OF all the daughters of the year
There's none her equal, none her peer,
Nor one as beauteous, fair and gay
As laughing, joyous, merry May.

SHE JUMPED TO HER FEET, HER EYES FLASHING.
"YOU'RE A QUITTER!" SHE SAID.

To accompany "Cupid on the Diamond." See page 10.

VOL. XII
NO. 1

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
MAY

Cupid on the Diamond

By

Bruce Barton

Illustrated by

M. H. Mason

"MARRIAGE, marriage, what's the use of a college education if a fellow can't rely upon it when it comes to marriage?"

Charles Edgar Link, surnamed Charles the Wurst, jumped from the bed onto his gaping suit case, snapped the lock dextrously, and faced his two companions with the challenge.

"No use, I say", he continued, "no more use than 'Now I Lay Me' in a cane rush".

It was one of the favorite contentions of Charles Edgar Link that four years of scientific training ought to mould a man's character so as to affect and largely determine every subsequent decision of his life. If that principle were not sound, then surely Prexy and the professors had been only gay deceivers, and all the college catalogs and baccalaureate sermons ought to be consigned to the barber shop with the other humorous publications.

Viewed from Charles Edgar's standpoint, the average college man proved a credit to his alma mater so long as he remained a bachelor. Up to that point he weighs evidence, and makes his decisions on the basis of the data gathered, as a scientific man should. And then, at that critical moment when he needs his trained faculties most, the girl enters, science goes into the discard, and he reaches out with his eyes shut for a new hand. Others might view the matter lightly, but it seemed disgraceful to Charles Edgar Link; and he held in particular scorn the members of his fraternity delegation, who had fallen in love one after the other like so many ribbon clerks, instead of taking soundings and climbing in deliberately, as befitted their precise training.

"Bachelors of Science, weren't they?" he demanded. "'Required by the faculty for graduation 65 per cent.:

their average for the course 65.2 per cent. Answer: they were, everyone of them. And yet they're all married the first two years out, blindly, married-in-haste-married, without so much as attempting to get a line on the contest."

He turned and pulled aside a curtain on the wall, to display a chart with this inscription:

THE BOW AND ARROW LEAGUE
for the championship

	Won	Lost	Per Ct.
Mother, Home and Heaven	2	2	500
Single Blessedness	2	2	500

The two on the window seat roused themselves to look languidly at the card, and dropped back again into the pillows.

"Pathetic case," murmured the first, "bright boy, college graduate, pride of his parents, but gone, clear gone."

"Hopeless", assented the other. "See that weird gleam in his eye? Our cat looked like that the night before she threw the final fit."

But the enthusiasm of Charles Edgar Link was not to be so dampened.

"There", he said, "is the way they stand so far as the investigation has been carried. Six in our fraternity delegation; five with wives; myself without; the question before the house being whether we shall make it unanimous or continue to have a minority report. I claim you can't pick a flaw in the system anywhere. We're all six as like as six Chinamen, enjoyed the same things in college, wore the same clothes, not all at once, but off and on. Six Damons and Pythiases, Scyllas and Charybdisses, or whatever you're a mind to call 'em. The point is that, matrimonially speaking, here's myself six times; five of me married. Am I happy? Do I love my wife? How can I know, I said, unless I go the rounds of these newly made nests and find out?

"No sooner said than I wired Al Edwards that I would be down to spend three days with him. I started with Al because it was only a few weeks old with him, and I knew I would be most unwelcome there. The fact that he didn't answer my telegram, confirmed the notion; I felt sure the test would be a good one.

"Now, I said to myself, I'll arrange a score card and play the match off, Mother, Home and Heaven, versus Single Blessedness, winner to take all the receipts. Let the game go on in each sweet little home, with me umpire. If they're happy for five of the nine innings, if there's peace, good will to man, then score one for Mother, Home and Heaven; otherwise not. With that I nailed the score card up and started off for Al's home grounds.

"I will say that they tried to look as though they were glad to see me, when I finally found them in a little bungalow down by the beach, and I acted as though I thought no such trivial thing as a wife could ever come between two good old chums like Al and me. But the game dragged from the very first minute; and there wasn't enough interest in me at any point to pay the cost of exhibition. They left me out of the conversation always, and during the meals I nearly starved to death, because their eyes were glued upon each other, and their hands were busy with some secret code, under the table. All the time I felt like a man who has blundered into a parlor and turned on the light. I just couldn't stand it, that's all, and after three innings I called the game and came home to score one for Single Blessedness. I'm for love and sentiment, all right, but there ought to be some sort of union hours. Al may live for twenty-five years yet. Think of twenty-five years of the sign language, life one long, unbroken, illustrated song. You can't stand it, I said to myself; so I set down the score and started out for old Fred Wright.

"Fred and Ella—I call her Ella because 'twas me that introduced him to her at the Junior Prom—played it out for the full nine innings, and maybe you think I didn't enjoy every single minute. The weather conditions were fine, and in the very first inning M. H. and H. knocked out two home runs that pretty nearly put the game away for keeps.

" 'Darling, where are my slippers? That's a dear. And my pipe'. And

we sat and talked it over until midnight, while darling ran away to bed. It was good old college days, all over again; that was long hit number one. And when darling came over the home plate next morning with some lovely graham muffins, just because once at a house party I had mentioned that I loved graham muffins, the bases were full and no outs, and that settled it.

"No overdose of sentiment in Fred's, no kiss at ten minutes before and twenty minutes past the hour; just affection and good fellowship, and team work. The umpire came off the field weak, but happy; and the score stood:

	Won	Lost	Per Ct.
M. H. & H.	1	1	500
S. B.	1	1	500

"With that I got a little excited, because the teams stood so close together and the series promised to go to the end of the season. So it has. The next two games didn't change the situation in the least. Good old Nick Aldrich, genial old toad, provided three days of amusement that was simply great. From the word 'Go,' Cupid had Old Lonely guessing, so that there wasn't a single chance for me to make what you'd call a close decision, in the whole game. Single Blessedness was out, one, two, three; and the score stood:

	Won	Lost	Per Ct.
M. H. & H.	2	1	665
S. B.	1	2	335

"But Jack Chaifin changed it all. Poor Jack, whom we have loved long since and lost a while. Can't smoke, can't go out nights, can't get away to go up to initiation, can't talk to strange friends over the telephone. Thoroughly house broke; and the worst of it is, his pride's gone. He's house broke and he pretends he likes it. That evened the score; and there you are.

"And that's what I call Science. Understand? Five married, visited four. Two at peace: two building Dreadnaughts. And to-night starts the championship. There's still Joe Elkins to visit. Now that it's come right down to a finish I'm almost sorry that I started it. I've sort of had water on the nerve the whole morning; and my Adam's apple has been pressing so hard against my collar that I can taste cider yet. You can see for yourselves, even with your intelligence, that a lot depends on this. If Joe puts up a good game, it's 'Button me up the back, dear', and 'Who was that strange woman I saw you talking to at the dance?', and all the rest of it for me, for maybe fifty years. And if Joe fans out, why—you understand, don't you, if Joe fans out, there'll be 60 per cent. against me, and—well, I'll follow the evidence. In the meantime, you can come here to the room every night, and I'll write to you. So long": and the door closed with a slam and a shudder.

Slowly the two raised themselves from the window seat and started deliberately across the room for a small oak cupboard.

"He's gone", said the first.

"So are his cigars. So's everything. Bottles empty; nothing left. Curse him. What right has he to think of a wife, when he can't even support his friends?"

And murmuring at the selfishness of men in general, and of Charles Edgar Link in particular, they smothered the light and filed out.

Elkins met him at the train in a smart runabout, and they drove out beyond the pretentious residences to a demure little cottage, which Elkins gravely informed him was the "Nest". Mrs. Elkins met them at the door. Charles remembered having seen her at a house party; and he noted with an appreciative glance that she seemed far prettier than before, as she stood on the piazza, framed between the climbing roses on each side.

"The Cupids", he registered, "trotted onto the field with a confident air, and were given a warm hand by the assembled crowd."

A minute later he was changing his collar—'getting into his mask and chest protector', as he expressed it—and reminding himself sternly that much depended on this contest, and that the umpire must under all circumstances maintain a calm and judicial demeanor.

"I want you to meet my sister", said Mrs. Elkins as he stepped out of the little hall into the parlor. "Marion,

let me present Mr. Link, a college friend of Joe's."

"Mr. Link, I'm glad to know you", said the girl, and Charles Edgar did not fail to note the direct frankness in her manner, as of one who has weighed many men and found them neither light nor heavy.

He endeavored to catalogue her scientifically, and was nettled to find it so difficult. There was much brown hair which rolled down over her forehead like maple frosting over angel cake; there was a complete outfit of eyes and nose and ears, all mounted on a well-fashioned body, a manner thoroughly self-possessed, but altogether pleasing.

For a moment the memory of the stern duty on which he had come pressed upon him.

"The players were hampered," he noted, "by the presence of unexpected spectators, who crowded onto the field, interfering with the game, and making it extremely difficult for the umpire to render his decisions."

And so, having appeased his conscience, he devoted himself to Miss Seymour, regarding her with a glance which lacked nothing in appreciation.

"I have heard Joe speak often of you", she said. "You are the only one of the delegation, aren't you, who isn't married?"

"I'm it", he assented. "My only consolation is that it's been a rather profitable business for me. You see there was something like $300 bet that I would be the first one, to say nothing of dinners—enough to board me a month."

"So your failure is a purely commercial one? Is that it?

"That", said Charles Edgar, "is what I expect to find out." With which somewhat puzzling remark, he offered his arm, and they passed out into the dining room.

Toward the end of the meal, the conscience of Charles Edgar, which had been reminding him at half-minute intervals that he was there not to chatter with little girls, but to conduct a serious scientific investigation, experienced a sudden relief, when Joe announced that he and Mrs. Elkins must be out for the evening, in settlement of some long neglected social obligation.

"And I've got to walk down town to the post-office", said Marion.

"That's fortunate", said Charles, "so have I."

"What for?" asked conscience. But Charles Edgar was in no mood to be catechized.

"I have a letter that must go to-night", he added. The necessity for communicating with his two friends had flashed suddenly into his mind, and had grown momentarily in importance. "It's really very important. I think, I'm sure, that I ought to see that it's posted, myself."

Upstairs the conscience of Charles Edgar grappled with him again, and for a few minutes the scrimmage was fast and furious. He was acting most unscientifically, conscience accused, exposing himself to all sorts of distracting influences. But the letter, Charles countered, was really important. Wouldn't the two fellows at the room be nervous and worried until they heard from him? Of course they would. He might send it by Miss Seymour, certainly. But what did a mere girl of twenty know about posting letters. Nothing. He must go, and there could be no other answer to it.

He wrote: "The game opened with every promise of a close and interesting finish before a crowd that watched every move with keen appreciation. Cupids appeared trained to the minute, and made a distinctly favorable impression. Single Blessedness said to be a little slow but credited with good staying powers. In the first inning—supper to-night—some hot ones were put across the plate which kept the Single Bs. from being dangerous at any point. Weather fair, and promises well for the series. At different points spectators obtruded themselves onto the field, much to the discomfort of the officials. Unless there is an improvement in this condition to-morrow drastic action will be taken. Link, Umpire".

An hour later, when they had covered the two miles which separate the "Nest" from the post-office, he excused him-

self for a moment, to add this postscript:

"Later: In an important conferference just concluded, between the umpire and a representative of the spectators, various matters of great interest to followers of the game were discussed. It is understood that the umpire contemplates a plan for removing spectators entirely from the field throughout to-morrow's contest, and that such a proposition will be presented within a few minutes."

If it had been hard before to keep the thought of duty clear before him, the difficulties became almost insurmountable as the two started back together on the long walk home. It was essential, as he had gravely pointed out to her on the way down, that they treat each other as old friends at once, she being a sister-in-law to his brother, and hence not quite a sister, but somewhat nearer than a cousin. She had agreed, bending before his greater age and maturer judgment.

Charles Edgar was credited with being a past master in the command of those trivialities which men usually reserve for their conversation with women, but some way or other, they did not seem to fit in to-night, and he finally gave them up. At first gingerly, but with growing confidence he essayed the topics in which he really felt an interest, and was delighted to find her not only interested but remarkably well informed. As they turned off the village street onto the silent country road that wound out to the "Nest", the moon broke suddenly from behind a cloud, and poured down through the branches, scattering great spots of silver across the way before them. Charles Edgar stopped in the midst of a sentence, which was never completed. For a time neither spoke.

Finally Link: "Glorious, isn't it? Seems to me you have the finest moon in this county I've ever seen. I've often wondered what he's for, the moon, I mean; perhaps he's the electric sign on the marriage factory. Marriages are made in heaven, you know. When they turn him on, perhaps that's a signal that they've just made another. You believe that marriages are made in heaven, don't you? I know some of them are. At least mine's going to be."

"Why, Mr. Link—"

"Edgar", he corrected.

"Well, then, Edgar, I didn't know that you were to have one".

"They're a little behind on their orders just at this time of year. Awful rush in June, you know. But my name's in. Yes, I put it in just recently. Oh, just a little while ago. And they've promised me one of their newest 1911 models."

The conversation drifted back to college and college experiences, and for a time the girl talked and Charles Edgar listened. He was not known as a good listener. His suddenly acquired proficiency in the art rather surprised him and would have shocked his friends. But Charles Edgar was not thinking of his friends just then. His conscience had come forward with a message labelled "Important", and had been sent scurrying. And Charles Edgar, looking and listening, thought that the whole landscape had waited through the years just to frame the picture that was there beside him.

"I felt sort of mean coming here," he said when they had finally reached the gate, and it appeared that he must say something. "Joe just married, you know. Seems a sort of cad trick to drop in on him. What I want to do is to make myself as inconspicuous as possible, and keep out of sight except when it's absolutely necessary I should appear." Here he stopped while conscience pricked sharp and deep. "Don't you think, Miss Seymour—Marion, I mean—that you better take me out for a walk to-morrow, a long walk, with lunch in the woods, and all that. Not for my sake, you know, but for Joe and Ella. They'd appreciate it, don't you think?"

And she said: "You're a very thoughtful young man for Joe and Ella,—and unselfish too. I like unselfishness. It ought to be rewarded. Perhaps—maybe—I think perhaps I can."

Long after her footsteps had died away down the hall, Edgar listened. Long he tossed and thought, and hummed to himself. And down in the

dungeon of his being, chained and sullen, his conscience settled stubbornly and waited for the dawn.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe were waiting for him in the dining room when he came striding down the next morning. He replied to their greetings heartily, and held Marion's hand a trifle longer than the law requires. The covert smile, which played about the corners of his host's mouth, did not disconcert him in the least.

"Long walk to the post-office", said Joe.

"Good walk", he assented, "one of the best I know."

"I've got a letter to send", Joe continued, "an important letter. I'd let you and Marion take it, only, it's important, and it must go out before to-morrow afternoon."

Charles Edgar glanced across at Marion, and forgave Joe at once for the jest which had produced there so rich a color. With a daintily executed movement, Mrs. Elkins came to the rescue.

"Why, Joe, I don't think they were gone so awfully long. It must be all of two miles to the post-office."

"Two miles it may be", assented Edgar, "but I'll bet they never measured it in the moonlight. Why, Joe, that's all in all the prettiest walk I know. Come on with your letters. I'll carry 'em up one at a time, just for the walk. Of course", he added, "I'd be a little afraid to go alone—unfamiliar country, you know, and all that."

"I know", said Elkins, and looked across at his wife, who smiled a little and answered,

"Yes, we know."

The plan for the day which the two had agreed upon was called up for debate, amended, and passed with no dissenting vote. The girls busied themselves at once with the luncheon preparations, and Charles Edgar sat down to compose a brief dispatch to the waiting loved ones at home.

"Second inning opened with bases full and Single Blessedness much depressed. Unable to land effectively on Cupid's delivery at any point. Both sides playing faultless ball, but Cupid leading with long, clean hits into both gardens. Single Blessedness makes last desperate effort to hold the fort but crowd already breaking up in anticipation of tame finish. Link, Umpire".

Then, after a moment's thought, he added:

"No previous contest has been witnessed by such attractive spectators. Officials have had little difficulty in handling them and hope to have them completely under control before the end of the inning."

And then, after a considerable period of hesitation.

"I suppose I need not insult your intelligence by adding that the cigars and other necessities are on a little shelf in the closet, behind our dress suit. You probably have found them, anyway."

All that day the two tramped through the woods, or sat beneath a towering tree while she read, and he listened and looked. They talked frankly on many subjects. Before noon he had decided that she was different from any of the other girls he knew. After the luncheon, which consisted of sandwiches of her own manufacture and tid-bits of marvellous construction, he began to feel that the twenty-six years of his life, already lived, had been almost if if not quite entirely wasted. She was undeniably pretty, prettier, he thought, than any of the rest of them; but she did not insist on publishing her beauty in every gesture, or demand special obeisance always on that account. He did not have to knock his conversation out to her in easy pop flies. He lined it out in long, hard hits, telling her exactly what he thought about the things that interested him; and always she was there, gathering them in, and shooting them back straight and vigorously. He forgot his science, his tests and cross-examinations, and joyously, unquestioningly, liked her more and more.

"Marion", he said, when they had packed up the remnants, of the luncheon and were finally started on the cool walk home. "I have known you almost two days now. I cannot deceive you longer."

She looked at him half question-

THEY LEFT ME OUT OF THE CONVERSATION ALWAYS, AND DURING THE MEALS I NEARLY STARVED TO DEATH

ingly, and for the first time, he hesitated a little, and then went courageously on.

"I came down here with an ulterior and unworthy motive. Joe thought it was merely to visit him, but the truth is I came to criticise and vivisect, and sit in judgment. It didn't appeal to me as being mean, at the start, but I can see now how caddish and altogether selfish it was. I intended to use Joe the way a scientist would a guinea pig. He was innoculated with the marriage germ. I was to observe, test and study, and discover how far I might trust my own little system to combat it." He paused, but her manner betrayed neither censure nor encouragement.

"That's not the worst of it, either. I've tried the same snide trick on every one of them—Al, Fred, Nick Aldrich, Jack Chaifin—the whole bunch. I've invaded every single, sweet young home in the first days of its joy and happiness. I've bent the cold, calculating eye of science on them. And for why? For the mean, vulgar, disgraceful purpose of discovering how the two-in-one game really measured up against its advance notices, of estimating whether I could afford myself to take the chance.

"Understand?"—he was hurrying on now, hardly noticing the girl's expression, "there were five of them, and Joe, here, was to settle it—he's fifth. I agreed solemnly with myself that he was to settle it; it stood two for and two against. If Joe seemed happy, contented, at peace with the world, then me for it. If not, well; if he wasn't happy, you understand—don't you?—if Joe wasn't happy,——"

The girl's clear, bell-like laughter interrupted him. Then she sobered suddenly.

"I won't criticise you for the plan,"

she said. "Your own conscience has set you right about that. It was mean to your friends, and thoughtless, and unworthy of you. But what I do criticise you for is being a quitter. I hate a quitter. Why don't you go through with it, now you've started? You came here to study Joe and Ella, to vivisect their happiness. Why don't you study? Why don't you vivisect? You're wasting time; you're going to-morrow and you haven't learned a thing. You're a quitter."

She jumped to her feet, her eyes flashing; he was beside her in an instant.

"I guess I am a quitter", he answered, with a meekness that was an utter novelty, "but it's not for the reason you think. I went through with the experiment all right, only I got the answer quicker than I had expected. I sort of stumbled onto it. The greatest inventions, you know, have been stumbled onto. Science don't find them; we stumble onto them. The system's all right, but—"

"Well?"

"I didn't figure on you."

Her gaze dropped quickly, but she made no move.

"You broke the system, Marion, that I've spent so much time perfecting. It took me hours and hours to work it out, and you smashed it all in a minute. Don't you think you owe me something for spoiling it all?"

He paused but there was no answer.

"You don't realize how lonesome it is, Marion, to be the only poor, homeless man left, out of the whole delegation." Charles Edgar had never realized it himself until a day or two before, but the realization had come quickly and grown strong. He actually pitied himself, as he never had before.

"It's awfully lonesome, Marion; all the boys gone, and me left alone. The world is run by married men. They make the laws and establish the customs and regulate everything. They're in a sort of union 'gainst us poor scabs that stay outside. What chance do we have? They get all the best jobs and have the best time; and we poor devils get nothing. Don't you think you could have a little pity on a lonesome scab? They won't let me in the union without you, Marion. Won't you please O. K. my application, and take me in?"

If there was any answer, it was so low as to be inaudible. Of a sudden Charles Edgar Link, Bachelor of Science, champion of research and thoughtful investigation, found his arms full of girl, and her pretty face upturned to his. And bending down over her, he pressed upon her lips the union label.

The bulletin that night was a telegram which Charles Edgar sent to the station by a heavily-subsidized barefoot boy. It read:

"Game called by umpire end of second inning. Single Blessedness retired in great confusion. Tear down score-card. Home Thursday. Meet me at station with band."

Wee Battalions

By Mary S. Mantle

Illustrated with Photographs

IT WAS the joyous, heartening side of the work of caring for the needy wee battalions of a growing city, which was presented one bright afternoon last October, when a merry company of boys and girls—Canadians, Britishers, Germans, Icelanders, Finlanders, Hebrews, or others—trooped out of the building supplied and maintained by the School Board, and situated in the grounds of the Children's Home in Winnipeg. But of the Home's one hundred and ninety inmates that day many had not reached school age, and it was very charming to see a few of the tiny toddlers—there were twenty-two altogether—in their play room, squatting on the floor on rugs, clambering round the fire-guard, pulling each other's lovelocks, and generally enjoying the heat, comfort and kindly care surrounding them.

Twenty-six years ago the Home first started its work in a small way among neglected children. Temporary or permanent shelter, according to the requirements of the case, and on the decision of the Board, is offered by this institution to children of poor parents who have been unfortunate through sickness or adverse circumstances, to orphaned children, and, saddest of all, to the "not-wanteds," the deserted and neglected ones. A mother may be taken to the hospital suffering from a tedious sickness, and the father is helpless with the young family on his hands. He can place them in the home for a few weeks, and pay a small sum for their care. In all cases, where it is possible, it is expected that the children shall be paid for, but in a great many instances no remuneration at all is received.

When the stories of the six little helpless babies in the nursery were

WHERE CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT TO PLAY

revealed, the pathetic record was after this fashion: Katie's mother was dead; Julia had been deserted by her mother, and her father was in jail; Charlie's father had deserted his mother, and left the country just before he was born, so his mother was working out and supporting him in the Home; Jim was an orphan. But though their histories are often so pitiful, the best of it all is that the children themselves are really and truly happy, are getting a chance to enjoy life, and being fitted to continue to enjoy it.

The fine spirit of those engaged in the different activities of the Home: matron, nurses, secretary, cook, seamstress, laundry and kitchen helpers, was mirrored in three little incidents, significant to an onlooker. Seven-year-old Lucy had crept into a corner, miserable with her present pain and the thought of the future with its medicine bottle, when two of the older girls came along and took upon themselves to mother her. They did it as tenderly as if they had been thrice ten years of age, and she their own. Upstairs among the babies was another of the older girls, by choice helping nurse; while out in the grounds the "walking tots" were having a good time in the care of several of the "half grown ups." And so the same womanly qualities which the life in an ordinary home circle would have cultivated were elicited in this wider family life.

Earl Grey recently spoke very highly of what Winnipeg is doing for her children, and so it is interesting to consider a few only of the representative branches of the work in Winnipeg among needy or neglected children.

Joy and pathos, uplift and heartache, are inseparably interwoven in such work as this. Pathos, in the need for any foster parents; joy, in the willing acceptance of the role by warm-hearted men and women; uplift, in the knowledge of the great things loving hearts in wise co-operation can do; heartache, for the parents who of necessity have sometimes to relinquish their duties, which are also their pleasures; heartache, too, in the thought of the fathers and mothers who appreciate not the beauty of these words, nor the measure of their responsibility.

"There are no bad boys," seems to be the decision to which Mr. W. A. Knowles has come. They may grow into bad young fellows, and later into bad young men, but when they are boys they are not bad—wayward, maybe, very wayward. He is demonstrating his decision, too, in the Knowles' Home for Boys, which is just three years old. It was started, one might say, by chance, on the occasion when Mr. Knowles, then a young business man, took home to his boarding-house a little chap off the streets, because he didn't know what else to do with him.

There were forty-nine boys in his Home last autumn, working, wayward or homeless; some gathered there because they were motherless, fatherless, beyond control, or sent by Magistrate Daly of the Juvenile Court. There are no locks or bars at this McDermot Street residence, and yet one boy was carried in kicking, struggling, and objecting in all the strenuous and ingenious ways known to a boy, but though he had every opportunity to escape if he wanted to, he evidently quickly grasped the idea that it was a pretty good sort of a place for a boy to be. He was parentless and beyond the control of his only relative, who asked for Mr. Knowles' assistance.

It is not hard to see wherein lies this man's influence with boys. He is so intensely interested in them; he knows them so thoroughly; he enters into their play life, their school life, their working life, their striving and their difficulties, with so boyish yet mature an understanding. And a strong, manly Christianity is lived before these boys, who are quick to imitate, ready to respond. Those of school age go to school; the working boys to their duties; all on Sunday attend churches of their own choice, free in all these goings, but they always come back to the Home—because they want to. The boys hold their own court, and try offenders against the rules; the system of punishment which holds being the withdrawal of privileges.

Much more could be told of this

"WE ARE A HAPPY FAMILY,
WE ARE, WE ARE, WE ARE!"

THE CHILDREN ARE JUST READY TO START ON AN AUTO RIDE AROUND THE CITY

work among boys; of its outreach to the newsboys of the city, of its founder's plans for a stretch of farm land where building and other trades might be taught and the boys encouraged to enrol at the Manitoba Agricultural College when about sixteen, to complete their training. "An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man," said Emerson.

When eleven-year-old Dolly walked into Hislop's Employment Agency one morning, and wanted to know where she could get a day's work to do, naturally the first question asked was:

"But what kind of work can a little girl like you do?" Quick as a flash she replied, "Why, I can do a day's washing!"

They gave her an address on Mayfair Avenue, where she went and found it to be the Children's Aid Shelter. She was taken in, and when her story became known was kept there, and is still under the society's supervision. Dolly had been sent to the city to make her home with, and be looked after by a relative, who immediately put her in charge of her own seven children, she herself being out at work all day. Dolly didn't appreciate this, and spent too much time playing on the street, or doing any little odd jobs she could pick up, eventually drifting into an employment agency, with the results narrated.

This is one of the least harrowing stories connected with the Children's Aid Society's work, which is carried on for the purpose of investigating cases of neglected, abused, dependent or orphan children. The society is incorporated under the Children's Protection Act, and is empowered, if circumstances warrant, to become the legal guardian of such children, find for them foster homes, or otherwise suitably place them. Before the children can become wards of the society, the circumstances have to be explained before a magistrate, and an order given, authorizing the guardianship. It is the aim of these workers to improve the

home conditions wherever possible, and if the parents show by a certain period of good conduct that they are trying to be more fit to have charge of their children, the children are returned to them.

Temporary shelter only is what this society offers, and as quickly as home conditions improve, foster parents are found, or any other provision warrants it, the children are passed on. During a period of ten years over one thousand neglected little waifs were cared for. The work is infinitely pathetic. In so far as its scope permits, the society is answering in a practical way the question asked by Alfred J. Waterhouse, "What have ye done to uplift them?"

"Out of the lanes and alleys,
Out of the vile purlieu,
Summon the wee battalions,
Pass them in long review.
Grimy and ragged and faded—
Say, if you choose, with a tear:
'These are the ones of His kingdom,
And thus do I keep them here.'
What have ye done to uplift them,
These whom He loved so well?
Oh, tiny and worn, unkempt and forlorn,
Us of your heritage tell."

Fourteen little tots were seated round the table busily engaged in making away with a big dinner, the day I was introduced to the Children's Day Nursery, established by the Mothers' Association at 303 Flora Street, where thirty children in one day is about the record attendance.

"Like your dinner, Jackie," I asked.

"You bet I like my dinner," said the wee man, as he continued scooping it up.

A working mother can leave one child here all day for the sum of ten cents, and five cents for each additional child. As early as 7.30 a. m. the first are brought, and it is often 7.00 p. m. before the tired interim mothers have disposed of the last of their charges. A nurse and one helper are there all the year round, and during the summer, when more babies are left with them, additional help is employed.

The nurse said it interested her very much to see how quickly the foreign children picked up the English language. A little Russian chap of four, straight out from his home country, was left at the Day Nursery frequently. He learned to speak English perfectly in two months. A few of the children by their buttonless condition, their cotton clothing on a cold day, or their uncombed hair, showed signs of possessing careless or very busy mothers; but they were a happy, jolly company, as tickled as could be to spend the day at the nursery, and just as tickled when night came to go home with mother or daddy. As we watched the little mites at play, I said to an older girl who had come in from school during her dinner time, and was leading them,

"What game is that you are playing?"

She gave it a tongue-twisting, foreign name, but added, proudly, in somewhat battered English:

"We can play this game in English too, though."

Yet another splendid work in behalf of the children of the poor is undertaken by the Winnipeg Free Kindergarten Association, the oldest kindergarten in the city, established in 1892. They conduct two classes each day in their central building on Ellen Street, and another at a branch institution, known as the Froebel School. One has only to keep his eyes open and mix a little with the children at their play to realize the necessary place which a live kindergarten holds in a poor district. The children's plays consist generally of the things they see grown-up people about them doing, and "Let's play drunken men," or "Let's play going to jail," are the suggestions which often carry the day. In place of these thoughts, in the kindergarten they learn of the beautiful ways in which the parent birds care for their young, the different aspects and signs of the seasons, the trees; and through motion songs and carefully planned play, is supplied not only exercise for their muscles, but a spur to their minds.

It is for the children under public school age that these free kindergartens exist, who thus pleasantly graduate from the freedom of the home to the more strict routine of the public school. "I think the joy we experience over every sign of development in each child is akin to that of the mother over her

baby," said Miss Isabel Coulter, who has for so many years been connected with the Free Kindergarten Association. In addition to the teaching done, the resident matron at the kindergarten headquarters pays regular visits to homes in the neighborhood.

The splendid bazaar, held in the new Union (Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific) Depot at Winnipeg, November 24, 25 and 26, widely advertised the work done and contemplated in connection with the Children's Hospital, a free hospital and dispensary for poor children. It was for the raising of $10,000 for the new building that the bazar was held, and this object was accomplished. At present the work is carried on in a house in the north-eastern part of the city. Thirteen beds are available in the winter time, thirty—the extreme limit of accommodation—in the summer, when an outdoor pavilion can be used. In addition, one thousand children were treated this year through the Out-Door Department. When the new structure on the old site of the Ladies' College, Main Street North, is complete, many additional homes will be gladdened by the extended scope of the Children's Hospital.

Working in Bristol three-quarters of a century ago, George Muller little dreamed of the cities then unborn on which his imprint would be stamped. Through reading an account of his labors, Mrs. Laura B. S. Crouch, of Winnipeg, was inspired to try similar work, with the result that ten years ago she started a "Home for the Friendless" in a ten-dollar-a-month house. Now she superintends a family numbering in the neighborhood of one hundred children and fifty to sixty-five women. This home never solicits money, has no grant or fixed income, and yet it has lived through and expanded during both the lean and the fat years which the country has seen, and stands to-day as a monument to a woman's faith, a woman's faithfulness and a woman's prayers.

ASSORTED SIZES, NATIONALITIES, DISPOSITIONS AND AILMENTS.
OUT PATIENTS AT THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

In the limited scope of one article it is impossible to do more than mention some aspects of the provision which sympathetic men and women have made for the needy children of this growing city, and there are other branches of the work not mentioned here. The Margaret Scott Nursing Mission does a wonderful work among the sick poor, 5,227 visits being paid to infants and children in one year. It

is planning to develop the children's work more along preventive and educative lines. There are, too, the Diet Kitchen and Milk Depot of the Winnipeg Dispensary; St. Joseph's Orphanage, which accepts boys and girls; the Alfred Street Kindergarten; the wide work of All People's Mission; the many boys' and girls' clubs; the Telegram Sunshine Society, through which children are sent to farms for a vacation, and foster parents found for babies; the Supervised City Playgrounds, operating during the months of July and August, and among the children reached by these are many from poor and inadequate homes, as well as those from good homes. And to other organizations and individuals does Winnipeg as a city, and do we as citizens of a country with immense possibilities and as immense responsibilities, owe gratitude.

This work for the wee battalions does not always lead to where the cleanest and pleasantest people reside; it requires quite a stock of patience, and a vision of the end from the beginning; but it is constructive work, well worth the doing.

Not a main feature of these various activities, but a telling one, is, that in caring for the foreigner equally with the Canadian or Britisher, as is done, both are broadened. This applies to institutions where they are in residence, or attend school together. Each learns of other countries, of other characteristics, of other ways quite as good and often better than their own. It is the same useful lesson that contact always teaches; it is the same useful process which spells assimilation.

LADDIE O' DREAMS

BY GORDON JOHNSTONE

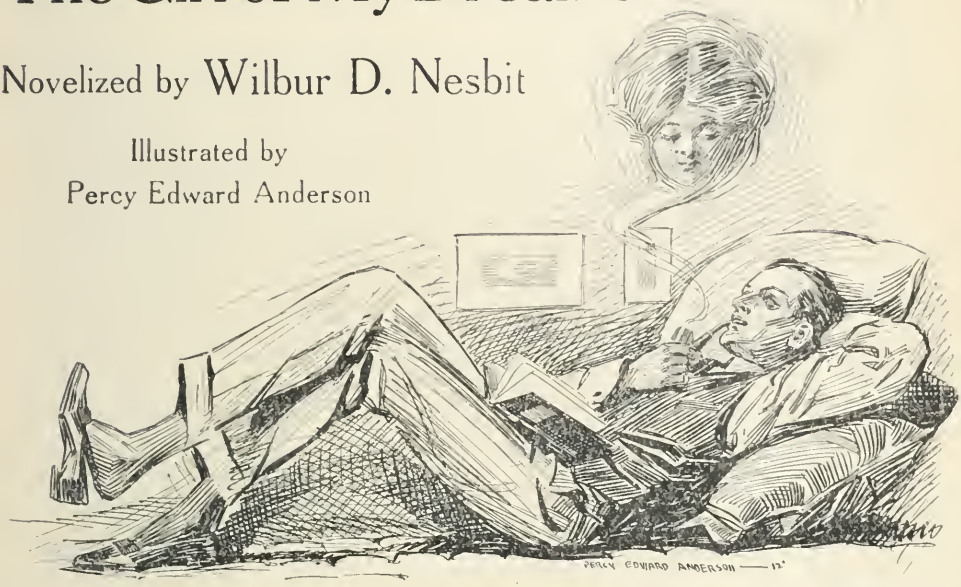
WILL you come when the night hangs her star lamps aloft,
O, laddie, sweet laddie, laddie o' dreams,
Will you come as you did in the night shadows soft,
Laddie o' dreams,
Will you ride on a moonbeam o' silver and grey
From the dim never-land where my hope went astray,
Will you rest on my breast 'till the birds wake the day,
O' laddie——O' laddie o' dreams.

Will you bring from your home in the far away years,
O, laddie, sweet laddie, laddie o' dreams,
The whisper o' song that I've wet with my tears,
Laddie o' dreams,
Will you curl in my arms while your wee fingers peep
'Mong the strands of my tresses like little lost sheep,
Will you play that you're real as you're falling asleeep,
O, laddie,——O, laddie o' dreams.

The Girl of My Dreams

Novelized by Wilbur D. Nesbit

Illustrated by
Percy Edward Anderson



CHAPTER I.

HARRY SWIFTON hummed a song to himself and threw a little more speed into his roadster.

He had every reason to be happy. Long regarded as a settled bachelor, though young enough to be the sort of chap all the girls were setting their caps for, he felt that this was to be the really great day of his life. Lucy Medders and her father were coming to visit him; his sister Carolyn was coming home from boarding school especially to play the hostess, the home had been made spick and span for the occasion, the sun was shining, the little birds were singing in the trees of the park, his roadster was running smoothly and—well, he hadn't a care in the world.

As he took corners in the driveways without slackening speed he murmured:

"Good little buzz wagon! You're the cupid that started all this."

In memory, he could see again that day of the summer before when in the same machine he was whizzing along a country road. Something happened, the machine skidded, with the usual result.

When Harry came to his senses he was lying on an old-fashioned hair sofa, in an old-fashioned Quaker home—but he thought he was in heaven.

Above him bent a Quaker damsel, demurely beautiful and distractingly calm. She was bathing his brow with a cloth wrung out of cold water to which some camphor had been added.

"Do thee feel better?" she asked, in the softest of tones.

"It depends," he managed to say. "If you're going to stop this because I'm better, I'm going to have a relapse."

Then into the room came a stalwart old Quaker.

"Has the young man recovered, Lucy?" he asked.

"Yes, father," she said. Harry sat up, with an effort.

"I don't know how to thank you, sir," he said. "It was lucky that I went into the ditch right in front of your house."

With the word "lucky" he looked

meaningly at Lucy, but that self-possessed maiden did not seem to catch his double meaning.

The result of the accident is not hard to guess. Harry found himself so bumped and bruised that it took a fortnight for him to be well enough to return to his home. And in that fortnight he and Lucy became so well acquainted that it then became necessary for him to run up to see her—a mere matter of a hundred miles—once every week. And now he had induced her father to bring her to visit him and his sister.

He reviewed in his mind the events of the days since the accident. Pleasant thoughts, those, for a young man. They take his mind off the immediate surroundings, however.

Automatically he whirled around another corner—then began doing things with the brake, but too late.

Twenty yards before him approached another auto. In it sat a couple oblivious to their danger. There was a smash and a crash, a shriek and a yell. And then the three people picked themselves up.

The man in the other auto leaped to his feet first and shook his fists at Harry. The lady gathered her hair into a coil again and exclaimed:

"My hat! My beautiful hat!"

Harry followed the direction of her glance, and saw the object of her dismay. A handsome hat of yellow straw, adorned with large red flowers, was hopelessly entangled in the steering gear of his machine.

He extricated it—or what he could of it—and offered it to her. But with a tearful exclamation of despair she refused it.

"Scoundrel!" shouted her friend. "Vy do you go running around killing peeples, und ruining deir hats?"

"My dear count!" cried the lady. "Not so loud!"

But the count was not to be calmed. In spite of Harry's efforts to explain matters, he continued his staccato expressions of wrath and vengeance, until, giving up the idea of straightening matters out, Harry popped into his own machine, skilfully ran past the other auto, and resumed his homeward ride. In a moment the count and the lady were in their seat again, the count wheeled his machine about, and the pursuit began. By some deft turnings and twistings Harry managed to evade them and at last reached home.

He dashed into the house, eager to change his clothes and be ready to go to the station to meet Mr. Medders and Lucy. "Pigeon" Williams met him. Pigeon, as he was affectionately called, was a young man who tried his best to be a chum of Harry—for the reason that he was unusually attracted by Harry's sister Carolyn. It was natural that Pigeon should be at Swifton's that morning. He wanted to help Harry have things ready to entertain Lucy and her father, and besides he thought it would cheer Carolyn up to see one of her old friends on her own arrival.

"Is Carolyn here?" Harry asked, as he came in.

"Sure," replied Pigeon. "She got here half an hour ago—mad as the dickens because you didn't meet her at the train. Why didn't you? If I'd known you weren't going to, of course I could have gone."

"I meant to," Harry replied. "But I had a bit of a smash-up in the park."

"Smash-up? Again?"

"Nothing that amounted to much. Head-on bump into one of these runabout things—run about a day and then blow up. German dignitary in it, with a dashing brunette. No wonder he couldn't see me coming. He had to look at her."

"Didn't hurt them?"

"No. Just knocked the breath out of all of us. And her hat fell off, and my machine chewed it up. Look."

Harry dug into his pocket and produced the brim of the lady's hat, with a trailing string of red poppies. Pigeon laughed.

"Keep it for a souvenir?" he asked.

"Don't know. The German fellow got mad, and I came away in such a hurry I forgot what I was doing. Stuck the thing in my pocket absentmindedly, I guess."

"He got mad! No wonder."

"I think he's real peeved. When I

made my get-away he got his old cook stove into action and tried to follow me. But I escaped."

Harry went into his room and Pigeon sat down.

"How's Carolyn looking?" Harry called to him.

"Fine and dandy. Say, Harry," Pigeon went on, maliciously, "the fellows have it in for you."

"In for me! Why?" asked Harry, tugging at a collar button.

"They say you're a quitter. You used to be strong for stag parties, and all that, and now you don't care for anything but the country—and a country girl."

"That so?" Harry said, coming out. "Well, let 'em say what they please. I'm for the country—that's where you go for pure air, green fields, natural flowers, and natural girls. Pigeon, I'm through with all this bachelor stuff. No more of the stag suppers and poker parties for yours truly. I'm ready to quit and be good—if my plans work."

"I think you're dead right, Harry," Pigeon replied, solemnly, "judging from my own experience. There's nothing in this bachelor life."

"Your experience? Here, Methuselah! Take a cigar. Why, you're not even old enough to use a safety razor, boy!"

Pigeon blushed boyishly and felt of his tender mustache with an embarrassedly guilty expression.

"You're always rubbing it in on a fellow," he complained.

CHAPTER II.

Harry laughed sarcastically, and in the midst of his laugh Carolyn dashed into the room. A jolly, romping girl, just at the age when a girl doesn't know whether to keep on being a girl or to consider herself a woman, she paused for a moment at sight of Pigeon, then lost her formality and ran to Harry to greet him.

"Isn't she some girl, though?" Harry cried to Pigeon, with his arms around his sister. "Have to keep my eyes on you, from now on, young lady! You're getting to be too big and pretty."

"I'm not too big!" pouted Carolyn.

"Not a bit—and you couldn't be too pretty," Pigeon earnestly declared.

"I'll have to keep my eye on you, Harry," Carolyn giggled. "Wait until Lucy comes. Do you call her 'thee?'"

"I haven't turned into a whole Quaker yet," Harry answered. "Now you run along and see that this house looks like something."

"You'd better get someone to expurgate this den of yours," Carolyn flashed at him as she left the room. "Lucy and her father may be shocked at some of the things here."

"I'd like to know what there is in here to shock anyone," Harry said to Pigeon.

"Oh, nothing much," Pigeon chuckled. "But maybe that picture of the ballet girl and that figure of the Venus de Milo, and some of the other highly decorative effects are not quite what Lucy has at home."

"Why, those are works of art."

"Here's General Blazes to see you, Harry," called Carolyn from the hallway.

"Come right in, general!" Harry said. General Blazes, pompous, irascible and dignified, was Harry's attorney in several matters having to do with the estate left him by his father. He entered the room as gravely and as impressively as though he were approaching the bench of the United States Supreme court, and said:

"Good morning, boy. Here"—taking a packet from his inside pocket—"here are the deeds, all duly signed and sealed. I believe you will need no further advice from me."

"Thank you, general," Harry said, taking the documents. "That's mighty good of you. I appreciate your kindness in bringing these papers in yourself."

"No trouble at all, I assure you. I was passing on my way to my offices."

"Won't you have a little nip of something to strengthen you for the walk?"

"No, thank you. I am rather in haste. I am slightly worried about Mrs. Blazes."

"Worried? Why, I trust she is not ill."

"Not at all. She left early to-day, to shop for a sick friend."

"Shopping for a sick friend," chuckled Harry. "Are they having special sales of sick friends?"

The general ignored the jest, as, indeed, he ignored all jests.

"After that," he continued, "she was going to attend a luncheon where the ladies were to meet this Count von Fitz, who is such a social lion now."

"I've heard of him."

"Well," the general remarked, "I am dallying here when I should be hastening on. My wife should have been at home by this time. By the way, I don't believe you have met Mrs. Blazes."

"I met two of your wives at different times," Harry smiled; for the matrimonial experiments of the general were subjects of much comment.

"She's not one of the two," the general replied. "They left me by way of Reno long ago. I'm not a bam dit sorry."

Harry laughed again, for when the general became excited it was his habit to get his words twisted, sometimes with ludicrous effect.

The general regarded Harry's amusement with calm disapproval.

"My boy," he said, dropping his hand on Harry's shoulder, "let me give you one bit of good advice—not legal. When you marry for the third time—"

"But I haven't married my first yet," Harry protested.

"You will, however. And when you marry for the third time, don't marry a young, beautiful woman."

"Don't?"

"No. Don't. Half the time she'll have you making a fam dool of yourself."

Having delivered himself of this sage observation, the general stalked to the door, turned and bade Harry farewell, and started out, to bump against a woe-begone person, who was coming in at the same moment.

"I—I beg your pardon, humbly!" exclaimed the newcomer, in a thin, high, weepy voice.

"Br-r-r-r!" grumbled the general, brushing by him.

The newcomer glided in. His long, dark hair hung down to his collar, his white, thin hands plucked with melancholy grace at the roycroft tie he was wearing, and his eyes, which were set deep in his head, gleamed weirdly.

"Alas!" he said, "it is you!"

"You're a good guesser, Primmer," Harry said, grasping his hand. "I'm glad you could come to see us."

Socrates Primmer, a distant cousin of Lucy, and a school teacher who considered himself a poet, had accepted Harry's off-hand invitation to come and visit him at the same time as Lucy and her father were to come. Harry had not dreamed that Primmer would come, for he knew Primmer had long considered himself a suitor for the hand of the demure Quakeress. Nevertheless, here he was, and in the hand that was not adjusting his necktie was held a large hatbox, labeled, "Mlle. Daphne."

"Make yourself at home, old chap," Harry said. "What's that? Your baggage?"

"This?" Primmer sighed, indicating the hatbox. "This is a present I bought for Lucy. I happened to see it in the window of a store near here, and I purchased it and had it sent to this address. It just came, so I want to put it away and later give it to her with my own hands. Alas, my poor, poor Lucy!"

"Why—what's happened? What's so sad about Lucy?"

"She—she—oh, my poor, poor Lucy!" Primmer wailed, going slowly from the room.

"Well, wouldn't that bumb you!" Harry soliloquized. "Cousin Socrates is evidently allowing his blighted affections to act on his lachrymal glands. Now, looking about the room, I expect I'd better send Venus and the ballet girls to the attic for a much-needed rest."

He was just about to take the ballet girl picture from the wall, when he was startled by an angry argument in the hallway. One voice was that of a woman, another that of the butler, and the third the broken accents of the German into whose auto Harry had smashed.

"Great guns!" he exclaimed. "They've trailed me down."

Into the room rushed the pair.

"You!" both cried.

CHAPTER III.

For a moment the couple looked at Harry and Harry looked at them. It would be difficult to say whether they or he felt the greater surprise.

"I want that hat!" spoke the lady, in determined tones.

"Yess. Ve vant dot hat!" said the gentleman.

"I haven't a hat," Harry explained.

The German was about to explode in a few belligerent remarks, but the lady put her hand on his arm to restrain him, and said in milder tones:

"You can help me out of a most distressing situation, sir."

"How so, madam?" Harry asked.

"We have just come from the new milliner's around the corner. I recognize you as the gentleman who figured in that unfortunate accident this morning, and strangely enough the milliner says that she sent to this house within an hour the perfect duplicate of my hat, which your auto ruined."

"Yellow it vas," interrupted the German. "Yellow, mit red puppies on it."

"Poppies, not puppies, count," said the lady. "Now, sir," to Harry, "I must have the hat which was sent here. Mine was an imported model and the milliner had but this one duplicate."

"There has been no hat delivered here," Harry replied.

"But it was," the lady argued. "And I must have it."

"I vill go now, iff you please," said the German, who had been growing more and more nervous, evidently being anxious to be well out of the scrape as soon as possible.

"No," Harry said, sternly. "Wait a minute. If the hat was sent here I should know it. There may be a mistake. Ring up this milliner person and find out just what there is to it. Use the phone there, madam."

CAROLYN

The lady smiled with relief, went to the phone and called for a number.

"Hello," she said. "Is Ma'mselle Daphne Daffington there? Is this you, Ma'mselle?"

"Daphne Daffington!" Harry muttered. "Can't be little Daphne I used to flirt with!"

"This is Mrs. Blazes," the lady said into the phone.

Harry started at that. "Mrs. Blazes!" he said in a hoarse whisper to the German. "Not Mrs. General Blazes?"

"Exactly!" the German assured him.

"Where did you deliver that dupli-

cate of my hat?" Mrs. Blazes asked. After the reply, still holding the receiver to her ear, she turned and asked Harry:

"What's the number of this house?"

"Three hundred and ten."

"They say it didn't reach here," Mrs. Blazes said into the phone. "What? You are sure it did? You will come over yourself? Thank you."

She hung up the receiver and turned to Harry with:

"She is positive that the hat was delivered here, and to make sure she says she will come herself. Now, that hat is here, evidently. And I must have it."

"Yess," the German belligerently added. "Ve must haff it."

But Harry had by this time divined who the German was—he could be no one else than the dapper Count von Fitz, whose flirtatious escapades were discussed on all sides. And, this being Mrs. Blazes, and the General being worried because his wife had not yet come home, Harry could put two and two together and reason that the Count and the dashing Mrs. Blazes had gone for a jolly little ride through the park, which ride had been spoiled by the untoward accident which destroyed her hat.

"Why don't you go and get a hat—any kind of a hat?" he asked. "I'll be glad to pay for it, as I was partially at fault when your hat was ruined."

"Oh, sir," Mrs. Blazes answered, "I wouldn't dare to go home without that particular hat, or its exact duplicate. My husband is very jealous. He would be sure to want to know where the original hat had gone—in fact, it is his favorite hat. Please, please give me the hat."

"But I tell you I haven't it. I'd give it to you in a minute if I had it."

"Vat a nonsense!" the Count cried.

Mrs. Blazes was about to say something, when a strange voice was heard outside.

"Right up here? Thank thee." It was the voice of Amos Medders.

"Great heavens!" Harry hissed. "They've come. My future father-in-law, and my future fiancee!"

"Aha!" the Count said, malevolently. "Unless you gif us der hat ve vill make some trouble."

"Please go!" Harry begged. 'Please! I haven't the hat. I'll get you a whole hat store, if you'll only go!"

But they were adamant. Mrs. Blazes, nerved to desperation because she knew she simply could not go home without her hat, planked herself into a chair and announced that she would stay right there until he gave her her own hat.

An inspiration came to Harry. Taking Mrs. Blazes by the arm he said:

"I'll send out and get you the hat. I'll get that milliner to rush another duplicate for you. Here, hide in here for a while. You understand there'd be no end of talk if you were found here."

He rushed Mrs. Blazes to the door of his own room and pushed her in and slammed the door, then turned to the count.

"Now you may go," he said.

The Count was only too willing, but Lucy and her father could be heard coming nearer. Bewildered, Harry grabbed the Count by the arm and shoved him into the library on the other side from his own room.

"I can't meet them while I am in this condition," he said, looking about the room. "I'm so nervous they'd think I was guilty of something terrible or that I didn't want them here. If I were guilty I could carry it off easily. Thus does innocence get the hooks!"

And as Lucy and her father came into the room he slipped out of the door leading to the back hallway.

Wonderingly, Lucy Medders and her father parted the hangings and entered Harry's den. They gazed about them, at the steins, the boxing gloves, the pipe racks, the pictures and all the other fittings of a bachelor's den.

On the table lay a deck of cards, a half smoked cigar, an opened box of cigarettes, and some scattered red, white and blue chips.

"Oh-h!" Lucy gasped. "Isn't it lovely, father?"

"And this"—Mr. Medders said—"this is Harry's home?"

"It seemeth different from our own home, doth it not?" Lucy asked, shyly.

"Verily, daughter," Medders remarked, coming to a stop before the highly colored picture of the ballet girls, "there be nothing like this at home."

"Why," Lucy said, looking at the picture, "see the ladies in the rainy day skirts!"

"I see the ladies," Medders said, drily, "but where are the skirts? Verily, daughter, they must have feared a flood."

"Perhaps," Lucy offered, seeing that her father viewed the picture with disapproval, "perhaps it is a biblical scene."

"Nay, daughter. If it were, more people would be buying Bibles."

Medders turned from the picture, and his attention was caught by the statuette of the Venus de Milo. He looked at it intently.

"This is a sad sight, daughter," he remarked.

"Because her arms are broken, father?" Lucy asked, innocently, not understanding that her father was expressing a dislike to such works of art. "Peradventure she broke them off trying to hook her dress in the back," she continued, merrily.

"She hath no dress to hook," Medders said, solemnly. "But, aside from these, the place hath a seemly look."

CHAPTER IV.

FROM the hallway came gliding in the sorrowful figure of Socrates Primmer. He caught his breath sharply at sight of Lucy, and then advanced, with his hands outstretched.

"Ah, my poor, poor cousin Lucy!" he wailed.

"Oh, cousin Socrates!" Lucy cried. "How nice of thee to come."

Medders looked on with kindly amusement. He had long known of Primmer's unrequited attachment for Lucy, and to him it seemed that the best course to pursue was to allow Primmer to weep it out. Primmer looked mournfully at Lucy and said: "As Riley might have written:

"Now my heart is full of sorrow and my soul would fain repine
For another fellow's courting that old sweetheart of mine."

"But," Lucy smiled, "I am not old, and I am not thy sweetheart, cousin Socrates."

"Verily, Socrates," Medders said, "thou would'st make a poor sort of husband, weeping continually about the house. Thou mightst dampen the clothes on ironing day, though."

"Don't mind father, cousin Socrates," Lucy said. "He doth but jest."

"Harry said for me to ask thee to allow me to show thee to thy room, Uncle Medders," Socrates observed, lugubriously. "And his sister will come this moment to greet poor, poor Cousin Lucy."

Primmer led Medders out. Lucy looked about her, wonderingly, for a moment, but whatever her thoughts may have been, they were ended suddenly when Harry hurried in.

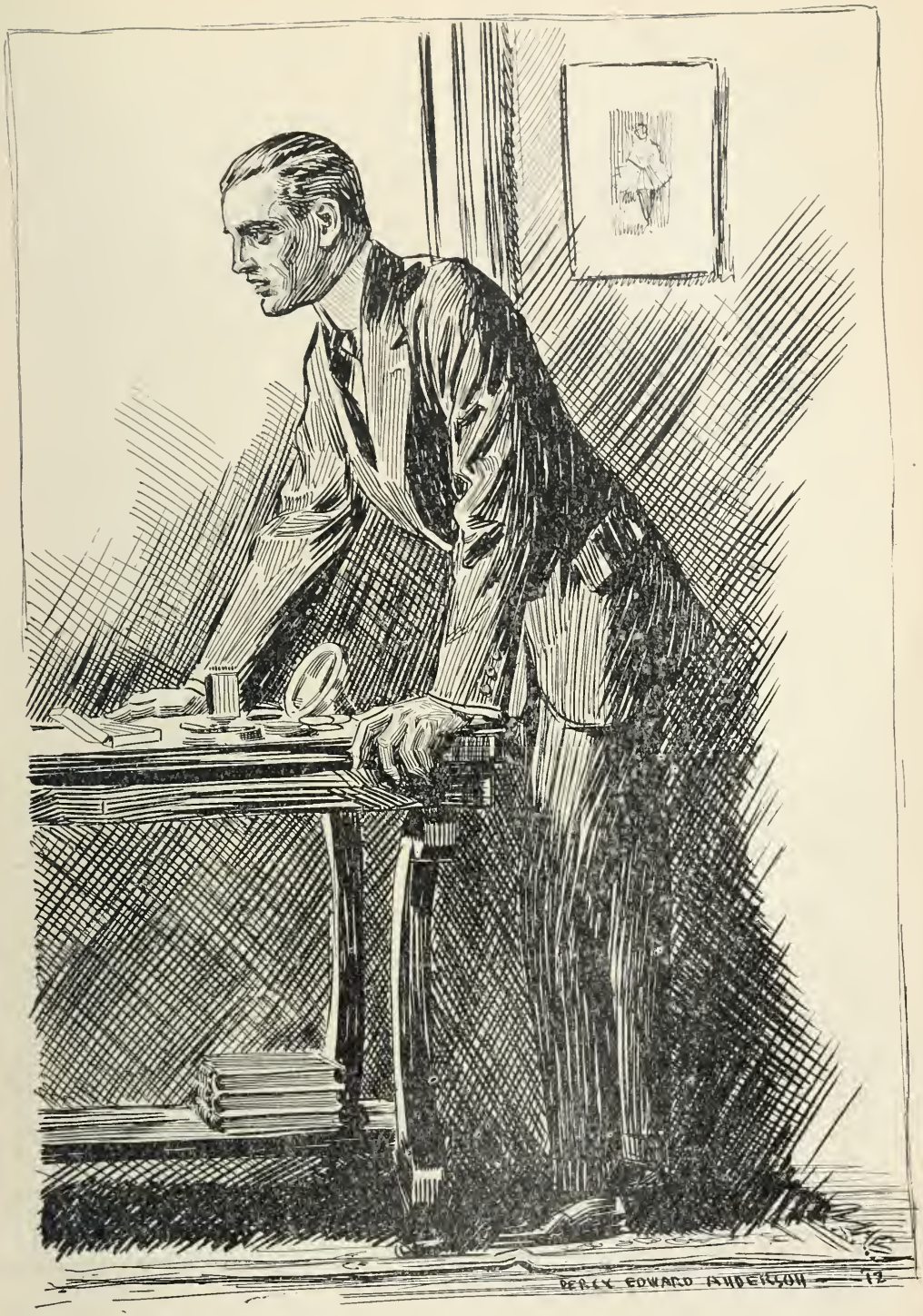
"I'm so sorry not to have met you when you arrived," he said, seizing both her hands, while she drew herself away in shyness.

"I am truly glad to see thee, Harry," she told him. "Thy house is most seemly."

Harry looked quickly at her. There seemed to be an undercurrent of hidden meaning in her words. But a glance at her lovely face, framed in the sunny hair escaping from beneath the simple Quaker bonnet, was enough to convince him that there had been no guile in her remark.

Lucy, in her plain, almost severe, gray dress, with just the touch of white at neck and throat, and the soft gray ribbons tying her bonnet beneath her chin, was a marked contrast to the dashing beauties he knew. But with all her simplicity of manner she had that indefinable quality called "charm," which may not be acquired through the donning of gaudy raiment and the heightening of the color of the cheeks, nor by any of the extraneous aids to beauty. And such charm, also, may not be lost at any moment by the one possessing it. Charm in a woman is like magnetism in a man. It manifests itself unconsciously and naturally, so that others measure the possessor by it and not by his or her appearance.

"I AM TRULY GLAD TO SEE THEE, HARRY. THY HOUSE IS MOST SEEMLY"



HARRY LOOKED QUICKLY AT HER. THERE SEEMED TO BE AN UNDERCURRENT OF MEANING IN HER WORDS

Harry drew her toward him, still holding her hands. There was no mistaking his wish. Lucy, unsophisticated though she was, evidently understood him.

"Nay, Harry," Lucy said. "Thee knows I do not think a girl should be kissed before she is wedded."

"All right!" Harry laughed, dropping her hands. "You always have your way with me. A girl ought to be mighty careful who kisses her after she is married, too, don't you think?"

Lucy smiled quaintly. Some of Harry's jests were a bit too flippant for her. Harry went on:

"Really, I'm mighty sorry I didn't meet you at the train. But, you see, I had a little trouble with my machine this morning."

"It was as well that thee did not meet us. It would have spoiled father's plans. We wanted to find thee in thy usual atmosphere."

Again Harry looked quickly at her. The surroundings were such as to make him keenly alive to any possible suggestion of some other meaning than her words implied. But Lucy's face was as serious as ever. She looked about the room, and sighed:

"Thy house is just lovely."

"It will be," Harry said, glancing apprehensively at the door of the room where Mrs. Blazes was waiting patiently for her hat—"It will be when it's fixed up. Some things have to be moved out."

"And will thy sister—Carolyn—will she show me about the house?" Lucy asked.

"Certainly," Harry answered, gallantly. "But you don't need her. Just make yourself at home. Go anywhere you like."

Lucy started toward the room where Harry had placed Mrs. Blazes. But Harry was following her to detain her.

"And in here?" Lucy asked. "What have you there, Harry?"

"There? There?" Harry stammered. "Why—why, that's just some old junk in there. Wouldn't interest you at all."

"A junk room? How odd!"

"Yes—I—you see—I used to have a fad of collecting junk."

The sweat was standing on Harry's brow. He knew that Mrs. Blazes could overhear him, and his brief experience with that lady taught him that she had a natural feminine aversion to being termed junk. If she should decide to assert herself by opening the door and making a few remarks! The thought was appalling.

"Come, Lucy," he suggested. "Let's go and see—and see the goldfish."

"Nay, Harry," she smiled. "Let me see thy collection of junk. I did not know thee were an authority on that."

"Later, Lucy," he said. "Later."

"Then I will peep into thy library," she decided. "Is not this it?"

She started to the other door, opening into the room where the Count was whiling the time away and contenting his soul with such patience as he could muster.

"No, no!" Harry said, almost frantically, catching Lucy's arm. "Not now!"

"But why, Harry?"

"I—I've got a little surprise in there for you, Lucy."

"A surprise? Oh, surprise me now!"

"That would spoil it all," he assured her, feeling that his ruse was working.

"How can it surprise me later, when I know it is to be a surprise, anyway?" she asked, with feminine logic.

"Well—it will be a surprise—and I—that is—"

"Now, Harry, thee has aroused my curiosity. I will see now."

"No," he told her, firmly. "Not now. Later."

"But now, Harry."

"Oh, come, Lucy," he said, with a man's usual lack of judgment. "Be reasonable."

"Ah, thee call me unreasonable! Oh, if father knew that already thee had called me that!" she pouted.

"No, no. I didn't say you were unreasonable. I just—just asked you to be reasonable."

"But that is the same thing!" She stamped her little foot with the words.

"Lucy, you misjudge me," he said, solemnly. "I simply was not ready for you to look in there yet."

"Alas!" Lucy almost wept. "To

think that we have had our first quarrel already!"

Harry came near to her and murmured:

"Well, let us make up. One kiss to show me you forgive me."

"Nay, Harry," she protested, but not very forcibly. "Thee knowest I do not approve of that."

"How can you approve of a thing until you have it?" Harry wanted to know. And then—Socrates Primmer, hat box in hand, appeared in the doorway, and what he saw sent his heart thumping to his boot heels.

"Woe is me!" he said, sadly. "The time to give her my present is not yet."

And as he turned to go he collided with Carolyn. That plump young lady accepted his apology gaily, and left him still delivering it as he went on down the hall, while she rushed to Lucy and greeted her effusively.

"We're going to have the jolliest time ever!" Carolyn cried delightedly. "Come. Leave Harry to his own miserable company, and I'll show you your room."

As she turned, she remembered something.

"Harry," she said, "I want some pillows out of your room."

Carolyn rushed to the door of Harry's bedroom and seized the knob. Harry sank weakly into a chair and awaited the blow.

"It's all over," he said to himself. Carolyn tried the door, but it would not open.

"Why, Harry!" she said. "Your room is locked."

"Eh? Oh! What? Harry said. "Locked? Now, who could have locked it?"

He fumbled in his pockets, meanwhile listening acutely for the sound which would tell him that Mrs. Blazes was presenting herself. But, blessings upon her head! She did no such thing. With a gasp of relief Harry said:

"I've left the key somewhere. I'll look for it after a while."

Lucy looked at Carolyn with an awe-stricken face.

"Is that Harry's bedroom?" she asked, in horrified tones.

"Why, yes!" Carolyn answered.

"And I desired to see it! Oh! Harry, what must thee think of me. And how nice it was of thee to tell me it was only a junk room."

She went out with Carolyn, leaving Harry sunk dejectedly in a big chair. After the girls were gone he looked apprehensively first at one door, then at the other. Slowly he shook his head, trying to fathom the muddle into which he had plunged himself.

"If I had tried to fix this up for myself," he said, sighing deeply, "it couldn't have been worse."

But it could be—and was about to be—much worse.

CHAPTER V.

Unannounced, there entered the room a slender woman, whose face was half hidden by a huge, flopping, bushel-basket type of hat, the brim of which was draped with flaunting, flapping lace, and from whose crown lifted into the air a gorgeous array of feathers and ribbons and flowers. A tight-fitting gown, with the skirt so hobbled that her steps were painfully mincing, encased her form, and from behind her drifted the most remarkable train that ever was. She tottered in on her high-heeled shoes and peered about the place with a mingling of coyness and assurance that was amazing. Harry looked up, saw her, and groaned. Then he lapsed back further into the chair and mentally gave himself up to the inevitable with the words:

"Ye gods! Daphne Daffington!"

She looked him over coolly, and said:

"You!"

He nodded his head weakly. Things had been piling themselves up too rapidly for him to be able to face the situation with any assurance whatever.

"After all these years!" she exclaimed. "To find you at last. Where have you been all this time?"

"Oh"—confusedly—"I've been here and there—first at home and then away off."

"Well," she said, pursing her lips determinedly, "you're away off if you think you can shake me as easily now as you did the last time."

"I'm sorry, Daphne," Harry told her. "I know you have a right to think harshly of me."

"A right!" she said, scornfully.

"I know," he confessed, "that you think I treated you shabbily."

"Shabbily?" she sniffed. "You only call it shabby to ask me to go to a ball game, and leave me under an awning in a pouring rain—and that's the last I see of you in two whole, long, weary years!"

Harry squirmed.

"I guess that wasn't right, Daphne," he acknowledged.

"You said you were going for a cab," she accused him.

Harry jumped up suddenly.

"I'll go and get you one now," he offered.

Daphne stopped him with a steely glance, and demanded:

"Where's that hat I sent here?"

Harry stared at her for the moment with utter blankness. Then it slowly filtered through his brain that she was the milliner to whom Mrs. Blazes had telephoned. Daphne misinterpreted his stare for one of admiration, and with a remarkable imitation of shyness, she asked:

"Do you think my new gown is becoming, really?"

"It's a beaut," Harry informed her. "It's a beaut. How do you get it on? With a shoe horn?"

"There you go again!" Daphne said, accusingly. "You were always so full of sarcasm that you acted sour. I want that hat I sent over here."

"You never sent any hat here."

"Yes, I did. A yellow hat, trimmed with red poppies. It was a duplicate of an imported model that I sold to one of my best patrons."

"I've heard of that hat," Harry mused. Then he said, brightly: "Why, you're not the renowned Mlle. Daphne, the milliner, are you?"

"None other," preened Daphne. "You see, I have risen to fame and achieved my ambitions, while you have been content to remain in obscurity."

"To my sorrow," Harry replied, "that is too true, Daphne. But about the hat, I really know nothing of it. There must be a mistake."

"It came here, all right," Daphne replied. "The party who got it wouldn't give his name. He just gave this number."

"Well, I wish such a hat were here. The messenger must have taken it to the wrong house. Now, Daphne, I want just such a hat as that, and I'll pay you a good price for it."

Daphne shook her head judicially, and fluttered her hands as though she had been asked to pluck a few stars from the sky.

"I can't make another," she said. "There aren't any more like the original. I had two models, but they're both gone. One I sold to Mrs. Blazes—"

"Mrs. Blazes!" Harry interrupted.

"Yes," Daphne said, "Mrs. General Blazes."

Harry looked at the door of his room, expecting Mrs. Blazes to come forth and enter the discussion. What construction Daphne might put on her presence, concealed, in his house, he feared to imagine. This, coupled with his old flirtation with Daphne, and her sensistively jealous disposition, would be sure to make things unpleasant for him. And, further, if she learned that Lucy was here, and discovered his fondness for Lucy, he knew mighty well what sort of a row she would kick up. He trembled at the thought. Daphne saw his trepidation.

"Why?" she asked. "What is Mrs. Blazes to you?"

"Nothing," Harry said, fervently. "Absolutely nothing."

"Well, you acted queer. You always did act queer," Daphne said. "Anyway, the other hat was sent here, and I want to get it."

"But it isn't here," Harry assured her. "If it were, I wouldn't let you have it, because I want one like it myself. Can't you make one for me?"

"I might," Daphne said, assuming the coy air that she fancied to be so irresistible. "Why do you want a hat? Is it for your sister?"

"No, Daphne. You see, it's this

way. I—I'm to have a guest—two guests. A young lady I'm greatly interested in—you see, it has been so long since we parted that I am sure you have forgotten me—and so—well, this young lady is to visit my sister, and—well, I've got to get that hat."

"Is the hat for her?" Daphne asked, interestedly.

"No," Harry blundered. "It's for another woman."

Daphne drew herself up with the pose of a tragedy queen.

"Aha!" she said, in denunciatory tones. "So you're up to your old tricks, are you?"

Harry wilted at that, and could make no sufficient reply.

"Well," Daphne decided, "I'll make you the hat—on one condition. I'll get it finished this afternoon, provided that you and I—just our two little selves—shall have one of our old time cozy, comfy dinners to-night."

Harry was aghast. This was too much. The more he tried to get out of his trouble the more new troubles were invented for him.

"Daphne," he said, "I—I simply can't do that."

"Two years ago," Daphne reminded him, "you would have jumped at the chance to have the dinner, and never have bothered about the hat."

"I know, but, Daphne, it is impossible. You see, these guests will be here, and I can't be away when I should be entertaining them."

"They won't miss you," Daphne said, cruelly. "You're not so very entertaining."

"I know it—and I'm at my worst to-day. So," with a hopeful cadence in his voice, "you get me the hat and we'll have that little dinner some other evening."

"No dinner to-night, no hat to-day," was Daphne's ultimatum, when from somewhere in the house came the voices of Lucy and Carolyn calling to Harry.

"Great Scott!" he muttered. "This thing's getting worse! They mustn't see you here."

"They?" Daphne asked. "Who are 'they?'"

"One is my sister; the other is—the other girl."

"Oh, goodness, Harry!" Daphne almost wept. "I didn't mean to get you into trouble. Hide me, hide me! Heavens! If there should be any talk about me—just when my millinery business is doing so nicely. You ought to be ashamed to allow an innocent girl to take such chances as this."

But Harry was hurrying her toward the library door. At first he had unconsciously started her toward the other one, but halted, remembering that Mrs. Blazes was there. He mutely directed her to go into the library, and then said in a hasty whisper:

"Don't pay any attention to the man in there. Just hide yourself in there a few minutes, and I'll get the girls to go back downstairs on some pretext."

As the door closed on Daphne he left the room and so he did not hear from the library the voice of the Count saying:

"Vell, py gracious! Liddle Daphne."

Nor the amazed tones of Daphne as she exclaimed:

"Why, Count! What are you doing here?"

To be continued

Marrying off Blood Royal

By Florence Burton Heartt

Illustrated with Photographs

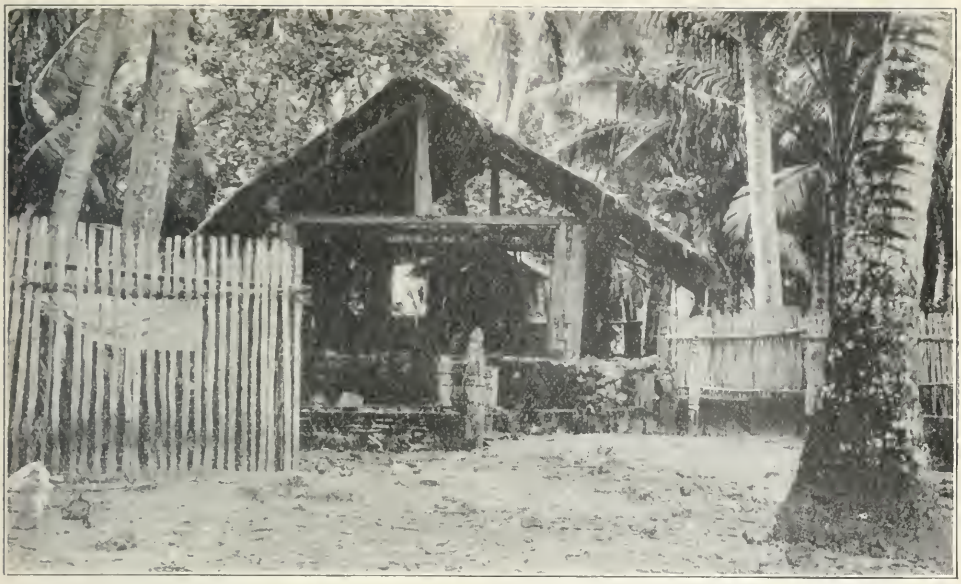
IT was an intensely hot morning even for the tropics; but it would have taken more than that to keep us from the Moro wedding up the River, especially as there is but little diversion in Cotobato,—a unique town on the Rio Grande de Mindanao, containing not more than three hundred inhabitants, only a few of whom are Americans.

A Moro wedding! Not the everyday sort of wedding with which we are familiar, where a blushing, frightened bride walks up the aisle of a well-filled church on the arm of her father, to the strains of the Lohengrin March, and where, after the words have been said which "pronounce them man and wife", the newly-married couple walk out of the church with a tired, strained smile on their faces and a feeling of relief that it is over. No! This was to be something quite different. But what sort of ceremony would these barbaric Mohammedans have,—these primitive people whose only right is might?

Nine o'clock found us on the dock—a Constabulary officer, an interpreter and myself. The officer old in service but young in years; a man irritable from long service in the tropics, with eyes constantly on the alert as though expecting an enemy to steal up behind him and decapitate him with his deadly kris; a man unloved by the natives, believing extermination the only solution of the problem of the Moros. The interpreter, a brown, fat, little native with avaricious eyes, whose one ambition in life seemed to be to win the approbation of the "man higher up", to which end he would not hesitate to elaborate the most commonplace happening until it assumed an unrecognizable aspect. Both his attitude and his smile were servile to a degree; and his habit of nervously wringing his hands and bobbing his head when talking accentuated his efforts to please. As for myself, I had but recently arrived from the States, and had the abundance of fresh, States energy which enables one to find no end of interest in all that is new and strange in people and surroundings. My enthusiasm seemed as remarkable to those around me as all these strange customs were to me; for alas! one soon loses exuberance of spirit, and a languid inertia is the inevitable result of a prolonged stay in the Orient.

RIO GRANDE DE MINDANAO, KNOWN AS THE COTOBATO RIVER

While we were waiting for the vintas which were to take us up the river a vicious-looking crocodile dragged himself up on the opposite shore and spread himself in the sun. This dirty yellow river swarms with these reptiles, and it is not an uncommon thing to hear of natives being dragged from their boats by these hideous creatures and buried in the mud under the water; for a crocodile will never eat freshly-killed meat.



A MORO (MOHOMMEDAN) CHURCH SAID TO BE SEVERAL HUNDRED YEARS OLD

And now all was ready for our start up the river in the native boats, which are hollowed out of a single tree trunk. The Moros who paddled us were dressed for the most part in a single dirty cloth wrapped around their loins, and the inevitable gaily-colored turban of the Mohammedan wound around their heads,—which is about as much protection from the sun as are the banana leaves which the naked children balance on their heads to keep off the rain! In about an hour we arrived at the house of the Princessa of Cotobato, which, like all native houses, is built entirely of bamboo and thatched with leaves of the nipa palm. As we alighted from our vintas the Sultan came down to the water's edge to meet us. This man, the Sultan of Maguindanao, was at one time the most powerful chief in the Island; but with loss of wealth came loss of followers and power, and so, for state reasons, he had been married to his wealthy widowed cousin, Ragina Putry, the Princessa of Cotobato.

The Sultan was dressed in a light suit of cerise over which he wore a loose garment of dark blue, richly embroidered in gold; a turban of indescribable hues completed his costume. The slaves who surrounded him were hardly less gorgeous than the Sultan himself. He came forward with outstretched hands to greet us and invite us into the house. We ascended the steps and entered its only room. Everything seemed chaos at first, but as one studied it there appeared to be some semblance of order in the confusion. Piles of chests, three and four deep, lined one side of the room; each containing, I suppose, the entire earthly possessions of one of the individuals of the household (and there were many), while on the other side the cooking and preparation of food was going on. In the middle of the room was the Princessa's bed, or perhaps I should rather say the place where she slept; for it was only a straw petate spread on the floor, with at least fifty pillows piled upon it. Supported by poles was a dirty cotton canopy which could be let down at night. On all sides were brasses that would turn one's head,—candlesticks, trays, large covered jars in which food is kept, braziers, and many other things of wonderful design, made by the Moros and handed down in their families for many centuries.

There were at least a hundred men, women and naked children in the room; and color ran riot. Flaming red tur-

bans adorned the heads of many; in one corner was an old patriarch whose peculiarly twisted turban told one he had made the much-to-be-envied trip to Mecca. A mother in vivid blue was arranging the glossy black tresses of a young girl in dashing green. The gleaming knife which each man wore at his side struck a note of terror; but their unconcerned expressions were reassuring. Light-colored skin is a mark of beauty among the women, and our little brown sisters are not averse to using face powder on their smooth, fruit-colored skin, with ridiculous results. Some of them impress one as being really beautiful, with their long straight hair, and soft languid eyes; until they open their mouths and display a row of filed and blackened teeth.

I could not distinguish the Princessa until Captain Carew pointed to a group of women squatting on the floor beside an open window. At first they all looked alike; but I soon discovered the one who was receiving the attention of all the rest. The Princessa looked about forty years of age; but who can judge age in this country where women mature early and fade so rapidly? Her dress was the same as that of the other women, except that it was all white, and made of silk. The waist was thin and light, her brown skin showing plainly through it, and her sarong was of a beautiful heavy soft silk. The two slaves standing beside her were arrayed in gorgeous purple. Occasionally the Moros' color combinations are pleasing; but ordinarily they seem to prefer such contrasts as bright pink with flaming red, or purple, or orange.

Ragina Putry's hands are very pretty, and she moves them gracefully to display her many rings of gold and silver. Her only occupation in life seems to be opening and closing her buya boxes which are always on a tray in front of her, and selecting leaves for the wrapping of the betal nut which she chews constantly. This buya chewing is a universal custom among the Moros. The betel nut is first mixed with a lime paste, and the whole wrapped in a buya leaf. It helps to complete the process of blackening the filed teeth, which has been begun with the soot of burning cocoanut shells. Its effect is slightly stimulating; it increases the saliva and colors it a bright red, so that the floors look more like slaughter-houses than dwelling-places.

There is little expression in the Princessa's face, but she has a haughty repose and dignity of bearing which could come only through a long line of ancestral rulers. While all the others in the room seemed quite impressed with our appearance, and studied us with undisguised curiosity, the Princessa affected absolute unconcern. I gave her my sweetest smile, but she returned only a blank stare. Later the Governor told me that if I had given her a big black cigar she would have smiled quickly enough!

An antiquated settee was brought out for us, and we must have sat for two hours in that insufferably hot room with all the natives crowded around us; but,—there is always something to be thankful for,—they are quite odorless except for the cocoanut oil which they use on their hair. Now a tray of food was brought for the Princessa, and she ate very daintily of the rice and cooked bananas, dipping her fingers from time to time in a brass bowl of water. Soon the Sultan entered and squatted down upon the floor to join her in a silent meal. He ate greedily and was not in the least careful in conveying the food to his mouth. When he had filled it to its utmost capacity, he closed his eyes and rocked to and fro disposing of the food as best he could in large and noisy gulps,—a proceeding which by no means increased the attractiveness of this pox-marked man with the expression of an imbecile.

While they were eating I told a youth to ask the Princessa if she would sell me some very beautiful candlesticks which I saw in the room; for her Highness is not above selling anything at a price, and is splendid at driving a bargain. He looked quite terrified and said he would not dare speak to Ragina Putry while she was eating. Later, however, she said she

did not care to sell the candlesticks, as they had belonged to her mother; but we were successful in purchasing a huge brass tray about four feet in diameter, which is as fine a specimen of old Moro work as I have ever seen.

After the Sultan and Princessa had finished eating and picking their teeth with a long, thin, flat blade like a paper-cutter, Ragina Putry arose, draped her sarong carefully around her, and walked slowly toward the door. The royal prerogative of keeping everyone waiting is fully exercised by her Highness. The distance from the house to the boat that was waiting to take her to the wedding was only about a hundred feet; yet it took her at least half an hour to walk that short distance and settle herself among her pillows under the nipa roof in the stern of the boat, with her slaves around her. The boat was gaily decorated with flags, and it required about twenty men to paddle it. We were obliged to sit on bamboo poles on the side, as the centre of the boat was completely taken up by the musical instruments and their players, and the women who, —shall I say?—sang their two nasal tones continually. All the instruments were of brass, from the huge argum, or gong, to the smaller ones or Kulingtuns, which are arranged in a series of seven, according to size, on two parallel bamboo sticks and played by tapping the raised center with another piece of bamboo. There are several other instruments; but, judging by our standard, there is no music in all the noise they make, although the rhythm is good.

The noonday sun was pouring straight down upon us, and the heat, combined with the music, shouting, and continual saluting with guns, was almost unendurable. As we neared the house in which the wedding was to take place, Ragina Putry decided to anchor in midstream to take her daily siesta before the celebration; but we arranged to have some natives take us in vintas to the shore where we could hear the music and shouting more comfortably and see the crowd which had gathered around the house to enjoy the festivities.

THE PRINCESSA OF COTOBATO AND A FEW OF HER SLAVES

Under a tree sat the poor insignificant-looking Sultan, who had been obliged to paddle up the river in an open boat, there being no room in the Princessa's cabin for him. Seated on a stump near by was the bridegroom, a truly fine-looking youth of not more than fourteen. His face was much more intelligent than that of the average Moro; and the poor child seemed as nervous as a civilized bridegroom. Over a robe of amber-colored satin, he wore a looser garment of rose silk which hung to the ground; and his tightly twisted turban was of gold cloth. In hand he carried a brilliant pink handkerchief; and a pair of American-made tan shoes completed the startling effect. The shoes, however, were removed before the ceremony.

The bride's father greeted us with a naked baby in his arms; and a kindlier face and more delightful smile I have never seen. He invited us into the house, which was much like the Princessa's except that it contained more brass and some old Spanish furniture which had very likely been borrowed for the occasion. Naturally, we

wanted to see the bride; but she could not be persuaded to appear,—assuming great airs, which the Moros are so fond of doing. Two chests were brought out for us to sit upon, and once more we became the center of a curious crowd. It must have been three o'clock by this time, and we were not ungrateful when our host set trays of food before us, and green cocoanuts with the tops cut off so that we might drink the water. We were too famished to be particular, and scarcely realized until later how atrociously sweet and oily everything was.

It was not until long after this that the bridegroom appeared, and then there was another wait before the four priests entered. They stood quite near us, and the oldest,—a very old man,—read something from the Koran. Here the women started their monotonous singing again; and the poor bridegroom looked as though his last day had come.

At this point I looked about the room. A scrawny cat was tearing a straw petate, the daughter of Ragina Putry had taken down her long black hair and was rearranging it while her slaves prepared buya for her to chew; in one corner two men were having a very animated discussion which I feared would end in blows; but no one seemed in the least disturbed or annoyed by such details.

The priests and the bride's parents, placing their hands upon the hand of the groom, chanted some phrases to which he made responses. This was a sort of compact in which the families were swearing loyalty to each other, their children and their children's children. This part of the ceremony concluded, the bridegroom sat down while the priests walked about the room and chatted with the guests.

Another long wait which seemed truly interminable. The interpreter told us that the rest of the ceremony could not be performed until the Princessa arrived, which she seemed in no hurry to do. At last there was a general stir, and all eyes turned toward the door through which Ragina Putry was about to appear. She paused at the threshold, and surveyed, with studied unconcern, the faces of those who were assembled, to see if she had created the desired impression. Then, with her hand upon the shoulder of a slave, she advanced a few steps, her proud head held high, and a smile of satisfaction in her eyes. Once again she stopped, and yet again, to gaze into the faces of her awed subjects who seemed ready to cringe and fall at her feet at the least sign of disapproval. She stood majestically before the open window and readjusted her sarong which had become disarranged during her entrance. As she stood there, languidly drinking in the beauties of the landscape, her hand across her breast, one realized the regal power she had over her subjects. She dropped down in a delightful pose among the cushions which had been arranged for her on the floor, and played lazily with a little child while her women prepared the buya. Now the tension relaxed; a hum of voices filled the room, and the looks of awe gave way to expectant smiles.

Each guest received a lighted red candle which gave the scene a truly festive appearance. We all stood up and craned our necks; and I began to hum, mentally, "Here comes the bride, get on to her stride". But the bride didn't stride, nor glide, nor even walk into the room. Through the door toward which all eyes were turned came six men, carrying in their midst a large heavy bundle of silk which they deposited on the floor in the middle of the room, and remained kneeling around it. They were followed by six women who threw a voluminous gauze of gold and white over the bundle, arranging and rearranging it a dozen times at least. What effect they were striving for I could not determine; for it seemed always the same to me, although it was evidently a very important detail to them. At last they seemed satisfied; and as they stepped back everyone crowded around in a sort of worshipful admiration. I was speculating as to whether this was a wedding gift, an heirloom, or the bridal finery, when the bundle moved and a little brown hand slipped out. Then I realized

NOISE, BUT NOT MUSIC, IS PRODUCED BY THESE MORO MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

for the first time that this must be the bride. Poor little thing! how uncomfortable she must have been, bundled up in such a position! I glanced at Capt. Carew, expecting to find the same look of amazement on his face which my own must have betrayed; but it was evidently no surprise to him, and he looked only interested.

Everyone stepped aside as the priest, leading the groom by the hand, came toward the bride, chanting in a monotone which sounded more like a funeral dirge than a wedding ceremony. The faces of all were very solemn, and, for the first time, absolute silence reigned in the house. Slowly, and with measured steps, they walked around the bride, once, twice, thrice; and then an exultant shout broke forth, each man slapping the man next to him on the shoulder, or giving him a playful shake, while even the Princessa smiled her approval. The groom retired to his seat on the box, but the little bundle did not stir again, nor did the groom make any effort to see the bride. We did not even get a peep at her,—fancy such a wedding!—for the ceremony was over, and the same men who had carried her in carried her out again. Capt. Carew said this is the custom at Moro weddings; and, worse than that, the newly married couple cannot see each other for from three days to three weeks after the ceremony, according to their caste.

We did not wait for the usual festivities which followed, but we could see the men arranging their queer musical instruments, and the women draping themselves for the dance; which reminds me of Father Crevas' description of it:—"But what dancing! Not in vain are these people our antipodes! They dance with every part of their body but their feet!"

There was much to think of as we drifted homeward in the cool of the evening. While the ceremony lacked impressiveness and sanctity in our eyes, it fitted the needs of this peculiar primitive people; and I wondered if it were any satisfaction to the bride to know that she was the first, and therefore always most to be considered of the four wives, which, according to the Koran, a man is allowed to have.

Canadium

PROBABLY THE METALLIC MISSING LINK

By John Coggswell

Illustrated from Photographs

SCIENTISTS are of the opinion that for the first time in a quarter century a new metal has been discovered. Twenty-five years ago Winkler found germanium. Since then the researches of mineralogists have failed to unearth anything new, until recently, Andrew Gordon French, conducting operations near Nelson, British Columbia, brought to the attention of the scientific world a new metal, Canadium.

Mr. French has been carrying on explorations in the vicinity of this town for some months and has made several valuable finds. Of nearly as much interest as the finding of canadium, and of probably greater commercial importance, is the discovery that a great many of the numerous igneous dykes that intersect the country are impregnated with precious metals of the platinum group.

Should these deposits prove of any great extent they will be of large industrial value since the price of platinum has risen enormously of late years, the supply being startlingly short. A great many samples from the Nelson dykes have been assayed in that city, in New York and in London, and some show values above $30 per ton while many others are quite good enough to pay for working.

At the present period of research, the chief value lies in iridium, the most generally distributed metal of the group, which has a value of $55.00 to $70.00 per ounce. It is largely used for alloying with platinum to render the latter more infusible and harder and therefore more durable. In other platinum-producing countries, iridium has been found to be scarcer than platinum. As a result, the price of the former should not be so subject to downward variations.

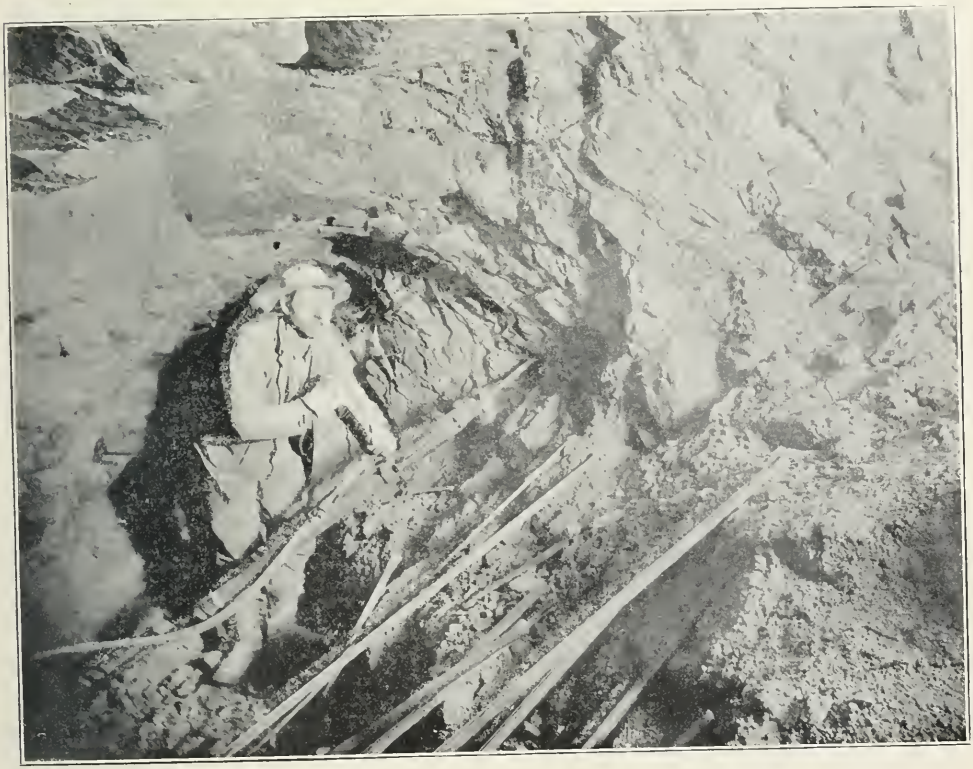
ANDREW GORDON FRENCH

Discoverer of the new metal, Canadium

But as valuable in dollars and cents as the discovery of the iridium seems to be, scientists are paying small attention to it as compared with the interest they are showing in the newly found metal. Mr. French has made the following statement regarding the proprieties of canadium: "Its properties have been only partially investigated as yet and little can be done now until the snow is off the ground and a sufficient quantity can be got to supply the needs of the chemists who have the subject in hand. The metal is of a brilliant white color and does not tarnish like silver when exposed to sulphurous gases. It takes on a highly polished surface and should for that reason be very serviceable for reflectors of astronomical instruments, gem settings, etc."

"Its physical and chemical properties are interesting," says a chemist

NELSON, B. C., NEAR WHICH ARE THE MINES WHERE CANADIUM WAS DISCOVERED



GRANITE POORMAN MINE WHERE CANADIUM WAS DISCOVERED

who has investigated the new metal. "It has a brilliant white luster, does not oxidize in the oxidizing flames of the blow-pipe, melts at a little lower temperature than silver and gold and is somewhat softer than platinum. From a chemical standpoint it is electro-negative to silver, is precipitated from its solution by zinc and may be separated from lead by cupellation. It is easily soluble in hydrochloric and nitric acids and is not precipitated by chlorides or iodides. It does not tarnish in damp air, sulphurated hydrogen or alkaline sulphides.

"This somewhat extraordinary combination of properties is one that leaves little doubt as to the genuineness of the find and raises questions of very great interest as to the character and position of the new metal. Its easy solubility separates it from the known metals which generally accompany platinum and its melting point is at least 500 degrees C. below that of any of the platinum group. Sufficient data are not at hand to locate it definitely among the metals, but the possibilities are somewhat sensational."

One of the most impressive potentialities of canadium is that it may prove to be the "missing link" of the mineral world. Years ago Mendeleeff worked out a table of metals. Between gold and silver, he decided, there must be a metal then undiscovered. He went so far as to assign to the missing metal the properties that it should possess. These properties are strikingly like those attributed to canadium. For the time being all that the scientific world can do is to wonder and work over the meagre information in its possession. But interesting reports are promised when the new-comer's salts are formed and analyzed.

The finding of canadium and the new deposit of platinums was a matter of pure chance. When Mr. French commenced his explorations in the vicinity of Nelson, he had no idea that he was to make any startling discoveries. He was employed in solving some of the problems with which the mining companies of that section of British Columbia are concerned and while pursuing his investigations simply happened to make the finds.

Another discovery, interesting to those who combine the study of geology with the seizing of business opportunities, is that many of the igneous dykes carry the much valued peridote gem. Some of these are of a very pure and rich green color, but whether or not they are in sufficient quantity to pay for mining remains to be seen.

Regarding another commercial asset of the Nelson district, Mr. French says: "The granite rocks in which the intrusive dykes occur are generally very much laminated, forming broad sheets of great extent, which are of a very suitable thickness for building purposes. This lamination or false-bedding occurs generally near the walls of the dykes and is probably the result of great pressure due to 'earth movements' along the line of the dykes as an axis of least resistance. This laminated granite is being quarried at points along the Canadian Pacific railroads, but only to a limited extent."

THE BEGGAR

BY CY WARMAN

OUT of the wealth of your womanly charms,
Give me whatever your heart can give;
Give me your eyes or your lips or your arms;
Teach me the life that the live ones live.
But whether you do *not*, or whether you *do*,
Here is a lyric, my love, to you.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT

Robert Boynton and Tilly Crocroft, aged respectively thirty-three and twenty-six, and mutually antagonistic, have a common relative in Miss Elvira Higginbotham, who takes particular pleasure in stirring up ill feeling between the two. Because of hints dropped by her in regard to the disposition of her fortune, both the young people hesitate to disregard openly her whims and fancies. Tilly is summoned one morning to the office of her aunt's lawyer, Mr. Mackay, where she finds Boynton also. The lawyer informs them that their aunt proposes to turn over to them the bulk of her fortune on condition that Robert immediately marry Tilly, and that they live, to all appearances, happily together for one year. If at the end of that period, they mutually desire to separate, and thereby forfeit forever the fortune, they are at liberty to do so. Robert and Tilly both revolt from this act of maliciousness, but they are not permitted either to refuse or accept until three days have elapsed. During that time neither must confer with the other and their respective answers to the proposition are to be given only in the presence of the lawyer or Miss Higginbotham. Meeting again in the attorney's office, to Aunt Elvira's momentous question, Tilly murmurs, "yes,—I can stand it if you can."

"Good," said Robert, without enthusiasm, yet almost cheerfully, "My very words, I assure you, dear Aunt! Now, it seems compatible with all the rest of this strange affair, that you should have a parson, handy—say up your sleeve." He was getting diabolically sarcastic, and Tilly fancied she could see an answering glitter in Aunt Elvira's watery eyes.

"It is not possible," Robert continued, "that you have forgotten we need a parson?"

"I never forget anything really important," snapped Miss Higginbotham, "I have the parson handy enough! Mackay, there, has the license (all fools and dogs need them, you know) and I have even provided the ring." She turned to Mr. Mackay, simpering. "These impatient bridegrooms are apt to be *so* forgetful!" Robert set his teeth but did not answer.

"Let us go! Here, Mackay, give me your arm, these wretched steps of yours will be the death of me, yet. And mind you, I have made no mention of you in my will, in the event of any such calamity. Go on, my turtle-doves, go on! Isn't it sweetly touching to see such abject devotion?" she inquired of the old solicitor. "There they stand, waiting for their dear old auntie—they can't bear to be separated from each other though, even now. La, la! 'Tis love's young dream!"

Boynton looked furtively at his companion as they walked ahead of the others. That she was suffering, there was no doubt, either at Aunt Elvira's jibes or at the realization of the step she was about to take. An instant's pity surged over him and he spoke to her, softly.

"Are you sure you meant 'yes', Tilly? It is not too late, even now—and—and—*don't* mind me."

"It is not *you* I'm minding, now—it's her villainy—the snake! I'll comfort you, a little, Robert," she said, raising her head and looking at him, with a miserable little smile, "I could *never*, never, equal that. You can, at least, know that you have seen me at my worst!"

And Robert did not say "I hope so."

The wedding—what a mockery! Aunt Elvira's audible asides to Mr.

Mackay, the well-meaning clergyman's fatuous words of congratulation and advice; Robert, silent and unfathomable, Tilly, fretted to the point of hysteria—could she never get away from them and cry?

It seemed not. Aunt Elvira insisted upon providing the "wedding breakfast", of which she and Mr. Mackay partook most generously, but which the other two left untasted upon their plates.

"Living on love," commented the spinster, loud enough for other persons to hear. "They have been like this since childhood, but I should have thought that *to-day*—Bring me a bag of rice, waiter, a large one!"

Tilly indignantly protested; she lost all self-control and between sobs and hysterical giggles, she begged her aunt to show a little mercy, and allow her to go home to pack what few things she needed for her "honeymoon."

Even this was denied.

"Oh, the dear, shy, creature," Miss Higginbotham tittered, making a coy pass with her hand at Tilly—"She won't even spend a few hours with her poor old auntie, but longs to have Robert at once and forever, all to herself! Fie, you naughty, selfish girl, Fie!"

Robert put his serviette to his lips and whispered,

"Get yourself together, *please*! She is enjoying herself too much, by half. It will soon be over."

So Tilly pulled herself together as well as she could, rigidly suffering her aunt to shower her with rice on the station platform.

"Your luggage will be sent to you," called the spinster, spitefully, "four trunks to Washington, three to Savannah, and the rest will go on to Palm Beach. In the meantime you can get what you need to-night in Philadelphia. Good-bye, my loves, good-bye, "she cried, kissing her hand, "write to me every day."

They closed the drawing-room door and sat down facing each other, in silence. The train took them a few miles from Miss Higginbotham, and the muscles in Tilly's ashen face relaxed ever so little.

"Isn't it *awful?*" she breathed.

"Horrible," agreed Robert, fervently. "I am going into the smoker for the rest of the time. Oh, yes, here is some money;" he counted over a roll of bills Mr. Mackay had given him before leaving, "this is half."

Tilly's fingers closed round them, eagerly.

"Is it really mine? I can hardly believe it—and when may I have more, Robert? Do you suppose there is anything else to the plot?"

"You may have more as soon as I can get a check cashed," he answered, laughing a little in spite of himself at her greed. "The other question—time alone will tell."

She smiled a little too, and said apologetically,

"You see I want *so* many things—and Robert—"

"Yes?"

"Don't let us *ever* walk."

"No."

"And Robert?"

"Well?"

"Let's *always* have grape-fruit for breakfast."

"All right."

"And Robert, just one more thing—"

"Yes?"

"Let's always have rooms with a bath."

"Of course."

Tilly sighed. These things represented the acme of luxury and happiness—they were the things she always had longed for.

"That's all."

Eight months slipped, quickly, by The Boyntons took a handsome house for the year, and Tilly was happier than she had ever been. Robert, too, enjoyed life sufficiently to entertain no harsh sentiments toward either Aunt Elvira or his wife.

According to instructions, they lived as a model couple, going out together, staying home together, entertaining each other's friends and making it a point to be seldom alone.

Even the servants had no food for gossip, and Mr. Mackay, on his quarterly calls, was rather puzzled by their attitude toward one another. He did

TILLY RIGIDLY SUFFERED HER AUNT TO SHOWER HER WITH RICE

not give, therefore, very lucid or satisfactory accounts of the "turtledoves" to Miss Elvira, who had betaken herself to Europe soon after the happy event.

