though long accustomed to Oriental ways, and then as if satisfied he beckoned her aside.

"He left for Dresden six months ago, madame," he explained in perfect English. "It is you, I think, for whom he looked a very long time—the girl? Yes. Tien-tsin, Peking, Canton, Hongkong—everywhere. Then he gave up; came back and worked hard. The company called him back to Germany; but he left his address with me. 'She will come', he told me. 'Watch for her.' And—if that madame desires it, I have the address. I am his verree good friend."

"Thank you," she said unsteadily,

"oh, thank you. Yes—will you send it to my room, please?"

The distance down the long corridor was a horror she never forgot. It was as if the eyes of the curious loungers in the place looked through to her soul and mocked her for seeking. He was gone—should she follow?—and if she did what should she find? She, a woman, to be seeking, instead of sought! She knew nothing of him—a chance acquaintance in a hotel. Yet—he had looked for her, had left his address. She threw herself on the broad bed, and gave way to a fit of hysterical tears.

A tap at the door brought her back to her senses. Hastily drying her eyes, she opened it to receive from the

hands of a Chinese boy a slip of paper, folded and faded. She opened it. Within was written his name, and an address in Dresden, and at the bottom "I know you will come. I shall wait for you, Girl."

Next day, no one watched the outgoing Prinzessa Anna as she steamed towards the open ocean with more interest than a Chinese comprador who stood alone in the shadow of some bales, his eyes on a slender black figure by the rail. When the steamer was dim in the distance, he turned to the humming Chinese city, and at the cable office sent a message to Louis Sonnenschein, "Girl coming. Sail to-day Prinzessa Anna. Remit one hundred taels. *Fook Tching.*"

MARY'S DILEMMA

BY GORDON JOHNSTONE

'TIS "Mary mind your father," says me mother with a smile;
'Tis "Mary mind your mother," whispers dad the afterwhile;
'Tis "Mary mind your Johnny," grins the soggarth but dear me!
How can I mind the whole of them whin none of them agree?

Me father is a kindly soul but stern and bitter just;
Me mother is me darling that I've never feared to trust;
Me Johnny is me sweet love that I married yesteryear
Whin the swifts were building cabeens in the church of Inisheer.

'Tis "Mary kiss your father," weeps me mother by the bed;
'Tis "Mary kiss your mother," beams me father overhead;
'Tis "Mary kiss your Johnny," laughs the priest but tell me you,
How can I kiss the whole of them and kiss me babbine, too?



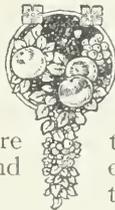
Full Speed Astern



JIMMIE, THE MASCOT OF THE BOAT

By N. G. Neill

Illustrated from Photographs



"CARGO'S all trimmed," announced the shore agent as he opened the captain's door. "You are the last boat out this season, and I wish you a Merry Christmas."

"Well, the same to you old man, and if we don't pile up on Isle Royal before morning I will spend Christmas on the hearth rug entertaining Santa Claus with the kids."

"You fellows deserve a good Christmas holiday," remarked the agent, knowing that sailing the Great Lakes in the month of December was no child's play.

The swish of water from the stern and the tremor which passed through her hull showed that the engineer was turning over the engine and making sure that everything was ready for the start. "Let go your forward line. Steady, astern, there!" and the iron hull gradually swung away from the dock. Down in the engine room the engines were throbbing steadily and humming their song of constant work. To the engineer they gave a responsive note of joy which seemed to reflect in the engineer's face as he stood ready, waiting for orders, two blasts on the

whistle, which, when a boat is going out of harbor, always means good-bye. Then in answer to the order which had just been indicated on the recording telegraph dial from the bridge, he pulled her over three notches, and the boat began to gather headway. A few minutes more, and "Full speed ahead" was signalled, and they were off on their trip to their Eastern port.

Perhaps it was the recollection of a yarn which he had heard while ashore about a wreck which had occurred in a blinding snow storm years before, or perhaps this yarn coupled with the knowledge that at this season of the year they always took more or less chance. At all events, the engineer could hardly keep himself from giving room to the suggestions running through his mind. "God grant that it is not the last trip for this old boat or for me either," and pulling himself together with the recollection of the jolly time ashore he was soon busy keeping an eye on the gauges and oil cups and running his hand over the bearings. It was some time before he noticed that the steamer had already run into a rough sea and was sticking her screws half out of water, every once in a while.

Up in the wheel house, all was dark, save for the protected lamp over the compass. It had come on to blow hard.

"Who the devil would have thought it," remarked the first mate, "inside th' harbor was as quiet as a mill pond."

"You will often find that," said Captain Richardson, "inside the harbor there may not be a white cap in sight, but once outside you can look for anything at this time of year." Added to the high wind, they ran into that most dreaded element of nature to the mariner on the Great Lakes, a blinding snow storm. A sleepless and anxious night was evidently in store for the captain and crew. The snow not only obliterates the lighthouses, but the strongest fog horn carries only a few hundred feet through the thickly falling flakes. There is something overpowering and mystifying about a snow storm on the Lakes. The

mariners would rather face anything else.

Presently Welcome Island's revolving light was dimly discernible over the starboard bow, merely as a blur to the eye, and even the trained ears of the mate, who stood beside the wheelsman could not detect the boom of the fog horn amidst the shrieking of the wind and the muffle of the snow-fall. It was twelve miles from here to Thunder Cape and they would be very near that point before being able to pick up a light.

"South by east, one point," ordered the mate, "we will hold her as near to that in this wind as we can and trust to our brains and Providence to keep us clear of Thunder Cape."

The captain had just stepped into the chart room where the electric lamp shed its rays on the chart and showed in a heavy black line the course marked for the Sault, when between the blasts of the steamer's whistle, sounding out its shrill notes as if inquiring "Where are you? Where are you? Where are you?" there came back through the storm three long low blasts as if some monster of the deep in reply was saying "I am here! I am here! I am here!"

"Some fellow going to tie up at Port Arthur for the winter," remarked the captain. "Those lucky fellows will be enjoying a quiet smoke in harbor to-night, while we poor devils are sticking our noses into the wintry blasts. But this precious cargo of wheat has got to get to good old Montreal, and there is an extra \$100 in the job for both of us when we dock her up." After a few more interchanges of signals the inbound steamer had passed to port and gone astern, the green light of her starboard quarter and the white light of her stern cabin showing dimly her length, and telling that she was one of those 600 foot freighters, made of steel, which carried in one trip the grain which it takes 400 freight cars to bring down from the Western prairies. One of these boats, the Moreland, had gone aground on the treacherous south shore not more than a month before. She ran right

over a reef until her bow struck a second reef 500 feet away, and there she lay hard and fast, until the weight of her cargo, 12,000 tons, broke her in two.

"What is wrong with that blessed mascot of yours?" shouted the captain, as the mate came back into the wheel house after having had a turn on the bridge to try to hear Thunder Cape horn. After shaking the wet snow from his clothes, the mate asked "What's he doing?"

"Confound the dog!" responded the captain. "He is crouched up there in the chart room whining to beat four of a kind, and we can't throw the brute out on deck in this storm."

Just then the door opened and a boy, covered with snow and ice, his eyes and face dripping, came in bearing a coffee pot and a bundle tucked away in his pocket. "Cook, sir, thought you would be cold and sent me along with this," said he, placing a couple of cups on the floor along with the pot of coffee. For with the rolling of the boat it was better not to place anything where it could roll any farther. Having overheard the conversation between the captain and mate he dived into the chart room and tucking the crew's mascot, a wiry haired Scotch terrier, under his arm, groped his way with the aid of the life line, along the deck, and was thankful when he got back to the cook's kitchen once more.

They were now just abreast of Thunder Cape and the mate jocularly bade good bye to the towering pile of rock for the season, thankful to get that part of the journey behind him. Steaming out on the broad Lake Superior they felt the full force of the north-east gale. Navigation on the great inland lakes and waterways of Canada where you go out of sight of land requires skill and a thorough knowledge of seamanship. The officer marks off a course from point to point on the chart, and knowing the speed at which they are running, and the distance between points in fog or darkness, runs on time. Or in other words, for so many hours, the boat is steered, depending on their speed, east by

west two points, and then on another tack, east by north.

Lake Superior is one of the most completely surveyed stretches of water in the world. And this is all due to a man whose name, even, is scarcely remembered, Lieutenant Bayfield, who surveyed and charted Lake Superior years ago, using only three small schooners and a handful of men for the work. And so methodical and correct was his work that few if any important changes have been made in recent surveys, even with the most improved instruments. It would be fitting indeed if the Government of Canada, under whom this man worked, erected a monument to his memory at Port Arthur, the terminus of navigation on Lake Superior. How little we think to-day of the men who have gone before us and blazed the trail. It is often the men to whom no monuments stand who have done the real work.

In making his reckonings the Captain had allowed as well as possible for the blow of the wind and the wash of the waves, and all seemed to be going well. No more boats were met with, and of course this might be expected at this late time of the year, although in summer, night or day, there is almost a continuous chain of boats coming and going between the Sault and Port Arthur. Some of these are freighters offering a two hundred yard dash between the wheel house in the bow and the engine room in the stern, handsome passenger liners, carrying with their passengers and crew 1000 souls, white sided pleasure yachts, and frequently a chunky little freighter all the way from England.

Two pairs of straining eyes in the wheel house saw it at the same time. Not five hundred feet straight ahead there was looming up a dark low shore line. For one brief moment the realization of their danger held both men spell-bound. Not a word escaped their lips. The silence was awful, and moments seemed hours. But in a flash these trained seamen were back to action. Turning it over in less time than it takes to say it, the captain realized that to attempt to put the

boat to port or starboard and endeavor to veer off, was taking too big a chance, as the shore appeared to extend both to the right and left and there was no telling when they might run on a jagged rock below the water. Grabbing the engine room telegraph his icy hands pulled the lever over until the dial pointed to "reverse," and "full speed astern" rang out down in the engine room. The momentary stopping of the steady throb of the engine, and then the shiver that ran through the whole hull as the engines were reversed, threw the crew that were below decks out of their berths, and not knowing what was happening, they sprang on deck. Down in the engine room a man whose face showed white beneath the grime and sweat was holding the controlling lever waiting for further orders, realizing that they were facing some grave danger, but it was not his to wonder why, but his to do, and on that doing in all probability depended the safety of the boat and her whole crew. Gradually she slackened her forward rush towards the land, and when within one hundred feet of the shore on which they could now hear the waves pounding, the boat started to answer the whirling propeller and back off.

It was a close call. And everyone felt for the moment, at all events, that they were out of danger. They might have to anchor where they were until the storm cleared but at least they would be clear of those barren unfriendly rocks, which were now with every turn of the screw getting farther away.

All of a sudden a shock worse than the reversing of the engines was felt. One of the crew, Jenkinson, who had been brought on board, having imbibed more John Dewar than he could properly take care of was standing hanging to one of the masts was pitched across the deck. In his incapacitated state he was unable to check himself and went overboard to a watery grave. In the tempestuous sea that was running it was beyond all human power to aid him. The bridge was heeling over, threatening to throw the officers into the churning waters, and already the deck was two feet deep with horrid, swirling, white foam.

"Merciful Heavens, captain," shouted the mate, "we are hard on the rocks astern." The situation was too much even for the iron nerves of this seaman and the exclamation was ripped out without thinking that the Captain had undoubtedly realized as quickly as he just what had happened.



THE STEAMER HAD BACKED OFF ISLE ROYALE, SEEN DIMLY AHEAD, AND PILED UP ON A SUBMERGED REEF ASTERN. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE BRIDGE HEELING OVER



THE CAPTAIN OF "THE LAST BOAT OUT OF PORT ARTHUR"

For a moment there was a wild rush of the men along the after deck to the boats, and it was only by the cool determined effort of their superiors and the smashing of some heads that they were restrained from putting out the life boats, which would have been smashed like cockle shells in that rough sea.

To signal the engineer to stop was the work of a moment. To allow the engines to continue working might pull the boat off the rocks, but no one could tell whether her plates were broken or whether she was hard and fast on some jagged rock. The bow started to settle rapidly, and the chances were that, should she slip off, all hands would go down.

Smashing open an emergency can of rockets, the signals of distress, blowing myriads of stars breaking out from their caps went soaring into the stormy heavens. Imagine the relief of the crew when they saw an answering rocket followed by the deep bay of a steamer's whistle.

The Guthrie was coming up the Lake. And the watchman felt a chill reach his heart as he saw through the storm the call for help from some brother seaman. They figured that

the wreck was among the isles and crags of Isle Royal, in summer time alive with campers, but at this season of the year deserted save for the solitary lighthouse keeper, and realized that to endeavor to try and get close enough to take the crew off the wrecked steamer would mean almost certain destruction to their own boat. The wreck did not seem to be sinking, as they continued to answer the signals with their whistle. And while altering their course to get in as close as possible to the wrecked steamer that great invention of the age was brought into play. Strung high between the rakish masts of the Guthrie were two thin wires, and in the darkened room off the wheelhouse the sputtering and hissing of an electric spark meant the sending out of a call for help to the wireless station on the hilltop at Port Arthur.

It was only the work of a few moments for the wireless operator on land to telephone down to the wrecking tugs laying alongside of the dock with steam up. Within a few minutes the captain of the wreckers was in his wheelhouse, and both captain and men, realizing that human life was in danger, pressed forward under full steam, out into the raging waters of

the Bay. Realizing that they were in for a bad run of possibly twenty-five miles, the hatches were securely battened down, and all doors securely locked from the inside, the captain himself taking the wheel as not a foot must be lost in leeway. As they were driving full speed ahead in the sea that was then running the foam sometimes came down the smoke stack as that was the only remaining opening. It required careful seamanship to combat the elements of nature that night.

Welcome indeed was the sight to those poor shivering sailors in the wreck as the tug "Whalen" carefully drew alongside. The captain, daring to the point of fearlessness, but knowing every foot of the Lake, never slackened speed or hesitated until he had run in amongst the rocks and tied up alongside the wreck. "Come on, men," shouted the wrecking tug captain, "Get on board this boat. There is no time to get anything off your hull." And as he noticed two men lying on the deck of the wrecked steamer unable to move they were so numbed from exposure, some of his own crew sprang aboard and dragged these men to their boat and down below into the warm cabin where hot coffee and warm blankets soon restored circulation and gave them safety.

Just as the wrecking tug was about to cast off from the boat, the captain of the wrecked steamer realized that the cabin boy was not on board and sprang back on the wreck shouting in answer to the exclamation of surprise "My God! You don't suppose I am going to leave the kid behind!" He had not gone more than a few steps when he saw the poor bedraggled lad feeling his way along the deck. In answer to the captain's summons as to what he was doing on board when he ought to have been on the tug, he replied "Well, I was not going to leave Jimmie, the mascot behind, and I had to hunt all over the darned old boat to find him."

It is moments like these when men face death that their best or worse nature is brought out. Sometimes it makes a bad man worse, usually better.

It invariably brings out the kinder and better impulses of men. Grabbing both the boy and the dog in his arms he reeled to the side of the boat where willing hands dragged them on deck.

Down in the cabin now that the strain was over, some of the men were crying, some laughing. Such is the way in which thanks is often shown under stress.

As some of the crew required medical attendance after their harrowing experience amidst the rolling billows and biting cold, the wrecking tug was headed back to Port Arthur. As the cold had been increasing she was a mass of ice when next morning at daylight she tied up at her dock. In fact the men on shore had to chop the ice from around the doors before the captain and crew could get out.

It is not often that such a storm and such severe cold occur. But once in every few years there is experienced a few days of such weather, and then it is better to stay on shore.

Now that the crew was safe the wreckers turned their attention towards saving the cargo of the boat. As soon as the weather moderated, wrecking scows, derricks and tugs, went out to the scene of the wreck and started the Herculanean task of getting the boat off the rocks, as they had made up their minds to bring her back into port. All the time the spray from the waves was freezing over ropes and pulleys, as well as men, making work more difficult. But nowadays with improved methods unless a boat goes down to the bottom, comparatively little is lost.

The first work was to transfer the cargo, damaged although it was, to lighten the vessel, and this was put into barges and brought into port. Time and time again during work the men, numbed with cold, stuck to the work only through the inspiration of the boss, a man of indomitable pluck.

And here again their work was materially added by the wireless telegraph, as they carried wireless telegraphy on their boats. They were notified from day to day and sometimes from hour to hour as to the weather which might be expected. In the face

of a bad storm they could thus leave the wreck to itself and run into shelter.

Probably few people realize the valuable work which the Government does with her meteorological service. In this case the records were received from the meteorological Weather Bureau at Port Arthur and telegraphed out to the wreck. It was almost uncannily to stand on the deck of the big wrecking barge and have a telegram handed to you, addressed "Empire, Lake Superior," and reading "Hurricane coming from north-west due here to-morrow." Signed "Wolf." It was the means in this case of enabling the wrecking outfit to take care of themselves, and from their safe anchorage after the storm had passed they would dart out, like wreckers of old, and renew their efforts at lightening the cargo and stopping up the leaks.

Ultimately by operating powerful pumps and having got the cargo all out, the boat was pulled off the rock. But here came the ticklish work. A big steel scow made airtight by battenning down all hatches with steel plate was lashed alongside, and the pumps on board the wreck were forced to their utmost capacity which enabled a constant Niagara to be poured over the sides. Thus with two tugs, one well out ahead, and one alongside holding the wreck merely by a slip line, so as to save the crew, that were operating the pumps, in case the water gained on them, and the boat sank,

resulted in the damaged boat being landed safely in the Dry Docks at Port Arthur.

At noon on Christmas day this little flotilla steamed into the harbor. She was a sorry looking wreck; broken masts, life boats washed away, cabin windows gone, rigging all battered, and riding dangerously low in the water.

After she was safely landed in the Dry Dock and the water pumped out a jagged hole was found astern where the cruel rocks had bent in and crushed her plates.

In fact it was a blessing that she had been unable to pull off the rocks as she would have sunk immediately and not one of the crew could have been saved.

It is interesting to know that this boat, the last out of the harbor in the fall, turned out spick and span and was the first boat to leave with a new cargo in the spring.

There was a twinkle in the captain's eye and a joyous smile on his face as he again stepped on the bridge of his boat, the owners having been unable to charge any blame to him under the terrible circumstances of the wreck. The mascot, Jimmie, was with all pomp and honor carried back on board, the mate remarking "If we had just obeyed our instincts we would never have gone out on that stormy night. Dogs often can feel more than men can realize."

VICTORIA

BY KATHLEEN K. BOWKER

EACH returning April brings
 The memory to my mind,
 Of a sun-lit land where warm winds blow,
 And blue-bloused Chinamen, all in a row,
 Work in the fields where violets grow,
 With the green salt sea behind.



The Wheat-Pit

From the Woman's Gallery

AN AFTERNOON IN THE WINNIPEG
GRAIN MARKET

By Dorcas MacAlister



HAVE you ever sat in a great hostelry, listly gazing out, too tired to think, but idly looking at the bustle and rush of a business street—and then realized that unconsciously you were watching the men who passed in and out of a skyscraper, noting each and wondering what manner of man he might be, until you were suddenly alive to the intense interest of the life of the street?

So I sat at my window in Winnipeg the other day, weary after a seven thousand mile journey over the west. The great stone building stood up stark and strong in the golden sunlight, the polished brass guards of its doors gleamed as they swung, and incessantly men passed in and out, intent, keen-eyed, absorbed.

The curiosity of the Easterner abroad in the West is intense. So long the West has been the land of romance and marvel that we are constantly on the lookout for some of it to occur before our astonished eyes. So I went down, weary no longer, and demanded of the hotel clerk what the building across the street might be. With the superior air of a cicerone of a personally conducted tour, the clerk informed me that it was the wheat pit of Canada.

Now I felt that I had a just claim of anything belonging to my country, although when a Westerner says Canada, he means only that portion of the Dominion west and north of Winnipeg, so, arming myself with my notebook, I hastened to the gallery of the pit.