Strangely, since that memorable day, Robert and Tilly had never quarrelled.

They each set diligently to work, to enjoy themselves, and the position they held as Miss Higginbotham's heirs, differed vastly from that they had enjoyed as her poor and despised relations.

They took real pleasure in going out together, although hardly conscious of this fact, themselves, and it did not take long to discover that some charm not patent to *them* was decidedly obvious to outsiders. Tilly noted how eagerly the women and girls made a bid for Robert's society, how the men made a place for him and sought him. She compared him with others and did not find him wanting.

Robert was pleased to see how easily Tilly took her place in "society"; how popular she was, both with men and women, how regally she wore the Higginbotham jewels, which were a part of the legacy. She never overstepped his prescribed boundary between luxury and ostentation, and he was proud of her. They had never discussed the future, the "what-to-do" at the end of the year, until—

"Heavens, what a pile of cards," cried Tilly, moving to her place at the breakfast table, with an easy grace, which Robert's fastidious eye noted, even while he seemed buried in the morning papers. "I don't know where to begin!"

She poured herself a cup of cocoa, and rang the bell.

"Katie, tell the cook that I shall be

out to luncheon every day this week, and Mr. Boynton and I will dine at home on—er—let me see, yes— on Friday."

Robert whistled.

"You are including me?"

"*They* are including you," corrected Tilly, smiling—"Why—don't you want to go?"

"Yes"—he answered slowly, "only I was thinking—"

"What?"

"I was thinking, Tilly, that we are well on in the eighth month of this quasi-paradise, and we ought to have a 'quiet evening at home', to discuss the aftermath, as it were. Don't you think so?"

She crumbled up a bit of toast.

"What do you want to discuss? To go on, or not to go, that's the question. Whether it is nobler to spend Aunt Elvira's ducats and suffer the slings and arrows of each other's presence, or to take to arms and wits against a sea of troubles, and battle once more in the lines of bread winners in the busy mart? Well?"

Before Robert could speak, a telegram was brought in and handed to his wife.

The atmosphere of the room changed, and they looked at each other blankly.

"What can it mean?" asked Tilly, weakly, "I know it is from *her*."

"Maybe she is dead," suggested Robert, cheerfully. "Let's gamble on it."

Tilly laughed nervously and slipped her finger under the corner of the envelope.

"Come and see too," she said, "I can't stand the shock alone."

So Robert laid his papers down and seated himself on the arm of his wife's chair, bending close over her chestnut head that he might read the message with her.

It was thus that Katie found them and it was thus they read the words—

"Will be with you almost immediately. An anniversary surprise. Auntie."

They stared at each other, speechless; the bottom seemed to have fallen out of things, and to each one rose visions of wrangling days and sleepless nights and Aunt Elvira sharing *their* home with them. Aunt Elvira coming!

"*Can* she mean to pay us a visit?" asked Tilly, at last.

"Evidently," answered Robert, "she does. The old dear!"

"She will simply spoil everything," said the girl putting her handkerchief to her eyes,—"I hate her!"

"Have you been happy—without her?" The question came hesitatingly.

Tilly nodded, vehemently.

"Happier than I ever hoped to be—I only dreamed of—of—such as this, and I want to be happy some more."

It never occurred to either of them to regard Aunt Elvira as other than an enemy. Many years of gross insults and impish pranks which hurt, had, of necessity, bred in them a wholesome hatred of her, and any feeling of gratitude for this boon she granted them was strangled by suspicion as to her motives. They felt they were but puppets and that she would profit by the move in some way.

In that instant Bob Boynton had a queer sensation. He felt an impulse to put his hand on the bowed head so near his shoulder, and whisper a word of comfort to his wife. Also in that instant he had an inspiration.

"You shall be happy, Tilly girl," he said with that calm assurance, which, in the olden days, used to irritate her so, but now had quite the opposite effect. "I have a noble scheme in mind by which we may baffle the old cat. She is coming here with every idea of setting us on edge and watching us pull each other's hair, but listen—" He bent over the chestnut head and whispered for a few minutes, echoing the laugh which Tilly seemed to enjoy. At last he raised himself to look at her.

"Will you do it?" he asked.

Can imagination conjure up a blush, or did Tilly's cheeks really grow pink as she answered, smiling,

"I will try."

A harsh voice sounded in the hall, doors slammed—

" 'The curse has come upon us, cried the lady of Shalott' ", whispered Tilly, linking her arm in her husband's and going forward.

Their greeting of Aunt Elvira was

everything that could be desired. They hovered over her, took her wraps, made her come in to the table and have more breakfast, all the while talking so fast to her and to each other that the old lady's head swam uncomfortably. She had not time to think of her own campaign.

Looking keenly at them, she wondered if this were really Tilly Crocroft—radiant, happy woman! *Could* it be the plain, shabby, ill-tempered Tilly she had left nearly a year before? And Robert, her pet detestation—Robert with a neat and abundant suit of hair, which certainly had the appearance of growing on his head!

She opened her lips to say something about turtledoves, versus Kilkenny cats, but lost her breath entirely when Robert arose, and going to Tilly's side bent over her and kissed her fondly, saying, "You had better countermand your orders, darling, and look over those invitations again, will you? Anything the dear old Auntie would enjoy, we'll accept, and the others—may go hang. Expect me home to lunch, as usual, dearest, *early*. Good-bye." He kissed her again and was gone.

Tilly had risen and stood for a few moments motionless. She rubbed the back of her hand slowly across her lips, and smiled—How queer, that she had not shrunk away from Robert's caresses—had she looked in the direction of her aunt, she would have laughed outright.

Miss Higginbotham, with all her Satanic powers, could not know that Robert Boynton had kissed his wife, in her presence, for the *first* time, and that Tilly did not mind.

Robert smiled too, as he walked down town, a slow whimsical, quizzical smile. Somehow it had not been hard to kiss Tilly. He had liked it all the more because for an instant he had held a yielding form against his own, instead of the tense and rigid one he had half expected. And when luncheon was over, and the operation repeated (really a very unnecessary number of times) he began to be glad, on the whole, that Aunt Elvira had come.

ROBERT MURMURED A SINCERE "BRAVO" AND KISSED HER FULL UPON THE LIPS

He found himself taking pleasure in thinking up endearing names for Tilly, and once or twice, when the spinster was not present, he forgot and used them just the same. And he wondered just how much she enjoyed the aunt's discomfiture and how much she liked—him.

They rushed their guest both day and night; they dined and wined her; they took her to the theatre and to supper; they dragged her to receptions and cornered her with people she hated; they made her get up early to enjoy the beauties of the country in their new motor; they laughed when she called them turtle-doves and their home the Dove-Cote. She was hugged and kissed by them indiscriminately, when they were not kissing each other, until her dwarfed and shrivelled soul revolted, and she longed to be rid of them forever. On the whole Aunt Elvira saw, with infinite chagrin, that for once, her judgment was at fault, and she had erred.

Conscript fathers! What pleasure could she drag from dull, prosaic life,

now there was to be no more wrangling! How she had loved to see them spit and hiss!

At the end of her third week with them the Boyntons declared that they were surfeited with gaiety and announced their intention of spending an evening at home and having dear Auntie all to themselves. Aunt Elvira protested, but they were firm.

If they had been happy before, their joy now increased tenfold; their revenge was sweeter than they had dared dream.

Tilly sat at the piano. The soft glow of a shaded lamp fell on her bare neck and shoulders, and Robert who leaned against a nearby chair and watched her, thought he had never seen anything half so lovely. Presently she began to hum the air of an old song—a favorite of his in days gone by and one over which they had quarrelled, she claiming a loathing of it. Their eyes met, and smiling, she sang the whole thing through in a sweet, though untrained, contralto. When the last notes died away Robert murmured a sincere "Bravo" and taking her impulsively in his arms, he kissed her full upon the lips.

Aunt Elvira, sitting neglected and forgotten, in a far corner of the room, started indignantly to her feet.

"I won't stand it another hour!" she exclaimed, angrily, "Not a minute! You two are positively disgusting with this eternal mooning and slushing!" (Miss Elvira was often more forcible than elegant.) "I shall leave the house at once, and go to a hotel. Order me a cab, please, if you can stir far enough from her to reach the telephone."

"Why, Auntie," cried the other two, guiltily, "please don't go. It *is* stupid of us to be so silly. Come, we'll have a game of cribbage, you always *did* love cribbage, didn't you?" asked Robert, pinching Tilly's arm.

"He's reached the age of tottering senility," snorted the Aunt. "I always detested cards. Come now, the cab; or would you have me walk?"

The cab was ordered. It arrived, and departed with its raging burden, who would send for her things in the morning and who would see her relatives when *she* got ready—and then separately.

As the door closed and the noise of the departing wheels grew fainter, Boynton turned to his wife and smiled.

"Shall we discuss the aftermath," he inquired softly. "To go on, or——"

"Please don't, Robert!"

"Tell me, are you glad she's gone, Tilly dear?"

"I am glad she came," replied the the girl, and somehow Robert took that for a satisfactory answer. He gathered her to himself again, and whispered,

"Then it is all decided, now, forever—because—because—I love you, Tilly darling."

There was silence for a moment, then she said,

"You blessed old Bobbie!"

THE TALISMAN

BY T. A. DALY

YOU are so brave, so loyal and so true,
I should be worse than craven did I fail
To make the last long kiss I had from you
My knightly sword and shield and triple mail.

English versus American Theatres

By Currie Love

Illustrated from Photographs

DID YOU ever hear an expatriated Englishman talk about the "theatres at home? 'Way above the houses over here, ever so much better acting and cheaper. My word, you can hear grand opera for sixpence!"

Next time he does it, laugh superciliously, and look superior. Once you've been to England, they can never again fool you with that story. Every time you enter an English theatre, you take your life in your hands. Heaven knows what the theatre managers pay to the town council for immunity from prosecution, but certain it is they all have houses that are veritable firetraps. The "orchestra stalls," which we call the "pit," and which are the most expensive seats, costing 10s 6d ($2.50) each, are the most impossible from which to make an exit, since they are usually below the street level, and you find your way to them by a long, involved system of staircases. England needs some terrible disaster like the Iroquois Theatre fire in Chicago, to awaken it to the real peril of its badly planned theatres.

As to the cheapness of its seats, don't you ever believe it. Grand opera in the best seats costs $5.00 a ticket, just as it does on this side. True, you can sit in the top gallery for fifty cents, where grand opera from the top of the house usually costs a dollar in Canada, but the best seats are quite as expensive, and often more so. For instance, for the ordinary musical comedy in America $1.50 is charged for the best seat in the house. In London, $2.50 is the fixed rate, and there is no departure from that price. You hear a great deal about the cheapness of the "pit," which, in English theatres, consists of the last twelve rows on the ground floor, under the gallery. There you pay 2s 6d to sit on an ordinary wooden bench. You see and hear very badly, and they allow people to stand at the back during a whole performance, thereby increasing the danger from fire.

London theatres, too, have all sorts of petty graft. For instance, every theatre charges sixpence for a programme. The pretty girl who ushers you to your seat (all the English theatres have girl ushers) says, "Programme, sir?" and you reluctantly separate yourself from the necessary coin in order to see what the play is all about. And is it an extraordinarily beautiful programme? No, indeed, it is just like any ordinary theatre programme, and it is usually filled with advertisements, which more than pay for its printing. Sixpence, too, is the price you pay to check your hat and coat, but after one experience of an English theatre, you don't check your coat. Not you, lest you wish to freeze to death, for the heating system of the English theatre is as inadequate as the heating system of an English house, and you couldn't say anything much worse than that.

When you buy your seats for any attraction, too, you are once more up against a graft system. If you apply at a box office, no theatre has anything to sell, except after the performance has started. You must buy your seats at what is called a "theatrical booking office," and there you are charged a shilling extra for each seat you buy. Therefore, your $2.50 seat costs you $2.75. They're very fussy, too, about how you dress for the show over there. If you occupy an orchestra stall, you are supposed to wear evening dress, and as, of course, you would never dare to go in a bus in evening dress, you take a

taxi. If you want to take the only girl and do "it right," your little evening at the theatre is apt to cost you from $10.00 to $15.00, just about as much as in America.

If the girl wears a hat, she is asked to remove it before she takes her seat. I once heard a daring American girl say, "But of course I'll take off my hat when I sit down".

"You will remove your hat now, Madam," said the glacial voice of the girl usher, and the American girl, after a hopeless glance into the steely eyes of the aforesaid girl usher, despairingly handed her muff, handbag and opera glasses to her patient escort, removed three weapons of destruction, and meekly carried the plumed monstrosity she called a hat down the aisle before the well-bred stares of perfectly-coiffured, bare-shouldered English-women.

And the acting? There I admit they have us. Not in the quality of their stars, but in the perfection of minor details. The smallest "bit" in an English play is perfectly done. Each actor or actress is the best possible for that part. One reason for that is, of course, the cheapness of all labor in England. In America, the man who can do a small bit perfectly demands a salary of from $75.00 to $100.00 a week. In England he is considered lucky to get from $25.00 to $50.00 a week. It costs him less to dress his part well and he is often the younger son of an aristocratic family, who graduates to the stage from amateur theatricals because the paternal allowance is far too small for the life of the man-about-town. Many of the stage women, too, are drawn from the upper classes. It may be for this reason that one of the chief charms of an English theatre is the delight to one's ears of the educated English voices, the perfectly modulated tones of which have the most beautiful accent in the world. It may also be for this reason that the English actress in a good dramatic company looks like a gentlewoman, not like a cocotte, and the English actor like a gentleman, not like a waiter in dress clothes.

Scenic effects are also perfectly done in London. Every smallest detail is correct. There are immense stores from which to draw, and the English stage manager sticks at nothing in his desire to get the proper effects.

To turn to English plays: This season was remarkable for four absolute novelties, "Sumurun," the wonderful pantomime which delighted Berlin and London, and which is now attracting large audiences in New York; "Kismet," in which Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton scored tremendous personal hits, and which Otis Skinner is finding one of the best vehicles of his career in New York; "The Miracle," a stupendous spectacle, staged by that wizard of stagecraft, Professor Max Reinhardt; and a two weeks' production of "Oedipus Rex" at Covent Garden, also staged by Reinhardt, in which Martin Harvey and Lillah McCarthy did notable work.

"Sumurun" tells a story of love and greed, hatred and revenge, the world-old problem of a woman and two men, but tells it without words. Wonderful acting alone can make this sort of work possible, and this the play received, practically all the original cast being transferred from place to place with the play.

"Kismet" is quite the most unique production ever seen in England. Oriental in plot and scenery, the action of the plot takes place in twenty-four hours. Hajj, the beggar, sits at the door of the temple beseeching "Alms, for the love of Allah, alms". An ancient enemy of his, who has become rich, comes from the temple and Hajj curses him in picturesque Oriental tongue. The enemy throws him a purse of gold in the effort to stop the flow of curses. Hajj betakes himself to the market place to buy new raiment for himself and his daughter, Marsinah (Lily Brayton). Here is a wonderful market scene, carried out with a perfection of Oriental detail almost startling. But Hajj cannot overcome old habits; he starts two rival merchants wrangling, and escapes with his garments. Followed and captured, he is dragged before the Grand Wazir, who spares his life on condition that he kill the Caliph, promising him honors and protection in return for the murder.

OTIS SKINNER WHO IS FINDING ONE OF THE BEST VEHICLES OF HIS CAREER IN "KISMET" ON THIS SIDE THE ATLANTIC

The attempt fails, and Hajj is cast into prison, the Wazir disclaiming all knowledge of the beggar. Another man who is put into the same cell, is afterwards pardoned, so Hajj kills him and in a bold impersonation, makes his escape. Returning to the Grand Wazir's palace, he kills the man who had failed to give him the promised protection, and then discovers the Caliph is to marry Marsinah. The Caliph pardons his future father-in-law but banishes him from the country, and night finds Hajj on the stone in front of the temple, waiting for the dawn that he may wend his way from the kingdom. He has run the gamut of emotions in the short space of one day. The whole production is mounted with Oriental magnificence, but scenic splendor does not mean the sacrifice of the story, as so often happens. Oscar Asche does excellent work as Hajj, and Lily Brayton, who is Mrs. Asche in private life, is a charming Marsinah.

"The Miracle" has drawn a storm of opposing views, though everyone agrees it is a wonderful spectacle. It is a religious drama, the story of which is too long to give here. Catholics say it

is one of the few plays in which the Madonna is introduced without offending the Catholic mind, and they find it most inspiring. Protestants say it is beautiful, but it gives them no thrill. The point of unity is that it has placed Professor Reinhardt before the public eye as the greatest master of stagecraft England has ever known.

"Oedipus Rex," also staged by Professor Reinhardt, has assisted that belief. Given in one setting, outside the Palace gates, the whole action takes place in front of the curtain, as it were. The Theban mob rushes in from the back of the theatre, the old men of the Grecian conference hobble in, leaning on their staffs, the women, in their Grecian robes, their hair bound with fillets, join the picturesque multitude, and of all stage crowds ever seen, this was the best-managed and directed. The lighting of each scene was beautiful and impressive. Martin Harvey's art as the King of Thebes was sure and convincing. His beautiful voice lent itself admirably to his tragic role, and his agony when the terrible tragedy of his unfortunate birth was revealed to him, left few dry eyes in the house. Lillah McCarthy, beautiful and queenly as Jocasta, the mother-consort, played her unhappy role perfectly. One had the creeps for days after seeing the tragedy, and it is no wonder it was put on for only two weeks.

Perhaps the most interesting venture of the season was Oscar Hammerstein's attempt to rival Covent Garden with the London Opera House. A magnificent building, the exterior of gray stone, the interior a fairyland of old rose and ivory, the venture has not yet been financially successful. The conservative British public goes once to see what this new opera house is like, but returns to dingy Covent Garden to hear its old favorites. With one exception. Whenever Felice Lyne, the little Kansas City girl, is to sing, the place is jammed. This slim little woman conquered London in a night. She sang Gilda in "Rigoletto," and woke to find herself famous. Never since Patti has an individual singer won such an ovation on her first appearance. Her slender body, her exquisite fresh tones and her sparkling face have made her easily the first singer in England to-day. Hammerstein discovered her, tied her with a long contract at low terms, and is now reaping the harvest of his managerial shrewdness. Incidentally, he is working little Miss Lyne overtime in his effort to keep his opera house open at a profit. Finally, he issued an ultimatum in the shape of an interview with the London papers, that if he did not receive a subscription list of people who would regularly patronize the opera, he would be compelled to close the house or turn it into a music-hall and restaurant. Time alone will tell whether he will be compelled to carry out this awful threat, but it will be a very great pity if the beautiful building is to be converted to such uses.

London has gone mad over dancing. Pavlova, Napierkowska, Kyasht, each draws her own clientele, and every music hall considers the programme incomplete without at least one dancing act. The Empire and the Alhambra often have two or three in addition to the usual ballet. Covent Garden had the Russian ballet this season. The Alhambra was scoring with a quaint ballet called "1830," in which Fraulein Poldi Muller, a German, was the premiere danseuse. The Empire, which sorely misses the fairylike Genee, has a typical old-fashioned ballet, in which all the dancers wear the regulation short, fluffy tarlatan skirts, with Lydia Kyasht in Genee's place. Napierkowska was delighting "Palace" audiences with a series of daring and original dances done in a very undraped fashion. Incidentally, one must go to staid, prudish Britain to see the undraped form divine upon the stage. Costumes, or rather lack of costumes, which would be not tolerated on this side the water, are apparently quite unnoticed in London.

Of farce comedies, "The Glad Eye," at the Globe Theatre, was the most popular. A rollicking adaptation of the French "Le Zebre," with Lawrence Grossmith as the leading man, and the typically French theme of the husband who wanted to escape his too-loving wife and go to Paris for a "time," with consequent complications, it filled three

THE RUSSIAN DANCER, PAVLOVA, AND MIKAIL MORDKIN

acts with innocuous fun. It gave way at Christmas to a dramatization of Anstey's novel, "Vice Versa," in which a college boy and his father change bodies, by means of a wishing stone. As a holiday production, the play was amusing and filled its purpose.

Christmas brought out a host of productions for children, chief among which was a revival of the ever-delightful "Peter Pan," in which Pauline Chase as Peter, and Hilda Trevelyan as Wendy, are as charming as ever. It is said that Miss Chase is immortalized in English dramatic history by her performance of Barrie's delightful boy who wouldn't grow up. "The Blue Bird" was given a splendid rendition, and the Drury Lane pantomime this season was "Hop o' My Thumb," in which tiny Renee Mayer was an ideal "Hop," and Violet Loraine, as the principal boy, gave evident and charming reasons for her

A MIRTH PROVOKER—MISS CONNIE EDISS, WHO HAS BEEN THE ONLY REDEEMING FEATURE IN "PEGGY"

selection. George Graves, Will Evans and Barry Lupino all had parts suited to their style of humor, and the English public who would consider themselves cheated without their annual "panto," were satisfied.

In musical comedies, "The Count of Luxembourg," by Franz Lehar, of "Merry Widow" fame, was easily first. Daisie Irving, a newcomer, with twice Lily Elsie's voice and half her charm, was taking the place of that charming little artiste, who has, like Edna May, disappointed innumerable English admirers by marrying and leaving the stage. W. H. Berry and Huntley Wright supplied the comedy.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
Whose "Man and Superman" has drawn packed houses during the winter

"Peggy," the Gaiety offering, was noteworthy solely for pretty girls, and was redeemed from absolute hopelessness by Miss Connie Ediss, whose brilliant red hair, abundant avoirdupois and funny, cracked voice were as mirth-provoking as ever. Edmund Payne struggled bravely to be amusing and succeeded in being boring.

Constance Drever, in "The Chocolate Soldier," scored a great hit, and was again put forward as the prima donna of "The Nightbirds," used on this side by Fritzi Scheff. In its first week it was very bad, but doubtless time and work will smooth down the rough places and make it more satisfactory. The "Quaker Girl," with Joseph Coyne and Gertie Millar, and "The Mousme," a dainty Japanese operetta, with Florence Smithson in the name part, were delighting big houses and bidding fair to run all season. An English version of "Orphee aux Enfers," called "Orpheus in the Underground," was tiresome at His Majesty's.

This succeeded a really noteworthy production at the same theatre, of "Macbeth," one of Sir Herbert Tree's annual Shakesperean productions, in which he gives such excellent investiture and acting. Tree himself played Macbeth, Violet Vanbrugh, as Lady Macbeth, gave an excellent and original interpretation of that ordinarily overranted part, Lady Macbeth, and Arthur Bourchier was a vigorous Macduff.

Except for the production of "Romeo and Juliet"—put on by Fred Terry to give his daughter, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, an opportunity to do some serious work as Juliet—this was really the only serious dramatic production of the season in England. Sir George Alexander and Mrs. Patrick Campbell were winning laurels in a dramatization

of Hichens' novel, "Bella Donna"; Charles Hawtrey, the English John Drew, had superseded "The Uninvited Guest" with his comedy success, "A Message From Mars"; Cyril Maude and Alexandra Carlisle were scoring in a charming comedy called "Dad," an adaptation from the French; Marie Tempest was meeting with indifferent success in Arnold Bennett's play, "The Honeymoon"; Julia Neilson and Fred Terry had revived "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," and Sir John Hare and Marie Lohr had a slender comedy called "The Marionettes," which Nazimova is doing in America.

George Bernard Shaw is the only native playwright meeting with absolute success. "Man and Superman" and "Fanny's First Play" are filling packed houses even after long runs. This must give "G. B. S." heart failure when he considers his cynical diatribes on the British national taste.

Certainly England needs a playwright. Revivals and adaptations were the order of the day this season, and when one considers the host of aspiring playwrights coming to the front on this side the water, perhaps it will not be too long before we shall send plays to England in as great numbers as they have hitherto sent plays to us.

MASTER AND MAN

BY B. M. HECHT

THE Captain stood where a Captain should,
For the law of the sea is grim;
The Owner romped ere his ship was swamped
And no law bothered him.

The Captain stood where the Captain should,
When a Captain's boat goes down;
But the Owner led when the women fled,
For an Owner must not drown.

The Captain sank as a man of rank,
While the Owner turned away;
The Captain's grave was his bridge and, brave,
He earned his seaman's pay.

To hold your place in the ghastly face
Of Death on the sea at night,
Is a seaman's job, but to flee with the mob
Is an Owner's noble right.

The Barred Acres

By R. H. Davis

Illustrated by Bradley W. Evits

I DO NOT know a single well-authenticated ghost story. Besides, ghost-stories are the poorest prentice-work in literature, if we tell the truth about them. They always fall stale and flat, no matter how we have worked ourselves up to a quake and shiver in the hearing. The ghost turns out to be some uninteresting dead ancestor, whose only claim to notice in the world was the manner of his leaving it, and who stupidly persists in hanging about the place where he was unpleasantly put an end to; or else he turns out to be no ghost at all, but a mere matter-of-fact, or a bit of science of which the narrator was in haste to be delivered.

No; I have no ghost stories for you. Out West, however, where some of the old settlers yet linger, and the language and habits of thought retain much of the strong, racy flavor of the early pioneer days, there may yet be found remnants of strange traditions and superstitions, which have never found their way into books, but which in any other country would have been carefully guarded as folk-lore, out of which the germs of national creeds and customs might be defined. Many of these superstitions, in their relentless fatalism, betray their Indian origin.

One of the most inexplicable of these superstitions was brought to my notice in a curious manner some thirty years ago. In company with Wycherley (Joseph B. Wycherley, of ———), I had been beating about Western ——— for one or two weeks. Joe and I had a little money to invest, and fancied something could be done in coal; we preferred, however, to examine the lay of the different veins ourselves, rather than trust to agencies. At the same time, we took our summer vacation.

At ——— we met Judge Prentice, with whom I had but a slight acquaintance, but who was an old friend of Wycherley. He was just returning from an unsuccessful hunt on the prairies, and as a month was yet to elapse before the fall term of court, joined us with little persuasion. I must confess that he did not add to the pleasure of our idle journey. He was growing old, and meeting old age apparently with a secret bitter cynicism and rage against life. Too well-bred to express it in words, it was yet plain that this secret discontent inspired an outward ill-temper; he had a perpetual pettish grudge against the weather, against his companions, against himself.

"Your friend, Prentice, is a constant surprise to me," I said to Wycherley. "I met him eight or ten years ago, and he was then a rational, genial fellow."

"Prentice has had one or two rough turns," said Joe. "A more cool-headed, unfeeling man, perhaps, would have borne them with more philosophy. The judge was a domestic man, cared little for anything apart from his own fireside. His wife died first; then all his interest in life centered on his boy, and he disappointed him."

"Dissipated?"

"No; Tom wasn't dissipated, unless you call a man so who is drunken with a thirst for adventure. His father had a place and business ready for him, when the young man shipped on a whaler; came back after a year or two, and married some mechanic's daughter. That was the unforgivable trespass. Crime, the old man might overlook, but vulgarity—never! Though the girl, I've heard, was pretty and sensible, and bade fair to bring Tom out of the slough. But Prentice never would see either of them. They went to Texas or

California, I believe; and the old man has been alone ever since. He grows more soured and discontented every year. If it wasn't for his gunning and fishing, I don't know what he'd do to make life endurable. By the way, he talks about buying some land hereabouts for summer shooting. We were looking at one of these islands in the river. There's an advertisement of it here."

We were in the cabin which served as country store, post-office, and magistrate's office at the time, and Wycherley walked over to the wall, on which were tacked the dirty-written placards of Lost Saddles, Cows Strayed and Stolen, and Land for Sale. One of these last, so yellow and faded as hardly to be legible, he fixed upon, and read aloud:

"'All that certain lot and parcel of ground'—Umph! 'Seventy-five acres! Timber, oak, hickory, beech'—Umph! 'Above highest water-mark. Forty acres best pasturage in the county.' Why the land is going for a song! Price is given—one-tenth what they ask for the poorest sheep pasturage about here. By all means, Prentice should secure it. 'Shooting-lodge for two or three years. Sell—double his money. Arkens, Owner'. What the deuce possesses Arkens to fling his land away in this way, Sprout?" turning to the dapper little storekeeper.

Sprout was deftly tying up a pound of brown sugar for a bare-footed little girl from one of the hill-cabins. He finished it with a queer twinkle in his eye, before answering leisurely.

"Well, sir, Arkens was a stranger, like yourself, when he purchased that there lot of ground. That's nigh five years ago; and I reckon he's had about enough of it."

"Why? I've seen the island," cried Wycherley, who prided himself on being a thorough farmer. "There's no such soil on this bottom. You could run your cane up to the handle in it, doctor. Black!"

"That's on account of never bein' worn out," said Sprout, sententiously. "Fallow ground's mostly black, if you'll observe. That sile's not been tilled nigh unto this hundred years."

"But why not? The top of the hill—it's a cone, doctor—rises like a sugar-loaf out of the water; the top is free from undergrowth, ready for planting. Why did not Arkens raise corn, at least, on it?"

"Why, that's The Barred Acres, Mr. Wycherley."

Wycherley hesitated, puzzled. "Oh! that's the name, is it? Well, it's cheap land. I'll make the judge clinch the bargain at once."

Sprout muttered that it wouldn't be cheap at any price; and began ciphering zealously at his ledger with the uneasy air of a man who is about to be forced on to ground of which he is afraid.

"Why, isn't it cheap?" persisted Wycherley. "What's the matter with the ground?"

"There's nothing the matter with the ground," said Sprout, desperately. "It's The Barred Acres, that's all. Anybody can tell you the luck of them that owns it. I've got nothin' more to say about it."

Wycherley laughed, and we strolled out on to the rutted wagon-road leading up to the hills. No other house than Sprout's cabin was in sight. The hills thickly wooded to the top, the lazy, grass-grown road, the broad, glancing river at our feet, lay strangely still and silent in the low, red, evening light.

"The solitude here is always oppressive to me," said Wycherley. "It is like the primeval forest. There! that is Prentice's land, I think," pointing to a hill rising in the middle of the yellow river, its base fringed with gray-trunked beech-trees and rank undergrowth to the water's edge; the summit, a clean, smooth plateau, covered with a short velvet turf. "Why, there's a cabin on it now. Hello, Jim!" to a boy cooling his feet in the horse-trough.

"Who lives on that island? One to the left?"

Jim laughed; but I noticed with the same half-scared, uneasy air as Sprout. "That's a shed Arkens put up for his cows. He wasn't sech a darned fool as to live in it himself, stranger as he was. Why, that's The Barred Acres."

"Well, what of them?"

But Jim's face grew suddenly vacant.

"I dunno, I'm sure," he said, stolidly. "But come on to supper, gen'men. We'll ask Mrs. Houston."

For, although we had been but a week in her cabin, we had all fallen into the habit of referring and deferring on all points to Mrs. Houston, as, indeed, did all the neighborhood. She was but a young girl, but her bright, quick wit settled all the disputed questions for the country side.

"There's no tavern," had been Sprout's greeting, when the steamboat landed us on the lonely bank, late one night. "Houston's is the big house. Houston's away rafting, but *she* kin take you in. SHE's a capable woman." We found her to be so, and something more.

Prentice was sitting by the fire when we came in, watching, with little Bob, the griddle-cakes which Mrs. Houston was rolling out on the table.

"Don't let them burn, Bob," she said.

"Give me the fork, madam," said the judge.

"Thank you," handing him the fork.

Wycherley and I went up to the loft where we slept, to brush the mud off before supper.

"That woman would say, 'Thank you,' without surprise, if King Alfred himself came back to turn cakes. The judge is his best old self with her, do you see?"

"Prentice always had keen tact with women," said Joe. "When a man gets at odds with the world in that way, there's nothing brings him right so quickly as a thorough-bred woman."

After we had left the point, it occurred to me that Joe and I had never wondered at finding this thorough-bred woman, as we pronounced her, in poor Dolly Houston's miserable house and flannel dress. One is apt to accept whatever is genuine in the world without surprise or inquiry. It is your stage royalty, your merit, with the gilt and tinsel trappings, that wins the clamor of applause and curiosity.

When we were seated at supper, Prentice, himself, first broached the mysterious topic.

"I have seen Arkens, and settled the bargain, doctor. The deed was made out this afternoon, with remarkable celerity for country business. The island's mine."

Our little hostess' bright blue eyes turned quickly from one to the other.

"What's amiss with 'The Barred Acres,' Mrs. Houston?"

"Is that the island you have bought?" she asked of Prentice.

"Yes. Can you tell me how I got it so cheaply?"

She hesitated. "There's a superstition, a queer old story, which 'bars' the acres against all purchasers here. I'm sorry you bought it."

Of course, we clamored for the story, and when we had risen from the table and gathered about the fire, she told it to us. She told it half as a jest, but in spite of herself there was an undercurrent of nervous force and a half-conviction, that surprised us more than we chose to acknowledge, for there was not one of us who did not give her credit for as keen wit and sound sense as we claimed ourselves.

"The story goes that the island was occupied by an old chief named Gray Wolf, long after white settlers had taken possession of the mainland. The chief had drawn, it was said, some magic circle about the land which insured it to him and to his heirs forever. A family named Cresap coveted it, however, and one night Gray Wolf, his squaw, and sons, were found murdered in their wigwams, and the next day the Cresaps proceeded to make a tomahawk claim on it, joking boastfully that it would be hard for Gray Wolf to establish the heirship between his dead sons.

"I foresee the story, then," said Joe, as she stooped to take Bob on her lap. "The ghosts of the Gray Wolves still walk the shore?"

"No; they have never been seen," gravely. "But the fate of the Cresaps was peculiar. A month or two after they had built their house, the two young men, while crossing the river in a canoe, at midday, suddenly disappeared, as though the boat had been dragged under by an unseen hand. The sky was clear, the water smooth as glass. Presently the boat came up,

bottom upward, but the bodies of the men were never found. Old Cresap and his wife still occupied the island. One night a man went over on business and found the cabin empty, the cow freshly milked, a fire still smouldering on the hearth; but the murderers of the old chief were gone—they had vanished utterly from off the face of the earth."

"A very characteristic story of Indian vengeance, and not at all improbable," said Prentice. "The Redskin deals a death-blow with as stealthy and swift stroke as a thief."

"The island was uninhabited for years," said Mrs. Houston. "Then a man named Israel Warrendon moved on to it from the other shore, repaired the cabin, and settled his family comfortably for the winter. One day, in going through the street of the village which lies a few miles down the bank, on this side, he was missed—disappeared in broad daylight in passing from one house to another. I've heard he was a stout, shrewd, wide-awake man, well able to defend himself. He never was seen or heard of again. His family moved back to the main-land and were left unmolested. Afterward, a company of coal miners examined the island, and one, a gentleman from Baltimore, I think they called him Thellusson, undertook to open a mine. He set his men to work; on the fifth day, when they were outside, preparing to quit for the night, he went in curiously to the opening they had made in the hill. The ground above gave way without a sound, and buried him."

"Not an infrequent occurrence in your coal-mining region even now, Mrs. Houston."

"No; but the curious part of the story is that he, too, was lost. Dig as deep as they might, they never found a trace of his body, though he was scarcely out of sight when he disappeared."

The fire had burned low, and the sunset faded out in the little window that overlooked the river. The darkness may have accounted for the awkward silence which fell on us all. Out of the window, in the dim twilight, we could see the island rise, a dark, truncated cone, out of the broad, steel-gray river. We each gave a stealthy glance at it. Prentice begged leave to light a cigar. I stirred the fire cheerfully.

"Well, said Wycherley, in a tone unnecessarily loud, "does the old chief still drag down his victims silently underground? These are old-time affairs, after all. Perhaps the race of Gray Wolves have betaken themselves to rest now?"

"It is only about twenty years since Thellusson began to dig for coal. Land is plenty and cheap, and the people can afford to humor their superstitions. Since then there has been but one attempt to occupy the island. An old fur-trader, who was in the neighborhood in '52, when the cholera was raging in the towns along the shore, swore that he would go, make a bargain with Gray Wolf, and lease his land, as the only place of safety. He put off for the island one morning, actually carrying with him, out of bravado, beads, a gun, and tobacco. At night some of his friends went after him."

"Well? He had vanished?"

"No; they found him in front of the ruined cabin, dead, with his feet and hands composed and straightened by careful hands."

"Cholera," suggested Wycherley.

"No; there was no apparent cause for death. The tobacco and beads were heaped in order upon his breast, and the gun placed ready in his hands, Indian fashion."

"The island has been unoccupied since then?"

"Yes," she laughed, but uneasily. "The old chief has kept his land, in peace. There have been one or two attempts made to use it as a pasturage, but the cattle, which feed on the grass, after a day or two, are attacked with a strange sickness; and even the drovers, who go to take or fetch them, find that once drinking the water induces a low fever. Another curious fact about the island is—and that Bob and I have proved ourselves—that there are only such living creatures on it as belonged to the country before the coming of the whites: snakes and corbies; lynxes, too, in the thick woods; but not a singing-bird, or a squirrel."

THE GREAT CHIEF, GRAY WOLF

"Then I shall have game I did not count on," said Prentice.

Mrs. Houston did not answer.

"Now, judge," said Wycherley, after a thoughtful puff of his pipe, "I wouldn't persist in this matter, if I were you. The prejudices of the people are against it; and there's no use in running counter to the prejudices of a people without a rational cause. Even Mrs. Houston here is a half-believer."

"I only gave the facts; I don't pretend to explain them."

"At least," I said, "one thing you are assured of, Prentice, that there is miasma in the soil, and that the water is bad. It looks to me like fool-hardiness to persist in your plan, under these circumstances."

Prentice was lighting his bed-room candle.

"I will certainly carry it out, doctor, and that at once, instead of next summer. It would be worth while to fight down the prejudices of an ignorant community, if only in order to bring back such valuable land into use. Besides—" he stopped abruptly, looking for a minute down at the island which, now that the moon had risen, loomed gray and ghostly in the glittering river, and then turning off with a laugh, "one would not dislike a tug with the old dead Indian. It would have, at least, the zest of novelty."

He nodded good-night, and went up the ladder to the loft. We smoked in silence while Mrs. Houston made ready for bed, and taking the sleeping boy in her arms, bade us good-night, and went to her own room.

"If Prentice did not half believe that story," said Wycherley, knocking out his pipe, "he would not be so obstinate. It is curious what veins of superstition lie deep in the clearest and most logical brains. He would be ashamed to acknowledge it to himself; but he is so jaded and tired of life that the vague idea of a grapple with some invisible power roused him as a trumpet would a horse to the battle."

I replied that I did not think Prentice a fool. One is bound in duty to affect that tone about supernatural matters.

CHAPTER II.

When we came down next morning, we saw the judge standing at the gate, talking to Mrs. Houston, who had just come from milking.

Wycherley laughed. "Odd! Now I've seen that old fellow wither, with his stinging sarcasms, some of the reigning women of New York society, and there he stands, cap in hand, before a girl who is about to do her own washing."

"His instincts are deeper than I thought," I answered, and went down to join them.

Mrs. Houston was speaking as I came near. "My husband will be at home in a day or two. At least do not go to the island until you have seen him. There is something which he can tell you. I am sure you will not go when you have heard it."

She broke off abruptly. I was surprised to notice that her eyes were full of tears, and that her whole manner betrayed extreme agitation.

The judge looked up and down, perplexed and annoyed.

"My dear madam, don't you see that I cannot draw back? I have this moment given orders to Sprout to send a carpenter over to put the cabin in habitable order, as I would sleep there to-night. If I draw back, I would only do my part to confirm the people in their absurd fears. And I cannot be called a coward."

"No, you cannot be called a coward," she replied, thoughtfully, and, after a moment's pause, took up her pails and went into the house.

The old man looked after her. It was evident her anxiety touched and pleased him.

"Now, that woman is a more curious study to me, doctor, than any old legends of this uncivilized country," he said. "Now and then, in society, I have felt that peculiar power, like a magnetic atmosphere, about a woman, with the repose of manner which only comes from a fine nature finely poised; but very rarely. You have to go back to generations of ease and culture to account for such a human product. But here, side by side with these

strapping, loud, country wenches, is the wife of a raftsman, fighting poverty and vulgarity with an arch debonair gayety—it's a puzzle such as I never solved before."

"You are determined to meet the Wolf on his own ground?" said Wycherley, too anxious to leave the main point long.

"Yes—to-night. Sprout's man will knock me up a shed out of the old one, and a fire and hammock will make me all right. I'm an old campaigner."

To be brief with the story, the judge persisted. He met with more remonstrance than he had looked for. One of the frequent freshets in the upper creeks had caused a rise in the river, and most of the farmers from the back hills found their way down to the bottom during the day to judge of its extent. They are a reticent, slow class of people, but they all contrived to drop a word of warning to Prentice.

"The patch of ground has a bad name, from one cause or another," said one. "It was likely to be aguish if no worse," said another. "'Twant no use stirrin' up foul water," put in a third. To all of which arguments the judge listened, amused.

Wycherley and I, of course, remonstrated no further. Mrs. Houston went about her work with a grave face.

Just before dark I found Prentice on the river bank, stowing into a skiff his hammock, an axe, and materials for breakfast.

"Wycherley and I are going with you," I said. "We will be more than a match for the Gray Wolf and his sons."

"I beg that you will not," he replied, curtly. "My freak is a foolish one, probably. I don't wish to draw any one else into the annoyances of it."

His manner was such that I did not renew my offer. It was a melancholy, unnaturally calm evening; the leaden sky hung low and lowering, the yellow, swollen river rushed by laden with drifting timber.

"But it's falling," said Sprout, who stood by with his foot-measure. "It'll be down by morning."

"The judge will be in no danger?"

"From the freshet? No. This roost is ten feet above the highest flood mark. It's not from the water his trouble'll come," with a shrug and gloomy nod.

One by one the few loiterers went up the miry road to find shelter. The night, coming on rapidly, bade fair to be stormy. The death-like stillness was ominous; a raw, foreboding wind blew sharply down the gorge, making me shiver inside of my heavy overcoat. I walked up and down at some distance from Prentice, who busied himself unnecessarily with his cockleshell of a boat on the edge of the water. The superstition was absurd, and I had only contempt for his insane freak; and yet I could not bring myself to bid him good-night, and come away.

Standing there, at the edge of the dark sheet of water, with the island in view, the legend we had heard about it had an unaccountable power over us all. I believed at the time, and I am half tempted to believe now, that some subtle influence was at work that night in the air and in the very ground, to give it its force. After all, what do we know of the strength of the hands of the dead?

Even Wycherley had some vague idea of this. His fat, pale face was unnaturally sobered as he trotted uneasily up and down, pretending to gauge the water.

"There's some devil abroad to-night. The idea of a respectable old fellow, a judge of the Superior Court, camping in a cowshed to show that he's not afraid of ghosts! He'll have the gout in his stomach, that'll be the end of it, mark my words. 'Pon my soul, there's something like the work of an evil spirit in a sudden insanity of that sort. It's against nature."

We loitered for a few minutes, and then went, with a sudden impatience, back to the house.

Judge Prentice, when he had packed his skiff, came to say good-bye.

I tried to assume a jocular tone. "It does not occur to you that you are doing an utterly irrational and useless thing?"

"Of course I am. But there are some dare-devil drops of the boy's blood that stay in us until the last moment, I suppose."

Mrs. Houston had come up unseen,

by either of us, and stood beside us, her waterproof cloak about her shoulders, and her fine head bare.

"Ah, madam! you come to give me your consent?" holding out his withered hand, gallantly.

To my astonishment, she affected not to see it. "Is there nothing that will induce you to wait until to-morrow?" she said, hurriedly. "Only until to-morrow?"

The inexplicable agitation, which she tried in vain to conceal, touched him as with an electric spark. His real cynical, bitter nature came to the surface.

"What does it matter if I were actually going into danger? My accounts with life are counted up and closed. A man's day's work is done at sixty, well or ill. He only lies about on sufferance after that."

"You laugh at the danger; so did I when I first came here. But I know now it is real." She looked over at the island with a countenance that was, for the moment, curiously scared and childish. "You have no right to throw away your life. You have friends—your children—"

"I have none, madam. I will come back, of course, safely; but if that island were to be my grave, as you think, there is not a living creature to shed a tear for me. Give me some matches, doctor," with a sudden change of tone, ashamed of his emotion. "I'll be over by noon to-morrow, Mrs. Houston, hungry as a bear. Good-night!"

She stood looking after him, as he jumped into the skiff, and pushed out from the shore.

"What shall I do?" she said to herself. "What shall I do?"

I answered her, but she neither saw nor heard me. I touched her arm at last. "You are not answerable for his obstinate folly, Mrs. Houston. Besides, what is the man to you?"

"This much," quietly. "It would be better for me that Bob were lying dead in my house to-morrow, than that old gray-headed man."

"Yet you would not take his hand just now."

A flash of indignant repugnance crossed her face. I saw it, although she controlled it instantly. "You are fanciful. It grows chilly, we will go to the house."

Night closed in early, but the storm still delayed. Wycherley and I watched the island until we saw a red light on the top of the dark heap.

"He has his fire going, at least," said Joe. "Gray Wolf has not yet entered an appearance."

There was no story-telling that night, nor even romps with Bob. Joke as we would, we were secretly uneasy and uncomfortable. Mrs. Houston went about her work, pale and silent. We left her by the kitchen fire when we went to bed.

"It is likely that my husband will be home to-night," she said. "I will wait for him." But I heard her open the window after we had gone, from which the dull-red spark on the island could be seen.

It must have been an hour or two before day when I was awakened by a strange noise, a low, grinding sound, that shook the wooden house to its foundations. I started out of bed, and supposing it to be thunder, threw open the window. The moon lighted up the steep mountains so clearly, that the trees stood out against the sky in fine black lining. Not a cloud was in the sky. Wycherley, in the other room, gave a shout of dismay and terror.

"Good God! the river is gone!" he cried.

I hurried to the other window, and stood stunned for a moment. Where, last night, the broad river had rolled, muddy and swollen, was solid ground. Not a gleam of water was to be seen.

"I understand it now," said Wycherley, when he was fairly awake. "The river has risen in the night, and the creek, rushing out below, has backed up the drift wood and debris. There's an immense accumulation of mud and timber there. But it will only last an hour or two before it breaks up."

We stood looking at it curiously for a moment, when the same thought flashed upon us both, and we looked at each other appalled. I was the first to speak.

"Sprout said his cabin was ten feet above the highest mark."

"But this rise, I judge, is unprecedented," said Wycherley.

We pulled on our clothes, and hurried down to the bank, without a word. As we passed through the kitchen, I noticed that the fire had been lately replenished, and a candle, with a long wick, blazed on the table. Mrs. Houston's watch had lasted all night.

The moon lit up the work of death with a clearness which seemed unnatural and spectral. When we reached the point from which the island was visible, we stood silent, not daring to look at each other.

The water had risen to a level with the cabin. There was about it not a sign of life. If the judge was there, he still slept, unconscious of his danger.

The most terrible feature in that terrible night, I remember, was the intense and awful stillness. The mountains ranged dark and watchful behind us; the vast, solid mass above the flood heaving up, and up, to its deed of death without a sound; the silent, unnatural brightness, that bathed earth and sky; the whole world seemed waiting, hungry and expectant, to see a murder done.

When Wycherley spoke, it was in a husky whisper.

"The old man will waken in his grave," he said.

"Can we do nothing?"

"What can we do? This mass will break any minute. It is breaking now —yonder," pointing to a spot, three furlongs above the island, where a foot or two of water glittered through the massed mud and logs.

But it was not in human nature to do nothing. We ventured over the drift, and dragged each other back, drenched and bruised; for the mass, apparently so solid, was uneven in depth, and in some places mere traps of clogged lumber turning under the feet.

"It's useless," groaned Joe. "The man sleeps like the dead. Eh? What do you see?"

"What shadow is that yonder! Near the island—to the left?"

Wycherley's eyes were keener than mine.

"It is a woman! Merciful God! It is she! She is going to save him!"

There was no need to name her. She was one of those women who always seem to be the only one in the world when you are near her.

She was of light weight, and besides, both nimble and cool. She had a long stick in her hands, by which she aided herself to spring from one point, which seemed most solid, to another. Her eye, apparently, was as watchful as a cat's, and her movements as agile. I think the most intolerable pain at that hour, to me, as I watched her, was the galled sense of my own age; the rheumatic lumbering body that forced me to stand like a log and see a woman thus dare death. As for Wycherley, he sat down and clasped his hands about his knees, now and then wiping the sweat from his face. I think he was praying for Mrs. Houston, though he relieved himself once or twice by a savage oath at Prentice and his obstinacy.

She fell once, twice, but regained her footing, and went on, wet to the skin, and with a weaker step, I fancied.

"She has touched solid ground! She is at the cabin!" cried Wycherley.

"What does that matter? They never can come back. Look! It is breaking there——and there!"

She disappeared for a moment. Then they came out together, she holding the judge by the hand, pointing across to where we stood, explaining and urging. Then she brought an oar, showing him how to use it, as she had done the staff.

Judge Prentice was a heavily-built man. At the best of times he moved stiffly. The passage was fully a half mile in length before them. Now, too, the loosening of the drift below became more evident. The whole vast mass began to heave with a swell almost imperceptible as yet, but like the smothered breathing of a monster, which may the next instant break into devouring fury. Wycherley brought ropes from the house, and brandy; put oars into a skiff, and then leaned against a tree, his arms folded in desperate inaction.

"It is all that we can do."

How long we watched them I do not know. I remember that the day began

to break when they were but half-way across. Prentice moved as if still stunned or dazed by sleep, or the sudden terror. He was loggish, timid, irresolute. The woman, on the contrary, had become an incarnate spirit of energy—every limb alert, light, swift; her thoughts guided them with the quickness of intuition. This was the more remarkable, as she was a languid, slow woman, naturally, in her ideas and movements. I wondered if it was not the thought of her husband that gave wings to both her soul and body to cross that gulf of death.

They came nearer — nearer. The danger grew more imminent. The slow heaving had increased to a heavy, regular throb; the crash of timbers above came like sullen thunder. The whole mass swayed at times until they staggered and fell.

"If she once falls under the timber, she is lost."

Wycherley and I shouted encouragement incessantly. "Five minutes more, and you are safe!" Yet neither of us believed that they could ever reach the shore. If the great flowing once gave way, there was no possible chance of saving them from beneath it. She did not dare to glance toward us, but her cheek reddened, and she laughed gaily as she heard us.

The next moment she did look toward the shore, and, as if touched with palsy, all her strength and courage left her in an instant. She staggered, and gave a sudden, nervous, womanish laugh. After that her steps were uncertain and trembling. She had caught sight of a man who came running rapidly up the shore. He stopped beside us—a sturdy, broad-built young fellow, with an oddly familiar face.

"In God's name, what is this? Is that my wife?"

There was a sudden, sharp report like thunder, a frightful crash and swirl, and the whole mass of timber and drift-wood broke a few yards from where they were. The judge stood firm, and tried to hold her, but, as if she had lost all reason and strength at once, poor Dolly held out her hands to her husband, and threw herself toward him into the water. A heavy beam struck her, and she fell.

For the next few moments we were all struggling in the flood together. The judge was taken out stunned, though not seriously hurt, and carried to the house. Houston brought his wife to shore, whether dead or alive, we could not tell. The few women of the neighborhood had collected, but he carried her up in his arms as though she were a baby, and would let no one touch her but himself. For an hour Wycherley and I kept guard outside the door. Prentice joined us in dry clothes, and refreshed by a medicinal drink. But the color and little remaining youth seemed washed out of the man. His very hair and beard had grown white and limp.

"If she dies!" he muttered. "If she dies—"

We did not answer him.

The door opened at last, and she stood in it alive—her eyes glowing, her hand out.

"Will you take my hand now, Judge Prentice?" She hesitated, choked for words, the bright color coming and going in her cheeks.

"I—I— You did not know who I was, but— Oh, Tom, come! It is your father!"

. . . . . .

I have no faith in legends or superstitions. But it is a fact that, in the midst of an oil-digging and trading community, the Gray Wolf still keeps his land undisturbed.

Making Friends With Your Banker

By Frederick A. Hamilton

THE BANKER is in the market for loans and you are in business to sell goods and to build up your business. You need the banker and the banker needs you. He wants to loan you money—that is his business.

If you have a going business, you ought to be a frequent borrower of the bank's money. That is the way to build up and extend your business. If you are a regular customer of any commercial bank, if you are a regular depositor, you have the first claim on the borrowing fund of that bank; the fund set aside for short-time or accommodation loans. And you can draw against that fund in just such measure as your bank credit entitles you.

But your credit is going to be determined by your banker. That is the reason you ought to make friends with your banker and take him into your confidence as to your business. Of course the bank may be used by you as a place wherein to keep your money safely; and that is a good thing. But the banker is the one who is going to establish your credit rating. If he is a friend of yours, and knows your business, his rating of you is going to be more intelligently done. And if you can show him good business method, his rating of you will be higher.

If your banker knows that you are accurate and methodical in conducting your business in such things as collections, extending credits, taking frequent and detailed inventories, figuring costs, live advertising, your banker is going to be very willing to let you have money. If he knows you as a man of good personal character and good business record; if he knows the amount of capital you have invested and the nature of your quick assets, such as bills and accounts receivable—when your banker sees you come borrowing, it will be with exceeding joy. He will give you the glad hand, he has an itching palm same as you. You are coming to make profit out of him. And he is going to take toll out of you. Hence his gladness.

You wouldn't go borrowing if you didn't believe you could pay his little six per cent. and still make money. And he would meet you with a calm and immovable dignity if he didn't believe you could come across with the five hundred, say, *and* the interest. And the *interest.*

But how is he going to find out the things he wants to know about you before loaning you the money you want? You would rather give him this information than to have your competitor do it, wouldn't you?

Some men boast that they never borrowed a dollar from a bank in their lives. That's nothing to brag about. Why—we know a general store merchant up in a little town in Ontario, who not only never went into a bank for money, but who sends his surplus cash every week to a *savings bank* in a nearby small city. That's going some. Of course this man could borrow money any time he wanted to. There's his blooming savings account working for him day and night, week-in and week-out, month by month and year by year; bringing him in the magnificent gain of three per cent. per annum—when he ought to be getting sixteen per cent. out of his money. But his money's safe—safe as the bank. Also his money is no good to him.

Of course a merchant ought to carry a good deposit (in a commercial bank); the amount of his deposit ought to be a good indication as to his ability as a merchant. But the wise merchant will deal with one bank, build up a credit there, have no more money on deposit than necessary to carry his ordinary business, and borrow nowhere else. But he will borrow there.

This building up of a credit ought not to be put off until the man finds it absolutely necessary to raise the wind. But having picked out the right man in the right bank, and having gained this banker's confidence by the showing he has been able to make as to good method in conducting his business, let him confidently go to his banker-friend and tell him he wants some money. Supposing it's you, with an almighty good grasp of the details of your business, and the ability to present the case in a perfectly orderly and intelligible and convincing way, you will get your money all right.

Moreover—by the very fact of your making this borrow, you have been enabled to show your banker a business system which he can heartily approve. And he is able to say to his directors, when reviewing the loan, that you are a mighty fine business man. Good advertising for you. This bank credit is worth more to you than money.

To illustrate: Suppose you are carrying a stock of $6,000; with $3,000 on your books in accounts receivable; with no demands but the ordinary day-by-day liabilities; and you want to borrow $800 at ninety days for a cash buy. If you have a system of credits that enables you to show the cashier or president that you have so graduated these book accounts as absolutely to know that your collection system will take care of the $800 at the end of ninety days, you've done a fine stroke of business for yourself—beside getting the $800 you wanted to make that "good buy" with.

The doctor and the lawyer and the lumber man and the farmer and the retired capitalist and your big competitor who make up the directors' board of the bank get to know you as a safe and going business man. This will be a tremendous asset out in the community for you—not tangible, but real; mighty real and golden. And remember—all the time—all the time—that your banker is the one who makes your commercial rating. So this borrow of yours turns out to be an asset, also, from your wholesalers' and jobbers' angle of vision.

No—we are not advising, Merchant Friend, a riot of reckless borrowing. Beside your banker will see to it that you don't do that. Even if he would let you get into the bank's funds when you had no business there, that thing would put you down and out—that sort of program, we mean—in double-quick time. And after all, the best way to keep a good bank credit, and so a commercial rating, is to build it up patiently and cleanly on a rock-foundation. And then not ask for credit. Let your banker-friend make his money out of somebody else. Or let him get you elected to the directorship of the bank that, haply, you assist in the plucking of interest-feathers out of the other fellow. Then you can do both—borrow and lend. In any event, you want to keep your business in such shape that your loans will be of short duration, without renewal, so that interest charges do not eat into the profits of your business.

Here is the point! Put yourself into such relationship with your banker that he may gladly help you out when you need help. Get next. Your bank credit should be built up and used as a resource for temporary demands and opportunities.

Make friends of your banker. He may be to you like a rock in a weary land, like a shelter in a time of storm. And folks do not build cyclone-cellars when the sky is black with threatening—they don't have time; nor do they build them when in the clutch of the gale. Prudently they go at it when the sun is shining and there's not a cloud in the sky. Wherefore, do it to-day. Begin to cultivate your banker. Make him your friend—and cyclone-cellar. He won't mind.

A Forum on Money-Mad Farming

Where Do You Stand?

Since the publication of Mr. Croasdell's first article on Money-Mad Farming, we have been receiving letters of protest or approval. Many of these have shown either an entire lack of sympathy with or a discriminating appreciation of the position taken by the author. Since the magazine presents Mr. Croasdell's work as an incentive to thought and discussion of the subject, we shall give space to the letters that seem to us to be most representative.—THE EDITOR.

CALLS IT EDUCATED IGNORANCE

To the Editor:—Discontinue my magazine. The reason follows: If you agree with Rex Croasdell and his "Money-Mad Farming" articles, if you think it is ignorance, indifference, short-sighted greed that is the cause of the farmers "mining" their farms, then I say, stop my magazine and sell it to some city man who may appreciate Mr. Croasdell's educated ignorance. Tell this flip contributor of yours to take $1,000.00 and his family (if he has one) and go up west, buy a farm, make good, then come back and write an article on the reason farmers don't farm as they should, and, if he isn't the "lard brained" variety himself by that time, I'll listen to him.

J. M. HOPPER.

Box 141, Newdale, Man.,
March 27th, 1912.

GOOD CHEER FROM RED DEER

To the Editor:—In a recent number of your magazine I read with much interest, an article on the failure of the western farmer to provide the milk, butter, eggs, meat, etc., required for local consumption, and of the utter absurdity, to say the least, of our having to import, in a country like this, such natural products.

Your paper is the only one in the West that I have noticed that has courage enough to tell the farmers just where they are "getting off at," and it seems to me that you have hit the nail on the head.

It has occurred to me that you will be interested in knowing something about the profits that are made here by the farmers who have enterprise and energy enough to go in for dairying. I have letters from a number of farmers, practically all of whom say that they have made good money in milking cows. One farmer's record here, that of Mr. Sharman, shows what is possible. From one year's milking of ten cows, he netted $1,894.00. With the price received for the calves his ten cows made him a profit of $2,894.00. He milks about thirty cows. He has only a quarter-section of land, which is not any more favorably situated than a hundred other farms near towns throughout Alberta. Mr. Sharman received exceptional prices for his milk and cream, it is true, but prices received by every farmer between Calgary and Edmonton during the last year or two have been as high as (if not higher than) that received in any other place in America.

A further advantage of this method of farming is illustrated in Mr. Sharman's case. He is able to employ help the year round, and more than that, he pays his men what many farmers would consider an exorbitant wage, i. e., $40.00 to $50.00 per month and board the year round.

I will not give you the illustrations I have of the money made with cattle and hogs, but would like to mention just one instance to show what is possible to the man who will work with stock. A farmer here purchased fifty ewes at $6.00 each, for which he gave his note for one year with 8 per cent. interest. Before his note was due he netted 88c. per head from the wool of each ewe; he raised fifty-four lambs, and sold the whole bunch—ewes and lambs—at $6.00 per head. He requir-

ed only a very rough and cheap shed for shelter, and took care of his sheep along with his other farm work, needing no extra help, fed them only straw and hay not properly cured and unsalable.

Farmers have been crying for wider markets, and yet I have been in the best hotels in Calgary and Edmonton during the year when it was impossible to get, for love or money, good cream, or for that matter any kind, to put on your porridge.

I have felt very strongly on this matter, and have written this just to tell you that I appreciated your "straight from the shoulder" method of putting some of the blame for the present conditions where it rightly belongs.

J. L. DAVISON.

Red Deer, Alberta, March 12th, 1912.

BELIEVES IN MIXED FARMING

To the Editor—I have been in the Touchwood district of the Last Mountain Valley for twenty-five years and I have been almost entirely engaged in raising live stock. Brome and other tame grasses do well. This part has proved it is exactly adapted for mixed or dairy farming. Further, I have noticed in every part of this country that the man who goes in for mixed farming is the *sure* man, as it is very handy to have a few head of cattle to turn off in the fall, and butter and cheese find splendid market, as numbers of the large farmers that go entirely in for grain do not even keep a cow.

WILLIAM BRICE.

Sec. 30-25-17 W 2nd Cupar P.O., Saskatchewan.

RESENTS MR. CROASDELL'S ATTACK

To the Editor:—I have just finished reading Mr. Rex Croasdell's latest article on "Money Mad Farming" and since I happen to be one of the "bone-headed, lard-brained" farmers, I want to say that I most heartily resent his attack, although I do agree with some of the things he says.

For instance, when he says that "the devil gets the farmer in spite of the government" he tells what is a fact. The devil, in the character of the Meat Combine, gets him by dictating the price of his beef, and the devil in the character of the Grain Combine gets him by dictating the price of his grain.

I don't wonder that Mr. Croasdell laments because he and the people in the next flat—flat, mind you—didn't get a share of what the farmer *didn't* get. They probably got a large share of what he *did* get. But they, the city men, the business men, the "big fellows," are not money mad. Oh, no! Wouldn't it be well for Mr. Croasdell to apply some of his gun cotton to the heels of the city men instead of trying to induce them to "butt-in" to the "bone heads" business.

It is amusing to hear these "high brows" shout parrot like about crop rotation, seed selection, intensive farming, etc. How wise they appear! How much they can say for the amount they know! Crop rotation and mixed farming; it sounds quite scholarly doesn't it? But where does it come in when lumber and cement are so high that if the "lard-brain" were to put up a good, comfortable house and barn, it would take all his profits to pay the interest on the investment?

Why don't the farmers practice most of these wise men's theories? Simply because they can't make a living at it and, unfortunately, they have to live, but fortunately they don't have to live as high as their friends in the city or they couldn't live at all. If the farmer were so grubby, so money mad, wouldn't he jump at the chance of doubling his yield in a practical way? You bet he would.

Yes, "prod the farmer on," but let me tell you, Mr. Croasdell, that you will have to rise several hours earlier than you are accustomed to if you prod him when he gets up in the morning, and you will be late for the "show" if you keep prodding him till he quits at night. All this agitation among city people won't affect the farmer at all, for if he is a "bone-head" and a "lard-brain", he knows enough to know that the city man knows nothing of the practice of farming and is only interested in it in the hope that he may get

farm products a little cheaper, that he may lend the "bone-head" some money on his farm at eight or ten per cent. interest, or that he may sell him a gold brick. Mr. Croasdell says "Dig into the primaries yourself." I can say "Hear ! hear !" to that. But I would suggest a different way of doing it. Instead of leaning back in your morris chair with an experiment station report in your hands and a clear havana in your face, just get up, pull off your smoking jacket, roll up your sleeves and "go to it" on a quarter section for a few seasons. After Rex Croasdell has run the gauntlet of the average farmer's average everyday troubles for two or three years, he will then appreciate what a downright insult his articles are.

Now, I know, Mr. Editor, that I am a "bone-head," but I am a subscriber to your valuable magazine and an advocate of the "square deal" so I hope you will not consider that I am trespassing on your space and good nature when I ask you to print the above as presenting to a limited extent, the "bone-head's" side of the question.

G. W. IRWIN.

Saltcoats, Saskatchewan.

OPPOSED TO STRAIGHT WHEAT FARMING

To the Editor:—I am very much in sympathy with your undertaking to show the advantages of the more general adoption of diversified farming methods in Canada and to oppose the straight wheat farming.

W. A. WILSON.

Regina, Saskatchewan.

MIXED FARMING VS. ALL-GRAIN

To the Editor:—I am in thorough sympathy with your movement. The subject of the profits to be derived from diversified farming as compared to exclusive grain-growing will, I understand, be taken up by the college of agriculture as soon as their organization work permits.

A. FRANK MANTLE,
Deputy Minister of Agriculture.

Regina, Saskatchewan.

WATER POWER

BY EYRE MORTON DANN

ONE fells a giant spruce into the river;
Slowly and regally it makes its way
To a leaping fall, whose roar is as the thunder,
And disappears in whirl on whirl of spray.

Far down below, the tireless eddy turns
A whitened log, quick-stripped of bark and bough;
The watching savage cannot read the message
That hum of motor spells so plainly now.

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.

ARE the seasons the same, or is it you that have changed so woefully? Is spring ever as fresh, as exquisite, as delightful as it used to be in those far days of our youth, when the fields and woods rang with jocund sounds and in the pastures the sheep moved from patch to patch of tempting herbage? As you note the first young green edging the trees that stood through the long winter so naked and dry, your thoughts turn to the "Island of Honey," where the bees are flying among the velvet buds, and the long leagues of English hedgerows are sheeted with May blossoms. The fireless grate in country house and cottage is filled with branches of fragrant May, and through the rain outside, the warm, pearly May blooms are glowing fresh as the cheeks of the milkmaid. And in deep woods that my soul remembers, the cuckoo is calling, and in the valley below the nightingale is wooing his mate in such sweet utterance as stirred the heart of old Izaak Walton: "Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on earth."

My heart went a-wandering the other day down a lane that winds through a wood and across a village common. There, under the boles of the old trees, the first violets hide under their mantle of broad, green leaves, and close by the stile the primroses grow in clumps, waiting for the children to come joyously to gather them into posies. Beyond, the buttercups blaze their golden path through the fields, over-topping the grass that surrounds them. The sweet woodruff clusters about the trunk of the great oak that stands midway and breaks the lane in two. Butterflies are darting hither and thither, and the wings of the soldier fly flash in the sun as he pursues his fellows in play. The old dog yonder is busily scratching up the earth, nosing for a hedgehog which he finds presently, as his wild yelps proclaim. Hedger and ditcher are busy with their spades, repairing the inroads of the frost, and you pause a while to watch them at their work and wonder what they say as they talk "Zummerzet" together. All the land lies smiling in the full glory of the Maytime. Exquisite recollections of careless, childish days sweep across the soul, and some echo of woodland song wakens in that wandering heart a sigh for the springtime that has gone:

Oh, that we two were Maying
Down the stream of the soft spring breeze,
Like children with violets playing
In the shade of the whispering trees.

QUEEN O' THE MAY

WERE you ever crowned Queen of the May long ago when you were little? Once, we had that happy privilege. But we had to put another small claimant to the mat in order to enjoy it. The way of it was this—and centuries of sorrow could not eliminate the memory. The Queen was to be the one who got most votes from the other children for amiability and good temper—things foreign to the nature of red-headed youngsters, and to be hardly won by such at any time. Through bodily fear of us we got a modicum of votes. In fact we split even with the Angel of the school. It was then that the young Demon threw down the glove and up the dukes. The Angel folded her wings, and the two entered the ring. There was neither judge nor referee, but the rest of the school divided itself into seconds. You talk of fights! My pen is tipped with scorn when I think of the tame affairs they call by that glorious name these days.

There were no rules to hinder these youngsters and no boys to yell encouragement or to jeer. It was tooth and claw when both were at their sharpest. Now Angel soared while Demon got under and scratched her legs. Angel bit and the little Devil pummeled and both went to the mat and wallowed. In one mighty round was it finished, and the Demon arose with hands full of hair and was crowned amid cheers with three battered white roses and a long green veil, both wrested from a maiden aunt's bonnet. I can see her, careless, battered, happy "kid," strutting about in a long-tailed gown—also stolen, followed by a horde of dancing, shouting youngsters, one of her eyes a blue puff-ball, but her heart a glorified thing full of the joy of battle.

As to what became of the vanquished, that is not the business of the conqueror. All the donkey rides that day belonged to the victor.

. . . . . .

STRANGER THAN FICTION

A HEADLESS postman; a phantom skipper and his crew; two medical spirits who have long been practising how to keep the Devil in splints, a spook lady known by the initials M. L. O. (by the way, have you read the book of the month, "To M. L. G."?) two real men, the inevitable woman, and several crisp Bank of England five-pound notes are the *dramatis personnae* in the latest police sensation. You can add the Devil to these, if you like, for I have no doubt at all he was present at the proceedings.

Do not look surprised. Bless you, we have not advanced so very much in these days of enlightenment and scientific discovery as the newspapers would have us believe. There are just as many fools in the world as ever there were. But it is not often we find a lawyer made a goat of. And—such is human nature, a murrain of it!—it is with a touch of grim joy that we find one of those acute chaps who have worsted us in a deal or two, taken in in his turn.

Our lawyer friend had, it seems, a fiancee who had departed untimely for a better land. Consumed with grief, he sought to find her in the spirit land.

A CARELESS HAPPY "KID", STRUTTING ABOUT IN A LONG-TAILED GOWN

The medium he consulted, being a wary lady, informed him that she could bring him into communication with his dead sweetheart through a controlling spirit, a doctor. Seventy years ago this doctor was practising in Melbourne, Australia. Where he has been since is not recorded. However, it was not long until the doctor told the medium that M. L. O., the dead sweetheart, was in need of money. The lawyer then began to write letters to her in care of the doctor. Frequently money orders were enclosed, and when the lawyer was short of cash he quietly appropriated that of a client. The notes were afterwards found to have been paid for furniture, food and etceteras, which are not usually needed in the land that is fairer than this.

After a time it became necessary to employ a spirit "postman," and a spook who had had his head cut off during the French Revolution was appointed per medium to the office. Meantime the doctor got tired, went on a vacation and left a locum tenens. The headless postman was supposed to de-materialize the lawyer's letters so that he could deliver them to the friends in the spirit world. He was certainly careless about the envelopes, for the contents got no further than the Bank of England.

To summarize, here was a London lawyer sending money not belonging to him to a dead woman through two dead doctors and a medium. He became bankrupt in course of time and told his story of sending remittances to the next world. This lawyer actually formed the idea of creating a band of spirit-workers in the nature of a skipper and crew whose work would be reforming members of this world who had reached the other shores and were probably stranded there. Postal orders and money orders were intrusted to "the dear old postman," but alas! these never reached the farther shore. They had a way of going backwards and remaining there. Meantime the medium was furnishing her house and living on the fat of the land.

Fired by desire to see his dead love attired in the height of the fashion, her lawyer lover mailed the spring catalogues to her, and advised her against hobbles and kimono sleeves. In return his beloved sent him a telegram of "happy returns" on his birthday. Once, when the lawyer was not coming up with the funds, the medium wrote: "I saw the doctor last night. He looked stern. We must have $150."

The whole case is pitiful. That anyone could be so credulous seems of itself incredible. The man was supposedly sane. He pursued sane methods, lived reasonably and even held his law practice. Assuredly Edison was not far wrong when he declared the other day that spiritism, from the ignorant dupe with the love philter to the owl-eyed psychical researcher, is nothing but a mental disease. Its cause is invariably due to deterioration of the brain cells.

. . . . . .

NEW BUT NOT NOVEL

THERE is a new, but not novel, game for women, which is less harmful and not quite as thrilling as auction bridge. It is called Book Tea. Those invited to this interesting ceremony are asked to wear a little something suggestive of the books they represent, and she who guesses the titles of the most of these emblems receives a prize. One lady, who appeared with the numerals 45 placarded on her chest, was easily placed as "L' Age Dangeroux". Another who wore a metal bracelet was diagnosed as "The Iron Woman". No one seemed to be able to say what book the woman represented who had hung a toy cat and tennis racket at her belt. You, of course, know that it was Balzac's "The Cat and Racket".

A dear old lady who had pinned a lily to her bosom was extremely indignant when someone guessed her book to be Sudermann's "Song of Songs." Such a terrible book, my dear! Quite unfit to be read by anyone, much less a woman. But why was the old lady angry? And if she hadn't read the book, how did she know that it was unfit for the Old Person, much less for the Young. Ah, that was a gay old girl, I'm afraid. She had evidently been hob-nobbing with Mrs. Grundy who—as everybody knows—is obliged to read everything in order to guard the

ALL THE LAND LIES SMILING IN THE FULL GLORY OF THE MAYTIME

Young Person, my dear, the poor, tender, delicate, shy Young Person, who on no account must learn how very bad this sad, old world can be.

I do not think the term Book Tea a good name for this entertainment. A neater title for a sport that cheers but not inebriates would be Tea Leaves.

. . . . . .

MOTHER O' MINE

A WOMAN was on her knees before a little wooden trunk packing it. She was his mother—and his father as well—and he was going quite away from her for the first time to boarding school. He was out playing, bless you, happy-hearted and careless, and throbbing with the excitement of going away, poor little man, and having a trunk of his own and pearl sleeve studs and a "really" watch.

Everything that went into the box was as spick and span as love could make it. The little suits carefully pressed and mended, the new pyjamas, pink with gray stripes and gray with blue, the stockings and gaiters and shoes and shirts were all packed neatly with bunches of tissue paper to fill out the corners. And as she worked, the mother was thinking of all the different stages by which her baby went from her from the beginning. There was the time she weaned him, when she cried as much as he at the tender parting. And then his first little man-clothes—the day she saw him march away proudly in the first insignia of his sex, his small breeches. After that came the cutting of the curls, the warm red-brown curls she had brushed round and round her fingers till they shone like bronze. She had them yet, tied up in tissue paper with a bit of the same blue ribbon which was round her love letters in those secret places where women keep their most precious jewels.

She remembered the day he first wagged off to school, his satchel slung on his back, his copper-toed shoes laced neatly, his little handkerchief sticking out of his jacket pocket just to show he had one. She watched him till he turned the corner but he never once looked back, and then she turned to the day's work with dim eye and a prayer in her heart, waiting till she heard his merry shout as he raced down the road home to her again. Each little stage took him farther from her until now the real parting of the ways had come. And as she slipped the little tray into

its place in the top of the box, she wondered how she could bear it when she came home without her little man. How lonesome the house would be and how silent! No noisy little shoes clattering on the stair, no rush into the room with some childish story, or asking some little favor. Many a tear fell into the little box that mother was packing there on her knees—many a prayer, many a kiss.

Was there ever love like it, this mother love which flows like a river ever onward, which no misfortune can change, no crime lessen, no disappointment alter? All a man's life it follows him, asking nothing, making no demand, immense as Nature itself, unselfish as the heart of God, patient with the patience of God Himself.

. . . . . .

FEMINISM IN GERMANY

FEMINISM has at last beaten down the barricades and appeared in Germany. It is the last country to be affected by the problem. For generations the women of the Fatherland have kept to their traditions and believed that their duties in life were exclusively confined to the *Kirche*, *Kinder* and *Kuchen*. Hitherto they have demanded little change either in education or as regards their exclusion from all public concern, with the result that their fame as *hausfraus* pure and simple has been world-wide. But the craze for emancipation has at last touched them and is beginning to show the effects.

The German women are alive to the fact that they occupy a position different from the women of England and America, and even of France, and they are showing signs that they would fain win a superiority to the position hitherto assigned to them. Pioneers sprang up who influenced their sisters to obtain increased powers to compete with men in earning their own living. Women are pressing into all branches of industry and trade, and where some years ago the employment of women in shops and offices would have been regarded as great a scandal as it was in England during the exhibition of 1851, there is an army of women workers in Berlin, Hamburg, Munich and Dresden to-day. And the movement is divided into two distinct sections: the vigorous Socialistic section, confined chiefly to working women whose leaders are hand in hand with the leaders of the Social Democratic party, and the middle-class movement, which confines itself mainly to educational influences, by which the exponents hope to arrive at the desired goal—emancipation.

. . . . . .

THE OLD BOOKS

DO YOU ever grow a little tired of the modern novel, which is so filled with the unrest of woman or the cheap adventures of cheap heroes, and turn to the works of those who have "quietly rested under the drums and tramplings" of many an age? To turn the pages of an old book and read just here and there a page or so, is as calming to the spirit as wandering in some fairy wood on an enchanted spring day.

Turning the leaves of some such ancient friend, I came yesterday upon this passage, written by one of the most cruelly used of English gentlemen, Sir Walter Raleigh.

"O, eloquent, just, and mighty Death! Whom none could advise, thou hast perswaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised: thou hast drawne together all the farre stretched greatness, all the pride, crueltie and ambition of man, and covered it over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet*."

That was written when Sir Walter lay in the Tower awaiting death, and as I read the dignified, beautiful passage, I remembered that late summer's day when we walked in the old garden of Sir Walter Raleigh, where the hollyhocks stood shoulder high, and London Pride bordered all the walks, and the luscious roses in whose deep cups the dew yet glistened, straggled over the wall, and we thought of those great days in England's history when her mighty men girt the sea-isle with their valor. In these days of fret and hurry, days of cheap flavor and long-distance fighting, it does me good to turn to these grand old boys of the past: Lamb and Bacon, More and Bunyan, and

gentle old Izaak Walton, the king of fishermen.

You remember him—

"No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy, and so pleasant as the angler's unless it be the beggar's life in summer; for then only they take no care but are happy as we anglers."

AND THEN HIS FIRST LITTLE MAN-CLOTHES!

MERELY A BLOT

DUBLIN has become the home of the Muses," writes one with a satiric pen and a whole bunch of ignorance regarding the Irish race. Why the Muses radiate from there! All the same we repudiate Mr. George Moore by reason of something he said recently. They were celebrating some patriotic event in Dublin—probably St. Patrick's Day—and sipping Hippocrene. Mr. Moore was principal guest and speaker. He said some notable things. "Only two people have succeeded in writing a blank verse play, Shakespeare and Mr. Yeats." The poor Elizabethans! Mr. Kipling was incidentally described as "a blot" on the page of literature, and will be forgotten, Mr. Moore is convinced, five years from now. We may add that Mr. Moore will live for ever—as the man who called Rudyard Kipling a blot.

RADIUM RAYS

AT THE time of writing, Madame Curie is lying dangerously ill. Some say of a broken heart over the Langevins divorce trial. More likely it is because of radium. The reports from Paris state that Mme. Curie is suffering from internal burns and abscesses. Prominent neurologists say that the effect of radium on a living body is a killing of the cells. That is how radium is effective in the cure of certain cancers and tumors. Quasi-scientists have advanced a theory that radium is the active principle of life and that presently we will find that life

can be preserved indefinitely by its use. In other words that we shall be made immortal and death shall cease. It does not look like it in poor Madame Curie's case, who seems to have broken down because she lived in a radio-active atmosphere. The fact is Science is but playing with radium at present. She knows little or nothing of the magic product beyond the fact that it is more powerful than dynamite, travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a minute and will pass through a flat-iron with no diminution of its speed. If ten milligrams of radium were fastened to the back of a man's head and let remain there, he would be a dead man instead of an immortal within two weeks. There is not quite a teaspoonful of radium in the world, but if this was gathered in one room any man who would stay with it for a couple of hours would have no more troubles in this world.

The rays must have effected Madame Curie, since she was continually exposed to them. The results were slow but insidious, and unless her system is strong enough to rebuild she will not recover. She is a frail woman, thin to leanness, but she is not of marked nervous temperament, which will stand her to now. Nor is she the sort of woman to be affected into illness by a sentimental court case. She is neither old nor young, but looks older than her forty-six years warrant. She cares little about her looks or dress, but a whole world of sadness lies within her brown eyes.

. . . . . .

AN ANGEL BOY

A LITTLE boy, in addition to his own penny, was given a ten-cent piece to put in the collection plate for his mother who was too ill to go to church that Sunday. The special preacher who was engaged to plead for a certain orphanage urged the congregation not to put "miserable little silver coins" in the plate, and so the little boy put in the penny and took the ten cents back to his mother. Taking the ten cents back is the weak part of this pretty tale. He must have been a very little boy, one of the sort brought up on the priggish children's books of olden days, where little boys converted Indian chiefs, and read Fox's Martyrs, and copied "Be good and you will be happy" all day long. He could not have been a human boy, a "glorious human boy" such as Mr. Chadband would have delighted to snatch "as a brand from the burning."

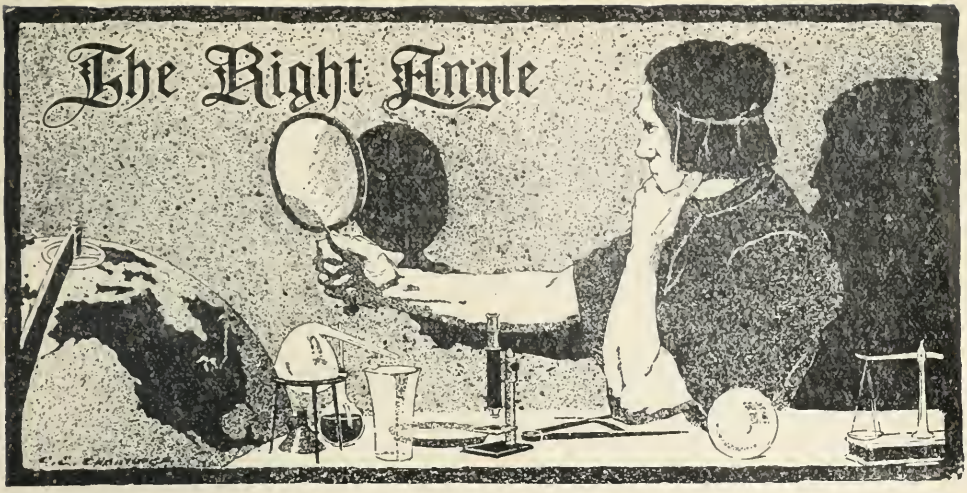
HER SUITOR'S DOG

BY EDWIN BALMER

"WHO'S dat yaller dog,
Hangin' roun' de do'?
Sho' I's nebber seen
Such a measly beast befo'!

"Johnsin, t'row dat scrap-meat out,
Dat ugly quadderped,
Not'in but skin an' bone,
All laigs an' tail an' haid.

"What dog? Dat am yo' dog?
No, no! He don't annoy.
Lub yo', lub yo' dog?—
Come hyar, Sp'ot, mah boy!"



PEOPLE AND STUMPS

TOUCHED by envy, a commercial traveler from the States writes to his home paper from Vancouver: "Great place here for the tired bank clerks. There are no holidays and there is no time off for lunch. When they get fatigued they are allowed to run around the block to rest up. Otherwise it's all right."

A condition that might employ five receiving tellers for one that pays out may stop short of that disproportion in actual employment, but it reflects general prosperity and a corresponding deep activity among all the people. The commercial traveller intimates as much in his conclusion that "otherwise it's all right."

Vancouver certainly is no collection of cadavers. It is all alive with the force and ferment of a tremendously vigorous West behind it, and every town in all that West is full of people most undoubtedly and aggressively alive also, and busy to the limit.

Activity follows the westering star of empire, a luminary now blazing over the Pacific waters. There was a time when it rolled and shone above the eastern sea-board with the same young and abounding influence. That has passed, and left a more staid and less stirring state of things, comfortable but not astonishing. Another commercial traveller about a year ago wrote back home from a region just south of the border in the state of Maine, that "you can't tell the people from the stumps unless you sit down and watch them. If they move, they're stumps".

NAILING A LIBEL

REPORTS have recently been circulated in certain American papers which state that thousands of American settlers who went to Canada last year and the year before are returning to the United States. The reports go on to say that these American settlers, "lured by inducements held out in the line of general farming and wheat-raising" are returning in disgust, having found that "there is little or no attempt at diversified farming, no small stock, and in some places not even milk. Wheat is the only crop, and whenever a farmer misses a crop of wheat his whole season's work is wasted." Further, the reports say that "for six months all farm work has been suspended and the farmer is a virtual prisoner in the far North".

To anyone who knows the facts such statements can only be considered as inspired by self-interest—in other words that somewhere in the woodpile there is a nigger. The old myth of the "frozen north" and the "great lone land" and the "returning Yankees" has had the shorter and uglier word proved against it time and again. A year ago the "15,000 Returning Yankees Myth" was the joke of the country, the "15,000" when tested by actual

figures of the United States Treasury Department boiling down to 261 actual returning settlers. The same thing is true to-day. As a matter of fact, the official government figures show that between April 1, 1910, and April 1, 1911, 121,451 persons went to Canada from the United States, carrying with them an average of $1,000 each in money and settlers' effects, and that in the ten months between April 1, 1911, and February 1, 1912, 111,706 Americans followed them, while in the six months between August 15, and February 15, only 216 persons returned to the United States who on entering Canada had declared themselves "intending Canadian settlers". Now 216 returning settlers in six months is very far from "thousands", and when it is compared with the great inrush of American farmers seeking homes in the fertile lands of the prairie provinces, it is a ridiculously small percentage.

Take, again, the statement that wheat is the only crop of Canada, and that "when a farmer misses a wheat crop his whole season's work is wasted". The official figures given out by the Department of Agriculture show that in 1911 Canada's field crops occupied a total area of 32,853,000 acres, and their value, calculated at the average local market prices, amounted to $565,712,000. Less than one-third of this total field crop acreage was sown to wheat, two-thirds of Canada's yield being composed of oats, rye, barley, flax, root crops, etc. Canada did produce 215,851,000 bushels of wheat, valued at $138,567,000 in 1911. But leave wheat out of it, and look at the Department of Agriculture's official figures on the other crops.

Canada's oats in 1911 were worth $126,512,000; barley, $23,004,000; flax, $19,467,000; and the combined area under rye, peas, buckwheat, mixed grains and flax yielded 44,986,000 bushels, valued at $41,560,000. Hoed and cultivated crops, comprising beans, corn for husking, potatoes, turnips and other roots, except sugar beets, yielded $73,290,000 to the Canadian farmer; sugar beets alone brought him another $1,165,000; fodder crops, including fodder corn, hay, clover and alfalfa showed an acreage of 8,290,000, and were worth $151,314,000. This doesn't sound like an all-wheat country, does it? And it takes into no account the value of cattle, dairy products, poultry, horses, sheep, swine, etc., which amount to hundreds of millions, the Canadian home trade for cream alone being approximated by the recent Canadian Dairymen's Convention at eighty million dollars, and the great ranches of Western Canada exporting beef to the United States and Great Britain in immense quantities.

A country that raises crops like these and where cattle winter out on the open range without shelter is no "frozen north". True, the winters are cold—cold and clear like those in Minnesota. But it is a dry and sunshiny cold, the cold that makes a hard wheat berry, that transforms a soft wheat like the Kansas Turkey Red into an Alberta Red No. 1 Hard in a few seasons, and makes new gradings necessary to mark the superior quality of No. 1 Northern over the No. 1 Hard of ordinary grain. This same cold that makes hard wheat makes sturdy and vigorous people. A characteristic comment was made by Mr. Arthur Burrage Farwell, head of the Law and Order League of the United States, when he visited Canada last year on a tour of inspection. He said, "I never saw so many wholesome, red-cheeked men and women as I saw there." Eighteen hours of sunshine a day and a clear dry climate are good for man and beast. And anyone who has been in Canada during the winter will acknowledge that Canadians are far more out-of-doors in winter than Americans are.

The coming year will undoubtedly see 200,000 American farmers crossing the boundary into Western Canada to take up land in the prairie provinces. The immigration authorities report this year that the inquiries are twice as heavy as in former years, and that such states as Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma will contribute heavily. Already the tide is beginning to move, the settlers being anxious to arrive in time for early breaking and seeding; and there is no foundation for any

belief that American settlers now in Canada are returning, or will return, from a country where they are doing well.

PUT IT IN THE BAG

A PUNGENT whiff of the kitchen gushed through the burst sides of "Kit's" paper cookery bag, to flavor the contents of "The Pedlar's Pack" in Canada Monthly for March. It evoked this good-natured note of protest from the Montreal office of Edward Lloyd, Limited:

To the Editor: As readers of *Canada Monthly* we cannot forbear writing you a short note in defence of paper bag cookery.

As proprietors of the London *Daily Chronicle*, we were the first people to introduce Mr. Soyer and his discoveries to the notice of the public. From London the good news has spread to every civilized country on the face of the globe, and it is no exaggeration to say that cooking bags are in use from Buenos Aires to Yokohama.

The writer of the leader as it appeared in a recent edition is evidently one of those misguided people who will under no circumstances follow directions, and we might even go further and deduce from this that it was a lady.

If, as your correspondent states, the system has no advantages, why should fifty odd million supposedly rational people use them every day for their roasts, for their entrees, and for their pies? Simply because it is an improvement on the old way of cooking that has been in operation for centuries. Even the savages had an instinctive knowledge of the benefit of conserving nourishment in food, and the paper bag method is a modern means of putting it before the average household.

Let us further explain that cooking in paper bags was never intended for your imported domestics. The whole idea is for the ordinary housewife, the woman who takes sufficient pride in the management of her home to do some of her own kitchen work, and it is in these homes that you will find the paper bag used wherever possible, simply because they have sufficient sense to know that anything that will save them money and labor, is worth cultivating.

To those who say "What my grandmother did seventy years ago is good enough for me" we have no message other than "If you cannot boost, don't knock."

This letter is not written in any spirit of advertisement, and we thank you in anticipation for giving it a little space in your next number, and remain, Yours truly,

EDWARD LLOYD, Limited.

Very nice, and given space gladly, thank you. But even so simple a thing as putting up a stove pipe for the first time has been known to drive a sincerely pious man into peril of his immortal part, through the things he has said on the spur of the experience, and "Kit" being a lady (as guessed), and Irish at that, may have let the paper bag down gently, considering its novelty. There was neither knock nor boost, but only the recital of an experiment that did not work, perhaps through misunderstood directions. There is no room for quarrel in a paper bag. Between Buenos Aires and Yokohama no burst bags have impeded the march of commerce, nor is anything of the sort likely to occcur between Montreal and Prince Rupert. The stream is only "fretted by the reeds it roots not up". Why root? It is all to the good for the bag business. Great are the uses of paper.

A HOMELY BOOK OF HOMELAND

A NEW edition of James Baker's book, "Mark Tillotson," appears from the press of Chapman and Hall, London. Mr. Baker describes it as a novel, but the plain word, book, fits better, because it is a long and quite alluring sequence of travel pictures, filled with many characters that come and go, most of them homely and homelike, none heroic, but all warmly human. Their combinations and reactions are real enough without touching romance as commonly understood, or taking on the glitter of high places. It is the final one of a series dealing with rivers. The first followed the Rhine, the second, the Danube, the third, the pretty little river Lyn, in Devon. This one, the fourth and best, chooses the Elbe, perhaps the most beautiful of the rivers of Europe, but the home scenes overbalance those laid abroad, and therein lies its finest merit.

It is a good story, that has maintained a fair vogue these ten years, and still is called for, a thing that could not happen with any book that had not truth in its heart and charm in its manner. Mr. Baker knows and loves his England, which is England of the west country, where Devon looks on Somerset, and Somerset on Dorset—a land of Beulah, softest and dearest, and fullest of rich content over all the corners of this wonderful world. He makes you see again the rounded hills, the grey old hamlets with their venerable church towers

rising out of rooky woods, where slanting sunbeams make calm glory in the air, and peaceful shadows fall across the mead. It breathes the spirit of a quiet people, quaint traditions, faith, and steadfast ideals, unperturbed by impacts from a restless life outside. It is a folk story, perhaps one of the best of its kind these modern days have given us; the sort of book one would wish to keep, and read again. And that is a mark that cannot be put on many books.

BUFFALO AT WAINWRIGHT

ABOUT two years ago there came drifting across the border a writer from New York who gravely announced his purpose to go to Wainwright and if possible secure photographs of the last remaining herd of buffalo. This fearsome venture had somewhat the effect of

"Decent David's dance before the ark,
Whose grand *pas seul* excited some remark."

The bold explorer was not impressed by the information, freely offered, that he could walk up to the park fence any day he liked, and photograph them to his heart's content. He was not to be spoofed by humorists in Toronto or Winnipeg, and forth he fared, with his cameras and his snowshoes. It was to laugh.

And yet it really is odd that so remarkable an arrest in the vanishment of a noble race of beasts has attracted so little attention abroad. The Wainwright herd was purchased from a half-breed named Pablo, who had begun in 1873, with four calves, on the Flathead Indian reservation in Montana, and who tried to make a sale to the United States Government, asking that a national park be established for them in that reservation. The United States declined the proposition, but the Dominion government took over the herd at a lump price of $200,000, and kept them in Elk Island Park until the Wainwright park of 107,000 acres on the Grand Trunk Pacific, be made ready. They were moved to Wainwright in 1909, together with 77 buffalo from the park at Banff, and thirty more that were bought from the Conrad herd in Montana, making a total of 721. On January first this year they numbered 1031.

At Elk Island and Banff there are about eighty specimens, and the best count possible shows some 450 more in a wild state, roaming the country west of Smith's Landing, on the Athabasca. This brings the total buffalo in Canada up to 1561. The Bison Society's census shows only 2,760 in the whole of North America, so that more than half are in the Dominion, and of that half nearly all are in the Wainwright Park, waiting to be photographed by any Yankee who wants to preserve for himself a record of what the United States let slip away, and Canada was sufficiently large-minded to buy and pay for, and keep and let increase, that the greatest of all our autochthonous wild animals shall not perish from the earth.

CHARLES MELVILLE HAYS

PROBABLY there was not another man on board the fated Titanic who could so ill be spared, on whom so much depended, as Charles Melville Hays, president of the Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific Railways. In some eighteen months the National Transcontinental which Mr. Hays planned will be completed, and these months are a crucial time in the making of the road, a time when Mr. Hays is needed above all. The development of a huge section of Canada has depended, ever since the project was begun, upon Mr. Hays' farsightedness and executive ability.

But in the darkness of that dreadful Monday morning, when the word went about the doomed steamer that the boats would hold but a scant third of the passengers, and the officers said, "Women and children first", Mr. Hays stepped back, as they lowered the frail keels away, and remained on the Titanic. In that hour he was not the great railway president; he was merely the simple-hearted man, giving up his place, perhaps, to some sabot-shod woman from the steerage with a shawl over her head and a baby wrapped in its folds.

No sign will mark where the Titanic lies, but the heroism shown by the men aboard her will be a monument more enduring than brass.

WRITTEN EXCUSES

THE teacher of a kindergarten class was strict in the matter of compelling her charges to bring written excuses from home in case they had missed attendance at school.

After a big storm, which kept many of the youngsters away, all but one brought perfunctory explanations from their mothers. The one child was told to have a letter with him the next day. He did and it read:

"Dear Madam: Willie's legs are 16 inches long and the snow was two feet deep.

Yours, etc."

THE CALL

WIFE—You know that Mrs. Newcomb moved in down the street Monday, so I called to-day.

Hub—Well, well! How like poker this "social game" is.

Wife—How do you mean?

Hub—Why, in poker you also call when you want to see what the other person has.

HIS HANDICAP

"THE greatest bandmaster I ever knew," says the man with the ashes on his vest, "was a little, slim, bald-headed, smoothfaced fellow named John Smith. As a band leader he made all these famous ones look like hopeless amateurs."

"I never heard of him," argues the man with the reversible tie.

"Of course you didn't. Nor did anybody else. Didn't I just say that he was a little, slim, bald-headed, smoothfaced fellow, and that his name was John Smith?"

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS

SOCIETY DAME—Oh, doctor, I'm so sorely troubled with ennui!

Doctor—H'm! Why don't you interest yourself in finding out how the other half lives?

Society Dame—Gracious! Why, I'm not looking for a divorce!

THE PRIVILEGE OF AGE

"YOU must not talk all the time, Ethel," said the mother who had been interrupted.

"When will I be old enough to, mamma?" asked the little girl.

WHERE THE ACCENT IS

OBSERVING modern matrimony,
One cannot but reflect 'tis funny.
With bridge and dress
And social stress
They want less matri and more money.

IMPORTANT FEATURE

"PAPA," says the little boy, "I'm hungry. Let's go get a sandwich."

"After I've thought out this problem, Willie. Don't disturb my train of thought."

After waiting in silence and patience

for ten minutes, the little boy ventures:

"Papa, hasn't your train of thought got a diner on it?"

WHY NOT ?

"WE didn't take a very good picture," explains the member of the group, "because we were all out of focus."

"Then," asks the man who believes in getting what he wants when he wants it, "why didn't you have the photographer wait until you could wire back to town and have enough focus for the whole crowd sent out at once ?"

THE ANNUAL

By Wilbur D. Nesbit.

WHEN the soap is on the stairway
and the rugs are on the lawn
And the paperhanger's coming while
the plasterer has gone,
When the men are all dejected and are
bothered with the blues,
While their wives are madly shuffling in
enormous overshoes—
O the house is in a turmoil at the very
blush of dawn,
When the soap is on the stairway and
the rugs are on the lawn.

When the cullud lady's smashing all
the marble statuettes,
And the hardwood floors are ruined by
the roller-skating pets,
When the grand piano's damaged by a
can of color spilled
In its innermost recesses by a man who
should be killed—
O it's then we see a picture never
painted; nay, nor drawn,
When the soap is on the stairway and
the rugs are on the lawn.

When you're eating from the gas range
and are sleeping in the hall,
And you sit down in the kalsomine
intended for the wall,
And the batter cakes are tinted with a
dash of indigo,
And your coffee tastes of benzine and
there's borax in the dough—
O a broom will send you side wise like a
timid, startled fawn,
When the soap is on the stairway and
the rugs are on the lawn.

Ah, for somewhere east of Suez, where
the best is like the worst,
And a human habitation by house clean-
ing is not cursed !
For there's tumult in the attic and the
cellar is a mess,
And you have to screen the windows
with a bureau when you dress,
And you have a very doubtful spring-
less cot to sleep upon,
When the soap is on the stairway and
the rugs are on the lawn.

NATURE WAS IN TUNE

CHEERFUL Undertaker — Beautiful day for the funeral, sir; just enough breeze to stir the plumes. Now jump in, sir, please.

PHILOSOPHY BY MAIL

THERE was once a man who had a great scheme of philosophy to propound. He became so engrossed in his idea that he allowed his hair to flourish unrestrained, wore out-of-date clothing and generally went around in a slipshod manner.

"Humph !" said those who heard this. "He is only posing. He doesn't mean what he says."

So he had his hair cut and acquired clothing of the latest style and pattern. Having remodeled himself thus, once more he started forth to spread his new doctrine.

"Humph !" said the same people. "He is only bluffing. He doesn't know what he is talking about."

This shows us that the best way to be a philosopher is to do it by mail.

TWELVE MILES FROM HERE

TWO French Canadian citizens were traveling down a river in a houseboat. One of them knew the river and the other did not.

They anchored for the night on a bar. Along toward daylight the craft went adrift. Three hours later the motion awoke one of the travelers. He poked his head out of the door. An entirely strange section of scenery was passing.

"Baptiste ! Baptiste !" he yelled. "Get up ! We ain't here !"

His comrade roused himself and looked out.

"No, by gar !" he said, "we're twelve miles from here !"

ABRIDGING SIZE

ONE more unfortunate,
Weary of fat;
Rashly importunate,
Wants to be flat.
Hook her up tenderly.
Fasten with care,
Lace her in slenderly—
All she can bear.

Look at her garments
Giving her torments !
Twinges sartorial
Mark each effaced line;
Less equatorial
Dwindles her waist line.

Look at her smilingly
While you beguilingly
Further condense her;
Steel for the strengthening
Of lines you're lengthening;
Seams growing tenser.

Tie her up solidly,
Cramp her and squeeze
Till she stands stolidly
Stiff to the knees.
Pose her thus frigidly,
Gorgeously grim,
Ramroddy rigidly,
Shadowy slim !