It was not a new scene to me, for I had spent hours watching the mad crowd of the New York stock exchange; but somehow this had a new flavor. It was our own—Canadian; besides, it was the centre of the breadbasket of the world. As soon as I became accustomed to the howling bedlam of the place, I commenced to study individuals.

There was the man with the long cigar, who was either deep in conversation, or cracking spicy jokes with the two or three companions from whom he never allowed himself to become separated. There, too, was the smooth-faced man of uncertain age, characteristically Western, and puzzling to the Easterner. There was the big, loosely-dressed, careless man who called across to a taller and slighter friend, "Jimmie, how much do I owe you?" and with a stroke of the pen and a fluttering slip of paper torn from a cheque-book wiped out his debt.

There was a goodlooking man wearing a red tie; and there, too, was the man who paced restlessly up and down, seeing only the margin on his wheat and thinking, forever thinking, how the shortage was to be covered at the bank.

But scarcely have I become used to the place, when a bell rings, and instantly the pit with its three steps up and its six steps down becomes a seething pandemonium. Men seem to spring up from every direction; they close in as in a football scrimmage; bidding runs high; arms fly, a phlegmatic German is pawed by five or six men; pencils fly; men leap like wild creatures into the pit; the fat man looks apoplectic; the placid man withdraws; everybody yells together; and from above it looks like a typhoon-smitten sea of pompadours, side-parts, middle parts, bald and semi-bald heads, and a dozen different varieties of agitated hats.

The bell rings again, and the frenzy increases. Messengers dash about—we see the good-looking man hail a lad frantically and rush him out through the nearest door—telephones and telegraph keys keep up an incessant clatter—the man with the red tie walks out, trying to saunter and look unconcerned.

What is it all about? The tickers drown the enunciation of the yells, and the tape as it passes into the basket in the brokers' offices raises to high heaven or dashes to perdition the hopes of the man with the gambling instinct in the blood, who cannot refrain from nibbling, but I am none the wiser. I can only sit and feel the madness and the fascination of it all; and sense the tremendous forces at work—the iron will of the man who has the nerve to “bull” or “bear” the market as best suits his purpose, cornering wheat or barley at his will. It may be a fiendish way to make money, but to sit here above the boiling pit is to realize the great power of one of the most fascinating things on earth, and to feel the great spirit of venture busy with a high-staked game.

And—this is purely a feminine observation of the deepest dye—it is such a

nice clean way of making money, without the sordidness of weights and measures.

The pit clears. Babel is muted to a hum. I look away—and when I look back, lo! it is filled again with men, who, with renewed lung power and even wilder-waving arms take up a louder cry than before. Every window is opened to the full, to cool off the heated air. Paradoxical as it may seem, the “pit” is at the very top of a nine-story building.

Now that I am more used to the place, I study the different ways the men bid. There is a nervous man, bidding quickly, with clawing gestures, there is a well-dressed man with a carefully groomed skin who bids pompously; another with his hat on utters spasmodic yells, or barks; and there is our friend of the red tie, back again, unexcited, quiet, shrewd, but in the thick of the row. The man with the red tie grows on me; evidently it is hard business with him.

But there again goes the bell. They are properly off to a finish now. The man at the high desk shouts through his megaphone; the disk flashes 1-8; the boys clean their blackboards, the bidding is augmented with new voices; and then suddenly wheat closes in the pit at 102-1-2, and three o'clock rings out from the towers of Winnipeg. The day is over.

I have heard hundreds of thousands of bushels of wheat sold in the last hour, though I did not understand a word of what was going on, and though not a kernel of grain has ever been or ever will be actually passed from hand to hand in the pit. But so fascinated have I become with the energy and resource displayed by these keen-eyed, handsome men that it is with deep regret that I pass down to the street through layer after layer of offices of grain brokers and elevator companies, and step out into the Winnipeg sunshine. The entire building, with the exception of a banking office on the first floor, is occupied by men whose sole business is with wheat and other grains. As I thought of our little six-acre wheat fields in Ontario and contrasted them with the hundreds of

miles of shining grain through which I had just passed, I made my deepest courtesy to the men of our Western country, the strongest and most virile men in the world, well set up, frank,

true and brave, whether in the wheat pit, or in the open field. I believe the Westerners' big stories now. Nothing can be too big to happen in the West.

THE GOLDEN GIRL

BY T. A. DALY

RED hair !
Isn't it quare ?

Once on a time I'd do nothin' but jeer at it.

Now, faith,

Look at me teeth,

See how I show them an' growl when you sneer at it.

Brown eyes ?

"Muddy wid lies,

"Dull an' deceitful," I once was decidin' them;

But—whack !—

Yours will go black

Under me fist now, if you'd be deridin' them.

What's more,

Freckles galore

Made a complexion the worst I could deem of it;

But now—

You must allow

They give a touch o' pure gold to the cream of it.

Some girls

Flaunt the red curls,

But it is blue eyes in undher that gaze at ye;

Some own

Freckles alone—

Let them be oglin' as much as they pl'ase at ye.

One charm

Needn't alarm,

Fear not the lass who is only unfoldin' one;

But she

Blessed wid all three—

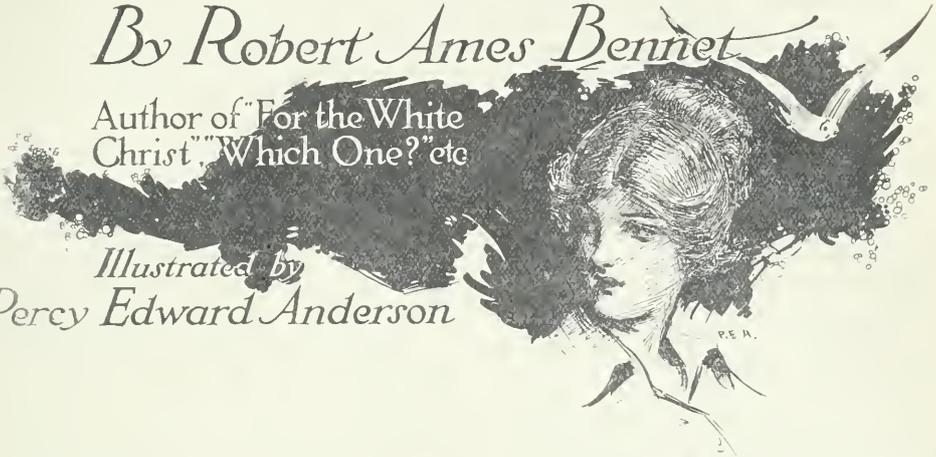
Like my own Nora—Och ! *She* is the golden one.

UNWILLING EVE

By Robert Ames Bennet

Author of "For the White Christ," "Which One?" etc

Illustrated by
Percy Edward Anderson



SYNOPSIS.

Three people, Genevieve Leslie, a society girl; Cecil Winthrope, an Englishman in the diplomatic service; and Tom Blake, a Canadian civil engineer, are wrecked on the most desolate and wildest stretch of the Mozambique coast. Blake's admiration for Miss Leslie has been squelched by Winthrope on board the steamer, but shortly after the storm subsides, Blake proves himself the strongest and most resourceful of the three, and assumes command of the party. A headland shows some ten miles to the south, with promise of water and safety from the malarial swamps. This the party heads for, and in the journey Winthrope sprains his ankle, which forces Blake to carry him. Almost spent with thirst, they reach a river, and Blake, pushing ahead, finds that it is salt with the sea-water of high tide. Meantime, Winthrope discovers an uprooted cocoa-palm, and the nuts serve as both food and drink. They spend the night in a baobab tree, hearing wild beasts about them, but safe from their attacks. Next morning, Blake starts out to find a way to cross the river and so reach the headland.

CHAPTER VII.

AROUND THE HEADLAND.

It was mid morning before Blake reappeared. He came from the mangrove swamp where it ran down into the sea. His trousers were smeared to the thigh with slimy mud; but as he approached, the drooping brim of his palm-leaf hat failed to hide his exultant expression.

"Come on!" he called. "I've struck it. We'll be over in half an hour."

"How's that?" asked Winthrope.

"Bar," answered Blake, hurrying forward. "Sling on your hats, and get into my coat again, Miss Jenny. The sun's hot as yesterday. How about the nuts?"

"Here they are. Three strings; all that I fancied we could carry," explained Winthrope.

"All right. The big one is mine, I suppose. I'll take two. We'll leave the other. Lean on me, if your ankle is still weak."

"Thanks; I can make it alone. But must we go through mud like that?"

"Not on this side, at least. Come on! We don't want to miss the ebb."

Blake's impatience discouraged further inquiries. He had turned as he spoke, and the others followed him, walking close together. The pace was sharp for Winthrope, and his ankle soon began to twinge. He was compelled to accept Miss Leslie's invitation to take her arm. With her help, he managed to keep within a few yards of Blake.

Instead of plunging into the mangrove wood, which here was undergrown with a thicket of giant ferns, Blake skirted around in the open until

they came to the seashore. The tide was at its lowest, and he waved his club towards a long sand spit which curved out around the seaward edge of the mangroves. Whether this was part of the river's bar, or had been heaped up by the cyclone would have been beyond Winthrope's knowledge, had the question occurred to him. It was enough for him that the sand was smooth and hard as a race track.

Presently the party came to the end of the spit, where the river water rippled over the sand with the last feeble out-suck of the ebb. On their right they had a sweeping view of the river, around the flank of the mangrove screen. Blake halted at the edge of the water, and half turned.

"Close up," he said. "It's shallow enough; but do you see those logs on the mud-bank? Those are alligators."

"Mercy—and you expect me to wade among such creatures?" cried Miss Leslie.

"I went almost across an hour ago, and they didn't bother me any. Come on! There's wind in that cloud out seaward. Inside half an hour the surf'll be rolling upon this bar like all Niagara."

"If we must, we must, Miss Genevieve," urged Winthrope. "Step behind me, and gather your skirts. It's best to keep one's clothes dry in the tropics."

The girl blushed, and retained his arm.

"I prefer to help you," she replied,

"Come on!" called Blake, and he splashed out into the water.

The others followed within arm's-length, nervously conscious of the rows of motionless reptiles on the mud-flat, not a hundred yards distant.

In the centre of the bar, where the water was a trifle over knee-deep, some large creature came darting downstream beneath the surface, and passed with a violent swirl between Blake and his companions. At Miss Leslie's scream, Blake whirled about and jabbed with his club at the supposed alligator.

"Where's the brute? Has he got you?" he shouted.

"No, no; he went by!" gasped Winthrope. "There he is!"

A long bony snout, fringed on either side by a row of lateral teeth, was flung up into view.

"Sawfish!" said Blake, and he waded on across the bar, without further comment.

Miss Leslie had been on the point of fainting. The tone of Blake's voice revived her instantly.

There were no more scares. A few minutes later they waded out upon a stretch of clean sand on the south side of the river. Before them the beach lay in a flattened curve, which at the far end hooked sharply to the left, and appeared to terminate at the foot of the towering limestone cliffs of the headland. A mile or more inland the river jungle edged in close to the cliffs, but from there to the beach the forest was separated from the wall of rock by a little sandy plain, covered with creeping plants and small palms. The greatest width of the open space was hardly more than a quarter of a mile.

Blake paused for a moment at high-tide mark, and Winthrope instantly squatted down to nurse his ankle.

"I say, Blake," he said, "can't you find me some kind of a crutch? It is only a few yards around to those trees."

"Good Lord! you haven't been fool enough to overstrain that ankle—Yes, you have. Dammit! why couldn't you tell me before?"

"It did not feel so painful in the water."

"I helped the best I could," interposed Miss Leslie. "I think if you could get Mr. Winthrope a crutch—"

"Crutch!" growled Blake. "How long do you think it would take me to wade through the mud? And look at that cloud! We're in for a squall. Here!"

He handed the girl the smaller string of cocoanuts, flung the other up the beach, and stooped for Winthrope to mount his back. He then started off along the beach at a sharp trot. Miss Leslie followed as best she could, the heavy cocoanuts swinging about with every step and bruising her tender body.

The wind was coming faster than Blake had calculated. Before they had run two hundred paces, they heard the roar of rain-lashed water, and the squall struck them with a force that almost overthrew the girl. With the wind came torrents of rain that drove through their thickest garments and drenched them to the skin within the first half-minute.

Blake slackened his pace to a walk, and plodded sullenly along beneath the driving down-pour. He kept to the lower edge of the beach, where the sand was firmest, for the force of the falling deluge beat down the waves and held in check the breakers which the wind sought to roll up the beach.

The rain storm was at its height when they reached the foot of the cliffs.

The gray rock towered above them thirty or forty feet high. Blake deposited Winthroppe upon a wet ledge, and straightened up to scan the headland. Here and there ledges ran more than half-way up the rocky wall; in other places the crest was notched by deep clefts; but nowhere within sight did either offer a continuous path to the summit. Blake grunted with disgust.

"It'd take a fire ladder to get up this side," he said. "We'll have to try the other, if we can get around the point. I'm going on ahead. You can follow, after Pat has rested his ankle. Keep a sharp eye out for anything in the flint line—quartz or agate. That means fire. Another thing, when this rain blows over, don't let your clothes dry on you. I've got my hands full enough, without having to nurse you through malarial fever. Don't forget the cocoanuts, and if I don't show up by noon, save me some."

He stooped to drink from a pool in the rock which was overflowing with the cool, pure rain-water, and started off at his sharpest pace. Winthroppe and Miss Leslie, seated side by side in dripping misery, watched him swing away through the rain, without energy enough to call out a parting word.

Beneath the cliff the sand beach was succeeded by a talus of rocky debris which in places sloped up from the water ten or fifteen feet. The lower part of the slope consisted of boulders

and water-worn stones, over which the surf, reinforced by the rising tide, was beginning to break with an angry roar.

Blake picked his way quickly over the smaller stones near the top of the slope, now and then bending to snatch up a fragment that seemed to differ from the others. Finding nothing but limestone, he soon turned his attention solely to the passage around the headland. Here he had expected to find the surf much heavier. But the shore was protected by a double line of reefs, so close in that the channel between did not show a whitecap. This was fortunate, since in places the talus here sank down almost to the level of low tide. Even a moderate surf would have rendered farther progress impracticable.

Another hundred paces brought Blake to the second corner of the cliff, which jutted out in a little point. He clambered around it, and stopped to survey the coast beyond. Within the last few minutes the squall had blown over, and the rain began to moderate its down-pour. The sun, bursting through the clouds, told that the storm was almost past, and its flood of direct light cleared the view.

Along the south side of the cliff the sea extended in twice as far as on the north. From the end of the talus the coast trended off four or five miles to the south-southwest in a shallow bight, whose southern extremity was bounded by a second limestone headland. This ridge ran inland parallel to the first, and from a point some little distance back from the shore was covered with a growth of leafless trees.

Between the two ridges lay a plain, open along the shore, but a short distance inland covered with a jungle of tall yellow grass, above which, here and there, rose the tops of scrubby, leafless trees and the graceful crests of slender-shafted palms. Blake's attention was drawn to the latter by that feeling of artificiality which their exotic appearance so often wakens in the mind of the Northern-bred man even after long residence in the tropics. But in a moment he turned away, with a growl. "More of those darned

feather-dusters!" He was not looking for palms.

The last ragged bit of cloud, with its showery accompaniment, drifted past before the breeze which followed the squall, and the end of the storm was proclaimed by a deafening chorus of squawks and screams along the higher ledges of the cliff. Staring upward, Blake for the first time observed that the face of the cliff swarmed with sea-fowl.

"That's luck!" he muttered. "Guess I haven't forgot how to rob nests. Bet our fine lady'll shy at sucking them raw! All the same, she'll have to, if I don't run across other rock than this, poor girl!"

He advanced again along the talus, and did not stop until he reached the sand beach. There he halted to make a careful examination, not only of the loose debris, but of the solid rock above. Finding no sign of flint or quartz, he growled out a curse, and backed off along the beach, to get a view of the cliff top. From a point a little beyond him, outward to the extremity of the headland, he could see that the upper ledges and the crest of the cliff, as well, were fairly crowded with sea-fowl and their nests. His smile of satisfaction broadened when he glanced inland and saw, less than half a mile distant, a wooded cleft which apparently ran up to the summit of the ridge. From a point near the top a gigantic baobab tree towered up against the skyline like a Brobdingnagian cabbage.

"Say, we may have a run for our money, after all," he murmured. "Shade, and no end of grub, and, by the green of those trees, a spring—limestone water at that. Next thing, I'll find a flint."

He slapped his leg, and both sound and feeling reminded him that his clothes were drenched.

"Guess we'll wait about that flint," he said, and he made for a clump of thorn scrub a little way inland.

As the tall grass did not grow here within a mile of the shore, there was nothing to obstruct him. The creeping plants which during the rainy season had matted over the sandy soil were now leafless and withered by the

heat of the dry season. Even the thorn scrub was half bare of leaves.

Blake walked around the clump to the shadiest side, and began to strip. In quick succession, one garment after another was flung across a branch where the sun would strike it. Last of all, the shoes were emptied of rain-water and set out to dry. Without a pause, he then gave himself a quick, light rub-down, just sufficient to invigorate the skin without starting the perspiration.

Physically the man was magnificent. His muscles were wiry and compact, rather than bulky, and as he moved, they played beneath his white skin with the smoothness and ease of a tiger's.

After the rub-down, he squatted on his heels, and spent some time trying to bend his palm-leaf hat back into shape. When he had placed this also out in the sun, he found himself beginning to yawn. The dry, sultry air had made him drowsy. A touch with his bare foot showed him that the sand beneath the thorn bush had already absorbed the rain and offered a dry surface. He glanced around, drew his club nearer, and stretched himself out for a nap.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CLUB AGE.

It was past two o'clock when the sun, striking in where Blake lay outstretched, began to scorch one of his legs. He stirred uneasily, and sat upright. Like a sailor, he was wide awake the moment he opened his eyes. He stood up, and peered around through the half leafless branches.

Over the water thousands of gulls and terns, boobies and cormorants were skinning and diving, while above them a number of graceful frigate birds—those swart, scarlet-throated pirates of the air,—hung poised, ready to swoop down and rob the weaker birds of their fish. All about the headland and the surrounding water was life in fullest action. Even from where he stood Blake could hear the harsh clamor of the sea-fowl.

In marked contrast to this scene, the

plain was apparently lifeless. When Blake rose, a small brown lizard darted away across the sand. Otherwise there was neither sight nor sound of a living creature. Blake pondered this as he gathered his clothes into the shade and began to dress.

"Looks like the siesta is the all-round style in this God-forsaken hole," he grumbled. "Haven't seen so much as a rabbit, nor even one land bird. May be a drought—no; must be the dry season—Whee, these things are hot! I'm thirsty as a shark. Now, where's that softy and her ladyship? 'Fraid she's in for a tough time!"

He drew on his shoes with a jerk, growled at their stiffness, and, club in hand, stepped clear of the brush to look for his companions. The first glance along the foot of the cliff showed him Winthrope lying under the shade of the over-hanging ledges, a few yards beyond the sand beach. Of Miss Leslie there was no sign. Half alarmed by this, Blake started for the beach with his swinging stride. Winthrope was awake, and on Blake's approach, sat up to greet him.

"Hello!" he called. "Where have you been all this time?"

"Sleep. Where's Miss Leslie?"

"She's around the point."

Blake grinned mockingly. "Indeed! But I fawncy she won't be for long."

He would have passed on, but Winthrope stepped before him.

"Don't go out there, Blake," he protested. "I—ah—think it would be better if I went."

"Why?" demanded Blake.

Winthrope hesitated; but an impatient movement by Blake forced an answer: "Well, you remember, this morning, telling us to dry our clothes."

"Yes; I remember," said Blake. "So you want to serve as lady's valet?"

Winthrope's plump face turned a sickly yellow.

"I—ah—valet?— What do you mean, sir? I protest—I do not understand you!" he stammered. But in the midst, catching sight of Blake's bewildered stare, he suddenly flushed crimson, and burst out in unrestrained

anger: "You—you boulder—you beastly cad! Any man with an ounce of decency—"

Blake uttered a jeering laugh—"Wow! Hark, how the British lion r-r-ro-ars when his tail's twisted!"

"You beastly cad!" repeated the Englishman, now purple with rage.

Blake's unpleasant pleasantry gave place to a scowl. His jaw thrust out like a bulldog's, and he bent towards Winthrope with a menacing look. For a moment the Englishman faced him, sustained by his anger. But there was a steely light in Blake's eyes that he could not withstand. Winthrope's defiant stare wavered and fell. He shrank back, the color fast ebbing from his cheeks.

"Ugh!" growled Blake. "Guess you won't blat any more about cads! You damned hypocrite! Maybe I'm not on to how you've been hanging around Miss Leslie just because she's an heiress. Anything is fair enough for you swells. But let a fellow so much as open his mouth about your exalted set, and it's perfectly dreadful, you know!"

He paused for a reply. Winthrope only drew back a step farther, and eyed him with a furtive, sidelong glance. This brought Blake back to his mocking jeer. "You'll learn, Pat, me b'y. There's lots of things'll show up different to you before we get through this picnic. For one thing, I'm boss here—premier, governor-general and House of Parliament. Understand?"

"By what right, may I ask?" murmured Winthrope.

"Right!" answered Blake. "That hasn't anything to do with the question—it's might. Back in civilized parts, your little crowd has the drop on my big crowd, and runs things to suit themselves. But here we've sort of reverted to primitive society. This happens to be the Club Age, and I'm the Man with the Big Stick. See?"

"I myself sympathize with the lower classes, Mr. Blake. Above all, I think it barbarous the way they punish one who is forced by circumstances to appropriate part of the ill-gotten gains

of the rich upstarts. But do you believe, Mr. Blake, that brute strength—"

"You bet! Now shut up. Where're the cocoanuts?"

Winthrope picked up two nuts and handed them over.

"There were only five," he explained.

"All right. I'm no captain of industry."

"Ah, true; you said we had reverted to barbarism," rejoined Winthrope, venturing an attempt at sarcasm.

"Lucky for you!" retorted Blake. "But where's Miss Leslie all this time? Her clothes must have dried hours ago."

"They did. We had luncheon together just this side of the point."

"Oh, you did! Then why shouldn't I go for her?"

"I—I—there was a shaded pool around the point, and she thought a dip in the salt water would refresh her. She went not more than half an hour ago."

"So that's it. Well, while I eat, you go and call her—and say, you keep this side the point. I'm looking out for Miss Leslie now."

Winthrope hurried away, clenching his fists and almost weeping with impotent rage. Truly, matters were now very different from what they had been aboard ship. Fortunately he had not gone a dozen steps before Miss Leslie appeared around the corner of the cliff. He was scrambling along over the loose stones of the slope without the slightest consideration for his ankle. The girl, more thoughtful, waved to him to wait for her where he was.

As she approached, Blake's frown gave place to a look that made his face positively pleasant. He had already drained the cocoanuts; now he proceeded to smash the shells into small bits, that he might eat the meat, and at the same time keep his gaze on the girl. The cliff foot being well shaded by the towering wall of rock, she had taken off his coat, and was carrying it on her arm; so that there was nothing to mar the effect of her dainty open-work waist, with its elbow sleeves and graceful collar and the filmy veil of lace

over the shoulders and bosom. Her skirt had been washed clean by the rain, and she had managed to stretch it into shape before drying.

Refreshed by a nap in the forenoon and by her salt-water dip, she showed more vivacity than at any time that Winthrope could remember during their acquaintance. Her suffering during and since the storm had left its mark in the dark circles beneath her hazel eyes, but this in no wise lessened their brightness; while the elasticity of her step showed that she had quite recovered her well-bred ease and grace of movement.

She bowed and smiled to the two men impartially. "Good-afternoon, gentlemen."

"Same to you, Miss Leslie!" responded Blake, staring at her with frank admiration. "You look fresh as a daisy."

Genial and sincere as was his tone, the familiarity jarred on her sensitive ear. She colored as she turned from him.

"Is there anything new, Mr. Winthrope?" she asked.

"I'm afraid not, Miss Genevieve. Like ourselves, Blake took a nap."

"Yes; but Blake first took a squint at the scenery. Just see if you've got everything, and fix your hats. We'll be in the sun for half a mile or so. Better get on the coat, Miss Leslie. It's hotter than yesterday."

"Permit me," said Winthrope.

Blake watched while the Englishman held the coat for the girl and rather fussily raised the collar about her neck and turned back the sleeves, which extended beyond the tips of her fingers. The American's face was stolid; but his glance took in every little look and act of his companions. He was not altogether unversed in the ways of good society, and it seemed to him that the Englishman was somewhat over-assiduous in his attentions.

"All ready, Blake," remarked Winthrope, finally, with a last lingering touch.

"'Bout time!" grunted Blake. "You're fussy as a tailor. Got the flask and cigarette case and the knife?"

"All safe, sir—er—all safe, Blake."

"Then you two follow me slow enough not to worry that ankle. I don't want any more of the pack-mule in mine."

"Where are we going, Mr. Blake?" exclaimed Miss Leslie. "You will not leave us again!"

"It's only a half-mile, Miss Jenny. There's a break in the ridge. I'm going on ahead to find if it's hard to climb."

"But why should we climb?"

"Food, for one thing. You see, this end of the cliff is covered with sea-birds. Another thing, I expect to strike a spring."

"Oh, I hope you do! The water in the rain pools is already warm."

"They'll be dry in a day or two. Say, Winthrope, you might fetch some of those stones—size of a ball. I used to be a fancy pitcher when I was a kid, and we might scare up a rabbit or something."

"I play cricket myself. But these stones—"

"Better'n a gun, when you haven't got the gun. Come on. We'll go in a bunch, after all, in case I need stones."

With due consideration for Winthrope's ankle—not for Winthrope,—Blake set so slow a pace that the half-mile's walk consumed over half an hour. But his smouldering irritation was soon quenched when they drew near the green thicket at the foot of the cleft. In the almost deathlike stillness of mid-afternoon, the sound of trickling water came to their ears, clear and musical.

"A spring!" shouted Blake. "I guessed right. Look at those green plants and grass; there's the channel where it runs out in the sand and dries up."

The others followed him eagerly as he pushed in among the trees. They saw no running water, for the tiny rill that trickled down the ledges was matted over with vines. But at the foot of the slope lay a pool, some ten yards across, and over-shadowed by the surrounding trees. There was no underbrush, and the ground was trampled bare as a floor.

"By Jove," said Winthrope; "see

the tracks! There must have been a drove of sheep about."

"Deer, you mean," replied Blake, bending to examine the deeper prints at the edge of the pool. "These ain't sheeptracks. A lot of them are larger."

"Could you not uncover the brook?" asked Miss Leslie. "If animals have been drinking here, one would prefer cleaner water."

"Sure," assented Blake. "If you're game for a climb, and can wait a few minutes, we'll get it out of the spring itself. We've got to go up anyway, to get at our poultry yard."

"Here's a place that looks like a path," called Winthrope, who had circled about the edge of the pool to the farther side.

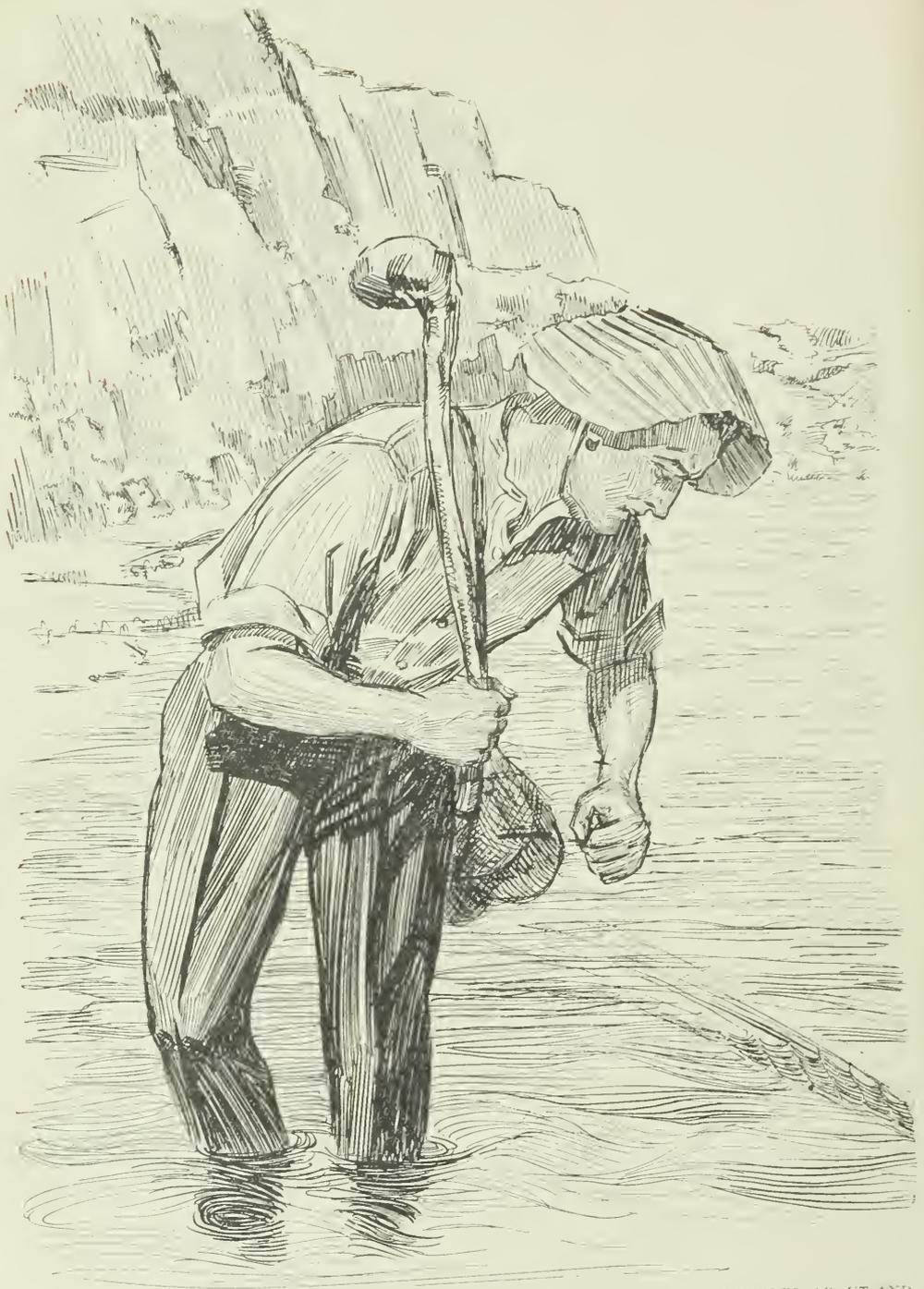
Blake ran around beside him, and stared at the tunnel-like passage which wound up the limestone ledges beneath the over-arching thickets.

"Odd place, is it not?" observed Winthrope. "Looks like a fox run, only larger, you know."

"Too low for deer, though—and their hoofs would have cut up the moss and ferns more. Let's get a close look."

As he spoke, Blake stooped and climbed a few yards up the trail to an overhanging ledge, four or five feet high. Where the trail ran up over this break in the slope the stone was bare of all vegetation. Blake laid his club on the top of the ledge, and was about to vault after it, when, directly beneath his nose, he saw the print of a great catlike paw, outlined in dried mud. At the same instant a deep growl came rumbling down the "fox run." Without waiting for a second warning, Blake drew his club to him, and crept back down the trail. His stealthy movements and furtive backward glances filled his companions with vague terror. He himself was hardly less alarmed.

"Get out of the trees—into the open!" he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, and as they crept away, white with dread of the unknown danger, he followed at their heels, looking backward, his club raised in readiness to strike.



AT MISS LESLIE'S SCREAM, BLAKE WHIRLED ABOUT AND
"WHERE'S THE BRUTE?" HAS



JABBED WITH HIS CLUB AT THE SUPPOSED ALLIGATOR.
HE GOT YOU?" HE SHOUTED

Once clear of the trees, Winthrope caught Miss Leslie by the hand, and broke into a run. In their terror, they paid no heed to Blake's command to stop. They had darted off so unexpectedly that he did not overtake them short of a hundred yards.

"Hold on!" he said, gripping Winthrope roughly by the shoulder. "It's safe enough here, and you'll knock out that blamed ankle."

"What is it? What did you see?" gasped Miss Leslie.

"Footprint," mumbled Blake, ashamed of his fright.

"A lion's?" cried Winthrope.

"Not so large—'bout the size of a puma's. Must be a leopard's den up there. I heard a growl, and thought it about time to clear out."

"By Jove, we'd better withdraw around the point!"

"Withdraw your aunty! There's no leopard going to tackle us out here in open ground this time of day. The sneaking tomcat! If only I had a match, I'd show him how we smoke rat holes."

"Mr. Winthrope spoke of rubbing sticks to make fire," suggested Miss Leslie.

"Make sweat, you mean. But we may as well try it now, if we're going to at all. The sun's hot enough to fry eggs. We'll go back to a shady place, and pick up sticks on the way."

Though there was shade under the cliff within some six hundred feet, they had to go some distance to the nearest dry wood—a dead thornbush. Here they gathered a quantity of branches, even Miss Leslie volunteering to carry a load.

All was thrown down in a heap near the cliff, and Blake squatted beside it, penknife in hand. Having selected the dryest of the larger sticks, he bored a hole in one side and dropped in a pinch of powdered bark. Laying the stick in the full glare of the sun, he thrust a twig into the hole, and began to twirl it between his palms. This movement he kept up for several minutes; but whether he was unable to twirl the twig fast enough, or whether the right kind of wood or tinder was

lacking, all his efforts failed to produce a spark.

Unwilling to accept the failure, Winthrope insisted upon trying in turn, and pride held him to the task until he was drenched with sweat. The result was the same.

"Told you so," jeered Blake from where he lay in the shade. "We'd stand more chance cracking stones together."

"But what shall we do now?" asked Miss Leslie. "I am becoming very tired of cocoanuts, and there seems to be nothing else around here. Indeed, I think this is all such a waste of time. If we had walked straight along the shore this morning we might have reached a town."

"We might, Miss Jenny, and then, again, we mightn't. I happened to overhaul the captain's chart—Quilimane, Mozambique—that's all for hundreds of miles. Towns on this coast are about as thick as hens'-teeth."

"How about native villages?" demanded Winthrope.

"Oh, yes; maybe I'm fool enough to go into a wild nigger town without a gun. Maybe I didn't talk with fellows down on the Rand."

"But what shall we do?" repeated Miss Leslie, with a little frightened catch in her voice. She was at last beginning to realize what this rude break in her sheltered, pampered life might mean. "What shall we do? It's—it's absurd to think of having to stay in this horrid country for weeks or perhaps months—unless some ship comes for us!"

"Look here, Miss Leslie," answered Blake, sharply yet not unkindly; "suppose you just sit back and use your thinker a bit. If you're your daddy's daughter, you've got brains somewhere down under the boarding-school stuff."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Now, don't get huffy, please! It's a question of think, not of putting on airs. Here we are, worse off than the people of the Stone Age. They had fire and flint axes; we've got nothing but our think tanks, and as to

lions and leopards and that sort of thing, it strikes me we've got about as many on hand as they had."

"Then you and Mr. Winthrop should immediately arm yourselves."

"How?—But we'll leave that till later. What else?"

The girl gazed at the surrounding objects, her forehead wrinkled in the effort at concentration. "We must have water. Think how we suffered yesterday! Then there is shelter from wild beasts, and food, and—"

"All right here under our hands, if we had fire. Understand?"

"I understand about the water. You would frighten the leopard away with the fire; and if it would do that, it would also keep away the other animals at night. But as for food, unless we return for cocoanuts—"

"Don't give it up! Keep your thinker going on the side, while Pat tells us our next move. Now that he's got the fire sticks out of his head—"

"I say, Blake, I wish you would drop that name. It is no harder to say Winthrope."

"You're off, there," rejoined Blake. "But look here, I'll make it Win, if you figure out what we ought to do next."

"Really, Blake, that would not be half bad. They—er—they called me Win at Harrow."

"That so? My English chum went to Harrow—Jimmy Scarbridge."

"Lord James!—your chum?"

"He started in like you, sort of top-lofty. But he chummed all right—after I took out a lot of his British starch with a good walloping."

"Oh, really now, Blake, you can't expect any one with brains to believe that, you know!"

"No; I don't know, you know,—and I don't know if you've got any brains, you know. Here's your chance to show us. What's our next move?"

"Really, now, I have had no experience in this sort of thing—don't interrupt, please! It seems to me that our first concern is shelter for the night. If we should return to your tree nest, we should also be near the cocoa palms."

"That's one side. Here's the other.

Bar to wade across—sharks and alligators; then swampy ground—malaria, mosquitoes, thorn jungle. Guess the hands of both of you are still sore enough, by their look."

"If only I had a jar of cold cream!" sighed Miss Leslie.

"If only I had a hunk of jerked beef!" echoed Blake.

"I say, why couldn't we chance it for the night around on the seaward face of the cliff?" asked Winthrope. "I noticed a place where the ledges overhang—almost a cave. Do you think it probable that any wild beast would venture so close to the sea?"

"Can't say. Didn't see any tracks; so we'll chance it for to-night. Next?"

"By morning I believe my ankle will be in such shape that I could go back for the string of cocoanuts which we dropped on the beach."

"I'll go myself, to-day, else we'll have no supper. Now we're getting down to bedrock. If those nuts haven't been washed away by the tide, we're fixed for to-night; and for two meals, such as they are. But what next? Even the rain pools will be dried up by another day or so."

"Are not sea-birds good to eat?" inquired Miss Leslie.

"Some."

"Then, if only we could climb the cliff—might there not be another place?"

"No; I've looked at both sides. What's more, that spotted tomcat has got a monopoly on our water supply. The river may be fresh at low tide; but we've got nothing to boil water in, and such bayou stuff is just concentrated malaria."

"Then we must find water elsewhere," responded Miss Leslie. "Might we not succeed if we went on to the other ridge?"

"That's the ticket! You've got a headpiece, Miss Jenny! It's too late to start now. But first thing to-morrow I'll take a run down that way, while you two lay around camp and see if you can twist some sort of fish-line out of cocoanut fibre. By braiding your hair, Miss Jenny, you can spare us your hair-pins for hooks."

"But, Mr. Blake, I'm afraid—I'd

rather you'd take us with you. With that dreadful creature so near—"

"Well, I don't know. Let's see your feet."

Miss Leslie glanced at him, and thrust a slender foot from beneath her skirt.

"Um-m—stocking torn; but those slippers are tougher than I thought. Most of the way will be good walking, along the beach. We'll leave the fishing to Pat—er—beg pardon—Win! With his ankle—"

"By Jove, Blake, I'll chance the ankle. Don't leave me behind. I give you my word, you'll not have to lug me."

"Oh, of course, Mr. Winthrop must go with us!"

"'Fraid to go alone, eh?" demanded Blake, frowning.

His tone startled and offended her; yet all he saw was a politely quizzical lifting of her brows.

"Why should I be afraid, Mr. Blake?" she asked.

Blake stared at her moodily. But when she met his gaze with a confident smile, he flushed and looked away.

"All right," he muttered; "we'll move camp together. But don't expect me to pack his ludship, if we draw a blank and have to trek back without food or water."

To be continued

THE POETS' CORNER

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

BY T. D. J. FARMER

O HALLOW'D place—here are our bards at rest,
 And as my feet stray 'mong thy pedestals
 A thought surpassing sweet the spot recalls:
 Not England's sons alone, we of the West
 Are too by thy divine aroma blest
 And share the influence shrin'd within thy walls.
 These lives, these tombs, these carv'd memorials
 By us are honor'd, worshipp'd and caress'd
 And every brow-encircl'd laureate,
 Whose mortal clay hath mingl'd with thy dead—
 From Chaucer, glorious and of ancient date,
 To Tennyson, by all beloved and read,
 O'er all the world doth each disseminate
 The fragrance with which thou'rt environed.