Where's her avoirdupois ?
It is concealed.
She can afford a poise
As though congealed.

Crippled of movement, she
Shows the improvement she
Came here to get.
Look at her, mummified,
Dressmaker's dummified,
Fashion's own pet.

Hook her up tenderly,
Fasten with care,
Fashion her slenderly—
All she can bear.
One more unfortunate,
Slave to a whim,
Rashly importunate
To be made slim.

IN LONDON

"I FEAR you are losing interest in the cause."

"Why ?"

"I see you constantly with a young man."

"No danger," declared the militant suffragette.

"Then he is not your beau ?"

"No; he's a professional bondsman."

IMPUDENT JACK

DELLE—I don't speak to Jack any more.

Nelle—What's the trouble ?

Delle—I told him the ladies' aid approved the way I dressed my hair, and he had the impudence to ask if it was ratified.

SOLVED

'WHAT made the price of cotton go up so suddenly ?" asks the man with the wispy whiskers.

"Hear about Roosevelt sending five or six thousand animals to the Smithsonian Institution ?" asks the man with the overdrawn ears. "Well, every one of them has to be stuffed with cotton batting."

CURSORY

A HUNTSMAN called on Hodge to settle for damage done by a run to hounds, and found only Mrs. Hodge at home.

"Has your husband," he inquired, "made an examination yet ?"

"That he have, sir !" replied Mrs. Hodge, with a curtsey.

"Rather a cursory examination, I suspect ?"

"Oh, dreadful, sir ! Such langwidge I never heerd—never !" And the good woman held up her hands at the bare recollection.

GOING SLOW

"SOME new potatoes to-day ?" inquired the grocer with a sugary smile.

"I don't know," responded the young housewife. "The old kind have been quite satisfactory. How do these new potatoes differ from the old brands ? If they are really an improvement, I might try some."

Building a City of Certainties

By Will Corbin

Author of "The Story of the Cities," "Rebuilding San Francisco," etc.

IT HAS been my business in the last few years to seek out and report opportunities. I have covered in that time a good many thousand miles of ground. It has been my job, when new fields were opened, to be the first man on the spot. I have tried to analyze the present and forecast the future. I have been marketing facts and figures.

Six years ago—in April of 1906—I went on an assignment of this kind. With a half a dozen other men I stood on the wind-swept shore of Indiana. The outlook suggested nothing. As far as the eye could reach there stretched a barren waste of sand, sparsely covered with scrub and interspersed with ponds and marshes. I have never seen a more uninviting, desolate, God-forsaken landscape.

Yet we stood at that time in the heart of Gary—on the corner of Broadway and Fifth Avenue of the new Pittsburgh of the West. To-day the building lot on which we stood is worth more than the average 160-acre farm. Instead of the scrub oak, there stands to-day a granite bank building that houses a business of hundreds of thousands of dollars a year.

That is the story of Gary; the contrast of six years. A few months ago I returned to the Indiana city for the first time since I waded through the sand on which it grew. I went this time for the purpose of studying the great steel mills of the town and of drawing a comparison between the early days and now. I stood on the same spot and watched the great army of labor entering the mills. I walked over the same ground that I had covered before and looked in, this time, upon stores and business houses. It was an impressive picture—a study in opportunities seized.

Never before, perhaps, in the history of the United States has an industrial narrative been written that can compare with the story of Gary. It cannot soon be done again. Gary came at a certain time to fill a certain need. It was born of the parents, Demand and Supply. But, for the same economic reasons that made Gary necessary, it is obvious that no other city of its kind will be reared in the United States for many years to come.

A City of Certainties

And so, in the search for the opportunities of to-day, I am going to take you across the northern border and show you—in the last West—a story more picturesque, more important and more far-reaching than that of the steel town of Indiana. I am going to show you a city in the making—a town that is predestined to become one of the great ports of the world. I refer to Port Mann.

Port Mann, like Gary, has come to fill an economic and industrial need. Like Gary it will be handmade. But at that point the similarities cease and the contrasts begin. Gary was reared on a waste of sand; Port Mann will rise on one of the picturesque sites of the world. Gary was built to accommodate the traffic of an inland lake; Port Mann will be a harbor for the commerce of the world.

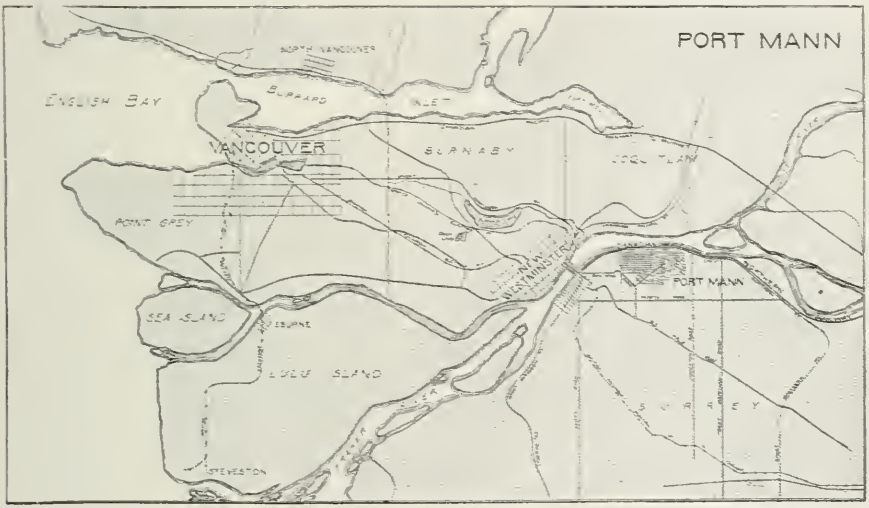
Situated on the south bank of the Fraser River, Port Mann will stand as a city of certainties. It will be as impossible to deprive it of a future as it would have been to hold back New

York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver or New Orleans. For, like these cities, Port Mann has come to meet a demand commercial—to take its place as a distributing point for the traffic and products of the western world.

There is a reason behind Port Mann. It will be built primarily as the Pacific Coast terminus of the Canadian Northern transcontinental railway. Its purpose will be to insure accommodation for the handling of the freight with which the Canadian Northern will have to deal. But, in the building of the city, the railroad has looked beyond its own needs to the future importance of the city itself.

And now, having taken a quick glance at the layout of the city itself, let us see just how and why Port Mann has come to be. First in order of these was the necessity for a Pacific freight terminus for the Canadian Northern Railway. Second, and most important from the standpoint of the seeker of opportunity, was the necessity for a new clearing point for the commerce of the Pacific Coast—the same underlying reasons that stand back of Vancouver's growth.

Twenty-five years ago the population of Vancouver was less than one thousand. It consisted of a mean little village of a few dozen rickety shacks, slouching among the stumps in a little



The townsite covers 1,250 acres, on the north bank of the Fraser River. It has a beautiful water-front extending two miles in length. A large portion of this has been reserved for wharves, docks, grain elevators, coal bunkers and manufacturing industries. Arrangements also are being made for developing a water power for the purpose of supplying electrical energy.

The residential and commercial portion is located on a slightly elevated plateau, south of the water front and railway terminals. All the streets and avenues are wide. Provision has also been made for parks, driveways and boulevards, and the whole townsite has been cleared, the surrounding district being covered by heavy timber.

clearing. But Vancouver as a port was already made; it had to come. Given one of the great natural harbors of the world, Vancouver was predestined to become a great port of Canada. All it needed was a railroad to carry its imports to the seven corners of the Dominion and to bring its exports to the busy wharves. So, with the coming of the railroad, Vancouver began to grow. It took it just twenty-five years to jump from a city of 1,000 to a metropolis of 100,000 people.

Born of An Industrial Need

It was a city built to fulfill a need. And it is for this *same* industrial reason that Port Mann stands to-day as a city of unquestioned possibilities. The same

economic reasons that brought about the growth of Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, San Francisco and Vancouver stand behind Port Mann. In fact, reduced to definite figures, Port Mann possesses more natural advantages and commercial possibilities to-day than any of the other great Pacific Coast ports.

But the thing that stands out about Port Mann is the absolute certainty of its future. The men who made fortunes in New York, Chicago, Seattle and Vancouver were possessed of a prophetic business vision. And yet, even then, they were playing a gambler's chance. A few won; thousands lost. Marshall Field, the heaviest realty owner in Chicago, once said that had he known the future of the "loop" district ten years sooner than he did, he might easily have died a billionaire. Yet Field was the shrewdest buyer in real estate the United States has ever known.

It is this condition—this element of uncertainty in the building of a city—that held back the great cities of to-day in the early stages of their growth. And it was the same element of luck, and chance, that caused hundreds of thousands to lose their fortunes in the real estate markets of the growing American cities. Neighborhoods changed and business fluctuated with such amazing rapidity that the great business block of one year became the worthless, impossible, tenantless building of the next.

But in Port Mann, as in Gary, all this is different. Men who invested in the early days of Gary were playing a sure-thing. They knew that such and such a lot would increase each year in value. They knew which streets were destined to become the thoroughfares of business; which, the residential avenues and boulevards. They could look ahead twenty, thirty and forty years and forecast with absolute certainty the future value of their holdings. They were investing in certainties rather than gambling in possibilities.

In so far as it is a hand-made city

The beginning at Port Mann

Port Mann has much in common with the steel town of Indiana. But the fact that makes Port Mann the great city of opportunities is its unexcelled location as a future harbor of the world. Here, in its forty-foot harbor, ships will eventually dock from the other great seaports of the Pacific Ocean. The possibilities offered in west-bound traffic by the opening of the Panama Canal will be especially far-reaching. The stimulation of the wheat export trade by the opening of the canal will cause an increase in traffic, which can best be explained by calling attention to the expansion of the traffic on the prairie divisions of the Canadian Northern Railway—an expansion that has added a mile a day for twelve years to the mileage of the road, and a prospective doubling of the capacity of the Winnipeg shops.

This of itself will make Port Mann a big and busy city, with an immense volume of grain pouring in from the prairie divisions for transhipment into the ocean-going vessels that will carry it to Liverpool and other English and European ports, as well as to the market of the Orient.

And now, just a word as to the market of the Orient may help to describe, briefly, the future importance of Port Mann. Japan and China are, at the present time, forging rapidly to the front as buyers of grain. Kansas, Texas, Illinois and the other great grain

This place was a "gamble," and look at it now

producing States of the United States are fighting for this new trade. California is edging in as far as possible on the field. There is a unanimity of opinion that the markets of the Orient are going to be the great future markets of the world—greater buyers of American goods and American products than any other nation, or group of nations, in the history of the export trade.

And so, admitting that fact, picture —if you will—the future of Port Mann. Look at the subject from a business, an industrial, an economic standpoint. Picture its splendid harbor, among the finest in the world, with its logical position as the gateway to the Orient and the Panama Canal for half the continent of North America. Here, standing as the terminus of 10,000 miles of lines, as the western outlet of Canada's best cities, Port Mann is destined to become the commercial rival of Vancouver and its industrial superior.

The great markets of the future are the Orient, Australia, South America and Alaska. The commercial battle of the next half-century will be fought around the control of these markets. They are the future buyers of our grain, our fruit and our manufactured products. No one disputes these facts. And so, standing as the gateway of the greatest undeveloped section of the western hemisphere, Port Mann will become—in a few short years—the strategic centre of the commerce of the world.

The builders of Port Mann have realized this fact. They have built with that end in view. Provision has been made for a water frontage great enough to permit any number of manufacturers to locate on the site. Numerous applications have, in fact, already been secured from manufacturers in eastern Canada and elsewhere, whose intention is to erect large plants on this townsite. A freight car building company now located in the East has, for instance, already selected a site for a big plant at Port Mann. As the timber used for manufacturing these cars is shipped from British Columbia to the East, this firm will save on the eastbound haul, and once the cars are built they will have no difficulty in securing loads to their destination, because the eastbound traffic at the present far surpasses the westbound movement in volume.

Big Industries Looking for Sites

A number of other important industries, for similar reasons, are negotiating for sites in the new city of the last West. Among these is a flour mill with an ultimate capacity of 5,000 barrels a day, and a string of terminal elevators, which will have ten acres of water frontage at the upper end of the townsite, about a mile and a quarter above the railroad bridge. Close by, and already provided for, will be the machine shops of the Canadian Northern, a gigantic dry dock, a wood-working establishment, an oatmeal mill, two steel and iron foundry works, cold storage plants and many other industries of far-reaching importance.

The markets of the Orient are in touch with these docks

In the way of real estate investments Port Mann has already proved its future trend. H. L. Johnson, the managing director of the Pacific Properties Limited, of Vancouver, states that the holdings of his syndicate, approximate $1,500,000, being exceeded only by those of a Winnipeg firm whose investment is close to $2,000,000. Wm. McBain is president of the Pacific Properties Limited, and E. A. Mackenzie, secretary-treasurer. The sales of large sections of the townsite to syndicates now aggregate close to $4,000,000, with individual holdings equal to this amount.

So—with an $8,000,000 start—Port Mann's future is already secure. That the Canadian Northern is planning to establish shops employing in the neighborhood of 5,000 men is assurance enough of the industrial future of the town, for at the usual estimate, that means a population at the start of close to 15,000 people—the cream, by the way, of the working class; the kind of people that insure the success of a community's business life.

But in building Port Mann the Canadian Northern has realized the necessity of providing the best possible living conditions. From a residential point of view the site of the new city cannot be surpassed. The view from the city across the Fraser River, toward the snow-capped mountains in the distance, is one of the finest in the world. British Columbia, like California, is a country which has a steady influx of private residents who settle there on account of the climate. The city of Vancouver is particularly benefitted by a large number of wealthy citizens, who have located there in the last few years. The prices of real estate in Vancouver, however, have risen to such an extraordinary height that it is almost impossible for a man of moderate means to get reasonable accommodations for building purposes. A well-administered city like Port Mann should, for this reason, commend itself strongly to those desirous of locating on the Pacific Coast.

And now, in summing up, I wish to go on record, if I may, as saying that I consider Port Mann the greatest city of opportunity on the American continent to-day. I base this statement on the fact that it embodies all of the requisites of healthy and rapid urban growth. I base it furthermore upon the fact that its location—as the distributing point of the trade of Western Canada to the markets of the world—makes it at once the next logical port of the western world—a place where the products of the greatest undeveloped section in America may be exchanged for the money and products of undeveloped markets in the far East.

I make this statement because I know. There is not even a remote possibility that Port Mann will not become at an early date the commercial rival of Vancouver, Seattle and San Francisco. There is no more possibility of mistake in this than that any other great city—standing as the terminus of a transcontinental railroad system—should not succeed. But the peculiar part about Port Mann—the thing that makes it different from the rest—is the fact that it is the last great port available of this kind. Port Mann is here—now. It is at the same point in its growth as Vancouver was twenty-five years ago. It offers an even greater chance. Vancouver was a gamble. Port Mann is a sure thing. That is why I have chosen to call it a city of certainty—a place where the seeker of opportunity can get in on the ground floor.

JUNE DUSK

BY SARA H. BIRCHALL

THE birds are hushed; the plough is laid athwart
The last brown furrow. Clear the hidden frogs
Answer each other's music, and the air
Of June is sweet with lilacs. In the lane
The sunburnt ploughman quickens his long step
And whistles softly, seeing through the dusk
The firelit and friendly panes of home.

"BEG PARDON, BUT IS ONE OF YOU YOUNG LADIES MISS O'CONNELL?"

To accompany "The Dream That Failed" See page 110

VOL. XII
NO. 2

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
JUNE

Liquor and the Law

By Elliott Flower

The conditions depicted by Mr. Flower may seem to some readers exaggerated, but we have the testimony of Mr. A. A. Strachan, who served for many years on the Royal Northwest Mounted Police Force, that he sees "nothing in this article that is not justified by conditions at present existing."

I MADE a trip through western Canada with a private car party and gained the impression that Canada had practically solved the liquor question. I made another trip, this time alone, through the same great stretch of country and decided that the Canadian solution might be theoretically correct but that it had failed, as yet, to work out satisfactorily in practice. I got the theory on the first trip and the facts on the second.

Let me say here that, to my mind, the solution of the liquor problem lies in regulation, not in prohibition, and I am considering it from that point of view. Probibition, when (if ever) we are ready for it, *may* give us ideal conditions, but, so far as my observation goes, it has failed lamentably up to the present time.

Again, what I have to say in this article relates to the country between Winnipeg and Victoria. I have no personal knowledge of conditions in eastern Canada.

Theoretically, the Canadian plan is excellent, and it would seem at first glance to meet all the requirements of the situation.

The heavy drinking everywhere is usually the night drinking, and Canada closes her bar-rooms at 10.30 five nights in the week. There is "nothing doing" at the time when things are liveliest in the average American saloon; there is nothing to lure the man of bibulous inclinations from an early home-going.

The wage-earner's greatest temptation to stray is Saturday night, when he has his wages in his pocket and a day of rest ahead of him, and Canada closes her bar-rooms at seven p. m., Saturday, and keeps them closed until six a. m., Monday. In the average American town or city the saloon-keeper is given more latitude Saturday than any other day, because that is his big night; in Canada he is given less—much less.

A multiplicity of saloons is an evil, for out of it grows a struggle for business—often for existence—that is demoralizing, and Canada restricts the retailing of liquor to hotel bar-rooms. That limits the number in proportion to population far more than any law enacted for that purpose in the United States.

These are all good restrictions, and they are generally enforced. There is some laxity with regard to the closed time in some of the mountain resorts, dependent upon tourist travel, and Vancouver and Victoria, in a British Col-

umbia spirit of independence, refuse to recognize the regular closing hour, although they close promptly a little later; but, aside from this, the laws mentioned are strictly enforced in the country through which I traveled.

Nevertheless, the conditions in many of the places I visited did not seem to me to compare favorably with those of the widest of wide-open towns and cities on the American side of the line. A second-rate saloon in the United States would not tolerate much that seemed to be taken as a matter of course in the bar-rooms of reputable Canadian hotels. This does not apply to all, of course, but the exceptions are few.

The Theory and the Practice.

The whole purpose of regulation must be to promote temperance (in the correct meaning of that word and not as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union uses it), but it did not seem to be doing it in Canada. On the contrary, I saw an amazing amount of drunkenness. Regulation seemed to begin and end with the closing law and not to concern itself at all with what happened during the "open" hours. I gathered that the last hour before closing was largely given over by the bibulous to an effort to stow away enough to last the rest of the night, and most of the men who tried it worked at the job earnestly enough to deserve success. A cold-chisel and a hammer would hardly have separated them from the bar before the clock struck the fatal hour.

Even in the daytime there seemed to be a regular clientele—usually a rough, boisterous, profane crowd—that was in almost continuous session, apparently having little or no other occupation. That similar conditions are to be found in the United States is not to be denied, but they are not to be found in saloons or bar-rooms of the same class. Besides, I had expected Canada, with its early closing and greater respect for all law, to show better conditions than the laxity on the American side of the line could be expected to produce. I had hoped to find a lesson in how the liquor business can and should be handled. Perhaps the theoretical lesson is there, but the practical demonstration is not.

So far as I could discover, no condition of inebriety, short of being unable to lie down without holding on, debarred a man from drinking so long as he had money or could induce anyone to buy liquor for him. In the bar-room of my hotel in a city that boasts of several good hotels, a boozy individual who needed the support of the bar to keep him from falling down, suggested that I buy him a drink. It occurred to me that he had already had enough, and even if I had been disposed to oblige him I should have expected the bartender to refuse to serve him. So I politely declined. Thereupon he "cussed" me earnestly and fluently and continued to hurl "pleasantries" at me as long as I was within earshot. This, as an isolated incident, is not important, but the indifference of the bartenders and other patrons seemed to indicate that it was not an unusual occurrence, and I naturally infer that the offensive one was served with more liquor as soon as he found some one to buy it for him.

Purpose of the Law Ignored.

In one little place in Alberta a convivial party lined up at the bar of the only hotel and kept up a drunken revel until closing time. Then, although they were all badly intoxicated, they were allowed to take a few bottles up to the room one of them occupied, to finish the orgy. The bar-room was closed on time, and with that, apparently, responsibility ended, not only for bartender but for hotel proprietor and clerk.

There were great "doings" during the night. I happen to know because I had a room near and they kept me awake. There were two fights, various disputes, and many songs. The racket must have been plainly audible in the office, but it was a matter of no concern there. The bar was closed: the letter of the law had been obeyed.

At five o'clock in the morning—I had been called for an early train—I

was sitting in the office when one of the party came to the head of the stairs. He was so drunk that he bumped both sides of the hall as he came along, and he swayed and teetered on the top step, clinging to the railing to steady himself, until one got tired waiting for him to fall. The clerk glanced up, but it was no concern of his. The bar was closed, as the law provided.

Then the fellow started down, tripped at the first step, plunged forward, got his head doubled under him in some mysterious way, turned a complete summersault, and rolled to the bottom of the stairs. I was sure he had broken his neck—such a fall would certainly have killed a sober man—but he sat up before anybody could reach him, leered at the two or three of us in the office, and remarked genially, "Come down sort o' sudden, didn't I?"

The clerk was the least concerned of any of us. The bar was closed, and nothing else mattered.

It certainly did not look to me as if Canada had solved the liquor problem. The letter of the law might be obeyed, but the evident purpose of it was altogether ignored. I had various other experiences, similar to those described, that seemed to me proof of this.

The great majority of bar-rooms resembled, in patronage and general unsavoriness, the South Clark street "joints" of Chicago, and the solution of the liquor problem is hardly to be found in such conditions. They seemed to cater to the "regulars"— to the men who make a business of getting drunk— rather than to those of temperate habits who like a quiet drink occasionally. Indeed, in most places I did not see where the latter were going to get any except in the most unpleasant surroundings and associations.

In one British Columbia town, after a long and chilly automobile ride, something warm and cheering was suggested. There was but one hotel, and consequently but one bar-room, so it seemed to me there was but one course open to us. But I was mistaken.

"Keep away from the drunks in there," I was advised. "We'll have it brought to us in the office."

Later I discovered that this was the usual, and about the only, way of avoiding unpleasant association with obnoxious bar-room *habitues* — unless one kept a bottle at home or had a convenient club—and I gained the impression that the bottle—perhaps decanter is the better word— at home and the club were the more popular in consequence. Not that liquor is more indispensable to Canadians than to others, that a larger proportion of them are drinking men, or that those who do drink at all drink more, but there is often no other way for the man who does like an occasional drink and is at all particular as to his associations and surroundings.

Disorderly Bar-rooms.

In effect, then, the Canadian law, as enforced, merely closes the bar-room to the self-respecting man and turns it over to the rougher, more intemperate and more disorderly crowd. This is not the case everywhere, of course. There are bars at the mountain resorts and in some of the cities where hotels are numerous and summer tourist travel heavy, that are as well-conducted as any to be found anywhere, but these are exceptions to the general rule. Where the influence of the tourist is not felt, conditions are—well, not of a nature to call for commendation.

Just where the trouble lies, a Canadian should be better able than a visitor to determine, but the impressions of the visitor may not be without value.

The closing law is good, and it is generally enforced—certainly more generally and more rigidly than closing laws in the United States. The hotel provision limits the number of saloons and also is an assurance that the licenses go only to responsible persons who have too much at stake in their hotel business to risk any infraction of the law. One would think that this would bring about ideal conditions, but in practical operation the advantages disappear and the usual result is a lower class of bar-rooms than one would

expect to find in the hotels with which they are connected—dirtier, shabbier and very often dominated by the disorderly element of the community.

All in all, it looks to an outsider as if western Canada had not progressed much beyond her frontier days in liquor regulation. It may be admitted that her handling of the problem then was ideal. Regulation—such regulation as was then needed—kept pace with settlement. No other country ever handled this matter better, if as well, in pioneer days. But nothing short of a felony was considered "disorderly" then. So long as no one was shot or robbed, what happened in a bar-room was of little or no consequence, and that, I should judge, is still the spirit in which the law is administered in most places.

With the best possible basis for regulation, Canada permits conditions that are seldom tolerated even where the law itself is far more liberal and the letter of it less rigidly enforced. Perhaps she relies too much on the mere closing of the door and is too little concerned with conditions *in* the saloon during the "open" time. A saloon may be open only a few hours a day and still do more harm—be more demoralizing to the community—than another that is open day and night.

DEEPER TO WIN

BY "OLGA"

HOW can a heart be sad
When the year is at June?
When every wild creature is glad,
The bob-o-link singing like mad,
And the whole wide world is in tune?

How can the springs run dry
When thrushes are here?
When over the great wide sky
Soft fluffy white clouds sail high,
And the birthday of roses draws nigh?

How can we question or doubt
That love is behind,
When plumy pale lilacs are out,
And wild little wings are about,
And joy is in all that we find?

Nature discloses the face,
But there's deeper to win.
Every star that goes singing through space,
Every petal that flames into grace,
Every last lovely thing in its place
More than hints of the meaning within.

The Man Who Came Back

By Hopkins Moorhouse

Illustrated by George Paul

ON hands and knees Haney crawled painfully from under the pile of railroad ties out of which he had fashioned a rude shelter for the night. His teeth rendered clicking acknowledgment of the cold as he groped about for his battered little valise, of imitation leather; with trembling fingers he buttoned his ragged coat tighter and scrambled up the embankment to the track.

Across the river lay the town, a confused jumble of mysterious sounds, an indistinct pattern of saffron smudges; the scattered arc lights of the outskirts were but yellow blurs in the fog and from somewhere off in the darkness came the eerie crowing of cocks. For an instant Haney paused, shivering, to peer into the heavy mist above the river, then with sudden resolve turned his back on the town beyond. The cinders crunched beneath his broken boots.

He had known dimly all the time that at the last he would back down; he had been a fool to think he would have the courage to enter the old town after he did get there. At dusk he had plodded down the final stretch of track and caught the glimmer of the white brick hospital buildings, perched high above the river just as they had always been, and his throat had ached strangely. For a long time he had sat in the gathering darkness and watched the lights twinkle out on the streets and glow in the windows of homes—as he had watched them twinkle out on a thousand other streets and in the windows of ten thousand other homes. But now he was turning away, just as he had secretly known he would. He grunted with self contempt.

It had been such a remarkably foolish notion, this of coming back for a look at the place of his boyhood; nonetheless the longing had been irresistible. Haney was homesick—homesick with no home to go to and none to welcome him. Haney was a tramp. There were times when he forgot that he had ever been anything else; just now, though, it was a poignant realization of what he had been, might have been, that was driving him away. He could not walk into the old town, knowing what he was, because of his pride. Fancy meeting any of the old crowd in a dirty, ragged coat—two coats of rags, to be explicit, yellowed by the hot sun and worn one on top of the other as the easiest way of carrying them!

Wouldn't the fellows laugh and jeer at him, though,—him, Haney, one-time minister's son who used to live at the big rectory where the wide lawns were well kept and the tall lilac hedge in front was the admiration of passers by!—Haney of the once spic-and-span clothes, the clever young man with the golden prospects! He could imagine it all—the supercilious snubs and worse condescensions, the jokes, the pointing fingers, even a jeering chorus:

> "Hark! hark! the dogs do bark!
> The beggars are coming to town!"

"Me f'r the velvet gown when I go up against that bunch", muttered Haney. He quickened his pace as if he hoped in that way to shake off the thoughts which nagged him. Whatever had possessed him to come back to this place of memories! Dinky little towns like this never forgot, never made allowances, never forgave. It would be remembered what his opportunities had been, how he had

used them, how he had quarrelled with his father, how he had fled that night—

He swung along with an oath of irritation. Here he was harking back to that miserable night! Was he never to get away from it? He stopped short to feel in his pocket for a fragment of plug, and bit the tobacco viciously.

"Y'darn fool!" he apostrophized, "quit it, can't yuh! Beat it!"

Already there was a gray streak above the bushland to the east, and the mist was slowly losing some of its opaqueness; after a little he could even recognize the encampment of silent Indian warriors on the left as a cornfield full of stooks. He would have to walk quickly if he did not want to be seen in the neighborhood of the town. There was a fast-warming shaft of crimson and amber eastward that was warning enough and, as he trudged along, a perceptible wave of light came presently creeping over the landscape; a moment more and it had wiped away the fog from the hill-tops, leaving rivers between the knolls.

Haney halted. He was opposite the place where the old spring used to be, where he and the boys used to stop for a drink on their way to the woods of a Saturday. Yes, sir, the same old spring! It was with an odd mixture of feeling that Haney scrambled down the path now, crawled under the "bob-wire" fence and quenched his thirst.

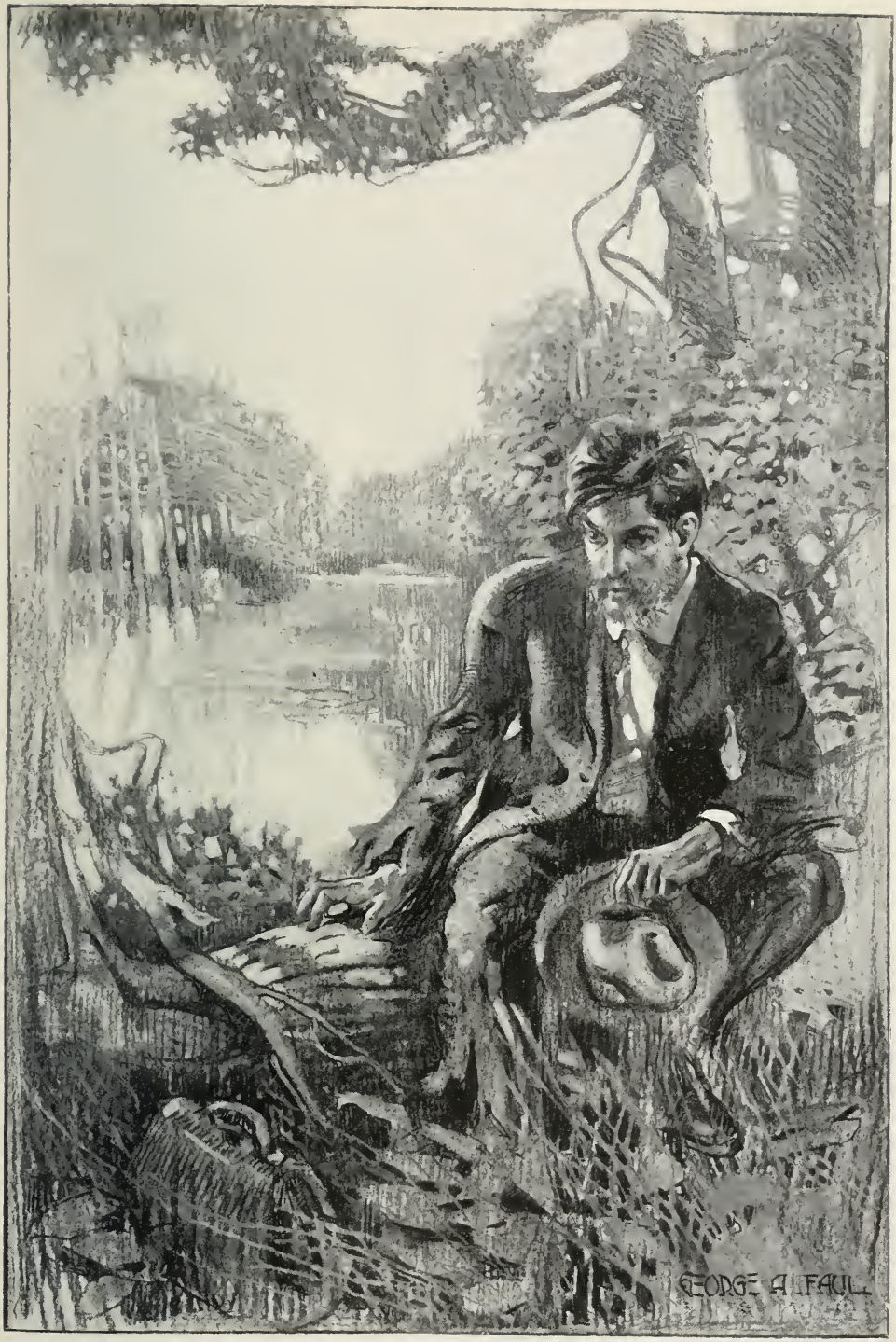
The years seemed to drop away from him. It was just about a year since the trouble which had unmoored him; back of that the boyhood time which stretched unblemished. He could almost imagine that it was Saturday, that he had cut the lawn the previous night after school and was now off to the woods for the day. Why, he even had a lunch in his pocket—stale tea-biscuits really, hard as rocks—but he had always been long on imagination and he could pretend it was brown bread-and-butter sandwiches with bits of pickle inside, the same as his mother (of hallowed memory) used to put up for him. Pickles! Haney's mouth watered with the old longing and he laughed at himself for several kinds of a fool.

Nevertheless he went on down the familiar track eagerly, picking out the old landmarks, identifying certain spots of nearly-forgotten incident. Here was where he had seen a garter-snake lying paralyzed with a young frog half way down its throat; over there "Diggie" MacPherson had shot a partridge with a catapult and a marble; yonder was the swamp where "Pussy" Angles had captured two blacksnakes which he carried to school after taking out their stingers; just ahead here, was the old red gate where they had all cut their initials; while across the pasture loomed the steep hill beyond which lay the big woods.

It was all here, same as ever. Half laughing to himself, Haney ran down from the track, vaulted the fence and struck over to the hill. He had a vision of himself doing what he was doing now, on just such another October morning as this, ages ago it seemed—struggling up this identical wet slope to face the crimson and golden grandeur in the east. That was the time he came out here to see the sun rise so that he could write a composition on "An Indian Summer Day."

And panting up onto the higher level now, he saw the same wide area of bushland, the same fairy aisles beckoning away into vistas of voluptuous beauty. Again the long bright rays of the rising sun were awakening the woodland to a confusion of scarlet and yellow, orange and gold and bronze; every tree a canopy of leaves glittering with the sheen of the dew; ferns, grass, shrubbery, white with delicate frost tracings even now dissolving to glistening wet. No, nothing was changed. Haney feasted his eyes and knew that it was all very beautiful. He remembered whimsically that he had ended that old school composition with the sentence: "The world is very beautiful and God is good." Nothing changed? He laughed harshly.

Yet he, Haney, had ability. As a boy he had been esteemed for many accomplishments; as a young man he had attained good averages at school and had been looked upon as a rising light by such worthy people as the



HE SAT DOWN ON A ROTTING LOG, STARING MOODILY WITH UNSEEING EYES

principal of the High School and the wardens of his father's church. He had been the only boy in town who was double-jointed in two thumbs and eight fingers, who could play the mouth organ and guitar at one and the same time, dive off the top of the bank at Stony Point, do a double somersault in the air, and walk a slack-wire—this last acquired after much engrossing practice on his mother's clothesline. He had been the star pitcher of the baseball team and the only young man whose compositions were regularly read out to the other classes at the High School; the principal once had even detained him to ask if he had ever submitted anything to the papers and had advised him to "keep at it." He could also sing very well; he could thrum tunes on the piano after he had heard them once; he could carry off leading parts in amateur theatricals with credit; he could sketch faces "dead image", a knack fostered in the back pew at church on Sunday evenings. His averages, both at play and at school, had been good.

So it wasn't that Haney lacked ability, but because of his averages. He could do lots of things well or fairly well that others could not do; but in all the list of his accomplishments was not one thing that commanded all his resources, energy, enthusiasm. What he had lacked was specific desire. His opportunities had been wasted in playing with a lot of little achievements, and the mistake had left him stranded on the wide flat plane of averages, while others, less gifted, had climbed far above him.

That was the way it appeared now. There was a time, when the chances lay even and the future undeveloped, that the outlook had been golden—had been flushed with nebulous possibilities. Relatives and friends had made for him a wonderful dream and set it floating in a nimbus that reflected the rose-tints of greatness while he had idled, supine, and listened to the murmur of their talk.

Through a mass of red alders Haney caught the glint of water and flung toward it impatiently. A startled rabbit scuttled away suddenly from beneath his feet; but he took no notice. That was what had defeated him—his conceit; he knew it now. They thought he was a genius and he had become so accustomed to the idea that he had worn his hair long, and loafed. There was little consolation in the thought that many another jackass had been led to mistake hoofs for paws and a bray for a roar. He had thought he was the thing called "IT", for whose coming the world was praying every night when it said its "Now-I-lay-me's"!

Well, he had learned different—that the world had only hard knocks, the merry ha-ha and big swift kicks for "geniuses" of his ilk; that it hadn't much use for a genius who couldn't make good. It had taken him just a year to discover that what had been mistaken for indications of genius were but incipient qualifications for becoming a first-class "bum"! that the Royal Road was nothing but a cow-path which wandered away into the tall timbers! The School of Bumps and Bald Facts had taught him that spades were trumps in this life; the slogan, "Dig!", the penalty for not digging, hunger and degradation; that a man couldn't amount to much without something definite ahead, someone to work for, homefolks who cared.

A sob caught in Haney's throat. His weak chin quivered as he nibbled at the ragged edges of his moustache and two big tears of self-pity welled from his eyes and slowly dribbled into the coarse stubble of his beard.

He pushed through the underbrush to the edge of the pond and sat down on a rotting log. A pair of blue-jays flew off with discordant cries; a solitary woodpecker on a dead stub near by perked his head suspiciously, then went on pounding for breakfast; away on the other side a party of crows were squabbling noisily over their morning meal; the mist was wreathing up off the water and the air was filled with the fresh, sweet smell of wood-wold. But to the young man, staring moodily with unseeing eyes, all these things were subconscious.

He had joined a circus after he ran away and he was thinking of those

heart-killing weeks as canvasman. He had tried to qualify for the show in the big tent; but they had only laughed at him when he said he could walk a slack-wire, and it took *four* clean somersaults to get over the backs of the elephants. So he had quit. Then came the patent-medicine outfit with its rickety rigs unhitched in a countless succession of vacant lots; he had earned a precarious living, playing the guitar and mouth organ and singing coon-songs as part of the "Free Show" under a flaring gasoline light. When he left the "Professor" he had got a job in an architect's office for awhile as draughtsman, and "on the side" had "done" some cartoons for the local newspapers.

Then he had tried the reporting end of the game, and left that to go as chainman for a surveying gang up into the black-fly country where it was impossible to get drunk. From there he had drifted west, becoming a stevedore in 'Frisco. Thence he had wandered across the border to the Slocan country and for a very little while had run a roulette wheel in a gambling-joint. Revulsion had put a shovel into his hands and set him to sweating with Swedes and Dagoes as a section-man, in which capacity he had slowly worked his way east again. At Winnipeg he had cleaned streets; at Toronto he had joined a sideshow at the Fair, and after that got work, picking fruit, on the Niagara Peninsula. Professional baseball in the South had capped everything, and for three months—ever since that spree—he had been hoboing it with great success, a common tramp, a "Weary Willie", a "Dusty Roads", just as they were pictured in the funny papers.

Career ? Oh, decidedly, he had had a career ! He had done his stunt on the gallop with one hand tied behind his back, it was that easy to do it. Only now the grandstand was seeing him through the wrong end of the lenses, and he and the world were hopelessly out of focus for all time to come !

Haney felt in his pocket and drew out his bag of biscuits. He tapped one of them with a grimy finger-nail and croaked with grim levity at its hardness. He munched at it tentatively; but the dry food stuck in his throat and he flung the lunch into the pond and wandered off down the cowpath. When he came to a mossy hollow, filled with fallen leaves, he threw himself down and stretched out lazily.

An hour went by. Slowly the sun crept towards the zenith, shrouded in the magic Indian Summer haze, and all through the warm, dreamy morning the golden leaves fluttered down, glinting and wobbling in the sunshine; the nuts dropped one by one on the woodland carpet and the little squirrels chattered sharply as they rustled about their frolicsome business.

Haney dozed. After awhile he fell asleep.

A dry stick snapped somewhere. He awoke as had become his habit, with senses alert, without movement to betray reclaimed faculties, eyes opening cautiously. They widened quickly to a stare, then closed again impatiently. If it hadn't been such an impossible thing he would have sworn that a man was crouching directly opposite, grinning at him with the face of "Diggie" MacPherson. He opened his eyes once more, prepared to laugh at the idea.

But Haney didn't laugh. He propped himself quickly on elbow with a grunt of unalloyed amazement; it seemed as if his eyes must pop out of his head altogether. For squatting in front of him *was* MacPherson with "Pussy" Angles on his left, Lennie Clarkson on his right; next them again sat "Tex" Musson and his brother, Bert; Tuck and the two Rickley boys completed the circle.

Haney's face yellowed miserably under its tan. Something seemed to shrivel up and shrink to a lump within him. His throat was dry and thick. In all the homesick longing that had urged his return had been no thought of meeting any of his old friends.

"How—How'n—?" he stammered in bewilderment. He wet his lips and stared on, mutely astounded.

But not one of them was looking at him; they kept their eyes on the ground,

their faces stolid, the while they rocked back and forth to the rhythm of a weird Indian chant. Haney watched them stupidly, lost in the flutter of his emotion, heard the chant swell to a pitch that lifted the whole bunch of tom-fools to their feet, saw "Diggie" MacPherson lead off in a wild scalp-dance, round and round, to an accompaniment of blood-curdling whoops that would not have lost individuality at a frontier massacre.

It was in the middle of this performance that Haney recovered his wits and tried to bolt, immediately to find the whole circle on top of him with a yell of mock ferocity. Sixteen hands fastened relentlessly upon his person and in spite of his struggles he was hoisted like a log to eight shoulders and carried off in triumph, his protestations drowned in the old gang yell:

> "Rick-a-Rack-a! Fire-a-Crack-a!
> Zip! Boom! Bah!
> *Squeedunk*! *Squeedunk*!
> 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!"

So they came to the place where the lady members of St. Mark's Church Literary Society were setting out the contents of the picnic baskets upon a snowy cloth, spread upon the ground. Chic Clarkson and Billy Rowat, who had gone after a pail of water, spilled most of it into their boots at sight of the procession marching upon them through the woods; Lil Wheatley stood stock still and stared, an olive bottle in one hand, a fork poised in the other; so did Clara Rowat with both hands hugged tight to her breast; Frankie Cullen forgot that she had angel-cake icing on her fingers and stood wiping them absently on her newest skirt; Nan Brownlee gasped "Oh!" and started to giggle; Mary McCorcoran, Jessie Stanton, Luella Musson, Jennie O'Grady, Mrs. Bender, Mrs. Jim Percival—astonishment supreme blossomed on each and every one of the familiar faces.

The sight of the girls lent panic strength to Haney's struggles; but eight to one with reinforcements to the eight is poor odds and he writhed in vain. He implored them to let him go, gnashed his teeth in frenzied helplessness; given the opportunity, he could have strangled any one of these idiots with the keenest of relish. Seven times around the table-cloth they marched with great noise, and wound up with an ornithological chorus: "W-e-l-c-o-m-e — H-o-m-e — W-e-l-come Home!"

With the termination of the nonsense the walls of the universe came tumbling about Haney's ears. They squeezed his hands numb; they pumped the arms off him; they slapped him on the back till he choked, and slapped him some more till he stopped; they shouted with laughter at his rag-tag-and-bob-tail appearance, telling each other that it was just like such an original son-of-a-gun to come back this way, and wagging their heads in appreciation of their own cleverness at uncovering the joke; the girls smothered him with excited congratulations till Haney in despair gave up all attempts to fathom their lunacy, grinned till his face ached, agreed to everything, went crazy like the rest of them without knowing anything except that everybody was glad to see him.

Enlightenment came when MacPherson drew him to one side after things had quieted down somewhat, and the eatables were beginning to divert attention. Haney's lower jaw sagged in utter amazement and disbelief as he listened to the whispered news; for it appeared that a story entitled "Upside Down" had captured the $5,000 prize in the great short-story contest inaugurated by the *Universal Magazine* twelve months ago, that the awards had been made public just three weeks previous and the first-prize story had made an instantaneous hit—that, in short, the critics were hailing one Alexander Haney as the humorist of a decade.

There are times when the mind staggers in its attempt to adjust itself to the Unexpected. Haney remembered writing the story, of course; it belonged to the days *before*. It was a funny story which had made him laugh while he wrote; a week later he could not have written it because that was—*after*, when nothing was funny. He had shown it only to his father and his

HANEY'S LOWER JAW SAGGED IN UTTER AMAZEMENT AND DISBELIEF AS HE LISTENED

father had—laughed, too; so he had sent it in to the prize contest. Things since then had been so constantly upside down in reality that the story had almost entirely lost place in his thoughts. . . .

"Don't stand there gaping like a ninny!" MacPherson finished hur-

riedly. He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "They don't know—the *truth*." Haney started. "You're supposed to 've been writing to me regularly—and your father. You've been expected back daily, y' understand. You were commissioned by some magazine to search out story material, weren't you ?—disguised as a tramp ? You catch on—disguised as a tramp ? Or maybe somebody stole your clothes? Talk ! Lie ! Lie to beat the band ! See you after we eat. . . "

Haney was hungry; he ate a lot; everything tasted the same. He seemed to have wandered out of himself somehow; he could look back and see himself sitting on the ground, eating his way along a wedge of pie, calmly, from point to crust, laughing, chatting, saying: "Yes, thank you" and "No, thank you, Mrs. Bender, I've had plenty"—setting everybody about him laughing by the most commonplace remarks. He heard himself responding to a lemonade toast at the last, telling them of strange adventures—lying—lying "to beat the band."

MacPherson glanced over his shoulder and slackened his pace. "I told them you were tired and naturally anxious to get home and cleaned up," he volunteered, "that I'd see you as far as the railroad track and rejoin them over in the hickory grove if somebody hadn't been there already and got most of the nuts." He blew a breath of relief. "Well, you carried that off in fine shape, Al. I confess I was nervous for a bit."

Haney gripped him by the arm. "Look here, Diggie," he expostulated, "I want to know what's what. How much of all this about a $5,000 cheque is on the level ?"

"All of it. We thought you'd see the announcement in the magazine or the newspapers and come home. When I found you asleep I might not have recognized you otherwise. We were kind of expecting you."

"We ?"

"Your father and myself."

"My fa—But—Oh Lord, am I awake or dreaming ?"

"Let us hope it is awake, Al", ventured MacPherson with meaning.

Haney rounded on him angrily. "What do you mean by that ? MacPherson, you're not acting square with me. You talk in riddles. You're holding something back. This cheque—where is it ?" he demanded.

The other's eyebrows lifted. "Where but at the rectory—in your father's keeping", he said slowly.

"Well, I want it. Diggie, old man, will you go in and get it for me? Will you ?" His eagerness was unmistakable.

"What will you do with it ?"

"Cash it."

"Of course. But what are you going to do with the money ?"

"That, Diggie, if I may say so, is none of your business", and Haney's tones were impatient, resentful.

"Maybe so, maybe so."

"I need it, Diggie. Good heavens ! can't you see that I need the money ?" His voice trembled. "Why, how—how do you suppose I can go in looking like this ?—go home in these old clothes, I mean ? I—why, I want a new suit for one thing and a shave and—and—" He faltered before the other's look.

"That'll do ! Caesar's Ghost ! do you take me for a fool ? Don't try to bluff *me* !" Haney winced under the grip on his shoulder; he could not look into the eyes which blazed angrily in the white of MacPherson's face. "You're worse than I thought, Haney. You know as well as I do that as soon as you got that money you'd get out as fast as you could go. You're too much of a coward to go home and face it out. That for your manhood !"

The snap of his fingers, the utter contempt, stung Haney to the quick. His face paled and he shifted his feet uneasily. This—why, this was Diggie talking to him—Diggie, his oldest and closest friend through all the years.

"I—aw, now, old man,—I—" he began lamely; but MacPherson fiercely whirled him about, pinning him against a tree-trunk.

"Shut up !" he growled through shut teeth. "Stand there, will you ! Hmph! I have a few things to say to you,

m'boy, and I rather guess you're going to listen to them. Hmph! I know all about your trouble with your father. I know who took the Church Building Fund money out of the vestry and how it disappeared in Mickleboro's bucket-shop uptown when the wheat market took a ten-point flop! I know something of what your father said to you when he found out. I know that you skipped town that night because you believed he intended to carry out his threat of handing you over to the authorities."

He paused. Haney said nothing nor did he look up from the tattered boot which alternately loosened the earth at the root of the tree and patted it down again, loosened the earth and patted it down again, only the burn of his ears showed that he heard.

"It was lucky for you that you went when you did," continued MacPherson, "not because of your father. No, but because— You didn't know that they were after you even while you and your father were having it out? Well, they were. When Wallace, the churchwarden, found that he'd been fool enough to leave the money behind on the vestry table he was scared stiff and went back for it hot-foot. When he found it was gone he was wild. He suspected the janitor till old man Smart conclusively established his alibi; then Wallace went to the police. Detective Tommy Allison called at the rectory and enquired for you—not twenty minutes after you left."

Haney flashed one quick, startled look. "I—I didn't know that," he muttered apprehensively.

"No. Well, anyway, they were Johnny-wise to everything you'd been doing. Allison called about eleven-thirty. I happened along past your place a few minutes after Tommy had gone. As I got opposite the gap in the hedge the door opened and I saw your father come running, bareheaded, down the walk. The light from the hanging-lamp in the hall showed him up clearly, and seeing that he was pretty much agitated, I stopped short in my tracks, wondering what had happened.

"He recognized me at once and clutched my arm excitedly. He was so upset that for a moment he couldn't speak at all. Then—'The police!' he gasped. 'A detective! Has he gone? Stanley, you're a good fellow; you're Alex's chum. Tell me you're sure he's gone.' He saw that I didn't understand and began dragging me up the walk. 'Come inside, Stanley—inside, my boy. I will tell you. Nobody will overhear us there. Maybe you can help. I know you'll help if you can.'

"My presence seemed to quiet him considerably, and he told me the trouble. He was very anxious that the police should not discover you and kept urging me to go out and find you and tell you to leave town for awhile; he even gave me some money to help you get away safely—

"You wouldn't be surprised at that, Alex, if you had even begun to know your father yet. . . . If you could have seen his chin quivering as he told me how he had been quarrelling with you— He kept running his hand nervously through his grey hair till it was all on end; when he wasn't doing that he was rubbing his palms along his knees—I remember that his black trousers were shiny and that he had on a pair of scuffed old slippers. . . . I felt sorry for him that night. He was greatly disturbed because he had lied to the detective about you; he—kept asking me if I thought that was a very wrong thing to do.

" 'For you know, Stanley, Alex is a good boy at heart. I cannot condone—what he has done; but I feel sure he didn't take the money except under great provocation—great provocation, Stanley. I can't think that he would do it—wilfully. I'm sure he won't do it again. That's why they mustn't find him to-night, Stanley. Confound them!' he finished, 'why can't they mind their own business!'—I think he was even then formulating a plan to cover up the whole thing, and that the detectives would find you before he could carry it out was his greatest fear.

"I promised to get you away if at all possible. I traced you to the L. E. & D. R. track and even walked out as far as the woods here to make sure you weren't loitering. You had fortunate-

ly gone and next day the missing money was found down a crack in the floor beneath the vestry table—"

"What ?" asked Haney, huskily.

MacPherson smiled for the first time since he had begun his recital. "You don't know what a lot your father thinks of you, Alex. I can't tell you how the money got there; but—I have my suspicions. I do know that a considerable portion of your father's bookcases were missing in the library the next time I called—were upstairs somewhere, I suppose—because they crowded his study. . . . "

He laid a hand diffidently on the other's shoulder. "Al, old fellow, buck up ! It's been an interesting game in a way—keeping the church crowd strung along as to where you were and what you were doing—but—I'm glad it's over. I don't think there's been any flukes worth speaking of; your father and I've been as thick as fleas and become great friends. This story success— Say, it's come at just the right time and it's great, old boy—great ! I always said you had it in you—"

"Don't ! For God's sake, *don't* !"

MacPherson twiddled his watch-chain for a moment in awkward silence. "Well, so long, Al.," he ventured at length. "I must be getting back. I'm captain of the ball team this year. We're in third place in the city league. Pretty rotten, eh ? Practice Friday night. Want you on hand sure — Game with *Comets* Saturday. See you later."

Haney waited until he disappeared among the trees with a final wave of the hand. Then he stumbled blindly, recklessly, down the hill and back across the pasture to the track, his vision blurred. He drew the back of his hand across his eyes and laughed shakily. He faced the hill, beyond which lay the big woods, and drew in a great breath.

With shining eyes he turned resolutely toward the town and the cinders crunched quickly beneath his broken boots.

MEMORY

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

NOW I have come back,
  I so long away,
All is at it was—
  Golden is the day.

Silver is the dusk,
  Gay the fluting bird,
All is as it was
  When 'twas we who heard.

All is as it was—
  Yonder breaks the dawn—
Now I have come back,
  Only, you are gone.

WHERE TWO COUNTRIES JOIN
The white line shows the international boundary line between Canada and Alaska

Behind the Coast Islands

By Robert Wilson

Illustrated from Photographs

I WAS travelling from Vancouver to Calgary when I met Jones, and along about Revelstoke we got to talking. The conversation started with our running time, branched off into mines, and drifted to Alaska.

"I make Alaska," explained Jones, in salesman's lingo. "Coast towns, of course. Last year me'n another fellow got together. I was sellin' canned meats for Packem Brothers and he had a line of hardware. We chartered a launch, and went up the coast from Vancouver, inside the islands. When we hit a town, we'd put up a notice, 'Dance to-night. All white folks invited.' I played the mandolin and my partner played the violin, or if they had a piano or melodeon in town he'd work that, an' we'd have a crackerjack time. After the dance, we'd sell the inhabitants. Never had so much fun in my life as I did last year. It's the prettiest kind of a trip."

Later, I went myself, though in one of the Grand Trunk Pacific's steamships, instead of an open launch, and quite agreed with h m. Up the Pacific Coast inside the islands is a trip by no means to be despised.

There is probably no country that has so many kinds of beautiful natural advantages as Canada. Most people know the islanded reaches of the St. Lawrence, the piny regions of Temagami and the Highlands of Ontario; most, too, know the charms of the magnificent Canadian Rockies, so far as they have been explored, but as yet comparatively few are familiar with the coastwise beauties of British Columbia. When I disembarked from the stately Prince George, after making the trip from Vancouver to Stewart, I decided that the voyage up the western coast is as beautiful as anything that Canada has to offer to sightseer or vacationist. The long-ridged rollers of the Pacific may batter at the outer fringes of the protecting islands, the winds of the western sea tear at their forests, but inside where

TOWER OF OLD HUDSON BAY COMPANY FORT AT NANAIMO, B. C., BUILT 1853

the steamers glide between glassy waters the sea is still, reflecting the magnificent slopes of the snow-capped, glacier-fronted mountains, the dark shadows of the Douglas firs and the sailing sea-gulls. Not even Captain Corcoran of "Pinafore" fame need fear to affirm that he is—

"Never, no, never sick at sea"

here. The pointed wake of the steamer is the only wave that troubles the surface, the cool breeze that scarcely ripples the channel, the highest wind. One might say that the whole coast-line channel is completely landlocked.

To the weary and nerve-exhausted, new life and vigor—mental and physical—comes with the scent of the balsam and the pine, and the pure, bracing sea breezes. And perhaps, to many, the fact that an ocean trip may be enjoyed minus ocean terrors and seasickness will make doubly attractive a voyage in these land-locked waters, through what has been truly described as the Wonderland of the West."

From all parts of the world visitors go to the Norwegian fiords, where in comparatively calm waters one may sail among some of the best coastal scenery of Europe. The Vancouver-Stewart trip reminds one strongly of the deeply-indented bays, the rugged mountains, the dark forests of the land of the Midnight Sun, and in addition, at the end of the trip there is the picturesque town of Stewart, and the roughly-hewn edges of the frontier.

At Stewart you see a city in the making, and meet the true pioneer. You may even assist to fish somebody's small Johnny or Susie out of the ocean, into which he has fallen off the back-porch when the tide is in. You may see mines there, and on the way visit such cities as Prince Rupert, the western terminal point of the Grand Trunk Pacific, which was laid out from water-front to boulevard before a plowshare drove into soil, or an axe was laid to the root of a tree; Metlakahtlah, the mission city; Port Simpson, and various other points that, while now they are in the rough, will be, in the near future, ports as busy as Vancouver or Seattle is to-day.

Away to the westward, as the steamer sweeps up through the Straits of Georgia, are the Queen Charlotte Islands, tribal home of the Haidas. The mighty Skeena River opens up fresh delights for the tourist, wherein nature, in her wildest and most impressive moods, may be seen, and to the lover

THE CITY OF VANCOUVER, WHENCE THE COASTWISE STEAMERS SAIL

The photograph shows a big liner coming into Burrard Inlet from the Narrows. From the beginning of the voyage to the end, the whole coastline is completely landlocked.

ALL HANDS ON DECK FOR THE FINALS AT SHUFFLEBOARD

A series of games is often played during the course of the voyage, and excitement runs high as the scores run perilously close together.

A TANGLE OF BEAUTY "WHERE ALL DAY THE WHITE WAVES LAP AND WHISPER"

PROVING UP ON THE SALMON FISHERMAN'S STORY

of nature it offers every variety of recreation, in the way of fishing and hunting.

Then there are the islands—little private gardens of Eden without the snake—where sail-boats are the street cars and you call on your next neighbor across four or five miles of salt water. They are ideal for camping and hunting, and many of them are unexplored, except perhaps by the Siwashes, whose canoes you may see gliding between the wooded shores as you lean against the guard of the steamer.

As the boat passes up the Portland Canal, at the far extremity of which lies Stewart, our port of destination, we travel along the much debated-over international boundary line that separates Canada from the United States. For over a hundred miles the mid-channel of this natural waterway is the dividing line between the two countries. Thence the boundary line runs up the steep slope of the Alaska Mountain, at the head of the Canal, and on from peak to peak to old Mount St. Elias. The district on the Dominion side of the line is rich with great ore ledges which are just barely missed by the American stakes. The townsite of Stewart itself was originally in the United States. Stories of adventure and sacrifice, of toil and hardships, of

AN ANCIENT INDIAN RELIC IN ALERT BAY

financial crises that have whitened men's hair, and stories again of great successes and immense wealth, are connected with the Portland Canal and the properties that lie along its banks.

The boats themselves—the Prince Rupert and Prince George—are unexpectedly luxurious in appointment for steamers travelling such an out-of-the-way track. They are fitted up from stem to stern with an eye to comfort and beauty, a promenade deck from which one can have an unobstructed view of the scenery, a ladies' "lounge", an elegant smoking room where one may find the rubber of whist, the silent game of solitaire or the latest magazine, while near at hand is the obliging button that will call the still more obliging steward to one's elbow, and many other comforts not usually found in coastwise steamers.

Tales from all the world are told here—of mining and surveying in Alaska and the Yukon, of sheep-herding and cattle-raising in Australia, of the "gold days" in California and the buried treasure of the dons, of love and adventure, which make up the thirty-nine tales that cannot be told to ladies and the fortieth one that can. For on these boats travel men who have been around the world and are seeking adventure in the great undeveloped country to the northwest, where a man has a chance to show the stuff that is in him, and if you know how, you may gather from them some fragments of the story of the lives of others,—and something of their own.

"COMES PINK DAWN ON A SEA OF SHIMMERING LIGHT"

There, for example, I gleaned the story of Simon Haley, New York clubman and "angel" in a Dawson saloon, which means "bouncer" and requires wire muscles and chilled-steel nerve. There, too, one night, I heard the crowning adventure in the lurid career of "Devil Nell", as told by a quiet and grizzled man who saw her dramatic finish on the pearl-shell streets of Noumea, and heard another man,

NEAR THE HEAD OF PORTLAND CANAL

named prosaically "B. Smith", chat of Chinese pirates at sea and others equally piratical—silk-clad and impenetrable merchants of Canton.

Everybody has at some time yearned to go down to the sea in ships, and for a first adventure, the coastwise trip from Vancouver to Stewart cannot be surpassed for beauty, picturesqueness or comfort. From the moment that the cry, "All visitors ashore", rises, and the hawsers are cast off, as the big boat swings slowly away from the Vancouver wharf and slowly moves out of Burrard Inlet towards the island-bound straits that await her cleaving keel, to the moment that she unloads her precious freight at Stewart, there is something to interest the voyager and make him glad that he came.

ONE CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF A FISHERMAN'S TINY CRAFT

The Dream That Didn't Come True

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

Illustrated by Marjory Mason

A NEW YORK telephone exchange is not a place in which one expects to find conditions conducive to friendship, or conversation, or indeed any of the gentle amenities of existence. Everyone is in such a hurry, notwithstanding the fact that they sit all day. Yet even here a few persistent virtues and graces manage to creep in occasionally, and at the "Washington Central" Rose O'Connell seemed to be their high priestess, celebrating their rites whenever opportunity offered. From the frowsy boy who went about with a canvas bag, picking up scraps and emptying waste-baskets, to the sleek, spectacled manager who had hired her, everyone on her shift knew and liked her, the dullest face brightening in response to her ever cheery (often impertinent) greeting. When anything was wrong in the office, Rose saw it and never failed to try to put it right with a good-natured word, or a bit of chaff. And to-day something was amiss with her neighbor at the big switchboard—Miss Issacs, a sad-eyed young woman, who seemed in distress. Rose instantly longed to cheer the other and she watched, cat-like, to pounce upon the first opportunity for speech with her neighbor.

The chance came at last, following immediately upon the manager's second reproof to Miss Issacs, who was a new-comer.

"Say, take it from me," said Miss O'Connell, kindly; "the best way is to answer 'em sweetly even when they sound fit to bite your head off. Sure as you're short with 'em, in comes the complaints and, whiz! before you're on to what's happened, you're in the street with no ten-spot coming to you Friday night."

"I ain't really cross," replied the girl, "only I feel real bad. Mommer was buried last night, an' they all talk like they didn't care. . . . . 4066 Grand? Oh, 4606—hold the wire . . . . . ."

Miss O'Connell set a shocked face toward her own section, and a sudden bitterness, born of sympathy for that of the girl beside her, welled in her heart. O, that cruel, impersonal world out there! So near, but so remote; composed of voices—just voices, which spoke into your very ear, yet knew you not; whose being began with a metallic "click" and ended in the same fashion. That impatient world which drove one relentlessly; alternately angry, or sarcastic, or stupid, in its behavior; or merely indifferent . . . not caring.

That silly world who spoke to the human atom in the mechanism as though she were a machine, and then, in curious perversity, belabored the machine itself as though it were human, responsible, and personally vindictive.

Be it understood, gentle reader, that Rose thought all this in much less elegant language. Briefly stated, her thoughts and emotions connected with the subject might be more exactly summed up thus: she had a heavy feeling upon her chest, as after eating twice of pancakes at White's, and was aware that the aforesaid feeling came from the fact that she knew what Miss Issacs meant when the latter said, "They talked as if they didn't care !" And that was as far as her analysis went, for Miss O'Connell was fortunate in having a considerable amount of imagination, but no habit of introspection.

Something, she decided, must be done for Miss Issacs; but what ? The occasion was a special one, and so difficult that she almost knitted her brows over the question. Then she smiled a little, as a voice which of late had made the shadow-world a trifle less impersonal, fell upon her ear; and after a brief conversation her face brightened completely, all her natural sunshine returning.

"You certainly *can* give her something", the Voice had replied in response to her rapid, though necessarily disguised, statement of the case. "Give her a little of yourself, of your sunshine; keep her with you for a while." Then, in flat contradiction of her doubt, —"why, that's the very best present you could give her—worth all the gold in the world !"

"Aw, that's a silly notion," said she to herself when the Voice had rung off, "but I'll have a try at it anyways."

And so in the cloak-room, half apologizing to herself for the presumption, she made good this resolve. Miss Issacs demurred at first, but finally took Rose's proffered arm, and together they left the building; much to the surprise of Katie Reilly, who saw them in the big elevator, and afterward joined them on the sidewalk. Hitherto Katie had been Rose's special friend, and it was not without jealousy that she greeted the addition to their intimacy. She said "Hello" to Rose and introductions followed.

"I want to make you acquainted with Miss Issacs, Miss Reilly," said Rose, and as Katie murmured "Pleased to meet you," added in a whisper, "She's just lost her mother, an' we're going home with her to help her, the poor thing !"

And "Aw, the poor thing !" echoed Katie in a breathy whisper, thereafter demurring no more.

None of which, aside from that very slight allusion to the Voice, has anything much to do with the story except to show how these three lone girls came to be such very intimate friends, and why they all came to live together in a two-room flat on the upper East Side—a flat for which Miss Issacs held a lease and an obligation to pay more rent than she possibly could, now that her mother was dead and there was no one to help. And how . . . . . but I really must be careful, or this will get to be Miss Issacs' story, which is not at all what I intended.

So let us go back to the Voice, which, as time went on, was daily becoming more and more familiar to Rose, and increasing proportionally as a factor in her life.

"Did he call up to-day ?" asked Katie, one evening after supper, when they were newly established in the flat.

"You bet he did !" replied Rose, busy with the dish-rag. "Say, he certainly is the queer one ! What d'yer think he asked me ?"

"Out ter dinner !" chorused the two girls.

"Naw !" said Rose, contemptuously, "he ain't one of them guys ! He asked me did I ever read the Ruby-at."

"What is it ?" asked Katie.

"It's a pome," replied Rose, gravely.

"Gee !" ejaculated Katie; "how'd he come to say that ?"

"Oh, I said somethin' about being satisfied with enough to eat an' a good book to read, and he said that idea was in that pome."

"Was you thinking of poetry when you said it ?" Katie asked mischievously.

"No," admitted her friend truthfully, "I was thinking of Laura Jean Libby."

"You must be pretty well acquainted with him to be talkin' to him like that," remarked Katie, "What kind of a feller do you suppose he is ?"

"A lonely feller," responded Rose, promptly.

"Sure," assented Miss Reilly, "but what about looks, and the rest ?"

"I should say, by the voice, he is a blond," said Rose, in all seriousness.

"And young ?"

"Of course, or he wouldn't be talking to a strange girl he never seen !"

"D'you suppose he's rich ?" mused Katie.

"No, or he wouldn't be lonesome," Rose replied drily.

"Say, girls," interrupted Rebecca Issacs, emerging from the depths of the pale pink evening paper in which she had been engrossed; "Say, girls, there's a sale of elegant willow-plumes at Rochstine's to-morrow—regular twelve-dollar value for five-ninety-eight. Guess I'll get one for my theayter hat. They're dead swell !"

Whereat the Voice was for the moment forgotten, while the three, with never a thought for economies, planned how to starve their bodies in order that their hats might be adorned.

Now although she said but little about it, Rose had made a very definite mental picture of the Voice. She saw in her image of him a sort of cross between John Drew and James K. Hackett, with a few of Faversham's best qualities thrown in for good measure. He was, she decided, about twenty-five years of age; stalwart, tall, and noble. He was no common "josher", she was sure, and of his blondness she was convinced. The acquaintance had come about in an odd way. He had thanked her—*actually thanked* her for her courtesy about a certain intricate call, and from that time on they had been friends although they had never met. At first their conversations were confined to an exchange of greetings, and even now amounted to little more; just a few friendly words. But somehow they seemed to know each other well.

In the girl's mind, at least, the idea of a romance was inevitable, although nothing he had ever said gave her the slightest ground for such imaginings. But when one's heart is somewhat starved, it takes very little to awaken the hope of intimacy, and so she had visions of some day meeting the owner of the Voice—that well-bred Voice, so gentle, yet resonant—and once she had met him . . . . . who knows ?

At all times her visions were humble enough: a two or three-roomed flat, say, like the one she lived in now, only without the girls, of course, for he would be there. And it should be furnished differently too. Mission chairs and table in the parlor (if parlor there was to be) and an elastic bookcase; light blue paper on the bedroom wall, a brass bed, and crisp white muslin curtains and spread. They would always be crisp and white, those curtains, for Rose loved to iron and knew how to crimp the starched edge of a ruffle so beautifully that it looked almost as regular as if done by machinery. This was well enough, but the best room of all would be the kitchen. In imagination she had bought a certain roll of blue-and-white oil-cloth which stood in a certain shop window, at least a dozen times; and as often, covered her phantasmal kitchen floor, table and shelves with it. How the ever-freshly blackened range would glow and sparkle to the delight of the sleek cat upon the hearth ! Saucy little half-curtains, like frilly white skirts, should adorn the two windows. Outside, behind them, the white snow-flakes would drift down silently; while before them, on the low, well-scrubbed sills, would be little pots of geraniums with red, red blossoms held stiffly aloft. She would have lovely white enameled utensils to cook with—no ten-cent store things for her ! Everything would be neat, immaculate, charming, and it would be her delight to keep it so.

She saw herself in a cheap but becoming gown and all-enveloping checked apron, preparing supper. Chop-suey was fine, with a cup of hot coffee, and there were those little cakes with white, sticky frosting on them, that

she could make so nicely; *and then* there was the big blond man coming in at last with the snow-powder still upon his broad shoulders, his face lighting up at her greeting. . . . .

O, yes, it was a very simple dream.

Meanwhile she worked hard and long, and continued to be the life-bringing member of the staff, even though, as the autumn advanced, she felt increasingly chilly in her thin, stylish suit, and was obliged to walk to and from the exchange, to which discomfort the purchase of the willow-plume had temporarily reduced her; and which crowning glory, waving as it did, at a somewhat marked altitude above her brown curls, could not be said to add to the warmth of her raiment. Even her pride in it, which had at first sufficed to keep her warm, was proving a little thin.

And every day the *Voice* spoke to her and they exchanged banter or suggestions, *viz*: What one did for a cold; opinions on the Rubaiyat—which she had bought; the fashions, the political situation, aeroplanes (neither of them, it developed, had ever seen one) ethics, religion, what you will—but never love !

Still the dream went on in Rose's heart, with only one thing to cloud its homely cheeriness: the number which he called each day, (and he called but once) was always the same. Was it a sweetheart's ? At last, no longer able to endure the suspense, Rose looked the number up and found—a doctor's office.

After this the character of the dream changed somewhat, for the Blond Man lay upon a couch, and ever, ever she cared for him, faithful and tender, cheering him with the sunshine of her love.

"As he's an invalid," she decided, "I must be special extra polite an' cheerful to him."

Which she was, with the result that presently they were on a more intimate footing, if so substantial a word can be considered applicable to such very ethereal intercourse. He told her many of his thoughts—very beautiful and abstract they were; and she asked his advice upon a host of subjects. He seemed to possess unlimited culture—or so it appeared to Rose—and to have had a vast experience of life. She came to the conclusion that he must be very poor indeed, to be so nice, and yet alone. He told her that he had not a relative in the world, and received in return the information that she was in the same condition. One day, a little at a loss for something to say, his call coming in at an unexpected moment, she had remarked:—

"Say, isn't this a *hungry* day—so nice and cold ! Did you have a good dinner ?"

And the Voice, laughing a little, replied.

"Pretty good, for me—a bowl of soup and an orange !"

Whereat such a dismal picture of his poverty arose before her sensitive vision, that she was obliged to ring off abruptly for fear of betraying her emotion.

Sometimes she fancied there was a note of sadness in the Voice; a deep, still sadness which underlaid all he said—even his jokes, which were few. But as to the man's actual identity, she remained as ignorant as she had been on that day, now months ago, when she had first heard his singularly pleasing voice. Of course, she could have pursued the same method as that which she had followed in the case of his doctor, and at least learned his name; nothing could have been easier. But respect for his incognito restrained her, and perhaps pride, as well, for she felt that it was his place to dissolve the mystery which surrounded him, not hers to tear it away unauthorized. But despite her lack of a certain kind of knowledge about him, he daily grew more real to her, more vital and more necessary; and the dream grew in vividness until it became at last a sort of second existence, a bright light burning within her breast like a hearth-fire with a steady, friendly glow. And from the depths of this warm hope she continued to give gladness freely to those about her.

The season of the year when the price of necessities begins to soar, was fast approaching. In other words, it was almost Thanksgiving. The twilights

came earlier and earlier, and were very cold.

"What are you thankful for this year, Rose ?" asked Katie on one of these evenings, as the three girls were walking from the exchange to the elevated station at Eighth Street.

"O, lots of things," replied Rose, "I couldn't very well think of them all right off. There's you two A-1 friends, all right, all right; and my willow-plume, and the rent receipt and getting over the grippe, and *Him*, the Voice !"

"Say, you'r always thinking of that feller," said Miss Issacs. "I'm thankful you've got something to be thankful for, because I *ain't*. I got this here job, an' nothin' else, an' I *work* for my money an' don't you ferget it ! No call to be thankful about *that* !"

"You ought ter be," interposed Katie; "there's plenty of folks ain't even got a job."

Then she halted the trio while she stooped to tie her shoe-lace. Now it happened that the corner on which they paused was that of Fifth Avenue, and that the railing upon which Katie rested the worn tip of her boot while she fastened the broken lace, was a very magnificent bronze railing of intricate design, and that the house which it guarded with such superfluous strength, was a very fine one. Indeed, this house was one of the largest, most unsightly, cumbersome and expensive in the neighborhood; an aristocrat even among the ancient (save the mark !) and aristocratic dwellings of this most dignified quarter of the city. Katie straightened from her task and sighed as she looked up at its massive brownstone facade. Miss Issacs shook her fist at it.

"Think of all the feller that owns this house must have to be thankful for !" she exclaimed wrathfully, "And still I bet he ain't, either."

Which sentiment, though not very lucidly expressed, was clearly understood by her companions, and reproved by one.

"It's Patrick F. Shean's house," Rose informed them. "They say he made his money by working hard, same's us. He was a newsboy when he was a kid. I read a piece in the paper about it once."

"Huh ! Don't you believe it !" retaliated Miss Issacs, "The rich is always rich an' the poor is always poor."

"Well," added Katie, "howsoever that is, I don't believe he or his folks has an extra gay time. I never seen a light in the parlor onc't in all the times I've gone by here."

"It would be grand to be rich !" sighed Miss Issacs.

"O, I don't know," said Rose, mentally stepping into that visionary flat of hers as she spoke. "There's other things in life."

With which truism they set off again for the elevated station.

The next day was the one preceding that of national rejoicing and praise. The wires hummed even more busily than was their wont. Wives wanted their husbands to tell them what train to catch to grandmother's; husbands wanted to know if they really had to go. Innumerable queries as to whether myriad Aunt Marys or Uncle Johns were to be expected or not, whizzed to and fro. Regrets, invitations, excuses and urgings were fired back and forth all day. One woman, mistaking Rose for her cousin Martha, insisted on telling her that the children had the mumps, and as Stephen had not returned, they could not come to dinner. Rose said she was sorry and rang off, only to be captured within the next half-minute by a deaf old gentleman who shouted that he had the gout, and couldn't she put Thanksgiving off a day ? She gave him the Information Bureau.

And so it went until even her elastic patience was almost exhausted. Just as she had nearly been exasperated into a sharp retort by a woman who kept forgetting what number she wanted and blaming Central for it, the Voice fell on Rose's ear like balm upon a wound; its crisp, cultured accents and appealing tone bringing back her courage in a flood-tide.

"Will you be free to-morrow ?" asked the Voice.

"Sure I will," replied Rose. "How are you feeling to-day ?"

"Lonely," came the prompt reply. "The more so because I shall be alone to-morrow, unless. . . . . that is . . . . . would you, *would* you be offended if I asked you to come and eat your Thanksgiving dinner with me ?"

Although this was the supreme moment for which she had been waiting for months, Rose's heart turned icy cold all of a sudden, and she could scarcely reply.

"Don't you ever go out to dinner ?" he asked.

"Never with men," she managed to answer at last. And next instant she could have bitten her tongue out for sheer vexation. Suppose she had made him angry ? The excited throbbing in her head made her own voice seem cold and formal.

"I'm sorry," he answered slowly. ("Not angry," she thought, "but hurt.") "I know it's impertinent of me to ask you, and I am glad you are not in the habit of accepting such invitations; but since I am really so harmless, I thought perhaps . . . you see, I'm an invalid."

ROSE'S FRIENDS HELPED HER WITH SUGGESTIONS AND SEWING

It was the first time he had spoken of his illness, and at the actual mention of it a great lump rose in her throat. To think of that big blond boy lying all alone on Thanksgiving Day !

"I'll come !" she said abruptly. "How'll I get there ?"

"Goody !" said the Voice jubilantly. "Be at the corner of First street and Broadway at twelve o'clock to-morrow, and go with the man who says, "Mr. Livingston is waiting for you."

"All right," she assented, wondering a little at the instructions.

That night she worked frantically to finish a new silk blouse which she wished to wear on the morrow, and in a desperate effort to make her hat even more becoming if possible, changed the willow-plume from the left to the right side of the crown, and then, at the last moment, when it was all nicely sewed on, decided that it looked better the original way and changed it back again. Her two friends helped her to the best of their ability with both suggestions and sewing.

"You be careful," advised Miss Issacs, squinting wisely at the needle she was threading. "It may be some con game. The whole business looks kinder strange to me."

But though this remark touched a tremulous doubting chord in Rose's heart to painful vibration, she stilled it imperiously. Some instinct was driving her on irresistibly, and to back down from her venture now would have been impossible. Come what may, she could not leave him lying so . . . alone . . . on the day of feasting.

Prompt at her appointment, Rose appeared next noon, bringing her friends, (who had accepted the suggestion with eager curiosity) to the rendezvous with her. The winding

canyon of the street, usually teeming with humanity at this hour, stretched its desolate length for miles on either hand. The windows of its towering shops and warerooms gazed blankly upon the occasional clanging cable-car or scurrying group of street urchins, who, with fantastic garb and strident tinhorns, crossed on their way to more profitable districts. The heart of the city was silent, while its life-blood—the throngs of yesterday and of to-morrow—flowed elsewhere.

The three girls were almost the only pedestrians, and a magnificent limousine car, which purred softly as it stood at the corner, was the only vehicle in sight. A man in a tan overcoat advanced toward them rapidly, and Rose's heart beat to suffocation for a moment, and then almost stopped entirely from sheer disappointment, when he passed the little group without making a sign. A lonely policeman strolled by disconsolately. Still no sign of the messenger from the Voice, and the girls stamped about to keep warm. Rose glanced fearfully at a clock which gleamed in the frosty sunlight above the iron shutters of a jeweller's shop. It was a quarter past twelve; would he never send for her? Was it only a trick, after all? Ah no, surely not that, he would never. . . .

Then a strange and wholly unexpected thing occurred. From the front seat of the waiting automobile, which none of them had so much as considered a possibility, a majestic footman swung himself with leisurely dignity and approached the three girls. When he reached them he touched his cap with a humility scarcely to be expected from so splendid a person, and said:

"Beg pardon, but is one of you young ladies Miss O'Connell?"

Rose gasped a little, and Katie stood stupefied with astonishment, both of them unable to answer; but Miss Issacs, recovering first, shoved Rose forward with the remark:—

"This one is!"

But despite this encouragement, Rose could only nod dumbly.

"Then the car is right here, Miss," said the Superb One, "and Mr. Livingston, he's waiting for you, Miss."

Whereupon Rose submitted herself to being led to the limousine, into the shining tonneau of which she vanished and was whirled away, leaving her two friends upon the street corner, where they stood for some time in silence. Miss Issacs was first to speak.

"He must be awful rich," she said.

Katie did not reply at once, and when at last she did, she let out a tremendous sigh by way of preliminary; a heart-heavy sigh, as though the shining automobile had been a thing of evil omen.

"I guess we'd better be going to White's an' get our dinner," was all she said, but it was in deep depression caused, not by jealousy—Heaven forbid!—but by fear, a terrible, too-easily named fear that the Monster which lurks throughout the city in search of maidens, had caught their friend.

The evening came, but no Rose. The night passed, and still she had not returned; and with her continued absence the fear grew and grew, until it overshadowed the two girls like a pall. Silent and disturbed, they performed their little household tasks mechanically and when the hour for going to the exchange arrived, and Rose was still missing, they went to their work with heavy hearts. They gave no voice to their thoughts; there was no need, for each understood only too well.

The seat between Katie and Rebecca was filled by a strange girl that morning, who knew nothing of her predecessor, but only that the vacancy was one long waited for. The day seemed dark indeed. Then at last came a greeting——Rose's own cheery voice—over the jumble and confusion of the city, over the turmoil of the wearying day, like a ray of sunshine or a sweet spring breeze.

"O, Katie!" she babbled, "who, oh! *who* do you think the Voice is? *My grandfather*! My own grandfather, that turned Ma out of the house for marrying Pa; and he's been sorry he did it ever since! Ain't it a scream? He's been keepin' his name a secret all this time, so's to get me to like him before he told who he was, and he's an invalid, and I'm going to live with him,

and take all sorts of care of him. And Katie, what d'you think ? He's awful rich ! Remember the house we thought was Patrick F. Shean's ? Well, it ain't; it's grandfather's ! And I live there, now. There's only me, and him. . ."

"Wait ! commanded Katie, "*Where* did you say you lived now. . . . . so's I can send your things."

"O *bring* them, Katie—or no, I'll send the automobile for them, and for you and for Rebecca, and . . . . . I'm just around the corner on Fifth Avenue—you know, the big house with the fancy railing around it. You and her must come and see me often; it's awful near !"

But even while she assented gladly, Katie Reilly knew that Rose was really more than a hundred thousand miles away.

Why We Are Not Cliff Dwellers

By Grace Hudson Rowe

Illustrated by Donald McGregor

WHEN Ellery and I first went to housekeeping, I expected to have all the ideas. I was what they call a domestic girl—making bread and mixing cake and embroidering shirtwaists had no terrors for me—and I planned out just what sort of a cunning little flat we'd have, steam-heated, oriental-rugged, with a fire-place and window-boxes and so on. In fact, I'd planned most of it before I ever knew Ellery, being as I said, a domestic girl.

But when I told Ellery about it, I got the surprise of my life.

"Nix, Constance," he said briefly. "No flats in ours."

"Why ?" said I.

"Radiators," said he. "Janitor—furnace—bakes you alive and dries you up ready for the wind to blow you away. Do you know why you put that cold-cream stuff on your face ? Because there isn't moisture enough in the air of the house to keep your skin from cracking and flaking. There isn't in any modern furnace-heated house, or in any flat. They're drier than the Arizona desert. Fact. They make 'nerves' and skin diseases and colds."

"Well," I said, "if you bar furnaces and steam heat, I suppose we'll have to return to open fires and red flannel underwear. Would you like me to knit you some good heavy German-yarn socks ?"

There was an interlude just then, and it isn't necessary to give the rest of the conversation. Ellery was a tactician, and the upshot of it was that instead of the flat I'd planned, we took a low-ceiled, rambling old house that belonged to Ellery's father, and set in the midst of the most delightful old garden you ever saw. It was the garden that finally won me — rhododendrons and snow-balls and lilacs and roses and striped grass and great beds of perennials shooting up green spikes through the rich chocolate-colored earth.

Well, we fitted that house out with weather-strips and laid double floors, repapered and repainted, took out a door here and cut a window there, and made it thoroughly characteristic and

WE TOOK A RAMBLING OLD HOUSE THAT BELONGED TO ELLERY'S FATHER

livable, and we had more fun doing it than a molasses-fingered baby with a feather. And Ellery's chief achievement was the furnace,—a common enough looking furnace, but with a circular water-pan around the fire-pot, inside the jacket of the furnace, which held something like seventy quarts of water, and which gave the heated air which passed into the pipes all the moisture it wanted. Incidentally, I learned a good deal about the necessity of keeping the air moist in living rooms.

What Ellery said about the air of an average house being dryer than that of a desert is absolutely and literally true. The average humidity at Yuma, Arizona, is 42.9 per cent; at Santa Fe, New Mexico, 44.8 per cent; in the Punjab and northwestern India, 31 per cent., and in the deserts of Africa it averages from 27 to 33 per cent. The humidity of the average living room in winter is from fifteen to thirty-six per cent., unless some effective effort has been made to raise the level of humidity. The average out-door humidity in Canada is from sixty to seventy per cent.; therefore the change from indoor to outdoor humidity is very great, and therefore it is very easy to catch colds—much easier than it was in the days when our grandmothers heated their houses by fireplaces, and the relative humidity of the living rooms, as well as their temperature, was much nearer that of out doors than it is to-day in our steam-heated flats and furnace-heated homes.

There are numerous other unhealthful effects of a dry atmosphere, as well. Furniture checks and cracks and falls to pieces; pianos lose their tune; house-plants dry and wither up; one's skin becomes dry and flakes off unless cold cream is used every night; throats become irritated and voices harsh and scratchy. The "American voice" is the jest of Europeans, who do not keep their houses hot and dry as we do, because their mild climate does not require our modern heating methods. Even in northern Europe, where the cold is severe, the method of heating is primitive, steam-heat and furnaces being unknown, and the atmosphere is not deprived of all its natural moisture. Physicians say that a dry atmosphere causes "nerves", as well as colds, and makes restless sleepers.

Fifty per cent. of humidity in living rooms is about the ideal amount, and this cannot be secured by merely putting three or four quarts of water in the ordinary water-pan attached to most furnaces. Some people place a pan of water in the registers or on top of the radiators, but these help in only a very small degree. The evaporation of about six quarts of water a day in the house of one of our neighbors caused an increase in humidity of only 2.4 per cent., and there must be a much larger amount of evaporation to make any appreciable difference in the healthfulness of a house whose humidity is less than twenty-five per cent.

Fifty per cent. of relative humidity means that the air contains one-half as much moisture as would be necessary for saturation. In a laundry where washing is being done, the humidity is often as high as ninety per cent., and the excess moisture condenses on the walls and windows. In our house, from twenty to twenty-four quarts of water are evaporated daily in order to keep the humidity of the living rooms up to between thirty-five and fifty per cent. during very cold weather, and in ordinarily cold weather, ranging from

20 to 30 degrees out of doors, we evaporate from twelve to fifteen quarts per day. Many houses, which are not provided with storm windows, cannot be kept at above forty per cent. of humidity, as the moisture would condense upon the window-panes. But where double windows are put on, the air space between the two panes acts as a non-conductor of cold, keeping the inner window warm enough so that the moisture will not condense upon it.

At first Ellery argued that the increase in humidity would decrease the amount of coal needed to keep up proper temperature, as it is common knowledge that one feels the warmth more in a moist atmosphere. But it requires coal to evaporate water; to evaporate twenty quarts of water requires 43,000 thermal units, or approximately three and one-half pounds of anthracite coal. This number of heat units would be sufficient to raise the actual temperature in a dwelling house containing 14,000 cubic feet, two degrees. Thus, it takes as much fuel to keep a house at 68 degrees temperature and forty per cent. humidity as at seventy degrees temperature and thirty per cent. humidity. However, the lower temperature as well as the higher humidity increase the comfort and health of the family, because the change to outside conditions is not quite so great.

Few people realize the strain put upon the body in the rapid readjustment required when a person goes from the high temperatures and desert aridity of the average home out into winter weather that may be anywhere from fifty to a hundred and twenty-five degrees colder, and from seventy to one hundred per cent. of variation in humidity. If for any reason the vitality of the body is lowered, this change made several times a day is greater than the body can bear, and serious consequences result. To the doctor or the scientific man the collapse is logical, but generally people lay it to the frail constitution of the patient, infection in the milk, or the weather man—anywhere rather than on the furnace that is really the guilty party.

Our friends have often remarked upon the pleasant climate of our house, and they do not realize that it is several degrees lower in temperature than their own. They also tell me that Baby Marie's complexion is marvellous, without thinking that the dampness of the air has anything to do with it. In fact, if anybody suggested to them that dampness was anything other than an unmixed evil, they would argue the point. Yet when one thinks of the beautiful complexions of English and Irish women—two of the dampest countries—it is only reasonable that properly moistened air in the home should help to make beautiful skins. I know I never use cold cream any more.

Yes, the moist-air furnace has been a success, and we could not do without it. Our palms and ferns grow luxuriantly, our woodwork and furniture keep in good condition and our piano doesn't have to be tuned half as often as Mrs. Across-the-way's, while our general health and dispositions are in unusually good order.

Only Ellery says that there was a time when he thought he would have to choose between his wife and his furnace.

One lives—and learns.

OUR DISPOSITIONS ARE IN UNUSUALLY GOOD ORDER

Commencement
Senior

THE lights they shine along the shore—the ripples waver in,
And from the far-away there comes the quavering mandolin:
To-morrow we must choose for us the ways that we shall wend,
For all our goodly Fellowship hath come unto an end.

Now must we part with room-mate Jack—
Our more than brother he—
Who slapped us blithely on the back,
Or cursed us gruesomely;
Who paid our debts, who wore our ties,
Who kissed our girls—deceiver!—
Who watched all night with unshut eyes
When we lay blind with fever.
So fare you well, dear Jack we knew
In days and nights delectable;
Two decades—Lord!—to think of you,
Fat, Forty and Respectable.

Now must we part with dearest Nell,
The fairest of the fair,
Who lured us by the subtle spell
Of artless eyes and hair.
We billed and cooed and turtle-doved,
Till lo—the Truth stole o'er us:

Chant *by Horatio Winslow*

She was the girl our brothers loved
  Some six good years before us.
So fare you well, whose heart was steel;
  Yet things go so confoundedly,
It well may chance our sons shall kneel
  And pay you court unboundedly.

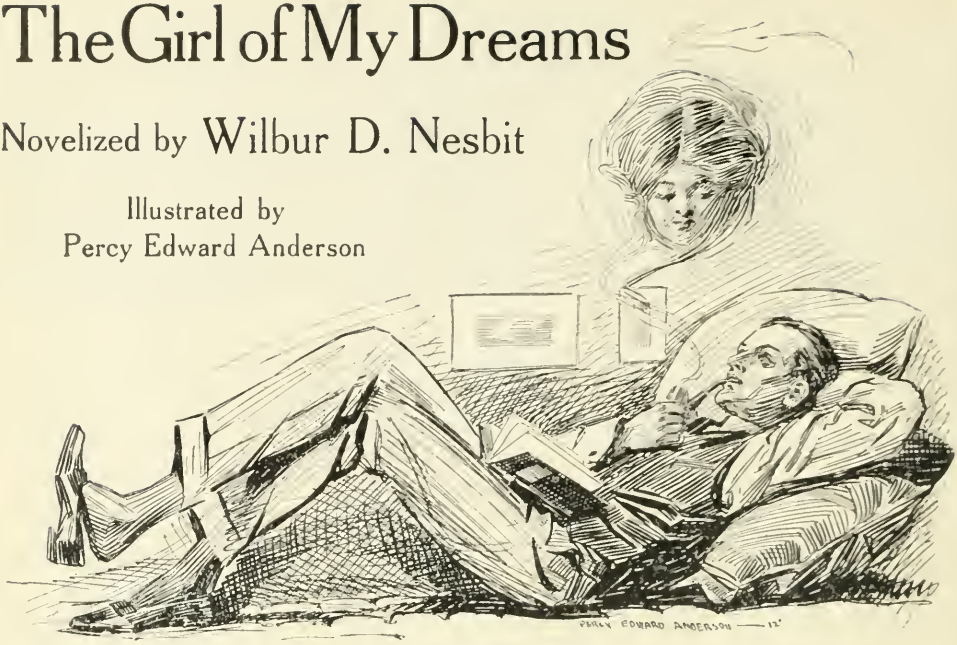
Now must we part with every life
  Of these four years of years:
The campus torn by gallant strife,
  The Street of Many Beers;
With all good fellows everyone—
  (God wot there be no better!)
With book and pen and task ill done,
  And cap and shoe and sweater.
So fare you well who held us so—
  Dead strings we may not strum again,
For Time may come and Time may go,
  But never you shall come again.

O Laughter, Lights and Light-o'-Loves and Talk of Friend to Friend,
But all our goodly Fellowship—
Yea, all our goodly Fellowship—
Our strangest, strongest Fellowship
  Hath come unto an end.

The Girl of My Dreams

Novelized by Wilbur D. Nesbit

Illustrated by
Percy Edward Anderson



SYNOPSIS.

Harry Swifton, a gay young bachelor, is in love with Lucy Medders, a Quakeress who nursed him after an auto accident in the country, and is expecting a visit from his future fiancee and her father, when he runs his car into another machine and ruins the hat of a lady. The lady and her companion, a German Count, are naturally indignant, and Harry, hastily thrusting the remains of the hat into a pocket, makes his escape. They trail him home, and demand the hat just as Harry, his sister Carolyn, and Socrates Primer who is a distant relative of Lucy's are preparing to receive Lucy Medders. Socrates has a mysterious big box containing a present for Lucy. The lady of the damaged hat, who proves to be the wife of General Blazes, is very anxious that the General should not know of her escapade, and says that she must have a duplicate of her ruined hat which her milliner tells her has been delivered at this house. Harry protests that he knows nothing about it, and in the midst of the scene Lucy Medders and her father arrive. Harry hastily hides Mrs. Blazes in his bedroom and the Count in the library. Lucy and her father ask to be shown the house, and Harry has to do some fancy lying to keep them from entering the rooms where the Count and the lady are hidden. Just as he thinks he has thrown them off the scent, and drops into a chair with a sigh of "It couldn't be worse!" Daphne Daffington, the milliner, comes in to trace the duplicate hat. Daphne and Harry have had a flirtation in the past which Daphne does not intend to drop, and it is only at the price of taking her out to dinner that she will consent to make a third hat and rescue Harry from his predicament. Lucy and Carolyn approach, and he hustles Daphne into the room where the Count is hidden. Unknown to Harry, Daphne and the Count have met before, and they greet each other warmly.

CHAPTER VI.

For a time there was silence in the room. Then the door of one room opened and Mrs. Blazes peered anxiously forth.

"I wonder why he is so long getting that hat," she said to herself.

The door across from her began to open, and she hurriedly dashed back and closed her door. The Count and Daphne came from the library.

"Indeed," Daphne said, "he might have told me you were in there. But maybe he meant it as a surprise to me."

She simpered roguishly at him.

"I hope," the Count said, "it vas a surprise. To think dot now ve haff a meetings."

"The pleasure is all yours, sweet noble of teutonic blood," said Daphne, with fine sarcasm.

The Count looked at her with pique, shaking his head mournfully.

"To think!" he sighed. "After all I spend on you, den you leave me

vaiting for you in such disgracefulness on der corner !"

Daphne tried to explain.

"Honest, County," she said, at which pet name he flinched. "Honest, County, I didn't mean to disappoint you, but a traveling gentleman I hadn't seen for a long time came through, and as I hadn't seen him for so long, I went to supper with him. You see, the trouble with you and me was the way we talked. Half the time I couldn't understand you and the other half you couldn't understand me."

The Count looked at her blankly. Her explanation did not explain at all.

"Such a deceitfulness !" he said. "And after I gave you my ring. How dared you keep it ?"

The Count's haughty indignation over her having kept his ring was tinctured with a little twinge of conscience over the fact that, separated from them by only a thin door, was another lady to whom, that very day, he had given a similar ring. The Count had the habit of "wishing on" a ring, as an incident of his various flirtations. And no sooner did he wish it on than he began to wish it back.

"I didn't keep your old ring !" Daphne retorted.

"You didn't ?"

"No. I gave it away to a gentleman friend."

"Vat !" the Count asked, in noble horror. "You gave my beaudiful ring avay. Ach ! To think of it, mit all its family unt historical significance, being on der finger of some common person !"

"Indeed," Daphne snapped. "He isn't any common person, I want you to know. He is the head of a noble family, a respected citizen and a particular admirer of mine."

The Count regarded her with an icy stare as he said crushingly:

"I am afraid den he iss not so particular as he might be."

For a moment the very air was tense between them. The Count glared at Daphne, and Daphne returned his glare with fiery interest. She leaned over until her sharp nose was within three inches of his face, and aid to him in razory accents:

"You can't insult me. I've been insulted by experts !"

The Count jumped as though he had been pricked by a pin. This setting of him down as a nonentity, accompanied by a sharp snap of the finger, was a bit more cavalier treatment than he had ever received. He could think of nothing to say in reply. Daphne, thoroughly angry, continued:

"I want you to understand that General Blazes—"

"You gave my ring to Cheneral Blazes !" the Count gasped.

"Sure," Daphne replied.

"Mein Gott im himmel !"

With one of his rings on the General's finger and the other on the finger of the General's wife, the thought was too much. The Count dropped limply into a chair and wagged his head grimly.

"Both rings in der same family ! Ach, Gott !" he murmured.

Harry hurried into the room, and stopped in astonishment at sight of them.

"Here !" he exclaimed, "you shouldn't have come out here. Get back in the library for a minute and then I'll let you escape."

He smiled easily now, for he believed he had arranged matters so that he could eliminate these people from his home and have some peace the rest of the day.

Daphne and the Count meekly entered the library, and Harry ran to the door of his bedroom and was about to open it when he heard Carolyn calling him:

"Oh, Harry, where are you ?"

Mrs. Blazes, hearing him at her door, opened it and was now coming out, when, to her utter astonishment he shoved her back into the room and pulled the door to.

"I'm coming," he called to Carolyn, and hurried out again.

Simultaneously the door of the library opened, and Daphne emerged.

"The idea !" she ejaculated. "I won't breathe the same air with that German foreigner !"

Then she heard some one approaching the room, and consternation seized her. She looked nervously about for a place of concealment.

"Where can I hide? Where can I hide?" she wailed.

The voices came nearer, and desperately she rushed to the door of the bedroom wherein was Mrs. Blazes. Opening the door, she dashed in.

With mutual exclamations of recognition she and Mrs. Blazes saw each other. And the door was still trembling shut when Lucy and Harry strolled into the den.

Sisters in affliction and adversity, Mrs. Blazes and Daphne were not long in confiding to each other, in bated whispers, the reasons for their presence. Daphne's position was one well calculated to upset her nerves. Outside were two men with whom she had flirted, one of whom wanted a ring he had given her and which she had presented to the husband of the lady with whom she was talking.

On the other hand, Mrs. Blazes was not happily situated. Without a perfect duplicate of her hat she felt that she could not go home. She could not leave the room now, to go home, anyway.

And now, locked in with her, was the only person who could make a duplicate of her hat.

"What are we to do?" she asked.

"Be quiet and listen to what goes on out there," Daphne told her. "Mr. Swifton is just as anxious to get us out as we are to get out. If some one else doesn't drop in and have to be hidden, I think he will work it some way."

"Well, if I get out of here undiscovered," said Mrs. Blazes, raising her hand to wipe away a tear, "I'll never flirt again."

Daphne's sharp eyes saw a familiar ring on her finger.

"What a lovely ring, Mrs. Blazes!" she dissimulated. "Did your husband give it to you?"

"What? Oh, this ring?" Mrs. Blazes answered guiltily, folding her other hand about it carelessly, so as to conceal it. "Oh, no, that's just a ring that belongs to a friend of mine."

Daphne could not understand it, and yet she could not ask any more questions. She contented herself with saying:

"I've heard that sometimes rings brought bad luck."

CHAPTER VII.

When Harry and Lucy strolled into the den, just after Daphne had succeeded in getting into the room with Mrs. Blazes, they were followed by Mr. Medders. Mr. Medders was finding many things to interest him in Harry's home. This was the first time he had ever been where he might saunter from room to room and examine pictures, books and bric-a-brac—many of which were of a kind that were not popular in his own environment.

"Oh, Harry," Lucy said, "this is just the most delightful visit!"

"I'm doing everything I can to make it pleasant for you, and I hope nothing happens to spoil it," Harry said.

Medders, moving about the den, stopped at the door of the library.

"What is in there, my boy?" he asked. "I haven't been in that room yet."

"There?" Harry repeated, nervously. "Oh, that's just a junk room."

"Thee means a bunk room," Lucy corrected him, mischievously

"Yes," Harry said. "It's a junk bunk room."

"Verily," said Mr. Medders, "a junk bunk room must be interesting."

And before Harry could stop him he had opened the door and started in, only to step back and say:

"Why, there is some one in here."

"Is there?" Harry asked, affecting surprise, hastily trying to think how big the headlines would be in the papers the next day.

"Why, who can it be?" Lucy asked.

Harry, feeling that all was lost, still racked his brain for some half-way reasonable explanation of the presence, as he thought, of Daphne as well as the Count, in his library.

"Why, you see," he began, "they—they are—"

"They?" Medders said. "There is only one man in here."

Harry was lost for language and bereft of thought when the Count stalked majestically from the door. No one else could be seen in the library.

Harry looked swiftly through the doorway into every corner of that room, asking himself: "Where the dickens has she gone ?"

She was no longer there, that much was certain. And he turned to see the Count bowing stiffly to Mr. Medders and Lucy. The Count held a book in his hand, and as his head rose from one of his deep bows he winked earnestly at Harry—a helpful, friendly wink, which said for him not to worry, that the Count would back him up in any story he told.

"I beg your pardon," Harry rallied. "I had quite forgotten the Count. Miss Medders, Mr. Medders, this is the Count von Fitz."

The Count bowed beautifully, Lucy courtesied, her father shook the Count's hand—and still everything was not explained.

"And is the gentleman thy instructor, perhaps ?" Medders asked, noting the book the Count held, and associating it with the fact that the Count had been in the library.

Harry fairly bubbled with joy at this helpful suggestion, all unconsciously given by Medders.

"Yes," he said, "he is my German tutor."

"And art thee a teacher of German ?" Lucy asked, artlessly, of the Count. Before he could reply, Harry laughed:

"Yes, he's a German teacher of German German. Ha, ha ! Good joke, dear teacher !"

He nudged the Count in the ribs, to that gentleman's discomfiture.

"He iss always choking ven he should be learning," the Count gravely informed Lucy.

"Has he learned much ?" Lucy wanted to know.

"He has a lot to learn yet," the Count replied, with significance that was not lost on Harry.

"Oh, Harry !" Lucy cried, clapping her hands together delightedly. "Wilt thee speak some German for me ? Wilt ?"

"Sure, I'll wilt," Harry smiled. "Ich liebe dich."

"Is that good German ?" Lucy asked the Count.

"Very fine," the Count assured her. "He iss a quick scholar—he iss—vat you call—rapid—fast."

"What does that mean—what he said ?" Lucy asked.

"It iss not for me, hiss tutor, to translate for him. Later, he vill tell you vat it means, I know," the Count replied.

"What was thy last lesson about, Harry," asked Mr. Medders. "Was it some passage from the German masters, or a chapter of history, perchance ?"

"What was our last lesson about ?" Harry asked the Count.

"It vas reading writing," the Count said.

"Reading and writing, you mean ?" Lucy asked.

"No, no. Reading writing. I am writing der reading und den he iss reading der writing."

Harry saw that the Count had some plan in his mind, but what it might be he could not imagine. However, he willingly lent himself to forward it.

"He means that he would write something and then I would try to read it," he said. Mr. Medders nodded gravely; to him it appeared to be a very good plan. Lucy, with great interest, said:

"Oh, write something in German now, then—it must be awfully hard to write in German, isn't it ?—and then thee let Harry read it."

So the Count tore the fly leaf from the book in his hand and solemnly wrote thereon the line:

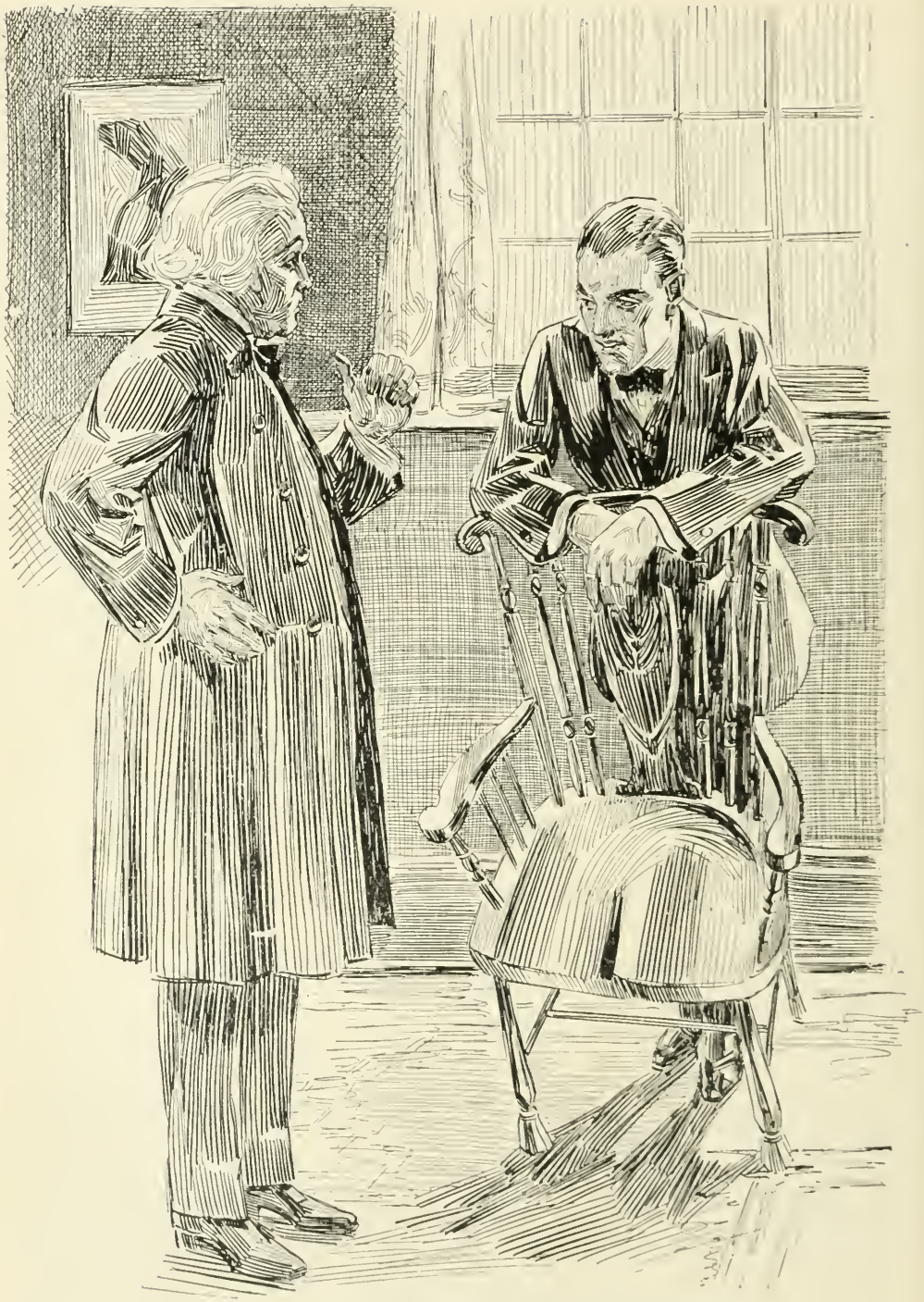
"Find die dame ihr hut ?"

He handed the sheet to Harry, who assumed the painfully awkward position of a schoolboy and laboredly read the line, with an atrocious mispronunciation of almost every word. The Count smiled, and took the paper from him, saying:

"You see, he has der Cherman accent, but not yet der Cherman verds. Der line is: "Find die dame ihr hut ?' It iss a question, you see, unt iss to be answered yet."

"Oh, and what does it mean in English ?" Lucy asked.

"It means," the Count said, with much significance, and speaking with



"WHAT IS THERE, MY BOY?" MEDDERS ASKED. "OH, THAT'S JUST A JUNK ROOM," HARRY REPLIED NERVOUSLY

"THEE MEANS A BUNK ROOM," LUCY CORRECTED HIM MISCHIEVOUSLY

great deliberation and emphasis, "it means: 'Did the lady find her hat ?' "

"Did the lady find her hat ?" Lucy repeated after him.

"Not yet !" Harry said, absent-mindedly.

"Ah," the Count said, smiling, "Noch nicht."

"Of course ! Of course !" Harry said, as though being corrected in his pronunciation. "Nock nit."

The Count nodded his head with commendation.

"Some day he vill be a great Cherman scholar—some day," he asserted.

Harry beamed with pride—and amusement. Mr. Medders observed to him:

"Verily, thy tutor must be a learned man."

"He reads nothing but the classics," Harry replied. "You'll always find him in the library. He's dying to get back there now, I expect."

"And no doubt that is a classic he hath in his hand even at this moment," Medders said.

"I've no doubt," said Harry, taking the book from the Count's hand and glancing at the title, which was "Three Weeks." "Ah, it is an old treatise on the brevity of time."

He tossed the book into the library, and said:

"Now, I don't want to have to think of any more German to-day. This is to be a real holiday, Count, and I refuse to study any more."

"I think thee art doing a great work," Lucy said to the Count, "to teach Harry German. It is fine that he hath thee for a tutor. How did thee happen to be engaged by him ?"

"Merely by accident," the Count answered.

"Yes," Harry added, "through a mere accident."

CHAPTER VIII.

Harry felt that there was nothing he could do which would sufficiently show his gratitude to the Count. Everything was straightening out nicely. To git rid of the Count would be simple. As his German tutor, what could be more natural than for the Count to put on his hat and walk away ? And then there was the quick manner in which the Count had rallied to his support. Evidently, in spite of his grievance, the Count was a man who would not stand or sit idly by and see a fellow man suffer because of a mistake, or a combination of mistakes.

With a quiet wink to the Count, Harry said to Lucy and her father:

"I want to take you around the grounds a bit, now. Count von Fitz will excuse us, I know."

"Most certainly," the Count replied, grandly. "Und I vill pursue my studies."

But more noise was heard from the hallway, and Harry flinched. He could not imagine what further trouble fate had in store for him, but he had experienced so much in this brief time, and his nerves were on such a wire edge, that he knew any unusual noise meant trouble, and any unusual silence might mean worse.

"What can it be ?" Lucy asked in alarm.

"Let us go and see," Medders said.

They were saved the effort, for Carolyn came running in, her eyes big with alarm, and her face white with fright. She rushed to Harry and clung to him.

"Oh, Harry !" she cried. "That terrible old General !"

"Gott !" the Count exclaimed, turning toward the library. "He hass discovered me !"

"What is it, Carolyn ? What about the General ?" asked Harry.

"There, there my girl," soothed Mr. Medders. "Calm thyself."

"Do tell us what has frightened thee," Lucy begged, taking Carolyn's hand in hers and patting it.

"General Blazes," Carolyn said, straightening herself up and catching her breath. "General Blazes is coming, and he swears he will do desperate things, Harry. Oh, I am so afraid."

The deep voice of the General boomed from the hall.

"Where is she ?" he shouted. "Where is she ? I want my wife, I tell you !"

He stormed into the den and confronted them. He stalked up to Harry, brandishing his cane.

"Where is my wife ?" he clamored. "You scoundrel ! Where is my wife?"

Harry waited until the General had run out of breath; this procedure also allowing him to collect his wits. Then he asked:

"Why, General, what in the world is wrong ?"

"Everything's wrong ! You're a scam doundrel; I'm a fam dool ! My wife is a ficked wirt—I mean a wicked flirt !"

"It's coming in bunches," Harry thought to himself. He determined that, even though the General had reason to believe his wife was in the house, he would affect to misunderstand him and thus disarm him.

"Why, General," he said, "you're excited."

"You bet I'm excited !" the General yelled, shaking his cane in the air, while Lucy and Carolyn shuddered and held each other tight, behind Mr. Medders, and the Count stood ready to jump into the library if the fury of the General should be directed at him.

"You bet I'm excited. I'm as loozy as a crane—I mean crazy as a loon. I want my wife, I tell you. Where is she ?"

"Well, General," Harry replied stiffly, "I'm not running a guessing contest, you know."

"None of you nam donsense ! You know where my wife is."

Mr. Medders stepped forward with his hand raised to calm the General, and, speaking to Harry, asked:

"Knowest thou aught of his wife, Harry ?"

"I don't know what can be the matter with him," Harry evaded.

The Count sidled toward the door into the hall, saying meekly:

"I think I am going, now."

The General stopped him with a flourish of his cane, and shouted:

"You stay right here ! You may know something of this."

Lucy now found a chance to ask: "What is it the man sayeth of thee, Harry ?"

Before Harry could reply to her the General demanded:

"Has my wife been here to-day ?"

"I can answer for him," Lucy replied, gently. "No strange woman has been here."

The General looked puzzled. He took off his hat, tucked his cane under his arm, and mopped his brow.

"That's remarkable," he said. "My wife telephoned from this house not half an hour ago. They told me so at the millinery store down the street. I stopped there to inquire for her."

"They must have been mistaken," Harry said. "It is just possible that they had the number mixed. I don't believe they even know who we are here. We don't deal with them."

"Well, Harry," the General said, slowly, looking from one to the other of the faces before him, and realizing that he had been in error. "I'm sorry I made such an ass of myself. You don't know what it is to be worried about a wife—yet. You'll pardon me, won't you ?"

"Why, certainly, General," Harry said, grasping his outstretched hand. "Let bygones be bygones and all that. I know how you feel. I've been worried once or twice myself—but not about a wife."

"Well, my boy, your time will come," sagely promised the General. "I trust the ladies will pardon me, and you gentlemen, also."

Lucy and Carolyn, Mr. Medders and the Count cheerfully forgave him and he started out, when—Oh, luckless fate !—from the room where Daphne and Mrs. Blazes waited, came a sneeze. It was not a stifled sneeze, it was not a weak, apologetic sneeze—it was a big, whole-souled sneeze—sneeze that told by its very sound that it had been held back as long as possible and was glad to be given its liberty ! The General flamed into wrath, and whirled on his heel to confront Harry.

"Ha !" he exclaimed. "My wife's own sneeze ! I'd know it among a million. I'd recognize her sneeze in the midst of a battle. It's no use to bamboozle me. My wife is in there !"

He leveled his cane at the door as though about to fire a volley through the panels. Harry clutched a chair back to steady himself.

Mr. Medders came over to Harry slowly, waving a hand at the General to inform him that he would take charge of the case from now on.

"Harry," he said, seriously. "What does this mean ?"

"I don't know," Harry replied. "I'm guessing, just as much as anybody else."

"Thee would not let me look in there !" Lucy said, accusingly.

"Oh, Harry !" Carolyn wept.

The Count chewed his mustache and trembled.

The General's eyes were now blazing. He awaited the denouement.

Harry looked at them all. Save Carolyn he could find no sympathy. Suddenly he reflected that, after all, he was blameless. He would open the door, allow Mrs. Blazes to come out, and throw himself on Lucy's mercy. He stepped to the door, yanked it open, and—

With a complacent smile out stepped Daphne Daffington.

"That is not my wife !" shouted the General.

"It seems impossible to escape you, my dear General," Daphne said sweetly. She swept out with as much grandeur as she could muster—and Daphne could muster a plenty.

Disgusted with himself, the General whirled about and stamped away.

"I told him his wife wasn't here," Harry said, turning to Lucy. But she was weeping in her father's arms, while Carolyn was huddled on a couch crying. The Count stepped up to Harry.

"I get you out of dis yet !" he said.

CHAPTER IX.

The group stood in a dead silence, broken only by the stifled sobs of Lucy and Carolyn, while the heavy tramp of General Blazes died away in his slamming of the outer door.

Harry shook his head doubtfully, as the Count continued to assure him in dumb show that he could clear things up for him.

"Come, daughter," Mr. Medders said, "thee must quiet thyself. Then we will go home."

"Aren't you going to give me a chance to explain ?" Harry asked.

"Explain !" Carolyn blazed forth, looking up at them with her eyes red and her cheeks stained with tears. "Explain ! How can you explain ? Oh, dear ! I never should have gone away to school. I should have stayed at home and done my duty by my brother."

"Nonsense, Carolyn," Harry reproved her. "You simply make things look worse for me by such talk as that."

"How could they be any worse for you !" Carolyn demanded. "Oh, men are wretches ! I suppose they are all alike. I thought I could trust my own brother. I—I—even doubt—Pigeon, now !"

The Count smiled grimly at Harry and shrugged his shoulders. Harry looked at him in mute appeal, as though asking him to come to the front now with his plan of squaring things. But the Count was a man of experience. For all his flippancy and gaiety, he was man of experience enough to know that when you are going to defend anything or any position which is being attacked you are better off if you wait until the attacking party has exhausted its ammunition and arguments.

So he bided his time, while Carolyn gradually relieved her mind by means of tears and recriminations, and while Lucy, who was completely mystified, but who felt that something was tremendously wrong, slowly arrived at a state of calm on the haven of her father's shoulder.

Shrewd old Amos Medders, being by birth and training a patient man, said nothing beyond a few soothing words to Lucy. He had concluded to end their visit and take her home, yet he was a fair man and he would give Harry a chance to come from under the cloud, if he could.

"Well, Carolyn," Harry said at last, "if you have finished all you have to say, we will get at the real truth of the matter. Count von Fitz, I think, can tell us something that will at least interest us."

The Count straightened his shoulders and took a deep breath. He twisted his mustache thoughtfully, and then flecked an imaginary piece of dust from his lapel.

"Iff you vill all sit down," he observed, "I can talk bedder. Dare iss

no occasion for weepings, nor for attacking Mr. Swifton. Iff anybody shall be attacked, it is me, for vat has happened, and vat may yet happen, iss my fault."

Carolyn resumed her seat, Lucy, with a wondering expression, took a chair, and Mr. Medders, nodding gravely, also sat down. Harry lounged on a settee, and carelessly chewed an unlit cigar.

"It iss like diss," the Count said, as though addressing a jury. "In life dare iss many things vich seem impossible of explanation, but vich ven ve know vat dey are, do not mean so much."

Mr. Medders bowed assent and Harry looked at the Count with considerable admiration for his self-possession and his control of the situation.

"You haff seen somding," the Count continued, "vich excites natural suspicion und distrust. Ve haff all seen dis. Und, as usual, ven suspicion is aroused, id iss like a swarm of bees—it lighds varever id pleases. Und also somebody geds stung."

He chuckled to himself, but his chuckle did not raise an echo.

"Id vould be easy for me," he said, "to allow you to continue mit der imbressions you haff receifed. But I cannot allow it. Efen at der expense of a wrong imbression of myselluf, I must giff you my explanation—vich you can belief or not belief, as you like. Mr. Swifton iss a man dot you know—a man you vill alvays know throughoud hiss life. Me—I am a strancher. I haff been teaching Mr. Swifton some Cherman—but I resign now as his tutor."

"No, no! I won't have that!" Harry bluffed.

"Unless you accept my resignation, I cannot say vat I vish to say," the Count decided.

Accepting Harry's silence as a confirmation of the alleged resignation, he went, checking off his points as he made them, upon his fingers.

"First, vat do we haff? Ve haff Cheneral Blazes coming here in a great rage, saying his wife is here. He iss assured dot she iss not, und he goes avay."

"Verily, I told him she had not been here. I saw not her nor any other woman—not even that one who—"

Lucy's father patted her hand and ceased speaking. The Count bowed to her and went on:

"Later, Cheneral Blazes returns. He iss sure hiss vife iss here. He has heard from der milliner store dot she iss supposed to haff called up from here on der telumphones. Der rest you all know—or think you know. He demands his vife. He iss again convinced she iss not here, und as he starts oud, he hears a sneeze. Such a sneeze is von dot iss echoed in hiss heart. He beliefs it iss hiss own vife's sneeze. Der door iss opened, und instead off hiss vife, oud comes der milliner! Amazement!"

With a sense of the dramatic unities, the Count paused. The others nodded mutely in confirmation of his summing up of the evidence.

"Vell, den," he resumed. "Vat iss der natural deductions you draw. Darefore, und consequently, our first conclusion iss dot things look plack for Mr. Swifton. Iss it not so?"

They agreed, silently.

"But vy should it be so?" the Count asked, pleasantly. "Iss Mr. Swifton der only man in der house? Iss he der only man in der vorld dot flirts? May I ask vy I, a poor, unknown, unnoticed Cherman—though id iss not so in my own country, I assure you!—iss dare any reason vy I should be—neglected in your suspicions?"

Lucy and Carolyn looked at each other triumphantly. Here was a ray of hope for Harry, after all.

"But," the Count went on, "I must beg you not to suspect me as you do Mr. Swifton. I know you vill not, for peebles do not giff such violent suspicion to stranchers as dey do to their own kind. I vill tell you how dis voman happens to be in dot room. I sent her dare!"

"You did!" Carolyn exclaimed. "Why, I thought Harry—"

"Of course, Miss Swifton," the Count interrupted her. "Ve vould always giff der benefit off der doubt to any von but our own folks. Is it not so? Now, vy did I sent her dare? She comes

here to see aboud a hat she hass sent to a wrong address. I recognize in her a lady mit whom I haff flirted. You see, I do not hesitate to acknowledge dot I haff flirted. Vy should I ! I am in diss country for dot purpose. Ladies flirt mit me—a gallant chentleman vill at least be polite enough to respond. Beauty vas effer a veakness mit me. So ! I meet dis lady here—dis milliner. I engage her in conversations. Ve hear some von coming. She cannot get oud. I tell her to hide in dot room a moment. She hides. But dare is no chance for her to get oud. Und at last, ven it seems dot dare vill be a chance, der explosion comes—und you know der rest."

The Count removed his eyeglass and swung it nonchalantly by its cord. He awaited the verdict. He did not look at Harry at all. Smilingly, he studied the wall.

"Dost thee realize that thee has endangered the name of this woman ?" Medders asked, in quiet tones.

"Not so," the Count defended himself. "I vas protecting it. Der Chenerał, und all der rest off you, by making her come out—you put her in danger."

"Well," Harry said, after seeming to think the matter over very seriously, "I confess that I am surprised by what you have told us. But I think we should make allowances for you. You are unfamiliar with our view of things and of conduct. What seems right to you may seem utterly wrong to us. I am not defending you, but I am not condemning you. I only ask you, next time you chat with a milliner, not to hide her around here."

This concluding remark of his, accompanied with a sunny smile, broke the tension, but Carolyn almost spoiled everything by saying:

"It sounds reasonable enough, but how does it happen that Harry was so determined no one should go into that room ?"

"I haff no answer," the Count replied. "I haff told as much as I should tell."

"It looks to me as if he knew what you had done, and was trying to help you out," Carolyn declared.

"It ill beseems me to offer advice in the house where I am a guest," said Mr. Medders, "but I might suggest to thee that we ask Harry to tell us his side of this story later. It is unfortunate, truly, but I do not doubt that he will explain all to us. Daughter, we will remain here, as we planned, and now let us try to forget this unpleasantness, and make ourselves welcome."

"Thank you, Mr. Medders," Harry said. "I can see that you and Lucy still have a faint suspicion of me—but I can clear that up readily enough."

"I've got more than a faint one," Carolyn told him.

"Oh, well, I don't have to explain everything to you, sis," Harry said, easily. "But arguments are bad on an empty stomach. I happen to know that there's to be a pretty good dinner to-night, so we'll all get ready and eat it."

"You vill excuse me," the Count said. "I must—"

"No, sir !" Harry said, heartily. "I want you to show the folks that you're not half as black as you have painted yourself."

CHAPTER X.

It was a quiet dinner they ate that evening. After much persuasion, the Count had remained. But even his stumbling attempts at witty sallies brought few smiles.

Harry had succeeded in quieting Carolyn's alarms, and she in turn had given her own version of matters to Lucy. And a long talk Harry had with Mr. Medders had helped. Harry would not tell Medders the inside facts, but he told him that later he would make everything plain. At this time, he said, to disclose everything would be to tarnish a woman's name—and Medders partly understood. The good old man was fond of Harry. And he had lived long enough to know that appearances were often deceitful. He was willing to give Harry the benefit of the doubt.

But it was a quiet dinner. After they had left the table Harry succeeded in getting Lucy to come and talk with him in the reception room, and there he begged her to be patient until he felt that the time had arrived for him

CAROLYN RUSHED TO HARRY AND CLUNG TO HIM, WHITE WITH FRIGHT

to make a clean breast of everything to her. At last, he coaxed back the smiles to her face, but only after giving his word of honor that so far as he was concerned, the presence of Daphne in his house was not a reflection upon him.

Meanwhile the Count, endeavoring to keep his promise to get Harry out of the scrape, slipped out into the lawn, and by throwing pebbles against the window of the room where Mrs. Blazes was attracted her attention.

She opened the windows, and in an almost hysterical voice, begged him to get her out.

"I vill, iff you only be quiet," the Count said. "Your husband chust vent in. I saw him ven I come out."

"But what can I do ?" she asked.

"Trust me !"

"I did," she sighed, "and lost my hat."

"Yess, und I let you haff my ring, too,"

"Bother your old ring !" she an-

swered. "I'll give it back to you. I hate the sight of it!"

"Giff it to me, den," the Count whispered, eagerly.

"I will," she hesitated, "when I get out of here."

The Count swiftly disappeared from view as the front door opened and Harry and the General came down the steps. The General's arm was across Harry's shoulders.

"My boy," he was saying, "I couldn't help coming back to assure you that I am deeply sorry."

"Say no more about it, General," Harry begged.

"But, Harry," the General asked, confidentially, "how did that little flirt happen to be in that room?"

"Well," Harry explained, "that was a little affair concerning her and Count von Fitz. I don't feel at liberty to go into details—but it's just a flirtation, you might say."

"She's a charmer, all right enough, Harry, my boy!" the General said. "Ah! If my wife only knew—if she ever found out how I have flirted with some of these dashing damsels!"

Mrs. Blazes, from the safety of her window, listened intently.

"What?" Harry asked. "You flirt, General?"

"I'm deep, Harry, devilish deep! I say nothing, but I saw a lot of wood. Don't worry about any little flirtations of your own. Come to me for advice if you need it. Everybody must sow his wild oats, you know."

"Yes," Harry agreed, "but the wild oats you sow the night before don't make good breakfast food the morning after."

"Well, anyway," the General said, "we understand each other. No more hard feelings?"

"Not a bit. Not a bit," Harry reassured him. The General waved his hand cordially as he strode down to the street. Mrs. Blazes watched him disappear in the dusk, nodding her head significantly.

"Wild oats, eh?" she said. "Flirtations, eh? Wait until I get home!"

She leaned out of the window and called to Harry. He glanced up at her and smiled wearily.

"How in the world am I to get out of here?" she asked, petulantly.

"I think I'll have that run as a puzzle in the Sunday papers," Harry answered, grimly. "I'll say this, though: When you do get out you needn't be punctilious about making your party call."

"This is no time for joking—"

"It's the only time I've got. You've put me in a pretty mess."

"I'm just as sorry as I can be, Mr. Swifton. But look at the muddle I am in."

"Oh, I've seen worse muddles than this," Harry answered, easily.

"And I'm simply starving to death," she said, hungrily.

"I'm going to slip some sandwiches in there for you, if the blockade doesn't lift pretty soon. Meantime, keep away from that window as much as possible. Some one may happen to see you—and I'm out of explanations."

To be continued.

TO MY WIFE

BY JOHN IRVING PEARCE, JR.

THERE is no dream that I could dream
  That's half so sweet as dreams of you;
There is no thought that I can think
  That can compare with thoughts of you;
I have no hope that I can hope
  That's half so dear as hopes of you;
There is no life that's half the life
  My life has been for love of you.

Financing Big Colonization

By George H. Cushing

Illustrated from Photographs

THIS is the story of a $10,000,000 land deal which has been recently consummated in Canada. Back of this story is another story, the story of the man who carried out the deal. Eighteen years ago, this man, then a poor boy, landed in Newcastle-on-Tyne with fifty dollars in his pocket. Born in Schleswig, he went to England, where he learned the ways of finance, and later applied them to the colonization movement in Canada. As a result, he is to-day bringing profit to English bankers, and, by his orderly methods, giving courage to timid capital; he is giving farm renters everywhere a chance to become farm owners, and he has started a coast-to-coast movement in this country which will focus rural community life in cities located according to scientific notions. It is one of the biggest undertakings in a land where big things are the order of the day.

When I see a lawyer, who is the son of a judge, turning, at middle age, to manufacturing or promotion, I hoist a red flag and run to shelter from the inevitable smash. The thing, to me, is incongruous. When, however, I see a farmer, with a post graduate course in finance, undertaking the financial organization of colonization plans, the thing seems to me as natural as the day. Because he is one of the latter kind, I became interested in John F. Hansen.

The men who eventually gossiped about him started off by telling me about how valuable is the land in western Canada; that did not grip me because the facts have been known for about two hundred years, even though they are just being appreciated. They then shifted to the big things that are being done in Saskatchewan and Alberta; I didn't rise to that either for every western Canadian I meet is doing something just a little bigger than the man I met last week. When they started to talk irrigation I told them that they might save that for someone

JOHN F. HANSEN

else. Then, when the big stock topics were out of the way, they got down to plain human gossip about men. That was more human, hence more interesting. When they brought up this fellow Hansen they caught me in an

instant. Here is his life history in fifty words:

He was born near Schleswig on the Peninsula of Jutland, in a rural community; he went to England, to make a living, and learned the ways of finance; he went back to the farm in Saskatchewan; and he is using his financial information to finance the movement of colonists to Canada.

COAST TO COAST COLONIZATION

A map of Canada—The dark spots indicate the places where big interests have been acquired by Hansen's colonization companies

That sketch pulled harder than fifty irrigation projects; I simply had to see the man and talk with him. When they said that he had pulled off a ten million dollar land deal—the biggest of its kind ever known—I conceived a certain notion of him. There is a story to this effect. When Richard Harding Davis who writes Van Bibber stories from New York, first met Finley Peter Dunne, who writes Mr. Dooley from Chicago, Mr. Davis said:

"Do you know I expected to see in you a big rough Irishman wearing a red flannel undershirt."

"And do you know," replied Mr. Dunne, "that I expected to find you a nice little fellow dressed like Little Lord Fauntleroy."

To be candid about it, I expected to find Mr. Hansen an anglicized Dane who had grown portly on his roast beef; who had assumed the sidewhiskers which had turned white; and who wore spats and a monocle. When I did see him, he had the sunburned hair of the prairies, the thin face of the worker, the quiet manner of his countrymen and a sort of homely honesty of speech which runs much more to the philosophy of things than to the modern "punch" talk which is supposed to compel a man to buy a thing whether he wants it, needs it, or can use it if he gets it. With him I went over the story of the new deal from the beginning. His modesty was positively captivating.

"I was born in Sorup near Schleswig on the Peninsula of Jutland and left there at eighteen."

What happened in those eighteen years and why he left, your imagination is supposed to picture for you. My imagination says that no man leaves home just for the fun of the thing, so Jutland arises in my mind as a poor prospect for a boy with ambition and so Hansen went to England—maybe to become a clerk.

"I landed at Newcastle-on-Tyne and some years later went to London and gradually became interested with some

INDUSTRIAL SECTION OF TORONTO

A PROSPEROUS PRAIRIE TOWN—MELFORT, SASKATCHEWAN

1. As it was in 1903 when the survey of the town site was made.
2. The town as it appeared in 1906.
3. As it is to-day—the principal town in the Carrot River Valley, where one of Hansen's companies owns some 75,000 acres

financial houses. You know money is a timid thing."

"The most timid in the world," I put in.

"Money will not be invested except where it is on familiar ground. In London there are some financial houses which deal exclusively in South African lands and enterprises; others which deal exclusively in American railroads and industrials; and about twenty all told which deal in Canadian securities and lands. I became ultimately associated with some of those houses which had something to do with Canadian lands or came to have something to do with them."

HARBOR AT VANCOUVER, B. C.

The imagination does not have much trouble in completing that picture, England, being old, is long past the internal development stage and, being experienced, has long ago reduced every activity to intensified specialization. English ideas are not concentrated upon "making a million" but upon a safe and conservative investment to assure a moderate return. I could see the whole picture of it in that terse statement of his about his experience up to six years ago. He was in the specialized grind, learning the specialized routine, and being imbued with the specialized viewpoint. He was getting the technique of English finance—in one branch. And, this branch headed toward Canada.

"Being born in the country and associated with farming, I became interested in western Canada land and in the land, particularly, of Saskatchewan. What I learned about land before I was twelve is more than I have

learned since I was thirty—and more valuable. I knew the value of that land when I saw it first. I colonized quite a lot of it with men from England, Scotland and Holland—men who really knew good land when they saw it."

He stopped with that statement and I had to prod him to get him a foot further. Even then my imagination had to complete that part of the picture. This movement was almost a trick. I would say it depicted a Scotch trait, so shrewd is it. Hansen does not say so but I deduce that while he was carrying it out he was planning for the future. Being trained in finance he knows that one success with money begets ten chances to make ten other successes with the same instrumentality. He was not going to jeopardize the future by inviting into his colony men who neither knew land nor how to use it. By colonizing his strip with skilled men he made them prosperous and at the same time laid the foundation for his own personal success. That, I should say, was adding to the natural ability of the born farmer the skill in finance acquired in the highly specialized houses of the financial district of London.

"Then a big transcontinental railway came along and started to building its railroad," he added. "It had a land grant which it was selling and colonizing. I was colonizing some of that land myself. It mapped out the places where towns would naturally fit in and was laying off townsites. It urged me to add a townsite department to my farm-land business. I'm a farm land man, naturally, but this thing appealed to me and I went in. Then I went back to England and interested some of those financial men who specialize on that sort of Canadian investment. During the last three years we bought about $10,000,000 worth of land, all told, and that is the complete story of it."

When he had said that, he settled back into his chair as though the last word had been said. There you had it; he was a poor boy raised in the country, was now the head of a ten million dollar corporation; and, in the interim had had a little practical experience in finances in London. It seemed such a naturally simple thing, you wondered why it couldn't be duplicated as easily as a photographer could strike off a second print from a negative. Perhaps that could be done if it were possible to set up the conditions just that way again but it will be a long time before that is done.

Permit me to sketch roughly

HARVESTING IN THE RADVILLE DISTRICT AND A GROUP OF LAND-SEEKERS, SHOWING THE TYPE OF MEN WHO ARE MAKING HOMES IN OUR NEW WEST. THEY ARE ANGLO-SAXONS WITH WILL AND GRIT TO SUCCEED IN THEIR VENTURE

A PROSPEROUS HOME IN SASKATCHEWAN

the big thing of which the organization built up by Hansen has now become an important part:

In forty-three years the work of populating a territory greater than that of the United States has been undertaken. This has meant carrying in the farmers, building the railways and all that sort of thing. The more the population grew, the greater became the need for railroads. There was first the Canadian Pacific; then the Canadian Northern, and later the Grand Trunk Pacific.

To-day the railways, telegraphs, telephones and wireless telegraphy are all joined in the task of colonizing the last great West. No longer does the pioneer blaze the way for steam and electricity; the railway opens the country, and electricity lights it in anticipation of his coming. Capital as well as the individual has learned the cry of "back to the land", and capital, ever seeking new and profitable investment, has wisely taken up the work of colonization of new territory; and in the year of grace 1912 the intending emigrant arrives in a tourist or sleeping car and is taken forth in an automobile to decide on the location of his future home. Millions of money, and the best gray brain matter are combining to see that the choicest class of immigrant is secured for Western Canada. From the Atlantic to the Pacific capital has its forces at work wherever there is a chance for a town to grow or a community to prosper. There are no in-the-state railways in Canada, with their tiresome restrictions; but three great trunk lines, which will all eventually reach from coast to coast, and each road not only has branches in many of the nine provinces, but each road also has plans on a gigantic scale for future development.

Naturally, the farms came first. Quite as naturally, when the farms had been laid out and had settlers upon them, there was need for towns in which these people might bring their community-life to a focus and where might take place the exchange between the persons who produce different sorts of necessities. Also most naturally, the railways, which were populating the farm lands, wanted to make sure of

WHEATFIELD ADJOINING DAUPHIN

the towns, thus making more easy the collection of the farm products as well as making more simple the distribution of manufactured articles needed on the farms.

It was into the center of this big industrial and economical shifting and rearranging of scenery that Mr. Hansen dropped six years ago. At that time, the colonization movement was at its height. The development of the towns came later.

As we all know, the Canadian Northern when completed as a transcontinental line, will stretch from Montreal on the east to Port Mann, the freight terminus, on the west. In between are Toronto and something like sixty other cities and towns which present peculiar situations, these from the view point of the railway. To show precisely what I mean I will start back at Montreal.

The specialist on topography says that Montreal lies somewhat crowded between the river and the mountain. That is, Montreal has outgrown the space it originally was expected to occupy. However, beyond the mountain is a great plain available for occupancy but shut off, at present, from the city by a long ride around the base of Mount Royal. The railway, which wanted to obtain access to the business portion and harbor facilities of Montreal, could get in in no other way, so it decided to do the same as George Gould did when he wanted to enter Pittsburg—he tunneled the hills. By driving a double tracked tunnel through Mount Royal—the same to carry electric engines to pull trains—the railway would not only effect its own entrance to the city but bring the plains beyond Mount Royal within six minutes of Montreal proper. This tunnel is now actually under construction and will make the big open spaces behind Mount Royal a suburb of the city.

It has been said that Montreal is the the furthest inland seaport in the world. It is something much more than that. It is not only a port, but it is an ideal port, because it is the farthest point inland where ocean and inland traffic may be interchanged with speed and safety, and where railways and inland waterways may make

FARM NEAR DAUPHIN, MANITOBA

speedy and convenient connection; where also there is ample space for terminal facilities and all the adjuncts of shipping. Montreal has a channel approach of a depth of thirty feet at lowest water, and four hundred and fifty feet wide at the narrowest point, equipped with all that is latest and best in channel markings, lights and signals. It is the eastern terminus of the St. Lawrence canal system, which gives fourteen feet of navigable water from Montreal to Port Coburn, and twenty feet from Port Coburn to Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Sault Ste. Marie, Fort William and Duluth, a total distance of one thousand four hundred miles. In addition, the port of Montreal has the most remarkable export grain-handling plant in the world, it being possible for sixteen ocean-going vessels to be simultaneously loaded with wheat at their original berths, a feat which, ten years ago, would have been considered impossible. The tunnelling of the mountain, and the giving the railway access to this port means an additional outlet for the grain which is raised all along its line, from the eastern boundary of Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains. For while this grain already had an outlet at Port Arthur, that is only available for a portion of the year, while the all-rail route through the mountain to the port of Montreal means that all winter long western grain may reach the great storage elevators, ready for outward movement in the spring.

Something of the same situation—not from a topographical standpoint of course—is presented at Toronto. The railway could not get quite into the part of Toronto that it wanted, so it decided to draw the city out to it. As a consequence it is opening inducements to people to move to Leeside, one of the most beautiful spots in Ontario.

Further west, the railway difficulties are more simple. Along the line of that comparatively new road are miles on miles of land that is now being populated. In travelling over the West, the Carrot River section, lying on the north-eastern boundary of the Province of Saskatchewan particularly attracted

Mr. Hansen, and it was here that much territory was secured for the corporation under which the farm lands of the English capitalists are to be administered. It has a soil that would seem to be almost inexhaustible. The country is no doubt a lake bottom, for the beaches are still to be traced. In many places it is possible to dig two, three, four, even five feet without going past the rich black soil which produces such enormous crops of wheat. It is a well watered country, and the wild peavine and the vetch grow in marvellous luxuriance. Farmers from all of the wornout land of the world are going there and to other parts of the rich prairie provinces to get the benefit of the soil. In fact, they are concentrating on farming to the point of forgetting about the cities which they took on faith as sure to arise when the need for them arose. The railway's problem was to get those cities started. The railway knew there would be almost immediate need for blacksmiths, for stores, for grain elevators and for what not. It saw a chance that, in a short time, there would be a need for factories, which always spring up where the farms are rich and productive.

The railway, which conceived its line in terms of trans-continental distances, conceived its townsite proposition in the same big and broad terms. It wanted a movement started which would assure the orderly building and the population of those towns, just as the land was being populated in an orderly and systematic fashion. I get the next hint of what was done in this statement from the quiet Dane, Hansen:

"The railway people came to me and said that they wanted the towns built by those who had met with some success in populating the farm land. I had done something in the way of colonizing their land; they interested me in undertaking some part in forwarding their townsite movement."

As customary, he gave me a picture in impressionistic sketches. He drew the outline; I had to fill in the detail. The details are that Mr. Hansen has formed a couple of companies. He saw a large number of towns and cities grow up between the Atlantic and Pacific along the line of this big transcontinental road. He knew from intimate knowledge the safest strategical points along the line, and he boldly purchased outright a substantial share in every town and city of importance from one end to the other of the system, already having

MONTREAL, WITH MOUNT ROYAL IN THE BACKGROUND. FOR THE FIRST TIME THIS FAMOUS MOUNTAIN IS BEING TUNNELLED FOR RAILWAY PURPOSES. IN THE UPPER VIEW IS SHOWN THE SITE FOR THE NEW MODEL CITY BEHIND THE MOUNTAIN

secured for his investors $4,000,000 worth of the best farm lands in a district served by this system in the Province of Saskatchewan.

Of the land behind Mount Royal, he bought sections worth $2,600,000; of that at Leeside, just out of Toronto, he bought to the value of $1,300,000; and of that at Port Mann, his purchase amounted to $1,300,000. Port Mann, the freight terminal of the railway, is situated on the south bank of the Fraser River, directly opposite Vancouver, and will handle all the western traffic of a transcontinental line. Before a plowshare broke a single furrow, before an axe was laid to a root of a tree, Port Mann was carefully planned out by a landscape architect and city-builder, fitted with wharves, docks, terminals, yards, boulevards, city lighting and paving, parks, residential sections, business centre, and all the complicated machinery of a great port city. The townsite covers 1,250 acres, its water-front is two miles in length. Sites have been reserved along this frontage for elevators, wharves, docks, coal bunkers and manufacturing industries. Arrangements are being made for the development of water-power to supply electrical energy.

RURAL SCENES NEAR TORONTO WHERE A MODERN INDUSTRIAL SUBURB WILL SOON BE CREATED

The residential and commercial portion of the city is located on a raised plateau, and building operations are beginning. This part of the city was covered with a heavy growth of timber. The entire townsite has been cleared, with the exception of such trees as are left for shade and picturesque effect.

There is a depth of forty feet of water at the wharves, thus permitting the largest sea-going vessels to load and discharge at the wharves direct, and through Port Mann will pass all the east and west-bound freight routed via the new transcontinental, including Oriental and Australian business and freight traffic to and from Vancouver Island and Alaska.

Then he spent another $1,300,000 in land in one hundred smaller towns along the line. Thus, all told, the English banking houses, which are behind him, have put into Canada real estate, the tidy sum of $10,500,000.

This looked like a whopping big deal, but the full importance of it did not strike me until I got back home and began comparing notes on methods. The land speculator takes an option on land and sells it out to a land operator, who in turn sells it to the individual settler. Neither buys outright and

HARVEST SCENE IN SASKATCHEWAN

This is the section that produced the wheat which won first prize for the world's best wheat at the New York Land Show in 1911—weighing 65½ pounds per bushel in a yield of 75 bushels to the acre

OAT FIELD NEAR VERMILLION, ALBERTA

This is one of the best known oat-raising sections of Western Canada

each is quickly in and out of a given transaction or district. The ordinary colonization company takes an option on a strip of ground, and, maybe, pays down $3.00 an acre and lets the man who buys finish the payments. Mr. Hansen has a method differing radically from either or both of these. He and his English supporters say that the average settler wants to know that the land seller is as permanently a factor in the field as he intends to become. Mr. Hansen put it this way:

"We bought our land outright and we sell it on payments. When I say that we own $10,500,000 worth of real estate, I mean that we put in that amount of money. When we sell, the person who buys is dealing with us until he completes his payments."

That came as near being an argument as I could get out of the man who has used his skill in finance to organize, financially, a lot of the unoccupied land of Canada.

The situation, as I see it, is one of the biggest things in a country which is teeming with big movements. Here is a railway which is, on one side, colonizing its lands and planning for towns which it hopes to fill up with factories. Here is, on the other side, a powerful organization at the head of which is the quiet and effective Dane. The purpose of this organization is to colonize land and then bring the community life to a focus in some hundred of cities. It is really a movement toward the organization of the wilderness and the skill which is directing the organization was picked by a Danish boy in the highly specialized financial district of London, England.

ALBERTA CATTLE IN PASTURE
The long, luscious grasses of Alberta ripen on the stalk and serve as pasture all winter, the stock ranging out without shelter, and doing well

It requires but two touches to complete the picture; these show how the organization works in detail:

"The communities write in to us and tell us that they need a blacksmith or a general store or a coal yard or something of that sort. We add that to our list. Then comes a buyer who wants to locate some place where they need a blacksmith or a store keeper or something along his line. We give him the list and he makes his selection."

Then this other touch:

"The town sites are, for the buyers, a speculation in a sure thing. A community always focuses in a town and the better the community the better

the town. If there is added the touch of two or three railways, the town is still more promising. We lay out the towns and then tell people what they may expect. If a man wants to go to that sort of a place we sell him a lot on payments, the same as is done in any highly organized community in the world. He makes his choice according to the promise of the town as shown by the surrounding development."

During the past seasons a number of land seekers' excursions were organized from the American side and shown over this country. They were first taken in automobiles, and then left to go in any way they wished, to make enquiry, and finally to decide what they wished to do. In short, they were turned out to dig in the soil for themselves, to heft and nibble at the hard wheat berries and to ask questions of the pioneer farmers already on the ground. They were absolutely free to say "No," and go back home to Illinois or Iowa or Kansas. There was no compulsion for them to buy, save the compulsion which every good American feels when he sees a real bargain. It is not surprising that a scheme of this kind, which is only possible where large sums of ready money are available, should attract the very best class of settler. While it is not possible for the company to give the English emigrant quite the same opportunity as is given to his American brother, owing to the greater distance, the methods suffice to convince the intending British emigrant of the best class that this is a country in which it is safe to invest. The British emigrant, coming out, knows he is coming to the form of government to which he is accustomed, and to the same law-abiding communities that he has known at home. The American immigrant very speedily learns that, in changing from the Stars and Stripes to the Union Jack, he has nothing to fear in the matter of oppressive laws or heavy taxation.

ON THE BANKS OF THE SASKATCHEWAN

Big colonization projects are not new in Canada. Various church organizations in eastern Canada and Great Britain have undertaken this work; and many great land-settling companies have been formed. But here we have a plan, which has been laid on simple lines, involving a greater expenditure of capital than anything before undertaken by private enterprise.

After all, one decides, those ten years of schooling in the financial district of London taught this Danish boy how to proceed with things in an orderly fashion, and his associates in England and the unoccupied lands of western Canada are now getting the benefit.

The boldness of this scheme of colonization, requiring as it does a preliminary outlay of more than ten million dollars, almost staggers the imagination. And yet it is not a dream; it is a reality. The money has been paid; the people are pouring in; the towns are being created; and from the Atlantic to the Pacific the beneficent use of British capital is attracting the best possible settlers from both Britain and the United States, to make their homes in the new country, adding to its wealth and their own.

The Way Out

By Frank Houghton

Illustrated by Ellsworth Young

"YOU are really going to-morrow, John ?"

"Really, dear."

He leaned towards her and took her hand in his. They were riding together at a walk along the McLeod Trail, a little to the south of Midnapore, in Alberta.

John Brierton was a Canadian and a superlatively fine horseman and shot. He was a slight, well-set-up man of about five feet, ten inches. His face was boldly featured, lean and dark, with the reliant look of one who has had to make his own way through a world not always found too smooth. It was the face of one who will play the game of life with fairness, courage, and that determination to succeed which is in itself a measure of success. His eyes, perhaps his finest feature, had a something of the dreamer in their depths. His age could not have exceeded thirty years. By profession he was a mining engineer.

His companion, Miss Edith Gordon, was a tall, fair girl, the beauty of that country side.

For a little while they rode together in silence, then the girl spoke:

"You think there is no chance of Morton's being mistaken ?"

"Of course there is a chance, Edith; mining is the greatest gamble in the world, but there is also that other chance. I do not think a man of

Morton's wide experience would have written as he did unless he felt very sure indeed."

"He is honest, you think ?"

"I would stake my life upon his honesty."

"You won't forget your promise to me, John ?" She glanced at him; there came a troubled look upon her charming face.

"About my eyes ? No, dear, I won't forget. I'll see that Vancouver specialist as soon as I arrive, and write and tell you what he says. It is probably nothing. You must not worry, Edith."

"I do not like it, John."

For a year past Brierton had frequently noticed, whenever he glanced quickly at anything, that tiny threads appeared before his eyes, to vanish almost instantly. For the last month or two those curious little threads had appeared more frequently, but his sight was as good as it had ever been. One day, a week since, he had told Miss Gordon, the English beauty, whom he loved and was going to marry. Hence the promise that she had insisted upon his making.

For a little way they rode together in silence, when the girl again spoke:

"The day after to-morrow is the beginning of the polo, John; you will miss it all."

"I will miss a great deal more than polo, Edith, by going to-morrow." At the meeting of their eyes he smiled a little sadly.

"You make money at your profession, John, why go at all ?"

"Money !" He shrugged and laughed. "So much depends upon what one calls money. This is a chance. Why, Edith, it may mean a fortune ! There is no man in all western America whose opinion on an undeveloped property I would sooner take than Jim Morton's and he is enthusiastic about it."

"Well, dear, I hope and trust that it will be all right." Then gathering the reins up in her hands she touched the pony with the spur, saying: "We must hurry, John, if we would get home by luncheon time."

A few days later John Brierton stood in the consulting room of the eye specialist in Vancouver. He told the doctor of those curious little threads that had disturbed him. The doctor, a grave, bright-eyed, clever-looking man, had listened silently and had then asked Brierton if he suffered much from headaches. To which Brierton had replied that he had not had a headache for ten years. Next he tried his sight in reading a card of gradually diminishing text, distant the length of the room. He was then seated in a chair and the doctor made a lengthy examination of his eyes, entering everything in a book. At length, laying down his pen, he wheeled his chair about and faced his patient.

"Well ?" said Brierton, and for a moment he could appreciate the feelings of a man awaiting sentence. The doctor's face was grave as ever. Brierton found himself wondering if gravity was its habitual expression. Then the doctor began speaking and his patient told himself that it was nothing after all.

"At present," the doctor said, "your eyesight is most excellent, your range of vision perfect, the visual acuity all that it should be, there is not even a trace of astigmatism; the accommodation, too, is above the normal; if you shoot I would say that you are a good shot."

"Very fair, I believe."

The doctor paused a moment, then continued: "But, Mr. Brierton, you are threatened with cataract of both eyes, in fact I must tell you, it is inevitable."

"Blind ! Must I go blind ?" he asked himself, and for a brief moment the horror of it staggered his fine manhood. Only the keenest observer, however, might have detected a sudden dilation, swift as thought, of the pupils of his eyes. On the instant, as it were, he was himself again.

"Which means blindness ?" he remarked in steady, quiet tones.

"Only temporary loss of sight."

"Are operations for the removal of cataract always successful ?"

"They are successful as a rule, Mr. Brierton; it is a comparatively simple operation."

"How much longer am I to have my sight? Please tell me all you can about it, doctor, it is very interesting to me."

"In about three months your sight will grow more dim, you will see those threads oftener and you will see more of them. In about three months and a half, possibly four months, you will lose your sight completely. That is all I, or any man, can tell you."

And so the sentence was passed and he had taken it as he would always take the buffets of fortune, with a smiling fortitude. There only remained to pay the doctor now and to take himself and his troubles away.

At his hotel that evening he wrote a long letter to Miss Gordon. He told her everything as he had promised he would, but he made but little of his threatened calamity, dwelling with a light-hearted insistence upon the certainty of a cure by a simple operation.

The day following Brierton joined his partner in Victoria.

That partner of his, James Morton, was a very giant of a man, standing quite six feet three inches in his socks and weighing nearly eighteen stone. Brierton had "grub-staked" him to prospect for copper on or in the neighborhood of the Queen Charlotte Islands off the coast of northern British Columbia.

The letter received at Midnapore by Brierton had told him of his partner having located a couple of claims early that spring upon a fair-sized island a few miles to the westward of the Queen Charlotte group. Morton had also arranged with the captain of a schooner to carry them, with their provisions and mining tools, to their claims, and to call for them on his return in about two months and a half.

In another three days the schooner sailed and in due time landed them, with their provisions, in a little bay of the island. All the way upon their voyage Brierton was agreeably entertained with stories of the richness of their property. And upon his inspection of it, the day following their arrival, he was more than pleased to find that Morton had fully justified his faith in him.

They had a year's assessment work to do. In fact as much as ever they could do, "the more the merrier!" Morton, spurred by the fortune in the rich ore, was a veritable glutton of endeavor. He worked like two men or a giant; with a Berserk glory in his tremendous strength. He moved such rocks as to fill his partner with admiration of his energy and muscle, while joyous oaths rolled out of him as ruggedly as did the ore, spilled from his barrow, trundle down the dump. Those crowded hours, their ceaseless toil, uncovering as they labored, tier on tier, the scaffolding of a fortune, intoxicated them like brandy, it was a veritable orgie of dollar making. The never ceasing-blows of pick and hammer seemed flogging laggard Time until she galloped. Before they were well aware of it, three months had passed and their provisions were getting low. Their island was out of the general track of vessels, while the one they were depending upon to call for them was lost in a fierce gale.

By that time, too, Brierton's eyes had got so much worse that he could not see the ground distinctly at his feet, so that he often stumbled while walking. Still he refrained from mentioning to his partner a horror that was now beginning to prey upon him.

Then the autumn rains began. At length, upon a dreary day while the rain fell with a sad persistency, and the massed clouds hung low above a heaving, leaden sea, Brierton told his partner of his trouble and that he feared he was going blind.

One day Morton killed a deer, which made an agreeable change in the unvarying bacon diet. That evening a panther, the living specter of those northern solitudes, lurked near. She moved about with a strong quietude. Now and again she raised her short, blunt nose, sniffed and whined, while by her side, imitating her every action, crept two little balls of fur, likenesses in miniature of herself.

The panther was old and thin; every year she got thinner, and her bones showed more plainly and the play of her muscles could be seen more easily, and her claws grew shorter and more

worn. Her teeth, too, rotted away a little and ached. She found it ever more difficult to catch and kill deer and blue grouse. She was living now more like a lynx, upon hares. Sometimes, too, she found stinking, putrid fish upon the beach and ate them. That was why, each year, she grew more savagely ferocious and the wild blood lust grew in proportion to her inability to satisfy it.

The breeze,—she and her cubs were to windward of the camp,—carried the sweet odor of cooking venison; that was why she sniffed and whined. That was why her babies wrinkled up their lips and showed their rows of gleaming, sharp little teeth, and their eyes shone with a youthful ferocity.

Twice she circled the camp. Sometimes she would lie down and stretch her strong fore legs out, working her worn claws. Then she would half close her eyes, and wrinkles would come about the corners of her grim mouth, and her fierce yellow fangs would show. A little away from her, for they were afraid of her when the fierce blood lust would rouse that ecstacy of longing, her savage cubs lay as she lay, with extended, rigid forelegs, working their claws in and out, in and out. At last she slunk away into the black shadows of the trees, where, rounding a great root, she came upon a hare. He sat crouching in his form, timid, quaking creature, scared of shadows. A lightning movement, a ferocious snap, a tiny death shriek, and he lay before them broken-backed, only a whet to the fierce blood lust.

Another fortnight passed and on a morning when the sun shone with a cloudless splendor, John Brierton awakened in the little tent, blind! It did not shock and terrify him as might have been supposed, he had the strength and courage to take the dread affliction calmly, quietly. He sat up and rested his chin in his hands, his elbows on his knees. To his partner, who lay wrapped in his blankets on the other side of the tent, he appeared to be staring straight before him.

Morton moved a little. Brierton faced the sound and spoke.

"Jim," he said—he paused a moment with a mirthless laugh—"the blow has fallen at last. Man, I am blind."

Morton sat up horrified; of the two, he seemed the more upset. The silence and calmness of his friend frightened him. Like many a weak man he thought, should such an affliction come upon him, he would destroy himself. He did not possess the indomitable spirit that would hold out to the end, that would fight even against the seeming cruelty of God, despite its impotence.

CHAPTER II.

For the first three days succeeding his blindness Brierton never left the tent and Morton stayed with him. Those days were of a kind that leave their shadow on a lifetime. Days infinitely long and of silence that was tragic. Morton, never a talking man, now in the face of a calamity so shocking, seemed stricken dumb. For hours he would sit without a word, a helpless pity shining in his eyes. When he talked at all 'twas always of the schooner, why did she not come? what was it that kept her? Often, too, he would curse a fate he could not comprehend. Adding to the loneliness of their environment, the rain fell ceaselessly. Once in a pretty breeze, a good five-miles distant, a barque sailed westward. On another afternoon two steamers passed, also at a distance; while ever in the hearts of those two men there was that prayer, "God send a schooner."

Another day dawned and the rain had ceased. After their breakfast Brierton announced his intention of walking every day if his friend would lead him. At first it was a trying process, he continually stumbled. Then he gained more confidence and walked further and faster. By the end of ten days he was walking as far as the mine. There he would sit and listen to his partner working; to his tense breathing as he moved some heavy log; to his breath liberated harshly as he loosed his hold upon it; to the responsive concussion of its fall. The commonplace little things of noise and movement held now a new signi-

ficance. He yearned for the lost privilege of weary arms.

When in the tent, by the aid of a little guide he had thought of and his friend made for him, he could write, and all the time he was not at the mine claim he spent over an elaborate diary of their life upon the island. Every day, too, he wrote to Miss Gordon. He locked the letters away in a little case he had. It gave him heart to write to her.

For the first fortnight of his blindness Brierton did not sleep so well. Once as he lay in tortured wakefulness, towards morning he heard the sound of a heavy animal moving stealthily about. At first he thought it was a deer, then his trained ear told him it was not. At first he heard it behind the tent, then on one side, then in front. It was moving round the camp. Gradually drowsiness overcame him and he slept.

The panther, for it was she, with her two cubs, had winded a recent kill and circled the sleeping camp. Four times they went around it. Then the fierce old mother lay down, and by her side her cubs. They were larger now, more supple and more sinuous, with muscles that grew ever more dangerous with their days, in a quick growth of savagery. That blood lust, too, was now strong in all of them, and teased, almost to madness, their fierce yearning, so that their ferocious dam breathed stertorously, then purred, and her devil's brood purred with her.

HE TURNED TO SPRING, BUT TURNED TOO LATE

Meanwhile the rain had begun again and fell continuously, till on an evening in the latter part of August it ceased for a little time and the heavy clouds rolled sluggishly away. The moon, at full, came out and lighted a calm, sad, ever-moving ocean.

Until nearly midnight Brierton sat before the little tent; he thought of Edith and the sunbathed prairies where she lived, while the very soul in the man rebelled against his enforced imprisonment. In those cruel moments too, perhaps, he hated that green island and all of their damned fortune in it. What was a million after all as compared with a loved face, the touch of sympathetic hands? For a while he sat with his head bowed, then rising, he stretched his lean arms and, turning, crept noiselessly into the tent.

He had barely composed himself in his blankets for the night when, sud-

denly, in a gentle air, upon that calm, moonlit sea, not over fifty fathoms distant, beautiful as a white cloud in heaven, with a stately, gliding way upon her, a very embodiment of silence, there passed by those sleeping men a tall schooner! She was so close indeed that they could have easily conversed with a man who paced the deck or the helmsman at his steering. Every sail was set, while the summer moon threw into a strong relief of brilliance her snowy dress. Her tapering spars seemed tipped with flame. She came and passed like a bright picture, and a big headland jutting to the south blotted the picture out as though it were a tale.

The day following, Brierton and his friend went for a longer walk and climbed a hill distant nearly four miles. The top of it was bare of trees; on its western side, in one place, it was broken by a land slip in a sheer drop of some thirty feet. For a few moments the two men rested, seated on a log. Then Morton, rising, asked his partner to wait where he was while he explored the summit. He walked straight over to the break and along it for a little way. Rounding a boulder for an instant he stood upon the verge.

In that instant there was a queer, ominous, grating noise and the earth moved fearfully beneath his feet. He looked about him in a startled, vacant way, a horrid pallor on his face. Then he turned to spring, but turned too late. He threw his hands above his head and gave a sobbing cry. There was a sickening, grinding, rending noise and several tons of earth and boulders broke from the cliff and thundered to the bottom. And in its midst fell Morton. He was not killed and buried in the debris, that was the awful pity of it. He fell on top, the tons beneath served but to break his fall. A rock of many hundredweight crushed his thigh fearfully, breaking the bone in several places. He half sat, half lay, where he had fallen.

Brierton, seated but a little distance away, distinctly heard the rending of the fractured earth. He heard, too, that cry which told so plainly of a fearful strait. Rising hastily to his feet, he stumbled in the direction, feeling his way. When within six paces of the edge Morton saw and warned him in hoarse, broken tones. He told him, too, which way to go, then fainted.

Brierton, perceiving the agony in his voice, asked what had happened, but from the unconscious man received no answer. He slowly picked his way along. From a bush he broke a branch with which to feel the ground in front. 'Twas well for him he did so, for half a dozen times in his descent he came so near the edge that feeling with the stick, he probed the empty air. Shuddering, he would draw back, with swimming head, as though he stood upon an edge of unplumbed height.

At last he reached the bottom. Then turning, he felt his way, with tapping stick, along the scarped face towards his stricken friend. Every little way he called his name. At last there came a feeble answer from a short distance in front. A minute later he was kneeling by his partner's side. Morton told him what had happened in a shaking voice, for the agony in his crushed and broken thigh was awful.

Brierton sat down by his side and thought. But think as he would, there seemed no way out of their dreadful plight. To find his way back to their camp alone was next to impossible. Supposing too, he found the camp, what good could come of it? He rose to his feet, he would not think, the outlook staggered him. The one and only picture thought placed upon his mental retina was but a lingering death. A schooner, should one ever pass, would never see them, being, as they were, a good half mile inland.

But why dwell upon so slim a possibility? To hope was but an added torture. He turned his sightless eyes upon the grey heaven with that question so many have asked in vain, "O, God, how have we sinned?" Bowing his head he covered his face with his hands.

For perhaps a moment a sudden terror shook him, a terror of the sentient and familiar things of every-day existence that crowded near him, that jostled for a footing; the rocks, the whispering trees and the sad moving

ocean. That awful loneliness, apart from human sympathy, it hurt the heart in him; he saw, though blind, and felt it shudderingly. For that tremendous instant he stood upon the verge, his soul was balanced as it were; on one side yawned the abyss, upon the other sanity and present safety. He raised his head and crushed the fatal weakness down. He faced the cruelty of an unseen world.

Aided by his stick, he found a large boulder where he seated himself, resting his back against it. He spoke again to his friend, but Morton had again fainted. For a long time he lay unconscious, and Brierton sat in silence with set teeth. To make matters still more unbearable, the rain began to fall. It rained without cessation through the long night, but through the greater part of it Morton had the good fortune to remain insensible. Towards the morning he seemed to recover his senses completely. Just as the first, faint light of a drowsy dawn appeared, he called to Brierton. The rain still fell, but so fine that it was like a mist.

"We're done for, Jack," he said.

"It looks like it," Brierton replied.

"We'll die like other poor, damned prospectors I have known, all alone in the bush, all alone." His voice trailed away into silence.

"How is the leg ?" Brierton asked him at the end of another half hour or so.

"Oh just the same, just an aching, gnawing agony." He began blaspheming in a low, monotonous voice. Then he burst forth:

"Jack, what are we waiting for ?"

Brierton did not reply.

"Man, I say, what are we waiting for ?"

"God only knows."

"We're waiting for a slow, hellish death, that's what we're waiting for."

Brierton was silent.

"Jack."

"Well, what is it ?"

"I just want to tell you right now, that I ain't goin' to die here slow, not on your life ! I'll wait a spell longer an' if help don't come, I'll sure take the gun, and you'd best do the same. It'll just be a crash an' then comfort and the long sleep, no more pain an' worry, just the finest kind o' rest."

Brierton shook his head. When Morton began speaking to him that morning he was thinking of Edith Gordon, the tall fair girl with the charming eyes. In fact, all that morning he had been constantly thinking of her.

"No, Jim," he replied, "I'll not shoot myself, at least not yet. I think I'll just fight it out to the bitter end. Certainly shooting now would be easy." He paused, then added: "No, I will not take the easy way."

Again there was silence between them. A blue grouse, with the strong whirr of its wings, flew by and settled in a hemlock.

Towards four o'clock in the afternoon the rain ceased, the clouds broke and the sun came out.

Brierton, stiff from his long sitting, rose to his feet and began pacing up and down. By evening he was very hungry. Morton, too, complained of hunger. Fortunately the night was still and warm. Brierton, leaning against a rock, managed to get some sleep. The morning broke calm and cloudless. All that day until the evening, the two men hardly spoke to each other. Then Morton again began talking. He was still thinking of self-destruction and spoke again to Brierton about it. But Brierton only shook his head, saying that he would fight it out, that he would not take "the easy way," as he called it.

During that day,—it was the third day,—he paced up and down as he had done the evening before. He was very weak by that time and his legs shook under him. Often he staggered as though drunken. Morton, lying still, watched him. A dull pain wracked his side. Brierton no longer asked him if he suffered, there was something too cruelly farcical in the question.

Towards evening Morton complained savagely of hunger and broke into awful language, cursing his perpetual hard luck, his life, everything.

Brierton likewise suffered from the same cause. He no longer paced up and down, but sat in silence, his arms

folded about his chest, his mouth set in a grim line, his poor sightless eyes staring at nothing. He did not sleep at all that night, the pangs of hunger tortured him.

The sun was just rising when Morton again spoke to him, his voice had grown extraordinarily weak.

"Jack," he said, "I've stood it long enough, the awful pain is making this slow death a hell." As he spoke he drew from its holster, his heavy Colt revolver, which he, like most prospectors carried, and cocked it.

Brierton heard the sharp click, click of the lock, and held up his hand.

"Hold on a minute, Jim."

Morton in the act of raising the weapon, laid it down.

"Well ?"

"Since you have determined to put an end to yourself, do this first for me. You have a pencil ?"

He felt in his pocket and replied in the affirmative.

"Then write your intention on a piece of paper, so that should our bodies be found, and any question arise, it will exonerate me."

Morton wrote in a pocket book he always carried, then read aloud as follows: "I, James Morton, being in full possession of my right mind, do intend to shoot myself to avoid a lingering and horrible death. I do further give and bequeath to my good friend, John Brierton, all my right, title and interest in, or to, "The Copper Queen" group of mineral claims located by us near the middle of this island." This he signed and dated and placed carefully in the breast pocket of his coat. He told his friend where he had put it and asked if it would do.

"Have you no relations to whom you would care to leave your interest, or who might put forward a claim ?"

"Damn a one, Jack." He shook his head.

Again Brierton's mouth set in a grim line. He would accept it all. This last fight was for Edith Gordon. Everything he could get he would take for her.

Morton looked at his friend a moment, then raised the weapon to his head.

"Good bye, Jack," he said in a steady, even voice.

"Good bye, old chap, and may the Christian God forgive you," his friend replied solemnly.

There came the crash of the report, a short, choking moan, then silence. James Morton had chosen "the easy way."

John Brierton sat still, his arms folded, his head up, staring with sightless eyes before him. His face was gray and haggard. The awful picture he could see, though blind, shocked his imagination. He would not take "the easy way." He had always held himself a man. Morton's method of shifting an obligation did not tally with his conception of manhood. His last grim battle, if it must be the last, he would fight right out to death's limit. Even through "the waters of bitterness" he would struggle to that mystic shore, the soul's millenium, and God would be his umpire !

Nearly three-quarters of a mile distance the old she panther, with her two fierce cubs, lay in the shadow of a fallen tree. She heard the revolver shot, faint and far away, and pricked her short ears. She was a very cunning old beast, the life she had led, the many hardships she had endured, the families she had reared, had all helped to make her cunning, cruel and very dangerous.

That quick report she had heard many times before in the past summer, and five or six years previously when some sailors from a wrecked schooner had spent several weeks upon the island. And always she had learned that that sharp, sudden noise meant two things,—man and blood ! always, man and blood ! She had come to know that Man, her most dangerous enemy, always killed that way. She stretched herself and whined, then rising to her feet trotted away, followed by her cubs. In a short distance she came to the men's trail, halted a moment sniffing, then ran along it swiftly, and her two fierce babies galloped by her side.

Soon they reached the summit of the hill. Then very cautiously the old mother crept along, almost on her

JOHN BRIERTON WAS SINGING

belly, to the broken edge; while close behind her, imitating her every move, her two cubs followed. At the edge, lying flat, under cover of a bush, they all peered over, listening and watching! What she heard and saw puzzled that wise old mother, but what she did not smell puzzled her still more. Being to windward she did not smell the blood which, in a crimson stream, crossed the dead man's face.

Neither did she see the smoke. Where men rested there was always smoke, she knew. Then, too, one of the men she could not understand. He was sitting down, his back against a boulder singing!

Yes, John Brierton was singing. That Christian God who loves a brave man, one who will fight the last fight to the bitter end, a man who will not take "the easy way," was now making the hard way easy for John Brierton. The cruel pangs of hunger he felt no more. The words of a mining camp song he had learned in Alaska ran in his head, and being very comfortable where he sat, and happy, he laughed a little to himself and sang them in a weak voice. It was a gruesome song, the air slow and halting:

Oh, the red gold lies on the river bars,
  Her eyes so bright and her lips so red,
The dead man lay with his face to the stars,
  A knife in his heart and a hole in his head.

He could only remember a verse here and there. He realized that he was sitting in the shade of some cottonwood trees on a hill overlooking the Gordon's ranch. It was a summer day, a cool breeze played upon his face while he waited for his dearest. So he felt very happy and sang again:

And Death rode high in the storm-swept sky,
  Her breast so white, oh, the merry, merry game!
And the dead man's blood it flowed like wine,
  And the dead man's soul went by like flame!

Then he saw his darling walking up

the hill towards him. She looked just as he had seen her last with the sunlight in her charming eyes. She seated herself close by and leaned towards him, her chin resting in her hand. She wore a big hat covered with some white material. There was a warm flush upon her cheeks and she smiled, and the smile mingled with the light in her dear eyes. Then he told her all about his trip. How he and Morton had staked out the claims upon the island; how Morton had died, so that now his dearest and he owned all of the mine; that they would be rich now, so that she might have all she wished for. He told her too of his blindness, but that now his eyes were well again. He talked to her all that day for she would not leave him. And she told him of the ranch, of the horses and cattle and of how all their vegetables had been killed by frost that summer, and she smiled upon him her dear, lovely smile. When evening came she said good night to him and kissed him, and told him to be brave and that she would come again in the morning.

All that night Brierton slept from sheer weakness, for he was dying rapidly, but he was happy and while he slept he smiled. For God was making the hard way he had chosen very beautiful, as he will sometimes for a hero.

When his dear love returned to him again, the panther, with her two bloodthirsty cubs, had descended from the hill and crept round to leeward of the dead man and the happy, dying one. Suddenly the old panther crouched low upon the sodden leaves and curled her evil lips, showing her savage fangs, and growled softly, and her fierce babies did the same. For where they lay just then, there came to them upon a gentle breeze, a scent of what they loved most of all things in this world, and the fierce blood lust grew rampant.

But the old mother was deeply perplexed, for she could not understand the situation. Her instinct told her that one man could not harm them, but then there was that other. The one with the thin, starved face and eager, enraptured eyes, who leaned against the rock and talked, and talked. She could not make him out at all. Round and round the two she walked with strong, noiseless tread, and round and round her savage cubs went with her. As she grew bolder, the circle round the dead man and the happy dying one grew smaller, and ever as the circle lessened the maddening blood lust grew.

Early that morning while Brierton sat there talking to his dearest, a trim schooner furled her sails in a bay of the island, not above a mile from where the dying man sat. A boat was quickly lowered, some sailors manned it and pulled, singing, to the shore. The captain had given them a holiday to spend upon the island. They carried shot guns with them and were like a troop of mad school boys.

No sooner were they landed, when, roaring oaths and scraps of sea songs, they plunged through the woods, straight in the direction of that fatal hill. In a little way they flushed two blue grouse which settled in a spruce. Two guns charged heavily with black powder thundered as one, a torn and mutilated bird, the recipient of both charges, toppled to the ground.

The old panther raised her head in startled recognition of the sound. A not too distant sailor's hail scared her still more. With a fierce snarling growl she turned, and followed by her savage brood sought sanctuary in the woods.

Another quarter of an hour elapsed, when three sailors, roaring joyous curses, stood on the summit of the hill, but a few paces from its broken edge.

And so, at the last moment, as it were, John Brierton's life was saved!

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.

HERE we are jumping into the heart of it—of the good old summer time—after that long stretch of winter, those grim, cold days when the weather catches us in the knees, my dears, and in the small of the back, my dears, until we feel the Pack, once carried so gaily, so lightly, to be growing somewhat of a burden. Not this merry Pack forsooth, but the one we call Life, which is such a queer bundle, such a medley of things. June, and the trees dressed in tenderest green and the ache gone from stiffening knees; a breath of life's springtime again informing body and brain with hope and lightness of heart! It is very good to be alive; to be on top of the turf instead of under it; to be looking up at the moon on hot nights, and chatting gently on verandahs, and sailing a little and swimming a little and watching the boys and girls dancing at the yacht clubs, and listening to the murmurings of lovers, which mingles with the lap of the waters against the long pier. June, and Love, and Young Life, and weddings, and bride-cake to dream upon, and all over again the old, sweet story!

. . . . . .

SCOTCH VERSUS IRISH WHISKEY

ARE they going to deprive Scotsmen of their whiskey? Professor Blackie once said that Scotland was but a speck on the map of Europe, and could easily be hidden away in one corner out of sight but for the fact that the smell of its whiskey would betray its whereabouts. All the world over, Scotch whiskey is the beloved beverage of club-men and parliamentary gossips. It is the thing to top off with; the only nectar permissible after a toss of champagne. The modern butler has no respect for the gentleman who asks for Irish when the last tray makes its appearance in the library. Time was when Irish was a-top in the matter of drinks, but it has given way to its brither celt, the uisgebeatha of the men who come from the rugged fastnesses of the Grampians and such-like bonny hills.

It is Andrew Lang, I think, Merry Andrew, who tells the story about the ducks at a famous distillery at Inverness. They acquired a taste for whiskey, and were often to be found lying helplessly drunk by the side of the stream which flowed through the place. Im-

mediately they got sober they returned to the stream to partake of the refuse which had the effect of putting them in such a hilarious state. There is another tale told of the days in Scotland when whiskey punch was the beverage of all classes, and men were employed, when the laird had a party, in taking the guests home in barrows after they had reached the customary stage, since to go home sober was an insult to one's host.

Happily a change has come over such a state of affairs. Though it was just the same in Ireland, where the host frequently locked the door of the supper chamber, threw the key out of the window and prepared to lay every man and himself under the table. A practice of even the present sober days is that the grocer throws in a handful of peppermints with each gill of whiskey he sells, so that those—especially ladies of the Sairey Gamp type—who indulge, may get rid of the odor as quickly as possible. A common ruse adopted in some Scottish villages where the licensed grocer sells coal oil, is to tie a string to the neck of the bottle so that people who see it carried by the string naturally conclude that the oil bottle has been replenished.

I well remember a steward on my own father's place in Ireland—a big Irishman who was too often tempted to take a long drop of the crathur. A comrade of his, a Scotchman, was baillie on an adjoining estate, and at times the two would foregather at fair or market on a drinking bout. After a number of glasses they would start for home with a bottle between them, Paddy hilarious and singing and screeching at the top of his voice; Sandy, dour and silent. Once we met them so occupied, and Governor stopped to expostulate with his own man. But Paddy was past all that. He was trailing his coat and entreating Sandy to dance on the tail of it and be knocked into smithereens for his trouble. Sandy, sad-faced and sour, turned his face to the hedge, raised the bottle and drained it to the last dram—and after that there was war. But the Scot walked serenely out of the cloud of dust and left poor Patrick helpless on the broad of his back, in the middle of the road, and cursing profoundly. The police came and took Paddy to jail. The magistrate fined him. His wife belabored him with her tongue and the priest gave him an endless prayer to say for penance. All round he got the worst end of it. And Sandy never turned a hair but went about his business as sane and silent as ever.

But the man who has made Scotch whiskey immortal is Burns. He has been the best friend the distillers ever had. He it was who made whiskey a national beverage. Who does not know his ode to it ?

> O Whiskey ! Soul o' plays an' pranks !
> Accept a bardie's humble thanks !
> When wanting thee what tuneless cranks
> Are my poor verses.

Poor Bobbie Burns ! Most delightful of poets ! 'Tis enough to make one curse the bottle that brought thee so early to the grave, and robbed an "ower sad world" of a spirit at once so brave and so gay.

However, as the Scotch M. P. said the other day in Westminster when the Scottish Temperance Bill was brought on the carpet, there is little danger that "my countrymen will ever be either sickeningly abstemious or ostentatiously teetotal." Scotch and not Irish will continue to be the master drink in Clubland.

. . . . . .

WHERE FAME DOES NOT PENETRATE

ALAS ! What is fame ? A theatrical manager in Hungary has just made the delightful announcement that at his theatre on a certain date there will be presented for the first time, Romeo and Juliet, "a sensational tragedy universally known, in five acts, with songs, dances and Bengal lights, by William Shakespere. The distinguished author will himself take a prominent part in the performance."

Now and forever all doubt should be set at rest as to who wrote Shakespere's plays and sonnets. No more need learned doctors fish for sea chests in winding Devon or Somerset streams; Mr. Donnelly must remain for ever in the well-deserved depths to which he has long since sunk, and as for Bacon—don't mention it ! The world is but

a little place after all, despite our advances and inventions and discoveries. Here we are living next door to everyone else—collecting in an hour news from the ends of the earth and presenting it in the centre; with our wireless, our cables, our North and South Poles in our grasp, so to speak, and yet there are places and peoples where Shakespere is unknown and to whom Romeo and Juliet is a sensational tragedy written but yesterday. There must be thousands of world nooks which lie as yet untouched by our discoveries; little old Cranfords where Miss Poles and Miss Mattys flourish in some gentle human gardens and even where they wear pattens! As a matter of fact, it is not two years since I met and talked with a whole family who had never yet seen a train, but who were quite conversant with the movements of a motor car. I even think there are people living who believe they were found, when they were babies, in a cabbage, or brought home in a band-box by that long-standing old joker, the family doctor.

Well, there will always be primroses growing by the river brink—that are just primroses, and nothing more, to many people.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH US?

THE wreck of the Titan of the sea staggered humanity. No story of the awfulness of the sea is more dreadful, more grim, more hopeless. The lost Titanic was the last word in scientific ship-building—the last word in sea-going luxury—the last word in speed. And yet she lived but four hours after she had received her death blow from the iceberg. The excitement, the horror at sea, can hardly be guessed by one who has never ventured from his native shores. I remember once when coming up to Halifax from Demerara, our ship—a little pot-bellied old steamship, barquentine rigged and with one boiler—was caught in a hurricane. You might think it funny to see a ship doing the turkey trot, or trying to see how far down she could lean in the sea without turning over, but you would see nothing humorous about it if you were inside her. The

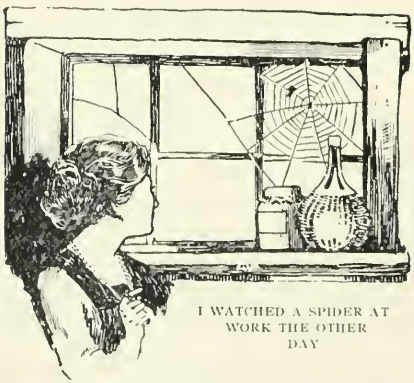
LITTLE OLD CRANFORDS, WHERE MISS POLES AND MISS MATTYS FLOURISH

swaying and gyrating, the loud cracking of furniture, the straining and creaking of the ship, the crash when the piano in the ladies' cabin broke loose and fell into the bar-room among the bottles; the screams of alarm, the shriek of the wind in the rigging; the awful cry—"man overboard!" and the sight of the little hat, the poor fellow's tarpaulin, bobbing for a second on the crest of a mighty wave; the flapping of a dead mongoose I was bringing north, which hung from the ceiling and rapped me in the face and from which I could not get away, and the dismal prayers of an old native woman who held me tight around the knees, screeching at intervals: "We'll both go down togedder, honey; fo' de Lawd's sake doan' leggo o' me"—are things to be remembered always—some of them with a laugh now—but not then when old Death was grinning at the porthole.

Some such memories flooded the soul at the reading of the gigantic catastrophe which overtook the Titanic a couple of months ago, but the imagination over-leaped them and was busy almost living the scenes on the ill-fated ship as one read them. One hour in such warmth, such luxury, such surroundings—everything beautiful and

artistic that money could buy—the next, shivering in a little boat among the icebergs, all around, the gray, desolate, booming sea, with the wounded ship struggling, heaving and leaning in her death-throes. And the silent ghosts of the sea—the tall icebergs—symbols of all that is aloof, and grim, and unfeeling, sailing out upon their stately way! And women looking everywhere for their beloved! Raising imploring hands, beseeching God who was so far away—so serene and still above there in His great heaven—and all the wealth of no avail to stay one tear, to turn one breaking sigh into a happy smile, to comfort one poor human creature in an hour of deepest woe! And the dresses of the beautiful women, the diamonds, the solid riches that faded for ever down into depths, two miles of depths, to where only the blind, cold monsters of the deep can live.

What is the matter with us? Is it lack of seamanship—of the old weather-beaten salts of wooden ships days, who could smell an iceberg long before sighting one; is it too much dependence on science or our craze for speed—the craze that will not permit the motorist who owns a forty-per-hour car to rest



I WATCHED A SPIDER AT WORK THE OTHER DAY

until he can get one that will double its speed? Is hurry the matter? Hurry to crush into our few little years of life every sensation, know every excitement, satisfy every curiosity, instead of taking, like our saner forbears, the peace and rest out of every slow, sunny hour, and patiently waiting on the gray days for the sun to break through again?

AN INEXORABLE OLD DAME

A MORE or less scientific writer once asked the world at large which is which in good or evil. And to answer himself he drew upon Nature. We are apt to consider Nature as a kindly, maternal personage who means well by us and who will reward us if we obey her laws and follow her well-rooted instructions. But is she? Is she not rather a grim and inexorable old dame—a sort of Mrs. General and Mrs. Pipchin combined, who will tolerate no disobedience, but will spank us well if we don't mind what she says? Let us study her for a moment.

I watched a spider at work the other day. She lived and spun in a corner of the cellar window, where the housemaid's broom never thinks of making explorations. She was big and gray and rather nasty. And she certainly had a biting way with her. A poor fool of a man-fly blundered across her filmy path. No other but a masculine insect could have done it so clumsily. Instantly she raced upon him, gathered him up—his thread-like legs struggling madly—and proceeded to suck him dry. I have rarely seen anything so swift and smooth as her assault and his finish, and I remembered the words of an eminent naturalist: "The instances of the exquisite subtlety and benevolence of Nature are infinite." To prove which our eminent gentleman continued and quoted the case of the cat's whiskers, which, he says, are "so exceedingly sensitive, being supplied through their roots with branches of the same nerves that give sensibility to the lips, that the cat is enabled acutely to feel the position of its prey when seizing it in the dark." Delightful benevolence of Nature! I would like to interview the next mouse I meet, and ask her opinion in this.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, is this good or evil? It must be one or the other. As a human, and especially a human woman, I might lean towards the opinion that it is good—mighty good—for us, since we both detest and fear you—but what do you think of the matter?"

You can imagine Mrs. Mouse's reply, yet no doubt she preys on something else—the mites in the cheese perhaps.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE subject fascinates one. Another naturalist exclaims over benevolent Nature in the matter of certain little animals furnished with fins, which inhabit a single drop of water in such multitudes that Leinwenbock, the natural philosopher, reckoned up to thousands of them. But why has this amiable, old mother of us all done this? To take Little Fins out for a swim, or treat them to ice-cream or a stroll through the woods to pick ferns? Not she! The little fellows are made absolutely to provide food for bigger fellows who in turn feed other bigger fellows, until we, the biggest fellows of all, eat them up.

A PRACTICE OF OUR PRESENT SOBER DAYS IS THAT THE GROCER THROWS IN A HANDFUL OF PEPPERMINTS WITH EACH GILL OF WHISKEY HE SELLS

And there was the man who cursed the souls of fleas because they were not lobsters. But had they been, think of his state. One live lobster in a bed would be enough to make him forswear Scotch for ever. I once saw a Spartan little boy who had thieved a live lobster from the "scile" of a Galway fishwife. He was sitting opposite to me in a Galway bus, and—I was little then and curious—he underwent such dreadful contortions that I screamed aloud, thinking the Devil had got hold of him. And he had. For the lobster had bitten through the little boy's back pocket and was tasting him upon a tender spot. For once Dame Nature was outwitted and the biter was bitten.

But the query stands. Which is bad and which is good? Our author cannot answer, nor can you or I. Is fire good for making water into steam, or is water good for putting fire out? Everything is both good and bad, or partakes of good and evil. It may be good for us to have chicken to eat, but how about the chicken's point of view? You or I would taste very good to the lion or the tiger, but what do we think of it—and so on, like the fleas—ad infinitum.

. . . . . .

A CHARACTER PONY

THE other day in London a coster was taken up for maltreating his "moke", which, in this case, was a small pony. The name of the pony was Whisker, and when the magistrate—jocularly inclined—asked this customer if the animal was christened "out of Dickens", the man replied:

"Cork bly me, if I know, Sir, w'ere 'e got 'is bloomin' nyme. 'E were a rare bad un, 'e were."

You remember Whisker, of course, the "character" pony in the Old Curiosity Shop, whose natural waywardness of disposition was emphasized by the fact that he knew what was said to him just as well as the person who said it. He would consent to go up any street that his driver selected, but only on his own terms as to pace. And he always strictly reserved his rights to both sides of the road. "If that pony

was, mine I'd break him," says Mr. Chuckster. Children might hang on to Whisker's tail, but he suffered no one to mount him. Only his owner could have put up with such an impracticable pony, and only Dickens have imagined him. Whisker died as he had lived—in clover—so unlike the poor fellow owned by the coster—and "his last act was to kick his doctor."

. . . . . .

DICKENS AND THE UNITED STATES

THE mention of Dickens recalls how much surprise was expressed in England over the smallness of the amount—some $13,000 or so—realized in the United States for the granddaughters of Charles Dickens. But only the ignorant of the circumstances, or the unthinking, could so judge. When the Dickens Testimonial first started, America was "brought up standing" before the assertion that she should give most largely and abundantly of any because she had pirated the works of Dickens. Lord Rosebery was so unwise and so uninformed as to state in a public speech that the English author had "never received a cent of royalty from the United States." This is not so. His American publishers paid to Mr. Dickens the largest sums of any. There was no such thing as international copyright at the time, and piracy was common enough. But Dickens did not suffer from American piracy. On the contrary, a great part—if not the greater part—of his estate of half a million dollars came from America, through his readings as well as his books.

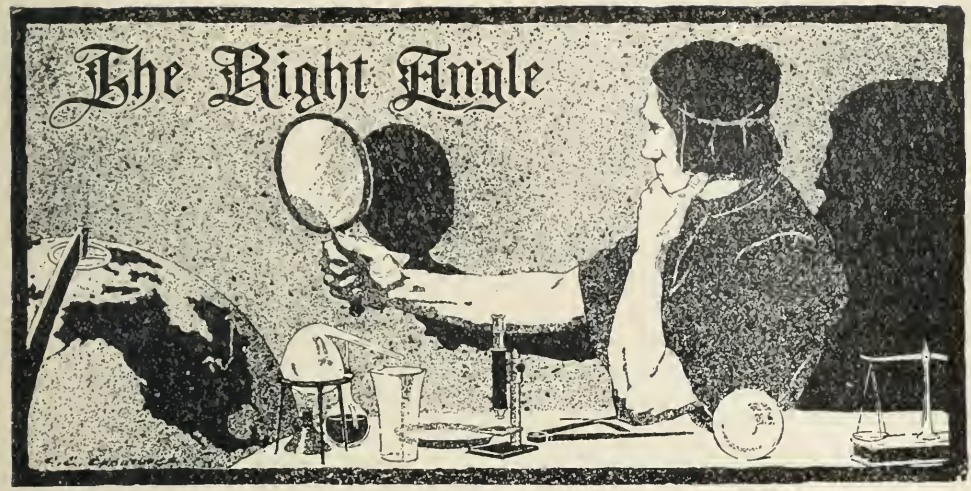
It is hardly good business to affront a man from whom you are going to ask a subscription. You would not expect a generous response, would you ? Moreover the Americans are a sensitive people—supersensitive, no doubt, to anything that savors of ridicule. And if ever a writer—however goodhumoredly—satirized a country, its people and manners, Dickens did the United States in "American Notes." I do not hold that this was held against his memory when the centenary fund was being raised. If it was, it was done in silence. There was no public word of it, but what more likely than that here and there the thought rankled ? Be that as it may, the sum raised in the States for the Dickens fund and recently forwarded to Lord Alverstone was a meagre one. That it reached the proportions it did, surprised some people who argued that a man does not put his hand in his pocket for you after you have slapped him in the face.

MIRACLES

BY DOROTHY GREEN

"I HAVE no faith in miracles," he said,
Coldly contemptuous. "Tales of risen dead—
Of life and strength restored to stiffened clay—
Are idle fables of a bygone day."

Yet the young grass sprang 'round his heedless feet,
Trees burst their buds, a robin's song was sweet,
And all the glad air pulsed with quickening—
The immemorial miracle of Spring.



JOHN RAWN, EGOIST

THAT the modern American business-man is a hag-ridden creature sacrificing everything to the monstrous Moloch of business—family, friends, his community, honor and honesty alike—is what Emerson Hough sets himself to show in his new novel, "John Rawn" (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis,) and he does so in a way that no man has achieved since Frank Norris wrote that terrible drama of the speculator, "The Pit".

Up to middle life, Rawn was a railroad clerk. Then he got the chance to steal another man's idea and capitalize it, the other man being a visionary young engineer named Halsey, who is in love with Rawn's daughter. Through the development of his son-in-law's idea, Rawn came to control huge interests, even to the point of managing the affairs of the world. Then, following his steady policy of selfishness, Rawn divorces his plain wife who has come up through poverty with him to marry his secretary, Miss Delaware, a woman of beauty and brains, who will do more justice to Rawn's exalted state.

Halsey is a Socialist and his sympathy with laboring men leads him to destroy the model of his invention, which would do away with hand labor. His wife leaves him and goes back to her father, but it is a matter of indifference to him as he has fallen in love with his father-in-law's new wife. Rawn takes advantage of this and deliberately asks his wife to sell herself to Halsey so that in return he—Rawn—may secure entire control of the invention.

The wife however revolts, although she and Halsey have declared their love for each other. Misfortune and disaster follow each other rapidly and Rawn is at the last extremity when his discarded wife comes to his aid with the million dollars which he had settled upon her at the time of the divorce. With renewed vigor and enterprise, he enters on fresh money-making schemes, with only scant and perfunctory thanks to the only person who has been truly loyal to him.

Rawn is a colossal egoist, with a view point hopelessly out of focus. Everything goes down before success. The man who will knife his friend in the back, if that friend is careless enough to give him a chance; whose only god is business; who will leave his wife to loneliness and sell alike his daughter and his wife "for business reasons"; whose horizon is shut in by business, who knows nothing and cares nothing for anything but business; who could not play if you gave him the chance; who has forgotten how to enjoy life, is painted boldly and unerringly by Emerson Hough in "John Rawn." He is a repellent and a pathetic figure, not to be forgotten or laid

carelessly aside, and a typical one in every American city that has a business district. Money-mad, power-drunk, merciless to themselves and to others, the John Rawns are a danger to the world.

LOYALTY TO THE DOMINION

DEEDS of heroism lose none of their appeal by being retold. From tradition and private letters and memoranda an interesting narrative has been compiled of the founders of Glengarry county and their heroic experiences. Prior to the revolutionary war a party of Scottish Highlanders was taken, under false pretences, to Virginia, and exposed to much suffering. Later, while the war was at its height, they made their escape to New York State. When required to take the oath of allegiance to the new Republic, they refused, whereupon their farms were confiscated. Their loyalty and devotion to duty impelled them to make the endeavor to reach Canada by way of the Adirondack wilderness. The story of the privations they endured, and the difficulties they experienced, make a thrilling story, which now appears in book form, under the title, "Morven" (Musson Book Co., Ltd.) The picture it presents is worth study as an evidence of true patriotism, devotion to principle, and hatred of oppression. As a matter of history also the story is valuable.

ON SEEING QUEBEC

IT is a wonder city, a city of many aspects, a city of dreams. Partly it is the traditional Quebec, frowning, rugged—in losing which the Frenchman lost domination over half a world, the Quebec whose power the Frenchman himself had consolidated and extended, spreading far to the west a broad belt of light and law and security across a black chaos of northern savagery. And partly it is the sleepy Quebec, a city of old age and white hairs and dreams, into which a village of churches and a farmers' market place might have grown, a subdued Quebec, a simple-hearted City of the Hills, whose slow influence is for peace and happiness, and whose crumbling terraces are reminiscent of a youth long gone.

I wish you might see it to-day as I see it—a warm sun splashing color on its stone ramparts, and there just over the wall, the great blue carpet of the St. Lawrence stretching away to the edge of the horizon. One may dream big dreams in a spot like this—even though one knows he is really like "the little low manikin whose mind strides a war horse while his body strides a stool", and dreaming does no harm, if one keeps a grip on actualities—which is to say, if one remembers his stool.

FAIR PLAY

NOW comes a statement from Cyrus H. McCormick, head of the International Harvester Company, asking fair public consideration. The points at issue concern Canada only indirectly, if at all, unless on the side of ordinary sympathy in an open case. They are wholly involved with a purely political effort now being made by the United States to dissolve the company on the ground that it is a trust, and has created a power to oppress. Mr. McCormick is strong in his denial that the company ever has exercised any such power. If it exists, it would seem to be potential rather than active, but to say it exists at all would be to pass an opinion in a matter at present under advisement by another government.

Mr. McCormick's utterance deserves reception in an open frame of mind. Nobody can deny that the conduct of the company has benefited agriculture at large, and the trade reports show that its profits never have been excessive. Six or seven per cent. dividends are not in the octopus class. That is about what the stock has earned; and the stock has not been watered.

The attitude of the United States is entirely domestic, and does not affect the company's export business. Were it otherwise, Canada would not know the difference, because the company has its own plants here. If its conduct in the States has been as free from offense as it has in this country, the company has nothing to fear.

A Forum on Money-Mad Farming

Where Do You Stand?

Since the publication of Mr. Croasdell's first article on Money-Mad Farming, we have been receiving letters of protest or approval. Many of these have shown either an entire lack of sympathy with or a discriminating appreciation of the position taken by the author. Since the magazine presents Mr. Croasdell's work as an incentive to thought and discussion of the subject, we shall give space to the letters that seem to us to be most representative.—THE EDITOR.

HARCOURT SUPPORTS CROASDELL

TO the Editor: Rex Croasdell's stand against "money-mad farming" has been emphatically and officially endorsed. The dairymen's convention recently held here was addressed on this subject by no less an authority than George Harcourt, deputy minister of agriculture, and nothing could be more positive than Mr. Harcourt's declaration on that occasion that "we are absolutely wheat crazy." "For the sake," said he, "of an immediate factitious profit, Alberta farmers are neglecting opportunities of making money . . . at a great cost to the country," and "where mixed farming obtains, the farmers meet their obligations better, the merchants are better off, and the country is more successful in every way."

There was scant encouragement to the exclusive wheat grower in any part of Mr. Harcourt's long and earnest address. The facts are familiar to all who really know conditions in the West, and they need such treatment as Mr. Croasdell has been giving them and Mr. Harcourt confirms. The protest goes farther than the 2,000,000 acres of Alberta land now under plow, for it is a warning cry concerning the 160,000,000 acres still unbroken, and the future that must be worked out when they come in.

The loss of wheat through drouth and frost is being offset in the United States, where they feed the spoilage to cattle and hogs, and get as much for it on the hoof as they do for sound grain in the elevators. Until Mr. Croasdell spoke, no one had pointed out this way to work a profit, or even to get good prices for inferior grades of grain by converting them into meat. Mr. Harcourt confirms him in that also.

Horses bring good prices, but take time to grow. That is one reason why there is a grab for wheat money instead of for a larger handful off the same acreage by horse breeding. If this keeps up, where are the horses to come from that will be needed on those 160,000,000 acres? From the States? Our horses are better than any we can import. The same thing is true of cattle, poultry, dairy products, pork, mutton, and vegetables. Yet the majority of farmers while they watch their wheat grow, buy poultry, pork, mutton, eggs, cheese and vegetables from as far away as Illinois, Nova Scotia and California—buy them for their own tables. And while this paradox prevails, as Mr. Croasdell and Mr. Harcourt both tell us in very plain terms, fertility is being extracted from the soil at an appalling rate. "It is a good thing," said Mr. Harcourt, "that nature will not let us take the fertility out of the land in a year or two, or we would do it, and then we would have a country fit for nothing unless we put back into it what we took from it."

I have every faith in the practical common sense of our farmers. They need to be told what these men are telling them, and CANADA MONTHLY is doing the country a patriotic service in transmitting the message. It will not do to be feeble about it, nor to "reform it indifferently," as the player said he hoped to do, in that famous passage of Hamlet. Let us rather take Hamlet's earnest advice, and "reform it altogether".

JAMES YOUNG.

Red Deer, Alberta, May 14, 1912.

WHEN ONE COUNTS DOUBLE

TWO political factions were to come together for a ward caucus in which there were to be thirty-nine representatives.

One side said: "We've counted noses and there are twenty-one of us."

The other side said: "We've counted noses and there are twenty-two of us."

The candidate for committeeman figured that the only reason there could be forty-three noses for thirty-nine individuals was that there were some two-faced men in his ward.

A GREAT CHANGE

"THERE has been a great change in the past few years."

"In what way ?"

"A girl can be a blonde now without causing it to be suspected that she is a self-made one."

A CRY FROM BONDAGE

"I'M sittin' here in school—I've got
To study my arithmetic,
But all this mornin' I have thought
O' how it looks now down the crick.
From where I sit I see the trees
In Merritt's orchard out in bloom,
An' I 'most hear the honey bees
A-laughin' 'cause I'm in this room.

Who is that barefoot in the road,
A-carryin' his fishin' pole ?
It's Skinny Jones! I might 'a' knowed
He'd start out for the old Blue Hole,
He's climbin' over Merritt's fence
An' strikin' through the orchard now,
Why does the grass an' things commence
To grow 'fore school's out, anyhow ?

Now he's out in the pasture lot,
An' bendin' down. I understand !
I'll bet a nickel Skinny's got
Some johnny-jump-ups in his hand.
I wouldn't be a bit surprised
If he goes down and takes a swim—
This school I always have de-spised;
I wisht 'twas me instead of him !

Now he's gone back behind th' woods.
An' pretty soon he'll cross the field
Where Hinson's cows all chew their cuds;
He'll have a willow twig he's peeled
Until it's slick, to string his fish.
That barefoot Skinny Jones is free—
I wish—But what's the use to wish ?
My folks is educatin' me !

My hair has got to be kep' curled—
What, teacher ? Mom ? I heard you, yes,
Who was it found this here new world?
Why, barefoot Skinny Jones, I guess!

A KEEN OBSERVER

"JOHNNY," says the teacher, thinking to lead up to a helpful talk on Mars, "when we look into the east at night what do we see that we did not see at this time last year ?"

"A 'lectric sign for Plitz's beer," answers Johnny promptly.