Where The Danes Came In



CAISTOR CASTLE, WHICH HELD OUT WITH THIRTY DEFENDERS AGAINST
A THOUSAND BESIEGERS

By James Baker

Author of "John Westacott," "The Cardinal's Page," etc.

Illustrated from Photographs

IT WAS on a grey morning in September that we woke up in quiet Aldeburgh, to begin a ramble through ancient Anglia, that strip of English territory which offers a square front to the grey North Sea, and of which an American once said at R. D. Blackmore's table that "England is the biggest country on earth. Every inch of it has a history and no one could ever master it all."

From Aldeburgh, we were going away up to Caistor, just beyond Yarmouth, Sir John Fastolph's home, and passing through the extremes of our modern life. The calm peace of rural scenes we knew would be varied with the rush of tourist traffic in crowded resorts—but we did not know how much of deep interest we were to see.

Aldeburgh was sleepy enough, in all conscience, as we strolled up its long stretch of steep, pebbled beach, beneath which ran sandy stretches washed by the full tide. The hungry sea has eaten at Aldeburgh for centuries, and all that is left of it is one long street and a modern terrace or two, facing the sea. In the centre of the grass-patched sands stands the quaint old Moot Hall, of timber architecture, filled in with brick. Formerly this hall, now washed by the sea at high tides, stood in the centre of the town, with two streets of houses intervening between it and the ravenous waves, that on this coast take their meals of English land. Now its overhanging upper floor shelters the fishermen and sailor folk against the driving rain,

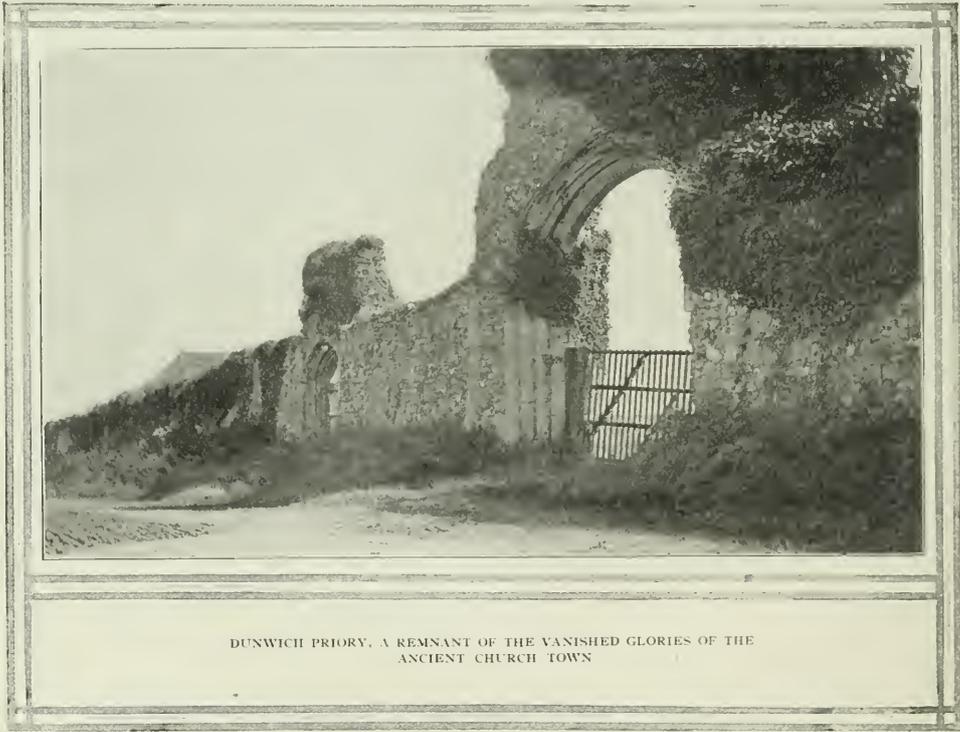
while the dial on its gable end helps to carry the mind back to Shakespearean days when dials were carved out quaintly, "point by point, thereby to see the minutes how they run."

We got a little lad to stand by the dial end corner, while we took a snapshot of this curious relic of self-ruling England, he being the only traveller abroad in the early morning—the best time for the photographer.

In one of the great storms that have

years, deplored the new battue shooting as a lazy, unsportsmanlike fashion, and suggested that sport in the district was health-giving, for he was as active as many at fifty. And in his shooting-kit he looked sturdy enough to bear out his boast.

At Saxemundham, the traveller who gets delayed can fill in a pleasant hour by walking out to the village of Kelsale, where the church still has many interesting features remaining. The



DUNWICH PRIORY, A REMNANT OF THE VANISHED GLORIES OF THE ANCIENT CHURCH TOWN

so gnawed at Aldeburgh, there disappeared the home of George Crabbe, one of England's writers, whose limpid verses are not unaptly illustrated by his often quoted couplet:

In idle wishes fools supinely stray;
Be there a will—and wisdom finds a way.

A look at the church where Crabbe was baptized and that has had much of its interest "restored" away, about exhausts the sights of Aldeburgh, where those who halt stay for quiet and golf and shooting. One blithe old gentleman whom we met on our way to Saxemundham, owned to eighty-seven

old sexton came up to us as we were looking at the font.

"Old fashion concern that, sir," he ejaculated.

The Norfolk lion figured at the base, and the emblems of the Evangelists at the four sides, the lamb for St. John being decidedly a sheep, though the bull and the lion resembled each other close enough to be brothers. It was of the usual East Anglian style, a little more quaintly rendered than usual, and we agreed that it was old-fashioned indeed. The pulpit is Jacobean, and in asking whether there had not been

more old carving about the church, the sexton responded:

"Yes, but it were cleared away; but there, the psalms tell about the carving work being put on one side," a verse that seemed to comfort the old man for the loss of the cunning work of bygone days.

Outside, traces are left of the early date of the church, a priests' door on the south side being good Norman work, with zigzag mouldings and

of the town has a strange carving of two lions, a cock and an eagle, and traces of other quaint work.

After a breezy walk along the gravelly road, we reach the hamlet of Mells, and turn aside to visit the ruins of a little chapel, reminding us of the seven churches in County Wicklow. A round apse is still left, ivy-hung, and a rest beneath its shade is agreeable before we pass on beneath the oak-shaded road, over an open heath rich



THE OLD SEXTON AT KESALE CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA COGITATING
HIS REPLY TO OUR REQUEST

grotesque heads. We attempted to persuade the old Anglian to stand in a Norman door on the south side, and caught him in the act of cogitating a reply to our request, getting also a picture illustrating well the fruit architecture around the Norman mouldings.

Those who would visit Southwold must leave the main line of railway at Halesworth; and a pleasant walk it is from that town to the coast. The town itself has one of the richest churches in the district, with brasses and carvings that are well worth halting for. One old house on the road out

with furze and heather, and through fields and past a copse where rabbits shelter, into the ancient borough of Blytheburgh. Hidden among ivy clumps are some traces of its priory, but standing out in stately glory is a church that will repay much time spent over it, whether or no one be historian, archæologist or artist, for its beauty is such as to appeal to the most careless observer.

Within, it has hardly been touched by the restorer's hand, so that we can see in just what manner of church our fathers of the fifteenth century wor-

shipped. The flat timber roof, supported by timber brackets, is still painted red, green and white, with flat figures of great angels holding shields, their heads all haloed by golden hair and with golden crowns upon them. Pulpit and stalls are excessively rich, especially the stalls, and sketching these we saw a lady and a gentleman.

As we stood wondering at the richness of the work, and longing to get some information, as to the meaning of some of the curious figures, we ventured to put a question to the gentleman. It was lucky for us that we did so, for we found we were speaking to one of the most famous London doctors, who, although busy with literary work, had made a capital study of this district. We ventured to gainsay one of his statements, which led him to ask where we lodged, and to recommend us to an inn called "The Star," where he promised to call and convince us of his facts.

The bench ends of the church are covered with illustrations of the vices and virtues, and with figures of the seasons, autumn being represented as a reaper, and winter as one chopping wood. Near the stalls stands a curious figure of a "jack of the clock," or as the sexton called it, "Jack smite bell," wearing red armour and helmet, black coat and white greaves. It was a decidedly strange figure, but the Doctor told us that we would see it repeatedly in Southwold; and thither he accompanied us by the little railway with its diminutive engines and carriages, like some baby giant's toy.

We had intended to spend but a day or so here, but under the Doctor's guidance we found that Southwold was the centre of a rich and interesting district. Besides, at the inn was a pleasant company—two other famous doctors, one great in Alpine work, the other well-known as a Royal Physician - and we lingered on.

Like most of these towns, Southwold is quiet and drowsy. It stands on a cliff that is constantly being eaten away by the waves.

"Why," said an old sailor, speaking of Greenhill Fort and the cannon mounted thereon, "I can mind 'em

being put back twice in my time." He could also "mind" a tragedy connected with these guns. They were being fired on some joyful occasion, and "the officer had rammed 'un, and weren't quite satisfied. He thought he'd have another touch at 'un, an' the gun went off." The officer rammed guns no more, and since then, they have not been fired.

Southwold country is a rich country for a painter. Gipsy encampments, village commons, moorland rich in furze and bracken, sea-room and fishing smack, all offer picturesque subjects. Through such scenes, one comes to Dunwich, one of England's famous ports in bygone times.

A sea-engulfed remnant of a town now, but with the ruins of Priory and churches to tell of its former greatness, is Dunwich. Six churches were here at one period, and in the reign of Edward I. it sent out eleven ships of war, sixteen fair ships, twenty trading barks, and twenty-four fishing boats. For two hundred and forty years it was the seat of a bishopric, the descendants from which now hold the see of Norwich. In the romance, "The Gleaming Dawn," it is from Dunwich that Peter Payne and John Pennings sail, when they escape from Oxford. There in earlier days Dane and Saxon came down the northeast wind, to land from their long-beaked galleys and harry the villages. The northeast wind has boded England no good from the days of the Painted Men until to-day.

But Dane and Saxon and priest and bishop have departed; the river that helped to give it power has changed its course, and most of the town has been eaten away by the sea. The wall of the Priory, a Franciscan monastery, and two of its gates with a cluster of its buildings still remain, ivy-clad and picturesque; and upon a windy height the ruins of All Saints' Church, built in 1350, still hold out against the tempests. The Doctor had told us to examine carefully its tower, and we should see that the debris of a still earlier church had been built into it. True it was; and numerous round pilaster heads were noticeable against the masonry of the tower. In the

church were bits of Norman. Early English and perpendicular work, giving evidence of three or four centuries of life.

On the beach three or four tents told of summer campers; and a dozen or so boats bespoke the scanty colony of fisherfolk. One old dame was proud to show us a nickel-mounted telescope "given to my boy, what's gone away to sea, as he saved a young lady's life." A kernel of a romance, this, that Baring Gould might have woven into an East Anglian story.

The Doctor was waiting for us at Southwold, after we had put in as bad a

Within, the church is full of mediæval riches, and a jack o' the clock smites the bell as clergy and choir enter the church. It is to these curious old jacks that Shakespeare alludes in "Richard II.":

But my time runs posting on in Bolingbroke's
proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the
clock.

The screen, with its mediæval symbolic painting is a marvel of beauty, and there are numerous other points of curious interest to which we have not space to give.

At last we left Southwold, and walked



THE PICTURESQUE WINDMILL AND WHERRIES OF
NORFOLK BROAD

bit of walking over loose shingle and in a drenching rain as we ever experienced; but we required nothing more physically than his antiquarian prescriptions, in spite of our wetting, and next morning we carried these out very pleasantly in the churchyard of Southwold church. Here lies Thomas Gardiner, a salt excise officer, between his two wives, Honor and Virtue, while the rhyme upon the headstone runs:

Betwix Honor and Virtue here doth lie
The remains of old Antiquity.

The Doctor handed me a volume written by Gardiner, as I was noting the verses on the tombs of the vanished ladies. Not far off lies Agnes Strickland, the historian of the Queens of England.

away through deep-hedged lanes and scented fields to Covehithe, passing harvesters in the fields, and talking with one child at a gate who was already bitten with the wandering fever, and did not like "been in this awld plice," but wanted to go to London. Here, one hears the speech from which the Cockney tongue has developed, and the old London habit of pronouncing the "w" as "v" is still retained. Perhaps this is a relic of the ancient Saxons, for the "w" is so pronounced still in German.

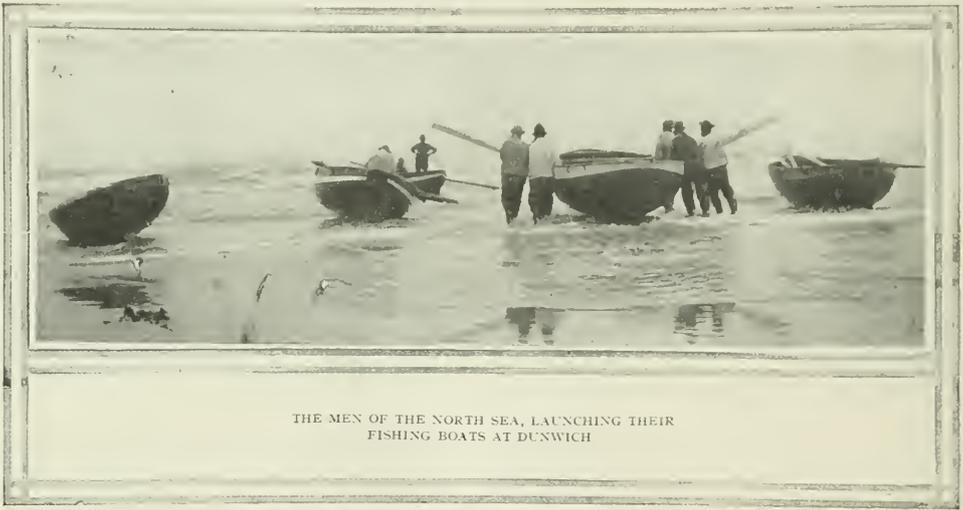
The old font of the ancient church has been placed in a new little edifice within the stately ruins, and after a rest beneath its walls, listening to the sound of the distant sea, the hum of insects,

the wind among the trees, the twitter of birds and cluck of tame fowl, we pushed out again on the Wrentham road, past old inns famous in coaching days, past Benacre Hall and the Village of Kissingland (spelt Kessingland, but never so pronounced) until we stopped at the sign of the King's Head.

There was a marvellous travelling clockmaker stopping here, who was boasting that he spoke twenty-one languages, among them Persian, Arabic and all the European tongues. But alas! before we could try him in one, our host showed us into the best parlor, and before we could come out

chose the rail, and journeyed to St. Olaves (pronounced Saint Tolve's), where we put up at a tumbledown old timber inn called "The Bell," with queer passages and break-neck stairways.

In the morning we paid a visit to the ruins of an old priory, now hid in a garden—a garden with an actual bower in it. An old dame lives in the habitable room, who told us that "soldiers used to live here and kill and slay one another." Here, and in the old stable adjoining, are some remnants of good architectural work, octagonal pillars and niches, and the old dame told us



THE MEN OF THE NORTH SEA, LAUNCHING THEIR FISHING BOATS AT DUNWICH

again to have a word with the marvel, he was gone. However, the comfort of the old inn resigned us to minor disappointments. There was an old-world garden of sweet-scented flowers among its attractions; and on a side table lay a Bible belonging to one Delilah Howlett. It is rarely a woman confesses to being a Delilah.

After leaving this village, we sighted for a moment the town of Lowestoff, and floundered in the midst of char-a-bancs, shows, Salvation Army lasses, niggers and all the concomitants of a crowded watering-place. But Lowestoff is an easy place to leave by rail, river boat, or sea steamers; and near it is Oulton Broad, a lovely piece of water, dashed with silver sails. We

that they had dug down as far as a ladder would go, and found white flagstones below. The ruins about this place were very extensive.

A quarter of an hour from here is Fritton Decoy, where a little girl, dressed all in red, demanded a toll of threepence for passing in through the gardens of Fritton Hall to the water. Very lovely were the grounds, with grass terraces, and old red walls hid by trees hung with fruit and pleasant flowers; and below the slope's edge lay the shining waters of the Decoy, where the pigeon's coo and the cast of an angler's line are the loudest sounds to disturb the wanderer.

But we were on the track of a place called Burgh Castle (pronounced

Borough), where we had heard there was a remnant of that rarity, Roman architecture in England. We enquired at Belton station for the direction, and started off down a grassy drive and across marshes between reeds and rushes till we came to some cottages where an old dame told us, we were "in Borough Castle the now." But after a little explaining she directed us past some deserted cement works by the river, and then, turning to our right, saw to our amazement a mass of intersected red-tiled work, plainly Roman.

As we approached, and passed around this great wall, with its rounded bastions, we found that it carried round, stretching some two hundred yards down the field, a mighty wall some fourteen feet high and ten feet wide. Two round towers at either end and two in the centre marked the divisions of the wall. A discussed point about the monument is whether or not there was once a fourth wall, making the structure foursquare. There has certainly been a landslip on the river side, but no trace of masonry has been discovered.

While I was getting a picture of the long wall, a well-dressed old dame came up and gave me an opinion of the work.

"I should say the round towers was built for support," she stated, "but it is nothing like 'Adleigh Castle—'ave you seen that? 'Twas built o' chalk—built by my ancestors, the Earls o' 'Adleigh, as came over with the Conqueror, as was a soldier." I regretted that I had not seen Hadleigh Castle, and passed on down to the Church, meeting a farmer in the field who emphatically settled the question as to the fourth wall with, "I'd know it

was never a wall. I don't think; I know; and that's more." Decided as he was on this point, he was not above asking for a drink for himself and his men.

There is a history to the church, as well as to the old castle and Defence Camp, but we must get on into Yarmouth, along Breydon Water, where the wherry sails and windmills alone block the horizon over the flat-land. With its pier and sands and halls, its old inns and churches, Greyfriars and the Tollhouse saved from ruin by Mr. T. Danby Palmer, Yarmouth has much to attract the tourist; but we turned from the towns to go over the golf links, and past the rifle butts to Caistor Church, and Caistor Castle. Oddly enough, I had put the "Paston Letters" in my bag on starting out, not knowing that my wanderings would lead me to the scene of the famous siege so graphically described by Margaret Paston. The castle with thirty defenders held out against a thousand besiegers, and its legends and history make it of peculiar interest. One tower is still intact, and so is a good part of the walls running around the moat, which is still full of water; and the grotesque gargoyles and arcading of the outer walls show good work. But peaceful meditation on the life here in Sir John Fastolf's time was rudely disturbed by a party of Yarmouth sightseers who were "doing" the castle, one of whom demanded, on viewing the basement of the tower, "Wau's this for? A aiche 'ole?" Being interpreted, this was "What's this for? An ash hole?" So our trip came to an end, after a delightful wandering through Easternmost England.



The Story of Peter Sinclair

By W. E. Traill



ONE of the most original characters that was to be met in the Red River settlement in old times was old Peter Sinclair. He was, perhaps, one of the first fruits of the Protestant missionary effort in the West, and was then employed as Missionary Interpreter.

He was a Scotch half caste but must have been brought up very much among the Indians. His English was very peculiar and to a stranger almost unintelligible, and yet he insisted upon speaking English, even when his auditor would have understood him better had he used his mother tongue. His greatest peculiarity in speech was his indiscriminate use of the definite article.

Once, soon after the arrival of the first Bishop of Ruperts Land, his Lordship wished to visit a part of his immense diocese and as he had need of an interpreter Archdeacon Crowley sent for Peter and told him that the Bishop needed his services for the trip.

Giving him a letter of introduction he sent him to the Bishop's palace with the following injunction: "Now, Peter, you must say 'Yes, my Lord,' or 'No, my Lord,' and be sure you say 'Good morning, my Lord.'"

"I the know. I the understand," said Peter, and off he posted.

On knocking for admittance the Bishop himself came to the door.

Peter's salutation was, "Good Lord, my morning," and handed in his credentials, on reading which the Bishop said,

"I understand that you are Mr. Peter Sinclair."

"Yes, my Lord."

"You have just arrived, I understand. From whence did you come?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"How long have you been acting as interpreter?"