THE CHOICE

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

POPPIES mingled with wheat,
Idlers and toilers,
Scarlet and gold at noon,
Workers and spoilers.

Crimson chalice of sleep,
Golden bread-makers,
Red for the dreamer of dreams,
Gold for the wakers.

From the field's edge she turned,
Life, the shrewd varlet,—
In her hands, golden grain;
At her breast, scarlet.

THERE WAS A COMMOTION IN THE OUTER OFFICE . . . "THEY'LL KILL HIM"
SHE THREW HERSELF INTO HIS ARMS

To accompany "The Blueberry Blonde". See page 169

VOL. XII
NO. 3

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
JULY

Running Canada's Divorce Mill

By George C. Holland

With Illustrations by
Frederic M. Grant

EDITOR'S NOTE—*For years Mr. Holland has been Official Reporter of the Senate at Ottawa which tries two-thirds of all Canada's divorces. Up to five years ago, the Senate had no difficulty in handling all the cases presented, but now the volume of business threatens to overwhelm it. Why? And what is the remedy?*

CANADA, in common with older and more populous countries, is confronted with the problem of an increasing divorce rate. There are local divorce courts in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and British Columbia, but none in the other provinces. Residents of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan and the territories who seek divorce must make application to the Parliament of Canada. For over two-thirds of the population, therefore, the Senate is their only divorce court. From Confederation until the last five or six years, the number of cases was surprisingly small, but recently there has been a marked increase and the volume of business threatens to be more than the Senate can handle.

The incongruity of trying cases, calling for judicial decisions, before a parliamentary committee, instead of referring them to the law courts, has long been a subject of comment. Often the question is asked:

Why are the courts not allowed to deal with divorce?

There are two reasons. In the first place, the Senate has been found a satisfactory tribunal by all except a few who are opposed to divorce on any ground; and in the second place, the Church of Rome will not sanction a dissolution of the marriage tie, and no government could introduce a measure to establish divorce courts without incurring the opposition of the Church and its adherents in Parliament. As a result of their uncompromising attitude on the question, no Roman Catholic Senator will consent to act as

a member of the Divorce Committee or will vote for divorce. All divorce bills are passed "on a division", which is the parliamentary method of indicating that the passage of the bill was opposed although a vote was not taken.

It is just a question whether the present system can be much longer continued. There is a limit to the number of applications that can be considered during a session, and the increasing pressure of divorce business may render a reference of all divorce cases to the law courts necessary. The population of Ontario and the prairie provinces is fast growing, but the divorce cases increase with still greater rapidity, and when the vigorous, aggressive element in the West is given its full representation in Parliament, it may demand the establishment of divorce courts adequate to deal with changing conditions.

CRUELTY IS NOT A GROUND FOR DIVORCE

Some of our public men and journalists are prone to point the finger of scorn at the neighboring republic, where divorce is so prevalent that one out of every ten marriages ends in the divorce court, and contrast its record with our own, claiming that the infrequency of divorce in Canada is evidence of our superior sexual morality and godliness. In making the contrast, however, it should not be forgotten that in the United States there are some 3,000 divorce courts; in Canada, including the four maritime provinces, there are but five tribunals which deal with divorce. In most of the States in the neighboring republic there are many grounds for divorce; in Canada there is but one. In the United States the cost of procuring a divorce is within the means of all but the very poorest; in Canada the cost, especially where the parties live far away from the capital, is prohibitive to all but the well-to-do.

That there is proportionately more vice and immorality in the United States, outside of the great cities, than there is in Canada, is improbable; there are other causes for the contrast, in this matter, between the two countries. In a large percentage of cases brought before the Senate, the respondents had deserted their homes and gone to the United States. Many had procured divorces and married there, to that extent swelling the divorce record of our neighbors. In the absence of statistics, it is impossible to make any definite statement as to the number of such cases dealt with by the courts of the neighboring country every year, but it must be very considerable.

We have no law defining the causes for which Parliament may grant divorce but the unwritten law which governs the Senate in dealing with the applications brought before it, is to grant a separation only for the "scriptural cause", adultery. In the United States each State (except South Carolina, which does not recognize divorce) has its own divorce laws. New York grants divorce for one cause only—adultery. Some of the other States add two other causes—desertion and cruelty. Others again grant divorce for incompatibility, for drunkenness, and a variety of causes which lead to domestic infelicity. Efforts have been made to secure uniformity in the legislation of the several States, and to some extent with success.

The whole tendency of late has been to make the laws more uniform and more stringent, especially in regard to the re-marriage of divorced persons. This is due largely to the efforts of the churches to check the spread of what they regard as a cancer which is eating into the vitals of domestic life; yet,

despite the efforts of the clergy, backed by the State legislatures, divorce increases in a ratio greater than the increase of population, and it looks as though marriage in the neighboring country is becoming experimental—a temporary union which may be made permanent if the contracting parties find the marriage relation mutually satisfactory.

In the republic the increase of divorce is larger in the middle and western States—those sections of the country which are most prosperous and towards which population flows in an ever-increasing volume. Moreover, statistics show that in times of prosperity the percentage of divorces increases, and this tendency is apparent throughout all civilized nations. The more prosperous and progressive the people, the larger the number of divorces.

Another significant fact is the general increase in divorce throughout the civilized world. It is quite clear, therefore, that the old standards of domestic and social life are undergoing a radical change. The old ideas of marriage no longer prevail in the minds of a vast number of people. Many can remember when divorce in the United States was rare, and confined largely to the idle rich, and when the re-marriage of a divorced person was considered an outrage on society little less heinous than a legalization of prostitution. We do not need to go outside of our own country to find instances of people more or less prominent who have been ostracized for that reason and that alone. The churches have not changed their attitude on the subject. The Anglican Church refuses to re-marry a divorced person. Other churches require a certain period to elapse before they will sanction a re-marriage. All of them deplore the prevalence of divorce, and pronounce it a serious evil and a menace to society. They ignore the fact that divorce is a symptom, not a disease, and when they denounce divorce they condemn the remedy instead of diagnosing the evil. They might as well censure a doctor who amputates a mortifying limb, and describe the operation as wanton butchery.

THE SERVANT PROBLEM HELPS ALONG DIVORCE

Nobody regards divorce as something desirable in itself. It is a misfortune to the unhappy people who are directly affected by it and a menace to time-honored institutions. Is divorce then, an unqualified evil? Why should the most important step in life, the step which leads to the most serious and far-reaching consequences, be irrevocable?

As a rule men and women marry before they have had much experience of life, without much knowledge of what matrimony means and when they have no conception of anything beyond the material and external relations into which they are entering. A couple thus united may soon awake from love's young dream to find that they have been mis-mated. The man discovers that his beloved is entirely incapable of being a working partner. She knows nothing of the business of house-keeping and cannot even engage a good servant, or discharge an incompetent one. The wife discovers that, far from being the heaven of bliss she had imagined it, matrimony is a difficult trade, the most exacting in which a woman can engage, and the only one in which, as yet, a woman gives fixed labor without fixed return. Love may turn to indifference and finally to mutual aversion, the home may become a torture house, yet they are expected to live on, chained together for life. Is it desirable in the interest of either party that such relations should continue? If the y

have children, is it in the interest of the helpless little ones or of the community that they should be brought up in such an atmosphere ?

To such questions those who condemn divorce advise the parents, if they cannot agree, to separate, making such disposition of the children as they may deem advisable. What does that lead to ? We all know the unenviable position of the grass widow—the unhappy victim of every evil-minded gossip in the community. Though "chaste as ice and pure as snow," she cannot escape calumny and more or less social ostracism. In the case of the divorced man such a separation is likely to lead to greater evils. In either case, is it in the interest of the parties themselves, of their children, or of the public that they should be denied divorce *a vinculo*, with the right to re-marry ? That is a question on which there is great diversity of opinion, but there is a growing tendency to regard complete divorce as less injurious to everybody concerned than a judicial separation.

In some States of the neighboring union, as in Canada, divorce is allowed for one cause only—adultery, the object being, of course, to restrict the evil; but many thoughtful people in both countries are doubtful as to the wisdom of such a restriction. It does not prevent a steady increase in the number of applications, and it probably leads to adultery, since that offence is the only one which will ensure a severance of the marriage tie. It is a mistake to suppose that violation of the marriage vow is the principal ground on which divorce is sought, except where no other ground is recognized. Two-thirds of the applications in the United States are based on charges of cruelty and desertion. Adultery ranks third, then come drunkenness and neglect to provide. It is clear, therefore, that the prevalence of divorce is due to other causes than increasing sexual immorality. What are the other causes ?

First, there is a weakening of the religious sanction; the growth of divorce has kept pace with the diminishing influence of the Churches. So long as marriage was recognized as a sacrament of the Church which constituted a union only dissoluble by the death of one of the wedded couple, divorce was only thought of in the most desperate cases. Domestic martyrdoms were as numerous then as they are now, but the martyrs either suffered in silence or sought relief in a judicial separation.

WHEN THE HUSBAND GROWS DISCONTENTED

Second, there is the increased and increasing economic independnce of women. Modern inventions have wrought a revolution in many fields, but especially in the vocations of women. On the industrial side home making has ceased to be the art it was in the days of our mothers, and the energies of women have been diverted from domestic economy to occupations outside of the home. Vast numbers of women have thus been drawn away from the old sphere of womanly activity. It has given them economic independence. The chief function of the sex, however, is, as it always has been, home-making and for successful home-making modern life tends in some measure to unfit them. But nothing can eradicate the natural instinct of the sex, and girls trained in the shop, the factory, the office, the school and other fields of labor outside of the home lightly assume the serious responsibilities of matrimony without the slightest idea of the duties they are called upon to discharge. Is it strange, therefore, if, after a brief experience of wedded life the husband, lacking comfort in the

home, grows discontented and seeks companionship elsewhere, while the wife pines for the economic independence and personal freedom of her former life? Where there is mutual aversion between man and wife, legal cause for divorce can easily be found, and the courts set the mismated couple free.

Third, there has been a remarkable increase in the wealth of the nation, and diffusion of comfort among the masses. The old-fashioned virtues of thrift, self-sacrifice and industry are practiced by the few; the many are thriftless, extravagant and selfish, and selfishness corrodes domestic life, and banishes happiness. With increasing wealth childless unions are becoming more common. Fashionable people cannot be bothered with children; poor people do not care to make the sacrifices which raising a family entails, and the childless home is the commonest breeding ground of divorce. Parental love often holds an ill-mated couple together; where parental love has never been developed, the tendency is to separation.

Fourth, popular education has, until recently, tended to unfit women for domestic life. No doubt some married women can utilize algebra, geometry, astronomy, and similar branches of education in their journeythrough life, but for one such woman there are thousands who would profit more by a course in domestic science or nursing. Happily the mistaken ideas of education which have prevailed in the past are giving way to more sensible views, and there is a tendency to recognize the fact that a girl's natural vocation, for which her education should fit her, is wifehood and maternity.

Fifth. Divorce is increasing in the United States because the facilities for procuring divorce are numerous. There are nearly three thousand divorce courts in the republic compared with twenty-eight in Germany, seventy-nine in France and one in England. With facilities for procuring divorce in every large community it is but natural that divorce should increase. It is safe to assert that if divorce courts were established in all the cities of Canada, they would be crowded with applicants for relief who are unheard of to-day simply because divorce is beyond their reach. The difficulty of procuring divorce in Canada, therefore, may conceal widespread domestic misery which is only endured in silence because there is no available way of relief.

The increase of divorce indicates a profound change in the relations of the sexes, a change which may lead to something better and more enduring than the old fashioned contract which made the husband master of the household and the wife an unpaid subordinate. More and more are women asserting their right to equality with men everywhere. More and more are they demanding that marriage shall be an equal partnership which may be dissolved should either of the wedded pair encroach upon the rights of the other. People everywhere are beginning to doubt that God has joined together mismated couples, or decreed that such unions should be indissoluble. The main object of matrimony is, or should be, to promote the happiness of the contracting parties. If it fails in this first essential, it is little better than legalized concubinage, and the spread of this view of the question may account for the rapid increase of divorce throughout the civilized world.

That marriage is a solemn civil contract they are free to admit, but that the mere reading of the service by a clergyman gives it the character of a

sacrament, or invests it with a degree of sacredness that does not inhere in any other contract, is everywhere disputed by increasing numbers in every civilized land. With the spread of education and declining influence of the churches, people are less inclined to endure wrongs with patience or suffer injustice in silence.

They demand as their natural right happiness, or, at least, freedom from misery in the home. The same spirit of unrest and discontent which inspires the movement to banish poverty and redress social injustice animates those who protest against the perpetuation of a loveless marriage with all its attendant evils. They hold that the universal condemnation of enforced marriage should extend to enforced motherhood, that society is in a transition state and that the break-down of ancient customs and time-honored traditions regarding marriage and the family life is but incidental to a world-wide forward movement of humanity. The old-time patriarchal idea of man's supremacy and woman's inferiority lingers, but is slowly giving place to a higher conception of family life.

WHERE THE WIFE IS AN UNDERPAID SUBORDINATE

The serious nature of the divorce problem is recognized everywhere. The clergy and legislators of every civilized land have sought to solve it in the interest of the family and the state, but without success. Every attempt at repression has been followed by an increase of the evil they deplore. They have failed, say the women who advocate divorce, because they have not called to their councils the sex which is most deeply interested in finding a solution of the problem. They have failed because they have ignored the fact that divorce is largely the result of woman's increasing economic independence, and because they have never thought of giving her that independence when she pursues her natural vocation, home making. Everywhere outside of the home her individuality and her right to remuneration for her services are recognized; when she marries, she forfeits her economic independence and reverts to tribal conditions and the status of a vassal to her lord and master. This, no doubt, is an extreme view, but it is widely held by modern women, and may account for a good deal of the discontent which finds expression and relief in the divorce courts. But the main complaint—that in the making of laws and canons relating to divorce women have had no voice—is losing much of its force. In many countries women now enjoy the franchise on an equal footing with men, and can enforce their claims and give expression to their views on the subject of divorce as on all other subjects with which legislative bodies have to deal. If they can offer any remedy for the increasing evil of divorce they will deserve credit for their sagacity and justify their claim to political equality with men.

The Blueberry Blonde

By Frank R. Adams

Co-author of "The Time, The Place and The Girl," "A Stubborn Cinderella," etc.

Illustrated by Marjory Mason

I WAS fired from Johns Hopkins (that's a university, not a man) in the third year of my college career and the first semester of my medical work. How was I to know that Johns Hopkins did not encourage wholesale traffic in articulated skeletons? That is why I am not a physician. I will pass lightly over that part of my history as William deMorgan would not do if he were going to make a six hundred page novel out of my life and get down to where I arrived in Grand Rapids.

The reason why I came to Grand Rapids was because father felt that I was cut out for a commercial career but after the college incident he preferred that I start somewhere out of his sight. He wanted me to go to the far west but he had never heard of anything any farther west than Grand Rapids except Chicago and he didn't want to be too brutal. Father is an old school Boston physician and gives quinine for a cold and calomel for all other earthly ills. He was disappointed because I showed more skill at trading postage stamp collections for bull terriers than for amateur surgery and he took my exit from the medical world more to heart than I did.

Dad had a large practice but as he did not charge many of his patients anything because they were his friends or because they couldn't afford it. As the rest of them always owed him for a couple of years, we never were very wealthy and after I had spent nearly three years at school I imagine we were in debt. Anyway father hung it on me good and proper when he presented me with a railroad ticket and said that was all I was to expect from home for some time. I was awfully sorry about disappointing Dad but I guess those things don't worry a fellow as much when he is twenty as they do later, so I forgot most of my troubles before the train got past Buffalo.

She got on there. I didn't see her do it because we went through Buffalo at night but the next morning she and I had breakfast together in the dining car. We didn't start out to have it together but the car was crowded and the Simon Legree of the place led me up to one of those dinky tables for two and actually forced me to sit across from one of the noblest works of nature and the ladies' tailor that it has been my fortune to look upon. Young, little, cute, lively, slightly blonde, all those adjectives may be used in any description you make up for yourself.

How could I suspect that in reaching for a pencil in my vest pocket she would see the fraternity pin I wear over my

heart ? She spoke first,—honest, I'm almost sure of it.

It's funny how easy it is to get acquainted on a train; after you get started, that is. We were hours late getting into Grand Rapids but we never noticed it. She didn't speak epigrammatically and I think her brain was about one cylinder and only capable of three or four revolutions per day but I would rather listen to her line of talk than to Elbert Hubbard's. She had been fired from some girls' school and was going home to explain to her father why it was the fault of the principal. She said that was hard to do because she had tried it so often. When we arrived finally she got into an automobile that was waiting for her and drove away.

She had invited me to call but neglected to give me her name and address. I discovered this the next evening when I dressed to go out to see her. When I have evening clothes on I have to do something so I went to the theater which is just down the street from the Pantlind Hotel where I was stopping. The manager of the theater is a lady and for a while she refused to pass me in as a professional although I assured her that I had travelled with some of the biggest stars in this country. I have:—I was on a train once with Frank McIntyre, May Irwin and Macklyn Arbuckle. Finally I convinced her or else I overawed her with my dress suit. They call it a dress suit in Grand Rapids and only wear it for an evening wedding. I think it was on the strength of the white tie and the handkerchief in my cuff that she gave me a box right over the bass drum where I couldn't see anything that took place on the stage but where I had an elegant view of the property man in overalls creating a very realistic storm in the wings out of a bass drum and a can of dried peas.

Before the first act was over I knew that she was there in the box just behind me with a surly looking party whom I guessed right off the reel was going to play the irate father in my life story. After the act it seemed perfectly proper for me to pay my respects. I did.

She was baffled for a minute when it came to introducing me to his bearlets because I forgot to tell her who I was before we parted but it didn't stop her long because she said, "Father, I want you to meet Percy Bradshaw." Just like that—and my name is Bill Waite !

"So you are the young man who wants to marry my daughter, are you?" he enquired.

I hadn't got that far yet but I took a quick look at her and decided that I was willing if she was and I enunciated clearly, "Yes, sir."

Of course I didn't know it at the time but I gathered in the course of a few minutes that this Bradshaw person was in very Dutch with the Grand Rapids Capulets. Father refrained from saying that he was glad to meet me without any effort whatever and we carried on a very choppy conversation for a few minutes, during which I was unable to extract a single laugh from my part. Some of my stuff goes very well in Boston.

Just before the curtain went up on the next act father handed me his card and said," I want you to call at my office to-morrow morning and explain all about this affair at Greenfield."

The rest of the show didn't interest me in the least. I sat for two hours trying to think what I might have done at Greenfield, if I had ever heard of the place and how I could explain it if I had done it. Of course the easiest thing was to drop the whole matter and take an early morning train for anywhere. But that wouldn't have been quite fair to the girl who evidently trusted me to get her out of a scrape and besides I didn't have any money to spare.

Finally I decided to wait and see if the girl wouldn't give me some tip to help me out. Then I began to worry and wonder if I had said at any time in my conversation with them that I was stopping at the Pantlind. She couldn't write me a note unless she knew where I lived. Finally I tore a page out of my programme that contained an advertisement for the hotel, wrote the number of my room on it and dropped it accidentally into their box, praying she would see it.

She did. But what is the use of expecting a girl to have sense! When I got up the next morning I got a special delivery note from her.

"Dear One Hundred and Eleven:

Thanks awfully for not letting papa know that you are not Percy Bradshaw. If you could know Percy you would feel terribly flattered to have me introduce you by his name. I was very much interested in him up to a day or so ago. Didn't we have a delightful time on the train together? I adore lobster pâtes and we were not allowed to eat them at school. Did you enjoy the play? I saw it in New York with a better cast, but the leading man was a dear wasn't he? Come and see me soon.

PICKLES PERKINS.

No.——Terrace Av."

Can you beat it? Not a word about what I was to tell papa. I don't suppose she had paid any attention to what he had said. But you couldn't be sore at her long especially if you remembered how she looked with some kind of a bluish pinky thing on her shoulders and another kind of a spangly business in her hair. When the Lord got through making "Pickles" beautiful I guess he thought he had done about enough for any one person so he quit before he put the brains in.

When I got through swearing I went to breakfast. Before I started out I asked the hotel clerk who Daniel Perkins was.

"Perkins!" he replied with astonishment. "Where do you come from not to know Perkins?"

I replied modestly that I did not read the papers much and if Perkins was a headliner I had overlooked him. "Is he prominent in corrupt politics or is he a baseball player or an aviator?"

"Quit your kidding. He's the Pie King, makes most of the custom tailored pies that are eaten in the middle west. His shop turns out over 10,000 pies daily. They're shipped all over the country and they even export a sort of canned variety to Alaska and the Philippines called 'Perkins' Petrified Pies'. Next time you are in the dining room ask for a piece of blueberry pie. That's his specialty."

I thanked him and took a car over to Perkins' office. It was in a swell building and was very imposing. They make furniture in Grand Rapids and Perkins had picked out the best things they had turned out in fifty years and had them placed around carelessly. He was waiting for me because he hardly kept me in the outer office a minute.

I'll bet you Old Gorgon Graham, the self made merchant, was cut off the same pattern as Perkins. I liked him better at his desk than I did at the theater and I hated to deceive him. It was going to be hard to do, too, unless I misjudged the steady gaze of his grey eyes. His jaw was too heavy and his feet were too big for him to ever be much of a cotillion leader but I'll bet he would have been a knockout of a half back. As I came in he wheeled around in his swivel chair without tilting back in it as my father would have done.

"Have a chair, Mr. Bradshaw?" He indicated a seat which I noticed faced the window, which was at his back.

After I sat down we spent several uncomfortable minutes looking each other over. Then he smiled.

"You aren't half bad. I'm so used to having my daughter fall in love with half baked puppies that I was prejudiced against you."

"I'm sure I thank you."

"Now tell me about the marriage."

I must have jumped when he said that,—something happened,—maybe my heart stopped beating. I was supposed to be married to her and I didn't even know when, or where, or what!

I had to start somewhere so I said, "Well, you see, sir, I have loved 'Pickles' a long time."

"What has your liking for pickles or preserves got to do with my daughter's running away from school to attend the wedding of her chum?"

A rescue! I was saved just in time. We had been attending the wedding of someone else. I guessed the rest. I had been the best man and she was the maid of honor, we had fallen in love with one another,—they always do. The name of Greenfield stuck in

my memory. I described it at length which was easy because neither Perkins or I had ever been there. When I got through explaining I hadn't said much but I had used up a lot of his time and I could see that he was anxious to do some talking himself so I turned him on by formally asking him for the hand of his daughter.

"What are your prospects?" he demanded.

"They're pretty good if you accept me. Otherwise they don't amount to much."

He looked me over for a place to kick for being so fresh and then decided that he ought not to waste an audience for a lecture. Did you ever notice how older men pick on us fellows just out of college and make us listen to editorials?

"Listen, Bradshaw," he began, "I am wasting a lot of valuable time on you because you will never marry my daughter. For two reasons. One of them is that in two weeks she will have forgotten all about you. Ten days is the limit with her. If I can keep her from eloping with the chauffeur I will be doing all that I can reasonably hope. The other reason is because you haven't any money or any chance that I can see of getting any. If you had a bank account and a business of your own you might have a chance but now you are an impossibility,—you don't exist."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Perkins. You're deciding against me before I start. I haven't made my fortune yet, but I am going to."

"That's easier to do in a play than it is in real life, son. How are you going to set about it? If you want a job I'll start you in as a clerk in my office."

"How much do your clerks get?"

"From ten to twenty-five a week."

"Are any of them wealthy yet?"

"No."

"Thank you Then I won't accept your offer. How much money do you insist on my having before you will agree to let me have your daughter, that is of course if she consents?"

"How much? I'll let you off at $20,000. I might just as well say $200,000 because by the time you get twenty you will be an old man. Fortunes aren't made in a minute nowadays."

I might have told him that his last remark was old stuff. I'll bet Benjamin Franklin used it in Poor Richard's Almanac. But look at the Saturday Evening Post now.

Before I left the office he gave me a note to the foreman of his pie factory which was located on the outskirts of town, so that I could go through the works and see how it was done. The old boy seemed to take a genuine pride in his business and showed me the first pie he ever made. He kept it in a glass case in the drawer of his desk. He told me that there used to be a piece of cheese that went with the pie to complete the picture but that some one had thrown it away after the first year. I think he liked me because he introduced me to the mayor of the city who came in on some official business. The only objection I had to this was that the more people I met as Percy Bradshaw the harder it would be to resume my maiden name of Bill Waite. However I was in for it and the best I could do was to hope that the real Percy Bradshaw would not arrive and claim his name. Also what would happen if I should marry "Pickles" as Bradshaw,—would it be bigamy or treason?

I went over to the hotel and devoted two hours to thought. I wanted to marry the queen of the avenue and I also wanted to make my fortune. It looked as if the two objects involved each other pretty closely. Ordinary methods of acquiring $20,000 seemed to presuppose about thirty years of unremitting toil either before or after I got it and I did not flatter myself that "Pickles" would wait that long. I finally hit upon a scheme that had a fair chance of success and I started out to operate it. The first move was to go to another hotel and register as Percy Bradshaw. After that I went out to the pie foundry and made friends with the foreman. He was a German by the name of Rickenseckersburger which I claim is excuse enough for the high protective tariff. He was a nice sort of a party at that with a frightened pompadour and eyebrows to match that made him look as if he was being

held up from above by his ears. Every man in the shop including Emperor Wilhelm's representative had flour on the end of his nose, which seemed to be the union badge, and they all swore by Perkins. I hope, if I ever have a big factory all my own, that my men will feel towards me the way they did towards him. My note from the boss seemed to be all the authority they needed to give me all the pie I could eat.

"Try some of dose apfel pies," suggested Rickenseckersburger, introducing me to a table containing about eight hundred of them. "Apfel pies is like bread,—they iss goot all the year round. Custards iss shaky." He said that as if he meant it as a joke but I gave him the benefit of the doubt and didn't smile. "The best thing iss however not as yet. Blueberries,—ach, come around when we start to make the blueberry pies in earnest about next week. Then iss it a double shift of bakers that we use working both night and daylight. Still we can't fill the orders sometimes."

I met the man who tastes all the pies to see if they are made correctly. He eats a part of one pie out of every one hundred and if there is anything wrong the man who made them has to eat the entire batch. It doesn't sound reasonable but that is what he said.

I saw the place where they make the crust. Did you know that in these big pie manufacturing plants they use vaseline instead of butter for shortening? It is so and I dare you to try it sometime. In the crust department there were ten men who did nothing but punch initials in the pies so that you could tell what kind they were. The ovens were too hot to interest me much and I hurried through into the shipping rooms where they pack them in wooden cases with a shelf for each pie.

After I had seen all that there was to see I got the exhibit from the fatherland started on the subject of blueberry pies again. It seems they raise the best blueberries in the world in that particular part of Michigan and Perkins buys up nearly the entire crop annually, tons and tons, and carloads and carloads of them.

It was late in the afternoon when I left the factory and I hurried out to see Pickles. She was entertaining a pinhead from a military school when I arrived and I think she was relieved to see a live one approaching. I asked her to take a ride with me in her automobile and we offered to take the other man home on our way.

"I'll go," said "Pickles", "if you'll wipe the flour off from the end of your nose."

That shows how much they thought of me at the factory. They had decorated me with their badge of honor.

While we were out riding I told her about my interview with her dad and she seemed to think that $20,000 was a cinch to get.

"Will you marry me if I get it?" I demanded.

"I can't say about that but I'll be engaged to you anyway. I've never been married yet but I've been engaged lots of times so I know what that is like."

"How about this Bradshaw ?"

"Oh, I was engaged to him last week,' she replied absently, "I must write and tell him that is off before he comes on from the east to marry me."

I didn't know whether I stood very ace with her or not but while I didn't think there was much doing under her bonnet, still she was so easy to look at that I made up my mind to win out. It was not going to be a cinch because I could see that all the guys she spoke to wore the right kind of hats and neckties and most of them stood still in their tracks as we passed and watched her until we were out of sight.

The next day I traded my watch for $24.00 and an Ingersoll. This was not as easy to do as it sounds because the Grand Rapids pawnbrokers are a very tight lot and the horror of dying rich has not scared any of them yet. I always thought it was a pretty good watch until I tried to sell it in Michigan. With this money I had a number of elegant documents printed in blue ink on bank-note paper that certainly looked as if they were worth whatever you had to pay for them.

The paper was an option for ten days on a blank quantity of blueberries

given to Percy Bradshaw, agent of the Perkins Pie Plant in consideration of the advanced price of one-half a cent per quart to be paid on the delivery of the berries at the factory of the company.

You get the idea don't you ? If you don't filter right away I'll explain that while Perkins' company was called "The Perkins Pie Concern," my options read "The Perkins Pie Plant." Of course if any one signing the option thought he was dealing direct with old man Perkins I expected to be too busy to explain his error.

I managed to strengthen the impression of being something with "The Perkins Pie Concern" by riding as often as possible in the old man's machine at the side of "Pickles." This I found was the easiest part of my labor.

The biggest grower of blueberries in Michigan was a wealthy farmer named Henry Floss who lived about ten miles north of the Rapids. He had a reputation for being a very keen man on a bargain as well as a shrewd business man all around. I was a little afraid to approach him but I knew that if I once got his name on paper the smaller fry would hop into my net if I only held it open. I allowed "Pickles" to help me get next to Mr. Floss. She didn't know that she did but I have to admit that without her aid the entire plot would have been a cold pancake. The way I let her in on the scheme was to open the pet-cock that lets the gasoline out of the tank of the automobile just before we struck Floss'es place. We stopped within one hundred yards of the front door with a discouraging "Plop-plop."

"What is the matter?" asked "Pickles".

"I don't know." That is the proper answer for me every time when an automobile says, "Plop-plop".

"The best way to find out," suggested the lady, "is to lie flat on your back under the car and hit it with a wrench until some oil drops in your eye."

"I know that is the approved method but it spells ruin for this suit and I will show you something easier." Displaying a surprising knowledge of the contraption's insides, I opened the gasoline tank. "Why it's empty," I exclaimed with just as much surprise as I could muster.

"How funny. They always fill it at the garage."

"Maybe they forgot it just this time," I suggested. "Probably we can get some at this farm house. Let's go up and ask."

She didn't want to go with me at first but I explained that she looked so pretty that no one could refuse her a gallon of gasoline even if they didn't have it, so she dismounted and we hunted up the representative of the nation's backbone who was mending harness in a shed at the rear of the house. I don't know how a man as big as Henry Floss ever came to be a farmer. When he took to the soil it was a great loss to the piano moving profession. He would have been a lot taller if he had ever stood up straight but I guess he had spent so much time stooping under doorways that he decided to stay down and save trouble. Anyway when I introduced myself to him and he stood up I felt as if he were going to pat me on the head. He threw away a cigarette,—great sight to see a seven foot farmer in overalls smoking a dinky cigarette,—and came forward to meet "Pickles".

"Miss Perkins," I said, "this is Mr. Floss."

"How do you do," said he. Then to me, "How did you know my name ?"

This was the opening I was laying for. "I thought everybody in this part of the state knew Hank Floss," I explained. "Besides, Miss Perkins' father, the pie manufacturer you know, has often spoken of you." I successfully conveyed the impression that Mr. Perkins and I were in the habit of taking lunch together frequently to discuss the policy of the firm.

Floss had some gasoline and we went up to the house where it was concealed and while he and I carried it out to the car we left "Pickles" in charge of Mrs. Floss whose eye lighted distinctly when she knew that she was entertaining the daughter of the Pie King.

"Nice blueberries," I remarked casually as we passed some bushes flanking the fence.

"TRY SOME OF DOSE APFEL PIES," SUGGESTED RICKENSECKERSBURGER. APFEL PIES ISS LIKE BREAD, GOOT ALL DER YEAR ROUND. CUSTARDS ISS SHAKY"

"Pretty fair, pretty fair,—but blueberries are going to be scarce this year, terrible scarce,—dry weather you know, very dry." Floss had a habit of repeating whatever he said at least once and in the case of anything pessimistic he would devote even more time to iteration.

"You seem to have plenty."

"Yes, I guess mine are all right but most of the farmers around here are not as lucky as I am,—not nearly as lucky."

I shut the gasoline outlet while he poured in the supply.

"You sell all your blueberries to Perkins, don't you ?"

"Yeh."

"Ever have any desire to find another market ?"

"Not as long as Perkins treats me as fair as he has in the past. He has always treated me very fair."

"Of course you have heard, Mr. Floss, of the new pie company they're starting in Grand Rapids," I ventured casually.

"Can't say that I have. Haven't heard a thing about it."

"They're going to try to put Perkins out of business."

"Not much chance of that,—very little chance of success."

"Maybe not, but you never can tell. We are very anxious to make sure of the blueberry crop this year anyway." I'm not positive myself who I meant by "we" but Floss interpreted it as Perkins so I let it go at that.

"Mr. Perkins needn't worry about my blueberries, not mine. He can have 'em any time he wants 'em, any time."

"Good. I know he'll be glad to hear that. In a way it is rather fortunate I stopped in here to-day. As it happens I have a copy of an option which I wish you would sign. It is on your blueberry crop. Of course I understand that we would get the blueberries anyway but since the rival concern is in the field it is just as well to make sure." Here I took a nice blue option out of my pocket. "As you can see this option allows you one-half a cent more on each quart of blueberries than we are accustomed to pay. This is in consideration of your sticking to us because we want our friends to share our prosperity with us and to feel a stockholder's interest in the greatest pie company on the face of the globe." It's hard to work up a ballyhoo spiel about a blueberry pie but I did pretty well, considering and at the finish I whipped out my fountain pen and held it and the option out to him.

Floss took the paper and looked it over. I could see that he was a little shy at signing anything but the fact that I was travelling in old man Perkins' own automobile with the old man's only daughter made my offer seem genuine and besides that extra half a cent sort of blinded him as I had hoped it would, so before I cranked up the car I had the option safely tucked in my pocket.

"Pickles" heard the engine start and came out. She kissed Mrs. Floss goodbye and I knew that settled it. If she kissed me I would give her every blueberry pie I ever saw. "Pickles" is one of those people who go around winning hearts. She doesn't care particularly about doing it and sometimes it annoys her dreadfully to have so many people love her. I sometimes think it is a bad idea because it gives her too broad a field to choose her friends and husband from. Not of course that I lack confidence in myself but——

Corralling the rest of the blueberry options was a long but not particularly difficult job. When the other farmers saw the signature of Hank Floss on one of the documents they gobbled up the bait of the extra half-cent at once. One or two of them who were inclined to be cautious I invited to call up Floss and get his advice. After they did so each one signed immediately. It was that kiss from "Pickles" that did it. I travelled over all that part of the state which was within quick shipping distance of Grand Rapids and if a blueberry got away from me it was hiding where no one could find it.

I was so very busy with blueberries that I'm afraid I neglected "Pickles" a trifle. However that did not seem to worry her any because when I managed to show up at her house late in the

evening I always found a cadet choir on her front porch yapping college songs and making themselves otherwise objectionable. One evening there was a new entry. There were about two other fussers on the porch when I arrived and they were both trying to entertain her father. They didn't do it. This other chap seemed to have "Pickles" all to himself and she was so busy that she was startled when I said "Good evening".

"Why how do you do?" said she, starting to make room for me beside her on the step and then changing her mind. I waited for her to introduce me to the stranger.

"This is Mr. Waite," explained "Pickles". 'Mr. Waite, I want you to meet Mr. Bradshaw. You ought to know one another."

She certainly pulled the handle and let me through the trap. I had told her my real name but I didn't expect her to use it, especially before her father.

The stranger took my hand. "Do you happen to be Percy Bradshaw, Amherst '11?"

Then I got wise. He was Bradshaw and she had slipped him my name in her innocent effort to avoid confusion.

"Yes, I'm Percy Bradshaw," I replied, taking a firm grip on my cerebellum to keep it from looping the loop. "Can it be that you are Bill Waite, Johns Hopkins '12?"

"You're on." He smiled and I knew that "Pickles" had told him the whole story about me.

"Do you two gentlemen know each other ?" asked her father who had been listening.

"Not exactly know," I said, "but I've heard a great deal about Mr. Waite."

"And I know a lot about Mr. Bradshaw," said Bradshaw.

"Mr. Waite came on from the east to go into business here." "Pickles" threw this information out for my benefit.

Later I got "Pickles" alone. "Now tell me what it is all about," I demanded.

"Why, there isn't anything to tell," she pouted, "I forgot to write him that our engagement was off and after he came all that distance I couldn't tell him, could I ? And I couldn't introduce him to father as Percy Bradshaw, could I ? If I had where would you be ?"

I admitted that she was right.

"I thought it would be nice to introduce him by your name because you weren't using it and it would save me a lot of trouble not to have to make up a new one. He, the real Mr. Bradshaw, thinks you are a nice chap but a little feeble minded."

"What makes him think that ?"

"Why, I told him. I had to tell him that or he'd be jealous. You don't mind, do you ? I also told him you were engaged to the girl that lives next door. She doesn't know about it yet, but I'll tell her the first thing in the morning."

I had to admit that as a fixer, "Pickles" had it on any dramatist I ever heard of.

"It's only for a little while," coaxed "Pickles". "Let him have your old name. You've got his, you know."

"I think there is going to be trouble," was all that I could say.

"You leave it to me. I'll take care of everything."

I thought that "Pickles" had been taking care of too much as it was, but I didn't care to say so just then.

I used to meet Bradshaw at her house about every evening after that. "Pickles" hypnotized the girl next door into coming over and playing Juliet to my Romeo when her father wasn't around. I lived in a combination fear that "Pickles'" father would catch me making love to Genevieve—that was her name—and remove my scalp for being false to "Pickles", or that Genevieve's dad would boil me in oil for trifling with his daughter's affections. It was heavy going, too, with Genevieve because it was a safe bet that any girl that "Pickles" could pick out for an understudy would be a trifle lumpy as to looks. "Pickles" knew her own charm but she took no foolish chances. It is impossible to be mad about a girl by the name of Genevieve anyway.

Bradshaw and I used to wait for each other to go home and then I'd take him to his hotel and he'd take me to mine and kill time with each other until it

was too late for either to sneak back and see "Pickles" alone. In this way we came to know a good deal about one another. I wasn't crazy about him but if I had met him at a stag party I suppose I would have liked him.

About this time the blueberry crop was due and I waited in some doubt as to whether I had better run for my life while there was yet time or bark so loud that I'd scare Perkins to death.

Eight carloads arrived the first day. I got the bills of lading which were addressed to my lock-box at the post-office and went over to see Mr. Perkins.

He welcomed me cordially but hastily. "Tell me what I can do for you, young man, and let me return to my work. The blueberries are due to-day and I'm busy signing contracts with dealers for the output of our factory."

"That's what I came to see you about," said I.

"Do you want to buy some Perkins' blueberry pies ?"

"No, I want to sell you some blueberries."

"Good. Where are they ?"

"On the track."

"How many ?"

"Eight carloads."

"Whew ! You're a plunger. I'll take them all at a cent a quart."

"No."

"Why not?" he exclaimed.

"Because, Mr. Perkins, my blueberries are worth a cent and a half a quart."

"Never pay more than a cent a quart. Better take it because in a couple of days they'll spoil and they won't be worth half a cent a quart. There isn't any market for them outside of the Perkins Pie Concern."

"My blueberries will be worth two cents and a half in two days," I replied, looking right back at him. "The price of Bradshaw blueberries goes up half a cent a day."

Perkins laughed until he nearly cried and patted me on the shoulder. "I'm sorry for you, my boy, but business is business. Come around later when you discover what you are up against and I will still buy your blueberries at the market price."

Of course that was what I expected. He didn't realize that I had the entire crop tied up and my proposition must have sounded like a joke. I don't know exactly what happened at Perkins' office that day after I left because I kept carefully away but I can guess that the telephone was busy calling up the nearby farmers to rush in their berries.

I spent my time mortgaging my cars of blueberries for enough money to rent several empty warehouses to keep them in. Other cars arrived during the afternoon and a lot more in the morning. It seemed to be raining blueberries and when I saw what an awful lot of them there really was I nearly threw up my hands. About noon of the second day one of the men from Perkins' office hunted me up and offered to buy my stock at a cent. I laughed at him, not very loudly because my stomach didn't feel very solid, but it was a laugh of some sort anyway. I laughed a little more convincingly when he offered me a cent and a quarter.

"You tell Mr. Perkins," I said, "that the Bradshaw blueberries will cost him two cents a quart to-day and to-morrow they will be two and a half cents."

The clerk looked at me pityingly and went away. Nevertheless I was encouraged. They must have been having a lot of trouble at the office or Perkins never would have offered that extra quarter of a cent. As a matter of fact if he had taken my options at my original price of a cent and a half I would have lost money because I had to pay that much myself plus the cost of handling them, but I had figured that he would turn down my first price and would wait long enough until my price advanced to where there would be a considerable profit to me.

Another little difficulty that confronted me was the fact that the farmers who had shipped their crops were waiting in town for their pay. I explained to them very carefully that my option specified payment on delivery to the factory and as they were at the warehouses and not at the factory the money was not legally due. It was not very good but it held them off twenty-four

"WHY, THERE ISN'T ANYTHING TO TELL," SHE POUTED. "I FORGOT TO WRITE HIM THAT OUR ENGAGEMENT WAS OFF, AND AFTER HE CAME ALL THAT DISTANCE TO MARRY ME, I COULDN'T TELL HIM, COULD I?"

hours although I kept hearing mutterings that sounded the way the mob does off stage in "Julius Caesar."

The next morning I turned down another offer from Perkins and advanced the price to two and one half cents. Blueberries closed at the same figure that evening with no takers and more carloads kept coming in and the mob of creditors waiting outside my door now made a very respectable sized bodyguard although I don't believe they would have protected me from anything, judging by the occasional yells of "Bradshaw" that floated up to my window. That night I slept in one of the warehouses because whenever I tried to get out they chased me back in.

About ten o'clock the next day a messenger from Perkins found me with a note: "Come to my office at once. PERKINS."

I managed to get out the back way without the gang seeing me. I wondered if Perkins was going to have me arrested or pay my price.

I found him walking the floor with his coat off. The office rug was all rumpled where he had kicked it aside and his waste basket was overflowing with telegrams and orders for pies. I would have given a carload of blueberries right then if my father had been along.

"Well," he said turning to me, "tell me where my daughter is."

That sounded like a foolish remark to make to a man who has called to sell a few million blueberries but I answered, "I cannot tell you, sir." That happened to be the truth because I hadn't seen "Pickles" for two days.

"Tell me one thing," he demanded, "are you married yet ?"

"No, we are not." I was quite positive on this point.

"Thank God," he ejaculated. "There is time then to prevent a scandal. I don't object to you, my boy, but I would prefer to have you marry her in a church in the presence of her family. Her mother is dead and I suppose I take this thing to heart more on that account. She has written me all. I just got this note from her." He shoved a piece of paper at me.

I read it. "Dear Pops:—By the time you get this I will be Mrs. Percy Bradshaw. Please give us your blessing. PICKLES."

I saw what had happened in a minute. She had used Bradshaw's real name in the excitement, forgetting that her father knew him only as Bill Waite. My heart turned to a chunk of frozen solder. What did I care for all the blueberries in the world ?

"Come, my boy," said paterfamilias, almost cheerful once more, "we can arrange this matter together. Promise me you won't marry my daughter until I can make the arrangements."

I thought I might as well promise not to marry her,—I couldn't anyway, so I said, "I promise, on one condition."

"What's that ?"

"That you buy my blueberries at three cents a quart."

That was a poser. He thought a long time. Then I guess he figured it out that it would all be in the family anyhow and he had to have the blueberries so he said, "How much will it amount to ?"

I named the figure. It was more money than I had ever heard of before outside of novels but he turned to his desk and got out a check book.

"Make the check to William Waite," I managed to say weakly. "He really has as much interest in this as I have." Once more I told the unvarnished truth.

While Perkins was signing the check, there was a commotion in the outer office and after he had handed me the paper we heard someone crying and calling "Pops," in a distressed voice.

Perkins got up to go to the door just as "Pickles", all tears, rushed in.

"Oh, Pops, they'll kill him." She threw herself into his arms.

"Kill who ?"

"Mr. Bradshaw !"

"Impossible. There's Mr. Bradshaw." Perkins pointed at me.

"That isn't Mr. Bradshaw,—that's Bill Waite."

Perkins coughed hastily and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. "Then who are you married to ?"

"Nobody, Pops, and I'm never going to be now. I'm just going to be your little girl for ever and ever."

"Where is Bradshaw ?" I contributed this remark because the groom appeared to be lost in the shuffle and at the last accounts was reported being killed.

"We were eloping to Muskegon in the auto," said "Pickles" painfully, "and something went wrong with the car in front of a lot of old buildings down by the river. There was a crowd of men around and they struck him."

"Did you happen to call him Bradshaw," I asked, a glimmer of the truth flashing over me.

"I suppose I did."

Bradshaw was getting what was coming to me. Served him right for trying to rob an old man of his only daughter.

"Then I ran away just as fast as I

could," said "Pickles," "and I came to you, Pops. Getting married is a lot of trouble and I'm glad it didn't happen."

And that was all that did happen. After I had settled with the farmers I had a profit of $27,000 to my credit. Perkins was so tickled at the way things turned out that he foolishly offered me the job of buyer for the Perkins' Pie Concern and I accepted before he could take back what he said. When "Pickles" really does get ready to marry I'm going to lasso her and pick out a husband for her. She doesn't know it but his name is going to be Bill Waite.

THE MAGIC APPLE

BY THOMAS A. DALY

"A THING of beauty is a joy forever."
Though years becloud it, never may they sever
Its lovely essence utterly from earth;
Never a joy was born but hath rebirth.
There was a sunset lost, long, long ago,
An autumn sunset seen through orchard boughs.
A boy's eye brightening in the amber glow
Gave to his mind no more of it to house
For the delight of manhood's pensive days
Than the bare memory of time and place;
So nigh forgot, it seemed
As something he had dreamed.
Yet now the man before whose boyish ken
The glory melted on the evening breeze
Knows it lived on, for he hath found again
His long-lost sunset of the orchard trees.

A penny tribute to a swarthy vendor
Hath filled for me this city street with splendor.
A meagre apple! yet its crushed pulp drips
A long-forgotten savor on my lips,
A rare, faint essence tasted once before,
But only once; and suddenly I find
The honeyed gush hath loosed a long-locked door
And all the olden splendor floods my mind.
A care-free lad I stand,
An apple in my hand,
And watch the amber glory grow and wane.
I feel upon my cheek the evening breeze.
Joy lives forever! I have found again
My long-lost sunset of the orchard trees!

AT THE SIDE OF THE GRAVE SAT OLD BULL HEAD'S WIDOW AND HIS ANCIENT SISTER, MOURNING THE PASSING OF THEIR CHIEF

Honor Be To Mudjekeewis

By Norman S. Rankin

Author of "The Tropical Tramp," "The Pioneer," "The Boss of The Bar U," Etc.

Illustrated from photographs by W. J. Oliver

Lo! how all things fade and perish!
From the memory of the old men
Pass away the great traditions,
The achievements of the warriors,
The adventures of the hunters,
All the wisdom of the Medas,
All the craft of the Wabenos,
All the marvellous dreams and visions
Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets.
Great men die and are forgotten,
Wise men speak; their words of wisdom
Perish in the ears that hear them,
Do not reach the generations
That, as yet unborn, are waiting
In the great, mysterious darkness
Of the speechless days that shall be.

Hiawatha.

UPON a little mound in close proximity to a tiny, deserted shack, with rough boards nailed across its curtainless windows and its door tightly sealed, a tangled tatter of black rags fluttered mournfully in the evening breeze. An Indian death symbol, it wailed a grim paean of sorrow, and cried a silent message of courage to the spirit of a departed brave, hurrying timidly on its lone journey into the realms of Great Gushkewan beyond.

The spirit of Bull Head, the last great chief of the Sarcee Tribe, had flickered from his worn-out body the night before, and gathered to the arms of grim Pauguk, set forth on its long pilgrimage towards the happy hunting ground. Wrapped in a handsome blue uniform, adorned with brightly shining brass buttons, and followed to its last resting place by wailing women, big-eyed, wondering children and stoical braves, his withered corpse was solemnly laid to rest in the Indian Reserve, on

the outskirts of the city of Calgary. His aged face, leathery and sunken, furrowed with countless wrinkles, was thickly streaked with red and yellow ochre in evidence of his courage and reputation during a warrior's life of fullest adventure, while his raven hair, coarse, matted, unbrushed and uncared for, fell heavily across his sunken shoulders. And in crowning glory, over the clumsy wooden sarcophagus, with the red, white and blue of the Union Jack standing forth clearly in acute contrast with the dull surroundings, was gracefully draped the Canadian Ensign.

The burial was a desolate affair. The day was sunless, lowering and cold, with a chill wind sweeping the Reserve. On an old rickety wagon drawn by two bedraggled cayuses, the body was slowly conveyed through the village, across Fish Creek—bridgeless and icy—to the foot of the hills, where it was lifted to the shoulders of the braves, and borne up the steep trail. The way was narrow and slippery with melting snow and ice and round stones, and frequent halts were necessary in order to rest the bearers. Narrower and narrower grew the trail, with the Indians eagerly grasping the bushes on either side, to steady and assist them. Not a word was spoken—not one single sign or outward evidence of grief or sorrow or emotion. All smoked; occasionally one grunted.

After strenuous efforts, the cortege reached a little level stretch overlooking the dead chieftain's former domain, where the casket was placed on the ground. Here women and children of the Reserve were gathered to pay a last tribute to the once powerful leader. They drew near, weeping. Preparations were then made to dig the grave, in accordance with tribal custom. The coffin was measured off with one of the ropes which had been used to carry it up the trail, and the size of the grave outlined with a shovel point, after which some of the Indians fell to work with pick and spade. The ground was hard and frosty, and by the time darkness fell, sufficient excavation had not been made to receive entirely the casket; it was, however, placed in the existing hollow, carefully covered over with branches, and boards and earth, until the morning, when the braves would return to finish the work.

During the digging of the grave,

THE "STORE COFFIN" CONTAINING THE LAST REMAINS OF THE SARCEE CHIEF WAS CARRIED TO ITS RESTING PLACE ON A CRAZY CART

Bull Head's squaw crouched by the body of her departed master, moaning in anguish. A decrepit old figure, weakened by infirmities and a century of years, she appeared a veritable witch of by-gone days. Opposite, and apparently bowed down with a grief as bitter, Bull Head's ancient sister took up her position. Both evidently drew consolation from their pipes, which they smoked incessantly. A Blackfoot, the old squaw spoke a different dialect from the Sarcees, and many of them seemed to find difficulty in understanding her. According to the Indian Officials, this faithful old squaw's affectionate care and consideration kept the now defunct chief on his feet for a number of years past, and her reward now is poverty and desolation.

For thirty-four years Chief Bull Head ruled the Sarcee Indians with sagacity and intelligence. Filled with the cunning and lore of the red man, he upheld the dignity of the tribe on all occasions, representing them with honor and profit in all their tribal treaties and agreements with the paleface government. And now that his spirit had flown to Gitche Manito, both Indian and government united to do him honor—the former, by attendance and assistance at his interment; the latter, by an absolute lack of interference with the semi-pagan burial. For the old chief was a pagan, though many of his subjects had become Christianized, and his funeral rights were pagan with the exception that the body was placed under the ground in place of above it or on poles as is the ancient custom. In the Blackfoot Reserve they still bury the Indians above ground.

As first man of his tribe, Bull Head had wanted for nothing. His position brought him attention and respect, and many material advantages and benefits not possessed by the ordinary tribal braves. For refusing to ally himself with the Louis Riel Rebellion, years before, he had won the warm friendship of the Canadian Government and the much coveted blue officer's uniform, with shining metal buttons—the envy of all—in which he had been laid to rest.

Now that he was no more, his faithful squaw would suffer in body as well as in spirit. From an exalted station as first lady of the land (reserve) she descends to the rank of a poverty-stricken old woman, almost friendless and alone. The spoils, comforts and homage which she shared with her departed chief, have passed on to her successor. No—not quite friendless, either—for the Government through its Indian officers will see that she does not want for the necessities of life. But who, after tasting the cake and wine of life, would be satisfied with bread and water ? Not I, or you, and not—you may be assured—this poor old squaw.

"Great Manito," said the interpreter, when I asked him about it, "she has had her day. Let her go." And so she went. Immediately after the burial of Bull Head, binding her beaded moccasins tightly on her weary feet, and wrapping her colored blanket about her withered shoulders, she set out to return to the home of her fathers, the Blackfeet, whose reserve lies some fifty miles to the eastward along the Bow River.

On a tanned steer hide in possession of the Reserve, and covered over with hieroglyphics and mystic characters, painted roughly with the aid of bright juices squeezed from wild plants, the history of the Sarcee Tribe is clearly set forth. The lives of half a dozen chiefs are interestingly told, particularly that of Chief Bull Head. It is daring, thrilling and venturesome in the extreme.

Although Bull Head is now in the arms of grim Pauguk, the Indians still fear him. None will go near his shack after dusk, as they believe that his *jeebi* (spirit) haunts the locality. Only his dog remained faithful to the spot, until hunger drove it afield.

One of Bull Head's last commands was that the Reserve was not to be sold. Once during his lifetime, he was approached regarding its sale, and, typical of the crafty Indian, replied through his interpreter that "he would consider the matter and reply in the morning." All night long, the braves under his command were busily engaged

WHO SAYS THIS IS A MODERN AGE? THE OFFER OF A QUARTER PRODUCED A BOW-AND-ARROW SHOOTING MATCH THAT MIGHT HAVE PIQUED ROBIN HOOD HIMSELF. THE DARK LITTLE HIAWATHAS SENT ARROW AFTER ARROW QUIVERING INTO THE CENTRE OF THEIR MARK

CHIEF BIG BELLY OF THE SARCEE TRIBE IS A WARRIOR OF RENOWN, AND WHEN HE IS AT HOME HE MAKES AN IMPRESSIVE PICTURE. THE DECORATIONS OF HIS TENT REPRESENT AN IMPORTANT DREAM HE HAD ONE NIGHT

THE OLD AND THE NEW MEET STRANGELY HERE. ON THE SARCEE RESERVE, LIFE IN ALL ITS ESSENTIALS IS AS IT WAS TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO YET ONLY A FEW MILES AWAY LIES CALGARY AND A CIVILIZATION THAT HAS FAILED TO CHANGE THE RED MAN ONE IOTA

gathering stones and placing them in a great heap, and when morning broke a pile five feet high stood before his tepee door. When the land agent returned, the chief, pointing to the pile of stones, said; "Great and mighty is the race of palefaces, strong of arm, swift of foot, and cunning of brain; brothers we are to them, and love them dearly as such, but this land is our birthright, and it we love too. Hear now our decision. When there comes a paleface who can, in an armful, lift yonder pile of stones and place it even so much as one spear's length to the eastward or westward, the Sarcee will sell his birthright. Hough! We have spoken."

Bull Head's record, interpreted from the official cowhide archive, tells of early bloody battles with the hostile Crees, the most disastrous of which occurred at Vermillion Creek, Battle River, in 1866. Over fifty Sarcees ambushed by the enemy were caught and scalped. The hieroglyphics show a Cree who has been shot by Bull Head, lying wounded on the ground. Bull Head's faithful squaw, ever vigilant, crawls cautiously out and drags him in for her lord and master's pleasure—to scalp.

A daring deed is outlined in another place, where in a later battle with the Crees, the chief deftly pulled a flying warrior off his horse, pinioned his arms, and quickly scalped him. Again, he is recorded as saving the life of his squaw when, in disastrous retreat from the vengeful enemy, she fell from a stumbling cayuse. The chief drew up his own mount, lifted her in his arms to his own horse, and together they escaped.

Four braves scalped and killed; two spears, five bows, two warclubs and five tomahawks captured—truly no mean record, one worthy of tale and song.

Although Bull Head's brother, Big Plume, yet lives, the mantle of power did not fall on his broad shoulders, but on that of "Big Belly", a warrior of influence and predominance amongst the Sarcees. We found him outside his tent one Sunday morning, sunning himself, and opened negotiations with the aid of a cigar and some coins. He —though not speaking English—was able to understand this universal tongue, and a further transfer secured

THE WHITE MAN'S CALICO AND BOOTS MAY BE UTILIZED BY THE SARCEE SQUAW FOR ADORNMENT AND PROTECTION, BUT AT HEART SHE IS A BLANKET WOMAN STILL. NOTICE THE ORNAMENTAL BRASS STUDDED BELT OF THE LITTLE GIRL

the various photographs here produced. His tepee, brightly painted in red with many gophers and gopher holes, represents an important dream he had one eventful night.

"But, Chief", I pointed out to him through his interpreter, "you have twice the number of holes that you have gophers. How's that ?"

"One to go in by, and one to come out by," he replied triumphantly.

I wondered if he had ever heard the story of the cat and the kitten, and the old maid who cut a big hole for the cat to use and a little one for the kitten, and how terribly disappointed she was when she found that the kitten wouldn't stick to the little hole at all, but kept going in by the big one behind the cat. However, I thought no good purpose could be gained by telling him of this, and so nodded wisely and passed him my tobacco pouch. It must be borne in mind that only chiefs and medicine men are allowed to decorate their tepees with records of their greatness.

Speaking of the painted steer hide—this unique record of the Sarcee chiefs made only two years ago, the "*Calgary Albertan*" says:

"The fact that all these heroes, except Bull Head, are still living within twelve miles of Calgary, seems incredible That these exploits have occurred within this district and within one's lifetime is scarcely conceivable. This record, made no more than two years ago, within a distance of twelve miles of a city of 50,000 inhabitants, and on a reserve connected by telephone with the city, is truly remarkable, and that such events have been contemporary with the building of public schools in the district, seems unbelievable.

"While the children of new settlers have been poring over tales of the bloodthirsty Iroquois, Algonquins and Hurons, and the wonderful adventures of Jacques Cartier and the early Christian monks and priests west of Niagara—adventures which seemed a part of a dim and distant past, there are living almost within a stone's throw of the school house doors, mighty warriors who have led into battle bands of copper-colored savages as valorous, as brave, as bloodthirsty as the most terrible braves who held sway before the company of One Hundred Associates."

The Doctor's Dilemma

By the Author of "The Second Life"

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

"NO, I don't suppose there ever was a more hopeless case!" Tom Gillett uttered a groan, and lighted a fresh cigar. He had been pacing up and down Sherbrooke Street for two hours, looking at the condition of his affairs. He had a pretty fair view of them now on every side.

"I don't know that I ever saw a worse out-look," said Tom, at last.

Probably it was the first time he had ever brought himself face to face with the matter. By day he was so persistently agitated with the hope of catching a glimpse of Miss Matlack, or, at least, hearing the tramp of her pony, as it passed in or out to the stable; he was kept in such a perpetual flutter by the bare chance of some new phase turning up in their unfortunate love-affair that he never had time coolly to regard this aforesaid love in the light of common sense.

But to-night he had set apart for this especial business. "Common sense—that's precisely what I will bring to bear on it," he had said.

After supper, therefore, Tom betook himself to the stately square on which old Peter Matlack's house frowned down with all the dogmatic authority of one hundred thousand a year, and brought common sense to bear. Matlack's house helped to set the matter plainly before him. It was built as a castle; a chateau of the time of the first Francis. Spoor, the architect, thought its grim towers and battlements (with glimpses underneath of the steam-heaters through the basement gratings) suggested ancient feudal state; stately dames and knights gone out to joust or tourney. People, however, always stopped to look at it, and went on with a muttered, "Matlack, Tea," precisely as they murmured "Slingsby, Whiskey," before the Ionic pillars of the house across the way. Such difficulties lie in our way when we would don those trappings of honor for which nature, we are convinced, has fitted us.

Tom Gillett had no fancies about jousts or tourneys. It was enough for him to know that it was a lucky hit of old Matlack's in Oolong and Souchong, that had boosted him in a week up into the Delectable Mountains, where dwell the millionaires. Grim towers and battlements, the butler, the very gold-mounted harness of Laura's pony, were only so many mile-stones to mark the hopeless distance between Tom's darling and himself.

It was a pleasant summer evening.

The stately houses recognized each other across the wide-shaded avenue; climbing roses, costly exotics, fringed and colored the brown-stone balustrades; daintily-dressed children peeped from the drawing-room windows; the very footmen, opening the hall-doors, looked down on the plebeian passer-by, as from unassailable golden heights where only balmy breezes blow, and souls are borne to heaven on flowery beds of ease, whose rose-leaves are all smoothed.

Tom Gillett would then go round the corner to the narrow street on which his office stood. A little pine building, ten by twelve; a carpeted room, with a cherry table, solitary bookcase, and three odd chairs by way of furniture. Outside the glittering sign, "Thomas Gillett, M.D., Office hours 9 to 10, A. M." "Why mightn't I as well have put them all office hours?" muttered Tom, with a melancholy grin.

The two houses were both before him. No witnesses in court ever set out a case more plainly. Tom stood at the corner, swinging his cane, looking first at one and then at the other. He was a neat, jaunty little fellow, with a joke always lying hid in his chubby face, and a suggestion of enjoyment of the good things of the world in his twinkling blue eyes and well-built clothes. A happy, go-lucky fellow, people thought, as they passed him. In Tom's own eyes he was of all men the most miserable.

"Life is worth nothing to me without Laura. Laura I cannot have without money; and how, in heaven's name, am I to make money ?"

There was no suppositious premise in his reasoning. He had gone to old Peter Matlack and put his fate to the test, that very morning. His own love and his inability he knew better than most men. There was not an atom of muddy self-conceit in poor Tom to hinder his mental soundings.

As he stood within sight of the Matlack castle, he saw the old tea-man come down the steps, and walk away to his club. Jones, his neighbor, who was with him, sniffed the common air affably with his hook-nose, as he went, as one of the dwellers on Olympus might, belated on the earth and essaying to appear an ordinary mortal. But there was no pomp or affectation about Peter—a plain, blunt man, with steady walk and keen, gray eyes.

"He values his money, but not himself for it," thought Tom. "And he doesn't overrate its value either," with a sigh. "Life's but a topsy-turvy, ill-balanced boat, without the gold ballast in the bottom."

The two old men disappeared down the avenue, without seeing Tom. Five minutes after, Miss Laura's dainty little phaeton rolled noiselessly up the pavement, and stopped in front of the battlements. She wore lilac. "Just like a hyacinth blossom !" ejaculated Tom, going madly on tiptoe to catch the shimmer of her soft silk, when she would step down. Her silks were always soft; her skirts never rustled. Some women attack the senses like a dozen cross winds; this one was a single note of music—dress, voice, gentle, slow-moving brown eyes were all in harmony.

As for Tom, tea, money, old Peter, all were forgotten. "She wears curls to-night ! She looks like the Madonna del Sisto, with her hair plain. But with curls, she is—Laura !"

His ecstasy at that exhaled into silence. Now, whether Miss Laura had keener eyes than her father and saw the stout little figure waiting at the corner, will never be known. It is certain, however, that with her foot on the carriage-steps, she changed her mind, and, seating herself again, ordered the coachman to drive her immediately to the florist's in the next street.

"And you need not wait, Robert," she said. "It is but a step. I can walk home."

The result of which was that Dr. Tom beheld his lady-love, caged in a bower, full in his sight, with no other defence than roses and geraniums against him.

Mr. Feast, horticulturist for Waverley Avenue, was a man of intuitions. All he saw was a young lady, one of his best customers, bow formally to Dr. Gillett coming in, across the heaps of empty flower-pots. But he knew he would sell no more bouquets that day,

and, making some excuse, retreated to his back room, where he was speedily forgotten. As long as he was in hearing, Miss Matlack, who was really a stupid little body, talked of gloxineas and orchids, with aplomb and wisdom. Tom, who was shrewd and sensible, stammered "Laura!" grew red, stared at her in inexpressible silence, and otherwise conducted himself as an idiot. When they were alone, he waxed valiant, and she, shy.

"I went to see your father at his office, this morning, Laura. It's all over with me."

"Oh, Tom!" She clasped her hands. They were so little and helpless that nothing was to be done but to grip them tight in both of his.

"Yes," resolutely. "I don't see a chance. If your father were arrogant, or unjust, it would be hopeful. I would think Mr. Lord would interfere for us. But he talks such cursedly hard sense—I beg your pardon, Laura. But I feel as if I'd run my head, and heart too, against a stone wall!"

"Poor boy! poor boy! But what hard sense could he have on his side? Didn't you explain to him that—that we loved each other?" She grew red again, and trembled to her finger ends.

"Oh, of course. He knew that already. He was very courteous and pleasant about it. He had anticipated that a great many young men would feel impressed with the conviction that nature designed Miss Matlack as a good wife. A great many young men had been so impressed. With regard to myself he would be quite candid. Personally, he had no fault to find."

"I should think not!" under her breath; whereat Tom found it necessary to hold the little hands so tight that Miss Laura drew them indignantly away.

"Personally he had no fault to find. My family was good, better than his own; my social position, habits, character, all that could be desired. Still, the same could be urged in behalf of other suitors; and one insuperable objection remained against me—want of money. My income barely paid my board and clothed me decently. He knew from experience the power and uses of money, and was determined that his only child should have the benefit of both. I replied that I had one argument in my favor which no other suitor could urge. You know what that was, my darling?"

Laura, for her reply, blushed again, and slid her hands into their old resting-place.

"He said that the fact of your preference did not weigh so heavily with him as I probably thought it should do. He knew your character thoroughly. You were one of those gentle, loving, confiding women who turned like a vine to a fresh support, as soon as the first was removed."

"How little he knows me!" cried Laura, with a winsome laugh. Tom stroked her fingers tenderly, but he had a gloomy doubt that the old man was nearer right than he would acknowledge. "Her heart is brimful of love as a fountain of water, and it isn't natural she would keep it long for such a poor dog as I!" he reflected, with a fierce pang of jealousy. "I've no doubt," he added aloud, "if I could come to him tomorrow with an income one quarter as large as his own, he would receive me cordially. But in the meantime my income is just seven hundred a year."

"O dear!" sighed Laura, looking out through the dim glass walls at the gathering twilight. "Why, Tom!" with a sudden gasp of delight, "Doctor Nichol's practice is worth—worth—Well, you know how they live. I'm sure papa would be quite satisfied if you had as lovely a place as that; and as for me, I'd be content to live in a kitchen; I would indeed. People come to Doctor Nichol from all parts of Canada and you're a physician as well as he; and I think papa would be quite as willing that you should make your fortune by science and all that sort of thing as—"

"By tea? Very likely. But all I can do is to sit in my office. I can't collar patients on the street and compel them to come in."

"Well, I don't know," said Miss Laura, drily, gathering up her skirts preparatory to departure. "Some people can make fortunes in a week or two. Papa was very lucky in his sud-

den speculations, I have heard. But there seem to be numberless lions in your path. Perhaps if the incentive were of more value, the difficulties would disappear. No, thank you! I do not need any escort. It is not yet dark."

Tom walked in absolute silence by her side until they reached the steps of the Matlack mansion, the young lady talking very fast and very sweetly, of dust, weather, and concerts; chirruping "good evening," when she reached home, "unless, indeed, you will come in?"

"No, Laura," with gloomy solemnity, "I'll not come in;" and he stalked off, not hearing her feeble cry of "Oh, Tom! Tom!" as she stood with clasped hands on the top steps.

"That's too much to bear!" said Doctor Gillett, going down the street. It was a sincere, manly heart that beat in his breast, galled and sore from its long struggle beyond endurance. "If she doubts me, it is all at an end," he muttered.

When he had reached his own steps, he stood in the open door awhile, looking at the moon overhead, drifting through black, hurrying clouds. A new resolution gathered slowly on his face. "She shall never doubt me again," he said aloud; "I will have the money, now, by fair means or foul."

CHAPTER II.

Tom Gillett rose, the next morning, after a sleepless night, on fire with his own resolve. Commonplace men rise, many a morning, with zeal and power enough to make a Columbus or a Luther burning in their blood—for an hour or two. Before he dressed, he wrote and dispatched a note to Laura, which he had concocted during the night.

"Laura," it ran, "I could bear your father's words, but not yours. He is a man, and just, he did not doubt me. I will never see your face again until I come with the fortune which you and he demand. Till then farewell. T. G."

Tragedy never furnished words so trenchant or so terrible, poor Tom thought, reading them over. If he had been a woman, he could have cried with pity over his own thwarted life. "God knows money is the curse of all that is best in our natures," he thought, directing the letter with scowling brow. "If Laura had been a chambermaid and I a baker," glancing at a happy pair in the area opposite, "life would

"SHE SHALL NEVER DOUBT ME AGAIN," HE SAID. "I WILL HAVE THE MONEY BY FAIR MEANS OR FOUL"

have been an easy path for us. Now to action!"

The letter was to post: then shaving came, and dressing for the day; afterward breakfast, which he could not eat, and the morning paper. By the time that was finished his three patients were ready for him, and when the hour for action came Tom was very hazy in his ideas as to what the action was to be. Then was lunch; he began now to be hungry. He looked out at the tranquil, sunshiny street, at the Misses Slocum going out to pay morning calls, at the doctor's coupe opposite; listened to Ben the barber's plaintive tune upon the accordeon. He could not take any of this world by the throat and wring a fortune out of it. As for never looking upon Miss Matlack's face again, it was particularly difficult to carry out that resolve, as he had made that occupation the business of his life for the last two years; and besides she passed his door half a dozen times a day.

He took down his books, and read vehemently for half an hour. But why should he spend the day studying the pathology of obscure diseases, when it might be fifty years before he even had a case? That reminded him of his sole remaining patient, little Sam Feast, the florist's boy, whom he had brought through the scarlet fever. It was a week since he had seen him. He was almost well. But he was fond of the doctor, and his father and mother were foolish in their gratitude; and gratitude and affection were like cordial to poor Tom to-day.

In default of taking the world by the throat, therefore, he put on his hat and sauntered round to Feast's. The florist met him at the door. Gillett fancied there was a new expression of shrewd suspicion in his face. Could he have overheard, or understood anything, yesterday?

"It is Sam's back that troubles him," said his mother. "He can neither stand nor lie comfortably. This cheer his father brought him, give him the greatest pleasure for a day. He'd kerry it out into the sun and sit on it, first in one place and then the other. But it was sheer torture after a bit."

Tom began his examination of Sam's back zealously, while Feast watched him keenly. "He's no love-sick chap, that. First, he's a genuine, kind-hearted fellow, and then he's got the spirit of his profession in his blood and bones. There's nothing serious the matter with the boy, doctor?" he said, aloud.

"Nothing but debility. A few weeks' sunshine and fresh air will build him up. But this chair—?" taking it up.

"It's the easiest I could find. But the backs and sides of any chair are stiff."

"If they could be made elastic—?" Doctor Gillett turned the chair over, scanning it speculatively. He belonged to a family that had full use of their hands and eyes. "Send this around to the office, Feast. I think I can contrive an easier seat for Sam."

When evening came and the hour when Tom had been used to sally forth to Laura for his daily rations of happiness, there was a short, fierce struggle in his mind. Common sense came, uninvited this time, and threw her unpitying glare of light on the matter as never before. He could not conquer a fortune out of nothing. His boast in the morning had been the maddest folly. Then, if he could not honorably win Laura, let him take himself out of her path. "I'll not clog and damage her life with a hopeless attachment," thought Tom, the more bitterly, as he felt that perhaps the damage to Laura's life would be small. "She would have been a loyal, fond wife if she had married me. But she cannot live without something to love. In a month she will have forgotten me."

Whether this was just, or not, to Laura, it made the night, none the less, the most vacant and bitter of his life. Gillett went whistling up and down his office for an hour or two, and then stretched his arms over his head with a heavy breath.

"I may as well give the poor child a little pleasure; but it's all over for me," he said, and, sitting down to the table, took up the chair.

CHAPTER III.

For two months Miss Matlack waited in an exultant impatience. That Tom

did not come to the house argued not desertion, but that he was still in ardent search of the fortune which was to win her. She would not have been surprised if he had sent it before him in the shape of the basins full of precious stones, wherewith Aladdin wooed his bride, or carried it in his coat-pockets in government bonds. Her own money had come lightly. Tom, she told her confidential friend, might perform an astonishing cure; or bull or bear in wheat, whatever that was. She might be mistaken as to technical terms, but not in the certainty of the thing.

When Tom passed her, therefore, on the street, with his formal bow, her delicate face flushed rose-color and her eyes lighted into a happy smile, which wrenched the poor fellow's heart with an actual physical pang. He read his text-books, visited his patients, was cheery and full of jokes as usual. But people who knew him, Feast among the rest, noticed that his features were growing peaked and thin.

"This won't do," thought Feast. He dropped in that evening at Dr. Gillett's office, to smoke his pipe and gossip of different matters; among the rest, of his cousin's step-son, young Milroy, and that youth's exceptional success as a financier.

"He began, doctor, as an errand-boy for Stokes & Newhall, at a salary of—Well, I forget what, but a bare escape from starvation—saved, with overwork, one hundred dollars; put it into turpentine the year before the war, cleared eight hundred dollars. 'How did he know the war was coming ?' old Milroy says to me. Says I, 'He didn't know it; but he smelled the rise in turpentine. He had that kind of a nose.' And it's a fact. He scents a profit a year ahead. He's dealt in oil, silver, lead, stocks, and he never yet has touched a losing card. There's no solider man on 'change, to-day, than that young fellow. Bare twenty-nine, and began penniless. There's lucky men as well as lucky stones, doctor, I tell you; and whatever they touch turns to gold."

"Your friend must be a profitable acquaintance," said Tom, dully, as he spoke of everything now-a-days.

"That is precisely the light in which I wanted to suggest him to you," said Feast eagerly and lowering his voice. "I took the liberty of talking of you to him the other day, and he is exceedingly anxious to become acquainted with you. 'If you find he's an odd hundred or two lying idle,' he said, 'I can give him a hint how to plant it, so as to yield thousands while he is feeling pulses and writing prescriptions. Like the Scotchman's tree, "it'll aye be growing while he is sleeping".' "

"I don't know why Mr. Milroy should take an interest in me," said Tom, ungraciously; "I have no odd hundreds lying by, neither dollars nor cents."

"One don't need money to make money. These brokers manipulate hard gold out of nothing. At any rate you won't refuse Milroy's acquaintance ?"

"Certainly not. I"ll be glad to know any friend of yours, Feast," responded Gillett, tardily conscious of his incivility.

Feast's words worked like leaven. It was quite true that money did grow out of air in these broker's offices, and nowhere so quickly as in Milroy's, a man of whom Tom had often heard as the most successful speculator in town —one whose bases of action were always sound, and whose judgment resembled intuition. The man himself, when they met, acquired an almost immediate influence over him. Milroy had his own reasons for wishing to make a friend of Tom. The doctor stood high as a man of intelligence and honor; he belonged, too, to a class whom the broker hitherto could only approach in a business relation, and with whom there was immediate need he should establish a more familiar intercourse. No better go-between than Tom could be found. The very fact of this difference between them gave him a hold on Tom. Here was a young fellow of his own age, frank, genial, generous, who wore atrocious coats, ate with his knife, was reckless of grammar, and who yet had a peculiar power and gift which Tom, with all his culture, could only contemplate with blind admiration, as he might the weapon of a sword-fish, or the scent of a hound. The two became

companions, if not friends. Milroy "let Gillett into one or two strokes," which netted him a few hundreds in a week or two. Tom began to catch some idea of gambling in stocks.

"It is simply," he told Feast, "trading on your experience and foresight, instead of on a capital. Perfectly legitimate, it appears to me. So far I have seen nothing in the business not in accordance with the strictest rules of honor."

"And you never will in Milroy's office, I'm confident."

"No. I think I have some capacity for the business. I wouldn't be surprised if I'd be a capitalist in a year or two," with a sudden flush and laugh which were quite intelligible to Feast.

Gillett was on his way to Milroy's office then. There was a certain company just formed for the working of a silver mine in Cobalt, which was kept a profound secret in order to retain as many shares as possible among themselves.

"Once throw them on the market, and the competition will be so eager that our chance is gone," Milroy had told Tom. "The mine is almost pure, virgin metal. It is as sure a road to fortune as thrusting your hand into a bag of gold."

Tom was to be let in on "the ground floor;" the shares to the privileged few being held so low that he could easily compass the purchase. He had no curious speculations as to the cause of this favor shown him. "Milroy's vulgar; that can't be denied," he reflected, "and a little ambitious of friendships in our circle."

He went out of Feast's door, turning, for the first time in months, toward Matlack's house He could afford himself a glimpse of her, he thought, with his heart light and throbbing like a boy's. He had the whole silver mine in Cobalt between his palms. On the sunny porch of the florist's cottage he stopped to tap Sam's curly head.

"How does the chair work, my boy?" stooping to examine the structure of willow strips and elastic bands. "People stop to look at it, do they? We'll make a wagon next then, and trundle you out. You shall race with Miss Laura's fairy chariot yonder."

He could not keep her name from his lips; he must, perforce, invent some way in which he could speak it to this innocent child.

In a few moments he was seated with Milroy in his private room, listening to confidential letters from the agent sent out to inspect the mine.

"It reads," said Tom, with an unsteady laugh, "like a sketch of Eldorado."

Milroy was cool and guarded. "Do not expect too much. I have been engaged in more brilliant operations; but none as safe. Certainly none as safe. Each of the original stock-holders may count on netting a hundred and fifty thousand, at the end of the first year, but no more. Don't let your imagination run away with you, Gillett."

"One hundred and fifty thousand!" thought Tom, turning off abruptly to the window. He had no mind that this man should know what that money meant to him. There was a little grass-patch and a locust-tree without. The sun glistened on the branches, and a bird sang overhead of love and summer. Tom hardly heard Milroy's voice behind him.

"Of course, it all depends on that. The mine must be worked at once, before the fall rains if it is to yield us any dividend before next year. So there remains the stumbling block. Where is the ready money to come from?"

"The stock subscribed—"

"You know at how low rates it has been sold."

"Why not throw the remaining shares on the market, then?" Tom's heart began to contract.

"And let in the capitalists? Ah, Gillett! our poor little chances would soon be swept out of sight, if once that hungry horde were let loose on such fat prey as this."

"You are as large a dealer in stocks as any in the city," said Tom, suspiciously.

"I told you every dollar of cash I had was tied up. I can really go no further

in this matter than I have already done." He began to turn over some papers, as though wearied with the subject. Tom rose. The Cobalt mine was but one of Milroy's enterprises, perhaps the least. It was life and death to him.

"You do not think of any escape from the difficulty, then ?"

"No, I do not. Money is tight, just now. We'll have to throw open the doors to a few large capitalists, who will run the matter through fast enough. Of course, they will insist on buying out small stockholders, on their own terms. But it can't be helped."

Good-bye to Laura. Gillett stood silent in the doorway, looking at the shrewd, impassive face of the broker, without seeing it. Milroy glanced up at last.

"Eh, doctor ? I beg your pardon; I thought you had gone. You look chilly—pale. What ails you ? I've a bottle of sherry here that—

"I don't want to drink. I'm going, now."

"Gillett ! One moment. About that Cobalt matter. It just occurred to me that you could help us out of the difficulty."

"I ? I have not the control of a dollar, beyond the sum I put into it."

"Yes, you have. Your uncle Frisbie is in Europe, isn't he ?"

"Egypt, I believe. I don't know where. What has that to do with it ?"

"Everything. Frisbie is a cautious, shrewd operator. If he were at home he would be prime mover in this matter. He is entirely in my confidence, and I would be willing for him to be prime mover; understand that. I always let him into a good thing when I can."

"But he's not at home."

"The better half of him is—that is, his money. He told me, the day before he left, of certain government bonds which he had deposited in a vault of the Fidelity Safe Company. There is but one key to each of those vaults. He told me that he had left the key with you for safe keeping."

"Yes. I did not know that there was money or its equivalent in the vault, though. He mentioned certain deeds, which I was to take charge of in case of fire or other accident."

"The bonds are there, however."

"Are you empowered to act as his agent ?" eagerly. "Is that what you mean ? Have you any power of attorney?"

"No—not exactly. But I am so confident that Frisbie would be first in this enterprise that it almost seems unfair to keep him out of it. What I meant to suggest was—" keeping his eye steadily fixed on the opposite wall — "that you should loan me the sum lying idle there for this purpose. In three months' time we would repay with a hundred per cent. interest; and win Frisbie's eternal gratitude for taking his talent out of the napkin of government bonds."

The color receded slowly from Tom's face.

"It appears to me that you propose to me to become a thief."

"Good heavens, Gillett ! how can you look at the matter in such a light ?" blustered Milroy. Yet it seemed to Tom that the bluster was prepared and ready for the occasion. "You do not know the business relations between Frisbie and myself, or you would not have wronged me so cruelly."

"Probably not. Let the matter drop there."

"As you will. But think over it tonight. The bonds, and we have success; without them, there is an end to all our plans."

Gillett walked home in a state of fiery indignation, that the swindler should have dared to tamper with him. He passed Matlack's house; a light shone in Laura's window. He went to his miserable office. There was his whole life mapped out—poverty, renunciation.

A homeless, solitary man ! Laura, the wife of another ! He rose at that, and went to the open door. "What if Milroy had been honest, after all ?" he said aloud. "It is but a loan; Frisbie would be glad to have his money doubled—"

An hour after, the watchman at the Fidelity Bank was summoned by a man

applying for admission to the range of private rented vaults. He gave the secret signal, and passed down to Frisbie's vault. He was, the watchman noticed, a young man, with a pale, haggard face, whose manner betrayed great suppressed excitement. He opened the vault, and took from it certain papers, examined them carefully, by the light of the setting sun; and stood irresolute for a long interval. Then, with a long breath, he opened the vault, and replaced them.

"It is all over," muttered Tom.

The watchman, as he passed him, spoke to him, but the stranger did not hear him; he went out silently, and passed alone down the street.

The next day, Dr. Gillett's glittering red sign was taken down. The doctor himself had gone West.

CHAPTER IV.

Two years afterward, Mr. Feast found the glittering red sign in a village of Alberta. He entered the office without announcement.

"And the Lord knows the trouble I've had to ferret you out," was his greeting.

Dr. Gillett had altered; was graver, stouter, wore a middle-aged look, curiously unsuited to his years. He wrung Feast's hand, as men do who are famished with homesickness. "Sit down! sit down!" he said. "After a while you shall eat and drink. But tell me something—anything, now, of the old place."

"Well, first, there's Milroy. You heard of his defalcation. A most accomplished swindler, that, doctor. I thanked God he never took you in. It was I who threw you in his way, you remember. But never mind him. I've other news for you. First is—I journeyed out here with it for you. You remember the chair you made for Sam? A folding-up, easy seat?"

Gillett nodded.

"Well, that seems a trifle; but see what it grew into. One day, Cobbs, the chairmaker in Montreal, came to me. 'Whose patent is this?' says he. Quick as thought, says I, 'Dr. Gillett's.' 'Who's his agent?' says Cobbs. I says, 'I'll write and see,' Then I goes and takes out a patent in your name. Then I bargained with Cobbs for the manufacture of the seat for our Province. The idea took. Simple, cheap, yet ingenious, you see. The thing spread like wild-fire. I've sold the right to manufacture them in these Provinces. Cobbs is making his fortune out of them, and yours is made. Now I want you to come home, and look into it. But I think," with a shrewd look, "I deserve something as agent, eh?"

Two days after Gillett was on his way home. In all that time he had not asked the question trembling on his lips. He beat about it—hovered near it. "I cannot believe such great results have grown out of such a mere trifle," he said.

"No? Why, there's Forten, in Montreal, is a millionaire; and his fortune grew out of a boy's ball, with a bit of elastic string fastened to it. Or look at Perkins, with his fruit-cans. Something practical and cheap to catch the popular fancy, you see. Now the chair's a thing everybody admires, and wonders they did not invent themselves. Only the other day Miss Laura Matlack stopped to look at Sam's in the greenhouse. 'It was Dr. Gillett who gave you this?' she said, and she sat down in it for a moment, very grave and quiet."

"She is not married, then?"

"No. People say she's waiting for some foreign prince."

Tom made no reply.

A month afterward, Mr. Feast received a magnificent bridal order for flowers. Late in the evening, Dr. Gillett came into the green-house, with a lady, a veil over her bright, blushing face. She took the old man by the hand. "The prince has come," she said, "thanks to you! But who would ever have thought the steed to bring him to me would have been an improved camp chair."

"My dear young lady," said Feast, sententiously, "Nothing's a trifle. Underneath that was the kind heart, which forgot its own troubles to please a poor lame child."

THE ABANDONED SEALER

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

There she lies in the placid cove,
Her decks awash, her caulking wide,
She that was known from Horn to Pole,
The cruiser's thorn, the "Sea Wolf's" pride;
She that was one of "Three Black Crows"
How well she guards the things she knows!

She whispers not of northern mist
That wrapped her close when chase was warm;
She never breathes of brush-grown bay
That hid her safe from swift alarm.
She lies with mouldy sheets astir.
She has forgot the things that were!

The evening of her day has come;
The heat of noon has left her old.
Her cabin funnel's caked with rust;
The rats have fled her stinking hold.
She knows the things I long to know,
The secrets of the long ago.

"And the Spring comes slowly up this way."
Coleridge

Afoot in Lincolnshire

By J. H. Reed

Illustrated by L. Pern Bird

IT was a bright, breezy morning for a long Easter journey, but there were some pleasant pictures by the way. Through a cutting primroses filled the broad chinks of grey masonry like beautiful ribbon bands of pale yellow hue. Near Oxford the Thames was blue and sparkling, fringed by meadows of a lovely emerald green, and on one bank the star-like flowers of the lesser celandine showed a mass of burnished gold.

Further north the sallows by the water-brooks were studded with soft, silver-grey catkins, and the willows threw out a haze of spring-like green from their opening buds. Then, from the banks of a sluggish little stream, an upland rose, and on its crest clusters of red-tiled houses, and in their midst a plain church tower, with slender pinnacles, marked the historic Lutterworth where the great preacher Wycliffe lived and labored. As we sped along, a crimson glory shone between broad grey clouds, and so in the twilight we come to a barer land, swept by the fierce winds which tear across the landscape from the biting North Sea waves, and we are in Lincolnshire.

This sullen, stormy winter, long drawn out, delayed the work of the farm, and the ploughman's team still toils wearily over the bare fields, turning up the brown earth to prepare it for the spring sowing. After the ploughman march the rooks, their glossy black plumage gleaming in the morning sun. Pertly they strut along and look for admiration, like village maidens showing their new frocks on Easter Sunday, but a swift movement shows they are alert to seize the upturned worm.

The hedger is plashing down the field side armed with leather apron and gloves, and with hook and bill he clenches, wrenches, and twists the stubborn stems until the hedge is

> "Cleaned and trimmed, and plashed and strong,
> And hardly as high as your knee."

I do not like these fearfully trim hedgerows. Every twig is in its place; no stray spray of roses will laugh in the June breeze, no hanging honeysuckle scatter its delicious scent on sweet summer evenings, and the luscious blackberry must be sought elsewhere when the hedger has finished plashing. The farmer looks on the work with pride, the nature lover with regret.

In the west the birds have long been busy with their homes. In a small city

square a pair of young rooks have been quite entertaining. Nearly a month ago they were experiencing the delights of young lovers. One afternoon they were rubbing beaks, merrily cawing, flipping and flapping glossy wings on one branch, while on the opposite side of the tree a dejected, miserable bird, the rejected lover sat with head almost hidden among its feathers, with jealous eye watching the playful happiness of the engaged pair. On the fork of the very branch where this pretty little love scene was enacted, in due time the nest appeared. When approaching completion, came uncertainty. These giddy young things seem to have had doubts as to the wisdom of setting up a home, all alone, in this unfashionable square. This is the sequel: one afternoon some dozen elders of the tribe appeared; the old president sat upon a lofty telegraph pole, and after a good deal of chattering the end came. Every stick of that nest was speedily carried away to another home in a more favored place.

In the bleak, bare hedgerows of this eastern shire, the birds have been shy to build, for they were sadly beset to find nesting places of warmth and safety; branches have been chosen very near the ground. Their necessity has been their enemies' opportunity. Mouse and rook, stoat and weasel, have found newly laid eggs a dainty morning meal, and thrush and blackbird have had to mourn their loss, and start a new home in higher and safer spots. We found several nests where these domestic tragedies had taken place.

Many birds have shown skill in concealment. A winter storm had thrown a fine elm tree which had stood in a hedgerow by the roadside. It fell into the adjoining orchard, and dragged up with its shallow roots a great bank of earth. This brown mass, with innumerable diminutive rootlets, formed a wall some six feet high by the roadside. The bole was severed and the bank left to form part of the hedgerow. A thrush found a convenient ledge for its nest; the rootlets—brown curtains—hung before the door, a little screen from prying eyes; but the mother bird, by a careful selection of materials, had made the outer wall of the nest, close to the public path, so much like its brown surroundings that it was not easy of detection, although no green growth helped to hide it from view. The most beautiful nest was in a garden, where a chaffinch had made a dainty cup of moss and wool, hung with lichen, grey

WITH HOOK AND BILL HE TRIMS THE HEDGES

spangles that adorned it with beauty.

This is a fertile county. Through its length stretches a long line of hills, called wolds, a land of corn and sheep, broken into vast hollows or narrow valleys where villages nestle, oaks and beeches flourish, and the chalk streams flow. At the base of the hills is a broad expanse of rich meadows and wonderful wheat lands. Tennyson speaks of it as—

> Yon great plain
> That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
> And crowded farms and lessening towers,
> To mingle with the bounding main.

Louth is the queen of the shire. It lies snugly under the shadow of the hills. They close round it on all sides, save the one that looks across the plain to the sea. Clear, sparkling waters issue from the fissures in the chalk. One, after filling a circular basin, runs away by cottage gardens, having curious little bridges and sloping paths, to the road below. The diminutive river Lud (Louth was Ludes in Domesday Book) flows through the town, and, though a considerable stream, comes from a spring only a few miles away. It has its rise in the little village of Tathwell, where Tennyson's schoolmaster was vicar for more than thirty years. The tower of the old Norman church dedicated to St. Vedast, crowns the summit of a lofty mound rising from the banks of the tarn below. The church porch is reached by a long flight of steps, and the graves of the villagers lie on the sloping hillside. Cottages, covered with honeysuckle and roses, are scattered here and there around the little lake. It is supplied by springs, which ever pour a bountiful flood to feed the brook below.

Leaving this charming village, the stream flows for three miles through one of the prettiest valleys in Lincolnshire. It is a favorite haunt of birds. They love the margin of the stream, where quiet nooks shelter their young and food abounds. A yellow wagtail whisks across the path, and a brilliant flash of blue reveals the kingfisher's haunt. As we pass a magnificent row of the beeches, we come to the spring, which emerges from a bank where the gnarled hawthorns cluster. This is the spring that loves

> To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand

as it hastens to join the larger stream. Through another village, and then on to Louth's Pride, the famous Hubbard's Valley, where the curving hills enclose a gorge of great beauty. The steep, lofty slopes, covered with wood, the verdant turf, the curving brook rushing over mimic waterfalls, where the spotted trout glides swiftly by, or seeks the shelter of the banks, form a sylvan scene of surpassing loveliness. Happy Luddites, it is theirs for ever; a benevolent lady has just presented it to the town.

Passing an old mill and entering the meadows, the old Elizabethan home of Sir John Bolle is seen on the wooded slope across the river. He is the hero of the Percy Ballad, which tells the story of a Spanish lady who wooed an Englishman. Sir John was at the capture of Cadiz in 1596. A young and wealthy senorita, to whom he was kind in captivity, fell in love with him. Alas! a Lady Bolle lived in the old mansion at Thorpe Hall, and the wooing was in vain. She loaded him with gifts and her portrait in green for his lady. The poor senorita died in a convent, and the green lady haunts the lanes around to this day.

Leaving the meadows, the Westgate is entered, and, walking towards the town, a little street on the right is called School House Lane, in which stands one of King Edward's grammar schools. It has had many famous scholars. The founder of Virginia heads the roll, Captain John Smith by name, whom the Americans claim as the father of their nation. He saved the colony from destruction in the early years of James I. Baden-Powell claims descent from the old Stuart hero, and in 1906 presented to the school a bust of the Virginian made by his own hands. Alfred Tennyson and his brothers, Frederick and Charles, were scholars, too. Here came Sir John Franklin from his native town of Spilsby, a few miles away, and Hobart Pasha, Eyre,

HERE LIES, HIDDEN AWAY UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE CHURCH, AN OLD HOUSE WHERE ALFRED - ENNYSON LIVED IN BOYHOOD AND WROTE SOME OF HIS EARLIEST POEMS

the Australian explorer, and a host of other famous men were scholars in the grammar school of the little town.

Under an archway in Westgate a group of small houses are hidden away under the shadow of the beautiful church, and in one of these Alfred Tennyson, when a schoolboy, and

> The old grey spire loomed taller
> In the shadowy evening light,

wrote some of his earliest poems.

The finest view of the wonderful spire is seen from Westgate. Its tower has three stories; the western window has seven lights and beautiful tracery. The windows of the upper story have fine tracery. Four pinnacles rise from the four corners of the tower. They are octagonal in form and fifty-two feet high. Flying buttresses spring from these to the spire, and are singularly beautiful. This exquisite octagonal spire, crocketed at the angles, is nearly 300 feet high, and was finished in 1515, and on Holy Rood Eve, when it was hallowed, an old parish record quaintly says: "The priests sang Te Deum Laudamus, with organs, the kirkwardens garred ring all ye bells, and caused all the people there being to have bread and ale."

Passing on to the Market Place, there stands the bookseller's shop, where Alfred and Charles Tennyson brought their "Poems by Two Brothers" for sale. Mr. Jackson gave them £20 for the manuscript, and to-day, if you want a copy, you will have to give more than that amount to possess it. There are many delightful walks in the neighborhood of the town; roads cut through the chalk hills lead to quiet villages, with fine towered churches, broad rich landscapes, wooded hillsides and well-watered valleys.

A holiday in a quiet town like this, with an occasional day or two on the sands of Mablethorpe, a few miles away, would bring rest to the weary toiler of a large city. The Easter was cold but bracing; it was cheering to hear the bonny chaffinch singing to his mate through a stinging north-east wind, and a brave thrush piped to the little mother below when snowflakes were thickly falling.

I was sorry to turn westwards and homewards.

Spinal Maginnis Smokes the Calumet of Peace

By John Patrick Mackenzie

Illustrated by A. W. Grann

"NOT a bad shot, young fellow." "Did you hear that ?" Gabby Wilkinson whispered excitedly to Harry Freeman.

Spinal beamed his appreciation of the compliment, for it was Bulldog Wallace, the stalwart and reticent captain of the first twelve, who had publicly on the field commended his scoring of the third and last goal of a somewhat easy victory over the town lacrosse club.

Wallace, anticipating a walkover sort of contest, had, in order to popularize the national game among the lower school boys, weakened his Stonewall twelve which had played a drawn game with the Six Nation Indians on Queen's birthday, by putting two Lower Third boys, Spinal and Gabby, on as home fielders. Harry was already a fixture at inside home, and so, having learned the game together, the three had played a good combination which had materially contributed to the victory.

"You know that's one of the three things that the boys of ancient Persia were taught—to shoot straight."

"What were the other two ?"

Spinal's curiosity overcame his diffidence in the presence of the great captain, but Wallace had unbent enough for one time, so he merely vouchsafed, "I'll tell you some other time".

Spinal, who was intensely interested in anything bearing on his favorite game, asked boldly, "How did you find that out, about shooting straight?"

"Herodotus, the father of history," was Bulldog's laconic answer as he turned on his heel.

"The father of history? That must be Old Bill," said Spinal, who had a vast respect for Dr. Tassie's scholarly attainments. "But I didn't know he ever licked the Fifth."

"No more he does," said Gabby.

Gabby and Harry exchanged queer glances, but Spinal's universal misinformation was so well-known that the remark passed without further notice.

The end of the term was approaching and Dr. Tassie found increasing difficulty in holding the lower school within bounds of ordinary decorum while he prosecuted his vigorous and unremitting search for university material among the upper classes.

The Fifth Form was being coached in Greek mythology, but the lesson had been interrupted by a disturbance in the ranks of the Lower Third, caused by a moistened paper wad, projected by a rubber-banded catapult, which had landed accurately on the top of Paddy Moyles' gaily upturned Hibernian nose. Spinal, who had fired the shot, and Gabby who had insisted that he had furnished the weapon of pre-

cision, were sentenced to stand conveniently beside Dr. Tassie's good right hand pending leisure to attend fitly to their case.

Spinal, who never neglected an opportunity to drink in misinformation, was paying close attention to Mungo Strathbogie's halting rendering of the legend of Orpheus' descent into Hades, in search of Eurydice, accompanied by his trusty lyre. The poetic justice of the story so captivated his imagination that, ignoring his impending punishment, he could not refrain from asking Dr. Tassie, when he and Gabby were waiting for their reward, whether the "liar" ever escaped from Hell.

"Are there any other points which you would like to have made clear ?" Dr. Tassie asked with deadly mildness.

"Did Euriddus ?——"

"I will rid you of several misconceptions forthwith. Orpheus' (whack!) L (whack !) Y (whack !) R (whack !) E (whack !) Lyre (whack !) Eu (whack!) Ryd (whack !) I (whack !) Ce (whack !) Eurydice" (whack!) and then they were liberated.

"I'll show him that I can pronounce Greek," Spinal muttered, as he and Gabby chafed their tender palms on their way to dinner.

The Wednesday half-holiday presented an immediate opportunity to carry out his inspiration.

Mr. Muirhead, the genial Scotsman, had given the boys a standing invitation to visit his farm and, finding that Sandy had gone to town, Spinal induced three steady-going plough horses to lend themselves to his plan, and he, Harry and Gabby, rode in state at the wonted plodding walk of their steeds, along the stone road and up to the front gate of Dr. Tassie's house.

"What does this mean?" the bewildered educator exclaimed, as he came out, rubbing his eyes.

Sandy Muirhead, who had returned home soon after the boys' departure, came posting up on his road nag at a sharp trot.

Chummy Jones, whom Spinal had persuaded to act as agent provocateur, sauntered up and remarked, "Ah, Spinal. You ride I see."

Spinal slid down from his steed and replied, "You rid I see. Dr. Tassie taught us to pronounce it that way in his symthology class."

"Eurydice ?" Dr. Tassie grimly enquired. "I must assist your imagination to realize some of her possible experiences in Hades. Your humor is altogether too dry."

"Smythology is what you certainly should study. I will teach it you like any blacksmith. Come with me. Mr. Muirhead, you can take care of your horses ?"

Sandy sadly bade them farewell. He fully realized the futility of intercession. "Ye're no the first gay riders wha hae been pu'ed up wi' a round turn liftin' ither people's beasties," he said, thinking of the moss troopers of his native border, and then he rode away, driving his plough horses before him.

What followed is too familiar a story of Galt life to bear repetition.

Spinal woke up next morning with a start and a realizing sense that it was indeed the last day. He performed his toilet and ate his breakfast in unwonted silence, and with much less disturbance of his neighbors than usual.

As he packed his trunk, he required a little bravado to keep down a feeling which was almost homesickness. So he chanted bravely the hymn provided for use at such a time.

> No more Latin, no more Greek,
> No more tawse to make us squeak ;
> No more slops in dirty mugs ;
> No more cabbage full of bugs ;
> We'll up with the tables and down
> with the chairs,
> And kick Old Tassie down the stairs.

The kind of packing in vogue among Galt boys was soon finished, and a long morning on his hands.