"No, my Lord."

"How many of the Indian languages can you speak?"

"Yes, my Lord."

No matter what the Bishop asked him he could only elicit from Peter yes or no, so that the Bishop was obliged to send him back to Mr. Crowley with a note asking the Archdeacon to come and interpret for his interpreter.

Of course when Peter came to understand that he was at liberty to speak to his Lordship as to other mortals, an understanding was soon arrived at, and arrangements made for the episcopal visit.

In the early days of Protestant missionary effort in the west the missionaries were largely dependent upon the Hudson Bay Company.

On this occasion a light boat had been placed at his lordship's disposal with a full crew, guide and steersman, bowsman and six middlemen, with the necessary provisions and supplies. On the day and hour appointed the Bishop was driven from St. John's to Fort Garry where he found everything in readiness. Those who have seen a boat brigade in voyage in the times of which I write will testify to the picturesqueness of the scene. The stalwart crew were dark and bearded

men, with hair down to their shoulders, dressed in capots and gaudy sashes and beaded leggins and moccasins.

On the arrival of the Bishop the great Union Jack with the H.B.C., on it was run up on the flagstaff and probably a salute fired. The Governor and as many of the staff as possible accompanied his Lordship to the boat.

In bidding his Lordship farewell the Governor said, "Now, my Lord, the guide, who is also steersman, understands his duties and will see to it that the others do theirs. You will find in the boat provisions for your crew; and in this hamper others for yourself. In my canteen, which I have placed at your disposal, you will find wines and liquors for yourself, and in that little locker under the stern sheets is a supply of rum for the men. You will of course follow our time honored custom of giving the men an occasional 'regal' (dram) but you will do well to keep the key in your pocket, also the key of your canteen; liquor is the only thing with which these men cannot be trusted."

The Governor then stepped ashore, the two oars that had formed an extempore gangway were pulled in, and amid the cheers of the party on shore the first episcopal expedition launched out into the stream. Under the sturdy strokes of the swarthy boatmen they soon rounded the point and vanished from sight.

As their course lay down stream they made rapid progress and not till several miles had been made did the guide give the word and the oars were shipped as one, with a rattle, and the men commenced to fill their pipes.

After smoking in silence till their pipes were out the guide remarked something to Peter who stood up and said,

"Oh, the my Lord, the men are wanting it of the dram."

The Bishop, who was sitting under an awning on the sternsheet, reading, looked up, smiled, but gave no further sign, and read on. It is probable that he, worthy man that he was, proposed in his own mind then and there to begin a temperance reform. If so he reckoned without his crew, as the sequel will show.

After a silence of some minutes Peter again addressed his Lordship;

"Oh, the my Lord, the men are wanting it the dram."

Again a silence that might be felt and once again Peter spoke, this time his trumpet giving no uncertain sound.

"We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord, the men are wanting it the dra-a-am."

Whatever plans the Bishop may have formed of temperance reform, he concluded that the time was not opportune for the commencement of the campaign and so Peter's impertinence had its legitimate reward.



The Fianceé of Elise

By
Julia Frances Wood

Author of
"An Andalusian Ally," etc.



Illustrated by
Normand Borchardt



THERE was the usual stir preliminary to arriving at a destination. The Jesuit priest beside Miss Howland stopped perusing his breviary and dusted a mangy fur hat; the corpulent Spanish beauty opposite adjusted her mantilla at a more coquettish angle; at the other end of the compartment the three officers, for the first time since leaving Madrid, removed their stare from Miss Howland's impassive countenance. She herself reopened her sister's letter.

It was very like Isabel in its rambling incoherences, and Miss Howland studied it with a frowning perplexity which alternated with amused resignation. By the ninth page she was smiling helplessly—a smile which broke the cold classicism of her features and the haughty line of her mouth and chin into a sudden warm animation. It was the mouth and chin which had made her a power in the work she had chosen to do; it was the smile which had won her a host of friends; and it was the humor crinkling the clear eyes which made her thirty-five years sit so very lightly upon her serene brow.

"I would attend to the matter myself if I could," the ninth page had begun, "only I really am not strong

enough to stand the awful hotels of Spain. You can easily run up on your way back from Egypt, and besides you always carry out so splendidly everything you undertake, I know you can straighten out the tangled skein of poor little Elise's life. The dear child is a different creature since I have told her I will write you to help us out. I have done everything I can from here—I wrote Mr. White, the minister with whom Harold went to Spain as secretary, and *he* has inquired of all the different consuls, and the last information they could get was that there was a Harold Wycliffe in Toledo, and of course it is an unusual name. And being such a very delicate matter, I said right away to Elise, If Cynthia will only see him personally and tactfully discover just what the trouble is and the reason for his strange silence! My dear, if you could hear the *ardent* love letters he used to send her—she always read them all to me; and I was here all through their romance and have never *seen* a man more madly in love. He *begged* Elise to marry him before he took that appointment, only her mother was so sick then she couldn't, and he was to come back for her in a year. And then

after about six months he began to send picture post cards instead of letters—though still *faithfully*—and then finally this terrible silence which has nearly killed Elise. There is no one to ask about him here as he has no permanent home and just came to Gadsden—like me—for the summer to sketch. Elise still believes in him and insists she always will until it is *proved* he is faithless, and what makes it worse is that there is another man who is in love with her, and her mother naturally urges that, as you know they are quite poor, and of course it would be far better for Elise as he is very well off, only I for one sympathize fully with the child in her attitude. And another complication is Harold's mother's jewels and his dog, both of which he left in Elise's care, and which, as matters stand, she would naturally like to send back to him. It is impossible for her to forget him with that terrier—which is a most horrid little beast—always about bringing memories of him. So what I want you to do, Cynthia dear, is to see if you can discover him in Toledo and find out why after he left Mr. White he did not come back here, and if he is faithless and there is perhaps another woman—which remembering his letters I *cannot* believe—or if he still loves Elise and some fatal obstacle has arisen, which I think must be the case, though certainly no one can deny his behaviour has been strange. And in any case will he please give his address that she may send to him the jewels and the wretched dog. It really means a great deal to me because I have spent so many summers with them here in Gadsden, and they were so good to me when I was sick—and as for Elise, I really love the child and want her romance to be a happy one.”

It was the last sentence which had sent Miss Howland to Toledo, despite her amused rebellion at her somewhat unusual errand. For Isabel's romance had *not* been a happy one, and behind the substantial bulk of her forty odd years lay some very bitter tears and a lasting headache.

“There's a simple, pleasant day mapped out for me.” Miss Howland

told herself with withering sarcasm. “First step, to track the recreant Harold to his lair; second, confront him with his perfidy; third, pinion him while I pour forth a tale of Elise's sufferings which may melt him to remorseful sobs; fourth, if oratory prove useless, floor him with the tea-basket and drag him to the steamer. If Isabel wants him for her Elise, she shall have him.”

She found herself tingling with quite a pleasurable excitement in anticipation of the coming struggle as she walked briskly up the long road from the station followed by a Murillo-faced boy, in charge of her tea-basket. She was revolving a truly masterly address as she turned the corner which led upon the bridge and stumbled breathless upon Toledo.

She had not begrudged her rapid flight through the golden orange groves of Andalusia, but at first sight of Toledo's dark old towers frowning savagely down upon her from behind their inhospitable ramparts, she rebelled against the few hours given her in the midst of them. Her errand had grown suddenly hopelessly commonplace and uninteresting, her list of addresses and sleuth-hound intentions hideous anachronisms. Sherlock Holmes could not be born for centuries; it was a lute she should have carried as she wandered beneath those narrow grated casements in search of a recreant knight. That ancient bridge, whose heavy arches were green with the lichens of a thousand years, whose worn stones had rung with the victorious tramp of Roman, Goth, Moor, and Christian, stretched far beyond the narrow waters of the Tajo to span centuries. Only fifty miles away in Madrid a turbulent, twentieth century Cortes was promulgating decrees which rocked perilously a throne of five hundred years; but the shadow of Philip the Silent still brooded over Toledo. With the passing of those battlemented, virgin-guarded portals Miss Howland found herself groping in the dusk of the middle ages.

Time had moved indeed when she reached the inevitable plaza, where thriving shops and cafes lined a bare

triangle and apparently the entire population was sunning itself on rickety benches. The stir of the market, the bright piles of red peppers and pomegranates, the jaunty cadets from the Alcazar pursuing tirelessly a path of flirtation, lent the first touch of movement and color she had seen in the general somberness. But from the Zocodaver in each direction stretched a mediaeval tangle of dusky streets; only a few steps below was the inn of the immortal Cervantes; and the broken towers of Moorish mosques and hoary monasteries dominated with invincible gloom the one feeble touch of modern life.

Miss Howland had begun with the imposing stone front of the Castilla and plodded through the list of hotels she had culled from Baedeker. Always she met with the graceful national courtesy, the same eager offers of assistance, and a painful lack of results. When she had exhausted that resource, she searched the nearest side streets, honorably shutting her ears to the myriad voices which called her from each fascinating zig-zag turn beyond. It was the air of conspicuous spotlessness in a land of dirt which led her into the queer little Spanish fonda, with its tiny anteroom tiled in gorgeous reds and blues, where she pursued for principle's sake her usual formula. She was struck dumb when the clerk turned in answer to a man sitting scanning a newspaper within arm's length of her.

It was not alone that she had caught and trapped him in this securest of retreats; it was his disconcerting lack of resemblance to the Harold Wycliffe she had unhesitatingly conjured and pursued. She had come to reason with a thoughtless boy. This was a man whose sins, whatever they were, would be of conscious commission, and were not to be lightly mentioned, who stood looking at her now with a grave and questioning dignity. She found herself stammering like a helpless school girl as he rose and came forward to his name in evident startled reluctance.

"I hope you will pardon this intrusion," she apologized almost breath-

lessly for self-contained Cynthia Howland. "I am a friend of Elise Dearborn's, and I should like to talk with you about her, if you will permit me."

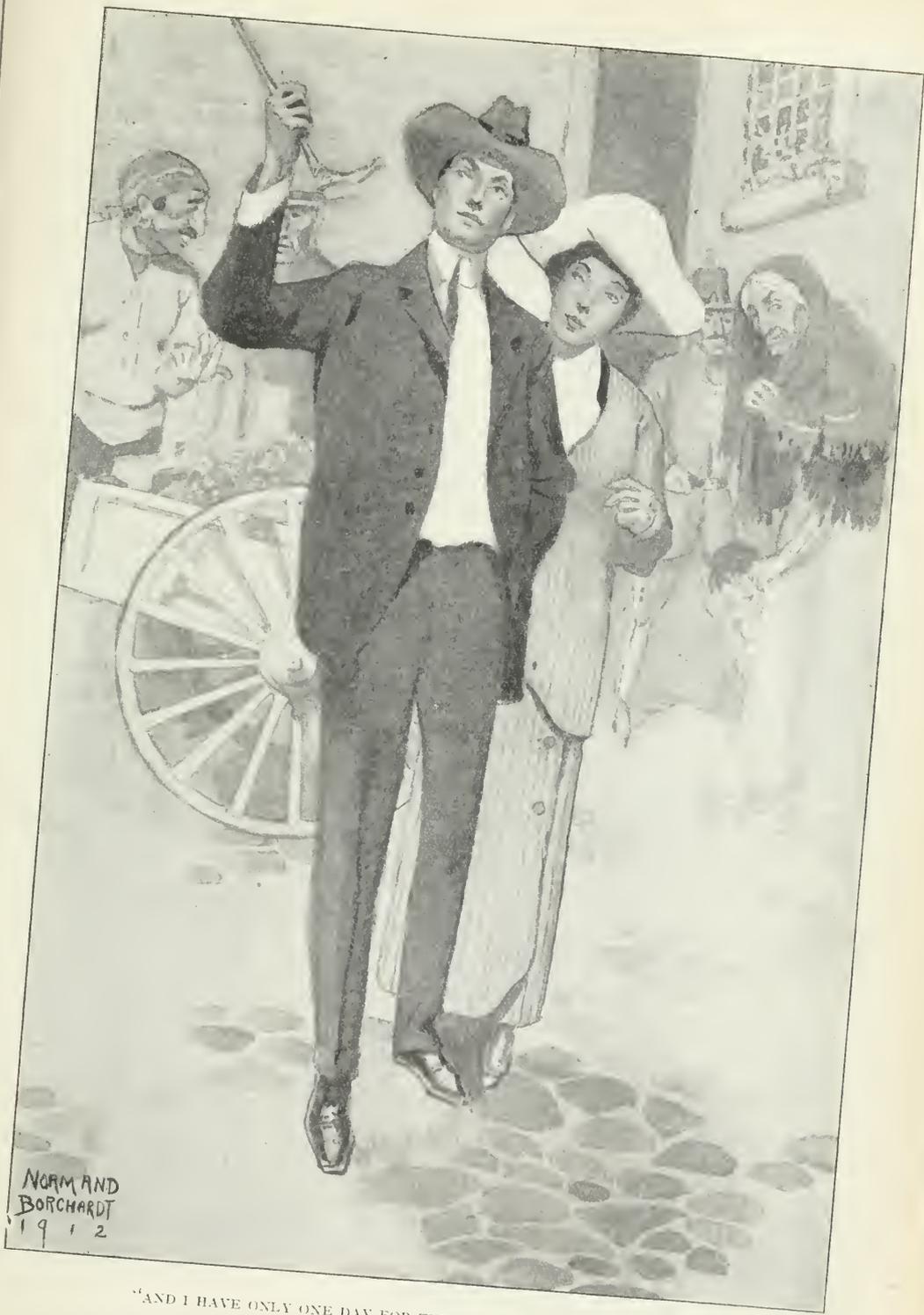
He bowed, looking about the little room with its interested clerk and lounging spectators in the comedor beyond. "If you will come outside," he suggested, "perhaps we can find a better place to talk."

He led the way with a swift surety towards the maze of twisting streets she had longingly surveyed, and in a moment they were lost in a confusion of rocky turnings where grim, tall houses, latticed and iron-barred, bounded forbiddingly a slender strip of sky. The strange, remote spell of the gray old town caught her again in its inevitable grip; she moved in another world, in another age. The man beside her, whose dark profile blended with a curious fitness into its stern background, needed only a sword and armor to make the illusion complete.

Something of this was in her face as he deigned to give her an occasional swift scrutiny, and when a final turn brought them past San Juan de los Reyes, with the chains of Christian captives clanking mournfully against its walls, with behind them a tangled network of dun roofs, pierced by Moorish minarets and Catholic crosses, and below, the yellow bridge of San Martin spanning a terra cotta river, Miss Howland gave a little spontaneous cry of rapture which brought a sympathetic gleam into her companion's eyes.

"And I have only one day for this wonderful place!" She mourned in genuine regret. "I have barely time to make my boat as it is."

Elise's fiancé seemed to form a sudden resolution. "I wonder if you would care to let me show you the place?" he suggested. "I know it pretty thoroughly, and it wouldn't be pleasant for you to go about by yourself;—the beggars and small boys make a rather unattractive combination, and the guides aren't all to be trusted. If I take you to your hotel after our"—he hesitated for a word—"our interview, it will be dreary for you waiting there



NORM AND
BORCHARDT
1912

"AND I HAVE ONLY ONE DAY FOR THIS WONDERFUL PLACE," SHE
MOURNED IN GENUINE REGRET

all day for your train. Would you be willing to postpone our talk until this afternoon and take me on trust in the meantime?" A sudden gleam of humor lightened the grimness of his face. "I give you my parole. I won't try to escape. It would give me pleasure if you would be my guest for to-day," he added simply.

There was so much of quiet breeding in his voice and manner that Miss Howland could not have taken offense at any unconventionality in his request. As it was she hesitated only a moment, while she studied with frank intentness the face before her. It was as far as could be imagined from the blond boyishness she had unwarrantably attributed to the lover of Elise. It was hard to tell just how old he was—the vigorous alertness of his sinewy strength contradicted so flatly the few gray hairs and the eyes which had left their youth behind—the tireddest eyes she had ever seen, Miss Howland thought, and the bitterest mouth. They met her searching gaze with a grave steadiness as he awaited her verdict.

"Thank you," Miss Howland answered them with the cordial charm few people could resist, "I should enjoy that very much. Where are you going to take me first?"

Where he did take her she had afterwards only the haziest of remembrance—only a confused impression of a labyrinth of tortuous streets where it was easy to believe the famous bull of Toledo had indeed once wedged his horns. Here they ended in a broken wall or black passage; there sloped precipitously down steps of stone, or wound beneath the carved and massive portals of some ancient gate. Sometimes dark eyes peered down upon them from a grated casement; a limbless beggar would pursue them with his whining cry; a touch of scarlet geranium, an officer's brilliant uniform, would lighten the gloom that wrapped them in; but everywhere brooded a silence stronger than any passing surface sounds, born of that past which had never ceased to be in Toledo. There were streets indeed which might have been of the dead in their stillness

and frowning desolation; others, where men and women still worked and loved and suffered; both alike lay beneath the impenetrable spell of a bygone age.

There were memories too of a dim hour in the great cathedral against a mysterious background of solemn music and chanting, of sombre lines of priests threading ghostly columns, and the wavering gleams of censers touching shadowy tombs and saints; of loiterings in gray ruins where the victorious Cid once trod, or some Arab maiden listened fearfully to the voice of a Christian lover; always and above all memories, vivid and unforgettable, the companionship of a mind that leaped understandingly to meet her subtlest thought.

All his unmanly past she had known, his future she was to straighten, had faded incredibly in their comradeship. He had lost much of the grimness which had marked him at first, and the bitter lines about his mouth had vanished as the two laughed together. He had been as merry as a boy over their lunch, which with the aid of a muchacho and a pencilled message he had miraculously evoked: crisp Vienna rolls and the creamy butter of France, golden honey, fresh figs with luscious, rosy hearts, corpulent Malaga grapes, and for dulce the famous mazapan of Toledo. They had eaten out-of-doors on the stone steps of a venerable cross beyond the bridge of San Martin, and Miss Howland had made tea on its moss grown ledge, while he watched her with a wistful absorption.

"It's been so long since I've seen a woman doing that," he apologized as she looked up and met his gaze, "I wonder if you can dream how good it seems."

The shadow of her errand had touched her then, but only for a moment. They had talked and laughed and eaten more like children on a holiday excursion than the man who had played with a girl's life and the woman who had come to call him to answer for it. When they had finished, he told her legend after legend of the strange, stern old city across the river while Miss Howland,

who had seen and heard many things, listened with kindling eyes and flushing cheeks.

"Probably there is as strange a tale about this very spot," he ended. "They raised crosses here to commemorate a murder. I suppose if each one had its cross, one could not walk for them in Toledo. Blood and violence and sudden death"—he mused—"every stone calls it. Do you suppose there was ever any laughter or happiness there—anything but swords and war?"

In truth it seemed the very citadel of Mars, crouched menacingly above fierce cliffs and precipices, with below the sullen Tajo foaming through an impregnable gorge—a jagged outline of gray ramparts and watchtowers, scarred by countless combats, beaten by wind and war into sinister grays and browns.

"Strange what a charm it has," the man said. "Grim and hostile as it is, the place somehow grips you. Even I feel it, and Heaven knows I have cause enough to hate it," he added gloomily.

The words stung Miss Howland into a curious pang of remembrance. The carefree happiness of the golden morning dropped away, and she studied with a new outlook the man at her feet, striving to fathom the mystery of the strong mouth and sombre eyes. There must have been many such days for Elise to remember, she thought, and for the first time Miss Howland, whose happy, wholesome life held small sympathy for broken hearts, lost a little of her contemptuous pity for the girl who had read to Isabel her love letters. Lined and stern as the face before her was, it was not one to pass lightly out of a girl's heart.

He was staring down at the silent river, whose dark waters matched the glowering battlements above. "It is Lethe itself," he murmured, "one forgets time—the world itself—in Toledo."

"There are some things," answered Miss Howland in remorseful loyalty to her trust, "that I should not imagine a person *could* forget."

"One can't, worse luck," her companion returned. He rose, the old

bitterness again in his face. "Shall we go on?" he suggested with a sudden chilling formality.

But with the entrance of the gates they drank again of Lethe, and Miss Howland slipped once more into that enchanted land of the past, where in a city of silences nothing was real save herself and that dominating presence beside her. The sun was dropping over the horizon when they came out upon the bridge of Alcantara, which eons before Miss Howland had first crossed. It was she who discovered the tiny square door in its portal, where within a winding staircase loomed darkly away into obscurity.

"It leads to the old portcullis," her companion answered her inquiry. "Yes, there's a wonderful view up there, but I don't know—" he surveyed doubtfully Miss Howland's trig elegance—"the steps are very dark and steep and cobwebby—they are hundreds of years old. Do you think you can make it?"

They more than justified his description, but Miss Howland climbed them dauntlessly to the top. The white-haired custodian went with them to where the portcullis, which had once dropped clangingly to countless alarms now rusted with age, but shook his old head before the narrow black flight which wound still upward to the tower.

The first shadows of the swift night were touching Toledo as they came out upon the battlemented parapet. They stood between two savage walls of rock, cut asunder by an implacable river. From their fierce heights a solitary Moorish ruin faced in defiance the forbidding splendor of the imperial city. They were engulfed in a silent desolation so profound that Miss Howland turned in a conscious relief at the sound of her companion's voice.

"The time has come, the Walrus said, to talk of many things," he was quoting. "Will you tell me please what it is you came to say to me?"

The words were light enough, but behind them was a grave challenge Miss Howland found herself strangely unable to meet. Her errand itself seemed suddenly an unpardonable

intrusion, the check book in her bag with which she had been prepared to aid his home coming an insult before which her cheeks burned. For once her graceful self-possession deserted her, and he had to come to the rescue of her embarrassed silence. He drew from his vest-pocket a flat, Florentine miniature-case and handed it to her.

"It is about her that you wish to speak, is it not?" he asked quietly.

The young face which looked brightly forth she had seen unmoved many times before on Isabel's dressing-table; now in its soft tints and curves it made her, with all her poise, her charm, her imperious good looks, feel hopelessly old and worn. She began speaking hurriedly with a simple eloquence.

"I hope you will forgive what I am going to say—it seems such an impertinence to interfere like this in people's lives. My only excuse is that it is Elise's happiness which is at stake. I do not know her myself, but my sister loves her very dearly, and it is she who sent me. She wanted me to tell you that Elise still loves you, still believes in you. Even after you stopped writing and began sending those picture post cards—" despite the gravity of the moment and her own strange depression of spirits, Miss Howland could not forbear a fleeting smile—"even after your long silence, she still refuses to lose her faith in you until she hears from you yourself that you have ceased to care. If that is true, which seems impossible,"—she looked wistfully down at the pictured face—"won't you write and tell her so and let her at least begin to try to patch up her life without you? Anything would be less cruel to bear than that suspense and waiting. Then there are your mother's jewels and the dog you left behind—she wishes to return them to you if you are not coming back."

She could not see his face as he leaned motionless against the parapet, his eyes fixed upon the tawny river. When he spoke, however, his voice showed that he was moved.

"You say she still believes in me!" he repeated with a certain wistfulness.

Miss Howland forced herself to a further effort. "She still loves and

trusts you," she answered steadily. "If you go back I can promise you a royal welcome."

"I can't go back," he returned, and faced her unflinchingly, the dark, baffling eyes holding hers. "Will you tell her please that I appreciate her faith in me, but that I am not worthy of it—I am not the man she thinks me. That no greater misfortune could come to her than that I should return—no greater kindness than that I stay away. It ought not to be hard to forget me when she knows me for what I am. And will she please keep the jewels and the dog—or do with them as she chooses—I do not want them back.

Miss Howland found herself straining desperately to read a further meaning in those inscrutable eyes.

"Is that all?" she asked at last in helpless incredulity, and he repeated with a finality she could not question,

"That is all."

They climbed down in silence the steep spiral of the stairway, and in silence gained the road across the bridge. There Miss Howland stopped and held out her hand.

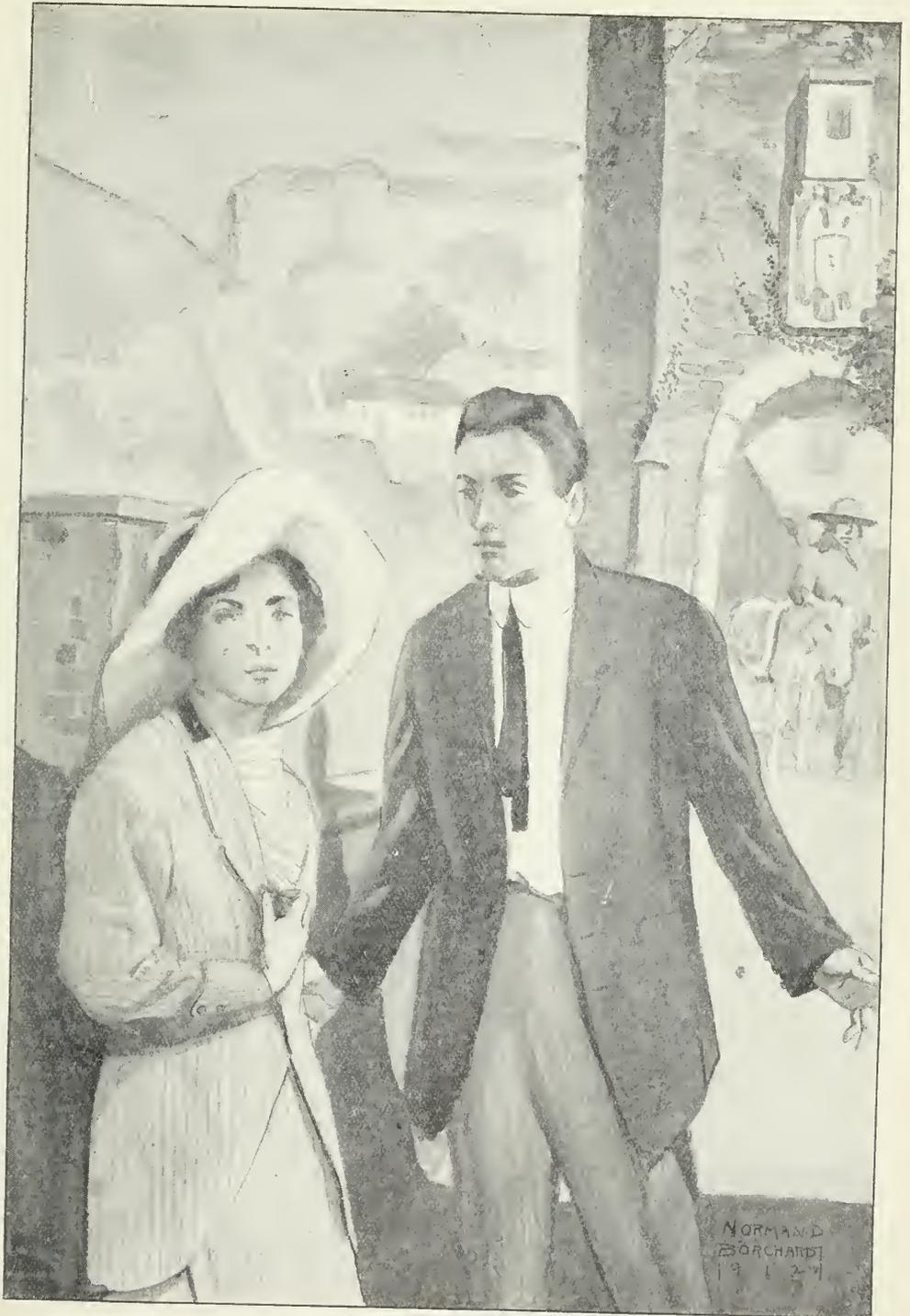
"Please do not trouble to come with me to the station," she said, "I see the hotel coach coming down the hill and I can just take that. I am sorry I was not more successful in my mission, but at least I have to thank you for a very pleasant and unusual day."

He had not taken the hand she offered him, "Would you be willing to shake hands," he asked slowly, "with a man who has acted as I have done?"

Miss Howland looked up at him with a sweet sincerity. "I don't pretend to understand your actions," she answered simply. "I only know that after to-day I am as sure as Elise is that there is some good reason for them, and that you are justified in them. That is what I shall write her," she ended—"and that she is not the only one who believes in you."

He had her hand then in both his own, looking down upon her with eyes which were not loyal to Elise.

"I thought I could let you go," he was telling her, "but I can't—I can't. Do you really think," he demanded tempestuously, "that I look like a man



"DO YOU REALLY THINK," HE DEMANDED TEMPESTUOUSLY, "THAT I LOOK LIKE A MAN NAMED HAROLD?—THAT, WHATEVER MY OTHER CRIMES, I COULD BE GUILTY OF THOSE POSTCARDS?"

named Harold?— That whatever my other crimes, I could be guilty of those post cards?" Despite his laughter he was struggling with a very real emotion—"I wouldn't send the dastardly things to my worst enemy, let alone a girl who loved me. Or that I would leave my dog to the care of a woman?—she probably forgets to feed it half the time! Don't you know after to-day there isn't any place in the world you could send me I would not go for you if I could—only not to Elise—I am not the man she wants."

In the breathless shock of that moment, as Miss Howland leaned limply against a battered and convenient statue of King Wamba, she was aware in the midst of her amazement of an overwhelming and inexplicable gladness.

"The message was honest enough," the Unknown was continuing. "From the little I had the misfortune to see of Harold Wycliffe, I am quite sure it would be the best thing in the world for his fiancée never to see him again. I roomed next to him for a month, in the fonda where you found me. When he departed—with a decidedly suspicious haste one morning—leaving behind him no address and most of his luggage—this was found on the floor of his room"—he held out the miniature—"you can see how much he cared for it. You'd think eyes like those might keep a man straight, wouldn't you? I've carried it around myself for company ever since—it's such a happy young face—and at least she's safer even in my keeping than in Wycliffe's." He drew a long breath and faced her squarely. "I am Geoffrey Carewe," he said.

"I see there is no need for me to introduce myself further," he added bitterly at Miss Howland's startled gasp. "The newspapers have done that thoroughly enough. I have to beg your pardon for intruding myself upon you as I have. Wycliffe—poor devil—left a note for me, as I was his only compatriot here, begging me if any one made inquiries for him to keep them from knowing for a time at least that he had left Toledo. He was in a scrape as usual—he isn't bad—it would

be better for that girl if he were—but he's too weak for that. When the clerk referred you to me—all English names are the same to these Spaniards—and I saw you took me for Wycliffe, it seemed the easiest thing to let you go on thinking so. Though it wasn't Wycliffe so much as the temptation of your companionship," he confessed honestly. "I came here to Toledo to get away from everyone, but somehow from that first moment at San Juan de los Reyes it was different with you. And afterwards I hated to break the spell and tell you who I was—it was a kindness to Wycliffe and to the girl to keep still—and I wanted to keep for myself unspoiled the memory of this perfect day." He paused abruptly. "But it's a thing too strong, too vital—what this day has meant—to be content with any mere memory," he told her with sudden fire. "Will you let me tell you I am not the coward you may think me for having run away from New York? I would have been glad enough to have stayed and fought those calumnies—as I could have easily enough—if I had thought it mattered to anyone in the world—least of all to myself. They weren't true," he added simply. He searched Miss Howland's troubled face in an anxiety half wistful, half defiant. "You said once you believed in me—do you take it back?"

Miss Howland's clear gaze met his unflatteringly, "I do not," she said.

"I don't suppose you can understand," Carewe began again a trifle huskily, "your outlook upon life is so sweet and sane—just how desperate and sick of everything I felt. All I cared for was to get away from everyone and find some hole to crawl in where no one could ever point me out again. I married when I was very young and made a big mistake—we weren't congenial at all"—he dismissed delicately the well-known eccentricities of the late Mrs. Carewe—"I never had any home life, and was the more wrapped up for that reason I suppose in my few friends. And when that scandal came—through the treachery of the man I loved and trusted most." the strong face darkened, "and the

friends I would have sworn would stand by me believed all the things they said about me—why, quite suddenly nothing seemed to matter any more or to be worth fighting about. The game wasn't worth the candle. That was before I knew you."

There was a long breathless pause. Miss Howland, who had seen love in many men's eyes and met it with laughing mockery, for once was strangely silent.

"I am not going to ask anything of you now," Carewe said with an intensity the more eloquent for its restraint. "I haven't the right, until I've forced those lies down their throats and can offer you an untarnished name. It's enough now just to know that there's a woman like you in the world." He stopped her protest with an imperious gesture. "Not know

you!—a day in Toledo means more than ten years in New York! I know you and I—" he checked himself resolutely. "First I'm going home to fight and then—I'm coming back," he promised her—"but it won't be to Elise."

Toledo had vanished in a chasm of mists as the train swept away from it into the desolate plain towards Madrid. Miss Howland leaned forward for a last look at its few lights, gleaming valiantly against the beleaguering night. In that tumult of bewildering and undreamed-of emotions which possessed her—aching joy and tumultuous unrest, a disquieting sense of loss and of infinitely precious gain—more insistent even than that close memory of a man's strong handclasp and masterful eyes, she was conscious of an overwhelming and tender compassion for Elise.

THE PASQUE FLOWER

BY FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

MEADOW-LARK and spring's young wind—faintest breath of
flower—

Bind my eyes—I'll tell you Time and Place and Hour.
Time, it is mid-April; Place, the prairie brown;
Moment, when the Pasque-maid dons her purple gown.
Now I know the savor of all springtide's grace,
While I draw the furry stems soft across my face.
Meadow-lark and sunshine! Though eyes hidden be,
I have found you once again, my anemone!

Eminent Canadian Scholars In the United States

By Cyrus MacMillan

CANADA'S population is comparatively small, and her educational history is comparatively brief. Yet Canada has done more than her share in giving to the world a number of eminent scholars whose writings and researches have increased the store of human knowledge. She has contributed largely in brains and service to the greatest American universities, until almost every university of note in the United States numbers one or more Canadians on its staff. The majority of these men are leading authorities in their special fields of study, and the results of their researches are accepted with respect by scholars throughout the world. This latter fact accounts, perhaps, for the eagerness of American colleges to secure their services.

That this band of outstanding scholars should be lost to Canada at the time of her growth and critical development is unfortunate. Why they are lost is an unanswered question. It is pointed out in explanation that Canada has no strong graduate school in which students are trained for educational careers; that consequently students seeking graduate instruction must enter the large graduate schools of the United States colleges; that because of liberal inducements they remain in the alien country and are lost to their own land. This explanation is not without force. The graduate

school problem is one which the larger Canadian colleges are to-day trying hard to solve. Another theory is the old one of the prophet without honor in his own country. It is said that Canadians in college work have no recognition in their own land; that, when a vacancy occurs on the staff of a Canadian university, Canadians are ignored and the vacancy is invariably filled by a man from an overseas school or college who is frequently but poorly qualified in personality or in scholarship for his task. "A Canadian university is a good place for a Canadian scholar to avoid, if he wishes promotion," said a noted Canadian-born professor in the United States recently. How well-founded is this theory, the Canadian colleges can answer. The regrettable fact is that a glance at the faculty lists of the majority of Canadian colleges shows it to be not without truth.

Some of the foremost American universities have Canadian-born presidents. President J. G. Schurman, of Cornell, is a native of Prince Edward Island; he received his early college training in Canada. President Hill, of the University of Missouri, is a native of Nova Scotia; he took his first college degree at Dalhousie. The group of Canadian-born professors connected with the teaching forces of American colleges is a very large one. Professor Le Rossignol, the noted

economist of the University of Colorado, and Professor MacDougall, the eminent psychologist of New York, are both graduates of McGill, and claim Canada as their home-land.

But of all United States colleges, Harvard University has the largest number of Canadian-born professors on its staff. Of these, the majority are from Ontario. Harvard has also the largest number of Canadian students in its various departments. Canada sends more students to Harvard than any other foreign country. This is not unnatural. Harvard is the oldest and greatest university on this continent. Its history covers a period of almost three hundred years,—a long period, even in the life of a nation. Its birth was almost contemporaneous with the settlement of the New World. It was British in its foundation, and for one hundred and forty years it was British in its allegiance. To-day it is American, but it is the leader on this continent in the new international movement,—federation through education, and through the exchange of professors with England, Germany and France; it is one of the most cosmopolitan universities in the world, and it continues to draw large numbers of British students.

Another reason for its attractiveness is that it offers more courses in a greater variety of subjects than any other American university. It has not only the largest faculty, it has also the most eminent. From the directory of great living American scholars who have made noted contributions to the world's learning, it appears that of these, Harvard has on its staff a number over twice as large as that on the staff of any other American university; it appears, further, that of those whose names appear in the directory, the number trained at Harvard in undergraduate work is very far in excess of the number trained elsewhere. Harvard's instructors have always ranked high in scholarship, in personality, in humanity. Other American universities have found that there are many things which show off better than brains. Harvard has never succumbed to this idea; it has never yielded to the temptation to cut salaries in order to

put up splendid buildings; it spends its income for the education of the present generation instead of hoarding it for the future; it emphasizes brains, not bricks; and so long as it retains its prestige as the foremost university on this continent, its degrees will be sought by ambitious students from Canada.

Canadianism at Harvard is illustrated not alone by the number of Canadian students and professors. Long before Canadian Clubs were thought about in this country, Harvard had an enthusiastic Canadian Club. Its beginning was small; to-day it has a spacious and splendid clubhouse of its own,—the only college national club-house in existence. The purpose of the club is to promote Canadian spirit and to keep alive Canadian loyalty; to promote social intercourse among its members and to further the best interests of Harvard in the British Empire, particularly in Canada. Addresses are frequently given at its meetings by Canadians prominent in public life. The House is maintained by Harvard Canadians, and by the Canadian students at Harvard, many of whom have their rooms in it; to its support Lord Strathcona and other prominent Canadians have also generously contributed as an evidence of their sympathy with its objects and of their belief in its usefulness to Canada.

Of the distinguished group of Canadian-born professors at Harvard, the oldest is Dr. S. M. McVane, Emeritus Professor of History. Dr. McVane is a native of Prince Edward Island. He was graduated from Acadia College in Nova Scotia in 1865; he then followed post-graduate courses at Berlin and at Harvard, and received his Ph.D. degree in history. In 1878 he became an Instructor in History at Harvard; in 1883 Assistant Professor; and in 1886 Professor of History, the chair he held until his retirement a few months ago. He is the author of "A Political History of Europe since 1814," "The Working Principles of Political Economy," "The Marginal Utility of Value," and many other books and brochures.

Dr. Benjamin Rand, Librarian of the

Philosophical Library at Harvard, is well known to Canadians. He was one of the founders of the Harvard Canadian Club, and is still its leading spirit. Dr. Rand is a native of Nova Scotia, and like Professor McVane a graduate of Acadia College. After graduation he entered Harvard for post-graduate work; for four years he was Walker Fellow; his career as a student was brilliant both at Harvard and at Heidelberg; and, in 1885, he received his Ph.D. degree in Philosophy, his special field of study. Since that time he has been associated with the Philosophy Department of Harvard. Dr. Rand's literary work covers a wide range. He is the author of "A Bibliography of Philosophy," a work of comprehensive scope; of "Modern Classical Philosophers," of "The Classical Moralists," and of several other books.

Dr. W. A. Neilson, Professor of English, is a Scotchman by birth, but he has lived long enough in Canada to be called a Canadian. After graduating from Edinburgh University, he came to Ayr, Ontario. For a time he was connected with the staff of Upper Canada College. He entered Harvard for post-graduate study, and received his Ph.D. degree in English. He then joined the English Department of Columbia University, and in 1905 he became Professor of English at Harvard. Professor Neilson is general editor of the "Types of Literature" series. His investigations in connection with Shakspeare and the Age of Shakspeare have been extensive; he has edited the edition of Shakspeare in "The Cambridge Poets" series and also in the "Tudor Series." He is the author of "The Origin and Sources of the Court of Love," "The Original of the Complaynt of Scotland," "A History of Allegory," "The Essentials of Poetry," and of several other books and monographs which have won wide recognition.