In company with a dozen other hearty unquenched appetites, he paid a farewell visit to Mrs. Knox's pastry shop, where cheese-cakes and sausage rolls—her specialties—were thoughtfully and decorously discussed. Then, as Pepys might have put it, to Mrs. Oates' for taffy, lemon pop and sarsaparilla and a farewell chat; for one always felt at home there.

Carefully counting his change to make sure that he had the railway fare home left, Spinal drew Mrs. Oates to the rear of the shop, placed some pri-

AS HE PACKED HIS TRUNK A LITTLE BRAVADO WAS NEEDED TO KEEP DOWN HOMESICKNESS

vate purchases in his pocket, beckoned mysteriously to his particular chums, Harry Freeman and Gabby, and proposed a farewell visit to the wigwam.

It was a longer and more difficult journey than it had been to the wigwam which the Baikie apes demolished. Thanks to Harry's woodcraft and forethought, they had chosen a site for this, their architectural masterpiece, which had remained a secret throughout the winter, both from Tassie apes and Baikie apes, and, of course, no one hunted for wigwams in summer. For the first few weeks after it was built, they needed Harry's guidance or they could not have returned to it, so difficult to follow was the way through the dense pine forest and tangled cedar swamp.

There it stood, beautiful as ever. They had not long to stay, but they saw that everything was ship shape, that doors were well fastened and roof tight, and then drew up a map showing the way to find the place. This they decided to present, with a deed to the wigwam, to two deserving second form boys who had taken the Wellingtons' place in the back room.

Then they reentered the wigwam, and, hot as it was, made a fire of pine sticks in the centre and sat around cross-legged with solemn faces. Whereupon Spinal, taking from his pocket a new clay pipe and gaudy packet of tobacco, announced triumphantly, "'Tis the calumet of peace."

"That's very poetic, Spinal," said Harry, "but I don't think we had better break rules on the last day."

"Pshaw! Harry. The pipe of peace is not smoking in the sense that Old Bill intended. All you do is to pass it around and take a whiff or two. Why, I'd just as soon tell him, and I'll bet he would say it is all right."

"Well, if you put it that way, let's make a point of telling, for you know that is the rule I've stuck to ever since the Berserker wreck, and I'm not going to change now."

"All right, here goes. It's very opprobrious for this ceremential smoke. See—it's the sackem brand," and he exhibited the package bearing a picture

of an Indian chief, with the legend "Sachem Mixture". Harry and Gabby rolled on the ground with delight at Spinal's involuntary joke.

"And sacked you certainly would have been, Spinal, if you had been caught with that any time earlier in the term," Gabby said, "and I don't know but you will be anyway."

"But what did you mean, Spinal, by a ceremential smoke—ceremonial ?"

"No, ceremential is the correct word," Spinal answered.

"Then you had better look out," said Harry, "for cerements are grave clothes."

"No, that isn't it at all, I meant a ceremony and a memento," was Spinal's lucid explanation.

"The contents of this package," Spinal read, "are ar-emetic and——"

"That's what they are," the others shouted amid fresh paroxysms of hilarity.

"But it is no wonder he hesitated to admit it and stammered," said Harry.

"Here's your calumet anyway," Spinal announced, coughing and choking after lighting it with a burning stick from the fire.

The boys gravely passed the pipe from one to another, vowing that their friendship would ever be as warm as the fire—"and strong as the tobacco," Harry added.

The sun's vertical rays piercing through the canopy of smoke told them that it was time to go.

Spinal ran on ahead, puffing the pipe in spite of Harry's protests, and, before they could overtake him and demolish it, he had swallowed a good deal of smoke in his excitement.

By the time they reached the stone road, Spinal was white, and before they passed Mrs. Oates' shop, where he had bought the Sachem Mixture, he was green.

Then they sat down by the roadside for a time, for Spinal could go no farther. As a final effort was being made to brace him up to make one last dash for home, a carriage passed, crowded with a gay, laughing party. There were boys from one of the smaller houses and—girls !

"Mrs. Woodruff has those girls to tea once a week," said Gabby in disgust.

The boys of Dr. Tassie's house were secretly envious of the privileges of the boys of this particular house, while they affected to hold them in scorn.

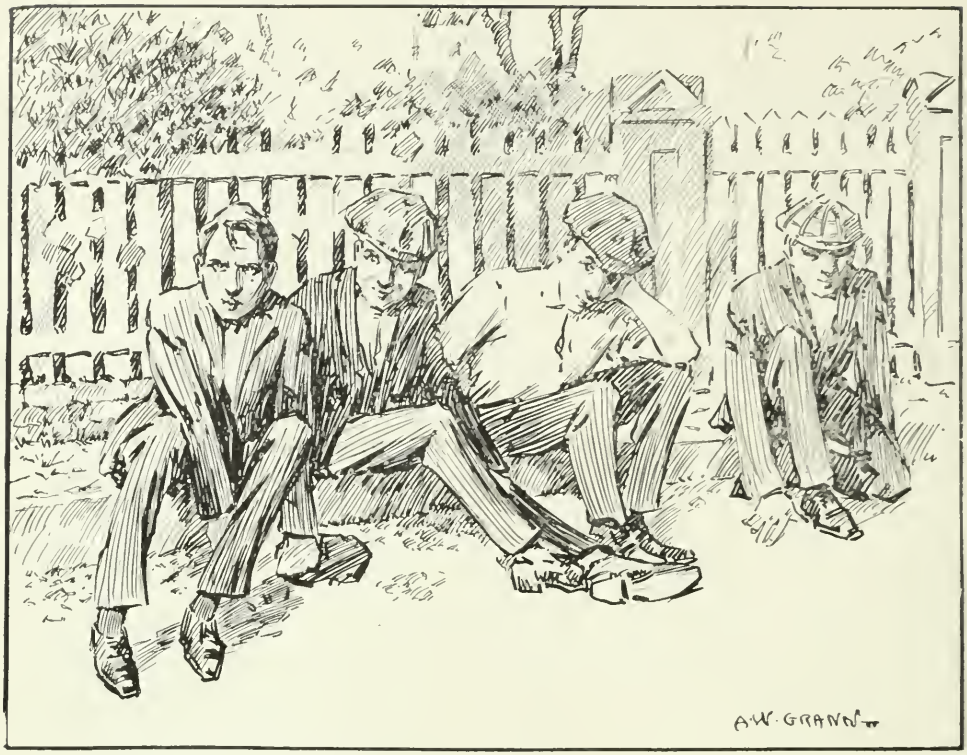
Probably the number of boys in Dr. Tassie's house, and possibly their turbulent ways also, deterred most of the Galt girls from venturing on their range. At any rate, not more than two had even been known to come there, and then only to sit demurely at Mrs. Tassie's end of the long table and steal occasional side-long glances at the double row of stolid faces. One of those girls was in the carriage—"the girl with the frizzed hair," Spinal had called her when he had caught her eye on her last visit to Mrs. Tassie. He gave a deep groan as he saw her, and she, standing up in the carriage and looking back, exclaimed, "Oh ! look at that poor boy; he's sick."

Fortunately the rest of the party did not think it sufficiently important to stop, but poor Spinal had had enough notice as it was. He bemoaned his wretched luck most despairingly, until assured by Harry that "pity is akin to love." This revived him sufficiently to reach the house, supported by his companions.

Dinner was a severe ordeal for Spinal, for it was hash, which, of all the good, wholesome food provided by Mrs. Tassie in plenty, was the most consistently, unanimously and continuously reviled.

After dinner, it was necessary to tell Dr. Tassie in order to live up to their agreement, and Spinal, who could hardly stand, bravely insisted on going with the others. Harry Freeman was spokesman and dilated on the ceremonial nature of the experiment, which amused Dr. Tassie and also Bulldog Wallace, the head of the house, who was making a farewell call.

"The affair is quite consistent with MacPherson's interest in Indian customs," said Dr. Tassie, who had confiscated several of Spinal's dime novels during the term. "I regret that you should have suffered for your enthusiasm and must, ah! m! hm! suffer still more, for I am a believer in Solomon's proverb. 'Spare the rod and spoil the



THE GIRL WITH THE FRIZZLED HAIR WAS IN THE CARRIAGE, AND POOR SPINAL GAVE A DEEP GROAN AS HE SAW HER GO BY

child,' " and he proceeded to demonstrate the superiority of his tawse over the primitive weapons of Solomon's days.

By four o'clock Spinal was able to walk out. He was a melancholy spectacle. All color, even to the green tinge, was gone, and nothing remained of the rigid air of suppression, but in place of it was an absolutely abject, despairing limpness. But the bold spirit was not yet quenched. "Let's go down to the river and see the race," he said, faintly.

Some of the boys affected boating rather than land sports, and two four-oared boats were kept for their exercise. This afternoon a race was to be rowed for the championship of the school.

A temporary platform, or wharf, had been built at the finish, where chairs were provided for the town folk, who were gathering. Along the water's edge an aisle was left clear so those who went out on the river in pleasure craft could land and take seats, or embark, as they pleased. At the far end of this aisle Spinal spied the girl with the frizzed hair. She, doubtless still inspired with the pity which she had displayed in the morning, forgot that she had not been introduced to Spinal and bowed most graciously. Spinal needed no more to send the de'il ma'-caur blood of the MacPhairsons coursing through his veins, as it was wont to do, and started toward her.

Gabby had taken in the situation and also the fact that there was altogether quite a bevy of girls whom it would be fine to monopolize to the exclusion of the boys of the despised minor house. Clutching Spinal by the arm, he said, "Introduce me, old fellow." As the words were spoken, Spinal, whose spirit was stronger than his body at the moment, reeled with the ungentle clutch, pushed Gabby into the water, and followed.

There was great excitement and

consternation. It would not have been so bad if there had been any danger, but the water was only up to their waists, and there was nothing to do but ridiculously wade out and go home.

This adventure called for another interview with Dr. Tassie, as no suggestion of danger at the river was ever allowed to go unpunished.

After this disappointment, Spinal was again very weary and took a nap.

By six o'clock the boys came crowding back from the boat race full of the exciting contest, which had been won by half a length, and Spinal revived and was soon his old self, even to getting through supper quite creditably.

Then all marched to the train, shouting hilariously:

"Good bye to the station,
Good-bye to Blain's mill,
Good-bye to Old Satan
who lives on the Hill."

This parting salute to Old Bill had never yet been omitted on the last day and must not be now.

It was a short run down the "Galt, Preston and Guelph" branch to the junction at Harrisburg, where all had to wait for the trains going east and west.

A busy scene it was, with several hundred excited boys swarming on the narrow platform. At the top of the hill was a huge sign proclaiming to all who looked that way,

Pie, cake, biscuit, cheese,
liquor and cigar;
Always kept for public use
at Old Jake's bar.

The three chums naturally gravitated in that direction. Harry, being naturally thrifty, had saved some pocket money. Their souls called for a quiet corner where they could clasp hands over a farewell libation. Spinal thought lemon pop would be strong enough for him; the others ordered ginger ale.

"Here's to good old Galt—drink her down," cried Gabby, suddenly remembering with compunction that it was the first good word he had ever been man enough to say for the school which was beginning to mean so much to him.

Just then Bulldog Wallace came in, unbending somewhat with the responsibility of looking after the small fry. "Hello, youngsters, got over your smoke? It's too bad you got licked into the bargain, but *sic semper tyrannis*."

"Yes, I was sick," Spinal said, "but I feel better now." Then a thought

"HERE'S TO GOOD OLD GALT, DRINK HER DOWN, DRINK HER DOWN!" CRIED GABBY

struck him and he asked suspiciously, "What were those other two things you said the Persian boys had to learn?"

"Oh, Herodotus? Why, the three were: to shoot straight, to ride, and to tell the truth."

Spinal was something of a fatalist. "That's about what I thought," he said, darkly. "Just our luck to have it work the wrong end to. He rodded us for shooting straight; he rodded us for learning to ride; he rodded us for telling the truth; he rodded us for being too dry, and he rodded us for getting too wet. He rodded us farther——"

But the engine bell was clanging; the brakesmen were singing "a—ll a—board going East!" His well-nigh helpless friends were rushing Spinal's quite helpless form down the broad stairs to the platform, and the rest of the immortal panegyric on Old Bill's prowess was forever lost to the world.

REALITY

BY JOHN DUNCAN HOWE

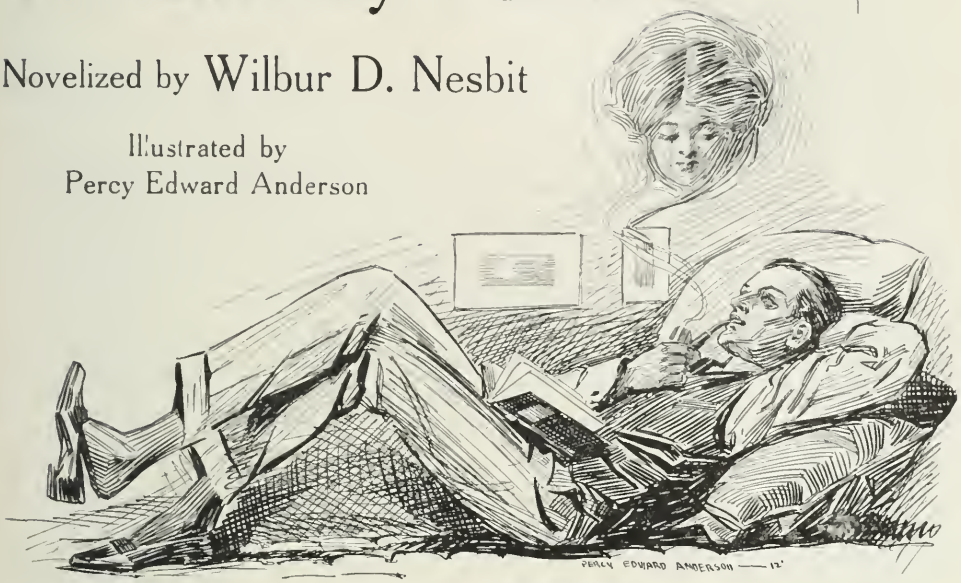
DREAMS? What are dreams? The vision the freed soul
Sees, far, oh very far and far away,
Or what men call this phantom daily life
Wherein we walk, bound dreamers of a dream,
Net-footed and bewitched? Oh, never that!
The vision is the real—the wide sweet world
Of fairy fields, the moody purple wall
Of distant mountains, where the spirit light
May go untroubled on its singing way,
And see—oh, poignantly and keenly dear—
The great white bird wheel, silver-pinioned, by.

It is the dream that roaring in its pain,
The tortured city quivers through its steel
That still remembers forge and sledge and flame.
It is a dream that all these restless ghosts
Of pinched white faces hurry through the smoke,
That hearts cry out in sorrow; that the mean
And sordid chaffer of the market-place
Goes on. What other answer can we bear?

The Girl of My Dreams

Novelized by Wilbur D. Nesbit

Illustrated by
Percy Edward Anderson



SYNOPSIS.

Harry Swifton, a gay young bachelor, is in love with Lucy Medders, a Quakeress who nursed him after an auto accident in the country, and is expecting a visit from his future fiancee and her father, when he runs his car into another machine and ruins the hat of a lady. The lady and her companion, a German Count, are naturally indignant, and Harry, hastily thrusting the remains of the hat into a pocket, makes his escape. They trail him home, and demand the hat just as Harry, his sister Carolyn, and Socrates Primer who is a distant relative of Lucy's are preparing to receive Lucy Medders. Socrates has a mysterious big box containing a present for Lucy. The lady of the damaged hat, who proves to be the wife of General Blazes, is very anxious that the General should not know of her escapade, and says that she must have a duplicate of her ruined hat which her milliner tells her has been delivered at this house. Harry protests that he knows nothing about it, and in the midst of the scene Lucy Medders and her father arrive. Harry hastily hides Mrs. Blazes in his bedroom and the Count in the library. Lucy and her father ask to be shown the house, and Harry has to do some fancy lying to keep them from entering the rooms where the Count and the lady are hidden. Just as he thinks he has thrown them off the scent, and drops into a chair with a sigh of "It couldn't be worse!" Daphne Daffington, the milliner, comes in to trace the duplicate hat. Daphne and Harry have had a flirtation in the past which Daphne does not intend to drop, and it is only at the price of taking her out to dinner that she will consent to make a third hat and rescue Harry from his predicament. Lucy and Carolyn approach, and he hustles Daphne into the room where the Count is hidden. Unknown to Harry, Daphne and the Count have met before, and they greet each other warmly. But presently Daphne quarrels with the Count and seeks shelter in the room where Mrs. Blazes is hidden. Amos Medders and Lucy come upon the Count, who passes himself off as Harry's German tutor. General Blazes arrives in a rage, looking for his wife, and just as Harry has pacified him, Daphne Daffington comes out of her concealment, greeting the General with delighted cameradie. The General does a little fancy lying himself, and departs hastily, Daphne leaving also. Lucy and Carolyn demand an explanation from Harry, which Harry is unable to give. Again the Count rises to the situation and takes the blame of Daphne's concealment upon himself. Lucy is finally appeased and the household quiets down. Then the General returns to tell Harry he never doubted him for a moment, and in the hearing of his wife recounts his flirtation with Daphne. Harry gets him away and goes to rescue Mrs. Blazes from her predicament.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Mrs. Blazes drew back a bit from the window, and asked:

"Have you heard anything of my hat?"

Harry sank down on a lawn bench with a weary air.

"Where have I heard of hats?" he said. "I've ordered a hat for you. Daphne, the daffy daffodil, is making

one for you. She'll have it here before long."

"That's dear of you!" Mrs. Blazes smiled, appreciatively.

"How do you know what it costs?" he asked, grimly.

Mrs. Blazes clasped her hands melodramatically and went on:

"And I'm so worried about my husband!"

"You are? You ought to be," Harry told her. "And he's worried about you—and I'm worried about both of you. Shut the window, and let me think."

She closed her window, and he resumed his meditations.

"Sometimes," he muttered, "it's against a fellow to be innocent. I could have straightened this out in two minutes if I had been guilty."

The front door opened, and Lucy appeared. She glanced down at Harry and smiled.

"May I come out with thee awhile?" she asked. "It is so peaceful out here—everything seemeth so calm."

"This is the headquarters for peace and calm," Harry observed, pleasantly, rising. Lucy came down the steps and sat on the lawn seat while Harry leaned over the table beside her, looking down at her.

"Well," Lucy asked, "what can thee say?"

"I can't say anything yet," he answered. "I can only ask you to trust me until I can explain everything."

"But surely thee can explain everything now."

"No. Not yet. I don't understand it myself yet."

Lucy's face changed, and Harry went on:

"Later, I'll tell you everything. I can't now, Lucy, because some one else is involved."

"I saw her," Lucy said, coldly.

"I don't mean that way, Lucy," he protested. "What you saw may have a peculiar look—"

"Indeed, she had!" Lucy asserted.

"But you must remember that often there is an unsuspected skeleton in the closet," Harry continued, manfully.

Lucy pursed her lips scornfully.

"Skeleton, indeed!" she said. "That skeleton weigheth at least a hundred and thirty pounds!"

Harry laughed nervously, and said:

"Now, listen, Lucy. Won't you take my word that everything is all right, so far as I am concerned?"

"I might take thy word, but thee cannot explain so easily to Cousin Socrates or to father."

"Cousin Socrates has been in the attic writing sonnets about you all evening, and I have talked with your father, bless his good old heart! He believes in me, and he is willing to trust me."

"So do I believe in thee, Harry—but thee cannot know how sorry I am that this has happened. I regret it."

With an earnest effort to turn her mind to a lighter view of things, Harry asked:

"So you regret it?"

"I do—very, very much."

"Then, if you regret it very, very much, I'll forgive you this time," he laughed, seating himself and taking her hand.

She took her hand away quickly and jumped to her feet in indignation.

"How can thee jest at such a moment?" she cried.

He rose and followed her.

"I shouldn't have jested," he said, humbly. "Lucy, you are not a city girl—and I'm glad of it—but you are apt to judge things too much on appearance."

Lucy turned and looked at him with a pathetic seriousness in her eyes.

"Until this morning, Harry," she said, "I wanted to be a city girl. I thought the little town where I have lived was a pitiful place."

"But it had you in it," Harry reminded her, gently.

"I am beginning to understand," Lucy said, "that here appearances are everything—but there isn't any everything. In the country, there is everything—and that takes the deceit from the appearance."

"Why, you're a genuine little philosopher," Harry said.

"We have the blue sky in the daytime back there," Lucy continued, "and here thee have clouds and smoke. There we have the stars at night, here

thee have electric signs. There we get up at sunrise and the little birds sing us a welcome from the trees, but here—"

"Here the folks stay up until sunrise and eat the little birds before that," Harry finished for her. "You don't want a city home, then, Lucy ?"

"I want a home where the heart does not have to be hidden," she told him.

"And so do I. I want a real home, with the best little girl in the world as my wife."

There was no mistaking his meaning. Lucy looked at him for half a minute, then said:

"When thee have explained, Harry."

CHAPTER XI.

Fifteen minutes later Count von Fitz cautiously crept beneath the window and whistled. Mrs. Blazes did not answer. He whistled louder. Still no answer.

"If you are gone, I'm glad," he said. "Cheer me by not replying."

But no such cheer was in store for him. Mrs. Blazes noiselessly opened the window and whispered:

"Sh! Be careful! Did you get my hat?"

"Not yet," the Count told her. "Dey haff to make him. I vouldn't trust dot Daffie woman. I vent to anudder hat place. Der name is T'erese."

"But they won't know the model," Mrs. Blazes feared.

"I eggsplain him perfectly. I tell her a shape like a smashed balloon, yellow on der outside mit a garden of red puppies."

"Red poppies, you silly man!"

"Puppies or poppies—dey look chust as bad to me from now on."

"You'd best go right back and stay there until it is finished," Mrs. Blazes suggested.

"No. I told dem to sent it here, so I make sure I get it."

"That's good," she said, with a tone of relief.

"Now you come right oud und ven der hat comes I giff it to you, und avay you go."

"Come out?" she asked, sarcastically. "Am I an aeroplane?"

"Lissen. Make a rope yet, und I pull you oud."

"An idea!" she exclaimed with delight. "I'll tear up the sheets and things in here, tie them together in a rope, and let myself down."

"Splendid! I go und vatch for der messencher mit der hat."

The Count strolled away, while she closed her window.

A young couple came walking slowly through the flower garden. It was Pigeon and Carolyn. The twilight spell had been cast upon them. Arm in arm, silently they strolled until they neared the bench.

Suddenly Pigeon said:

"Let's sit down here. I've got to see Harry through his racket, you know"—evidently continuing a conversation which had lapsed some moments before—"but after that—"

He looked down into Carolyn's eyes.

"After that?" she asked, softly.

For Carolyn had all a woman's intuition, in spite of her few years, and she diagnosed the symptoms of an approaching proposal. She did not intend to accept him, but no woman will allow a proposal to get away from her. Proposals to a woman are as the scalps the Indian brave ties to his war belt.

"After that," said Pigeon, beginning to sit down, "I can look after my own affairs. And I—"

An ominous, ripping sound came. Mrs. Blazes was beginning to make her rope, but the young couple, of course, knew nothing of that. Pigeon straightened up with a jerk and tried to look unconscious. He did not know what had given way. Carolyn tried to smooth over his embarrassment by saying:

"Isn't it a lovely evening?"

Then she began to sink gracefully upon the seat, when an even more ominous ripping sound was heard. Carolyn abandoned her project with due and proper suddenness, while Pigeon mopped his brow, and said, in flustered tones that he tried to make sound matter-of-course:

"I thought earlier to-day that we might have some rain."

He lifted his foot to rest it carelessly upon the bench, not caring to try to sit down any more, but with the movement came a terrific rip as though something had torn loose forever.

He dropped his foot and tried to whistle a popular air.

Carolyn looked the other way and became nervous.

"I can't do a thing with my hair to-night," she observed, lifting her hands to pat it into shape.

R-r-r-rip!

Her arms dropped to her sides, soldierwise.

"I think," Pigeon said, desperately, "that the evening is the most pleasant time of the day."

He sat down, in spite of the ripping that still sounded.

"Won't you be seated?" he asked politely.

Carolyn slowly, carefully allowed herself to sit beside him, and to her evident relief there was no further sound of ripping.

"Isn't it funny," Pigeon said, "how lonesome a fellow gets at this time of the evening, if he is all alone?"

"Now, don't get sentimental," Carolyn countered, tapping him playfully on the shoulder.

Simultaneously with her movement there was a sudden, short rip. She drew back in confusion.

"Is it wrong to get sentimental?" Pigeon asked carelessly, dropping his arm along the back of the seat behind her, and at the same time hearing another vicious rip. He pulled his arm back as though his hand had encountered a pin.

"It's silly to be sentimental," Carolyn declared, without a motion of any sort. By this time she was afraid even to turn her eyes toward him.

"I'm silly, am I?" Pigeon asked, sulkily.

"I didn't say that," she answered.

"You did!"

"I didn't!"

"You did, and I can prove it!"

"I didn't and I can prove it!"

Pigeon attempted to arise haughtily, but—r-r-r-rip!—and he sat down again.

"I suppose," he said to her, pettishly, "you think I can't do anything?"

"You can't!" she replied, pouting, for she was angry because of the ripping, and naturally wanted to vent her wrath on the nearest object, which in this instance happened to be the poor youth. "You can't. Doing nothing is the best thing you do."

"Boarding school wit!" Pigeon retorted. "Oh, well, there are plenty of other girls!"

"And don't you forget, Mister Williams," she snapped, with a heavy accent on the "Mister," "that there are plenty of other men!"

She brought out the word "men" with all the emphasis and meaning necessary to convey to him the idea that she regarded him as a boy.

Then she arose, utterly ignoring a terrific ripping noise, and strode into the house with the cold, heartless tread of a princess. But as she went up the steps, Pigeon, had he been watching, would have seen her clutching nervously at her skirt, while the ripping went merrily on.

Pigeon got up with an air of gloom, grasping his belt in a tight clutch, and marched off, his steps being timed by staccato rips, which he did not locate as coming from the room wherein was Mrs. Blazes.

And in that room Mrs. Blazes was feverishly tearing and tying strips of sheets and towels and table covers together, all unconscious that in her strenuous efforts to effect her escape she was creating the first bump upon the pathway of a young love—but then love, as Mr. Shakespeare observed long, long ago, never did run smooth.

CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. Blazes opened her window silently, and lowered to the ground a rope that was fearfully and wonderfully made. She had used everything and anything, from pillow slips to the cords of the portieres. She had enough rope to let her out of a six-story building, instead of from a window a scant twelve feet from the ground. The end of the rope she tied to a table near the window. Then she looked down anxiously.

"It is dangerous," she sighed.

The Count wandered into view. He was growing weary for the hat. At sight of the rope he brightened up.

"Jump oud," he suggested.

"Silly!" she said; "I've got to climb down. Steady the rope."

He took hold of the lower end and straightened the rope against the building.

"But how in the world am I to climb down?" she demanded.

"Led yourselluf oud slow, und den slide for life," he told her, but she protested, and their argument grew more intense. She was afraid to trust herself to the frail means of reaching the earth, and he was insistent that she should come down at once. In the midst of their talk the front door opened. Mrs. Blazes heard the sound, and darted back from the window, taking the rope in with her so swiftly that she left the Count standing with his hands in the air.

Amos Medders came slowly down the steps, looking intently at the Count, whom he could not recognize in the dark. The Count had not heard him coming and could not understand why Mrs. Blazes had pulled the rope in so suddenly.

Count von Fitz was dumbfounded when he was seized in a grip of iron and the cold tones of Medders came:

"What are thee doing, scoundrel?"

General Blazes came up the walk at that instant. He had his hat in his hand and was still laboring under excitement. When he saw Medders struggling with the Count he leaped into the fray and separated them.

"What's happening?" he asked.

"Well, I am surprised," Medders said. "I thought this foolish little man here was a burglar."

"What foolish little man?" Blazes asked.

"This one they call a Count—this tutor. I thought he was trying to break into the house."

"Wouldn't be surprised if he was," Blazes asserted, vehemently. "Isn't your daughter in there? Isn't Harry's sister in there? These Counts will do anything to capture a girl with money."

"It iss not so!" Count von Fitz sputtered, rubbing his neck.

"Verily, thee has a suspicious look," Medders said to him.

"It's a gam dood thing I happened along," Blazes observed.

"A what, friend?" Medders inquired curiously.

"A gam dood thing—doesn't count, you know when you cuss backwards."

"Verily," Medders said, "there be times when a man could cuss sidewise."

"Well," Blazes said, turning again to Count von Fitz "It's a lucky thing for you there was nothing in the report that you were with my wife to-day. I'm a jealous man. I'm desperate when I'm roused."

"Don't rouse!" the Count begged.

"Once," the General said, "I caught a man flirting with her. What did I do?"

"Vat did you do?" the Count asked, weakly.

"They buried his hat," the General said. "Just his hat! Just—his—hat!"

"Chust his hat!" the Count echoed. Mentally he wondered if it had been a yellow hat with red poppies.

"Thou art a man of wrath, General," Medders said. "Once I grew angry at a man—in my youthful days."

"And what did you do to him, man of peace?" asked the General, laughing, while the Count listened nervously.

"In those days," Medders said, "I was vain of my strength and given to yielding to my angry passions. I went unto this man, and I seized him thus—"

Before the Count could dodge, Medders held him as though in a vise.

"And I said unto him: 'Thou condemned wretch, dost thou not know it is unwise so to conduct thyself in our midst?' And I smote him thus, and I shook him thus"—illustrating upon the helpless Count—"and then I said unto him that if he offended me again I should smite him full sore."

"Please," begged the Count, "please don'd remember anything else!"

"I beg thy pardon," Medders said, contritely. "I did forget myself."

"Come in out of the night air, gentlemen," suggested Harry, who came to the door just then. The trio, smiling over the unconscious way in which Medders had shaken the Count, started in, when a messenger boy arrived.

He carried a large hat box. The Count tried to intercept him, but Harry was as anxious as the Count to get that hat.

"She turned it out quick enough," Harry murmured to himself, paying the boy the seventy-five dollars that was called for on delivery. When the boy had left, Harry chanced to look at the address and read:

"Count Herman von Fitz. Why, this hat isn't for me, after all."

"No," the Count said. "I ordered it, but it isn't for me."

Medders turned and said:

"Is there some mistake, Harry?"

Harry looked at the Count, but that gentleman was pretty well satisfied with the situation and made no move to correct matters.

"No, there isn't any mistake," Harry said.

"Did I understand aright," Medders asked, "that thee are paying seventy-five dol ars for that hat?"

"I did—without taking chloroform, too," Harry ruefully acknowledged.

"Some hats are worth that much," the Count remarked.

"Sure!" boomed the General. "My wife often spends more than that for a hat."

"Is it for thy sister, Harry?" Medders asked, casually.

"I don't know if it will fit her," Harry answered, non-committally.

"Wouldst thee let us see it?" Medders asked. "Truly, a hat worth that much must be a wonderful thing."

Here the Count nervously interposed, afraid that the General would become aroused if he saw the hat.

"Ach, no. Der night air might spoil it!"

"I confess I am curious to see it," Medders said. "Ah, what forms the vanity of women and the foolishness of men do take!"

From the house came the lank form of Socrates Primmer. In his hand he carried the hatbox which all day he had been endeavoring to open in the presence of Lucy.

"What is the trouble?" he asked.

"No trouble at all—until you came," Harry replied, drily.

"Harry has simply been doing what I have often done," General Blazes explained. "He has bought a hat."

Primmer glanced at the hat box Harry held, and then looked at his own.

"This, then, is for his wife?" he inquired, sadly.

"What?" the General said, misunderstanding Primme . "Another man buy a hat for my wife? How dare you!"

Primmer shrank away from him.

"Nay," Medders soothed. ' The hat Harry has is for his sister, Carolyn."

"No," Harry corrected him, fearing some further complication. "The fact is, I was going to give the hat to Lucy—with your permission, Mr. Medders. But I didn't like to ask your permission before all the others here."

"Bully for you, Harry!" the General beamed. "You couldn't do a finer thing."

Primmer lapsed into a fit of dejection.

"Alas!" he sobbed. "Homer was right when he said:

> 'Alas, faint hope I leaned upon!
> Alas, thou too art dead and gone!' "

"Cheer him up!" General Blazes suggested. "Let him see your present for Lucy."

"I, too, have a present for Lucy," Primmer said.

"Thee hast?" Medders asked. "What is it, Socrates?"

"A hat," Primmer announced.

Harry leaped to a conclusion. Instantly he coupled Primmer with the mysterious man who had bought the duplicate hat at Mlle. Daphne's.

"Let's see it," he said.

He opened Primmer's hat box, and one glance was enough to confirm his suspicion. He dropped the lid quickly, took the box from Primmer's unresisting hold, and said:

"I'll take your hat to Lucy. She'll be—"

"No. I shall present it to her myself," Primmer declared, taking the box from Harry.

"All right," Harry said. "Don't let any one profane that hat by seeing it until it gets to the one for whom it is intended. And neither will I with mine. You won't let any one see it?"

"Surely not," Primmer agreed.

"All right. That's a sacred compact. Let's all go in now."

And as he ushered them into the house Harry said things to himself because of his foolishness in paying seventy-five dollars for a hat when the duplicate was in the house all the time.

"And," he growled, "I've still got one coming from Daphne!"

"What did thee say?" Medders asked, as they went into the reception room.

"I was saying that I hoped no one was coming this evening to break up our quiet little party."

CHAPTER XIII.

A SHORT while later Harry left his guests gathered about the piano, singing, and quietly slipped outside. The Count made an excuse and left the room also. Harry went immediately to the front of the house and threw a pebble against Mrs. Blazes' window.

"Sst!" he cautioned, as she appeared.

"Oh, dear! I'm distracted!" she said, almost hysterically.

"How do you think I feel?" he asked. "Listen. I've got the hat. I put it in my sister's room, until I get a chance to give it to you."

"Why can't I have it right away?" she asked.

"Some one would see me getting it to you. We can't take a chance. General Blazes is in there with the rest —don't you hear him singing?"

"Oh, yes. It is such a blessing that the dear old fellow can forget his troubles."

"He'll remember them soon enough."

Around the corner of the house came Count von Fritz, laboriously carrying a long ladder that he had found.

"By gracious!" Harry said. "You're not such a fool after all. Here! I'll help you."

"Now you see," said the Count. "Ve ged her oud."

With infinite pains and as much silence as they could command, they raised the ladder and adjusted it against the window sill. Mrs. Blazes watched the proceeding eagerly.

"Am I to come down on that?" she inquired.

"No," Harry answered, with the sarcasm the occasion required. "We are going to train a morning glory vine on this."

"Smarty!" she sniffed at him. "That's just like a man!"

"Be careful, and be quiet. Get out on the ladder and creep down," Harry told her.

Mrs. Blazes stepped on a chair and planted herself on the window-sill. She was just swinging a neatly-shod foot over to the ladder when Harry hissed:

"Get back! For the love of Mike, get back!"

She fairly fell back into the room, and as she did so, Harry and the Count dropped their ladder to the ground among the shrubbery and dashed around the corner.

The irrepressible Carolyn had come to the front steps, adorned in a splendid hat of yellow straw, wreathed with gorgeous red poppies. Behind her came Pigeon Williams, his eyes drinking in the beauties of the girl and the hat.

"Say," he remarked, "that's a peach of a hat. Where'd you get it?"

"I found it in my room," she said. "Harry must have meant it as a surprise for me. Now I'm going to surprise him when he finds out I've found it. Let's stroll in the garden."

Nothing loath, the enamored Pigeon accepted the invitation Harry and the Count peeped around the corner of the house, with grimaces of wrath and despair.

"Never mind," Harry whispered. "We've still got a hat up our sleeves."

General Blazes came from the door, bidding the others good-night.

"Tell Harry I'm sorry I had to hurry off," he said. "My wife will surely be at home by this time, worrying herself sick over my absence."

As he descended the steps Daphne Daffington, breathless, came up the walk. In her hand she carried a hat box containing the hat she had rushed to completion as a favor to Harry. That worthy and Count von Fitz nudged each other as they saw the General and the little milliner meet.

"General!" said Daphne, dropping the box and clasping her hands.

"I VANT TO SAY CHOOST DISS," SAID THE COUNT. "I VANT TO SAY, 'BLESS YOU, MY CHILDREN!' BY ALLOWING MISS LUCY TO ACCEPT A LIDDLE TOKEN OF MY GOOD VISHES, I DER SWEETEST, DER TRUEST GIRL I SHOULD FIND IN AMERICA

UND I CAN'T MAKE YOU A PRESENT OFF A HAT, BUT IFF YOU VILL HONOR ME, MR. SWIFTON, VILL GIFF HER DISS RING. I VASS KEEPING IT TO GIFF TO DER MOST BEAUTIFUL, I HAFF FOUND HER—UND NOW I LOSE HER TO YOU"

"Daphne!" exclaimed the General. The window above opened slowly and Mrs. Blazes peeped out upon the tableau.

"So!" the General said, bitterly. "Flirting, were you! And with that scrub of a Dutch count!"

"Loafer vat he iss!" mumbled the Count, and Harry clapped his hand over the Count's mouth in fear of being discovered.

"Any woman," said the General, sternly to Daphne, "ought to be ashamed of being seen with him."

Daphne looked about her for some way of escape. But the General went on:

"And this ring you gave me! His ring! His ring that he—Didn't he give you this very ring?"

"No," Daphne answered, nervously. "He didn't give it to me, General. He—he wished it on."

"Well I'll bet you the scoundrel doesn't wish it on any other woman!"

The General tore the offending ring from his finger and threw it away. It rolled directly to the Count, who grasped it fervently and whispered to Harry:

"For diss I forgif him all der rest!"

Harry kicked him, as a gentle signal for silence.

"I suppose," the General accused her, "you are back here looking for him, eh?"

Lucy opened the door and looked out, evidently wondering where Harry might have gone. She thought he would be waiting for her on the lawn bench. Seeing the General and Daphne she drew back, but she heard his question about the hat, and Daphne's answer.

"No," Daphne said, "I bought this hat for Harry Swifton."

Lucy silently came down the steps and stood in the shadows.

"What?" the General asked. "Is he getting up a hat trust? He must think a lot of that little fiancee of his."

"Oh," Daphne explained carelessly, "it isn't for her. He told me it was for another woman."

Daphne passed the General, first picking up the hat box, and tripped up the steps and through the open doorway. The General walked away, shaking with laughter and chuckling:

"Harry is up to his old tricks."

Harry, from his place of concealment, was about to rush forth and speak to Lucy, but this time the Count restrained him. Lucy stood and sighed:

"Oh, Harry!"

Primmer appeared, still lugging his hat box. He almost fell down the steps, at seeing Lucy alone at last.

"My time has arrived!" he said, ecstatically. "My poor, poor Lucy! I have tried so hard to see you alone. Here! Let me present you this slight token of my affection—this hat! Wear it for my sake!"

He was surprised by the eagerness with which Lucy seized the box from his hands.

"A hat! Yes!" she exclaimed. "Give it to me. Yes, I will wear it!"

Primmer was about to burst forth into rapturous words, when she said:

"Nay! Do not speak to me! Leave me, I beg!" and rushed into the house.

Primmer followed her in, bewilderment holding him dumb for once.

Daphne came out of the door, saying:

"Well! They're all going crazy here. I can't find any one who will listen to me at all."

Harry came from his hiding place and said:

"Did you want to see me?"

"Yes. Here's your hat. Now, let's have our dinner, Harry."

"It's no use, Daphne," he told her. "I can't accept your kind invitation. You're a couple of years late with it. I'll pay you any price for the hat, but—"

Daphne came down to him and looked at him with amazement.

"You don't mean that, Harry, do you?" she said. "Why, don't talk about the cost of the hat. It's the dinner I want."

Lucy again came to the door. She wanted to find Carolyn and tell her that she was going home. Now she saw Harry and the milliner. Daphne refused to be convinced by Harry's shaking of his head, and said:

"To think of you treating me like that! After all I've done for you."

"Yes, Miss Daphington, I know," Harry replied, soberly.

"Oh, Harry! How can you be so cold and cruel?" Daphne asked.

"No," Harry said, decisively. "That's all off the slate now. I'm engaged to be married to the dearest little girl in the world, and all this fluffing business is out for good."

"Is that so?" Daphne whipped out, angrily. "Suppose she knew about that other woman who is hiding in your room!"

Lucy gasped, and clutched her hands together.

"For heaven's sake, don't talk so loud!" Harry begged.

"Of course General Blazes is a good friend of yours," Daphne sneered, "but he might not relish it to hear that his wife—"

"Stop right there!" Harry ordered. "Don't pretend that you don't know I am perfectly innocent in this whole thing. You know how I accidentally ran over her this morning. You know that you, yourself, sent to this house a duplicate of that hat, and that I never met the woman before in my life. And you came here to see her and that was how you happened to be in that room with her. And you know that everything I have done, and all the lies I have told, and all the suspicions I have endured, have been because of my honest effort to protect her good name."

"Still, appearances are against you," Daphne argued.

Lucy smiled with joy, however.

Amos Medders strolled out and saw Lucy.

"Daughter," he said, "art thou not afraid of catching cold?"

Harry and Daphne turned, almost guiltily.

"Why, bless my soul!" Harry said. "I didn't see you folks come out."

"I just came," Lucy told him. "And what art thee getting, Harry?"

"He's buying a hat," Daphne said.

"What? Another hat?" Medders asked.

"Oh—er—yes, certain y," Harry replied.

"And for Lucy?"

"If you will let me give it to her, sir."

"What? Two? Why, Harry, my boy, thee art extravagant."

"Two?" Lucy asked.

"I wanted you to have your choice, Lucy," Harry said.

Daphne maliciously opened the box and placed the hat on Lucy's head. From her window Mrs. Blazes watched the proceeding in abject despair.

"Thank you, Miss Daphington," Harry said, taking control of the s tuation. "I'll let you hear from me to-morrow."

"Good-evening all," Daphne said, sweetly, and left.

Mr. Medders, Harry and Lucy went in, but Lucy kept Harry back far enough to squeeze his arm and tell him he was a dear.

CHAPTER XIV.

WAITING until the coast was clear, Count von Fitz came from his hiding place and discreetly lifted the ladder.

"Wait a minute," he said to himself. Quietly he went into the house, and as quietly reappeared in a few moments, carrying the hat box which Lucy had taken from Primmer, and which she had left in the hallway.

"Brains in der head beats cash in der pocket," he moralized.

He wedged the hatbox under his arm and crawled up the ladder to the window. Tapping gently upon it, he almost fell off the ladder when Mrs. Blazes swung it open.

"Be careful, voman!" he urged. "If I fall off diss ladder on diss hat you stay in diss house for life."

"Give me the hat! Give me the hat!" Mrs. Blazes exclaimed.

"Giff me my ring," the Count replied.

She slipped his ring from her finger and offered it to him hastily. But, with one hand clutching a round of the ladder and the other about the hatbox, he was hardly in a position to take it.

"How can I?" he sputtered. "It iss a ring, not der mumps."

"Put the hat in the window; then you can take the ring," she advised.

"Und den you get der hat and giff me der laugh?"

"Nonsense!" she answered. "I never want to see your ring, or you again!"

"Der same to you, und many off dem," he retorted, swinging the hat-box around and trying to shove it through the window. She caught hold of it, also, but it was too wide to go through the opening. In the effort to force it through the Count lost his balance and came perilously near going down with a crash. He saved himself by clutching the window frame, however. Mrs. Blazes fretfully said:

"Clumsy! Let me show you."

She untied the string on the box, took off the lid and took out the hat. She let the box drop to the ground, and with a little scream of delight stepped back into the room and hurriedly donned the hat.

"It's a perfect duplicate!" she said, happily. Then, while the Count was descending the ladder she started to climb out of the window, but the Count stopped her.

"My ring, iff you blease!" he said.

"For goodness sake! Take it and let me go!"

She thrust the ring into his hand, and he ran down the ladder and steadied it at the bottom. Mrs. Blazes carefully crept from the window, with much manipulation of her skirts, and anxiously let herself down a rung at a time. When she was half way down she cried:

"Oh! I'm scared! I'm going back!"

She started up the ladder again, and the Count almost fainted. He shook the ladder violently and threatened:

"Iff you go up anudder round, I upset it!"

Timorously, she came down, and at last stood on the ground.

"Oh! How heavenly it is to be free!" she exclaimed.

Up the walk again stormed the General, and Mrs. Blazes at sight of him screamed, and would have climbed the ladder had not the Count caught her arm and restrained her.

General Blazes had not found her at home, and had returned to hold counsel with Harry as to the best way to locate her. And now he found her in the company of the Count, on Harry's lawn, with a ladder leading to a window in Harry's house.

"Aha!" he shouted.

"Merciful heavens! My husband!" she wailed.

"Und he only buries nodding of dem but deir hats!" the Count reflected, keeping Mrs. Blazes between him and the General.

"So!" the General roared, confronting her. "This has been your plan, has it?" He turned on the Count vindictively. "Trying to inveigle my wife to climb into that house!"

"My dear, you are wrong!" Mrs. Blazes wept. "Listen a moment, and I can explain."

"Wrong? Explain? Woman, I see it all now! You have planned an elopement with this—this pretzel!"

"Bretzel! Ach Gott! Und I must stand dis!" the Count fumed.

"What?" Mrs. Blazes demanded. "I elope with that?"

She pointed a scornful finger at the Count.

"Don't try to palaver me!" the General shouted.

All this noise and shouting of course was heard by those in the house, and first Harry came running out, followed by Lucy and her father.

"What in the world is happening?" Harry asked, rushing up to the excited trio.

"I have trapped this wretch!" General Blazes yelled, indicating the Count with a gesture of his clenched fist.

Harry, helpless, looked from one to the other. Mrs. Blazes, desperate, glanced at him and said:

"Mr. Swifton can explain. I have nothing more to say."

She assumed an air of supreme indifference to whatever fate might hold in abeyance for her.

"Well, Harry," the general said, "if it's up to you, tell me how this happened."

"Tell you how what happened?" Harry asked, dazedly.

"How does it happen that I find my wife trying to climb into your house, assisted by this—noodle."

"Noodle! Gott in Himmel! I forget mysselluf yet!" the Count gritted between his teeth.

"Oh! What? Trying to climb into my house?" Harry repeated, brushing

his hand over his brow. "Why—why—it must have been some kind of a joke, general. Yes—surely it was some kind of a joke."

"Joke!" the General blurted out.

"But why should she want to get into thy house, Harry?" Lucy asked, with a bit of mischievousness, for now she knew the whole story.

"Yes!" the General barked, turning to his wife. "Why should you want to get into his house?"

Mrs. Blazes saw light ahead.

"My dear, if you will only be calm, I will tell you everything. I know you will think I am a foolish woman—but, darling, I have been jealous of you."

"Jealous of me?" said her liege lord.

"Forgive me!" she pleaded. "But when I heard those reports about you, I—"

"Reports? What reports?"

"That you were infatuated with a milliner—Mlle. Daphne."

"I? I infatuated with a milliner?" the General asked, with a look of terribly injured innocence. "I? Ridiculous!"

"And I saw her enter this house this afternoon," Mrs. Blazes continued, "and then I heard that you were here—and oh, darling, forgive me!—I came to spy on you!"

"Perfectly amazing!" Harry said to himself. "I'm in the primary class, compared to her."

"Why," the General said. "My own little pet!" He took his wife into his arms. "I—I forgive you! I want you to forgive me. The idea of my giving you even a moment's unhappiness of that kind!"

"T-take me ho-home!" pleaded Mrs. Blazes, from the shelter of his shoulder.

The twain, reunited, went slowly down the walk and into the street.

Mr. Medders observed that Harry and Lucy looked as though they had something to say to each other, and said to the Count:

"The young man whom they call Pigeon is sitting in the summer house with Carolyn, and Cousin Socrates is again in the attic writing a sonnet. Wilt thou come in with me and see if thee can find a cigar?"

"I thank you, from my heart," the Count replied. "But I haff some writing to do—und iff you excuse me, I go down to der hotel now."

"Then I will say farewell, until we meet again," Medders observed, shaking the Count's hand and returning to the house.

Count von Fitz stood before Harry and Lucy a moment.

"I vant to say choost diss," he stated, "I vant to say 'Bless you, my children!' Und I can't make a present off a hat, but iff you vill honor me, Mr. Swifton, by allowing Miss Lucy to accept a liddle token of my good vishes, I vill giff her diss."

He slipped his fingers into his pocket and produced a little case, which he opened and then took out a ring—not such a ring as either of the ones he had recovered—but a beautiful cluster of diamonds surrounding a ruby.

"Diss," he said, "is a ring I vas keeping to giff to der most beautiful, der sweetest, der truest girl I should find in America. I haff found her—und now I lose her, because you found her, Mr. Swifton."

He dropped the ring into Lucy's hand, and was gone.

Harry led Lucy to a seat.

"Now," he said, "I'm ready to explain."

"Nay," Lucy said, happily. "Thee need not explain now, Harry, dear. I know all thee would tell me of that. Tell me something else."

And he told her.

The end.

"Paw, Lemme Go Campin'?"

By Arthur G. Penny

Illustrated from Photographs

IT'S as inevitable a question as Hamlet's immortal query about "to be or not to be," or that other inquiry concerning the age of Ann. Generally it comes along in early April when the first strawberry leaves are pushing up downy pink fingers and the wild geese move north, honking coaxingly.

"Paw, kin I go campin'?"

"No," says Paw, glancing over the top of his newspaper, if he be old enough to have forgotten his camping days, and after that it is up to Maw's ingenuity to burrow beneath the wall that direct battery has failed to break. But if he be wise, he vouchsafes a judicial smile and remarks oracularly, "We'll see."

After that, Jim repeats the question whenever the sky is clear, and it grows increasingly harder for Maw to get him to help with the ashes and the garden.

"No, I ain' goin' to be home to supper," he says after lunch. "Goin' to pitch for the Antelopes to-night—say, maw, where's m' glove? I left it right here on the piano last week. Lyle Dusebury's is ripped. . . . Say, Lyle is goin' campin' up on the Lonesome river this summer. Some fishin' up there, believe *me*. Lyle's got it pretty soft. . . . Aw, no, I ain't got time to do any spadin'—you jus' work me to death, anyway."

And he goes out, whistling, to return after dark and ravage the pantry with the healthy appetite of youth sharpened by three hours' vigorous exercise in the pitcher's box. Work? You couldn't get any out of him with a monkey-wrench. But he will play himself out to the last ounce cheerfully.

The problem is to get a variety of work that is play; that will while interesting him, build out his chest, square up his rather uncertain shoulders, fill in his upper ribs and stand him up straight on his legs like a man. And Paw and Maw, going into committee of the whole, after the supper dishes are washed up, decide that the answer is camping.

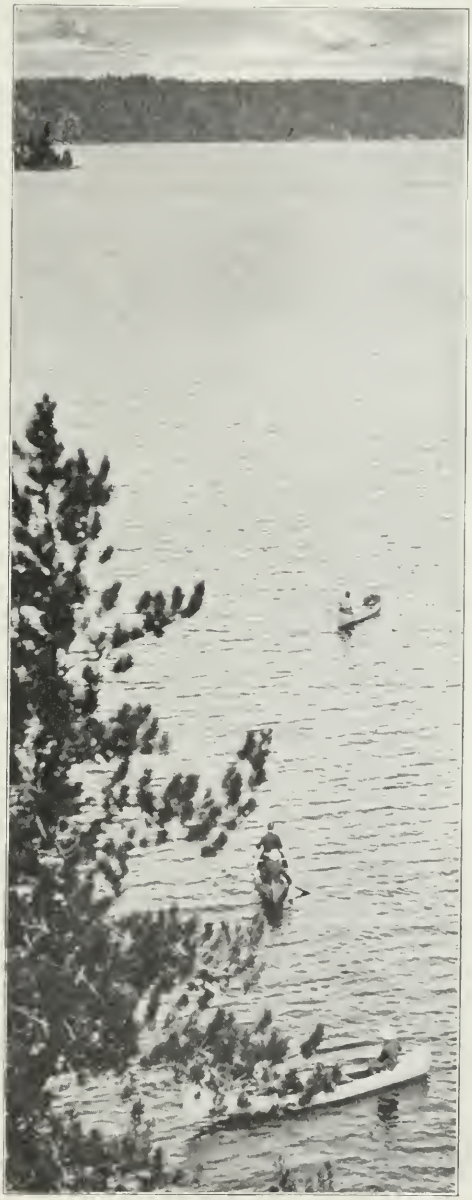
Or perhaps the problem varies a little. Perhaps the family is going to Europe and are not sure that the exciting hurry of hotel life and the indigestible edibles of hotel menus are the best things for growing lads. Perhaps the particular Jim in the case has been sickly during the winter, or has been backward in his studies and

requires some extra work to keep him up to his class mates, or he lacks decision and needs to get out from under the parental wing and shift for himself a bit, with a watchful eye to see that he does not go astray.

In these circumstances, there is nothing better for a boy than a vacation camp, and in the lake region of Ontario there are many that offer a good time and wholesome exercise. In them, the boys live under canvas, and get away from civilization. Which the average boy, being a young savage by nature, enjoys above everything. Discipline is maintained by competent instructors who act as counselors and companions in recreation hours, but will give as much or as little schooling as individual cases call for. Caesar develops a novel charm when translated among the pines; and geometry as illustrated by a little practical survey work becomes interesting as the boy discovers its worth in actual accomplishment. The farther removed from civilization the camp is, the more engrossing becomes the problem of food, shelter and warmth and the more valuable the wood-craft training which is a special feature of this "school of the woods."

There is no country that is more interesting as a playground for the camper than Canada, offering as it does such a magnificent wilderness of land and water, forest, mountain and river, lake and stream. Gamy fish and numerous species of waterfowl and larger animal life abound. Deer, moose, caribou, an occasional bear grubbing in an old log may be glimpsed by the excited city lad. Mink, beaver, otter, haunt the streams and may be seen by the shrewd watcher. At night a lonely wolf may uplift his howl among the maples, or an old dog-fox bark across a valley to his mate that he is returning with a kill. Cutting across a wooded point the boy may whirr up an indignant mother partridge and, if he is quick of eye, may discover her groundling nest or her brood of little deadleaf chicks that are marvellous in their ability to hide beneath a chip, or a bit of moss, or directly on the open ground from which he cannot distinguish them, so still they lie. To the town boy, the woods life is a revelation.

Among the principal districts of the Dominion that appeal to the lover of out-of doors, Ontario occupies a prominent position, and several popular localities in this province are becoming better known each year. Such is the territory known as the "Highlands of Ontario"; those most suitable for

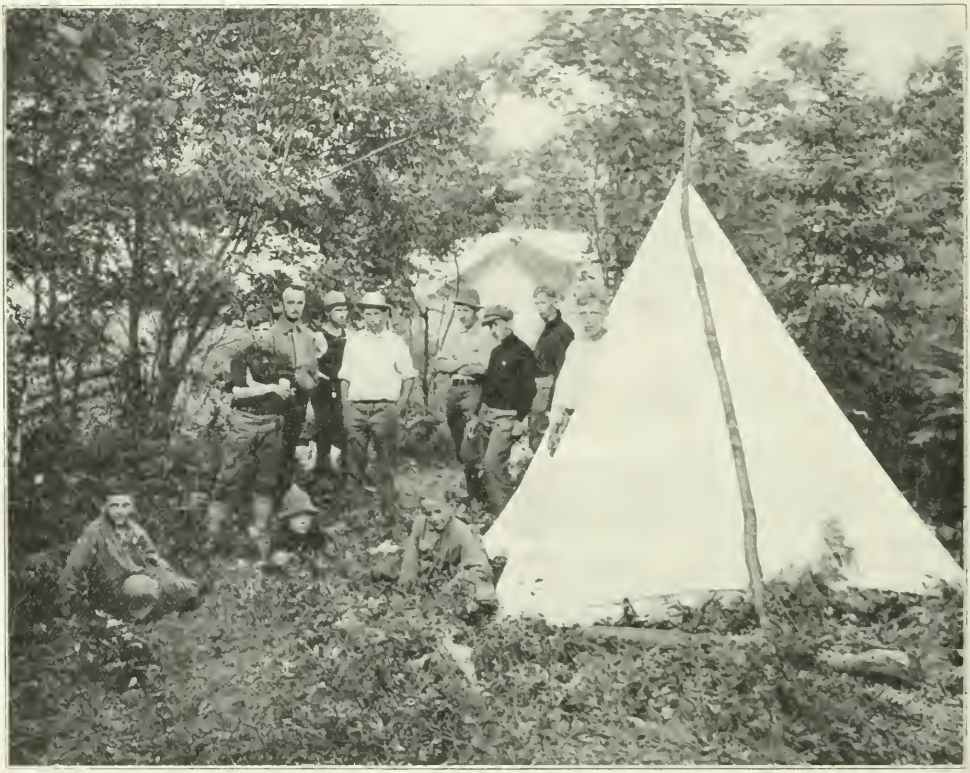


THE SUNDOWN FLEET SETS OUT FROM CAMP TEMAGAMI FOR AN AFTER-SUPPER PADDLE

camping and canoeing, however, being the Temagami Forest Reserve, the Algonquin National Park of Ontario, the Lake of Bays region, Lakes Couchiching and Muskoka, all of which are reached approximately by the Grand Trunk railway, on which hundreds of camper's outfits are carried every year to the point where steamer, canoe or trail becomes the highway of the wilderness and the young discoverers make the acquaintance of tump-line and paddle and learn the exact weight of a duffle-pack.

The oldest, and one of the most famous camps of the continent, is Keewaydin, an American camp situated on Devil's Island in Lake Temagami in the heart of the Temagami Forest Reserve. To this camp come every year a large number of American boys, chiefly drawn from the preparatory schools and hailing from a dozen large cities as well as from smaller centres as far west as Minnesota and as far south as Florida. The camp is under the management of Mr. A. S. Gregg Clarke, assisted by a corps of instructors from eastern preparatory schools who have had long experience in the care and training of boys and who are veteran campers. Indian guides are attached to the camp who help to teach the young campers how to handle a fly-rod, paddl a canoe silently, build a cooking-fire, pitch a tent, and the thousand and one tricks of the experienced woodsman.

Temagami Wigwam is the camp for the older boys, Manitou Wigwam for the younger, and the Keewaydin Club accommodates grown-up relatives and friends. The boys divide their time between residence at the permanent camp where canoeing, fishing, and short excursions offer amusement; and long exploring trips into the wilderness. At the permanent camp there are five buildings including the club hou e, sixty-seven paddling and sailing canoes,



TO LOOK AT THE CAMP YOU WOULD SAY IT WAS IN THE HEART OF AN UNTRAVELLED WILDERNESS, YET IT IS ONLY TWO MILES FROM ALL THE LEMONS YOU WANT

SOME OF THE TENTS AT AN ONTARIO CAMP, WHICH IS UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE TORONTO CENTRAL YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION. ANY BOY OVER THIRTEEN AND OF GOOD CHARACTER IS ELIGIBLE

sail-boats, tennis courts, a baseball diamond, cricket-grounds, a basket-ball field, and facilities for a dozen other out-of-door sports, including a diving tower, swimming rafts, and a water chute. A few of the boys have studying to do in camp in preparation for school or college examinations.

With all these interests, a boy's time is filled indeed. For a whole summer he learns how to swim, canoe, fish, camp, cook over a wood fire, travel without getting lost, how to eat, sleep and take care of himself in the woods, and a thousand secrets of woodlore. He eats twice as much as a full-grown man. The sun tans him almost to the color of the Indian guides. He scorns the tent at night and grows indifferent to weather conditions. And he learns self-reliance, obedience and foresight.

Another well-known camp is the University School camp, an outgrowth of the school of that name in St. Louis, Missouri. This vacation camp is established on Garden Island, near the centre of picturesque Temagami, and 450 miles north of Toronto. School work is somewhat more prominent here than at Keewaydin, the University School having the right of certification to many of the leading colleges and work accomplished in the summer school being credited. There are two departments, Junior and Senior, as at Keewaydin, boys between ten and fourteen being Juniors. The camp equipment includes rowboats, canoes and a gasoline launch. Under a physical director, boys are trained in all water sports. Tennis, ball-games, canoeing, swimming, exploring and fishing for bass, small pike, dory and lake trout are the chief recreations. The camp is under canvas, except for the headmaster's cottage. Sanitation, proper feeding, and hygiene are especially cared for.

Camp Temagami, on the south arm

AT THE LANDING OF A CAMP IN THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO. A GOOD-SIZED LAUNCH IS THE PRIDE OF THIS CAMP, AND OFTEN TAKES A PARTY OF LADS ON LONG EXCURSIONS

of the Lake, was established in 1899 as a place where parents might entrust their boys to the care of responsible men, feeling assured of their safe return after a wholesome vacation. It is affiliated with the Royal Life Saving Society, and a special feature is made of swimming in all its branches, including the safest and best methods of towing a drowning person to land, assisting a tired swimmer, the proper method of behavior when seized with cramps, how to assist another person thus attacked, how to undress in the water, and other feats. No boy who has spent a season in Camp Temagami has ever returned unable to swim. Competent boys are given the different awards of the R. L. S. S., and the swimming and life-saving are taught by the Honorary Instructor in Chief of the Society for Ontario. The camp is divided into senior and junior sections, with a location set apart for old boys and other adult friends who prefer the hospitality of the camp to the more conventional hotel life.

Camp Waubeno is located in Algonquin Park on a rocky, well-wooded island of Cache Lake. The lakes and rivers of the district, while numerous, are generally small and easily navigated. The portages are short, and over good trails. Camp Otter stands on a promontory of Otter Lake, 1,200 feet in altitude, and while apparently in a wilderness is really only two miles from Dorset on the Lake of Bays, and civilization. Camp Couchiching, conducted by the Boys' Club of the Central Young Men's Christian Association of Toronto is the largest and best equipped of the Canadian camps. Fifty-five acres of ground on the banks of Lake Couchiching form the camp grounds, and the fleet attached to the camp is of impressive variety, being composed of a large motorboat, a scow, a large sailing vessel, two war canoes and many row-boats, racing shells, canoes and rafts. A hundred and fifty boys can be accommodated, and the camp is open to any boy of good character and over thirteen years of age. The Toronto University and Young Men's Christian Association furnish most of the directors. Another camp that is popular is Camp Mac, three and a half miles from Penetanguishene and Midland on the west shore of Georgian Bay; and there are many others scattered through the pine woods of Ontario where thousands of lads spend wholesome and pleasant vacations.

After a season in camp, Tom or Jim or Dick comes home in September,

about a week before school begins, brown as an Indian, husky, showing his biceps to his younger brothers, and with paddle callouses on the outside of his wrists and at the bases of his fingers. Eat? He will eat everything that isn't nailed down. Work? He says he can't keep in condition without it. The half-ajar rabbit mouth is gone, and his lips close together in a determined line. There are far-sighted wrinkles about the corners of his eyes, and he carries himself as straight as an arrow. The porch after supper is thronged with the other fellows who weren't lucky enough to go, and mother (she is no longer "Maw" in her young hopeful's vocabulary) hears tag-ends of conversation with strange woods terms in them—what in the world is a "wau-gan-stick?"—and strange names of Cree or Ojibway guides.

There is a springy step at the door, and the last low light of sunset outlines the square shoulders of her boy in silhouette, outlines the erect head with its thatch of hard-brushed but rebellious hair and the straight, flexible waist.

"Going out, Mother," he says easily. "Won't be lonesome, will you? Dad's here now."

"No, son," she says with quick cheeriness. "Have your fun." She does not ask where he is going or when he will return, as she would have done last spring, But as he disappears in the dusk, she listens to his retreating step with a very little, carefully smothered sigh. Her boy is no longer a boy.

THE NORTHLAND

BY IRENE POMEROY SHIELDS

OH! land of the still and silent,
Oh! land of the Manitou,
Grant me share of thy solitude,
While the sands of Time run slow;
For I am worn with stress of life,
Its clamor and striving's vain,
Ambition's rankling crown of thorns,
And error's cross of pain.

Give me the balm of thy fir trees,
Odors of cedar and pine,
A couch of resinous balsam,
And air like a rare old wine,—
And so shall my soul find healing.
While the harper wind sings low,
Who shares in the peace of nature,
Wins foretaste of heaven below.

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.

MIDSUMMER

The linden in the fervour of July
Hums with a louder concert. When the wind
Sweeps the broad forest in its summer prime
As when some master-hand exulting sweeps
The keys of some great organ, ye give forth
The music of the woodland depths, a hymn
Of gladness and of thanks.

'TIS "the good old summer time when the leaves are green and long" and some of us are perhaps sighing for a sweep of the cold wind we were grumbling about in May when Spring was so tardy in her coming. It is our queer human way never to be content with what we have but forever to reach out longing arms towards that "green hill far away." We are always looking at the mirage and letting the beauty of the moment flit by unheeded and unappreciated.

Why not, instead of all this, enjoy the golden days of the mid-month of summer which all too soon will melt away into dun autumn, presager of the snows? What more satisfying than, in this month of holidaying to lie beneath the low-bending branches beside some bright stream and idly watch the skimming water beetles, and listen to the low rustling of the leaves, and the singing of the brook or the gentle surge of little wavelets as they gather and break upon the sand? And if you be far from wood and lake, the same wind ripples the field, whispering huskily through the ripening corn and powdering the grass by the roadside with summer dust. And if your poor holiday be perforce spent in the hot city, may there not be a god-given hour when you can watch from the shady verandah the golden belted bees go with a pleasant murmuring about your little garden where the flowers of your own planting are making of that small city space a little bit of heaven, or mayhap later, when the stars are out, and the rattle and clangour have died away, there are quiet moments in the hammock under the old tree when all the beauty of the night floods the soul, calming it after the unrest of the day—and all about, the small unseen musicians of the grass, the crickets, are fiddling up for the evening hymn of joy to Nature. What dreams have we dreamed—what visions seen in quiet hours of summer-time when man pauses in the heat of the year to take cognizance for awhile of

the beauty around him. With summer and its roses we link that immortal story that will be whispered as long as life lasts—the beautiful old story of young love! Old lovers on summer nights will recall those exquisite moments of happy youth, and the old man, on such a silver evening will turn to his old wife, and with a pressure of the hand bring back the rosy recollections of a far-gone summer—which has deepened from golden fall into a hale winter.

Summer is at her loveliest As yet, there is no sign of decay around her. The birds have grown more silent, but they have not yet departed. The flowers are blooming about us; the air is fragrant with elusive perfumes. The leaves still retain much of their early tender green and the brook rolls along softly, stopping to gossip round a stone or whisper to the bending willows which turn up their silver sides when the breeze sifts through the leaves.

It is the good old summer-time at its best. Love it, for all too soon it will have departed.

. . . . . .

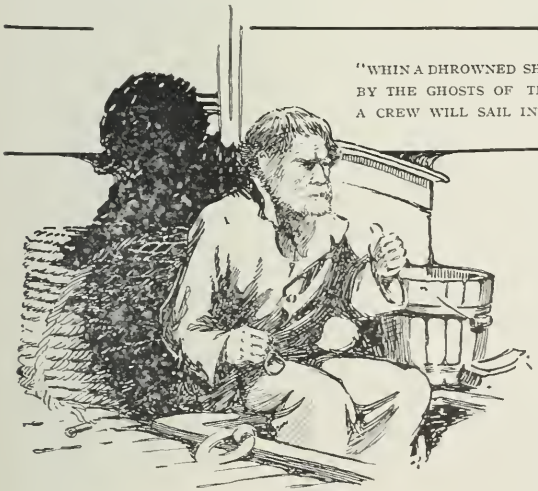
THE FLYING DUTCHMAN OF THE TITANIC

WE all know how superstitious sailors are, therefore it was noted with some wonder that no mention was made of the Flying Dutchman anent the fate of the Titanic. The "Phantom Ship" in that case, proved, alas, to be a substantial vessel which missed the opportunity of doing a mighty deed, and saving many a poor soul.

Once, when the writer lived in one of those barren places bereft of woman as helper in the domestic concerns—a sailor, a regular seasalt, caught inland by some freak of adversity, was installed as butler, cook, chamber-maid and dish-washer for the household—and a better housewife than "old Jimmy" it would be impossible to find. Of evenings it was his way to sit on the back step of our log shanty and tell sea yarns. Ghosts were his preference—sea ghosts. He saw Vanderdecken, the captain of the Flying Dutchman, off the Horn, he told us, with his own eyes the night before his sailing ship was wrecked—Jimmy and two others alone being picked up by some other tramp of the seas some hours later.

"It was a dreadful sight, ma'am"—Jim hailed from the Old Sod—"his sails all set, an' him leppin' through the night as if the Divvle was behind him. An' shure why wouldn't he be? Didn't the ould man (the captain) call him the night he cursed God an' swore he'd make the Horn if he had to go clear through Hell to do it?"

There were other old sea-rovers Jimmy used to tell about in his complaining Irish voice as he swung to and fro on the top step of the ladder that led to upper regions—these were two Danes, pirates who long ago were wrecked off the Solway and used to be



"WHIN A DHROWNED SHIP IS RAISED," JIM SAID, "SHE DO BE HANTED BY THE GHOSTS OF THE MIN WHO WINT DOWN IN HER, DIVVLE A CREW WILL SAIL IN HER"

seen on clear nights by the fishermen riding the seas. No man ever had courage enough to go out to meet them "until two gay buckos"—Jimmy is talking—"who were pot-brave wan night put out in a row-boat to spake the Danes. With that, up come a squall, an' the brigs druv down on them an' took the boat to the bottom. An' the ships was never afther seen in the Solway, but a boat

does be seen manned by a skeleton an' ma'am, whinever the fleshless wrecker crosses a ship, God help her! She's doomed thrue enough whin the figure o' death standin' up in his little boat hails the man at the wheel——"

Jim used to tell, too, of raised ships. —"Whin a dhrowned ship is raised, ma'am," he would say—"she do be hanted be the ghosts of the min who wint down in her. Divvle a crew will sail in her. There was wan they raised wan time, an emigrant ship she was, and they thried to sail her again. But the men heard the screeches an' groans of the dhrowning people in the hull of the ship every night, an' every mother's son of thim left in a body. An,' moreover, the skipper wan night found a dhrowned corp in the berth beside him —the ghost of the ould captain that went down in her, the Lord rest his sowl!"

. . . . . .

VAN DIEMEN AND KING GEORGE

ODDLY enough there is no less credible a witness to the appearance of a true phantom ship than our present King, George V. of England.

MISS PANKHURST LACKADAISACALLY REMARKED THAT "IT WAS THE RULE" FOR MEN TO SACRIFICE THEIR LIVES FOR WOMEN

The incident told in "The Cruise of the Bacchante" is that on July 11th, 1881, at four o'clock in the morning, a spectral ship crossed the bows of the vessel in which the present King was cruising with his brother, the late Duke of Clarence. The apparition is thus described:—

"The Flying Dutchman crossed our bows. A strange, red light was seen, as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the masts, spars and sails of a brig two hundred yards distant stood up in strong relief. Thirteen persons altogether saw her, but whether it was Van Diemen or the Flying Dutchman, or who else, must remain unknown. The Tourmaline and Cleopatra, which were sailing on our starboard bow, flashed to ask whether we had seen the strange red light."

An odd coincidence—to say the least—is that six hours later the seaman who was the first to sight this horrifying apparition, fell from the foretop-mast crosstrees and was smashed to pieces.

When we related this to old Jimmy one night when the stars were swinging in a clear sky and in the old man's eye there was the fixed look of one looking afar, he said in his mournful way, "Ma'am, they wouldn't believe an ould seaman, but in troth when a King do be tellin' them they listen with their hats in their hands. As thrue, ma'am,"—he lifted his hand—"as them stars are sailing up there in the sky I saw the ould Dutch brig the night afore we were wrecked round the Horn. There was the same glow—as wan might call it—and, ma'am, her sails were all spread an' you could see through them the sea beyant, an' black it was. Full-rigged she, an' glory be to God—there was no star in the sky ayther as there is to-night— 'Tis an odd wurruld, misthress, an' the sea is a quare, quare place, throng with ghosts it is. Manny's the night on my watch I heard the mermaid's keenin'—over the dhrowned men, maybe," he added fearfully.

. . . . . .

MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE

THE English Suffragettes went out of their way—or is this their way? —to belittle the heroic conduct of the men who gave their lives for women

when the mighty Titanic plunged to her dark doom in "the caverns of the sea."

Miss Pankhurst lackadaisically remarked "that it was the rule" for men to sacrifice their lives for women. What rule? Who made it? What made it? Nothing but man's innate sense of chivalry for what is weaker and smaller than himself. I am ashamed for Miss Pankhurst.

Another delightful sister gave it as her opinion that "there was no need to brag about it." I should take some pleasure in watching that lady scuffle for a place on a raft. I greatly fear I would turn down thumbs if she appealed uo me and I was aware of her charming opinions Who bragged? Hardly the dead heroes.

That sort of thing shows that there is a hard side to—woman let us say—not all women. Talking it over with a man the other week, he remarked that Kipling was about right in placing the female as deadlier than the male. "All women the world over got up on their hind legs"—graphic if startling!—"and howled about the injustice of this sentiment," said the man," but Kipling is right. Who is so cruel to a so-called fallen woman as her dear and worthy sister who was never tempted? Who in the old Roman days were quickest at turning the thumb down for the death sentence? Who is hardest of all on women generally? Who is most lovingly insincere? I'd have let her drown," he ended savagely.

The Suffragettes are certainly endearing themselves to everybody.

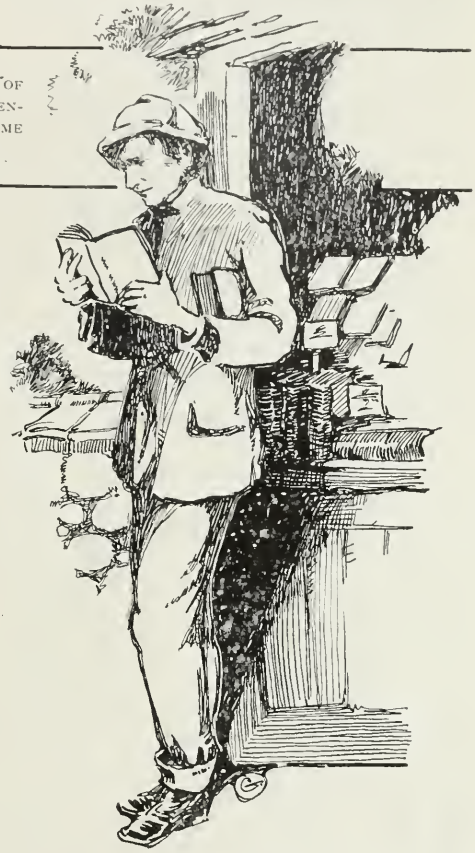
Fortunately for the honor of the sex there were many instances of bravery among the women in those hours of anguish and desolation when despair was settling on the little fleet of rowboats afloat in the night on the great lonely sea.

Not all women are cads.

THE RULING PASSION

THE Titanic was sinking The last of the boats had vanished into the darkness. Two men were standing together in the stern gazing hopelessly into the night. Said one, suddenly, "Will you give me a dollar for what I've got in my pocket?" In that awful moment the other man hesitated. Then the sporting instinct came uppermost. "I'll go you," he said, pulling out his dollar. The first man put his hand in his pocket and drew out a handful of gold, then another—then, before they could move the ship rose in the air and the two rolled, together with their money, down the sloping decks into the sea.

This story was related in a letter which arrived from England lately. It was told by a seaman who went partly down with the ship, came up again, and seizing a bit of wreckage held on until morning in the icy water.



AT THE BOOKSTALL NEAR THE FAMOUS FOUR COURTS OF DUBLIN YOU WILL SEE THE POOR SCHOLAR, SHABBY, ATTENUATED, OUT AT ELBOWS, STANDING READING FROM SOME RARE VOLUME FOR A PENNY AN HOUR

It may be remarked that this individual, when he knew the ship was going, got somewhere beside a bottle of Scotch in the commotion, and helped himself to a large and powerful "horn" of the same. Wherefore he slept—I firmly believe—the hours away until he was rescued. Probably he dreamed the incident related above, or saw it through a dense Scotch mist. He vows, however, that the usquebaugh saved his life, or at least, made him forget his ills.

Let us pray that no ultra-sensitive prohibitionist will take offence at this idle story but take it at face value and let it go for a pipe-dream. Far be it from the humble Pedlar to bring a storm about his unprotected ears, especially a dry storm, since, the scientist tell us lightning is only dangerous when there is no rain.

. . . . . .

THE POOR SCHOLAR

THE other day a book-worm picked up, for a penny each a couple of rare volumes from a street barrow near Aldegate in London. One was Sir Thomas Elyot's "Castell of Helth" in black letter, published in the middle of the sixteenth century, and the other was a first edition of "Bradshaw's Guide" (1840). The former was in a slightly mutilated condition, but the lucky collector is about to have the missing portions photographed from a perfect copy, and inserted in his own.

Wonderful are the bargains you can pick up from the book barrows in London and Dublin, especially along the quays in the latter city. Once I bought a good Montaigne for four-pence, and a rare old Gil Blas for six coppers. Here at the book-stalls near the famous Four Courts of Dublin you will see the poor scholar, shabby, attenuated, out-at-elbows, standing reading from some rare volume for a penny an hour. Neither fog nor drizzle deters him from an eager and somewhat pathetic perusal of the page. Many a time I have heard the sigh of the poor student as his hand sought in his pocket for another coin and found it not. Then would the ancient spider, who from under the penthouse of a ragged umbrella kept tale on his row of readers, pounce out on the poor scholar and drive him from the rich pastures on which his famished imagination was grazing, and tall, lean, and solitary, he would shamble away, and drifting into some by-way of the great city, disappear among its tortuous windings.

. . . . . .

A VALIANT SOUL

WITH the passing of Agnes Deans Cameron, Canada has lost one of the greatest of her daughters. Under fifty, she had barely reached her intellectual prime, which does not come early to women. She left Victoria to take an editorial position on CANADA MONTHLY and the first success that marked her as one of the "arrived" was made while she was associated with this magazine.

Of sturdy Scots stock, she had that which is so marked in her race—a hidden tenderness of heart. She was always on the side of the under-dog. That woeful being always made appeal to her fine generosity and sympathetic spirit. Her work is characteristic of herself, being strong, sincere and well seasoned with pawky humor. She loved laughter and she loved children. She had a wonderful insight into child nature. I shall never forget how illuminating was her conversation one day on the subject of the heart and mind of a child. It was amazing, coming as it did from a single woman. She saw deeper into the mind of a boy than do most mothers, this capable fine-souled woman of strong personality.

Her literary god was Kipling, whose

every last line she knew by heart. Brave herself, she detested cowardice in others. Sincere to ruggedness, she could not bear affectation or insincerity. She was reticent in dress as in nature, and sane and simple always. I can see her as I write this faint tribute to a grand soul, with her clear gray eyes, her masses of silvery hair thrown back from a lofty brow, and the humor about her lips—she had more than her share of this most precious gift of the gods. One wonders why such as Agnes Deans Cameron are taken so suddenly and why others—the terrible old men and women who line the London Enbankment of a night—are left to drag out tedious days amid poverty and squalor.

. . . . . .

AND ALL FOR A HA' PENNY

DID you do queer things when you were little? And how comes it that after jouncing along life's rugged road, diverging to some battlefield to fight the bitter fight with the world and emerging scarred but triumphant after shaking your living out of your old adversary—how comes it that the memory of the queer things outlives that of the hardest won battle, and shines pellucid in the mind as the little pool into which you used to throw pebbles and watch them ripple to the bottom?

When we, country little girls, used to visit an aunt who lived in one of those old forgotten cities in Ireland into or out of which no news ever seems to trickle, there was a little old man with a face like the Leprechaun who kept a ha' penny book-stall down an old Spanish built street where once pirates lodged and kissed the pretty red-haired colleens, and then sailed away leaving many a blue eye dim and many a heart broken. Here day in, day out, sat this ancient spider weaving webs in which old ladies and children floundered. Being the younger sister, mine was the heavenly labor to trot to and fro bearing books. The "books" were little flat paper-covered leaflets filled with tales of blood and battle, of ghosts and fairies and phookas.

"I WANT A HA' PENNY BOOK, IF YOU PLEASE, FOR ME SISTER—" AT THE SOUND OF THE SMALL VOICE THE OLD SPIDER WHO KEPT THE BOOK-STALL WOULD DART OUT AND THRUST "THE CURSE OF THE LEPRECHAUN" AT THE LITTLE PERSON

"I want a ha' penny book, if you please, for me sister—"

At the sound of the small voice, the Spider would shoot out of his little sentry box and glower at the very little person. Then he would snatch the ha' penny and thrust "The Curse of the Leprechaun, or, The Fearful Fate of the Fisherman's Bride" on the little person, and she would race for her life. Half an hour later she would promptly re-appear.

"Me sister says she read this before, and would you please take it back and send her another ?" The Spider would glare fearfully again, grasp the book she held up, view it top and bottom, inside and out, and then give her "The Ghoul; or, The Haunted Grave in the Gaol Yard."

Off went the little person again, only to reappear, just as soon as "me sister" had gobbled the story up with a timid request for another one.

And the grim old Spider, who, viewed through the mellow spectacles of time, must have been a good-hearted old Spider, would hand out—"The Witch-light of the Bog; or, The Rapparee's Ghost."

Back and forth went the small person, delivering and returning books—then the crowning insult came:—

"Me s'ster says please she has read all the stories and doesn't want to keep any of them and will you please give me a ha'porth of apples."

And the old Spider, glaring more fearfully than ever, and cursing to himself in Irish, would dive into his sentry box and reappear with five little green apples, one of them bad, and the small person would happily depart. I may add that she never was permitted to read one of the stories and got the bad apple for her pains—but

O for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still !

THE WALTZ SONG

BY KATHERINE TRENT

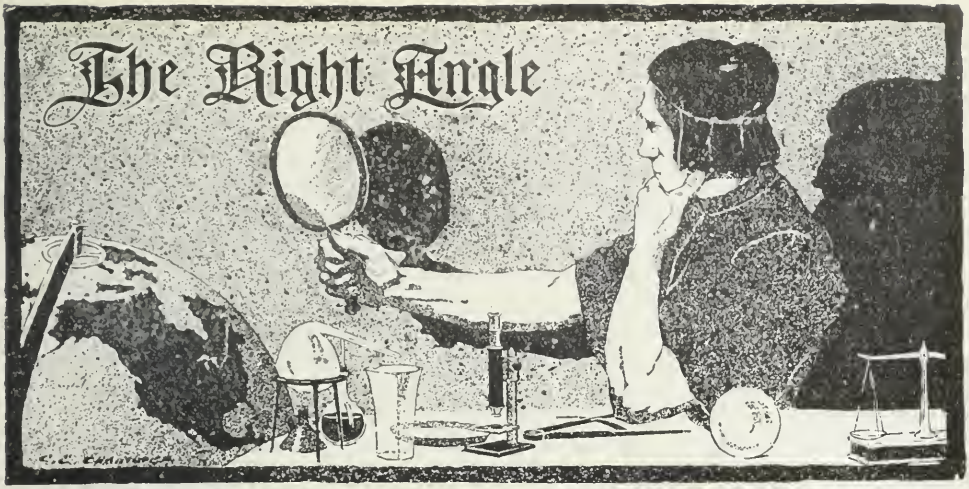
'TWAS the same sweet waltz that we danced to,
So long—so long ago!
I closed my eyes as the music thrilled
Through my heart, for I loved you so.

'Twas the waltz with the minor strains, dear,
And it brought you back to me,
And the hot tears stung my eyelids
Like the brine from an endless sea.

And the music swayed the throng, dear heart,
As it swayed us two before
When our souls kept time in unison,
And our feet scarce touched the floor.

I wonder if ever you hear it,
And think of me, dear, again,
And the last time we danced together
To the lilt of its minor strain.

'Twas the waltz with its minor strains, dear,
And it brought you again to me,
And the hot tears stung my eyelids
Like the brine from an endless sea.



AGNES DEANS CAMERON

WHEN CANADA MONTHLY was a little experiment of a magazine, with not very much reading matter and less advertising, Agnes Deans Cameron sat at a desk in one corner of the editorial office among piled up papers and manuscripts, and helped to create those first thin numbers with "Canada West" on the cover. That was the first year after Miss Cameron left Victoria and it seems only a short time ago, yet the career begun then was crowded full with achievement. Into the few years of her literary life, Miss Cameron put so much fine talent, with so splendid an energy behind it, that before their close her name stood out in conspicuous favor before the reading public of two nations.

Miss Cameron never forgot the days of her literary beginnings, and later, after she had gone overseas, through all her journeyings, she always had a deep interest in the growth and development of CANADA MONTHLY. Because of this, and because of her humorous, salty personality, Agnes Deans Cameron's death, in the prime of her usefulness, touches us with a sense of personal loss that many others in Canada will share.

A DREAMER IN STEEL

WHEN an advertising man, single-handed, for five years has added an average of one factory every three months to the resources of his municipality, and increased the manufacturing output from $150,000 annually to over $6,000,000; when he has increased the number of men employed by industries from 100 to 2,200, the number of telephones installed from 75 to 650, put in two street railway systems and transformed a sleepy little village of eighteen hundred people into a bustling manufacturing city of 7,000 souls, he is more than an advertising man—he is a genius.

These are the cold figures of what has happened at Welland, Ontario, between the years of 1906 and the end of 1911, and the man who did it is B. J. McCormick, a young Michigander who saw the possibilities in the town and proceeded to develop them while the conservatives stood about and said how undignified it was to advertise.

In 1906 Welland was in exactly the same spot on which it stands to-day. The new Welland Canal ran through the heart of the city; Niagara Falls was only twelve miles away; seven railroads were within arm's reach; busy factories were at a short distance; New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Washington and Pittsburg were over-night by train. Cheap electrical power at $12.00 per horse-power was Welland's; cheap gas at 25 cents per thousand. Water and rail transportation were no better anywhere. Yet Welland was on the dead list, until B. J. McCormick came to town.

Now McCormick was a real estate man, accustomed to estimating the advantages of a municipality. He

looked over the sleepy little burg, talked to the Oldest Inhabitant and the Leading Merchant and the Presbyterian Minister, shook his head and said, "Great Scott, what a waste!" Then he rolled up his shirt-sleeves and pitched in. He saw that if he could induce the power companies at the Falls to build lines to Welland, if he could induce more railroads to build to Welland, and then induce American factories to locate their Canadian plants at Welland, he could build up a manufacturing city of the first class. He worked hard at the inducing business, and he won. Seven lines of railway touch Welland now, and over twenty factories are running where only one was in 1906. He has put in his days and nights and Sundays telling the manufacturing world about the advantages of Welland, and convincing them that no other point in Canada can assemble raw material as easily, manufacture products as cheaply and distribute the output as quickly. And he has increased the population of the town three hundred per cent. in five years by these methods, which is pretty good guarantee of his efficiency.

It is in a way characteristic, that McCormick should do all this "without money and without price," merely because he saw potential value going to waste. Probably he would laugh at you if you told him he was a dreamer. But he is—the modern sort of dreamer who dreams in steel and smokestacks, and he and his like have done more to make Canada a nation than all the statesmen.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST

BY TEN o'clock on Sunday evening, May 12th, prospective buyers of lots in the Hudson's Bay Reserve began to gather at a little old church building on Third Street. No lots were to be sold until the following Tuesday, the 14th, but tickets entitling the holders to purchase at the sale opening on Tuesday were to be distributed from the little church building at two o'clock on the following Monday afternoon. The lots in question are scattered over about eight hundred acres that the great company have for years been holding as an absolute blank on the map of Edmonton, until the city has practically surrounded it. At last it was decreed that a portion of the property, an even fifteen hundred lots, generally of fifty feet frontage by one hundred and fifty feet in depth, should be offered at certain previously specified prices, on Tuesday, May 14th.

To those with a clear perception of the possibilities of Central Alberta, and the present and prospective greatness of Edmonton, these lots were exceedingly to be desired, and afforded visions of much easy money to be made by purchase and resale, notwithstanding that the prices announced by "The Company" ranged all the way from $1,100 to $28,000 each for these lots. Hence the anxiety to be early on the ground, to ensure securing one of the coveted cards, fifteen hundred of which were to be issued. But as each ticket-holder was to be permitted to purchase four lots, the holders of the higher numbers would have little or no prospect of being first-hand purchasers.

By midnight it was estimated that there were four hundred people in the waiting line; by two in the morning the number had swelled to about eight hundred; and daylight Monday morning disclosed approximately fifteen hundred people in the waiting crowd. These were not massed in front of the building, but were stretched in single file along the sidewalk over a distance of some eight or ten blocks in the neighborhood. The utmost good humor prevailed, and no attempt was made by anyone to usurp a place in the line to which he was not entitled by priority of arrival.

During and after the distribution of tickets, some big offers were made, and generally refused, for tickets bearing the lower numbers, entitling the holders to early selection of lots. It is believed that the holder of number one refused $15,000; that $12,500 was offered and refused for number two; and relatively high figures were bid for other tickets bearing small numbers. Numbers four and five sold for $5,000 each. As the numbers rose, the values of course declined, the three hundred going at from $250 down to about $75, while

THE TICKETS ENTITLING HOLDERS TO PURCHASE LAND AT THE OPENING OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY LANDS IN EDMONTON WERE NOT GIVEN OUT UNTIL TWO O'CLOCK ON A MONDAY AFTERNOON, BUT SUNDAY NIGHT SAW A LINE FORMED AND WAITING

above four hundreds the value dwindled to vanishing point, as the only chance for these to come in was that some of the first three hundred and seventy-five might not select the four lots to which they were each entitled.

Had there been something to be given away, the sight of these many hundreds of people spending most of a night and a large portion of a scorching Alberta day in the waiting line, would have been remarkable. But when it is remembered that they were not looking for anything for nothing, but were simply striving for an opportunity to buy Edmonton vacant property at prices ranging from $22 to $1,400 per front foot, the incident is a somewhat remarkable testimony as to the confidence of Westerners in the continued development of their greater cities.

A HANDFUL OF BOOKS

THAT gipsy, "Janey Canuck," has cut a new quill and put her craft to use again in a volume whose cover design of prairie sunset and settler's wagon bears out its title of "Open Trails." (Cassell & Co., Toronto.) Those who know her earlier books of travel notes need no introduction to her as a wise and merry observer; and those who do not, should make her acquaintance.

A mere reviewing of the book's contents tells but little. No events of great moment occur; no tragedies are played, no great labors discussed, no issues brought to the bar of justice. Rather, it is preeminently a book of the everyday—a recounting of a driving trip in northern Alberta with "the Padre," a return to her childhood's home in Ontario, a sojourn in hospital —that is a grim chapter, even through "Janey's" gay eyes—and many other things that seem but trivial.

Yet, after all, it is often the small things that are longest remembered, and it may well be that "Open Trails" will stand as a picture of Canada long after more weighty and statistical tomes are forgotten.

Among those weightier tomes, are Leo Thwaite's new volume on Alberta in Porter's "Progress of Nations" series (George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London) and Frank Carrel's

"Canada West and Farther West." (Telegraph Printing Co., Quebec.) Mr. Carrel adds to his name the title of "Journalist," and the book is made up of his correspondence to the "Quebec Telegraph." In the preface he submits that the book was written on trains and steamers in the course of a seven thousand mile journey from Quebec to Vancouver during the short space of thirty days. Such a book, necessarily, is superficial; and yet it is interesting as an eastern man's view of the west, and good in that it spreads the gospel of Canada's opportunity. Wheat and cattle, mines and steamers, railways and progress, sunshine and transplanted "Quebecers" are what Mr. Carrel sees in Western Canada, and he has caught the contagious enthusiasm of the country.

The handbook of Alberta by Leo Thwaite, however, wears no pretence of the colorful impressionism of "Open Trails" and "Canada's West." It is a sober, grey little affair, full to the brim with carefully collected, verified, counter-checked and cross-indexed information on the Province—a handy thing to have in your library for reference if not for reading.

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay's new book does something of a tardy justice to the romance of Canada's Pacific Coast. Men like London, Service and Hough have written of Alaska. But although Victoria and Vancouver breathe romance, and the sea-battered isles of the coast hide fantastic stories, they have as yet got but little into print. It is too bad that Mrs. Mackay has not emphasized more the locale of "The House of Windows" (Cassell & Co., Toronto) and made it manifestly impossible for the story to have happened anywhere but on the shores of Burrard Inlet. The scene is laid in a coast city, and then is carried afield to a curious, rambling old roadhouse on an inland highway. The heroine is a slip of a clerk in a department store, and her adventures are exciting enough, comprising a mystery of birth, a secret love affair, a revenge, an abduction and a rescue. The girl herself is pleasantly drawn, and her lover is a convincingly adequate young man with the resource of the west. Curiously enough, the impression that remained longest with the reviewer was that of old Granny Bates clawing in the ashes of the fire to find Christine's little grey silk glove.

The book is charmingly written, and moves smoothly, but there is yet to come the writer who will paint with bold strokes Vancouver as the reviewer saw it in a certain May.

HORSE SENSE

CHARLES W. ROWLEY, manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Winnipeg, has been talking sound sense about the opportunity offered to Canadian Clubs in Western Canada in educating our new Canadians. He believes that the artisan class of the Dominion, the men of the factory, the shop and the farm "are the substratum of our progress. They represent sterling citizenship in its rudimentary stage, and to the extent to which their minds are trained in broad channels of wholesome thought and resolute fealty, to that extent we will be better off in the elements of higher creativeness. . . . Our working people come here to better their condition. Before they came, they had learned that Canada's laws were well administered and that here they could enjoy self-government to the fullest degree.

"It should become," he goes on, "not merely a habit, but a national principle to infuse and inspire in our working class and agricultural people such real material conceptions as will create in Canada the highest standard of the Anglo-Saxon race. I strongly favor the organization of industrial and farm branches of our Canadian clubs and hope that action looking to their formation may soon be undertaken by the Canadian Club of Winnipeg."

This is not mere idealism; it is good business sense from a hard-headed business man, and loyal Canadians who want to see Canada developed to its fullest will agree with Mr. Rowley in his belief that the Canadian clubs have a real and valuable work to do in this regard.

NATIVE CAUTION

"IS there any truth in the reports that since your town has adopted local option it is possible to get any drink one wants at any drug store ?" asks the visitor.

"Are you thirsty or are you working for a magazine ?" asks the convivial citizen.

TWO VIEW POINTS

WILL (cheerfully)—Hello, Jack. Married yet ?

Jack (sadly)—Yes, married yet.

REAL PHILOSOPHY

"WE haven't any real philosophers in these days."

"Yes, we have. I know a man who has six daughters, all grown up and unmarried."

"What's philosophical about that ?"

"He says he is glad none of them have been taken from him."

GUIDING HER

"I NEVER know just what to have for my husband's dinner," says the first bride.

"Jack helps me a great deal," says the second. "Every time he sees a recipe for some made-over dish he clips it for me."

"Isn't that splendid ! Then you know just what he wants."

"I know just what he doesn't want. He gives the recipes to me so I will remember not to have any of them."

EGOTISM

AS we wander along through this vale of tears.
It is plain, among other things,
That no song is so sweet to a donkey's ears
As the song that the donkey sings.
—Judge.

As my course through this gloomy old world I pursue
It becomes as plain as can be
That I ever am gladdest while listening to
The nice things I say about me.

COULDN'T MISS THAT CHANCE

"IN China," said Mrs. Wadsworth, they do nearly all things in exactly the opposite way from that in which they are done here."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Dawson, "I have heard that they did."

"For instance, when one person desires to compliment another over there he does not say, 'How young you look,' but 'How old you look,' and when one person is asked to guess another's age he always guesses that the person whose age is under discussion is much older than his or her appearance would indicate."

"Dear me, how curious. It would be rather difficult for them to compliment you in that way over there, wouldn't it ?"

SOCIALIST TERMS DEFINED

CLASS struggle—The annual strife between freshmen and sophomores at any of our colleges.

Economic Determinism—A cup of coffee and a ham sandwich, or two beers and free lunch, when you have only 15 cents left and need a nickel for car fare.

Surplus Value—The unexpected use which a bargain hunter finds in an article "price 19 cents, marked down from 20."

'LIZBETH'S PUZZLE

MY first name's 'Lizbeth. 'Course there's more,
But 'at's th' name 'at goes buhfore
My yuther name—but I can't see
How they knew 'zactly it was me
An' what my name was, when I come
From heaven where I started from.

I was too little then to talk—
W'y, then I couldn't even walk!
But they knew my first name just right,
An' never guessed th' leastest mite.
They called me 'Lizbeth right away,
An' so I 'cluded I would stay.

An' ever'body else, they know
Just what my first name is, an' so
It puzzles me an awful lot,
Buhcause, o' course, a person's got
To have a name o' hers or his,
Or else she don't know who she is!

An' 'Lizbeth—'at's th' only name
For me; no yuther one's th' same.
They might 'a made a big mistake—
Like lots o' people's apt to make—
An' called me sumpin else, you see;
Then some one else would 'a been me!

I think your folks is awful smart
To know your name right at th' start—
But when I get a bran' new doll,
W'y, I don't know her name at all
Until I've thought of what will fit,
An' tried it on a little bit.

So it seems wonder-ful to me—
As wonder-ful as it can be—
That papa, an' my mamma, too,
Soon as I come to them, they knew
Just what my name is, an' they say:
"Here's 'Lizbeth come to us to-day!"

HER AGE

A woman is as old as she looks if she doesn't look her age.

PREPARED

WE ARE seated in the office of our old friend, the veterinary surgeon. The telephone rings and he answers it.

"I'll come right away," he says, and gathers his equipment together. We note that he adds a few wrenches, hammers, screwdrivers and the like to his professional supplies.

"What are those for?" we ask.

"I have advanced with the world," he smiles. "Nowadays I always carry an auto repair outfit with me, for I seldom know whether I'm called to attend to a horse or a machine."

KINDER SKITTISH

A GOOD old mammy of ante-bellum days went into a shoe store and asked for "a pair of ever'day shoes—small tens." The clerk selected a pair of men's heavy plow shoes for her and she seated herself to try them on. The clerk remained standing in front of her. She glanced up and asked:

"Honey, is you all gwine to stan' dere while I tries 'em on?"

The clerk answered: "Why, no, auntie; I'll move on if you wish it."

She said: "Please do, honey, 'cause I'se white-folks raised and I'se kinder skittish."

A LEGAL OPINION

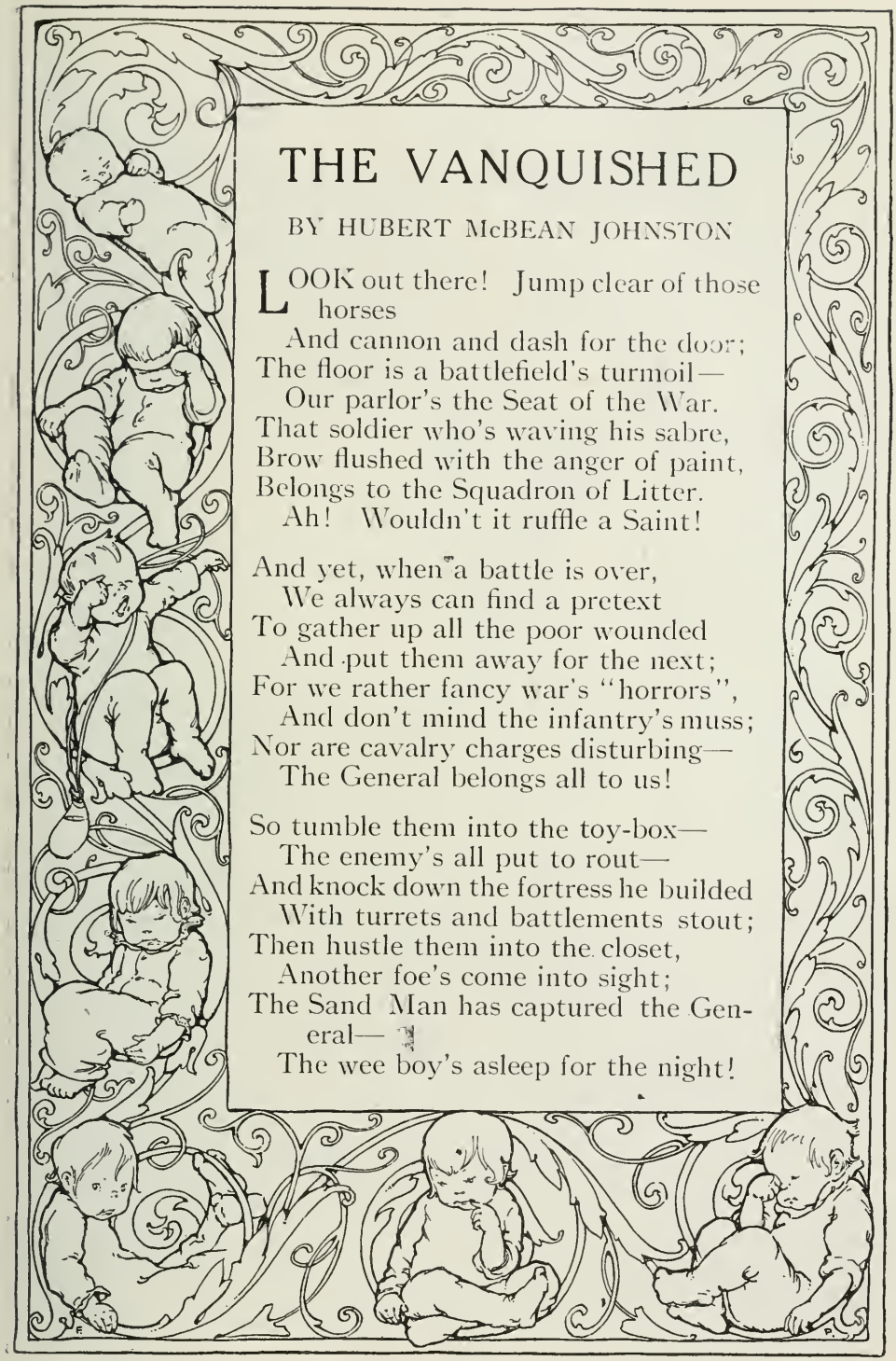
A LAWYER in a small Alberta town was completing his peroration and wound up in this way:

"Truth squashed to earth shall rise again and all hell can't stop her."

LITTLE PRAGMATIST

A CANADIAN editor recently received this letter:

Dear Sir:—Our little six-year-old son says his prayers every night with childish earnestness. Last night he was repeating his prayer, and when he came to "Give us this day our daily bread," he stopped and said to his mother: "Mamma, what's the use of praying for The Daily Bread all the time, when the boy keeps leaving The Evening Post?"



THE VANQUISHED

BY HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

LOOK out there! Jump clear of those horses
And cannon and dash for the door;
The floor is a battlefield's turmoil—
Our parlor's the Seat of the War.
That soldier who's waving his sabre,
Brow flushed with the anger of paint,
Belongs to the Squadron of Litter.
Ah! Wouldn't it ruffle a Saint!

And yet, when a battle is over,
We always can find a pretext
To gather up all the poor wounded
And put them away for the next;
For we rather fancy war's "horrors",
And don't mind the infantry's muss;
Nor are cavalry charges disturbing—
The General belongs all to us!

So tumble them into the toy-box—
The enemy's all put to rout—
And knock down the fortress he builded
With turrets and battlements stout;
Then hustle them into the closet,
Another foe's come into sight;
The Sand Man has captured the General—
The wee boy's asleep for the night!

"JOHN! JOHN!" SHE CRIED FEEBLY, BUT JOHN WAS GONE THE NEXT MOMENT SHE HEARD HIS HORSE'S HOOFS GALLOPING DOWN THE CREEK ROAD

To accompany "Her Own Heroine" See page 282

VOL. XII
NO. 4

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
AUGUST

Money-Mad Farming

By Rex Croasdell

BELSHAZZAR, King of Babylon, wastrel, supreme egotist and sixty-fool-power idiot, set a very bad example. Belshazzar wasted his substance riotously as did the Prodigal Son a few years later.

Belshazzar's lesson came in a spectacular manner written mysteriously on the plastered wall of the banqueting hall; the Prodigal son got his along with the husks in the pig-pen. The irrefragable law, which shapes the end of wasters is no respecter of persons or places; banquetting hall or pig-pen, swineherd or king, it's all the same; The lesson is forced home ultimately in any place and to any man. There are no special dispensations. The law demands its pound of flesh alike from kings, legatees and witless wheat farmers.

There's a host of straw-men scattered over the plains and park-lands of Western Canada, who will not believe this doctrine. They try to dodge the issue by hiding behind a flimsy barricade of piffling excuses and ill-reasoned arguments. They say that climate, labor, and financial conditions combine

to force them into plundering the soil of its fertility and squandering its substance by wasteful tillage. They wail of hardships; of toil from the clear dawn to a sweat-soured night; they bemoan the ravages of hail and frost; and the piracy of mortgage corporations, railroads and elevator companies. These men gamble on the weather; create difficult labor conditions; expect unwarranted extensions of credit; demand exceptional transportation facilities; and claim the right to rob the soil to boot. "Conservation of the soil's fertility be hanged," they say. "We can't do it under existing conditions." And yet they create the conditions.

Nobody can deny that the world's best milling wheat grows to perfection in Western Canada. But are we to produce nothing but wheat?

THERE isn't a whole thread in the shoddy fabric of the cloak under which the all-wheat-all-the-time mud muddler is masking his malingering. Nobody can deny that the world's best milling wheat grows well nigh to perfection in Western Canada. Soil, climate, low-priced land and other conditions combine to facilitate a tremendous production of wheat. Let it go at that. But are we to produce wheat to the exclusion of everything else? Are we to make large overdrafts on the soil's fertility without re-depositing the elements of productiveness? Are we to squander our substance in riotous wheat raising? Is a dollar in the wheat pile worth five on the hoof? It has been proven beyond the remotest chance of contention, that wheat is very prodigal of the soil's fertility. It is a well established fact that a proper rotation of crops should be practised if the soil's productiveness is to be maintained. The basic principles of profitable agriculture have been fixed for centuries and almost everybody knows them. The trouble with the all-wheat farmer is that he's too busy squandering his principal to be bothered with principles.

This isn't a preachment against wheat growing. No sane individual would dare to say that wheat must not be grown in Western Canada. But it must be *grown*—not dragged up by the ears. Nature's laws are irrefragable. We cannot continue to go it blind—raising wheat crop after wheat crop year after year—without regard for conditions of seed, soil and sky. The soil will give freely of its fertility for a number of years and then it'll give up. Poor seed will continue more or less indefinitely to germinate and produce a degenerate progeny. And the weather conditions,—well, the best insurance against 'em is to have another crop on four legs to fall back on in case of need.

Demonstration farms and government experimental stations, in the park-lands and on the plains, have practised the proper rotation of crops. They have proven that the natural conditions of soil and climate make it possible, and highly profitable to rotate crops. The average annual revenue—actual net profits—of lands so farmed are higher than corresponding areas used solely for the production of wheat. In addition to the extra profit is the tremendous advantage of a general toning up of the tilth and a sure-

enough maintenance of fertility. So much for the piffling excuse that "it doesn't pay to rotate crops in Western Canada." It is sheer indifference, spawn of greed and ignorance, that keeps the wheat-crazy man in the all-wheat wallow.

Somebody has said that the charge of indifference against the straw-man farmer isn't a fair one. Perhaps it isn't, but listen. There was a convention of agricultural societies in Regina last fall. Let's take it for granted that the delegates were fairly representative of their class. The least indifferent of the crowd saw the show through to a finish. The chairman put three resolutions to a vote in the last session. The first was a measure well calculated to check the spread of noxious weeds. The meeting displayed great diffidence about the matter and voted against the resolution. The second resolution was a solicitation of help from the government for the extension of the "better farming" movement—more diffidence and a shattering of the resolution. The third resolution was to the effect that the delegates had all had a whale of a time. It was passed uproariously and unanimously! It looks as if we'll have to let that charge of indifference stay put.

As to ignorance, the stark-naked facts speak for themselves. This year many thousands of bushels of grain—fit only for feed—have been *sown on stubble*. The grain when cut last year was left in the stook, at the mercy of the monkey tricks of early snows and cold rains, instead of being properly protected in stacks while waiting for the thresher. Imagine it, sterile seed drilled into stubble! If it isn't ignorance, then what the doodle is it?

If these fellows *must* raise wheat most of the time then why don't they *raise* it? Let them practice proper seed selection; prepare the seed bed intelligently; harvest their crop with some slight degree of common sense; and then *husband* their harvest and market it profitably. The gospel of *intelligent* wheat farming has been preached throughout the land. There isn't the slightest excuse for their ignorance. And, by the same token, when they begin to practice the primaries right they'll soon fall into line and become real farmers instead of muddle-headed straw-men grovelling before a dough-faced idol.

Plenty of men groan about the initial cost of mixed farming, the lack of markets, the cost of transportation. Listen to this practical farmer.

STICK these men in the kindergarten class for an elementary course in agricultural arithmetic. Teach them the trick of multiplying money by the milky way. Give them a foresight of fortunes in butter-fat and may be they'll help themselves. Don't let them get away with a wail about initial costs: ultimate profits are much nicer to talk to the wife about. As to the merits of initial costs and ultimate profits, read this letter from a practical farmer in Alberta to the editor of CANADA MONTHLY. Says he:—

"It has occurred to me that you will be interested in knowing something about the profits that are made here by the farmers who have enterprise and energy enough to go in for dairying. I have letters from a number of farmers,

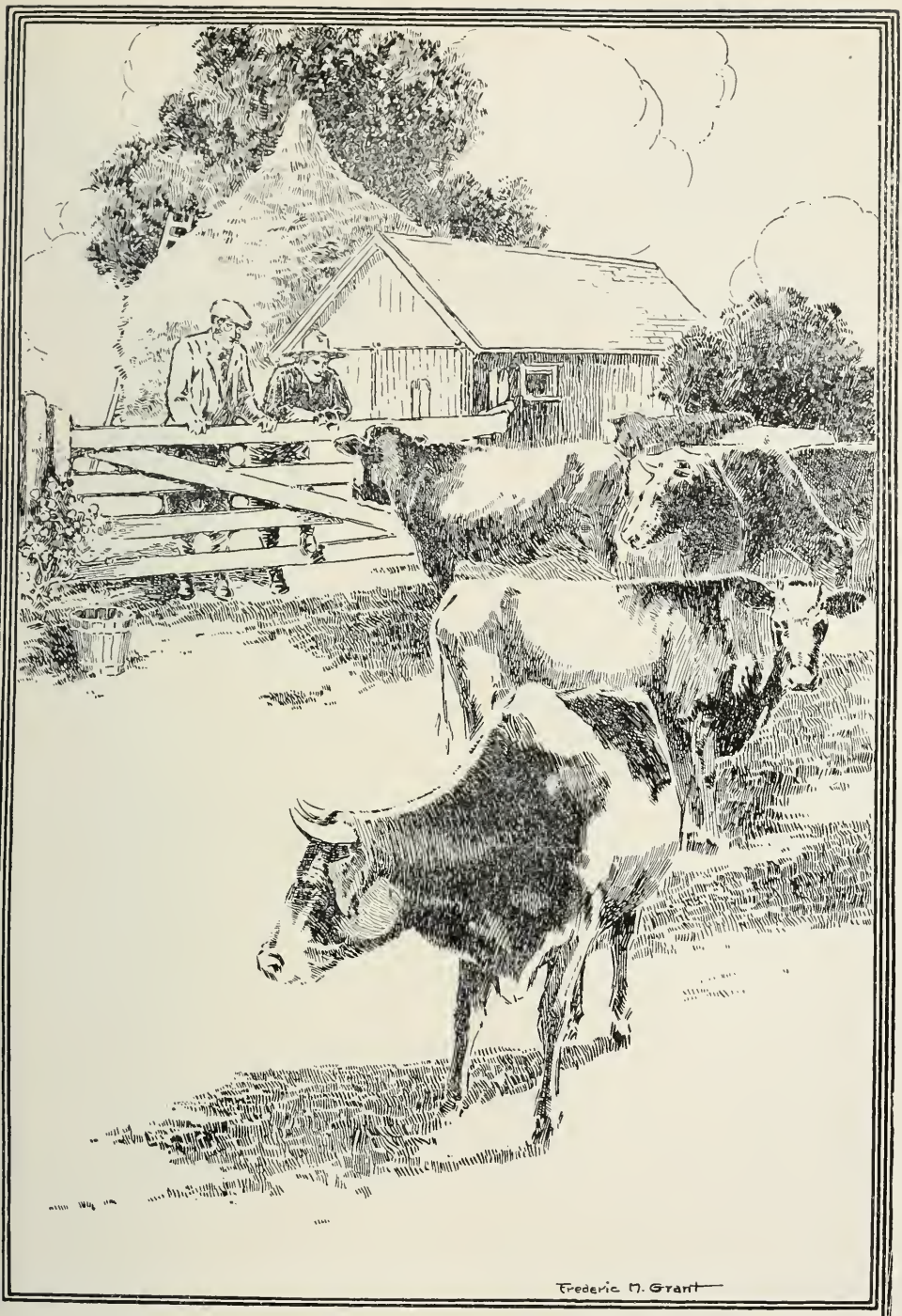
practically all of whom say that they have made good money in milking cows. One farmer's record here, that of Mr. Sharman, shows what is possible. From one year's milking of ten cows, he netted $1,894.00. With the price received for the calves his ten cows made him a profit of $2,894.00. He milks about thirty cows. He has only a quarter-section of land, which is not any more favorably situated than a hundred other farms near towns throughout Alberta. Mr. Sharman received exceptional prices for his milk and cream, it is true, but prices received by every farmer between Calgary and Edmonton during the last year or two have been as high as (if not higher than) that received in any other place in America.

"A further advantage of this method of farming is illustrated in Mr. Sharman's case. He is able to employ help the year round, and more than that, he pays his men what many farmers would consider an exorbitant wage, i.e., $40.00. to $50.00 per month and board the year round.

"I will not give you the illustrations I have of the money made with cattle and hogs, but would like to mention just one instance to show what is possible to the man who will work with stock. A farmer here purchased fifty ewes at $6.00 each, for which he gave his note for one year with 8 per cent. interest. Before his note was due he netted 88c. per head from the wool of each ewe; he raised fifty-four lambs, and sold the whole bunch—ewes and lambs—at $6.00 per head. He required only a very rough and cheap shed for shelter, and took care of his sheep along with his other farm work needing no extra help, fed them only straw and hay not properly cured and unsalable."

The man who cries "More wheat" and can't buy a kitchen sink for his wife or notice that she looks three years older every threshing season

THEN why does not the Western farmer turn from the folly of his ways? It is because a blind greed is boldly leading him into the ditch. He can make money easy raising wheat any old way year in and year out. He has a fever. "More wheat ! More wheat!" the cry goes out. And "more wheat" with him means increased acreage; he doesn't stop to consider how he might increase the production from his present acreage. He starts with a homestead and a pre-emption, three hundred and twenty acres. He lords it over his half section while his wife slaves in the four roomed shack where he sleeps o' nights. His earnings go into extensions rather than improvements; a reserve fund would be foolish when land is so cheap and he wants more wheat. In a little while, by dint of niggardly denials in the home life and a great stretching of his resources, he owns a whole section. He buys his butter, bacon and eggs and a roast for Sundays once in a very long while. He calls himself a lord of creation and his wife—if she be an amenable drudge—looks three years older every threshing season and keeps on hauling water in the same old primitive way. *Her* portion of the earnings do not go into home improvements. What's the use of new-fangled water systems, kitchen sinks and bath-tubs when there's a fever-breeding slough so handy and the



AS FOR THE WEATHER CONDITIONS, THE BEST INSURANCE AGAINST 'EM IS TO HAVE ANOTHER CROP ON FOUR LEGS TO FALL BACK ON IN CASE OF NEED

man wants more land every blessed minute ?

Remember, every cent this man has, and all that he can borrow, is staked on his next wheat crop. He hasn't done a real thing to increase the value of his land or his home. He *has* worn the soil considerably and his home shows wear and tear. What will happen if the weather wins the bet ? Where will he stand if, hailed out or frozen under, his capital is wiped out in one season ? How will he meet his payments on his land ? And, if forced to realize, what does he get out of the shuffle ? What always does happen to the man who puts all his eggs in the one basket and then loses the basket ?

The all-wheat farmer is rich on paper and promises but the sure man is the mixed farmer with ready assets

PERHAPS you don't believe that the average all-wheat wallower could be wiped out in a single season. It's a case of simple arithmetic. Take four from four and naught remains. That's bad enough. But in most cases it means taking six or seven from four, leaving a minus. Ask any bank manager about the financial standing of the all-wheat men as a class. They're very rich on paper and promises but it's hard cash that counts when the pinch comes. Here are a few words spoken after careful deliberation by a man whose business it is to *know* where the money is in Western Canada. Says he:—"The bonanza grain districts are *getting more in debt from year to year.* A great many of the farmers deceive themselves as to their exact financial standing. They show increased property statements each year, but the increase is in the increased value put on the land and not from wealth actually produced and saved. The grain-raiser only works a few months in the year and spends money the balance of the time. No business can be a success on this basis."

What the wise farmer thinks is expressed in another letter that came to the editor from a man in Saskatchewan, who said "I have been in the Touchwood district of the Last Mountain Valley for twenty-five years and I have been almost entirely engaged in raising live stock. Brome and other tame grasses do well. This part has proved it is exactly adapted for mixed or dairy farming. Further, I have noticed in every part of this country that the man who goes in for mixed farming is the *sure* man, as it is very handy to have a few head of cattle to turn off in the fall, and butter and cheese find splendid market, as numbers of the large farmers that go entirely in for grain do not even keep a cow."

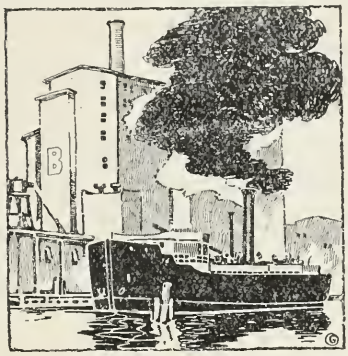
"Sure" is the word he uses, you note. The four-legged crop has none of the uncertainty of a grain yield.

Push your investigations a little further, and you'll find that the all-wheat men are invariably borrowers. And remember, this borrowed capital all has to be paid back even if the crop has gone all to hail. The bank records are pretty good indexes of the country's prosperity. The bank records show that in the mixed farming districts the deposits show good increases and the lines of credit are decreasing. In the all-grain districts the reverse is the rule. In the all-grain districts th

credit lines are stretched to danger mark and deposits are bumping around zero. It may be educated ignorance and flippant scribbling to point out these things but somebody has to read the writing on the wall.

Something must be done to change the ruling conditions in Western Canada. All the signs are dead set against a continuation of this all-wheat-all-the-time system of endangering the country's present and plundering its future. The present system makes an unfair demand on banking and railroad facilities. The all-grain man expects the carrying companies to maintain millions of dollars worth of equipment in idleness for many months so that his product may be rushed to market during a few weeks of the year. Why doesn't he build himself an inexpensive but effective granary and be independent of car congestions? No, sir! "Heads I win and tails I collar the kitty," says the straw-man. Look the proposition over from north, south, east or west, it is all the same. The system must be changed.

Mixed farming is no experiment. It started on a sub-division of Eden, and has been practiced with profit by every intelligent farmer since



THE answer to the problem is obvious. The all-grain man must give way to the mixed farmer. Nature is already wreaking her vengeance by reducing the per-acre production. The mixed farmer will put back a goodly part of that which the all-grain man has plundered. The single pair of cloven hoofs which now strut over the all-grain man's acres must "git." The fur-coated, hail-proof, four-legged crop must come. We want the two dollars in the wheat pile but must add the five on the hoof as well. Crops must be rotated properly and the danger of a single crop being blown to blazes avoided. Bank deposits are to hit high-level marks and credit lines yanked in to vanishing point. Mixed farming will do it and mixed farming will come sure's judgment.

Yes, sir, decreasing yields, drifting soils and fore-closed mortgages will shoo the soil-miners off'n the plains and parklands of Western Canada. Profits pillaged from the soil by the easy-money method of one-crop farming never have had any permanence. The general adoption of mixed farming methods is an issue which cannot be dodged. It must come ultimately, then why not now? Why hinder the progress of a splendid young nation's prosperity? It's all poppycock to say it doesn't pay to raise anything but wheat. Beef is the essential complement of bread; raise them together and they'll raise the mortgage.

Take the testimony of men who have tried the combination. Listen f'rinstance to J. R. Hume of Souris. Mr. Hume is a grain man with grey matter instead of straw stuffing under his Stetson. In a letter of his printed on page seventy-seven of Bulletin 13, issued by the Dominion's Department of Agriculture he explains how he, a grain-farmer found lots of profit out of feeding cattle each winter. And then this is what he goes on to say.—"Land that was manured four or five years ago, is still producing ten to fifteen per cent. more grain than land that has been worked under the ordinary grain-farm-

ing methods. I built a cattle barn with all the latest improvements, a hog and poultry house, beside nine miles of fencing, out of horses, cattle, hogs and poultry. Ask me if it pays to raise stock on a grain farm? I say 'sure it does.'" Bully for you Brother Hume, go to it some more.

And there's lots more evidence contributed by brainy grain men in the same publication. They all found beef raising a highly profitable side line to Number One Hard. And they found also that the by-product of beef when spread as a light coat of ten loads to the acre not only boosted up the production of wheat but forced it to maturity from five to ten days earlier. How's that for a profitable entering of the thin end of the mixed farming wedge?

Mixed farming is no experiment. It started on a subdivision of Eden, and has been practised with profit by every *intelligent* farmer since then. Mixed farming means brain as well as brawn; regular work and a solution of the labor question. Mixed farming means independence of hail storms and early frosts; a steady income and a climbing bank-balance. Mixed farming means a bigger, better and more permanent prosperity all round. Its primary blessings—and bootings—belong to the farmer but its influence for good will affect the entire community.

The problem and its solution are before us. The growing of grain to the exclusion of everything else means a short sharp ride hell-mell to agricultural perdition. The general adoption of mixed farming methods will adjust the balance and put the country quick-step on the pike to prosperity. Will Western Canada continue to import its butter, bacon, eggs, cabbages and ten-per-cent. loans and export its fertility? Or will Western Canada declare itself for the independence, wealth and influence which will surely come with a re-adjustment of its agricultural system? Think it over, boys—and give the dough-faced idol a swift kick in the solar plexus.

A DELUSION

BY SARA H. BIRCHALL

I KNOW he never loved me; that
  He scarcely saw at all
The soul that wears my body's garb,
  And is both lord and thrall.

Yet through my day there runs a song,
  Sweet, sweet, though but a lie.
There is no use in dreaming? Well—
  Who then should dream but I?

I know he never loved me, yet
  Each day I dream anew;
Might not a parched and thirsty field
  Pretend that there was dew?

PLUCK

by Robert A. Ward

Illustrated by George Faul.

PETE ORMES finished checking up his run, mechanically straightened the loose papers on his desk, and sauntered to the window. The Limited had already settled herself to a steady, rolling gait for the open country. In the dusk, Ormes could scarcely distinguish the low, brown hills from the dark line of the river. Now and then, a light from some farmhouse window would flash out suddenly and be gone again, or a night bird would laboriously wing herself upward and be outlined for a moment against the sky.

Gradually it all merged into the darkness, and Ormes turned again to the express car. There was the usual array of parcels, large and small, a kerosene lamp smoked just above the letter rack, and the safe looked noncommittal. The messenger pulled out his watch. There was nothing more to be "peddled" till they reached Thurston, at 4:47 a.m. He began to lock up, and unroll his blankets.

At the last stop a coffin cased for shipment had been shoved on board. The rough box stood with its head against the safe, in his own bunk room. Ormes was accustomed to that after his nine years in the service. He had no morbid sentimentality about the quiet passenger whose ticket homeward was a waybill, but there were other things that troubled him, as he shook up his mattress and stretched it along the box. Then he lowered the light and turned in.

Ormes resolutely closed his eyes, but sleep was out of the question. For an hour or so he lay with every muscle tense in the determination to rest. Then he threw off the covers and stood suddenly erect. He took the lamp from its bracket, and turned up the wick. Then he reached for his vest, and drew from its pocket a crumpled yellow sheriff's bill. The big black letters stared at him. He knew every one of them by heart.

"Wanted," it ran, "a man 5 feet 8 inches in height. Smooth face. Dimple in chin. Hair—light curly. Eyes—

gray. Age—about 32. Weight—near 125 pounds. Slight limp in left leg. Crime — forgery ! Reward !" Ormes read it through attentively, as if for the first time. "It's Roy Randall, sure," he muttered. "Poor Louise !" His face twitched, and the letters on the hand-bill swam before him.

In a moment the years had rolled back. They were all children again, he and Roy, and—Louise. They were racing, once more, in the big meadow, and she cried because he had won. "It would have been—Roy," she sobbed, "if his leg hadn't—wabbled !" It was always Roy then; there was always an excuse for his failures, and when the time had come to choose between the two, again it had been—Roy.

Ormes got up, and began pacing the package-flanked aisle to the door. The train was going at high speed, and a sudden lurch sent him reeling against the bunk. The mattress and blankets were dislodged, and slipped behind the rough box to the floor. As Ormes reached after them, his gaze rested on the address of the shipping tag: "Robert Millar," he read; "Thurston." Half-unconsciously he unfolded the black-bordered death certificate: "Name—Agnes Millar. Color—White. Sex—Female." He skimmed through the familiar form to the physician's signature, then he righted the blankets, and threw himself wearily upon them.

Ten minutes later he was sitting upright, vigilant. He narrowed his eyes and took a searching glance along the car. That half-suppressed sneeze was unmistakable. It was not the outcome of revolving wheels, neither did it emanate from the piles of assorted freight. There was a heavy shipment of money in the safe. The messenger reached to his desk for his gun, and fingered it thoughtfully.

No sound was audible but his own deep breathing and the rhythmical throbbing of the train. Suddenly he stood up and took the lamp from its bracket again. He shoved off the mattress, bent over the rough box, and looked curiously at the screw heads. Then he held the light across the box and lowered it, stooping to bring his eyes to the same level. He watched its faint glow creep under the crevices beneath the lid. "Um-humph !" he said, "I thought so !"

The messenger began whistling to himself in a soft tuneless way, as he settled the lamp, and placed his revolver within easy reach. The cold-chisel lay by the edge of the safe. He picked it up, and ran his thumb deliberately along its edge. There was an eighth of an inch space beneath the box and the lid. Ormes inserted the chisel at right angles across one corner of this, and began to pry upwards.

The screws squeaked resistingly in the wood. The board started to give with the pressure. As it did so, there was a sound, something between a curse and a groan, from within. A grim smile drew the messenger's mouth as he heard it. He slipped the chisel along the side, and bent his strength upon it. The lid rose slowly. The flickering gleam of a pair of eyes was just visible in the semi-darkness beneath.

Ormes reached for his gun. He pushed its nose into the slit at the head of the box; with a quick wrench of his right arm, he lifted the cover, and the two men looked into each other's eyes.

Ormes was the first to regain himself. "Roy—" he faltered. "You !"

The other's eyes were dark with questioning. He turned them wearily away, at last. "It's the old game, Pete," he said. "Isn't it? You always held the trumps."

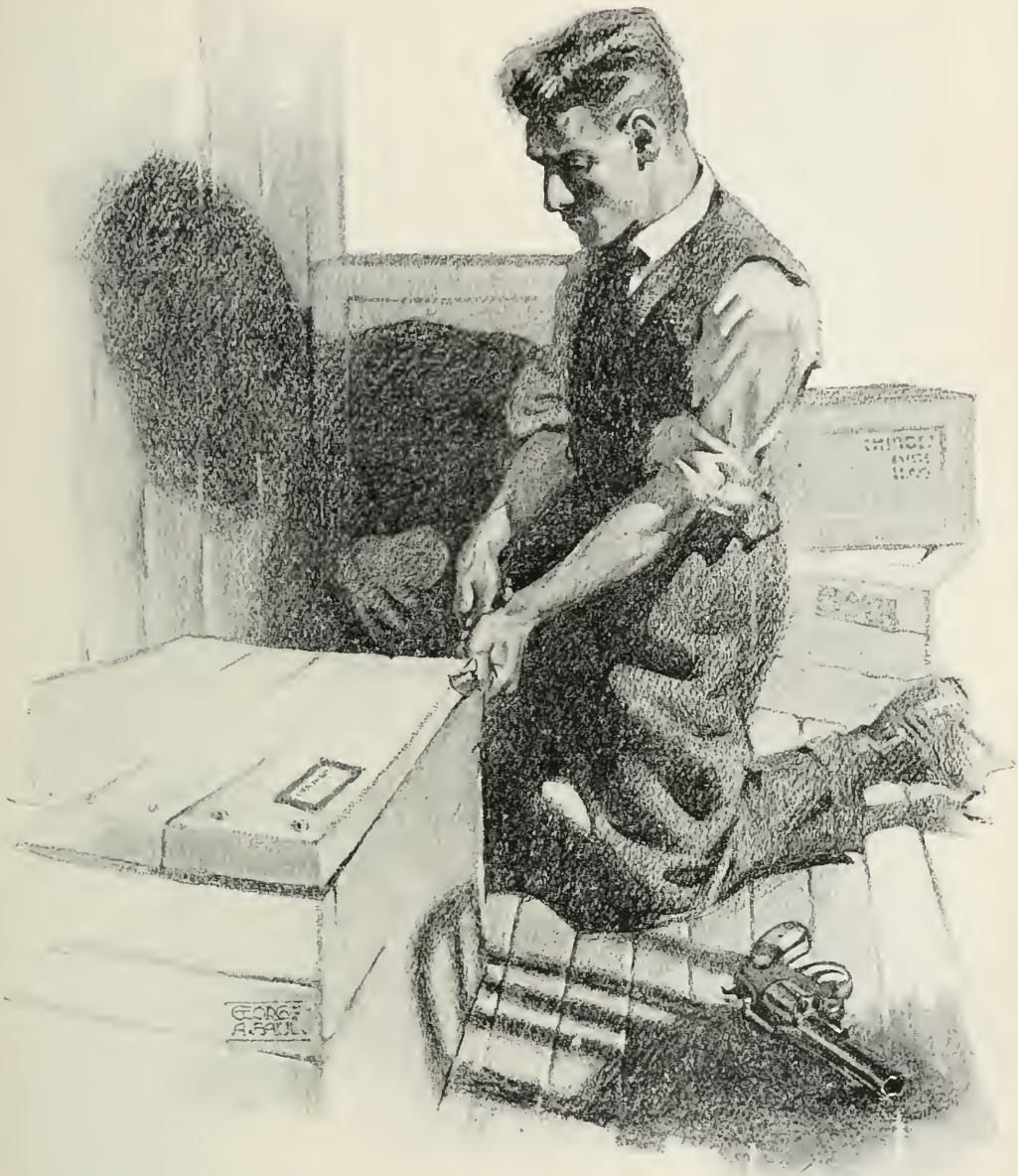
Ormes got up, and laid his revolver on a packing case at the other end of the car. When he came back, a few minutes later, his face was still a little unsteady. Randall had made no effort to move. His eyes were closed, and in the flickering light from the burning kerosene, he looked dead.

Ormes put out his hand and shook him. "Come," he said, "tell me about it. You—haven't much time."

"Then you're going to——" Randall began.

"I don't know what I'm going to do," the other answered.

"Well, if you don't lend a hand it's



ORMES INSERTED THE COLD CHISEL; THE BOARD GAVE WITH THE PRESSURE

all up with me !" A whimsical little smile played for a moment over the man's face. "You see, Pete," he began again, "you were always my fortress, in the old days. I took the apples, and you—took the flogging. Afterwards— It was pity, I suppose, with both of you—you and—her !"

"Louise ?"

Randall nodded. "There's no use kicking against the pricks," he went on, "and after all, it doesn't matter now ! For myself, I don't care what the outcome is, but for her—for the kid's sake——"

"There's a child ?" Ormes questioned

"Yes," Randall answered. "A boy. —Roy. She wanted it so," he added.

Ormes' face was twitching uncontrollably. He put up his hand between it and the light. "Go on," he said.

Randall had closed his eyes again, and for a moment there was only the song of the revolving wheels.

The messenger leaned forward. "Go on," he repeated. "It's nearly three o'clock!"

The man pulled himself together with an effort; he sat half upright in the box. "What's the use?" he cried fiercely. "I was born to be the broken reed! You know it—she knew it. It was failure—failure! Fate played shuttlecock with me always. Then the kid came, and—God, I couldn't see them starve! I would have bartered my soul for money, and—I did." He slipped back into the box again, and turned his face to its rough lining.

A hot drop splashed on his cheek, as he lay there, and Randall brushed it slowly away. "Don't, Pete," he said, looking up into his friend's face with a feint at the old boyish smile which Ormes remembered. "Don't! I'm not worth it!" After a moment he continued. "You see this was her plan. Millar is her cousin. She thought the certificate and the woman's name would take me through. We didn't figure on your run, or we'd have known better."

Silence fell between them. The rocking motion of the train swayed the bent figure beside the box. Presently Randall put out his hand and softly touched it. "You always held up clean hands, Pete," he said. "She was proud of that! You mustn't smirch them—for me. They'll be on the lookout down the road, and——"

Ormes suddenly lifted his head. His face had gone very white, it looked shrunken and drawn. "Good God, Roy!" he cried. "Stop! I can't talk. I never could, but——" He impulsively held out both his hands and clasped those of his friend. The two men looked long into each other's eyes.

"You'll see to her till I'm on my feet again?" Randall whispered.

The messenger bowed his head in answer.

"And the kid?" the other wistfully continued.

"And the kid," Ormes repeated solemnly.

Randall lay back, and stretched his arms beside him in the box. "Shut me in," he said. "I'm ready."

The messenger lifted the cover and reluctantly placed it in position.

The train was speeding across a long stretch of unbroken prairie. Here and there, clumps of sage brush broke the stretches of short grass.

Four figures, for the last mile, had been cautiously making their way up over the tender to the engine cab, but the man, with his hand on the throttle and his eyes narrowed to the shining rails ahead, did not see them.

Ormes heard the sudden hiss as the air was turned on; the emergency brakes were set, and the engine came to a standstill. He was on the alert in an instant. He sprang to his feet—opened the door—thrust out his head.

Three men were clambering from the cab. One was the fireman, the other— The light gleamed on a pair of steel-rimmed mouths. "A holdup!" Ormes muttered. He felt his car being cut off. The locomotive bounded forward with the mail and the express cars.

The messenger made ready. He had forgotten Randall and the unfastened cover of the rough box. He put up the extra barricade—extinguished the light. By the door he waited.

The engine ran two miles down the track. It seemed interminable. They stopped at last. The fireman, forced at the point of a gun, ordered him to open up. A bullet was his answer. Instantly the air was full of snapping, snarling harbingers of death. The shattered glass from the window fell in a clinking shower. Four to one were heavy odds against him, but——

There was a sound at the other door. Ormes turned. As he did so, he was conscious of something—it might have been but a sudden draught of night wind that drew itself above his collar line. He staggered; the rush of the

train was in his ears. An arm was slipped about him. He was sinking back—and back—and back.

Outside, the firing went on. There was no retaliation, and all at once a great stillness pervaded the night. Then, there were voices again. Someone was climbing up the outside of the car to the little window over the door.

Ormes did not hear them, but over by the safe, the rough box stood unlidded, empty. Randall, with his friend's still-smoking revolver in his hand, crouched half hidden in the freight.

A shaggy face was silhouetted above the window ledge. The man peered in, cautiously, at first; then, emboldened by the silence, he threw a lighted match. The limp figure on the floor was convincing. He thrust in his head—protruded his arms—swung them back against the walls of the car, and shoved himself forward till he lay across the sill, wriggling upon his stomach.

Randall took deliberate aim. The little double-action weapon spit a volley of bullets straight ahead. The man loosed his hold. His throat gurgled; the body slipped back, and fell heavily to the ground.

Randall, following up his advantage, could scarcely see in the darkness of the young day. A sudden belch of flame from a revolver showed him the location of the enemy, and he peppered them.

The shots from without grew fewer—they had almost ceased, but Randall held to his post. Then there came a stinging in his breast. Something hot oozed out. It trickled sluggishly. It was hard to breathe. After that he fired at random. He was giddy, but the safe was all right. He had—saved it. And that check—would she know—the wrong—had been—cancelled ?

When Ormes came to, it was yet dark. He lay still trying to gather his benumbed senses, but his thoughts came to him with an effort. He realized that the train was running light. They were reversing rapidly. All at once a flood of consciousness overwhelmed him. He tried to rise. A weight was stretched across his legs. He bent over it, and struck a match.

Randall was still clutching the revolver. His face was upturned—the eyes part open. His lower jaw sagged.

The light flickered, and went out. Ormes gripped the body before him.

"Roy!" he called, then louder, "Roy!" He grasped the man's shirt—tore it open and thrust his hand in against the breast. It was damp and still. He felt for the shoulders and shook him vigorously. "Roy——Roy !" he cried again, then drew away in sudden revulsion. The darkness seemed teeming with faces—faces of the child, Louise—faces of the woman, Louise—and faces of—Roy.

He shoved the form off his legs, and staggered to his feet. He groped his way to the desk, and fumbled above the letter-rack for the lamp. His weakness and the swaying of the car made his movements slow, uncertain.

The engine slackened. There was a concussion, and the jar of recoupling. Voices came from the outside—anxious, frightened voices—shrill, querulous voices. The passengers from the Pullman and the tourist sleeper were aroused.

Ormes heard them but faintly. With his fast ebbing strength, he riveted his thoughts upon one idea. Roy must be protected, for his own sake—for Louise's—for the kid's.

Some one was pounding on the car door. "Say, there !" shouted the fireman. "All right, are you, Pete ?"

"Aye," Ormes answered with an effort. "All right."

The other continued. "We're going to run ahead of time, and make Thurston in an hour," he said.

The voices again grew indistinct. There was a lurch forward. The engine started, wheezed, then slowly trailed the long train up the track.

When they were under headway again, Ormes relighted the lamp. He turned to the body. It lay less than four feet from the box, but to the wounded man it seemed a day's journey, and—there would be but an hour ! The increasing speed of the train forced him to his knees, and he crawled, a little way at a time, on his mission.

The clock on the desk measured five minutes—ten—fifteen. Randall was still limp, when the messenger reached

him. Ormes bent over, and stroked the damp hair back from the forehead. He smoothed the lids over the eyes, and tenderly raised the jaw into position, binding it with his own handkerchief. Tears spattered the upturned face, and Ormes made no effort to check them. "She'll be proud of you, Roy," he whispered.

The clock had counted another ten minutes. A piercing shriek from the whistle of the engine rent the morning air. Ormes started. "We must hurry, Roy !" he said. He grasped the body by the shoulders, and tugged at it helplessly. It did not move. He slipped his hands under the arm pits—threw his own bulk backwards, and dragged the form half way up against him. In his weakness, sweat started from every pore, and he lay panting, exhausted.

How loudly the clock ticked ! He could hear it above the roar of the train. The first grayness of coming dawn crept in at the windows, and he gathered his strength for renewed effort. Half the distance was covered. The light had reached the face. It looked twisted, distorted. Ormes sat up. With infinite pains he readjusted the binding handkerchief and smoothed down the eyelids again.

The clock had meted another quarter of an hour, but Ormes lay spent against the box with his burden in his arms. Suddenly he aroused himself and looked excitedly about the car. "We'll make it, Roy," he said. "You needn't be afraid ! There's time—there's time, plenty of it !" He raised himself and tugged feverishly at the corpse. "There !" he went on. "Why, boy, you aren't heavy to pack !" He steadied the body for a moment against his own. It swayed, lunged heavily forward, and half fell into the box. Ormes straightened out the arms and the legs. There's blood on the floor, Roy," he whispered, "but nobody'll know. They'll think—it was me." He adjusted the cover, and groped blindly for the cold-chisel and the screws.

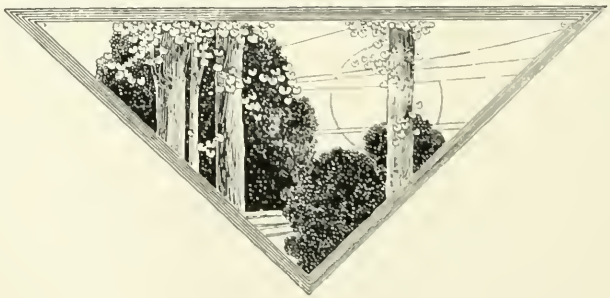
The morning light was dimming the burning kerosene, but the messenger did not see it. "They'll both—be proud of you—" he repeated, "Louise—and the kid !"

When Ormes regained consciousness, the doctor from Thurston, and the train crew, were gathered around him. He sat upright, and looked wildly about in search of something. "Roy !" he cried, and then—he remembered.

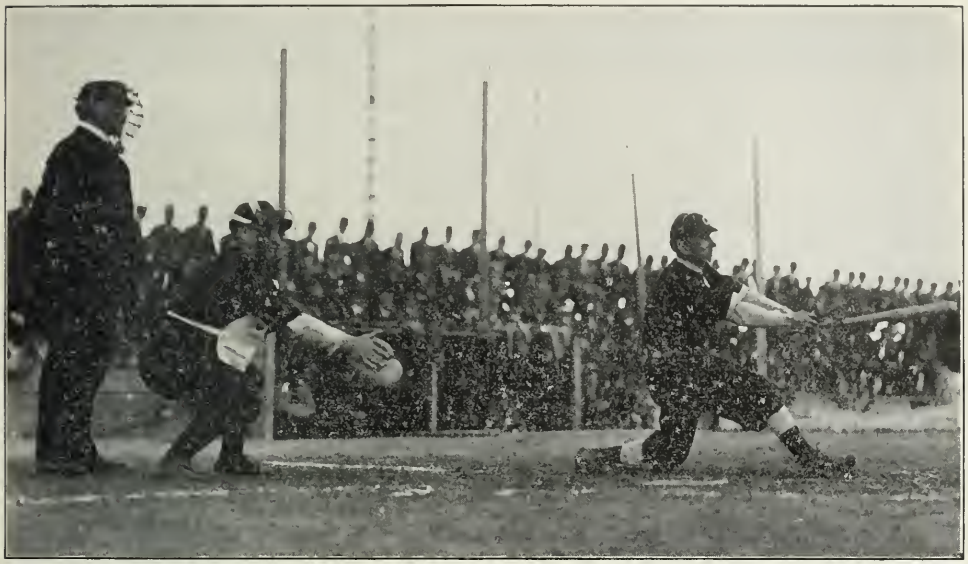
The freight and the station agents were just shoving the coffin box onto the hand truck.

"Pete," said the fireman, bending over him, "you've made a record for yourself." But the messenger shook his head.

The engineer pulled off his cap. "You've got what I call pluck !" he said.



In The "Twilight League"



THE OPENING GAME OF THE 1912 SERIES. JULIE STREIB AT BAT FOR CALGARY, MORROW CATCHING FOR BASSANO AND UMPIRE SULLIVAN ON GUARD

By Currie Love

Illustrated from Photographs

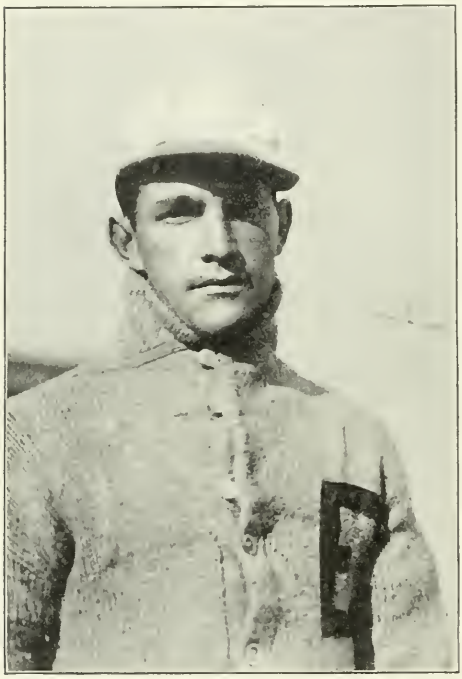
"PEANUTS, cigars and chewing gum! Fresh ham sandwiches and icecream cones! Nice, fresh, roasted peanuts, five cents a bag." The small purveyor of these succulent delicacies came at an uplifted finger and as he pocketed his dime, chortled delightedly, "Gee, that's two dollars I've made to-day. Say, this Twilight League is great for me. All these guys come up here from the office for these 6:15 games, and they ain't had a thing to eat but a sandwich and a piece of pie since breakfast, and they're strong for these ham sandwiches and cones. Hot stuff, ain't it ?" And he dashed away to supply the hungry inner man of another enthusiastic fan.

The Western Canada Baseball League is its real name, but the fans call it the "Twilight" because nearly all the games are played after six o'clock at night. That's partly because in Western Canada, they're all too busy making money to take the afternoon off for a ball game, but mostly because the long bright evenings make it possible to see the ball up to nine o'clock at night, or even later.

It isn't a very old league, because Western Canada isn't a very old country. The first ball played there was in what was known as the Northern League, which was international, with Winnipeg and Brandon as the only Canadian teams against Fargo and Duluth as their American opponents.

In 1907, John Lamb, an enthusiastic Winnipeg fan who had been acting as secretary to the Northern League, got together several devotees of the game, who decided that Western Canada could support a league of its own. They thought the cities of Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Calgary, Edmonton and Lethbridge could afford to be in this league, and it was decided to send Lamb over the course to meet the principal baseball men in each city. He spent three weeks at this task, and finally a meeting was called in Regina at which delegates from every city were present. It was decided to organize under the name of the Western Canada League, playing a team from each of the eight cities represented. J. H. Fleming, of Medicine Hat, was elected president, and John Lamb, secretary-treasurer.

That first season of 1908-09 was the best in the history of the League. All the towns took it up vigorously, and the attendance was splendid. Still there was some internal dissension. Medicine Hat, under the management of "Bill" Hamilton, won the pennant. But Medicine Hat's gate receipts hadn't quite justified the expenditure on the team. Regina had had trouble with the management and the backers were somewhat discouraged. Fleming, the President of the League, resigned, and at the annual meeting held in Lethbridge, C. J. Eckstrom, of Lethbridge, was appointed President.



FORD OF EDMONTON, ONE OF THE FIVE GOOD PITCHERS IN THE LEAGUE, AND "JOHNNIE" MACKEM, MANAGER OF THE EDMONTON TEAM

Saskatoon was given Medicine Hat's franchise, and the league again consisted of eight teams. That year, Calgary, under the management of "Bill" Carney, won the pennant, and that year saw the best games in the history of the league. Carney, who was known as "The Crab," because of his inveterate scrapping, was not particularly popular, but he knew his

game. He was a veteran player, who had been in several of the big American leagues, and who had come to Calgary from Seattle. The National Commission, at the end of the season, raised the league from class D to class C, which gave it a little better position in the minor leagues.

The season of 1910-11 started out with Eckstrom still president, and the same eight teams playing. Near the end of the season, Regina dropped out, and three weeks before the season closed, Winnipeg and Brandon retired. Moose Jaw, under the management of "Bill" Hurley, won the pennant.

In March, 1912, the annual meeting was held in Calgary. President Eckstrom resigned, and Fred Johnson, of Calgary, was elected president. Mr. Johnson held office only a few weeks, when he resigned on account of his health, and John Dewar, of Edmonton, was elected president. At this annual meeting, it was decided to drop all eastern teams and to make it a four-team league, of Alberta cities only.

Lethbridge and Medicine Hat refused to join. Bassano, the ambitious, site of the five million dollar dam being built by the Canadian Pacific Railway to irrigate the eastern section of their Irrigation Block, who advertise their town as "best in the West by a dam site," and who have, perhaps, the sportiest little city in the West, took a franchise. Red Deer wanted to come in but couldn't quite see its financial way clear. Calgary, Edmonton and Bassano combined to help Red Deer, and to get the team nicely started. The league consisted of Calgary, Edmonton, Bassano and Red Deer. Now, Red Deer is at the top of the league and gives fair indications of being the pennant-winner under the management of that same "Bill" Hurley who led Moose Jaw to victory last season.

"FERDY" MANNING, ONE OF RED DEER'S BEST MEN IN THE BOX, AND "BILL" HURLEY MANAGER AND FIRST BASEMAN OF THE TEAM

For some reason, the "Twilight League" seems to hold its men fairly well. "Larry" Piper, this year with Calgary, and "Chesty" Cox, managing Bassano, were playing with Winnipeg in the opening season. "Pete" Standridge, young, slim and graceful, who is called the "matinee idol" of the league, has been pitching for Calgary for three seasons. "Bill" Carney, who went to the "Three I" league after his successful season with Calgary, applied this year for the management of the Winnipeg team, but was not successful in getting it. "Red" Flannigan has been playing with Calgary for three seasons, and "Ferdy" Manning, now pitching excellent ball for Red Deer, is also in his third season with the league.

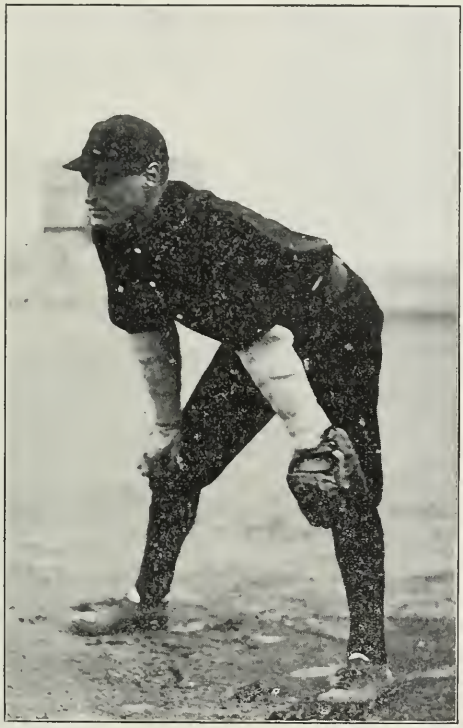
It must be the lure of the West, for the league does not offer any special financial inducements. No team is allowed to exceed $1800 per month in its salary list. The average salary for pitchers is $150 per month and for other players, $125 per month. Moreover, the engagement is comparatively short, as the western Canadian season lasts only four months and the average season for one of the United States leagues lasts six months.

Nevertheless, that western Canada does attract good players is shown by the fact that several of the Twilight leaguers have been bought by big American teams. "Wally" Smith, one of the best third basemen Calgary ever had, was bought by St. Louis; "Del" Paddock is playing for Salt Lake City; "Babe" Clynes, left fielder for Calgary, is now one of the best men on the Seattle team; Collins, one of the Winnipeg pitchers, was considered good enough to be tried out by the White Sox; Wilson, playing with Calgary last season, was sold to Phila-

"PAT" DAVIDSON, CATCHER FOR CALGARY, ON THE JOB WITH THE SECOND-GROWTH ASH

delphia; Fournier, who has become famous in the big leagues as a first baseman, and who is now playing with Chicago, was sold to them by Moose Jaw; Dell, one of Edmonton's pitchers, was sold to the Big League; and Moran, centre field for Calgary last year, is now playing with Seattle.

This year's quality of ball is not quite up to the standard, but there are at least three men in the "Twilight" who give evidences of big league qualities. The most interesting of these is "Kid" Wells, second baseman for Calgary, who played Rugby in Tacoma, and who is putting in his first year in professional baseball. Wells is chain lightning on running bases, and has so much "ginger" that he covers more ground than any other two fielders in the league. He is just a fair hitter, but with another year's experience there is no doubt he will get the "batting eye," and when he does, look out for Wells. They can't stop him. Persons, a Bassano fielder, is another likely candidate for the big league. He is a heavy hitter, an excellent fielder, and never loses his head. Reddick, the Bassano short stop, may also be picked up by one of the big teams. He has a sure, clean throw that never misses, and is distinguished for practically errorless fielding.



REDDICK IS SHORT STOP FOR BASSANO, AND HIS REMARKABLE FIELDING MAY LAND HIM IN THE BIG LEAGUE SOME DAY

There are five good pitchers in the league; Ford, of Edmonton; Manning and Dickenson, of Red Deer; Hayes, of Bassano; and Standridge, of Calgary. These have the best control, are all right-handed, speedy, and use all the curves known to the baseball world. They keep up the league standard.

All the managers are playing, none of them being what is called a "bench" manager. Julie Streib, manager for

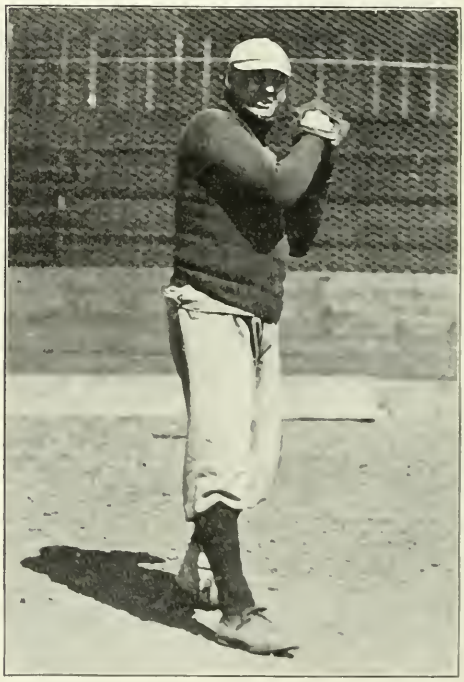
JULIE STREIB (IN UNIFORM) AND SAM SAVAGE, MANAGER AND OWNER OF THE CALGARY TEAM, DISCUSSING BASEBALL TACTICS

Calgary, plays first base, and does excellent work; "Chesty" Cox, manager for Bassano, is in right field; "Bill" Hurley, manager for Red Deer, holds down the sack at first base, and "Johnnie" Mackem, manager for Edmonton, stops them at second.

"What is really the matter with the Twilight league? Why doesn't it make more money? Why isn't it in the major class, instead of the minor?" These are a few of the questions asked by the people who want to know something about western ball playing. There are several answers. One is that traveling in the West is expensive, and the long jumps involved when Winnipeg and Brandon were in the league, ate up the gate receipts, even when they were large. Then the teams have been managed by men who were not sufficiently experienced in business methods to run things satisfactorily. But the biggest reason of all is that baseball in Western Canada has not been put on a sufficiently business-like basis. The owners of the teams have been men who were interested in the game merely as a diversion, and not as a means of making money. What baseball in Western Canada really needs is a promoter, who has everything to gain or lose, and who will advertise.

When that far-seeing man appears, he will make a fortune. Nobody is more willing to be amused than the Westerner, and nobody is more willing to pay for good, clean sport of the best kind. It must be clean, as was shown at the opening game of the season in Calgary. The grandstand was full and several ladies were compelled to sit in the bleachers. A Calgary player, becoming annoyed at some play, yelled, "Here, what the h—are you doing there?"

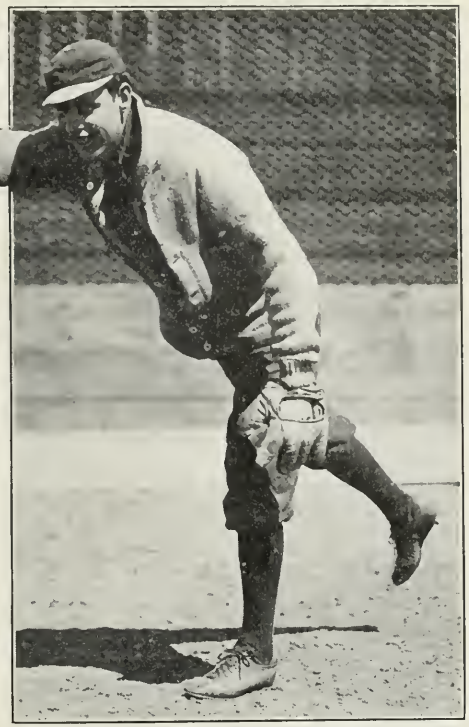
Instantly, hissing was heard all over



PEASLEY, THE LEFT-HANDED PITCHER, IS DOING THE SOUTH-PAW STUNT FOR WINNIPEG THIS SEASON

the bleachers, and one indignant fan arose, and called, "Cut that out. Remember you're a Calgary player now, and act the gentleman even if you're not one." There was no further profanity for the rest of the game. And that is a pretty good criterion of the spirit of the game in the west. Not only must the sport be clean, but the language used must be as clean as the game or the fan will know the reason why. He wants his womenfolks to share his sports, and therefore the sports must be fit for the women to share.

If the four western provinces could combine under a really good promoter, there is no reason why the Western Canada league should not become a genuine force in baseball. The money is here; all that is needed is the man. At present, Winnipeg is playing in what is called the Central International League, the only Canadian city in competition with teams like Grand Forks and Duluth. Vancouver and Victoria play with the North Western League, against Seattle, Spokane, and Tacoma; and the other western Canadian cities, outside of the four Alberta towns playing in the "Twilight," have no baseball at all.



O'NEIL OF BASSANO HAS A SLOW DELIVERY DISCONCERTING TO THE BATTER

PERSONS, THE HEAVY HITTER FOR BASSANO, WHO IS A LIKELY CANDIDATE FOR THE BIG LEAGUE

The Western Canada League is at present under a Board of Control, consisting of the franchise owners, who make the constitution and bylaws, draft the schedule, and transact all business of the league. Sam Savage, of Calgary, and Frank Grey, of Edmonton, are the two men who have done the most to keep the league together, and their efforts are much to be commended, but the man who can do most for baseball in Western Canada, is the man who will make it his business, and not his recreation.

The Guile of McManus O'Shea

THE DRIVER RESTRAINED THE LIVERY NAGS WITH AN OSTENTATIOUS FLOURISH AND A "BE AISY, BOYS, BE AISY"

By Hildric Davenport

Illustrated by Roy Baldridge

SOME years ago McManus O'Shea of Ballyclerahan in the Emerald Isle, hearing the call of the West, turned his mind's eye to Canada. He was a man of impulse and of action. In a fortnight 'twas the back of his hand to the land of his birth. He shook its dust from off his brogans and embarked for far away pastures which he prayed might be green.

Unheralded, save for a brief, labored scrawl, this little, old, stranger relative entered into the bosom of a multifarious O'Shea faction in Toronto. As befitted a pilgriming great uncle he was hailed blithely, and welcomed with true Irish glad-handedness. He found that his relatives had made good, as the custom is with Hibernians who have been uprooted and transplanted early. And, as the heathen Chinee to the laundry, the son of Italy to the fruit stand, they gravitated to politics with success.

McManus made long visits first to one family, then to another. For a year or so all went merrily and invitations hung out with the various latchstrings, but, at the expiration of the second year, the queer little ancestor had covered the family grounds frequently, and made the familiar rounds thoroughly.

He began to be an old story. His tales became overworked and dry-as-dust. His magnificent rich brogue and his other world style began to weary his kinsfolk. His penury tried them—all the more so since it seemed unnecessary, for he received a monthly letter from a law firm in Cork which was known to contain money. Else why, upon its arrival, should he repair forthwith to a bank? That he deposited it all but an annoyingly little bit was indicated by his aggravatingly chronic impecuniosity.

It seemed that a Shamrock had been transplanted too late. The existence of the misplaced antecedent became a visiting vagabondage, and from one house to another, rapidly, after the

woeful way of a poor relation, he began to be handed about. He ceased to be served to tidbits. He was not given the best bed. He was not urged to frivolings—he was left at home to "mind" the children. He was kept in the background.

'Twas a black outlook for McManus. He became as dejected as was possible for a light-hearted son of Erin who was wont to be in good spirits—or to have them in him. He fell into the habit of meditating.

One day the light of determination shone in his faded blue orbs and he beckoned aside his favorite nephew, Brian. A whispered confab took place, the outcome of which was a cry for McManus' spike-tail coat, his rusty tile and his treasured blackthorn; for Brian's most gaudy vest, his flame-colored tie, and ornate lodge jewels.

There was a large excitement in the air. Though intangible, it was perceptible. That something was going to happen was very evident. Even the little O'Sheas became infected by the agitation to the astonishing extent that they voluntarily assisted at the garbing of their elders.

Finally, the two types of the Then and Now, gorgeously, unmistakably Irish, hurried to the parlor and impatiently awaited—the curious household knew not what.

After a seemingly interminable time, Dolan's hack, accompanied by all the gamins in the neighborhood, clattered down the street. With an ostentatious flourish of fictitious difficulty the driver restrained the livery nags, and loudly urged them to "be aisy, bhoys" as they willingly halted in front of the house.

Dignity and McManus were heavy upon Brian as he supported his uncle out and carefully handed him in. He whispered directions to the man on the box and warned him to drive cautiously. He waved a farewell to his mystified wife, turned back the gaping children, and, having satisfied himself that he had sufficiently impressed the immediate neighbors, placed himself on the faded green seat. The dispirited horses started off wearily. Hilarity emanated from inside the coach and pipe fumes rose from its box. In due time it drew up in front of a ramshackle office building. Elaborately assisted, McManus dismounted and followed Brian into the edifice and into a room, upon the door of which a tin sign was tacked. It read "Egan Burke, Lawyer".

As they entered, McManus' sharp eyes observed a large red-faced man, smoke-surrounded, reclining in a swivel chair, his heels upon a table top. An impression of unctuous importance differentiated him from two lesser persons in similar nonchalant attitudes. McManus rightly took him to be Burke.

Effusive greetings were exchanged between Brian and the lawyer. "Me Uncle McManus" was presented with fervor and received with calculating professional cordiality. After many noisy, facetious Irishisms had subsided, the old man announced his mysterious mission.

"Oi'll be makin' me will and ut plaze ye, sor," he began nervously.

"Sure a fine lad yeh are to be settlin' yer affairs so early," from Burke, with a hearty guffaw and a resounding smack on the wizened shoulder of the pallid "lad"; after which he resumed his swivel chair and drew from his desk a legal document. He handed it to McManus, who read tediously in a quavering old voice:—

'TWAS A BLACK OUTLOOK FOR McMANUS WHEN HE WAS LEFT AT HOME TO MIND THE CHILDREN

"Know all min by these prisints thet Oi—"

"Your own name goes in there," prompted Burke.

"Thet Oi, McManus Moichel O'Shea, bein' in good health av body an' sound an' dishposin' moind an' mimory. ("The holy Saints be praised," came feelingly from Brian.) "An' bein' desoirus av sittlin me worldly affairs—

("Long may ye be spared," vehemently breathed his kinsman).

"Brian, me darlint, 'tis intoirly too much fer yer tinder heart. Misther Burke an' meself 'ull be attindin' to the matter an' yez can shtep out an' come back fer me."

Brian arose, tears in his eyes, and shook his head.

"You'd better go and return later," advised Burke, and the unwilling O'Shea withdrew.

Prompt to the minute, beery and gay, Brian returned from a neighboring saloon. McManus and Burke had completed their business and the bequeather observed that he had a request to make of the two men. Explaining that as he didn't want "to get his name up" or "make talk," he wished the fact that he had made his will to be kept a dead secret; and both obligingly swore that not a word would ever pass their lips.

"Sure Brian must be wantin' to know how he came out," insinuated Burke.

"Oh, it's all the same to me if me dear uncle doesn't want me to know," said Brian with a fine show of disinterest.

" 'Twill do no harm a tall a tall fer the bhoy to know the little thet's comin' to him," smiled McManus. "Ye can tell him, Mr. Burke."

"This kind old gentleman has made yeh his chief beneficiary; he has left yeh ten thousand dollars in cash, and yer wife, Theresa, five thousand. He has left much smaller amounts to the rest of the kin, and the residue to the Holy Catholic Church," declared Burke impressively.

"The Saints rest his soul," burst out Brian piously, and recollecting himself, "May he long have health and strength—and live to enjoy them!"

"There, there!" expostulated McManus, " 'tis little enough fer me own flesh an' blood. An' sure we must be lavin' Misther Burke attind t' his bizness."

Arriving at home, Brian confided the secret to the anxiously waiting Theresa. Great were their rejoicings and loud were their exultations.

McManus was reinstated; the change of heart was beautiful to behold. Brian replaced the faded spike tail and the threadbare tie. Theresa concocted Irish stew and potato cakes. The little O'Sheas were models of respect and politeness. Uncle was referred to as The O'Shea. Himself was in on all the family jollifications. 'Twas a bright outlook for McManus.

But none of this escaped the quick eyes of the O'Shea faction, which, including "in-laws," was extensive. They enquired into it. They found out about the famous drive and its destination. They smelt a rat, and like ferrets on the scent they rooted. They put two and two together and they were shrewd mathematicians; two and two made four. So, by circuitous routes, they arrived at the correct conclusion.

From every quarter invitations were showered upon McManus, but Brian and Theresa refused to surrender him. Amenities failed to persuade them. Ructions followed. The clamoring for him became violent. They fought for his possession until himself took a hand. 'Twas no more than justice, he contended, that he should visit amongst the childher.

The repudiated wanderer became once more a cherished guest. The yellowing Shamrock took on an emerald green. His old tales were resurrected and shone resplendent in their winding sheets. They were received with a laughter that made up in noise what it lacked in spontaneity. His magnificent rich brogue and his other-world style became distinctions. He was in the van, and he was featured, as became The O'Shea.

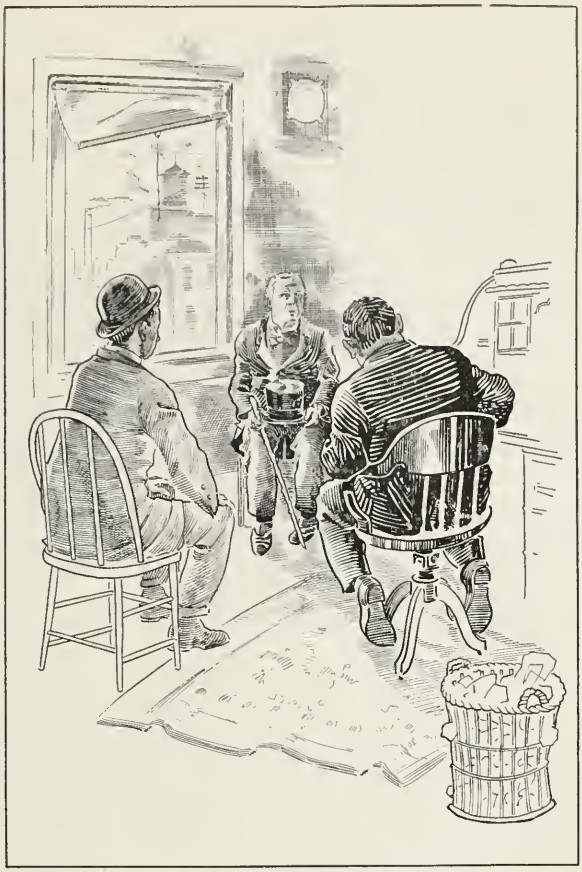
He was reverently listened to when he prattled of his possessions in the old land—his peat bogs in Tipperary, his quarries in Kildare, his cottages in

Sligo, his country home in Ballyclerahan, and his dear friend, Riverend Father Doogan.

His hosts and hostesses, however, were very unhappy. Himself was the instrument who transmuted their former content into discord, until not a vestige of pretense of friendliness remained. Their good-hearted fondness for each other grew into violent dislike for, Celts that they were, they hated as they had loved.

After five years of pleasurably important existence The O'Shea fell ill. He had a severe "stroke." As on the last eventful occasion, he chanced to be with Brian and Theresa. He was ministered to tenderly. Enquiring and too solicitous O'Sheas were received coldly, formally, and despite their vituperative references as to undue influence, and the like, they were not allowed access to the stricken one.

In sickness as in health, the struggle for McManus O'Shea was a caution!



"THERE, THERE," EXPOSTULATED McMANUS, "'TIS LITTLE ENOUGH FER ME OWN FLESH AN' BLOOD"

Finally, the last sad day arrived. The priest, the guardian of the mystic borderland of the spirit, entered the dim candle-lit room. He gently dismissed the sniveling children and their elders. McManus was too weak for speech. In the midst of the Absolution, the O'Sheas were admitted, and the old man's soul took flight.

The funeral was the most pretentious the neighborhood had known, and requiem High Mass was celebrated. To a man the entire house of O'Shea turned out.

Before McManus was cold in his grave Egan Burke was commissioned to take the necessary legal steps to administer the estate. After two months of hideous suspense, news came from Ireland.

McManus's peat bogs in Tipperary, his quarries in Kildare, his cottages in Sligo, his country seat in Ballyclerahan, were clay-pipe-dreams. His thousands in cash were chimerical coins. Even the monthly check from Cork ceased, for it was an annuity left him by his old master, whose coachman he had been for thirty years.

In death as in life the guile of McManus O'Shea was a caution!

Just Smith

A STORY OF THE "MOUNTED"

By A. A. Strachan

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

CHAPTER I.

ON the parade ground at Regina one hot afternoon in September, 1885, the bugler, straight and trim in his scarlet tunic, sounded "Dress" for the day guard.

In the men's quarters, the day guard pricked up their ears.

"Bhoys, have ye got yer halos polished, an' yer harps tuned up?" inquired Barney O'Shea, the barracks joker. "'Tis that ould divil Jackson is ordherly officer the day, an' he'll ixpict ye to be shinin' angels, no less."

"Bloomin' Tommy Atkinses, you mean," growled Alf Stanley, picking up his rifle. "There's getting to be too much British army about the force lately, Hi'm thinkin'. Jaw, jaw, jaw. 'E'll be 'ittin' us with the flat of his sword next, like we was a lot o' bloomin' conscripts. Hi'm fair sick of it—ain't you, Smith?"

The man addressed as Smith glanced up from giving his neat boots a final rub, and his mouth was a straight line.

"I'm looking for my step, as you know," he said slowly. "But if your friend Jackson goes out of his way too often to give me a black eye, there'll be trouble."

Inspector Jackson was not popular with his men. He had come to Regina unexpectedly one morning with a commission from Ottawa in his pocket. Even the Commissioner had known nothing of his appointment until he reported at the orderly room; and when, after a short period, he had begun to give himself airs and to usurp authority that his rank as inspector, and junior at that, did not warrant, he got a call-down from the Commissioner. His brother officers, finding him a surly and opinionated brute, let him markedly alone. The natural course for a man of his type was to take his ill-temper out on his men, and he was the most cordially detested man at the post. Rumor said that he had held a commission in an Indian cavalry regiment—some said it was only a sergeantcy—and his army methods were the pet aversion of everybody. Among his other unpleasant attributes, he was a martinet whose delight it was to pounce on the least suspicion of laxity in dress or behavior, and the men turning out for guard mount in answer to the bugle were restive.

"Lind me your powder-puff, Smith, dear," drawled the irrepressible Barney. "I'm thinkin' I've a bit av a shine on the ind av me nose, an' his honor might not admire ut. Is me hat on shtraight?'

"Come out of it, you Irish Biddy," put in MacDonald. "We're like to be told we're a row of Dutch dolls when Jackson gets a crack at us, but it's time we were out on the sidewalk getting ready to fall in."

And with that the day guard went out into the Saskatchewan sunshine.

Regina was then, as to-day, the headquarters of the North West Mounted Police, whose duties in 1885, in addition to the usual "protection of person and property" embraced the

detection and seizure of contraband whiskey, the suppression of horse-stealing and the intimidation of the Indians. The Northwest had lately been the scene of the Cree and half-breed rebellion led by Louis Riel, who now lay in the police guard house under sentence of death. The other rebel prisoners had been disposed of, Big Bear and seven other Indians awaiting execution at Battleford, while Pound Maker and others had been sent to the penitentiary at Stoney Mountain. Gabriel Dumont, Riel's lieutenant, had escaped across the international boundary and was safe in the United States. Regina was full of police. The force had been recruited up to a thousand men, but the extra duty entailed by the guarding of so many prisoners gave them plenty to do. Each day at two in the afternoon the guard mounted, consisting of an inspector, a sergeant, a corporal and twenty-four constables, and it was this guard that fell in in answer to the bugler's second call. The brass buttons, cartridges, belts and spurs, the spike and chain on the white helmets, the barrel and the mountings of the Winchester carbines, shone in the brilliant afternoon sun like burnished silver. The scarlet and blue of the uniforms fitted without a wrinkle, the rolled cloaks and white gauntlets were speckless. The orderly and the regimental sergeant-major inspected the line without comment. Then the R.S.M., drew his sword, and saluted the orderly officer, Jackson.

To all appearance, the men stood like statues, as Inspector Jackson went down the lines. Not a cartridge, not a spur, not an inconspicuous buckle missed his narrow eyes, and not a man of the guard but got a reprimand for some neglected detail, real or fancied. Without a flicker of an eyelash they took it as part of the day's work; but Smith, to all appearance the smartest man on parade, watched the inspector with steady look that did not lessen as Jackson ordered him an extra guard for a button that he could have seen his face in. The inspector glanced up with a pleased look in his yellow-grey eyes, and met Smith's gaze directly. Instantly he reddened.

"How dare you look at me like that, sir ?" he demanded. "What is your name ?"

"Smith," replied the man shortly.

The tone, even more than the brevity of the reply, cut. Jackson seemed to swell before their eyes.

"Smith !" he barked. "Say 'sir' when addressing an officer. Sergeant-Major, see that this man has an extra guard and report at the orderly room afterwards. Who is he ?"

"Constable Smith, sir, of P Troop," answered the sergeant-major smoothly.

"How long has he been in the service ?"

"About three months, sir."

"That will do. March them off."

And with that, Jackson, after inspecting and dismissing the old guard, returned to his quarters. "Smith, eh ?" he thought to himself as he crossed the parade ground with his precise step. "He needs some man-handling, that young fellow."

Smith, for his part, sat brooding over the matter with an ugly look about his jaw. The new guard had taken over the prisoners, relieved old sentries and posted new ones. Smith, whose turn it was to be off, by rights should have taken his blankets and lain down for a cat-nap on the six feet of deal boards allotted each man for sleeping accommodations. But instead he sat, with his chin in his hands, thinking.

Little was known of Smith in the force. He was a clever and well-educated young fellow, and although he had been in the service for only a short time, the keen eye of the Commissioner had taken note of his smart appearance and evident ability. But he did not seek company, and preferred to read when off duty. He prided himself on his attention to duty and wanted promotion. This gratuitous brutality of Jackson's lessened his chance of his step, and he resented it.

About four o'clock, he was roused from his thoughts by "Pat" Murphy. Although a commissioned officer nominally was in charge of the guard, the stocky Irish sergeant really per-

formed all the duty. There were seven posts in different parts of the barracks, but the outlying pickets were not posted until after "Retreat," and Murphy put his head inside the doorway to warn Smith to relieve Number One.

"An' moind, me lad," he added, "you 'pay proper complimints to all the officers accordin' to rank.' Ye'd better be takin' your ordher boord wid ye, this bein' your first guard. An' whativer ye do, kape your eye skinned for ould Jackson. If he gets down on ye, ye might as well desert."

"Thanks, sergeant," answered Smith pleasantly. "Hope I don't run afoul of him again to-day."

But that hope was not fulfilled. It was hardly an hour later that, while Smith was standing at ease on his post, Major Barton drove past with two young ladies. Automatically the young soldier saluted the major and his pretty fair-haired daughter who smiled graciously. The other girl was a stranger. She did not smile, but as Smith came to the salute, she leaned sharply forward so that he saw her face. To outward view, the start he gave was but a fraction of an inch; yet in that moment he felt his whole inward machinery leap, and as the neat democrat wagon spun along the road, he stared after it, oblivious to everything else in the world.

It was another of Jackson's unpleasant tricks to walk soundlessly. Perhaps at that moment Smith would not have heard a regiment of horse at the charge. In any case, he did not hear or see the inspector coming in time to salute him. Again wrath descended. Jackson "dressed him down," summarily transferred him to Number Three beat, behind the guard room, and rather piqued by Smith's stolidity, dismissed him with a final taunt that he was fit for nothing but a stable picket.

Number Three beat is a lonely one. Standing at ease, Smith's eyes travelled south over the vast treeless prairie to where in the distance the snow-clad summits of the Dirt Hills seemed to mingle with the clouds that were gradually overcasting the sky. He was glad to get away where the life and movement of the barracks square could not be seen; where he could think. Jackson's rough treatment of him was only a small thing now; he hardly realized it in the surge of new thoughts the girl in the major's rig had aroused.

What was Edith doing here ? How had she found him ? But had she found him ? Or was it merely a scurvy trick that old Dame Fate had played him, a chance coincidence of meeting in a world that surely was not so wide as he had thought it ? What was he to do ? What could he do, an enlisted man at the disposal of his superior officers ? Edith must not suffer, as she had made him suffer. Still— His mind swung restlessly from point to point like a vane when the wind is changing. The situation was too sudden for immediate self-adjustment. He began to pace again, and as he swung into his stride his thoughts were interrupted by the clank of chains and the rattle of a rifle on the frozen ground.

It was the rebel, Riel, being led forth to exercise in the prison yard and guarded by four men with loaded carbines. Instinctively Smith shouldered arms and stood at attention to let the party pass. It was his first chance to have a good square look at the man who had caused Canada so much uneasiness. Riel's face was pale with a prison pallor, and his eyes bright as a bird's. His long black hair fell over his shoulders in wild profusion and his black beard descended upon his breast. On his leg was riveted a chain to which was attached a heavy weight which would never be loosed until the fallen chief was on the scaffold. He was dressed in clothes of a dark color and semi-clerical cut, and to Smith he looked, save for his bright eyes, a quiet, peaceable sort of man.

Hard luck, he thought, as he watched the rebel dragging his fetter painfully along. At least he had fought bravely for what he thought was an injustice to his people. Smith had helped to break Riel's power and had fought well when there was need; but now in victory he felt a pity for his enemy's vanquishment that for a moment swallowed up his own trouble.

But not for long. As he resumed his stride, the thoughts crowded in upon him, besieging him like an army in a dream. Slowly they drifted back to his childhood home in England, and his mother. Of his father he had only a very faint remembrance, and that not an agreeable one. He had married against the wishes of his people, considerably beneath his own social position. Violent-tempered and unaccustomed to restraint, he had soon tired of the gentle, shy girl whom he had made his wife and chafed at society's criticism of himself and of her. It was a relief when finally he left her, two years subsequent to the birth of their child; and one of the dreads of the boy's childhood was that some day his father might return. Once, twenty years ago, he had written from Angola Bay, saying that he was going on an exploring expedition into the interior. That was the last his young wife had ever heard from him. How she managed to bring up and educate her baby, only she herself knew. At her death, her brother took the lad into his office, but he disliked commercial life, and had on coming of age gone to Canada where after an unsuccessful attempt at farming he drifted at twenty-three into the force. With the perspectiveless despair of youth, he considered himself a failure.

"What have I to offer a woman?" he said bitterly to himself. "No profession, no home, no prospects—not even enough money to buy my discharge. My father ruined one woman's life; I'll not ruin another's. Edith must forget me—it should be easy enough by the looks of things—and I'll travel alone. It's the only way out."

He turned to retrace his steps, and was startled by a shout. Two or three men, without their hats, were running towards the bridge that spanned the creek on the road to town. He doubled forward a few yards, and saw the Major's democrat wagon and lively team dashing at breakneck speed up the hill, the reins dragging and the two girls clinging to the seat as the rig swayed perilously.

"My God!" he groaned. "It's Edith!" and dropping his carbine he sprang forward, unclasping his belt as he ran.

The runaway was headed straight for the barracks gate, where a knot of men had by this time collected, waiting. Among them, Smith saw Inspector Jackson, and as he looked, the inspector ran hastily forward in front of the horses, waving outstretched arms. Smith caught his breath, foreseeing disaster. The team swerved from the comparatively safe road, to the left, where the steep bank of the creek invited destruction. But the constable was too quick. With one last desperate effort he reached them, sprang for the nearer beast, grasped the bit firmly with both hands, and by a superhuman effort managed to turn them from the edge.

A dozen hands were there to help him then. There was a mad plunge, a crash, a scream from the Major's daughter; and the horses stood still, quivering with excitement, while Smith lay, stunned and bleeding, on the ground.

CHAPTER II.

Inspector Jackson, seated in a comfortable arm-chair by Major Barton's fireside and listening to pleasant Miss Dexter's chat, did not look as happy as he should have done. Ostensibly, he had called to inquire about the health of the young ladies; actually, to try to reinstate himself in Edith Wheelock's graces.

The girls were none the worse for the accident of the afternoon. Alice Barton was a western girl and a soldier's daughter, and on both counts was not likely to consider a shaking up of much moment. The horses had shied suddenly; and while her little wrists had not proved quite strong enough to hold them, she would have let them run themselves out and gradually brought them under control again, had not a rein broken and completed the havoc. Edith Wheelock, for her part, had steady nerves and a temperament even to the point of apparent coldness. She had neither screamed nor tried to snatch the reins, and when the horses had finally been stopped, she descended

from the wagon without a tremor. Her first question had been for the man who had saved their lives. But willing hands had already helped him to rise, and Inspector Jackson explained that Constable Smith was being convoyed to the hospital to have a wrenched wrist cared for, and that he wished the ladies to feel no anxiety for him. With this, Edith had to be content; but the inspector noticed that her dark eyes followed the little scarlet group moving hospitalwards, and cursed his own folly in letting so good an opportunity escape.

To-night he cursed it again, and the Major's clever sister-in-law, who liked him none too well at the best of times, found him unresponsive. The girls had not yet come down, and the inspector fancied that upstairs they were discussing Smith's presence of mind and contrasting it with his own ineptness. Miss Dexter presently echoed his thoughts.

"I must call the girls again," she said, glancing at the clock. "They are so full of the accident and their hero that they can't pay any attention to mundane things. That constable really did a very plucky thing; and it seems he was too modest to let them thank him. Now I call that genuine presence of mind."

The inspector uncrossed his knees impatiently.

"The Major was very deeply touched," went on Miss Dexter. "You know since my sister Lucy died, Alice is all that he has in the world, and I think I never saw him so much moved."

Her speech was interrupted at this point by the entrance of the two girls, who greeted Inspector Jackson courteously as befitted a guest, and two or three brother officers arriving simultaneously, whatever reply Inspector Jackson had meditated was left unspoken. The Major's quarters were a rendezvous for all the unattached officers of the force, Miss Dexter having given them all a standing invitation to make the house over which she presided so charmingly their home.

"There are so few of us here," she was wont to say, "and we are so completely cut off from general society that we should be like one family. For my part, since my father was a soldier and I've lived in the army most of my days, I look upon all military men in the light of relations—cousins, you might say. So drop in at any time—there's a comfortable chair and a friendly fire and enough feminine tongues in the house to keep things gay."

Gay they were, therefore; and to-night, since almost every officer in the Post came as the evening passed to congratulate Alice and Edith on their escape, they were even gayer than usual. Even the doctor arrived.

"I thought I told you rebels to rest," he blustered. "Here you are, the minute my back is turned, looking as rosy and impudent as hollyhocks, coquetting with all of us as if you'd never missed death by a hair's breadth."

"Born to hang, won't drown," laughed Alice. "The creek refused to receive us. But come, don't be a growly-bear. That voice of yours will sound better if you sing with it, and we were just starting the 'Slave's Song'." And, taking the old doctor by his sleeve, she laughingly led him over to the piano.

"Sing with it, indeed," protested the doctor. "I ought to be over attending to your rescuer. He got a bad wrench, let me tell you."

Edith, at the piano, looked up sharply. "Is he really badly hurt, doctor ? Aunt Margaret has been over to the hospital twice, but they would not let her see him. Just what is the extent of the injury ?"

"Can't tell, as yet. The wrench, as I say, is a bad one, but that's nothing to a man of his constitution. He complains of pain in his chest. That may mean something or nothing. I hope, the latter."

"Oh," exclaimed Alice, turning pale. "What a terrible thing it would be if he should die ! I should feel as if we had been the cause of his death."

"Nonsense," said Inspector Jackson, who stood beside the piano, about to turn Edith's music for her. "The fellow will be all right in a day or two. I don't think he can be as bad as he appears. Many of these men sham sickness to get off duty."

With a swift movement, Edith turned on him. "Do you mean to imply that Smith, the man who saved our lives at the risk of his own, is only shamming sickness? Is that what you mean, sir?"

Too late, Jackson saw his mistake. He flushed darkly as he replied,

"I don't say so positively, Miss Edith. But he has a bad reputation. He was under arrest—at least ordered an extra guard for untidiness at guard mounting."

"By you," said Edith with an edge in her voice like a sword. "And that means—nothing."

"My dear Edith," interposed Miss Dexter.

Edith made a little gesture, half of courtesy to the elder woman, half of intolerance of injustice.

"I am done, Aunt Margaret, with one more word. I happen to know that Constable Smith has in some way incurred Mr. Jackson's displeasure, and that, to add to his offence, he was brave enough to perform an act which Mr. Jackson had not the courage to attempt, although the woman he professed to love was within measurable distance of death."

"Miss Edith, consider—" began the inspector in a low voice; but Edith checked him.

"You had the chance to stop the horses. I saw you, and called to you for help in vain. At least you would do better now to remain silent than to decry the man who had less opportunity than you, but who seized it more bravely."

The doctor's wife, who had interposed her broad person between the little scene and the company, glanced at the inspector icily.

"I must say, Mr. Jackson," she remarked, "that it shows poor taste on your part to say such things. My husband, I should think, knows his duty without your interference."

The inspector shot a look at her that was not pleasant to see, but it made no more impression on her ample breast than water on a duck's back. Alice made a step forward, her blue eyes very bright.

"If you will pardon me, Mr. Jackson," she said, as he moved aside for her. "We were about to sing."

The tensity of the little situation—it had occupied hardly two minutes—was relieved. The doctor joined the group at the piano; Jackson moved sulkily away; and Edith, turning to the keys, crashed into a series of stormy chords that presently gave place to the wistful melody of the "Slave Song," a melody like wind in the reeds after rain, and the plover's lonely cry. The doctor's baritone and Alice's clear soprano joined in.

"Gad, Jackson looks as if Miss Edith had given him his licks," said the Commissioner in an undertone to Major Barton.

"It would serve him right if she had," answered the Major. "He was standing directly at the gate when those damned horses got out of Alice's hands, and instead of doing anything useful, by the Lord, sir, he ran out in the middle of the road and waved his arms at them as if they were chickens. Chickens, sir, and he an old woman with a checked apron. Of course the beasts jibbed, and by luck they jibbed to the left. This man Smith was behind the guardhouse—saw the whole thing—threw down his carbine, ran hell-for-leather, got the brutes by the bit as any sensible man would do, and stopped them dead. Saved Alice's life, sir. Adequate, sir; damned adequate." And the bluff old Major blew his nose.

"I've had my eye on him for some time," agreed the Commissioner. "He showed excellent stuff at that Pine Ridge affair—you recall? This episode is quite in line with what I know of him. I'm proud to have him in my command. . . . Gad, Miss Edith sings well."

Edith did sing well. Her voice was a creamy contralto of fire and beauty, and the coldness that marred her face in repose vanished when she was at the piano. Her color, heightened by her encounter with Jackson, glowed under her dark skin, as she sang the plaintive words of the sold and lonely slave,

WITH A SWIFT MOVEMENT, EDITH TURNED ON INSPECTOR JACKSON
LIVES AT THE RISK OF HIS OWN IS ONLY SHAMING

"DO YOU MEAN TO IMPLY THAT SMITH, THE MAN WHO LAVED OUR SICKNESS? IS THAT WHAT YOU MEAN, SIR?"

Bright bird, light bird,
  Bird with a broken wing,
Do you bring me a letter,
  Or do you bring me a ring?
Or do you bring me a verse of a song
  My lover used to sing?

She gave them with a passion that was startling to anyone who knew only her speaking voice, and as she finished, the doctor, looking down at her, saw tears in her dark eyes.

"My dear young lady," he said, "you should have followed my advice. A Saskatchewan runaway is not the light thing you think. Come now, slip away from this chatter, drink a glass of milk and lie down for fifteen minutes."

But Edith only smiled. "It's nothing, doctor. See, I'm all over it now. We'll not sing any more sad songs, but have a bit of gaiety. Come, Alice, give us something light and dancy."

When she looked around for Jackson later, he was gone, having made his adieux to Miss Dexter under cover of the music and gone out into the night to digest his ill-temper and chagrin as best he might. The company settled down to whist, and Edith stopped by Miss Dexter's chair.

"I'm feeling a little tucked up, Aunt Margaret," she murmured. "The doctor said I'd better not overdo this evening, and if you'll make my peace with the company, I think I'll slip off upstairs."

"That will be a very good thing, my dear," said Miss Dexter. "You look quite flushed. Is there nothing I can do for you?"

"No, I'll go right to sleep, I think. Tell Alice not to waken me when she comes. Good-night." And Edith was gone.

But her bed was not to be disturbed for some time yet. Hastily she slipped off her light silk by the light of a single candle and clad herself in a dark frock, muffling her head and face in a veil so that she would not be easily recognized. Cautiously she slipped out of the back entrance, and silently as a shadow flitted over to the hospital. She knew the orderly there, and when she asked after Frank Smith, was astounded to receive the information that the orderly officer had ordered him to go on duty that night.

"An' sure, 'tis a black shame," said Terence indignantly. "Wid an ar-rm like that he shud be in his bed. But that divil Jackson—beggin' your pardon, Miss Edith—is down on him, an' he had to go."

"Where is his post ?" she demanded.

"On th' bank av th' creek, near the quartermasther's store. He'll be on from twelve till two, an' thin agin from six to eight in the mornin'. . . . No, Miss Edith, never a word will I breathe. Sure, I'm a bit blind in my off eye, an' me hearin's none the best on a night like this. 'Tis the brave lad he is, an' a word from ye will not be comin' amiss."

"Goodnight, Terence, and thank you." Edith could be kind to those who were her inferiors, and had many a friend that Aunt Margaret would have gasped to see. Old Terence would have cheerfully gone into the operating room on one of his own ambulances and parted with a leg for her sake. He sent a blessing after the slim figure that vanished into the darkness towards the quartermaster's store.

"Halt ! Who comes there ?"

It was Smith's challenge, and at his voice the girl's heart nearly choked her with its beating. For an instant she paused. The night was black as a wolf's throat, and he could not see her, but he heard her footsteps pause and then advance again.

"Halt, I say, or I'll fire."

Again she paused, and pressed her hand against her throbbing breast.

"Frank !" She breathed, rather than spoke it. There was a pale reflection from the waters of the creek, and she could see his rifle lower at the word. She sprang forward. "Frank, are you hurt ? Frank !" No one would have recognized the cold, imperious beauty now in this timid, pleading creature.

"Edith !" he said in a tone of amazement. "What are you doing here ?"

"Are you hurt ?"

"What difference does that make ?"

"All the difference in the world. The doctor said you'd wrenched your

arm. Why are you on duty here? Did Jackson dare—"

Smith stiffened at the name. Jackson? She did know him then? She was familiar with his movements and intentions? —He spoke with chill formality.

"Miss Wheelock, you cannot pass here without the countersign. It is very imprudent for you to leave the house at this time of night. And as I have my orders, I cannot talk with you. Please return."

He could see her droop, even in the darkness. When she spoke, there was a quiver in her voice.

"You didn't call me 'Miss Wheelock' the last time I saw you."

"Things have changed."

"Why?"

Smith could not trust himself to reply. He paced the length of his post and back. Then he said only,

"Will you be good enough to return to the house? If the Major should learn of this he would be very angry."

"Why have things changed?"

"You ask me?"

"I do. Oh, Frank, why are you so hard to me?"

"What else should I be to another man's—" He broke off.

"Another man's what? And whom do you mean by 'another man'?"

"I mean Jackson. And, not having the latest advices, I cannot say how I should fill out the sentence. I expected to find you his wife."

Scarlet mounted to her very hair, and when she spoke again, her voice shook.

"You dare to suggest that I should be his wife? What reason have I ever given you to say that to me? You should know something of me by this time; have you ever seen the slightest action on my part that would give you such license? Unless, indeed, you call this mad folly of mine to-night just cause; and if you do, it is time that I returned indeed."

"No? Then why did you sail on the same boat with him without saying a word to any of us? Why have you vanished for nearly two years without a word to your friends or your people? Why are you here at the same post with him now, encouraging his attentions, seen with him, admitting him to your house?"

"I wrote to you on board, and you never answered."

"I never received the letter. From the time I last saw you in Liverpool—you remember the night we went to the Gaiety—until this afternoon, I have never had a line nor a word of news from you. I thought—but never mind that. Why did you not write to your aunt—to some of us? Why did you go in that sudden fashion, anyway?"

"My mother was dying in New York. You never knew of her. My father married her in America, and she preferred to live there, while he in his profession of war correspondent and journalist had to travel. When I came home from the Gaiety that night there was a cablegram from her asking father or me to come. Father was in Bosnia. Aunt Louise was visiting in Hertfordshire—you know, the Allans—and the maid was out. There was no one at home but myself. I found that there was a steamer sailing at five o'clock that morning. I put a few things in a bag, and took a cab straight to the dock. There was no time to write or send messengers. After I was on board I wrote to you and to Aunt Louise, and gave the letters to the steward, who said he would see they were mailed before the boat left. I suppose he failed to do it."

"Damn him!" said Frank Smith under his breath.

"After I reached New York there was so much to do that I had no time, and not very much heart to write. Mother was very ill with inflammatory rheumatism. She needed constant care. There was no money for a nurse. I worked over her day and night for nearly two months. Oh, it was an awful time. I thought I should go mad when I wasn't thinking I should die of sheer weariness. All this while I never heard a word from you or from Aunt Louise. Father hadn't given me any address—you know how he is. I had no idea whether he might be in Bosnia or in Afghanistan by that time. I wrote again to Aunt Louise, and got

my letter back marked "Moved. No address." I heard indirectly that you had left England,—left without a word to me in my trouble; and I didn't write again."

"Oh, Lord!" said Smith. "What a brute you must have thought me."

"You can see now, how it happened, can't you?" she asked.

"Of course. But how did it come that you and Jackson were on the same boat? We were nearly frantic when we found you had gone without leaving a word to anyone, and we put a private detective on the case. He turned up the Fragonia's sailing list, and there were your name and Jackson's. He had been making love to you, as we all knew. The inference was obvious."

Edith shook her head.

"I never knew he was on board at all until you told me. I stayed in my cabin almost all the way across. I was ill and wretched. I haven't seen him since he troubled me so in Liverpool until I met him here at the Bartons'. He has been very unpleasant to me, and only this evening I expressed my opinion of him so emphatically that he left the house. Was it he that ordered you to go on duty with that wrenched arm?"

"Yes. But that's nothing. I could stand a dozen wrenched arms now that I know you're safe."

With a swift movement the girl came closer, and put up her face. But Smith did not stir. She reached out her hand with a pleading little gesture.

"Kiss me, Frank," she said softly. "It's been so long."

But Smith moved back a pace in the darkness, and gripped himself hard to carry it through.

"No, Edith," he said with a harsh note in his voice. "I'm not going to kiss you."

"You don't care any more?"

Smith hesitated an instant.

"Put it that way, if you like," he said. Anyway, I'm not going to kiss you, or see you alone again."

"Don't you believe I've told you the truth?"

"Yes."

"Then tell me the truth. Are you tired of me? Is that it? Perhaps—why, perhaps you're even married. Tell me. I can bear anything rather than this uncertainty."

"I'm not married, nor thinking of being married. And, tired of you! My God, Edith, no. But I've nothing to offer you, girl. I'm a failure—a penniless, prospectless constable. I couldn't give a scrubwoman the kind of a home she was used to, let alone a girl like you. I haven't the right to take you. And I can't stand it to see you without—without—Well, I can't see you, that's all."

"Nobody's a failure at twenty-three." There was a ring of joy in Edith's voice. "Make good. You don't know how little I can do with."

He laughed mirthlessly.

"This is a hard country on an Englishman. I don't understand farming, and the service is the only thing I've succeeded in as yet. At that, Jackson may down me."

"You've done well in it. The Commissioner said some very nice things about you to-day."

"Well enough for a single man. But not for you. You're a guest in the Major's house; I'm just Smith. No, Edith, it's no use. You must go now. I'm glad you came; you don't know how glad. And perhaps I can look out for you without seeming to do it. But you mustn't come again; and, no, I won't kiss you."

As he spoke, three rifle shots rang out from the hay corral, followed by a scream and the voice of the sentry on number six was heard shouting excitedly,

"Halt! Halt there, or I fire!"

"Get to the house, Edith," ordered Smith swiftly. "Quick. There's trouble afoot."

She was close to him, as he spoke. Like a flash, she reached up, drew down his head and kissed him on the lips. Then, like a startled rabbit, she darted for the Major's quarters.

Towards the hay corral, another shot split the night air—a curse—a shout—and then silence.

To be continued.

A Summer Toboggan

TORONTO TO MONTREAL ON BLUE WATER

By Cy Warman

Author of "Weiga of Temagami," "The Last Spike," "Stories of the Railroad," etc.

THE Chinaman's description of a toboggan, "Z-z-zip! Walk a mile!" does not apply here. You simply glide down the swift St. Lawrence and zip back to Toronto on the International Limited, and there is no walking either way.

It was the morning after the day before—that is, twelve hours after the coronation of King George Fifth. Yesterday in Toronto had been one long scream to the Divinity to save the King, and if he escaped they couldn't blame the "Cradle of the Good." It was a glorious Canadian summer day, and not the least enjoyable of its charms was the restful hush that followed the roar.

While they are loading the baggage, let me tell you about Toronto. They used to say in England that Toronto was the place where you changed cars for Cobalt, but Toronto has lost this distinction. Now the trainmen northbound call out, "Buffalo! Change cars for Porcupine," and they run solid through this beautiful city to the gold camp up near the appendix of Hudson Bay. If it happens to be Sunday morning, the newsboys will enter the cars at Buffalo and Niagara Falls and warn the people to buy a morning paper, saying, "No papers sold on Sunday in Canada." The same boys should add that you can't buy a cigar or a cigarette. And, if you should become devilish and order a bottle of pop or ginger ale, you must order a banquet, or biscuit; a dinner or a doughnut, before you can be served. Also, if you read the pasted signs on the pillars and posts at the summer resorts you will learn that, "All provisions ordered must be consumed on

the premises." "If it kills you," they might have added. That is the law.

The regulation of Sunday work is such that a good Christian from Quebec, seeing a funeral passing, crossed himself and was immediately run in for working, on Sunday.

Yes, Toronto is as good as it is beautiful—almost too good to be true.

It was three in the afternoon when we cast off all cables and cares and steamed slowly out of the beautiful bay. We did not head immediately down the Lake for Montreal, as I had expected, but steamed across the blue-green water for Charlotte on the northern selvage of the United States.

By great good fortune I fell in with a writing friend who proved an excellent guide and interpreter. He seemed to know everyone, and everybody seemed to know or, at least, to suspect him. It is much better to be known. I felt that way about the tunes when the country bands were blowing forth their loyalty in a laudable effort to save the King. Those they knew were "not too bad" to use a Canadian expression, but those they merely suspected were excruciating. This good guide, (who spoke English) took me aloft and introduced me to the captain, who made us welcome, as he "steadied," "starboarded" and "larboarded" the good ship "Toronto." I hushed my happy heart to hear him say "hard-a-lee" but he didn't.