Dr. E. C. Jeffrey, Professor of Botany, is a native of St. Catharines, Ontario. He was graduated from Toronto University in 1888. He became Fellow in Biology in Toronto University in 1889, and two years later lectured

on that subject. He then entered the post-graduate school of Harvard, received his Ph.D. degree in Botany, and was later called to a chair in the department. His contributions to American and English scientific journals have been many and important. The chair he occupies at Harvard is one of most interesting traditions, connected as it is with the name of Asa Gray.

Dr. W. H. Schofield, Chairman of the Department of Comparative Literature, was born in Brockville, Ontario. He was graduated from Victoria University, Toronto, in 1889. In 1892 he entered the Graduate School of Harvard. He received his Ph.D. degree in English in 1895, studied for a time in Paris and Christiana, where he devoted his attention particularly to Icelandic language and literature, and later was called to the English Department of Harvard. He is now Chairman of the Department of Comparative Literature. Three years ago he was selected by President Eliot, of Harvard as the Harvard exchange professor to Germany, and his selection, because of his Canadian birth and British allegiance, called forth much criticism from a section of the American and German press. Professor Schofield is the author of "A History of English Literature to the Norman Conquest," "Studies on the Libeaus Desconus," "Chivalry in English Literature," and of numerous monographs on Chaucerian subjects, mediaeval literature, and Icelandic literature. A year ago Professor Schofield was the Harvard exchange Professor at the Sorbonne in Paris.

Dr. W. B. Munro, Professor of Government, is a native of Ontario. He was graduated from Queen's University, and later received his Ph.D. degree in Government from the Harvard Graduate School. After a brief period on the staff of Williams College, he was called to Harvard. Professor Munro's work in his special field has been extensive. Many of his publications are of particular interest to Canadians, as they deal with the history of our country. He is the author of "The Seigneurial System in Canada,—a Study in French Colonial

Policy," "The Office of Intendant in New France," "The Jesuit Relations, their Value as Historical Material," "Canada and British North America," and of other works relating to Canadian history. He has also done a large amount of work in connection with municipal government. He is the author of "The Civic Federation Report on Public Ownership," "The Galveston Plan of City Government," and "The Government of European Cities."

Dr. W. S. Ferguson, Professor of Classical History, is a native of Prince Edward Island. He was graduated from McGill University in 1896. He then entered the Graduate School of Cornell, where he received his Ph.D. degree in 1899. After a year of study in Europe, he joined the staff of the University of California; there he remained until 1908, when he was called to Harvard. Dr. Ferguson's work in the field of classical history has won enthusiastic commendation from scholars in Europe and America. His investigations in his "History of Athens" have placed him in the first rank of leading authorities in this subject; the European reviews have referred to him as the

foremost living authority. He has published several brochures on subjects in his special field, and his contributions to classical journals have been numerous.

Dr. K. G. T. Webster, Instructor in English, is a native of Nova Scotia. He was graduated from Dalhousie University in the early nineties. He then entered the Graduate School of Harvard, where he received his Ph. D. degree in English, and later joined the English Department of the University. Dr. Webster's special field is mediaeval literature, and his investigations in this field have been extensive.

The members of the above group of Canadian scholars at Harvard are more than investigators and authorities; they are sympathetic teachers; they have the faculty of winning and inspiring students; and in drawing Canadians to Harvard, their influence is a potent force. They are part of Canada's contribution to the world of scholarship, for in their special fields of learning, they take rank among the greatest living authorities. To Canadian school-boys they are outstanding and brilliant examples of the results of industry, perseverance, and study.

THE SELFISH HEART

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

COLD was his heart to patient Love,
 Unmoved he walked earth-ways,
 Untouched by tender word and deed,
 Glad service through long days.

Life sought to teach him but in vain,
 And beckoned Death beside
 Who led him to a darkened hill
 To see Love crucified !

An Unpatented Burglar Alarm

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

EVERY working day for two weeks three wagons had gone twice to Regina, laden with wheat from the fine farm of John Thom, of the South Regina district.

The young farmer had now a goodly sheaf of wheat checks, and, as he was going out, preparatory to taking in his afternoon load, he said to his wife:

"Mary, I think I'll get these cashed, give my team a rest to-morrow, and drive out to old Sharpe's near Rouleau, to see if he won't let me have that quarter that we've been dickering so long about. Now's the time when I've got the money. I'll let the men take the teams and haul to-morrow for Brown: his horses are sick. They'll have to go to-night so as to be loaded up and ready for an early start in the morning."

"Wouldn't it be better, John," asked his wife, "to leave the money on deposit in the bank in Regina, and give Sharpe a cheque if he agrees to your figures? I don't like your having so much money in the house over night, and the other men away, too."

"Oh, nonsense! I must have the money along, for the sight of the wad'll be too much for old Sharpe. We'll dicker for a while, and then I'll just spread the money down before him, and say, 'Now there's two thousand dollars, and I'll not give a cent more.' I know he can't resist the sight of it. We'll go into Rouleau, have the business done

up, and have it over"—and John Thom laughed as he looked forward to tempting Sharpe.

His optimism was infectious, and his wife smiled in sympathy, as she stood in the door and watched him starting for Regina.

John delivered his load at the elevator, got his cheque, and taking the others that he had with him to the bank, got them cashed just as the bank was about to close, and stowed the money in his wallet.

Two men besides the clerks and himself were in the bank at the time. One was a jovial fellow, a friend of Thom's, who clapped him on the back, and said, "You'd be a good chicken to pluck, old man." The other, a stranger, was dark, sinister-looking, and coldly observant.

The bustling, unobserving farmer was soon in his wagon, and in the procession of others that were rattling gaily home, the voices of the different men rising above the din as they talked to each other about prices, grades, and the possibility of a blockade.

The stranger who had been in the bank left that building and, after hiring a bicycle, started for a ride into the country. He headed for the south country too. He was on a different trail, yet in that open prairie he had a view of the wagons on the other trail. He knew in what order in the procession John Thom's wagon was, and

noted the place at which it turned in.

Striking across trail he was soon on the road skirting Thom's place. When he arrived there, he seemed to have come from a direction opposite to Regina. Dismounting from his bicycle near the house, he tinkered with it for a while, then leaned it against the fence and went in to ask for a drink of milk. As he passed the open door and windows at the front he sized things up in a rapid glance or two, and patted the two lazy wolfhounds on the head.

At the back door he made his request of Mrs. Thom, who started to get the milk, when the hearty voice of John was heard from within:

"Come in, come in, man, and have some supper. What's a glass of milk?"

The stranger accepted the invitation and had supper with the hospitable, communicative farmer and his wife, and then pedalled in the direction of Regina.

That evening after the chores were done John Thom and his wife adjourned to the parlor, where Mrs. Thom played the little cottage piano, and John sang in his big bass, later reading the papers.

The Thom's cottage was cozy and they "took the good of it." The parlor was bright and pretty; it had a large, low, double window, draped with lace, and with a cushioned seat running along its sill. The piano stood in the corner nearest the light, a few pictures decorated the walls, and there was a small combined secretary and book-case, pretty carpet, table, and chairs, and the sheaves of sweet-grass in the vases perfumed the room.

The rest of the house consisted of a "spare-bedroom" off the parlor, a dining room, with the family bedroom adjoining, and the kitchen and men's room in a wing.

After a cozy evening, Mr. Thom wound his alarm clock, and, as this was always the signal for retiring, the house was soon wrapped in the silence of the great prairie without.

But in the dead of night Mr. and Mrs. Thom were startled out of their sleep, and made creepy with horror, to hear the piano being played by ghostly fingers.

How startlingly a run on the shrill

treble pierced the dead silence of the night, followed by some deep, warning notes in the bass, then a solemn bass chord, held for a soul-sickening moment and—silence! Mrs. Thom hid her head in the covers with a muffled scream, and her husband sprang out of bed, determined to investigate. As he did so, a terrific crash was heard of a window banging down.

Mr. Thom lit a lamp and started for the parlor, his wife hysterically crying and begging him not to go. She was of Irish parentage, and spooks and bogies were her first thought. "It's a banshee or some awful thing," she shrieked. "I know mother's going to die."

But Mr. Thom was more practical. He went over to the parlor window and saw that the sash was indeed down, but the screen had first been taken off. On the cushions he made a find—a neat little loaded revolver—confirming a suspicion formed in his mind that a robbery had been attempted. But nothing was disarranged in the room, and his money was in its time-honored bank, under his pillow.

The mysterious warning from the piano had come in time—but that was the puzzler—what had caused the playing?

As Mr. Thom went around the room, peering here and there, he saw, in a dark corner, two fiery eyes glaring at him, and, on going closer to investigate, with a spit and a dab at him with her paw, the family cat sprang past him and on to the piano, which she ran across and then from the keyboard to the top of the instrument, where she sat trembling.

"Aha, I've found your banshee," called out John to his wife, who had been too frightened to make her appearance, and was beginning to scream again at the repetition of the elfin music.

As she came cautiously out, he said: "I think Mrs. Puss had curled up for the night on your window-cushions, and, when the burglar was coming in he frightened her, and she jumped on the piano, giving us the alarm in time."

Mrs. Thom ran and captured the old cat, telling her that she would forgive her for hiding in the house overnight,

for she was a brave old puss, that she had saved them from being robbed and maybe murdered, "so she had," all of which praise the old feline accepted with as much complacent purring as though she had planned the good act that she had unconsciously committed.

John Thom could not leave his wife alone to try to follow the would-be robber, but he had a surmise that his bicyclist guest knew a good deal about it, as a hazy recollection came to him of another onlooker in the bank, besides his jovial friend.

The next day the farmer and his wife locked up their house and went to Mr. Sharpe's and the business of buying the land was accomplished, as Mr. Thom had planned.

While in Rouleau that day, getting the writings drawn up, he saw on the street one of the Regina Royal North West Mounted Police, a friend of his, to whom he related the experience of the previous night, and his suspicions.

The policeman laughed and said:

"I guess you and I are on the same scent. My business in this town is looking after a wheel that was hired and to be returned at eight this morning. I got it on the station platform here, and I find that a man, answering to the description of its rider, took a six o'clock train from here this morning with a ticket for Minneapolis. But the owner has his bicycle and you have your wad, so I guess we'll let it drop and let Uncle Sam dispose of our man."

COMMONPLACE AND ROMANCE

BY VERNE DEWITT ROWELL

BARE rock and noonday sun,
 And sordid landscape round;
 The busy common day,
 And daylight hue and sound.

The daylight passes o'er,
 The evening shadows fall,
 The whispering zephyrs wake,
 A few lone crickets call.

Soft shades of eventide,
 And even's purple light;
 Glamor o'er common things—
 The star of Love and Night.



This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

SO far the year with the fateful 13 in the tail of it has by no means turned out to be so filled with untoward and terrible events as was the year of grace 1912. This very month one year ago, the whole world was thrilled and shocked by the wreck of the Titanic and the loss of an army of people. It was in the silent womb of 1912 that Scott and his party lay buried, to be discovered only a few weeks ago. Had these two world-stirring tragedies occurred in the year with 13 in it how the old superstition would have rioted and shouted of its deadly power!

Falling into chat with another tramp who likewise was pottering along on the road of Life—which leads towards Death—the Pedlar and his chum of an hour fell upon "superstitions" as the topic of the moment. Our comrade—a wise and sensible being—laughed merrily at the oddities men look upon as serious—"Think of any sane man hesitating about walking under a ladder, or sitting down thirteen to dinner, or spilling the salt—or nonsense of that sort! In the old ignorant days that sort of thing was very well, but to-day with *our* progress, *our* scientific knowledge, *our* civilization, it is incredible that people are to be found who put any weight in mediaeval

rubbish of that kind. What think, you, friend Pedlar?"

That unworthy person, remembering a cramp bone, a nutmeg against ghosts, a horse's tooth against the colic, a sprig of rosemary and one of rue—shrivelled to powder, forsooth, in a little paper packet—against certain ills of Cupid, and the tail feather of a black rooster warranted to preserve whoso carried it from death by fire, sword or water,—all of which were at that moment reposing in his pockets,—hemmed and hawed and side-stepped before he made answer. Then, thus;—

"I do not believe the human lives who has not deep in the roots of his being an uncanny fear of what are termed superstitions. You say you would walk under a ladder without a qualm, or sit down at table with twelve guests making thirteen of it, or take No. 13 stateroom on an ocean trip, but even if you did do any of these things in a spirit of bravado you would find yourself watching for some stroke of ill-luck or other, and you would lay any such that happened your-way to your dinner, or your room number, or some of those things. You can't get away from it, pard. It's part of our make-up. It makes me laugh to hear you talk of our latter day 'pro-

gress' and 'civilization' and 'learning.' Why, the ancients forgot more than the cleverest moderns ever learned! Think"—the Pedlar was off on a favorite tack—"think of the great nations and cities that have run their cycle and have been destroyed, burned, lost—with their immense knowledge, their libraries, their scientific equipment, leaving us to begin at the A B C of things! Why, take mathematics alone—" But the comrade of an hour had diverged at the cross-roads and was hastily pursuing his way in a different direction.

Not that the Pedlar saw him. That worthy, once started on the Egyptians and Phoenicians, talked madly for an hour to a serene-faced cow who was staring at him over the fence.

THE INISKILLINGS

THE "gentleman unafraid" who walked starkly to his death in the Arctic wastes was one of the "Inniskillings." Captain Oates is rated as an Englishman. Maybe he was one, but he belonged to an Irish regiment—



and North of Ireland at that. I am a Home Ruler from the bone out and the skin in, but no one honors the splendid men of the North more than I do. In history, in legend, in story, they are ever in the van. I hate their politics—"confound" the same, but the men are all men. And does there live the woman who does not adore strength, courage, and even dare-devil bravery in a man?

On New Year's Day, 1680, King William III embodied three regiments of foot out of the gallant Inniskilling forces which had fought so well in his behalf. They were called the "27th Inniskillings." They fought through the Williamite wars, and I cannot find it in my heart to forgive them Limerick. In 1739 they went to the West Indies, and fought at Porto Bello on the Isthmus of Darien, from which deadly service *nine men out of six hundred returned.*

They were at Culloden, and at Stirling. Then came America, whither they went at the beginning of the Seven Years' War. They were in the expedition to Montreal, which accomplished the conquest of Canada. The Inniskillings were again to the fore in the War of Independence, when they fought at Long Island and elsewhere. Early in the nineteenth century a second battalion was raised at Enniskillen from men of Armagh, Fermanagh and Down. Then came a third battalion. The latter served under the Iron Duke at Badajos. It was not till 1814 that the three battalions joined hands for the first and last time—namely when they joined Wellington's army at Bordeaux. After this, the first and third battalions came to Canada, and were engaged in the expedition to Plattsburg, while the second battalion went home to Ireland. And now comes 1815—Waterloo year—when the gallant Inniskillings marched through Brussels, from Ghent, without halting, and came up with the army on Waterloo field on the morning of the eighteenth. Not a whit behind their gallant comrades were the brave North of Ireland men. Stubborn courage, magnificent obedience, fearful losses, spelled their record

that day. “Five hundred men and every officer but one knocked over without moving an inch”—Heavens! how this sort of thing sends thrills creeping over the skin!

Bravo Inniskillings—assuredly a battalion unafraid!

THEIR UNIFORM

THEY wear a pretty dress, scarlet with blue facings. On the buttons is the Castle of Enniskillen, with Saint George’s color flying; on the busby a grenade with castle on ball. The waist plate embodies all the honors of the regiment, and there is a laurel wreath upon it within which stands the White Horse and motto “No dangers daunt.” The gold lace is of shamrock pattern. To sum up, the Inniskillings are the only Irish regiment in existence that carry and use the old Irish war-pipes.

And if you could hear these squeal something would happen to you—that is if you were Irish in breed and bone—the rale ould stock. Over here they have a slang phrase—“up in the air.” That is where the war pipes would lift you. You wouldn’t know you were yourself at all. Your ancestors would be crowding into you with the wild, eerie, savage, screech of those war pipes until you found every sort of reincarnation of ancient chieftain and proud dame inciting you to mischief of some kind. Brien Boroinhe walked into Clontarf with a hundred of them blistering the air before him. Do you wonder that he licked the Danes one good Friday in the year 1014? And Brien Boroinhe was eighty-eight years of age that same day.

It was to this regiment, the Inniskillings, who alone to-day may skirl the war pipes of 1014, that Captain Oates, of Scott’s magnificent little company, belonged—the officer who walked out alone to meet the loneliest, saddest, grimmest fate that may befall any man, to meet it in cold blood, not in the heat of battle, with its ping of bullet, or its barbarian music of splendid pipes of war. Most men can face death like heroes when it comes to them in the madness of war, but it takes a superman to meet



Death walking slowly across the ice wastes—laggard Death, who comes not half way, but waits for the slow steps, the faltering, the stumbling of his victim and only then gives Peace.

A toast to—“The Gentleman Unafraid,” who glorified by his death a battalion that knew not in all its history what fear was.

A SARDOU STORY

ONE writing to the Pedlar insists that the only way to lower the cost of living is to foment a strike “among the employees connected with the provision trade.” A cryptic saying surely, but explained later as one issuing from a patient in an asylum into which CANADA MONTHLY had, with its usual facility, found its way.

This magazine goes everywhere, you see. No later than a week since a Cobbler sent us a dissertation upon the mending of shoes, and a Swami upon the patching of souls—suit yourself as to spelling—the Cobbler would

have it soles. The mad letter regarding the cost of living recalls the story of an amusing experience of M. Victorien Sardou when he was shut up in Paris during the dark days of the siege of 1870—before you, my dear madam, were born.

It was Christmas Day, and bitterly cold, as Sardou left the battery of Moulin-Joli on the left bank of the Seine, which had been cannonading the Germans at Argenteuil all day. He was hurrying home for a wash at Brebaut's, then the fashionable restaurant. As he left his house a man he did not know came up and showed him with an air of great mystery a basket covered by a napkin.

"M. Sardou, I have something for you if you are willing to give the price."

"What sort of thing? Something in the art line?"

"Something much better than that; something for your Christmas dinner."

Then lowering his voice, he whispered, "A calf's head."

Only those who lived in Paris at that time can realize the seductive attraction of such an offer. There were only a few cows left, and those were reserved for the hospitals. Horse was getting scarce. Rats were one guinea apiece. A calf's head—it was a veritable godsend!

Seeing Sardou's look of surprised incredulity, the man raised the napkin and showed him in the basket a fresh, delightful, appetizing calf's head, eyes shut and ears erect, lying on a bed of parsley. Sardou hesitated no more.

"How much?"

"For you, M. Sardou, almost nothing—\$12, basket and all."

The price in those dreary days was more than modest; it was certainly worth double the sum. Sardou didn't haggle about it, but led the way to Brebaut's.

Before entering the restaurant he called the waiter who generally attended him and handed him his acquisition, bidding him speak of it to nobody. The calf's head was not to figure on the menu, but come as a happy surprise to the diners.

After a struggle with a filet of horse,

hard as a board, Sardou announced his surprise. A chorus of guesses welcomed the news. "A ham," said one. "Beef, real beef," said another. "Pickled eels;" "A fat pullet with truffles" were other hopes.

Then Sardou declared his discovery. "Better than any! A calf's head." Tremendous applause.

The head waiter arrived smiling and, with infinite precaution placed on the table a large plate. Every one leaned forward greedily to have a look.

But there was nothing to see; nothing but a yellow liquid, thick and greasy.

"My head, you wretch! My head!" cried Sardou, enraged at the thought that some one had captured his prize.

"Your head, sir," the waiter said. "There it is."

"How can that be?"

"It has melted."

The fact was that the head the great playwright had bought was made of moulded gelatine. So well was the imitation done, that, as Sardou learned afterward, the ingenious manufacturer had sold some thirty like it.

LETHE

IT will be just a year on the fifteenth of this month since the Titanic went down. Do you remember what a stir it caused, how the tragedy story throbbled through the world! And now—in a few short months—we have all but forgotten it! A man, a newspaper man, said to me the other day—"Odd, isn't it, how quickly we forget. You remember all the fuss and excitement—lasting for months before the event,—that was caused when Sir Wilfrid went under. Not a word about it now." And one was surprised to find this man—a leader writer, and person of affairs and of some political power—surprised at anything so common as forgetfulness. Why, except for the one or two most deeply concerned—and they must be middle-aged or old, and therefore almost incapable of making new ties and affections—who remembers the grave covered in for two little weeks? The man is gone or the woman. Until the published contents of the will bring the dead to mind for a flashing second

THE MAN RAISED THE NAPKIN FROM THE BASKET, AND SHOWED TO M. SARDOU A FRESH, DELIGHTFUL CALF'S HEAD, LYING ON A BED OF PARSLEY. "FOR YOU, ALMOST NOTHING," HE WHISPERED. "\$12, BASKET AND ALL."



they are no longer remembered. So with other things—elections, catastrophies—"Tout lasse; tout passe; tout casse." And such is life.

MATERIALISM

IT IS the custom—or it seems to have been since we were small—to hear people say "This is a materialistic age; faith is dead; people no longer believe in the old simple way." Always we have heard the wise ones say with wagging head, "The Anti-christ is at hand; witness the new sects and religions that are springing up on every hand." And as we grew older, we pondered and wondered, and ever heard the self-same thing.

But a week or so ago the old phrase

took more definite form—and was the more alarming because it came from the lips of one in the prime of youth. We had been discussing the unknown—the unknowable—creeds ancient and modern, and the newer, later cults. And after debate and argument one said—

"There is *Nothing*. We talk of a dog's death, but that is what we all die. There is nothing but annihilation."

He who spoke was—while young as years go—a man of wide reading and culture. More, he was intelligent, and intellectual, and not merely artistically intellectual. He countenanced no shibboleth. Mere high-sounding "cultured" sentences held for him no meaning. His tone was

sad—his affirmation as to the absolute nothingness of everything was depressingly final. Above all, he was a man to whose utterances you felt forced to listen, pondering upon them, weighing them.

"But how can you?" we ventured timidly. "Look at the barren trees and hedges putting forth their brave little green leaves; look at the exquisite resurrection of Nature each spring; listen to the rapturous singing of the birds, watch the tiny wild flowers opening. See it all, the wonderful, and too often unnoticed miracle of the seasons, and say, if you can, that there is no Supreme Being, no superb artificer, arranging it all—say if you can, that all this splendid system is haphazard—that we who have toiled and grieved, who joyed, and suffered, and served here—have nothing to look to but a dog's death—oh, how can you?"

WHITHER DRIFT WE ?

WHAT difference if each one follows the light he received? Suppose you are a little bushman of Central Africa, or a sun-worshipper, or a decent Socialist like Robert Blatchford, or a Theosophist, or Buddhist, or a follower of Omar Khayyam? Suppose that you act according to your little light? What if religions are many? They all lead to the same Ideal, whether it be the cross of the Christ, or the blazing sun in the noon-day skies. The golden rule is the one that rules the soul. Sacrifice, service, unselfishness—and, doing the best you

can. And why deprive poor mortals whose hearts break over the coffin-lid of the thought of another meeting. Why coldly pronounce the fearful, the hopeless dictum that, it—everything—ends with life here, and that the unutterable yearning for the touch of a vanished hand, for the sound of a beloved voice is all useless since such shall never, never again be felt, be heard. Is not this life hard enough without our materialist trying to cut it short for ever and ever with our last breath?

Better far, believe—no matter how a belief in the unknowable may fetter a mind soaring to such "liberty" as this—better far see God in clouds and hear Him in the winds than be deaf to His call whether that brings to the soul pain and terror instead of peace and joy.

Dying, Stevenson wrote:—

"Young or old, we are all on our last course. If there be a fill of tobacco among the crew, for God's sake pass it around and let us have a pipe before we go."

Who then talks of a dog's death? We are men and women, and around and about us to-day we see the greatest miracle developing day by day—the young grass coming, the little tender flowerets opening, the exquisite green bursting through the pregnant brown buds, the robin sweetly hymning in a paean of joy, his early matins, and all the old world waking to its eternal youth.

And yet people say there is no God, no Hereafter for the indomitable soul of man—nothing but annihilation!

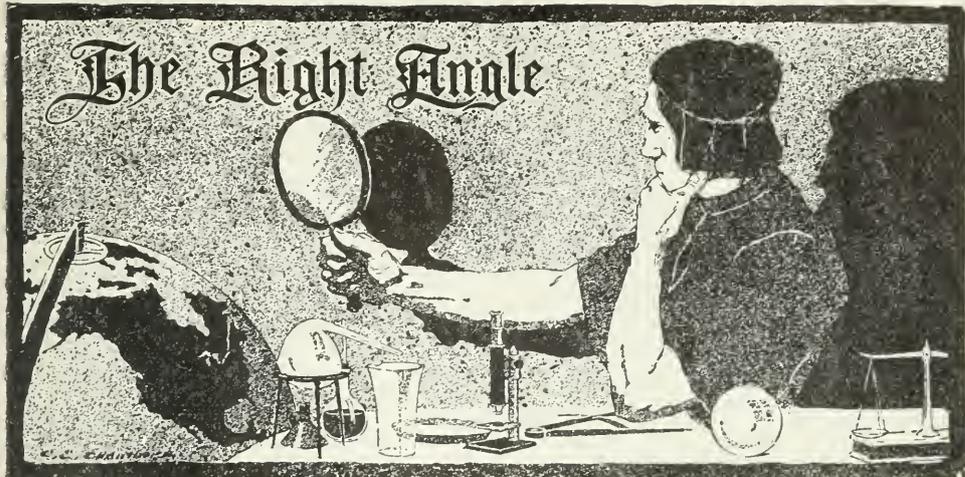
ABSENT

BY CY WARMAN

HOW bitter hard with love like ours
To dwell so far apart;
To mark the tide of frost and flowers.
Sweet sovereign of my heart.

We must accept what fate can give
And thank the powers above,
For O! how sadder 't'were to live
Together without love.

The Right Angle



WANTED: JOSEPH DURHAM

SHE came into the office, black-garbed, soft-footed, unobtrusive. We did not see her until she was at our elbow, with a shy little cough. We looked up then, as far as her hands, and stopped. They were worn hands, red, seamed with the dark lines that toil brings, beautiful hands. What acres of floors those hands had scrubbed, what mounds of clean clothes they had created, what humble service they had performed for the sake of love or duty we could not know. But they were more eloquent than many impassioned speeches.

It seemed that she was seeking her people. Between 1890 and 1895 her father, Joseph Durham, lived in Copetown, near Hamilton, Ontario, on a farm. At some time in that period he moved away, presumably to the west, taking his daughter Emily with him. Now Sister Mary Gertrude—she gave us her name with gentle dignity—was in search of him, with but the slenderest of clues to guide her. The priest at Copetown had told her what he knew; but it was the barest fact of her father's going, some seventeen years ago; and Canada is a wide place. Could CANADA MONTHLY perhaps help her find him? And if, by one chance in thirty thousand, Mr. Durham, or anyone who knew of him, should see this word of his daughter's search, a letter would reach her if addressed to

Sister Mary Gertrude,
Box 67,
Portland, Oregon.

It is a long chance, of course. But if you had seen those hard-worked hands, you too would have done anything you could for her in some small return for the service she has given to others.

HELPING THE FARMER

TEN million dollars from the central treasury of Canada are to be expended for the advancement of agriculture between now and 1923, the measure being introduced into the Dominion Parliament by the Hon. Martin Burrell, Minister of Agriculture, and its passage assured. Although the grant is made by the Federal Government, the actual expenditure of the money will be in the hands of the various provinces, and will be distributed in proportion to the rural populations of the different territorial divisions of Canada.

The outlay will be principally to encourage agricultural education and for the dissemination of expert advice and information among farming people. Detailed methods of its utilization have not yet been worked out; but it will probably be along lines similar to the policies now established. Agricultural short courses, elementary instruction of school children in scientific methods of cultivation, expert demonstrations in poultry raising,

horticulture, fruit-growing and mixed farming, stock-raising and dairy-work will be some of the forms of expenditure; and undoubtedly the Dominion will reap its harvest a hundred-fold. Too much emphasis cannot be laid on wise farming methods, both east and west.

WISDOM

ONE late February Sunday we took a six-year-old to the park, with the intention of teaching her to skate; but the only occupant of the skating benches was a disgruntled small boy watching the water settle in impressions of his boots on the slush of the softened rink.

So we went walking instead; and, attracted by a blue-jay's billingsgate, we stalked him cautiously through bush and brier of a narrow strip of park woodland until we found him seated on a low branch, his indignant crest erected, his shoe-button eyes shining, and his jay-bird spirit refreshing itself with a vicious repetition of "Sneak! sneak!" applied to the world in general. Presently he flew away in a spasm of vituperation—there is nothing like a jay-bird for the faculty of fine, lively indignation—and we followed the sound of workmanlike hammers to a pair of busy mechanic woodpeckers, drilling furious holes in an elm, with intervals of walking backwards down the rough bark, fly-fashion.

It was a narrow strip of tamed and cultivated wild-wood, along the shore of an artificial lagoon—but when you are only six, the things of this world are big. She stopped in the middle of a tiny path, and clasped delighted hands.

"Oh!" she cried, "isn't this just like walking in the big woods at Lakeside—if you don't look too far out?"

There is a good deal of philosophy in that remark—for six years old.

CANADA AND SEA POWER

AN interesting volume on the economics, politics and morals of war; and Canada's relation to the sea powers of the world. Whether one agrees or not with the author, Mr. Christopher West, he presents his

subject in a vivid and plausible fashion, and makes it worthy of consideration. (McClelland & Goodchild, Toronto, \$1.00).

A PAINTER OF CLOUDS

WE played truant, crossed the workaday town, idled along the boulevard with a gayer-colored throng in unwonted leisure, and turned in at a low door to spend an hour with Ettore Caser's paintings.

Sun and cloud and blue sea; they were; a great lapis lazuli, foam-headed wave topped with a fishing boat driven before a squall and heeling over at the angle of a gull's wing; a factory—it is a pity that pictures cannot have names to do them justice—bathed in a flood of mellow golden light that softened its cranes and chimneys and wharves to tenderness; a painting of the Adriatic, showing a still sea wonderfully, deeply blue and dotted with the orange and red sails of the fishing fleet. Three-fourths of the picture was light cloud-dappled sky—a fair day and a fair wind for all. And then, too, was a study called simply "The Cloud"—amber and rose and grey and pearl, low above a silver sea.

The old picture dealer had hung them shrewdly in an inner room, and stood back to admire his handiwork.

"Fine?" he echoed. "Fine indeed! Why, sir, that fellow could hang out clouds with God Almighty himself!"

And we agreed with him.

HANDS ACROSS THE BOUNDARY

THE bond of union between the United States and Canada is growing steadily—not political, but social union. Americans and Canadians dined together at Winnipeg on Washington's birthday this year, Arthur B. Calder being toastmaster. Men from both sides of the line spoke in favor of closer co-operation between the sister countries. Between three and four hundred participated, and it was decided that the banquet should be an annual affair, devoted to promoting a better understanding and to strengthening the bonds of co-operation between Canada and the republic to the south. This is the kind of union we believe in.



ONE OF BOBBY'S FAILINGS

"MISS ADAIR," said the caller, "you kept Bobby in after school one day last week, and I couldn't get him to tell me why. Will you please tell me?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Barker," answered the teacher. "I borrowed his pocket-knife to sharpen a pencil with, and when I opened the little blade I found he had been cutting plug tobacco with it."

FOR EXAMPLE

"PROFESSOR, how do you define 'Attic salt'?"

"O, it's a refined sort of—but let me give you an illustration. Suppose you wished to convey the idea that a certain officeholder is the ultimate, the ne plus ultra, the limit, as it were, in supervacaneousness and general ineptitude; you would say 'he isn't worth his chloride of sodium.'"

ALL TANGLED UP AGAIN

MR. MAKINBRAKES was trying to express his pleasure at meeting an old friend whom he had not seen for years.

"Oddly enough," he said, "I remember once writing a letter to you and directing it to 'Mr. Simian Bullthorp.' I didn't send it that way, of course; I corrected it. I knew as well as anybody how to spell 'Simeon.' To be sure—ha! ha!—I might have let it go as a joke, you know, about your—er—

ancestry—Simian, or apelike, you see—evolutionary, of course—common ancestry, or rather—no personal reflection, upon my word—just happened to think of it, you know, because, if we—er—are descended from the monkey tribe there's no reason to be—h'm—ashamed of it, and—say, Bullthorp, don't you think they'll have to bring old Diaz back before they'll have order again in Mexico?"

FAVORITE FICTION

"HIS Grace the Duke."

"Her Shapely, Beautiful Ears."

"I Believe I Have Had the Pleasure of Meeting You Before."

"I Shall Be Delighted to Have You Call Again, Mr. Sorreltop."

"This Corner Stone Was Laid by Gen. Biggunn July 17, 1900."

"A Little Story, Mr. Toastmaster, Has Just Occurred to Me."

"If Our Principles Win, Gentlemen, I Am Perfectly Willing to Go Down to Defeat!"

SPRING IN KANSAS

"THE weather has been so mild lately," remarks the Emporia Gazette, "that the sap is rising in Gomer Davies' wooden leg."

O! GENTLE WOMAN

"IT used to be St. George and Merry England," says B. L. T., "but now it's Lloyd-George and Merry Hell!"

STUNG

"BELLA, have you any engagement for—"

"Mr. Squinchley, my name is Miss Blim."

"H'm! Well, from the present outlook, it's likely to be Miss Blim as long as you live."

WANTED TO BE HELPFUL

"KATIE," said the mistress, "what have you done with the letter I left on the table?"

"I put it in the letter box, ma'am."

"But it was not yet addressed."

"No, ma'am. I suppose you didn't want anybody to know where it was goin'!"

A HANDY CABINET

"I SEE that President-elect Wilson hasn't made up his mind about his cabinet, yet."

"Dear me," she sighed, "I do hope he'll decide to select one of those new fashioned ones, that are easy to sweep under."

KEENLY APPRECIATIVE

PAINTINGS were not her specialty, but as she gazed at a beautiful copy of Millet's "Gleaners," her admiration of the work called forth enthusiastic comment. "What a wonderful picture," she exclaimed, "and how natural it looks! But what are those people doing?" she inquired, as she bent nearer to read the title. "Oh, yes, I see, gleaning millet! How perfectly fascinating!"

WAS VERY CAUTIOUS

THE judge looked back as he climbed the hill

And saw Maud Muller standing still.

But he got no encouragement from Maud.

She did not believe in the recall of the judiciary.

RIGHT THE FIRST TIME

"NOW tell me," said the inspector, "who was the mother of our great Scottish hero, Robert Bruce?"

He pointed to the top boy and then around the class. There was no answer. Then at last the heart of the teacher of that class leaped with joy. The boy

who was standing at the very foot had held up his hand.

"Well my boy," said the inspector, encouragingly, "Who was she?"

"Please, sir, Mrs. Bruce."

YOUTHFUL AMBITION

LITTLE FREDDIE reached the mature age of three, and discarded petticoats for knicker-bockers.

"Ah," cried the proud mother, "now you are a little man!"

The fledging was in ecstasies. Displaying his garments to their full advantage, he edged closer to his mother and whispered, "Mummie, can I call pa Bill now?"

THE DREAMER

BY T. A. DALY

I WISH I knew how, where and when
That much-discussed "one chance
in ten"

Is due to show itself to me—
That "golden opportunity
That comes once only to all men."

O! will it cackle like a hen,
Or crow, or flash upon my ken
With signals lit for me to see?
I wish I knew.

If I could sleep and wake again
Ere it becomes a "might have been,"
Just let it in and turn the key,
I'd be as happy as could be!
I wish and wish for this—and then
I wish anew.

BITING

NERVEY—"I beg you to be my wife! Come, now, don't say 'No.'"

Miss Roxley—"Mr. Nervey, I wouldn't think of saying 'No' to you. It wouldn't fease you, so I think the best thing I can do is yell for the police."

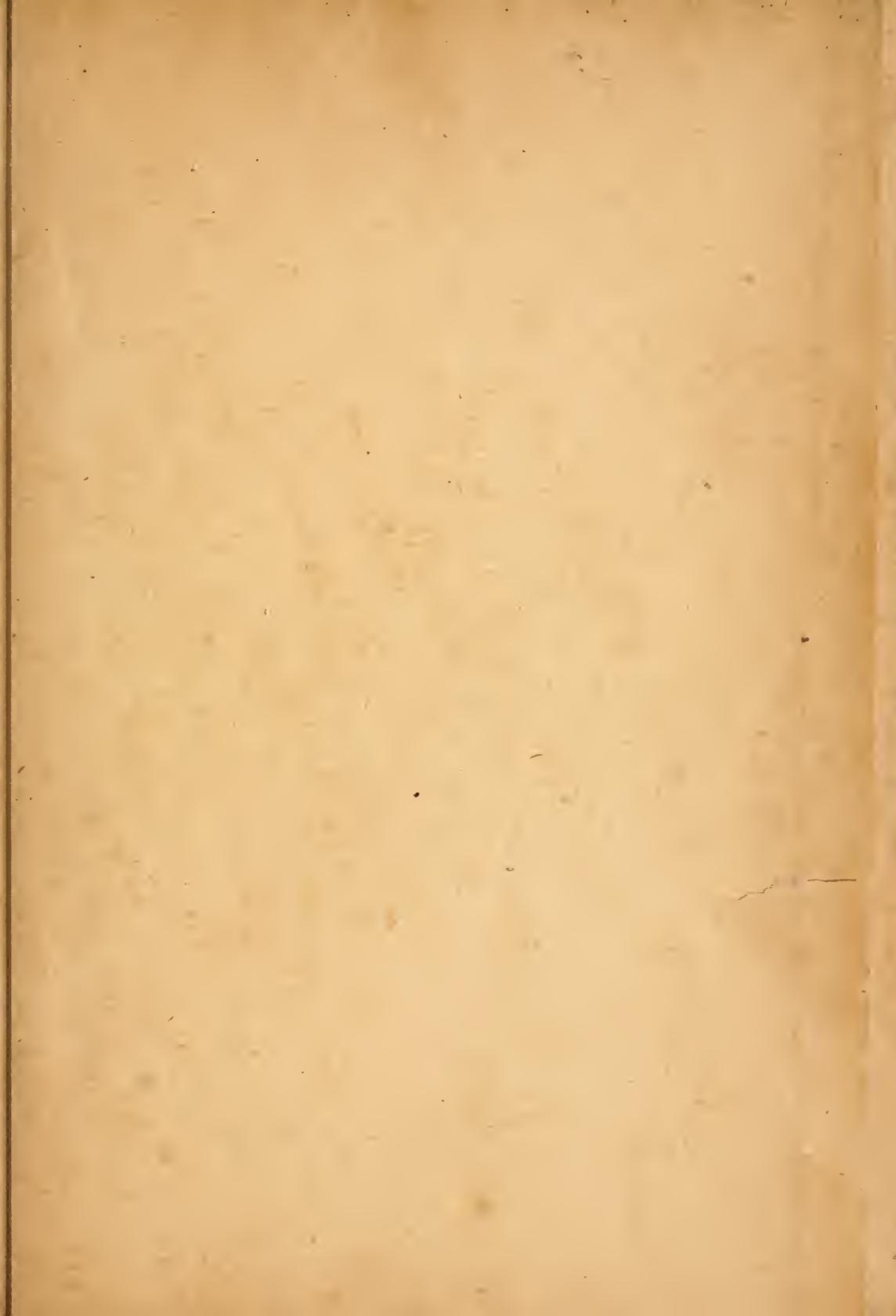
THAT SETTLED HIM

"HIS the most superstitious poker player I ever saw."

"Yes, and he got so superstitious here lately that he doesn't play the game at all any more."

"You don't say?"

"Yes, he suddenly discovered that there are thirteen cards in each suit."



GND
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