The sea was serene with scarcely a ripple or a wave save for the "jiggle of the screw," until the sun went down and we sighted the busy shores of the restless Republic.

A black cloud curtained the west. Just as the sun went down, the wind began to rattle the rigging, the one thing wanted to help the imagination out to sea. The big bronzed captain disappeared for a moment, then showed up on the bridge wearing a sou'-wester. Also, to my view, he wore, in addition an air of anxiety. Forward, rain fell in big drops that splashed upon the deck, and for all I knew it was raining aft, as well.

The dark cloud darkened, thunder crashed, lightning flashed, and when I had recovered from the blinding effect I peered out and there was my viking captain on the bridge, brave as ever.

Now the ship was rolling gracefully, the wind was wailing about the rigging and crying at the cracks and crevices of the cabin. By this time I was far at sea, but my eyes were for my brave captain.

"Is he not splendid ?" I whispered to my guide.

"Yes," he answered, "Grand, picturesque and peculiar."

Now the search light began to pick up the shore and show us the entrance to the river which is the sheltered harbor of Charlotte.

Presently I leaned from an open window.

Naturally the memory of "Wan dark night on Lak' St. Pierre" came to me, and I asked the captain if he could recite "The Wreck of the Julie Plant."

The captain did not answer. The man at the wheel seemed to strangle and choke, his fist in his face. The captain called to him "Steady !" and he immediately got himself and the ship under control. My guide pinched my elbow, suggesting that I go below and join my elder sister, who was chaperoning me on the trip. As we descended, he observed that the pilot house was no place for an impressionable young person, and my sister was cruel enough to agree with the guide.

When we had coaled and watered the ship we steamed out into the Lake, now starlit and calm. The winds were hushed and silenced the erstwhile slap and scuffle of the sea. I said the sea was silent but there was a noticeable underswell in the wake of the storm that set our good ship rolling gently and so at midnight we were rocked to sleep.

Just when the rosy tints of the rising sun were filtering through the shore trees, shortening the shadows that lay out over the liquid deep, we stopped at Kingston. Here is the end of the last link of that great chain of northern inland seas. Here is the beginning of the mighty St. Lawrence, whose waters were to carry us on to Montreal. At Kingston is a Military College where men are schooled to go out into the world and kill other men. At King

ston is a great Federal Prison where men are held in chains for killing men.

But war, the worry and waste of it was all forgotten in quiet contemplation of the peaceful panorama that unrolled as we glided on and on. Here, between the shaded shores that mark the end of the Dominion and the beginning of the big Republic, that regal river, the mighty St. Lawrence, sweeps majestically on to tell her story, her joys and her sorrows to the sea. Very picturesque and imposing she seems as she flows on, a thousand emerald isles bejewelling her breast, her shimmering surface mirroring the backward moving landscape and showing the shore-trees upside down.

As we enter the Land of Isles the shores on either side are studded with the summer homes of Canadian and American millionaires, while castles and cottages cover the large and little isles. And near these summer homes, riding at anchors (it was early morn) were scores of graceful and beautiful craft, tugging at their moorings as if eager to be off to skim the surface of this broad and beautiful stream.

Our next stop was at Alexandra Bay where there is a handsome hotel right at the water's edge, all manner of boat livery, quaint habitant guides and a curio shop.

Now the shores, that at first were silent, then set with summer homes, show prosperous towns and cities on either hand. From the upper deck the splendid farms whose sunny field reach down to the river are tipped to face us, like pictures on a plate rail. All morning we watched "the sleepy shore, like playhouse scenes glide past."

At ten o'clock we left the larger ship and stepped across to a rapids shooter, the "Queen," I believe it was called. Here the tobogganing began. Gracefully but with countless capers and curves the light ship leaped from billow to billow where the swift river fought and fretted among the giant boulders that pave the bed of this beautiful stream. Sometimes, when the ship plunged down the slope of a big wave, forcing the water away, we got a glimpse of a great stone, whose wet shoulder showed plainly in the new-made trough of the shifting "sea." There is a long series of rapids on this run, the swiftest and wildest being Lachine, near Montreal. It's easy going, down stream, but here and there we saw up-river boats cutting out these rapids and crossing meadows and fields by wide canals.

The sun was setting behind the Laurentian range when we passed under the great Grand Trunk Bridge and docked at Montreal, the metropolis of Canada.

SONG FOR "THE NIGHT"

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

THE night is a fallen jewel,
  The night is ten thousand eyes,
The night is a man that's cruel,
  The night is a woman who lies.

The night is a starlit glory,
  A dream of clear heaven above.
The night is pure music and longing,
  The night—ah, the night is Love.

Her Own Heroine

By Mrs. R. H. Davis

Illustrated by Marjory H. Mason

I DO not know on what grounds I am justified in calling Elizabeth a heroine. She never suffered from reverse of fortune,from false friend, or treacherous enemy. Her worst grievance was sick-headache. Her father failed, it is true; but the world did not turn its back coldly on her; they were only anxious in the sewing circle to know if he would reopen with a fresh stock of lawns, or if it was too late in the summer for that. Elizabeth was a governess. There is a point gained. She taught the Selden children all that she knew of music. But Mrs. Selden was not an aristocratic tyrant; in fact Lizzy rather patronized the old lady. Nor did Charles Selden, when he ran down from town, fall in love, according to rule, with the modest governess, in preference to all the girls he knew in the city, who were quite as modest, and much better bred.

Elizabeth was neither dazzling blonde nor tropical brunette; her eyes were not violet, nor purple-black, but gray—pleasant and honest, but nothing more; nor was her hair "the gold that Titian loved, of treacherous, tawny yellow;" the best that could be said of it was, that it was all her own. She reminded you of neither a sunbeam nor a leopard; when she moved, it was not with the flutter of a bird, nor the loping stealth of a cat; she walked wherever she wanted to go very much as you or I would. I must make more humiliating confessions; Elizabeth neither sparkled with wit, nor was devoured by morbid longings. She probably never said a brilliant thing in her life, nor did she "charm you by personal magnetism." I cannot even find a point in the matter of dress on which to hang a description. Of course, she had no lucent emeralds, nor carved ambers in which to manifest her secret self to the one appointed eye; but it would not have been unreasonable to expect that inevitable marvelous point lace, which the most poverty-stricken heroine providentially inherits to wear on the critical evening of her life. If Lizzy secured her pretty new merino in the fall, and jaconet muslin in the spring, she was as happy as any girl in Chester county.

Considered as a heroine, Elizabeth was a failure. When a stranger came to church, nobody pointed her out as one of the village belles—she did not even sit in the choir; but the stranger was sure to be taken to her mother's house as the place where they would be secure of cordial welcome and enjoyment; and they inevitably fell in love with homely Mrs. Woods, as one of the friendliest and pleasantest people alive, adding that when Lizzy was as old as her mother, she would probably be just like her. The house of Mrs. Woods was the rendezvous for the village; the clergyman and his wife dropped in for supper almost every night; the deacons came to argue for or against predestination; the matrons for receipts; the young people to carry on their love-making in some of the

shady nooks in the orchard, which the old lady, they declared, left untrimmed for the purpose.

Elizabeth's own love-making had been done in the house, what there was of it. She was engaged to be married next month. John Melvin did not like sitting under bushes, or in the moonlight—he had enough of out-of-doors on the farm, he said. Lizzy was paring peaches by the kitchen-table with her mother the morning the matter was definitely settled. He called to ask about some grape-cuttings, and stood joking and dipping bits of Morris-Whites in the sugar-dish, and eating them. Elizabeth was in high spirits that morning.

"You are a saucy, idle girl," said her mother.

"Shall I take her off your hands, aunt Eley ? Will you put up my peaches for me next year, Lizzy ?"

Elizabeth laughed and nodded. And then, looking up, saw that John's face was grave and had flushed a little.

"I mean it, Mrs. Woods," he said. "Elizabeth must always have known that I wished it."

"How was I to know it, Mr. Melvin ?" stammered Lizzy. "You never said —"

"Never sent you flowers, or came 'tronnying on a fiddle at night,' eh ?" laughed John. "Ought I to have gone through with all that philandering ? When I mean business, I mean business. I think you understood me," putting his hand on her arm, which was bared for work.

"I think she did, John," her mother said, finding that Elizabeth did not speak.

"Then you'll come, Lizzy ?"

Elizabeth nodded again, but did not look up this time. When she was pleased or touched, she had one of the most agreeable, lovable faces in the world. John thought this now and stood still with his hand on her arm, looking at her a moment.

"Have you settled it, children ?" said Mrs. Woods, looking back from the stove, to which she had discreetly turned.

"Yes, aunt Eley." He took his hand from her arm. No one spoke. Lizzy went on paring the peaches, and her mother weighed them. Mrs. Woods had hoped for this for a long time. John Melvin was as steady as a rock, and his farm was his own, and unincumbered. There was a great weight lifted from her heart about Lizzy's future.

As for John, he, too, had been anxious about this matter for years. Elizabeth was very dear to him; yet he would never have married her if she had been a shrew, or wasteful But she had no faults that he could discover. He had suddenly come into full daylight this morning.

People in the country, however, usually smother emotion under the commonplaces nearest at hand. "Well, I must be going," said John. "Brooks is coming to look at that Alderney heifer. I'll be down this evening, to talk it over."

"Very well, John. We're pretty busy now, as you see;" and Mrs. Woods tumbled her peaches into the kettle.

"Good-by, Lizzy," stooping, quite as a matter of course, to kiss her burning cheek.

That was the first sharp disappointment perhaps in Elizabeth's life. That first kiss, whether given in the woodland shade by moon-light, or wherever it might be, was always the culminating point in all the novels she had read; the moments when the heroine's pains and doubts were merged into pure certainty of knowing herself beloved. Bliss was reached. Life had nothing more to give. Every girl is her own heroine. If Lizzie had, in rapt second sight, looked upon that supreme moment, who can blame her ?

It was over. John had kissed her, here, in daylight, in the kitchen, before her mother and Miss Pitts, their help for the summer, who had arrived from the cellar at the critical moment. The kiss was very much like any other kiss. She knew yesterday, as well as to-day, that John Melvin would ask her to be his wife. She had not thrilled or trembled. As he kissed her, she was thinking that her hair was still in the crimping-pins, and had noticed that his boots smelled of the barn-yard.

Paradise had opened for Elizabeth,

and she had gone in; but she still wore her old clothes, and found instead of celestial fruits only the hayfields and mullein of every day.

This was three months ago. The wedding was to be next month. The whole country called Lizzy a fortunate girl. John had fitted up the old farmhouse to please her; had even sent the carpenters to Mrs. Woods for a plan of the pantry. Dry goods were down, so that her money had gone much further than they hoped in new dresses.

"I WISH I WERE A MAN!" ELIZABETH SAID PASSIONATELY, LOOKING UP

It was all very pleasant, very comfortable. But as for bliss—? The celestial fruits were yet untouched. This was the old hay-field and mullein, with the sun brighter on it, perhaps. She used to try to say over to herself, in an exaltation of feeling with Thekla,

> Thou Holy One, take home Thy child!
> I have lived, and I have loved!

Now really, she did not want to go home at all; she was perfectly comfortable. But she had missed the romance that is every girl's birthright. The wine of life had come to her with all the bead and sparkle gone. People began to notice how she moped and complained of headache. Mrs. Merrill, the clergyman's wife, joked her about it, one evening, after tea.

"You were never so fidgety and nervous in your life, Elizabeth, as now, when your fortune's made."

"Young women have a sort of wild-oats to sow as well as young men, I suppose," said Lizzy, trying to be as criminal and reckless as possible. "And you are all so good, I never have had a chance to sow mine."

"I am sure I do not know what you mean," said Mrs. Merrill.

"I don't know either," shrugging her shoulders. She saw John Melvin turn to her flushed face with an astonished, questioning look. "He would not marry me unless my temper was good," thought Lizzy. In all the novels she had read, was there ever a lover who would hesitate for temper, or such minor trifles? Of a surety, Elizabeth had been sore cheated in her lot of life.

"Will you come out and show me your wall-flowers?"

It was the stranger from New York, whom Mrs. Merrill had brought over for tea, who spoke. Elizabeth was so used to strangers that she had not noticed him before. She went before him now, glad to get away from them all, down through the dusky garden paths to the wall-flowers. The damp November wind swept up from the river across the stubble-fields.

"There is healing in 'the invisible fingers of the wind,'" he said, as if talking to himself.

A queer-looking little man, Lizzy thought, turning to look at him sharply: with a bilious-yellow complexion, dead black eyes, and lank hair put behind his ears, dressed in a coarse brown suit of city cut, the pockets stuffed with letters and cigars.

"I always think of old mother Nature as perpetually curing," turning to Elizabeth, with a smile that somehow established a kinship between them. "Not the loftiest conception, perhaps; but we poor dogs of men use each other so cruelly, that one likes to go out to the hills and fancy a wailing, loving presence there. There, at least, we are no longer alone, and are appreciated!"

Elizabeth's eyes filled with tears. As for the hills, she never had recourse to them, except to reach the farms on the other side. But did not she, too, stand alone and unappreciated? She waited breathless for the next words. But Mr. Hanlon drew a long breath, altered the position of his old felt hat, and was done with sentiment.

"Now to get at the idea of the wind," said he briskly, "you ought to face a sou'-wester, coming over the plains, on your route to New Mexico."

"Oh! were you ever there?" cried Elizabeth, whose townspeople never were known to leave the borough limits.

"Yes," turning to her excited facewith an amused smile. "You would delight in the fuchsias—sixteen feet. But this is an old story I am beginning. I mentioned the fuchsias in my letters from the plains this summer. You read the newspapers?"

"You are not 'Kappa?'" cried Elizabeth, clasping her hands.

"That is my newspaper signature. In the magazines I give my name."

Lizzy was dumb. Nobody who had not lived in a country village, and known the awe-approaching dread excited by a man who has "written for the press," can comprehend her emotion. Hanlon laughed, and turned it off with a cough. "Now here is a little thing which may interest you. The nutting-party last week, you remember?" drawing a newspaper from his pocket. "I am here for rest, but I use all the

"HEAVEN HAS SENT YOU A BETTER LOT," HE ANSWERED, SMILING SADLY. "GOOD-BYE"

material that I find. All is grain that comes to a poor scribbler's mill."

Grain? Golden seed, indeed, to bring forth such fruit as this! Elizabeth sat on a log of the fence poring over the column with kindling eyes.

"Why, I was there! It was stupid and commonplace to me; but here—it is a poem!"

"You compliment me," strapping up his pocket-book. Then he found room for himself on the log beside her. She was a fresh, original little thing! Apparently out of spirits, too. He might as well amuse himself and her. Elizabeth read and reread the story of the nutting-party. Why, here was magic! The dull, ordinary jaunt through the woods read like a strain of music! The turnpike, the wagons, the party of nutters had become a poet's pilgrimage. This man had the divine gift; he could turn the weary hay-fields and mullein for her into celestial fruits.

"I have not let it be known who I was," he said. "I did not think there was any one in the village who cared for my pursuits; any one of my kin or kind until now."

Elizabeth made no answer. She had never before felt herself a whit different from the other village people; she had no other tastes, read no other books than theirs; but now she was utterly set apart from them. A great gulf lay between her and them. She was one of the immortal brotherhood of genius.

"You don't object to smoke? Well, then, I'll show you some of my summer's work. Mere studies, you see," lazily leaning back and puffing his cigar, while he opened one newspaper slip after another. They sat there until dark came. "We must go in, or we will have your knight down to reckon with me. You ought not to have put the yoke about your neck, by-the-by, until you had seen more of the world, Miss Lizzy. If you were a boy, how I should like you for companion out yonder exploring in the west!"

Lizzy did not answer. If John came down, he undoubtedly had the right to break up this delicious dream which the last hour had brought. Why did she give him the right? The "yoke" galled her. If there had been any approach to flirtation in Hanlon's manner, her purity would have taken the alarm. But this intellectual sympathy—this wish that she were a boy and his companion: there was a greeting here of soul to soul, which she had never received from John Melvin, and in which was no disloyalty to him. As for Lizzy's part in the conversation, we may conclude she had given satisfaction in the matter of admiration, from Hanlon's reflections as he followed her up the path, drawing the last whiff from his cigar.

"Wants cultivation, poor little body! But she has very correct ideas in the main—sees where an article has power better than your professional critics, hang them!"

"I will come over in the morning," he added, aloud, "and read you some passages from that book I mentioned, Miss Lizzy. That is, if you will be at leisure?"

Now Lizzy had promised to go over with John and look at the poultry yard, which needed a fence. But—"I will be at leisure," she said.

"Come down to the place where we were sitting just now, then. It's a shady little nook, and will be cool in the morning, eh?"

"Yes, I'll come."

"Unless our sir knight has objections?" looking at her keenly. "He is the fiance, you know, and I am only the friend."

"He does not care to sit in shady corners to talk to me himself, and he won't even notice that others do it," she laughed, but petulantly.

"Ah-h?" He walked beside her in silence, giving one or two furtive, inquiring glances at her heated face. Ben Hanlon was a generous, imaginaative fellow. "The girl is being driven into an unwelcome marriage," he thought. "I'll be as kind to her as I I can." When they reached the porch, the moon had fully risen, and threw long, flickering rays of mystical light over the trailing vines and ghost-like trees.

"No, I will not come in," he said.

She halted on the upper step, looking down at the pale face that fixed a strange, pitying look on her. Somehow the ordinary good-by, which she would have spoken, died on her lips.

"We are friends, are we not?" he

said in a low voice, holding out his hand.

There was no disloyalty to John in giving him her hand, surely? Yet the nervous fingers of the friend thrilled her as the lover's had never done.

When John came for Elizabeth next morning, she was snugly ensconced in the corner of the ivy-covered wall overlooking the creek, and could not be found at the house. Hanlon lay at her feet, reading to her. It was a hot day, and this shade and the ripple of the water were pleasanter than Mrs. Merrill's best room. Lizzy amused him, too, and he thought sincerely that he was showing her a kindness. When noon came, therefore, and the dinner-horns blew, he half rose and lazily sank back again. "If we could only stay here all the afternoon?" he yawned.

Lizzy's heart throbbed with guilty pleasure. Why should she not have this one happy day? It would be the last. "I will go and steal some lunch, and we will stay!" she suggested, breathless.

Hanlon laughed. He looked uneasy for a moment as she ran away, but puffed away his twinge of conscience with his cigar, and then sauntered out to the melon-patch and brought in a cantaloupe. Lizzy ran back in triumph. She had completed her foraging unseen, and they sat side by side on the grass and nibbled the bread-and-cheese, and shared the melon with all the zest of adventure of two truant school-boys.

During the long afternoon Hanlon read, or lazily talked of his favorite subjects, his own life, and his own opinions, while Lizzy listened, her hands clasped over her knees, her eyes fixed on the broad sheet of water rippling in the sun. She heard John Melvin's voice at the house, but she did not move. She wondered if it would ever have power over her life again? Elizabeth, we think, improves in her role of heroine. She was, however, neither an intolerably vain, nor passionate woman, as you may judge her to be. She had only a certain vein of romance, or sentiment, which John Melvin had never thought it worth while to open. Hanlon did think it worth while for an hour's amusement, and it bubbled forth with a depth and abandon of which he had no conception.

The sun was setting when he rose. "It is unfair in me to keep you longer. I have no claim on you." She thought he sighed. "I am going to-morrow."

"So soon?"

"It is later than I intended. I meant to go to-day. But I felt that I must know you better." He hesitated. "One hears a friendly call sometimes, sailing on this great ocean of life, and we know that it comes from one born in our own country. But the ships only touch to part. They cannot sail in company."

"No. And yet—I wish I were a man!" passionately, looking up.

"Heaven has sent you a better lot," laughing, yet half-sadly. "Are you not coming to the house? Good-by then."

"Must you go now?" she said.

"Yes I have an engagement with, with—These stupid duties are the chain wherewith we're darkly bound, after all, I think." He held her hand, pressed it slightly, and hurried away. The truth was, it was Mrs. Merrill's supper-hour, and he had a keen remembrance of her fried chicken and waffles.

As for Lizzy, she sat still to think. She had learned from her favorite histories that in every heroic life comes the crisis, the imminent moment when Fate must be met and grappled with. She thought it had come now; she determined to look at her Fate as coolly as Lily Dale or Mary Lowther, her favorite heroines, would have done. John Melvin, she acknowledged, was one of the noblest types of men, generous, honorable to a fault, and loved her dearly. But all this could be said of the unhappy lovers, of these her heroines. Of Hanlon she knew nothing. He was the acquaintance of a day. He might be weak, cruel, a gambler, or a roue; but he pleased her passion or whim. Her heroines on this ground had struggled through volume after volume of contumely and misery, to cling to their whim for the scoundrel, and make the deserving man's life wretched. This was the highest ruling in the court of Love. To be sure,

Hanlon did not love her, there was no chance that he ever would. But would Mary Lowther have hesitated for that? In the name of earnest womanhood—no! Was not the remembrance of certain "thrills", with which her hand had touched her cousin's coat, enough to induce that heroic young female to to cast away her lover, and make himself and her comfortably wretched for the rest of their lives?

Night gathered around Lizzy as she sat alone. Her blood grew chilled, her head pained her. The outcry and persecution would be terrible if she broke her betrothal; she was not a strong girl, and she began to cry. "But I cannot marry him with the feeling that I have!" she sobbed. Perhaps under all was some vague idea that if Hanlon knew she was free—must the ships part in mid ocean? "I will go to John and tell him all," she cried, getting up.

Perhaps if she had had time to reach the house, the story might never have been told. But a hand was laid on her shoulder as she spoke.

"What is the 'all' you have to tell me, Elizabeth?"

"Oh, John!" (There was no need to tell all; half would do.)

"I meant to say to you," pale and desperate, "that it must all stop. I cannot be your wife, John."

"Why not, Lizzy?" He laughed—a wild discordant laugh, she thought.

"We are not alike. There is not that kindred instinct, that sympathy between those born under our star," trying to talk the dialect of all young women in her situation. "I will never make you happy, John."

"I think you will, Lizzy," gravely. "I have loved you a long time; since you were a little midge of a thing at school. I never told you that, did I? I have studied your character and my own thoroughly. I did not let passion blind me, and I think we have every element of happiness to begin with. God helping me, I'll do my part." Elizabeth felt an inexpressible swell of comfort rising in her heart. There surely never was a manlier man than John; and his smile just now was as tender as a woman's. But what! Where were her instincts of affinity? Did not John Eames plead in just this way, and did not Lily Dale nobly turn her back on him, and vindicate her pure instincts by clinging to the boorish ruffian who had jilted her?

"Go!" cried Elizabeth, tragically, turning away.

But John Melvin held her by the wrist.

"What do you mean, Elizabeth?" he said.

The man was capable of passion, after all, and she had pushed him too far.

"I mean that you must go on your own road. I cannot marry you."

"If you don't marry me, Elizabeth Woods, my horse may break my neck, to-night, for aught I care!" and he flung her from him.

"John! John!" she cried, feebly.

But John was gone. The next moment she heard his horse's hoofs galloping down the creek road.

She sobbed a little, but not long. The gusty scene had relieved her overburdened spirit, as sheet lightning clears the atmosphere. She went into the house and ate her supper with an appetite. To-morrow Mr. Hanlon would, doubtless, come to say good-bye again, and there would be that delicious pattering of words and looks on the border-land of friendship and passion; and there would be another stormy scene with John—and would she make it up with John, after all? Poor old fellow! It seemed as if she really had always been John's property. She romped with the baby awhile, and then tried on her wedding-bonnet with great satisfaction, going to work to alter the flowers.

About ten o'clock her father came in. "The creek bridge is down, I told the commissioners 'twan't safe weeks ago."

"Did not John take the creek road going home, Lizzy?" said Mrs. Woods.

But Lizzy could not answer for the sudden terrible choking in her throat.

"Pshaw! John Melvin's not the sort of man to risk his neck so," said her father, leisurely drawing off his boots. "What's the use of skeering the child? She's as white as a sheet.

John's got his wits and his eyes about him, Libby. He'll be here in the morning, I'll warrant him."

But John did not come in the morning, nor at noon, nor at night. Mr. Woods, becoming alarmed, rode over to the farm. John had not returned on the night before; the workmen supposed he had remained with the Woods, as he had lately sometimes done. Mr. Woods came home pooh-poohing and gruff, but inwardly terribly in doubt. His wife went about pale and silent; the village was in a fever of alarm, which was subdued into anxious whispering when Lizzy approached. They need not have tried to shield her. She had known the worst at once. "He is dead!" she said, quietly. "He is dead!" for she remembered those last words. It was she who had done it—she, with her paltry mad whim of passion and vanity.

It was on Tuesday night that the bridge fell. Thursday, Friday passed without tidings. She asked no questions; sat quite still in her own room, with dry, tearless eyes. When her mother moved softly about her, caressing her, was the only time she would speak. "I loved him, mother," she would say. "Do you think he knows now that I loved him?"

"Keep up heart, child. John will come back."

But Lizzy did not seem to hear her; went back to her vacant staring out of the window at the glassy surface of the water, under which he was lying. "I loved him," she would say, nodding to herself.

She knew it now—now, when it was too late. Forbes, the old village doctor, came to see her; looked at her set lips and distended eyes.

"There is danger," he told her mother and the women when he came out. "You women have a knack of bringing the tears—try and bring them."

They began, therefore, to talk of John before her; of how the whole country side was mourning for him as the man that could least be spared; of his generosity, his honor, his strong judgment, and then, with bated breath, of his love for her. She looked at them without answer. Who knew what manner of man he was as she knew it? No one but she knew how noble and great was the life that she had cut short with her weak, murderous hand.

She thought, if he could but know that in her soul she had never been false to him, that it was but the mad folly of a moment which drew her from him, that he would forgive her; that, dead, he would be generous, as he had been in life. If her voice could pierce heaven, and reach him where he stood!

"I love you, John," she cried. But only her lips moved. Those who stood nearest her heard not a sound. They caught her in their arms, and laid her like one dead on the bed.

"He may come back," they said, thinking she could hear.

But in the village there was no hope. The men, with Mr. Woods at their head, had been dragging the creek, and firing a cannon over the water, in the hope of recovering the body. Late in the afternoon, the women about Lizzy saw a sudden confusion in the crowd of men and boys down on the bank. There was a running and hurrying together.

"They have found it," they whispered, shuddering, to each other—and one after another went noiselessly out of the room.

But it was only a hat which had been dragged out of the water—a brown felt hat, which they all knew at once.

Old Mr. Woods took it up, and brushed the clotted mud off it as tenderly as though it had been the dead man's face he touched.

"There's his name in his own hand, bold enough—John Melvin!" laying it down. "Sure enough! the man that wrote that is under the water, boys. Merciful God! Here's Lizzy!"

They all drew back as the girl came through the crowd, and knelt down by the hat. She did not touch it, but stooped over it, as though it brought her closer to the dead man, and then she burst into a low sobbing, which brought tears to the eyes of even the men.

Suddenly there was a quick motion in the crowd about her, cries, an oath

or two, and a loud, cheerful voice exclaiming:

"Where? Why, to see about Brooks' Alderney heifer, to be sure. Then we went over to the county fair. Yes, that's my old hat; it blew into the creek as I crossed the ford. Why, Lizzy, child!" and he picked her up and carried her like a baby into the house, holding her close to his breast, and when they were inside, kissing the wet, pale face passionately enough to satisfy even her.

"But you were angry with me, John? I thought you had gone to the bridge, meaning to die there!"

"Bless my soul, Lizzy! Do you take me for a fool? What would I die for? No; I wanted to see Brooks about the heifer, and went to tell you; but you were out of sorts that evening, and I let my temper get the better of me. So I thought I'd better stay away a day or two until we had both cooled off. Besides, I knew there would be some merino ewes at that fair worth seeing. I'm not sorry for this mistake," he added, after a moment. "I never would have known how you love me, if you had not thought me dead."

"No, neither am I sorry," said Elizabeth, quietly.

A day or two after, John said, "Where is that little scribbling chap who was at Merrill's?"

"I don't know. I had quite forgotten him," answered Lizzy, which was quite true

That evening, however, she received a large yellow envelope with two or three columns of newspaper-cuttings inclosed. She read them, growing angrily red.

"What is it Lizzy?" asked John," who was watching her.

"Does that mean me?" the tears of mortification standing in her eyes.

"By George!, here's the whole story! 'Pathetic incident—idyl of innocent love, broken in upon by Death's mournful summons. Village damsel—fair, ignorant, uncultured, save in the art of love—the manly Strephon for this Chloe!,' It's certainly you, Lizzy, for here is your name in full. But your friend must have left before the end, for here is a full account of the finding of my body, and a description of you insensible upon the sands beside it. I wonder he left you alive. Here is a note—did you see?"

Lizzy read it.

"My dear Miss Woods—You will perceive that I have exerted the descriptive powers, which you were so kind as to approve, in your behalf. The story possessed fine elements for a sensational sketch, and I willingly exerted myself to make it as complete as possible for you, feeling only too happy that I was able to return the pleasure which the hours passed in your society gave me.

Yours faithfully,
BENJAMIN HANLON.

"P.S.—Necessarily, the sketch is not quite literal. I took the liberty of bringing Mr. Melvin's body to shore instead of his hat. We artists have our privileges, you know. I am most happy, for your sake, that it was the hat only which the waters drank down to muddy death. My wife, to whom I told the story, offers her good wishes with mine to both him and you."

"Not a bad fellow, I take it. But half-witted, I suppose, Lizzy?"

"One of the vainest, weakest men that ever lived," cried Elizabeth, vehemently. "The very thought of the man disgusts me."

AT THE HACIENDA DE SAN LUIS

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

EDITOR'S NOTE—*In the autumn of* 1910 *a party of Canadians, Mexicans and Spaniards went into the heart of Old Mexico after the fashion of the early explorers, and with not much better facilities of travel. The party was landlooking through a country rich in resources, but undeveloped to a degree, and the story of their adventures by boat and pack-train as set down here by Don Salvador Castello Carreras reads like an ancient chronicle of some venturesome Columbus in search of Cipango and Cathay. As a landseeking expedition, its success or failure is of no interest to us, and is not considered in this chronicle, but in the eyes of Don Salvador the journey at least did not lack romance. Guerrero, the state into which they penetrated, was a country*

calculated to tax both strength and courage, reachable only after a long traverse of a treacherous river in a boat propelled by native oarsmen, and thereafter by a horseback journey; and the audacity of such men as Colonel A. D. Davidson, of Toronto, and his companions in attempting a trip of this kind smacks of the spirit that sent stout John Cabot out in a cockle-shell from Bristol some centuries ago. When one thinks of Colonel Davidson, millionaire associate of Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann, one instinctively visualizes him in a luxurious office, rather than among the rocks and rapids of "Little Hell." And yet, as a matter of fact, he has never been one to favor upholstered ease, and you will more often find his stocky figure on the firing line with his men in the West, than at his Toronto desk. It is this side of him that Don Salvador shows us here. Indeed in the party were no "lads with the wine of adventure still red to them"—all of them were steady, successful Canadian business men, like McBain and like Field. Yet for once they seem to have thrown off the sober dignity of their wont and taken a venturesome holiday among the rocks and rapids of strange rivers. Where probably no Canadians and few Saxons have gone, they went and the story of their travels is set down hereinafter by a faithful chronicler. Says the author:

"These notes, while written by a member of the expedition led by Colonel Andrew D. Davidson to the state of Guerrero, Mexico, in 1910, with the object of considering its value in regard to its fertility and natural resources and also the advantages it affords for colonization by Europeans, do not attempt to give more than a picturesque account of a trip not lacking in adventure and excitement. While I took my place with the party as a chronicler merely, I naturally beheld the commercial resources of the region we traversed, and perhaps was not unable to estimate their advantages and disadvantages. But let these pass, and be it mine to chronicle our journey as a journey only, a succession of delights encountered and difficulties endured."

ON the morning of Saturday the 17th September, 1910, at seven-thirty, the Buena Vista station of Mexico City presented an animated aspect. Big vans discharged an arsenal of provisions, harness, saddles and tents which were soon stocked away in the luggage vans and after saluting our chief, Col. A. D. Davidson, who had just arrived, we took our seats in the Pullman car awaiting the classical cry of "Vamonos" (let us start) which was not long in being uttered by the conductor and the rhythmic, ringing of the locomotive bell announced to us that we were on the way.

The nucleus of the party was formed of Colonel Andrew D. Davidson, his collaborator, Mr. Lewis Lukes, Senor Licenciado Ibarra, Messrs. John Lee Stark and William C. Bond, engineers, Messrs. E. A. Field and William McBain, Canadian experts, and your humble servant.

We were accompanied part of the way by the brothers Don Jose' Maria and Don Vicente Ortiz, both mining engineers and owners of the Campo Morado, and by Mr. Marion L. Thomas also a mining engineer in the service of said gentlemen.

As most indispensable details of the expedition we also had with us a French cook with his scullion. The staff of guides and servants were to be contracted for en route.

Everywhere along our journey the landscape was dotted with miserable cabins or huts at the doors of which appeared Indians of bronzed complexion and black hair, descendants still of that powerful Azteca race which so often offered resistance to and even defeated the armies of the Great Cortes and were only subdued at the cost of their tenacity and the sacrifice of thousands of lives lost on the battle-field before the ultimate conquest of the Anahuac. (Anahuac was the name given to the Valley of Mexico by the Aztecas).

As the day passed, and we climbed steadily, the effects of the altitude we had gained began to be felt, we now being several hundred metres above

the 2,200 which is the elevation of the Valley. The delightful sensation of the *summer cold* was however compensated by the splendor of the tropical sun which shed its brilliant rays over that beautiful panorama bringing into relief its incomparable beauties. The locomotive puffing heavily took us little by little up to "La Cima" (the summit) the highest point of the railway line and where we had to say goodbye to the Capital.

From this same point, Herman Cortes saw the Gran Tinoxtitlan (the Gran Tinoxtitlan was the capital of the Azteca Empire, now the City of Mexico) for the first time when, after establishing his camp in Cuernavaca, he resolved to strike the first blow at the Capital of the Azteca Empire and head his forces to the Anahuac.

After running a few kilometres along the range and towards the West, the plains of Tierra Templada (Temperate Zone) came into view, and at the foot of the Ajusco we caught sight of the town of Cuernavaca, the historic place where the Hero of the Conquest pitched his camp, and which preserves so many memories of the time of Maximilian.

While the engine-driver was launching us giddily down the rapid decline which leads to the Valley of Morelos, the panorama was becoming every moment more interesting.

Following upon the arid appearance of the Ajusco, the vegetation of which was one day destroyed to the root by the torrents of lava, we now enjoyed the view of quite a different thing, a vegetation extremely exuberant with delicate tropical plants, the exquisite perfume from which we were perceiving in all its fragrance.

It was a little after noon when the train resumed its progress and the change in temperature became now so extreme that from the cool of the morning we passed to a temperature hardly less than insupportable. Within the space of a little over four hours we had ascended quite 3,000 metres, descending rapidly to 1,000 and the warmth was such as to heat the carriages, the sun penetrating to our seats.

As the heat continued to make itself felt several of our friends became sleepy, reclining in their seats, but I, absorbed in the contemplation of new lands, remained wide-awake and in rapture beside the window. It was then that I perceived the presence at the extreme end of the compartment of two passengers unknown to me and to all appearances artisans and Europeans. Both appeared to be inclined not to leave the train until the terminus was reached. Senor Ibarra told me that they were the French cook, contracted by him, and his scullion. The cook responded to the name of Emile and I addressed him in his own tongue to find out what elements of food he disposed of. In a few moments my knowledge of the language of Moliere facilitated this information and during a very interesting conversation I got to know all details as to the food, wines and liquors our *cordon bleu* intended to regale us with.

The silence of the scullion, a boy to all appearances between eighteen and twenty years of age, attracted my attention.

"Is that your assistant ?" asked I of Emile, pointing to the boy.

"Yes, sir," he replied, somewhat uneasy to see how my eyes were fixed on the object of our talk.

"Is he French, like you ?" I continued.

"No, sir, Spanish," he answered.

"Why, man, how glad I am—but what has he on his head to cause him to wear his handkerchief like a muleteer ?" I remarked.

"I don't know why," answered Emile.

I then addressed myself to the boy only getting vague and hesitating replies to my queries. My curiosity being now fully aroused I continued to question him about his journey to Mexico and he told me that while in Havana he became acquainted with the cook who offered to teach him his profession and for this reason he accompanied him everywhere he went. His voice and manners created certain suspicions in my mind which, as the reader will see later on, were not unfounded.

At four in the afternoon we slowed

down and the sound of the bell announced that we were arriving at Iguala. No one who has read Mexican history particularly in regard to the nineteenth century, will ignore that Iguala was the place where the armies of Iturbide and Guerrero sealed the famous pact, forming the basis of the patriotic *Plan* which subscribed to later by O'Donoju, the last of the Spanish Viceroys, at the Treaty of Cordoba, put an end to the war of Independence, independence being declared under the Crown of Fernando VII. or of someone of the princes of his blood who desired to go over to Mexico to govern as an independent sovereign. The *Plan of Iguala* of the three guarantees (Religion, Union, Independence) supported by the army, sealed the peace between Mexicans and Spaniards on the twenty-first of February, 1821. The ambitions of Iturbide, who later proclaimed himself Emperor of the Mexicans, caused his death and the institution of the form of Republican Government. In Iguala the Epopee of the Mexican Independence came to an end, an epopee the prologue to which Hidalgo wrote with his blood after the patriotic "*Grito de Dolores.*"

A great part of the city having been destroyed by the earthquake of 1907 which demolished its most celebrated edifices, it is reduced to-day to a town of the third order with a population of only 1,200 and its movement limited to what is provided by the travellers who stop there to go on to Chilpancingo, the capital of the state, to Taxco and to other places in the Sierra Madre, which are connected to Iguala by narrow winding roads impossible for vehicular traffic; the exception is the road to Chilpancingo recently opened and adequate for carriage transit.

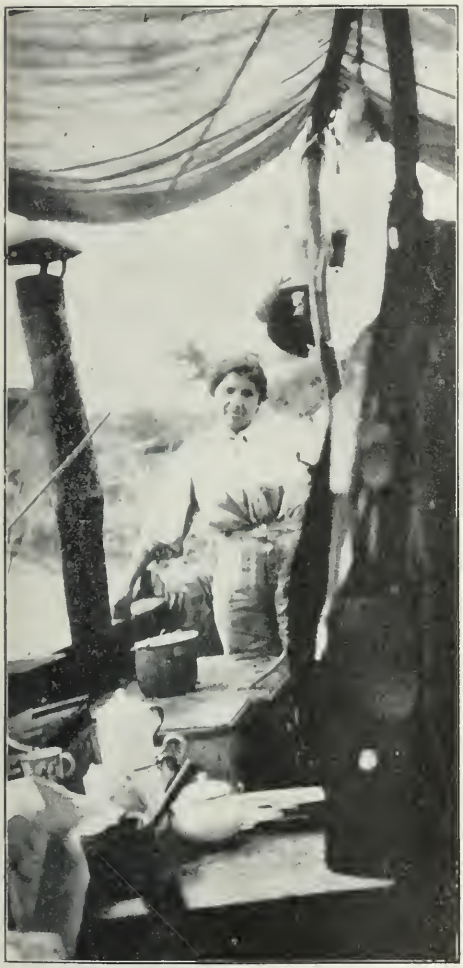
As our route was directed to Balsas, the terminus of the line, we had still two hours more to travel, so, without incident and as the setting sun reddened the summits of the neighboring mountains, we advanced through the glen called "La Mano Muerta" (the dead hand) and through other defiles, arriving by night-fall at the Balsas station, the objective of the first day. In reality Balsas has no railway station. A wooden hut serves for such a building and without the shed erected by Messrs. Ortiz, proprietors of the mines of "Campo Morado" for use as a warehouse, we should have been obliged to pass that night already in camp.

As the moon commenced to throw its silvery rays across the village, I wandered towards the bridge from which I contemplated the rushing waters and to which, the next day, we were going to confide our lot. The violence of the current and the enormous quantity of water impressed me with, if not fear, at least certain respect. Just by the station there is a soi disant restaurant kept by Chinamen, like the majority of these establishments to be found along the railways of the country. So that Emile should not have to exercise his functions that night, we ordered our supper at the restaurant. While the children of the "celestial Empire" were giving a last touch to their insipid victuals, some of the excursionists lay down on the floor and others, including your humble servant, walked toward the "rancheria." I hardly dare to give another name to that collection of miserable huts from which the squeaky and plaintive tones of a bad phonograph reached our ears. Our path was encumbered by a multitude of pigs running about here and there, as we entered a narrow lane which led us to the square, of such a strange aspect that I became deeply impressed. Numerous oil and petroleum lamps, placed on tables or on the ground, illuminated the scene which was typical and original to the extreme. One would have thought that we had been led into a legendary bandit's lair.

The square as well as the many canteens and "pulquerias" (shops where pulque and alcoholic drinks are sold) were extraordinarly crowded. It being Saturday night and consequently "raya day" (dia de raya in Mexico means pay day) the Indians had money to spend and were wasting the fruit of their labors. Lined up along the houses ragged and dirty women with loose hair were hawking all kinds of Indian confectionery badly elaborated by themselves. Others, sitting Indian fashion or half stretched on the ground,

were crying out other wares for sale, among them water melons and pumpkins. Some also sold syrups and liquors. The majority were hawking *clotes*, *enchiladas*, *tamales* and *taquitos* (names of various articles of food based on maize and capsicum.)

and sprinkled them with various syrups according to the taste of the consumer. It was a kind of granulated ice cream easily prepared and to judge by the great number of customers and the relish with which they gobbled it down, it ought not to be a bad sort of



"OUR BRAVE FLORA", THE HEROINE OF THE EXPEDITION

THREE MEXICAN TYPES IN THE SQUARE OF COYUCA DE CATALAN

Among them all, one woman especially attracted my attention for the originality of the articles she offered for sale. Upon a table she had a bar of ice, upon which she scraped with a steel instrument, and producing a kind of ice shavings, put these into a plate

thing. If the surroundings had not been so dirty I might have been tempted to taste it myself. In the centre of the square an Indian somewhat past middle age and covered with his typical "sarape" (a kind of shawl) as if he were in full winter time (we were perspiring in

our shirt sleeves) was sitting near one of the phonographs from which hung several acoustic tubes which the customer applied to his ears to better hear the sounds in the open air notwithstanding the terrific noise. His clients were children of the place who appeared to be enchanted with the amusement. Surely the famous Edison had not thought that his invention would find its way even to the "rancherias" of Guerrero. At another corner of the square we noticed a crowd of men and women around a very fat and black woman seated at a table covered with playing cards, upon which the players placed their bets and more often lost than won. Near by, a primitive kind of roulette was in full swing. Such a manifestation of vice among such poor people seemed to me much more abominable than the gambling in aristocratic circles.

I have still to mention the noisy billiard tables in the numerous canteens where the collision of cue and ball were confounded with the "tac" of the dice and the sound of money falling on the tables. The spectacle was becoming repugnant and I was surprised to see so much vice rooted among people so primitive and simple. Order, nevertheless, was perfect, thanks to the natural culture of the Indians and to the vigilance of a big fellow, also an Indian, who, armed with a big stick, authoritatively walked up and down on the lookout for the least sign of trouble. He was the policeman of the place.

"Good-evening, Don Jose Maria," was his greeting to our friend Ortiz. "I want to speak with you."

"EL CENTENARIO", THE BOAT TO WHICH WE LATER TRUSTED OURSELVES IN THE CURRENT OF THE TREACHEROUS BALSAS RIVER

"What is the matter ?" asked Ortiz, tendering his hand which the Indian grasped, at the same time raising the other to his hat.

"Sir," he explained "I have just detained a young woman, who, dressed as a man, says she came with you from Mexico. As I don't believe her and it may be she has fled from the Capital under disguise, I have detained her at the station until you have seen her."

"A woman with us ?" exclaimed Don Jose Maria, interrogating me with his look as if I knew something about it.

"Yes, sir," replied the Indian, "I had

my suspicions and I was not deceived. Perhaps——?"

"Yes," I joined in, "the scullion has turned out to be a woman. I presumed it in the train but I could not be sure of it."

What an adventure," ejaculated Don Jose. "Let us go and see her," and we all followed him to the station where the delinquent was held up. "I am a Spanish woman," she declared. "My name is Flora; I accompany Emile and I could not remain alone in Mexico. He wanted a scullion and could wish for no one better than I for such work and besides I can also be of use to you gentlemen for washing and mending your clothes. I dressed like a man so that I should not be dismissed if discovered at the station and in this way I can ride a horse and follow you everywhere. I am young and strong and you may have no fear of me being in the way." The poor girl was almost crying while speaking thus.

The Colonel being informed of the case, decided to retain her services and the intrepid girl was set free. The truth is that it was impossible to act otherwise, as if we had turned her away, we should have been left without our cook and that would have been a great affliction which interested everybody to avoid.

Our supper, although not very tasty, at least engaged our attention for an hour, after which we smoked our cigars and wandered along the line in the full moonlight of a September evening. We presently retired to the warehouse or shed, where the kindness of Messrs. Ortiz provided us with trestle beds, and very soon each individual had accommodated himself to the best of his ability.

A PRIMITIVE METHOD OF CROSSING RIVERS NEAR COYUCA DE CATALAN. FORTUNATELY THE STREAM IS NOT DEEP AT THIS POINT

The heat continued to be intolerable and we had to leave the door open. When the lamp had been extinguished there commenced for me an unexpected nightmare. On the one hand the shouts of the Indians and the noise of the phonographs would not let me get a wink of sleep, and on the other, from time to time my attention was attracted by some luminous and phosphorescent specks which, now on the roof, now in

proximity to my nose, came and went, continually changing their places. The phenomenon was strange and for some time I attributed it to the effects of the heat, even getting the idea that they were "wills o' the wisp," but I eventually came to the conclusion that they were glow-worms or luminous flies whose wings become phosphorescent with friction. The fear of them stinging me and the buzzing of the mosquitoes which flew in constantly through the door, had the effect of completely upsetting my rest. For over two hours did I turn over and over in my narrow trestle bed, all idea of sleep having now completely abandoned me. When Morpheus did eventually tempt me into a sort of slumber, the loud report of a thunder-clap made me sit up in bed to find that the moon had disappeared and it was commencing to rain.

The storm came in a few moments. As we were at the end of the rainy season such an unexpected rainstorm was not to be marvelled at. Strong gusts of wind penetrated the shed, the lightning became more vivid than ever, and the thunder rolled and rolled a hundred times over repeated by the echoes of the neighboring mountains. The water fell in torrents, and, hitting against the leaden roof of the shed, produced such noise that I began to fear it would fall in. I then resolved to get up and thus be prepared for any event. Meanwhile my companions appeared not to be affected in the least and slept on quite peacefully. If any of them moved it was to turn over and improve his position. How I envied them all. It was a long time before the storm abated, the thunder resounded farther away, the rain ceased and the sky becoming clearer, allowed the moon to reappear. The temperature had now greatly descended and the dampness even appeared to me agreeable. Fatigue at last overcame my excited spirit, my eyes closed and I ultimately sank into oblivion.

ON THE RIVER BALSAS.

At the break of day we were all up and dressed and at seven o'clock we occupied our seats in the launch, christened "El Centenario" (The Centenary), in charge of the mulatto Pancho Andiar and his four rowers. The baggage and tents we placed in another launch. These boats were a kind of punt, shaping to a point at the prow and square at the stern. The shallowness of the channel at some points exact such conditions for navigation in that river. "The Centenario" was large enough for some thirty persons, more or less huddled together, so that we had plenty of room. To accommodate the boat to the exigencies of the voyage the following distribution was made—at the prow the kitchen was installed, where also the pilot and his men were quartered. From halfway to the stern was reserved for the passengers. Along the sides, stools and camp chairs had their place, and room was also found for a folding table. The cooking-stove was sufficiently large for preparing the most complicated dishes and a good oven forming part of the installation ensured us of never-failing daily bread. A canvas covering protected us from the sun and the poles supporting this came in useful for pegs.

Failing an automotor and boilers, the boats had to glide impulsed by the current, the rowers only having to maintain equilibrium and steer by means of their blades which they used like oars. Everybody having boarded the launch, breakfast was served and the Colonel giving orders to let go we confided our lot from that moment to the muddy waters of the Balsas, which, owing to the rain of the previous night, had an imposing effect.

The Balsas is one of the most important rivers of Mexico crossing the states of Morelos and Quenoro, and having many tributary streams. The strength of the current varies. It is sometimes slow and at others so rapid that it would appear most difficult to navigate it. The breadth varies between thirty and one hundred and fifty metres and its normal depth is some three metres, but this reaches six at some points. If it were not for the narrow stretch called "El Infiernillo" (The little hell), a place which the reader will be acquainted with in due course, the river would be navigable from the Balsas Bridge down to the sea, at least for light draft

boats, and with a few locks along the route it might be accessible to small steam or gasoline launches. This would facilitate the return journey, now impossible because the boats which descend the river can only return by haulage from the banks, and at times with the help of the Indians, who, waist-deep in water, have to push them along.

As soon as the ropes were let go we sat down to honor the good breakfast prepared by Emile. With ham, eggs, coffee and milk and fruit, we acquired sufficient strength to carry us on to lunch time.

What a fine view did the Balsas and its banks present to us at that moment —the latter were covered with splendid vegetation, the weeping willows shed their branches right down to the water and the *seringuanicos* in full white bloom looked like bushes upon which snow had set, forming a contrast now and again from the red and orange-colored flowers of the *Sangre de toro*. The *naisabas*, the *maunchiles* and the *capires*, interlaced their branches with those of the *trenos*, the *espinos* and the *perotas*. From time to time our attention was attracted on both sides by a large maize field and meadows of an enchanting green color, which extended to the slopes of the Sierra mountains through which we were passing. Frequently we came across boats struggling against the current and pulled along by vigorous Indians who had the utmost difficulty in overcoming the impetuous waters. The pilot always remained on board, steering by means of a long pole. At every meeting an interesting colloquy was maintained by both pilots by means of a special kind of telegraphy—every knock given with the fist upon the casing of the prow emitted a preconcerted sound which the water transmitted and which the receiver responded to in the same manner, thus showing he understood, but without uttering a single word. It is truly wireless telegraphy without the aid of electric current or apparatus. The system is undoubtedly as ancient as the Azteca race whose origin is lost among the nebulosity of the New Continent.

At about ten o'clock a cry of "Alerta" by one of the rowers made us take up our rifles, which were always ready, and at that moment we sighted a fine specimen of alligator. "Alligator"—whispered the Canadians at the same time aiming at the sleepy reptile. There was a loud report and the alligator gave a spring and fell on its back mortally wounded. The riflemen were still aiming, when this occurred, and on looking round, we noticed the young engineer, Mr. Thomas, who smilingly and calmly was engaged in taking out the spent cartridge from the revolver he had just fired. The distance at which he fired was not less than thirty metres, proving a steady hand, and the deed earned for him a hearty "hurrah" from all of us. The speed at which we were going at that moment did not permit us to pick up the carcass and it was well we did not for it was not good policy to load ourselves up just at the beginning of our journey. I in turn amused myself shooting at the storks which were flying about over our heads. The heat was great and the canvas awning was not sufficient to protect us from the strong rays of the sun. Our "cantiniere" had not one moment of repose supplying us with lemonade, beer, and other cool drinks, which we welcomed as may be imagined. At many points violent depressions of the land originated rapids of more or less force which the boatmen negotiated with singular ability, keeping a straight bottom and steering through the places of less danger. On that day alone and in the space of eight hours we had to undergo this manoeuvre fifty-six times and very often the water got into the launch giving us a corresponding good wetting.

At noon our lunch consisted of consomme, ham and meat, and for dessert we had cheese and oranges. As we were sipping our coffee—it will be seen that no comfort of any kind was wanting—we were reminded that we were reaching the end of the day's journey. In eight hours we had descended eighty kilometres of the river.

At last the "Centenario" came to a stop at Pezoapa, a small place or "rancheria" (a collection of huts) where the mining company of Campo

Morado have an agent who attends to the various services inherent to the business there, including the management of more than sixty boats for the traffic service established. Here we found the necessary animals which were to be employed for the journey through the Sierra Madre to the mines.

Colonel Davidson then disposed that the expedition be divided into two groups, the one comprising himself, Mr. Lukes, Mr. Field, Senor Licenciade Ibarra, Mr. Thomas and myself who with them was to be a guest of Messrs. Ortiz at Campo Morado. The other group was composed of Messrs. McBain, Lee Stark and Bond, with whom we left the cooks, to attend to them, during the two days of our separation. This party had orders to take to the river next day and descend as far as Santo Tomas where we were to join again.

It is not the purpose of this narrator to chronicle our expedition to Campo Morado. It was a deviation from our path, on which we learned much about the mines of our friends, the Messrs. Ortiz, and on which we had our first experience of real thirst. But nothing of an exciting nature occurred, and we will therefore transport the reader to our camp at Santo Tomas, where he will please to assume that our party once more complete, is preparing to go on board the "Centario" once more.

FROM SANTO TOMAS TO COYUCA DE CATALAN.

At dawn, our camp was broken up, the operation only lasting half an hour. Emile had prepared for us a good substantial breakfast, which Flora served with her usual refinement. Before seven o'clock struck everything was ready and packed away on board the "Centenario" which was let go and we were off.

The day's journey was likely to be very arduous, as right from daybreak the heat was unbearable. Thanks to the awning and to a curtain which not without some difficulty I was able to hang up at the stern to protect us from the sun which was burning on our backs, we mitigated the effects, but the atmosphere was so suffocating and the river so deep that not an atom of air was circulating. Half way through the morning we resumed shooting at alligators which in great numbers were sleeping by the shore. Some fell amid acclamations to Lee Stark who hardly missed a shot. One of these reptiles was captured and, tied to the stern, was towed by us to the end of the day's journey.

Now and again we met with an iguana which, fastened to the rocks, hastened to conceal itself on our approach. In spite of this several fell under the true shots of the Canadians. I gave my attention to the herons, my weapon being the only small shot gun in the party and consequently the only one to ensure good shooting at birds. The plumage was beautiful, the whole body pure white and the primary feathers of the wings black. The herons of America are more like storks and with their wings extended some of them measure over a metre and a half and from the ease with which they fly about they make a truly tempting target.

More favored as we progressed, we met with numbers of wild ducks; the American species smaller than those of Europe and of rather a greyish or black and white color. As the presence of the boats was perceived by them at some distance, they rose too far away for me to show off my abilities. On the other hand, McBain and Lee Stark brought down herons with ball shot. From time to time, the Colonel ordered a stop to be made for reconnoitring the land from some of the slopes near to the river-bank. From these points we were able to appreciate the value of the lands, and admire the plains which we could descry between the mountains which we were gradually leaving behind. The landscape was changing every hour. At times the view was simply enchanting, receiving some life from the movement of the water and of the luggage launch which was following us. We were now a good way from the "*Cerro del Gallo*," and could contemplate the "*Cerro del Olvido*," and a little farther on the "*Cerro del Aquila*," one of the most prominent of the Sierra Madre peaks in that district.

Lunch that day was not a great suc-

cess as Emile did not possess all the elements he required. Soup, ham and eggs, a few onions (of which the Colonel is very fond) and fruit were the best he could do for us. The hope of a good dinner at Coyuca de Catalan inspired us to make the best of such a frugal meal. The vegetation on either bank was becoming at every moment more varied and exuberant. During more than four hours we advanced between these lovely banks and on either side we had what formed a rich mining district. On the right the silver and mercury mines of Arcelia and Santa Ana—to the left and parallel to the former, the silver mines of Balcon, and others of gold, disseminated in the Guerrero region and not far from where we were. It is a great pity that, due to the scarcity of roads and means of transport, these riches have to be hardly less than abandoned.

Colonel Davidson and Mr. Lukes considered it suitable to camp near the confluence of the Balsas and El Guirio rivers, which offered a good point of observation on the Michoacan side, and he gave orders to the master of the launch to stop at the first possible place. At times on account of the force of the current, at others for the want of boughs to which to fasten the launch, and again at others because the master was not disposed to do so, we traveled onward until Coyuca de Catalan came into view, a town with a decent population and the capital or political headship of the district of Mina. Here the famous hero of the War of Independence was born, the town being named after him. Our pilot was also born here and now we could explain his manoeuvring with regard to the choice of a suitable stopping place. Naturally he preferred to pass the night among his old friends.

WHEN WE APPROACHED A TOWN THE WHOLE POPULATION GENERALLY TURNED OUT TO GREET US

Fortunately the town of Coyuca is situated on a prominence from which the river is perfectly dominated and so we had lost no advantage in what referred to the work of exploration planned by our Chief.

Our arrival and the fixing up of the tents attracted the attention of the whole town who turned out greeting us

with natural curiosity. The Licenciado Lugo and the engineer Nolty were here presented to the Colonel and these gentlemen, experts as regards to knowledge of the district, supplied us with valuable information. With the plan of the country drawn up by Mr. Thomas before us, a council of experts was held, during which much was discussed, and the conclusion was come to that these fertile lands were excellent for the possibility of converting them into vast irrigable fields. The circumstance of Coyuca having a telegraph station permitted us to get into contact with the engineer Favila who, sent on from Mexico by Senor Ibarra, was three days ahead of us with the object of collecting the necessary animals for our progress along the coast. As at first it was proposed to disembark at Balsas de Abajo and afterwards the itinerary was changed and it was decided to follow the river right along to its mouth. The necessary instructions were telegraphed to Senor Favila to await our arrival at the river-mouth and at the Hacienda of the Licenciade Lopez who accompanied him.

At Coyuca I replenished my camera, but not without some difficulty, as for want of a dark room I had to practise the operation of changing the plates in one of the Government offices. The clerks did not know what to make of it, and seeing me shut myself in the room, must have suspected that I was a spy, who, with the excuse of changing plates, was going to spy into the archives. Emile also replenished his pantry and took in provisions for two days. The beer and lemonade had all gone, so we acquired a case of each. I helped Emile to an extent by purchasing some pullets and chickens and even a sucking pig, which brought upon my head the imprecations of all as I, being ignorant of the filth these animals eat in this country, thought I was going to give my companions a pleasant surprise, but they would have nothing to do with it at all. On purchasing these animals I was surprised at the cheapness of such commodities in these parts. The pullets and chickens cost me six centavos of a Mexican dollar, or twenty centimos of a peseta, and the sucking pig, six weeks old, cost me one dollar, equivalent to about three pesetas.

In Coyuca we heard speak of the disease called *pinto* for the first time. Pinto is an epidemic complaint in this region and has also extended to other parts of the country. It consists of the skin becoming covered with spots. Among the colored people these are white, and if the attacked person be a white man they are bluish. It appears that only natives are attacked, but there are cases where white people, and even Europeans, have contracted the disease. Sometimes the sight of a sick person produces great repugnance, the spots being so thick as to give one the idea of a tattooed skin. Contagion of this disease is so feared that in the Mexican army special regiments of attacked soldiers have been formed to the exclusion of healthy men. It is also inherited, this being the origin generally of the ailment. In some villages of the State of Guerrero you will hardly find a single person unattacked, but on the other hand it is very rare to register a case along the Pacific Coast. Apart from the bad effect produced by the sight of a sufferer from pinto, as it is a cutaneous affection, the general organism does not suffer and the illness has no disagreeable consequences. I have seen old men of eighty years who have suffered from it since their childhood.

For the rest, the Indian race in these parts is of an arrogant type. The features and color are much less pronounced than in the Valley of Mexico and the woman is less ugly, some even possessing quite correct lineaments. I remember holding in my arms a naked child, three years old, called Abistano, who was really a splendid type of the race.

We encamped on the bank of the river in a spacious meadow. Night having now come upon us, we went on board our *frigate* to dinner, our *cordon bleu* having in such a short space of time prepared for us some really relishing dishes.

After dinner each one retired to his tent and shortly complete silence reigned over the camp.

To be continued.

HORSES HAUL THE LOGS TO THE SKIDWAYS AND THENCE AN ICE LOCOMOTIVE CARRIES THEM TO THE NEAREST WATERWAY

The City of Silver Saws

By John S. Woodward

Illustrated from Photographs

RIVER street is long and tree-fringed and gracefully curved high above the silver of the North Saskatchewan, and on it romance walks abroad.

Prince Albert, however, is prouder of her growth than of her romance, and being an optimistic western city, quite naturally protests against this view of it. In the year ending March 31st, 1912, they tell you, there were 2096 homestead entries. Property on the main street sells at over $1,000 a front foot, although considering the growth of the city, prices are still very low. La Colle Falls, they continue, is now being developed, and when the big million dollar power scheme is completed, Prince Albert manufacturers will have electrical energy at less than $25.00 per horse power per year. The wheat that won the world's prize in

New York in 1911—65½ pounds to the bushel, 75 bushels to the acre—was grown on soil near Prince Albert. One lumber mill in the city ships twenty-five carloads of lumber per day; another turns out 50,000,000 feet of lumber and 15,000,000 feet of lath per year. These are the things that the city fathers will tell you. Romance? Tush!

Time was, though, when Prince Albert was a lumberjack's town, and not one of the least striking things about the city's development is the broadening of its interests and the consequent change in the city's character. Not long ago the screaming crescendo of the saw cutting through huge logs—"Hr-r-r-een!"—was the only voice of the city, and you smelt the clean scent of sawdust in its thoroughfares. It is still the dominant voice, for Prince Albert supplies the lumber for the new towns of half the western provinces; but there are other voices, too, and there are no longer big doings in town when the shantymen of the timber limits get paid off and come to town after a three days' diet of salt to get up the requisite thirst. The country tributary to the city has opened up, and you will find the lumberjack to-day a peaceful citizen in a hurry to get back to his farm after a winter's work with the peavey, rather than the fighting, whiskey-drinking bully of former days.

But the romance is there, nevertheless. To-day, as you walk down River Street on a bright spring morning, you may perhaps see a tall, slim-built man moving springily along as if life set light on his shoulders. Early in March his attire is perhaps a bit careless, his Christy hat tilted at a rakish angle, his cigar sloping upwards to meet it, his beard luxuriant. Later in the season, he would do credit to Bond Street, and the whiskers are a neat Vandyke. Ask who he is, and they will tell you that he is Ernie Gardner, King of the Lumberjacks, and also they will add that he represents a fast-disappearing type. By reason of his physical strength he was made king, which is why kings have been chosen from time immemorial; and by reason of his shrewd adaptability to changing conditions he remains king, which hasn't always followed, if history speaks truth. At all events, there is no question as to his monarchy. Stories innumerable are told of him in the good old days when the recalcitrant swamper or driver fell foul of the boss and repented of it, many of these encounters being handed down in Homeric story and song from generation to generation of lumberjacks around the bunkhouse stove; and stories there are of him to-day, generally told by the mill superintendents and managers, in which his shrewdness has won him more than one bloodless victory.

But times are changing, and you would never have guessed the hero from seeing him casually on River Street. Gone are the good old days when he was the admired of his companions who could blow in his roll in the shortest time after striking town. No more do the boys hand over their winter's wage to the barkeeper with the request that they be supplied with "booze" until it is all gone. No more does Prince Albert, wakened by shoutings and song in the cool spring night, turn over and realize that the "jacks" have come to town. That era is at an end.

But the business of lumbering, systematized and practical as it has come to be, is no less picturesque. The timber in the Prince Albert region is mostly spruce, with a little tamarac, the average diameter of the wood cut being about fourteen inches at the stump. The lumber put out by Prince Albert compares very favorably with the harder woods found in other lumbering districts of the Dominion, and can be used for practically every commercial purpose when manufactured. About the middle of October the lumber companies hire their men and get in their winter supplies. The first snowfall gives the date for hauling the cut logs by horse draught to the skidways, where they are picked up by the ice locomotive, which takes them to the nearest water way where they are dumped and left till spring when the ice melts and the drives begin. "Driving" consists in floating the timber

THE MEN WHO GET OUT THE LOGS, AND THE ICE LOCOMOTIVE THAT HAULS THEM TO THE RIVER. THESE MEN ARE PARTLY PROFESSIONAL LUMBERJACKS, BUT THE GREATER PART OF THEM ARE HOMESTEADERS WHO SPEND THEIR WINTERS IN THE WOODS, RETURNING TO THEIR FARMS AS SOON AS THE BREAK-UP COMES

down stream, the drivers with calked boots keeping the raft on the move until the river becomes wide enough for the formation of rafts. Raftsmen then bring this conglomeration of tumbling logs into some sort of order and form rafts consisting of two or three thousand logs which are then towed down to wherever the sawmill carries out its wonderful work of reducing the great rough timbers to mathematically accurate pieces of finished wood ready for the manufacturer and builder.

This generally means to Prince Albert, where the Prince Albert Lumber Company, the Big River Lumber Company, and other mills await the giant logs. "Dangerous! Persons entering do so at their own risk!" says the sign outside the mill door. But disregard it for once, and step inside boldly. Stand on the unstable platform over the shrieking, snarling, shooting carriers that flash to and fro and cut the heart out of a big log in the flicker of an eyelash, and if the men that ride them are careless for half a second snap them off like bugs. Stand a little nearer the river, too, and watch the ugly black hands of the giant who guides the blundering logs to the mercy of the saw from the endless chain that brings them up from the water—blind steel things thrust up through the roughened floor. Listen to the thundering fortissimo of the dynamos, the trolleys feeding the band saws, the joyous screech of the saws as they cut their triumphant way through twenty-five feet of solid timber, and the grumbling bass accompaniment of the endless chain. The first impression is that of a purposeless pandemonium. But if you are fortunate enough to be piloted by one who knows, the marvellous ingenuity of the whole machinery, human and steel, gradually becomes unveiled.

First comes the rough timber from the mill pond, caught by the endless chain, dragged in lengthways, and dumped on the log deck where four or five logs are already waiting to be operated on.

Then from the log deck one log falls into the iron clutches of the carrier, a rail trolley worked by two engineers, which rushes ceaselessly back and forth alongside the bandsaw, like some evil genius feeding an ogre in a fairy-tale. A shrill scream follows as the saw bites through the rough wood like butter, and then in place of the rough log is a smooth plane. Back snaps the carrier; the saw shrieks again, and a plank falls away; once more, and another plank is shorn from the side of the forest giant; and so continues the process until the whole log, perhaps twenty-five feet long by twenty inches in diameter, is sawn up into rough planks of whatever thickness is required by the quality of the wood.

Now another series of endless chains snatch these planks and carry them to the "edger," a machine for cutting the lumber to the correct width, and thence to the "trimmer" which equalizes the length. Edgings and trimmings are carried to another part of the mill, where they are made into laths four feet long, and there is little left when the lath-makers are through. Such as there is, the mill sells locally for firewood. The sawdust is utilized for keeping alight the big furnaces that supply the steam power to the machinery. There is no waste here.

Then the planks, now of uniform length, width and thickness, are passed out to the sorting shed, and piled for seasoning according to their quality and description. When in condition the rough planks are run into the planing mill, thence to emerge in the shape of finished products—sidings, floorings, mouldings, shiplap, etc., and then they go to the flat-cars that carry out of Prince Albert two trainloads of lumber a day for the hungry young cities that spring up on the prairies like mushrooms after rain.

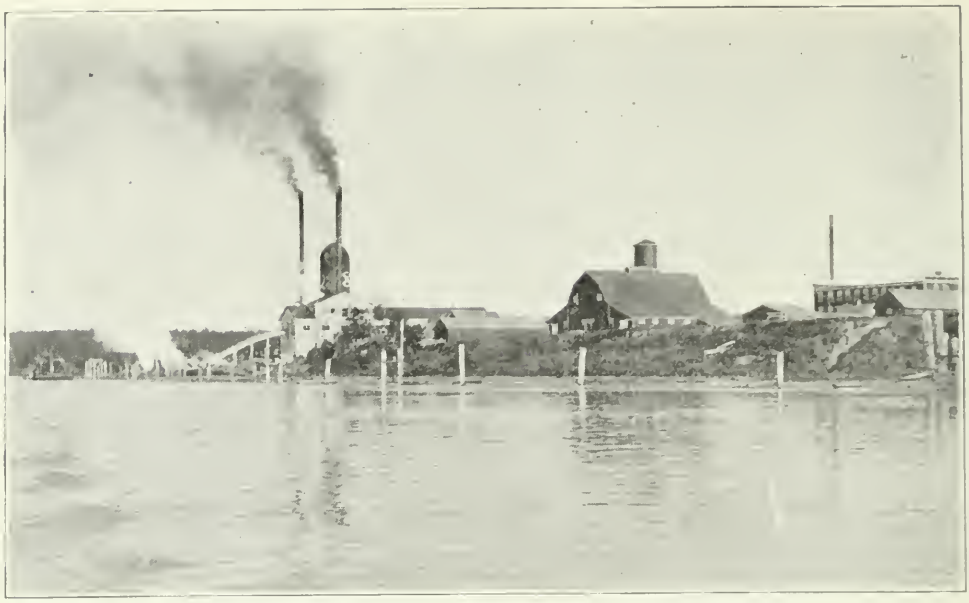
Listen with all your might as the superintendent of the mill shouts facts and figures about feet and prices into your ear above the screaming crescendo of the saw; get a peep into the roaring Gehenna of the furnaces; walk through the long fragrant aisles of piled up spruce in the sorting sheds; watch the blue-clad men loading long strings of flat-cars—150,000,000 feet are turned out annually, you remember, and two

THH PILED SPRUCE IN THE YARDS, AWAITING SHIPMENT TO THE NEW CITIES OF THE PRAIRIE WEST

train-loads go out every day—and you will see pictures that one need not be an artist to appreciate. Here is not only the picturesqueness of color—blue overalls and creamy-yellow-pink planks; dark pines and silver river; dim-vistaed interiors flashing with the steely ribbon of a saw, the orange glow of a forge, the slanting spokes of sunshine in the dusty air—but the romance of trade, the romance of man pitted against nature and beating her, romance of derring-do just as real as when Sir Walter's knights whaled the everlasting tar out of each other. And when you look further and see how many little hopes of new homes these four-inch and eight-inch spruce planks mean all over the prairie west, you realize that the romance of the lumber business is the romance of the making of a new empire.

But the day when the voice of the saw was the only voice of Prince Albert is past. The vast farming territory tributary to the city has been settled, and thriving farms have taken the place of the bushlands. Prince Albert as a shipping point for such farm produce as the city itself does not consume is growing in importance. This tributary district is as rich as any in Western Canada. Wheat grown on the farm of F. D. Cherry, six miles south of the city, carried off the Canadian championship at Brandon in 1910, and the American championship at Columbus, Ohio, in 1911. Marquis wheat grown by Seager Wheeler near Rosthern won, as everybody knows, the world's prize at the New York Land Show in 1911. Which is pretty good evidence that the soil of the North Saskatchewan Valley is unexcelled for grain growing. The abundance of shelter and good water makes it well fitted, too, for dairying and stock-raising. Added to the natural advantages of the soil is the excellent opportunity for newcomers to obtain their share of this rich land at practically no outlay. There is a vast area in the Prince Albert district open to homesteaders and the complying with the government regulations in regard to the taking up of free grants places the farmer in a position to supply himself with a holding that ultimately means a fortune for him.

A great deal of the land in northern



AN ENDLESS CHAIN CARRIES THE LOGS UP THE INCLINE FROM THE RIVER TO THE MILL, WHERE THEY PASS FROM THE LOG DECK TO THE BIG SAWS AND ARE CUT INTO VARIOUS KINDS OF LUMBER

Saskatchewan is covered with bluffs of light scrub. When this is removed, there remains a black loam on a clay subsoil which will produce the finest crops. To the east of the city lies the famous Colleston district where the earlier settlers located and where to-day the handsome homes and farm buildings testify to the results that they have secured in mixed farming and grain growing. There is no reason why their success cannot be repeated in any of the other districts of the North Saskatchewan Valley, and the multitude of thriving new farms that may be seen in a day's drive in almost any direction from the city are excellent proof of the district's popularity with new settlers.

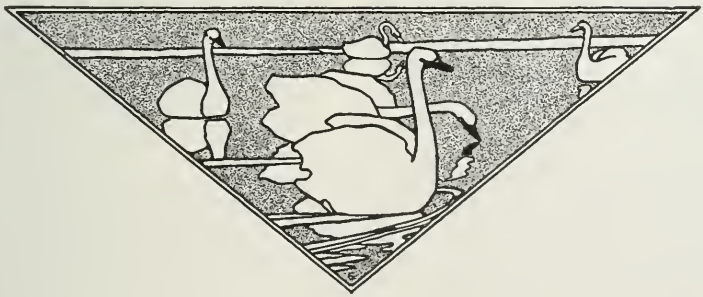
Again, the lumbering interests help here to build up the country. The settler is sure of employment during the winter if he can swing an axe or a peavey—or if he is willing to learn. Nine-tenths of the men who get out the logs all winter in the limits forty, fifty or a hundred miles the other side of the North Saskatchewan are farmers the other seven or eight months of the year. No longer does the coming of the "jacks" to town mean a season of revelry and riot when decent householders stay indoors. The men from the camps stay in the city only as long as it takes them to get a train for their quarter-section, or maybe buy a piece or two of farm machinery. The average lumber jack no longer lives by wood alone. At freeze-up he comes in to Prince Albert from the farm, and there hires out to a lumber camp. Last winter some ten thousand men must have been so hired there, and most of them were homesteaders. Some, of course, were professionals from the camps in old "Kebec," from Michigan or Minnesota, or the other lumbering states. For a few days they linger in town, and then they are gone to the deep woods, to reappear no more until the pussywillows hang out their catkins along the river's edge. Last winter wages ran from $25 to $45 a month with board, and four months steady work was a surety. Once, that roll would have lasted about a day and a half buying drinks for the crowd over the Prince Albert bars; now the quiet-eyed, taciturn men who come in from the camps reckon it in terms of a new binder or a couple of grade Jerseys and some government-inspected seed wheat.

This condition is one that will last for a long time to come, for although Prince Albert will grow bigger and more

varied in its interests, lumbering is going to remain a big asset to the city for a long while. A recent computation places the total amount of timber in the limits of the province of Saskatchewan at five billion feet, or roughly two thousand square miles of limits. The total cut in the province a year ago was about 175,000,000 feet, so that allowing for damage from fire and other sources, it will take fully twenty years to cut out the present limits. Each year, of course, the camps are moving further away from civilization. The nearest now is thirty-five miles from Prince Albert and is reached by team. Further to the northwest, where the Big River Lumber Company operate a five-hundred-mile-square limit, Mackenzie and Mann have pushed steel the ninety miles to the mill. As the present limits are cut out, the companies move further back, although at the same time it will be possible to cut over the limits which are being cut now. Indeed to-day some of the limits that were cut over some ten or fifteen years ago are being re-lumbered.

With the advent of these settlers, the city of Prince Albert has changed, and is changing. In the freight-yards you will see cattle and wheat cars made up along with the spicy flat-cars of spruce on the out-freight tracks; and on the in-freight ones binders and seeders in all the glory of red and blue paint await delivery to their owners. A trainload of colonists arrives while you idle on the station platform, men with the stamp of the farmer in their calloused hands and sun-wrinkled eyes. And you may not see a pair of spiked boots in a month's stay.

The men who know—the men who told you about the number of homestead entries and the La Colle Falls power project—can tell you, too, of packing plants and flour mills that are coming to the city, of quiet men who have bought tracts where business-like surveyors have laid out the ground for big commercial buildings, warehouses and the like. They will tell you of the line to Hudson Bay, which became a certainty this spring when a party of sixteen engineers and assistants began work on the Prince-Albert-Split-Lake extension, connecting the city with the government metals at the latter point. With this short line to the Bay, the shipment of farm products to the Old World will cost the farmer in the Prince Albert district less than it costs producers anywhere else in Western Canada. The same thing naturally applies to manufacturers, and with cheap transportation and cheap power, it is indubitably but a short time until Prince Albert will become a great and prosperous city.



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.

In the parching autumn wind
Cornfields bow the head,
Sheltered in round valley depths
On low hills outspread.

THE months slip on apace. Here is August, richly flushed with the last touches of summer, whose rosy garment is shadowed here and there with the faint grays of autumn. The trees have lost their early fresh green, and the dusty branches hang wearily, now and then dropping a leaf. The maybuds are dead and gone, the seed-vessels rattle dryly, and many of the birds have left their green chambers. There is a silence among God's little choristers who but a few weeks ago were singing lustily in His forest-temples, and the first faint coloring of autumn will appear presently tinging wood and field with her rich tints. Down by the river the grass is green as in early June, and the sedge-fringed marsh has not altogether lost its freshness, but there is the touch of maturity everywhere, the touch of brooding sadness such as a lovely woman may know when she espies the finger of Time whitening a hair here and there at her temples, or notes with dismay the fine network of lines which the old Jester is faintly tracing around eyes which still are beautiful.

The days, too, are growing shorter. The sun sinks earlier to his rest, and the purple mists begin to shadow the hills. There are blotches of russet among the ferns in the shady nook of the little garden. The insects still shrill in the grass, and the merry chorus of the crickets and little unseen creatures that move in the dusk, fills the calm, lustrous nights with silver sounds.

But for a space yet we have golden summer days and the deep red of summer roses, and all the land laughs under the smile of God.

"ON THE IMPULSE OF THE MOMENT"

WHO does not do things on what they call "the impulse of the moment?" It is like marrying in a hurry and taking it out on the stool of repentance for long years after. People should can impulse and only use it like canned salmon—when they are out of everything else.

Sad was the case of the man who on this matter of impulse asked two women friends whom he met in New

York the other day to have dinner with him. They were from Toronto and were lonely and were glad to accept. In fact they congratulated themselves on this very fortunate happening. The friendly man suggested Sherry's or the Waldorf—that beautiful establishment which seems to have been erected solely as a sort of show ring where women with jewels and men without money may parade and peacock. The ladies demurred, as they were not in that part of the town (in which he was well-known) and with the woman's usual excuse of not being suitably dressed, suggested a less notable place.

Finally they elected to go to a little restaurant across the street on which they were walking.

Now he didn't know a thing about the restaurant but thought he would chance it, since the ladies were agreeable. So in they went. The place was what might be called "classically elegant" and there was nothing so vulgar as prices on the menu. The host was provided with a fair little wad of the necessary long green—much more, for a fact, than he had any intention of spending on his "country" friends. So they had cocktails—'twas in little old N'York, you know, far, far from the safe home pastures—and ordered soup and fish and a broiled chicken and Jerusalem artichokes. Then a salad and a little something to drink followed by an ice and cheese with a demi-tasse au fine champagne. Just before the coffee was put on the table the waiter handed the host his check.

"Holy Smoke!"

He said it under his breath, and went straight up in the air. That chicken—it was no slow and tired fowl from Philadelphia—that chicken alone cost five dollars, and the demi-tasse—suitably furnished—counted up an extra quarter apiece. He knew to a copper exactly what he was worth as he stood in his clothes and by a little process of subtraction he discovered that when he came to foot the bill he would be just twenty cents "in the hole" with nothing for the waiter. What was he to do? He couldn't ask for credit and he couldn't let his friends see that he was embarrassed for money with which to pay for a simple little $14.50 meal.

But into the midst of his despair came a bright idea. He called the waiter and said reproachfully, "Here, you brought three cups of coffee. I ordered only two. Take this one away—I never drink coffee. The waiter thought he was unnecessarily noisy about it but he couldn't guess how great had been the man's mental anguish—how sweet the relief!

What the waiter thought when at the last moment, after the ladies had gone on ahead, five cents rolled in paper was slipped in his hand was determined by his smiles as he bowed the party out. What he said when he unrolled the coin from the fold of yellow journal (which he had mistaken for a bill) would not be fit for publication. There are times when foreign language covers indiscretion.

. . . . . .

"THE SUCCESS"

SUCH is the ironic name of a ship whose destiny it was to shelter the world's failures for many a long year. The "Success" is the last of the convict hulks and is to-day a museum of gruesome effigies—a veritable floating "chamber of horrors." Briefly, she is well over a hundred years of age, is as sound as the day she was launched and is sailing or has sailed for these shores. Her high wooden sides have rung with the sound of music and the song of love as with the awful screams of tortured men, and the oaths of unruly convicts. Her decks have streamed with blood. No story that ever was written could equal that of this old vessel, who, equipped with the wireless, is still sailing oceans and daring the dangers of sea travel. Her teak mainmast is one solid tree and yet shows the dents of Bonaparte's cannon when she fought the French in the year of Waterloo in the Bay of Bengal. In the black pens below decks, such bushrangers as Morgan, Melville and "the Kelly gang" spent many a year. It was a gang from the "Success" that murdered Price, the Inspector, a man known for

his inhumanity. It was here that famous "Gipsy" Smith, transported to Melbourne, swabbed out the enormous cell called "The Tigers' Den" where the fiercest convicts were kept chained hand and foot—the only convict who had the courage to enter that cage; and it was here that unfortunate Power, the bushranger, spent so many awful years and was liberated only to commit suicide. Power was liberated at the instance of Lady Clarke—an influential Australian lady—because of the fact that while he was a highwayman, he was always courteous to women. We have each of us heard the oft-told tale of the polite robber who, after stealing a pretty girl's jewels, handed them back to her because he was smitten by her charms. Power was the man. He was an extraordinary character. His boast was that he had never shed blood. One time when a sturdy Scot whom he had held up refused to hand over his money at the point of a rifle, Power said to him.

"I'll give you just five minutes to think over the matter, and, if after that time you still refuse, I shall have to shoot you." And this thief and robber then went behind a tree and actually knelt down and fervently prayed God *to soften the heart of the obdurate Scot*, so that the shedding of blood might be avoided. And his prayer was heard! The Scotchman handed over the "prog" without a word, and with a bow "me brave Power" cantered away.

When Power was pardoned and the old ship "Success" was transformed from a prison hulk into a show ship, the convict begged the authorities to permit him to dwell amid the old haunts—the most horrible "haunts" conceivable—and he was given a cabin—I was in it myself—under the poop. Here he lived for awhile and told his amazing story. Such a story! How he "bailed-up" the Mail coach full of passengers and returned a girl's trinkets to her, how he then embarked on a life of horse-stealing and thieving, how he "put in" fourteen years on the hulk "Success," how he once escaped from prison under a cart of rubbish and got to a farmer's house where the good-wife was churning. After frightening her nearly to death by his imperative demands for food and clothes she gave him a suit in exchange for his arrow-marked garments, and he immediately fixed up the blade of an old pair of shears into a cleft stick and that same night held up a terrified old gentleman and took his gun and money. And at last a comrade he had relied on betrayed him. The police caught him after as desperate a struggle as the Paris officers lately had with Bonnot, the Apache.

Power's health was ruined by his awful years on the Success. He looked a wreck—old, scarred, terrible—as the gray hulk herself. He was a man of parts and not without a grim sense of humour. Nothing pleased him more than to show the haughty, though newly-made aristocracy of Melbourne what he termed "the effigies of their ancestors," when they came aboard the Success to see that museum of horrors. That these persons resented such a suspicion was shown by the attempt, twice made, to sink the hulk. Once they did sink her and she remained below water for nearly six months. Then she was raised and came up covered with barnacles and streaming sea-weed, grayer and grimmer than ever. The effigies were re-instated, and she set out under her own sail for England where she made safe port. Many a sea-captain who saw the gray old tortoise laboring over the sea and snorting through the waves, gave her a wide berth, and many a sailor "crossed his luck" at sight of what he took to be the Flying Dutchman, the terror of the seas.

. . . . . .

TAKING CARE OF THE WOMEN

IN his special report, Mr. Arthur Hawkes strikes as his key-note co-operation. Referring to the women and children side of immigration, he makes eloquent appeal for better service for the mother who too often "bears an appalling risk of loss to the Province and Dominion" which she ought not to suffer. He asks that "when human life is about to yield its increase" it should be more sacredly regarded, more tenderly cared for.

THE PLACE WAS QUIET AND WHAT MIGHT BE CALLED "CLASSICALLY ELEGANT", BUT WHEN THE WAITER HANDED THE HOST HIS CHECK, HE SAID "HOLY SMOKE!" UNDER HIS BREATH

"This" he remarks, "is preeminently a field for the activity of women's organizations, and has been touched by some of them."

Should not the Government take more cognizance of this aspect of immigration and make provision for the women of the pioneer settlements in the hour of their greatest need? This is a side of immigration that "has never been properly regarded." It is one that it would well repay the Government to consider and provide for. After all, we may joke as we will about votes for women, suffragettes—militant or peaceful—but it is the woman who largely determines the family affair in great as well as small matters. Make immigration attractive to the woman and you get the whole family.

. . . . . .

GRIEF

A ROUGH-LOOKING, poor working man got on the car outside the cemetery the other day. He had no sign of mourning about him except a peculiar look of loss on his rugged face. Some would have thought he looked sullen, but one never can tell. To me his expression was one of amaze, of puzzled consternation, as one asking "But, why?"

POWER WAS THE ORIGINAL OF THE POLITE KOBBER WHO AFTER STEALING A LADY'S JEWELS HANDED THEM BACK TO HER BECAUSE HE WAS SMITTEN WITH HER CHARMS

He sat in a corner and stared out of the window but you sensed that he saw nothing. One hand was in the pocket of his working jacket and now and again when the car stopped to let people off and on, he would pull out something and look at it furtively, hurrying it back into his pocket again if he noticed anyone watching him. It was getting past suppertime and the car was fast emptying. We moved a little closer to the man who was sitting so quietly in the corner. Suddenly he drew his hand from his pocket, turning out the ragged lining as he did so. In his hand there was a child's mitt, a shabby purple woollen mitt with holes in it.

. . . . . .

THE PROBLEM OF THE AGE

THE views aired by divers men and women on the subject of divorce offer some good reading which is not without a touch of the amusing. Hall Caine emphatically declares divorce to be an evil. But he adds the rider "a necessary evil." We have made it necessary, he contends by a general condition of corruptness in our methods of education, wrong theories in law and criminal inertia. On the whole, Hall Caine merely "mouths words." Mr. Taft looks at it from a business standpoint and washes his hands. "You got married. The two of you got together under a contract. We didn't make you marry. Keep to your contract, then, and there's an end of it."

Bishop Doane, very naturally, objects to the re-marriage of divorced persons. He would punish the innocent with the guilty. The Lord's command is sufficient unto the good Bishop. Winston Churchill (author, not politician) would have church and state attend to their own business and leave individuals to settle their individual affairs. Hands off, he declares, and let conscience decide the "for better, for worse" of it.

Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin, the rich man who portrayed rather vividly the passing of his idle confreres, deplores divorce, yet allows that extreme cases call for it. He dilettantes through the problem with his usual idle charm. He thinks that mistaken couples should—where the divorce is justifiable—be received by Society. But one notes that Mr. Martin fails to draw the distinction between justifiable and unjustifiable. He does not tell us what he thinks to be "adequate cause." He does not care to be shocked. Society dislikes shock. So do the Idle Rich—poor things! So, after his little shower of platitudes, the gentle Frederick pursues his leisured way.

William de Morgan, who is so like—and so unlike!—the author of "The

Christian" is in favor of any statutory change which will make divorce more easily attainable. You would not think it of the maker of "Joseph Vance," would you ?

Thomas Hardy, the creator of poor "Tess," regards marriage as a union whose terms should be regulated for the mutual happiness of the community and the offending couple. The English marriage laws are barbarous, he says. He makes a note, however, to the effect that in case of a divorce the maintenance of the children should be borne by the breadwinner. In these days of labor equality where husband and wife are both breadwinners, would Mr. Hardy rule that each should provide a certain sum to be set aside for the children ?

A bachelor, or rather "celibate," as he terms himself, is pressed into service in the person of Dr. Saleeby , known as the foremost eugenist of England. He gives it as his opinion that the right to marry again should be given to divorced persons, but he questions the propriety of expression on this subject by celibates or clericals.

"Divorce is the safety-valve of Society !" proclaims Max Nordau, the modern Schopenhauer. He pooh-poohs the idea of marriage being of sacramental character, but then, as everyone knows, Nordau is not much of a "religionist."

Two women only were asked to give their opinions, Lady Laura Troubridge, and Lady Helen Emily Forbes. The former thinks that divorce should be permitted on the grounds of anything savouring of abnormality, as madness, drunkenness, cruelty or crime. This she would term a necessary "reform" rather than divorce. Her idea is that if people were shown that such vices would sanction separation of married couples there would be a marked decrease of crime ! I find this reasoning rather amazing.

Lady Helen Forbes does not believe legislation of any sort ever made anyone happy. She rather favors sticking to one's bargain—for good or ill. A simple way out of a difficulty, but hardly a satisfying one.

I have reserved the dictum of Theodore Dreiser, the author of that wonderful book—Jennie Gerhardt—for last of all. One listens to such a man with more attention. "Marriage," he says, "runs deeper than man-made laws." Love comes and goes, and no law that ever yet was made can restore to life a love that is dead. Personally I believe that nothing can be more dead than Love when it dies. A miracle has restored man to life—but there is no miracle in Heaven or on earth that can restore a love that has gone. It is dead for all time—"for ever and aye," as the song says. Fear binds some, thinks Mr. Dreiser; sympathy and sorrow others, and duty and convention not a few—but alas, for poor Love. Strong as Death, he is yet as frail as a butterfly. Men and women will unite and separate, thinks our author, as

IN HIS HAND WAS A CHILD'S MITT, A SHABBY PURPLE MITT WITH HOLES IN IT

long as life is—Life, which he calls "a grand clatter of illusion, sound and fury, signifying nothing."

And here we have it. Love is above and beyond all human law. It makes its own laws and breaks them, and what difference though all the celebrities in the universe were gathered in grand symposium and megaphoned their views on divorce and matrimony to a listless world since it is love that rules life, and life is but one grand clatter of illusion, sound and fury signifying nothing!

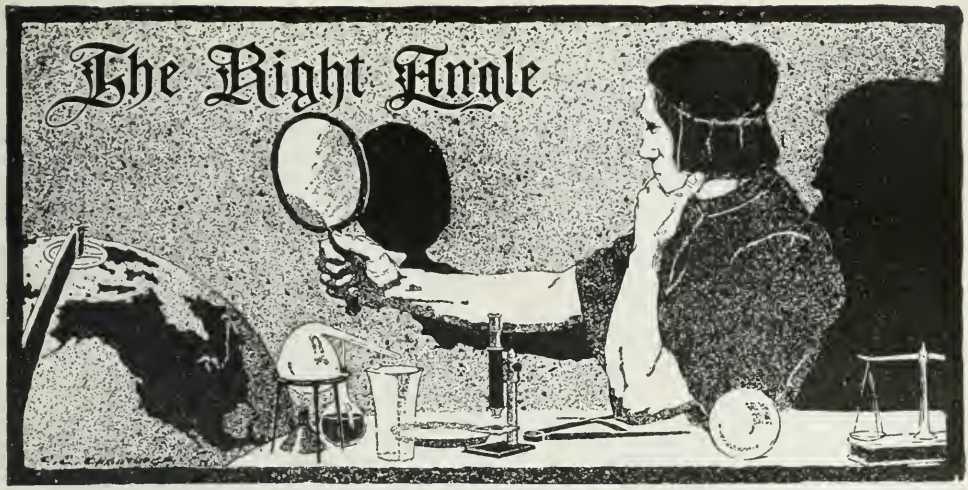
CONNER'S WOIFE

BY GORDON JOHNSTONE

WHIN Conner brought Moira wid him from Dunmore
His mother was waiting to show thim the door;
For she had a young colleen fair picked out for him
With a fine bit av gold and a clean bit av limb;
But Conner wint roving as young gossoons will
And found one that suited him far bhetter still;
But the mother was thorny as iny ould rose,
And looked the girl over and turned up her nose;
But Moira undaunted said, "Connor, don't sphake,
"And Oi'll trate her as kind as Oi can fer yer sake."

Thin Moira set out with her swate pretty ways,
To win the ould woman as nice as ye plaze;
She cooked all the praties and minded her shawl
And bundled her up whin the winds blew at all;
And Connor the sphaleen would stand by and wink
Whin the girl would be bringing her gruel to drink;
"Oh ho," smiled his lordship, his head in a whirl,
"There's no understanding the heart av a girl."

Faith, things wint as aisy as pigs in a poke,
Whin the ice in the heart av the ould woman broke;
And 'twas, "Moira, avic, did ye feed me ould cat?"
And, "Deelish aroon, will ye fetch muther that?"
And, "Sunday come, darling, we'll walk to the sea,
"For 'tis mindful Oi am soon a muther ye'll be."
And the girl wint on smiling and singing a tune
Like the birds in the rushes the first day av June.
Now Conner can go to the devil betide
Fer the woife av his heart is his ould muther's pride.



MOOSE JAW THE EXPONENT

PRETTY well all over the west hamlets of one year become jobbing towns, and nothing said about it, the development being simply in line with a prevailing rule. It is only when you stop and take a look around that the really surprising rate of growth in some one town declares itself, and points the prosperity of the whole. Here comes the modest and never-boomed city of Moose Jaw, with an unemotional report from its board of trade that is strong enough to arrest attention anywhere. The population is just about twenty times greater than it was eleven years ago. Building permits issued last May were more than equal to the total number issued in the year 1910. The assessed valuation this year is almost double that of last year, and four times that of two years ago. The customs receipts in the five months including January and May more than doubled those of the corresponding months last year. But the figures most significant of what is really at work in Moose Jaw come from the clearing house association. The clearing house was a year old last February. The four months following showed clearings $6,799,726 in excess of the same four months in 1911. For a city of 25,000 souls, that increase looks like a record.

These are facts of exceeding great solidity, important not only as affecting that particular place, but as reflecting the rise of all the prairie provinces. They bring home a realization of the vast and vigorous growth that is going on all around us so steadily, and so much as an accepted matter of course that it is almost unnoticed. A new nation is burgeoning into place and power by sheer force of its own innate vitality, without noise, but wonderfully, as great plants do in nature. Recorded history shows nothing like it.

FROM THE WEATHER-MAN

IT IS the official opinion of Professor Willis Moore of the United States weather bureau that increased human efficiency, due to climatic conditions, will eventually make Canada "the centre-point of the British Empire." This declaration has attracted more than a little attention in England, though here at home, without vanity but with well developed conviction, we have for some time past held the same ultimate idea.

Professor Moore argues that the climate of this upper temperate zone is producing a race which in mental and physical vigor will go beyond any past nation of the northern Aryan race; that the northwest winds, blowing from an altitude and latitude of vast electrical potentiality, release more ozone in the proper condition for breathing than is found in any other part of the world. Most of our winds originate over land areas and carry oxygen which is readily transmuted into ozone by electricity, whereas the prevailing w nds of Europe are of marine origin and lack means for

releasing that virile element. For this reason our people can no more control their nervous energy than they can any other involuntary physical process.

Professor Moore states this in terms of meteorology: "The higher the wind velocity the greater the downward component of motion whereby six molecules of oxygen of two atoms each are changed into three molecules of ozone of three atoms each, in which form they enter the lungs and drive the physical and mental engines at the maximum rate."

By this theory he explains the case with which so many foreigners are brought level with and assimilated by the body of the population in the upper half of North America, and from that point he proceeds to a prediction that a new and pronounced type will be evolved in a time relatively short, as compared with other racial evolutionary movements. A little consideration will give approval to his premises. For his deduction or prophecy we should all entertain a hope, if not a lively expectation, because its realization would bring incalculable benefit to all the races of men that dwell upon the face of the earth. Here is a new thing to think of every time you take into your system the sweet breath of the prairies.

REGINA UNCONQUERED

WITH the roar of the cyclone still in her ears, Regina set about rebuilding and obliterating all trace of the disaster that swept her streets. "In six weeks," said the Regina folks, "you won't know there has ever been a cyclone here." And they are swiftly making good their prophecy.

Julian Mason, in one of the big American newspapers, put it discerningly:

"If cyclones must fall upon the cities of men, it is perhaps best from an efficiency standpoint that they choose those in a young and vigorous country like Western Canada. The powers of recuperation there are so enormous.

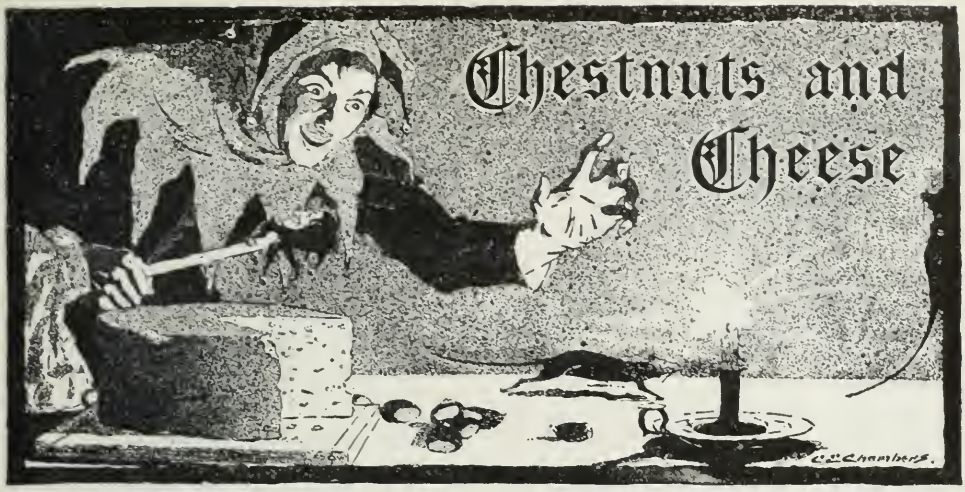
"Of material disaster, the Westerner is unafraid. The loss of life is the thing that hurts, and that only

"Regina is one of these shining new cities that have been forced up out of the great northwestern prairies to keep step with the needs of a new hinterland of farms. In cyclopaedias and geographies it stands staidly for what this continent is pleased to call its historic past. It was an important post for the Hudson's Bay Company when trappers went into the fur country to the north as early as 1766. It was the capital of the old Northwest Territory. It was, and is, the western headquarters of the famous mounted police. Its old government house still stands: and at the mounted police barracks, they will show you the window out of which Louis Riel stepped to his hanging.

"This is the past, however, and Western Canada has not time for anything but the present. Regina to-day is the capital of the Province of Saskatchewan, a vast state more than four times as large as Illinois. In 1901, before the wheat country developed, it was slumbering along with a population of 2,000. Now it has 30,000. From England, from northern Europe and from the United States, settlers have poured into its rich prairies. It could never have had a $4,000,000 disaster a few years ago. In 1904 its total of ratable assessments was but $2,284,710; in 1911 the figures were almost $35,000,000. Last year it spent on new buildings alone more than enough money to cover the whole cyclone loss.

"Despite all those signs of recuperative power, the Regina disaster will leave sorrow and suffering in its wake. But there is one thing that Regina would probably like us to do more than all others, and that is to keep clearly in mind the undoubted fact that cyclones are not an everyday feature of life in the new country of the northwest. According to the Natural Resources Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Regina cyclone is the first of its kind ever recorded in the province It will not be fair to hamper the growth of Saskatchewan by spreading the legend that cyclone pits are necessary parts of its farm equipment."

Regina is unconquered, and will rise from her ruins bigger and better than before.



REAL MODESTY

"AN actor should be modest, and most actors are," said James K. Hackett at a luncheon recently. "But I know a young actor who, at the beginning of his career, carried modesty almost too far.

"This young man inserted in all the dramatic papers a want advertisement that read:

"'Engagement. Wanted—Small part, such as dead body or outside shouts, preferred.'"

SPEED NO AID

"OF course," says the visitor to the employer of a large force, "you must find from time to time instances of crookedness among your many employees."

"That is, unfortunately, to be expected," answers the employer of the large force."

"And do you keep sort of an espionage upon them?"

"We have to."

"Naturally, you catch them once in a while. No matter how fast a man may be, sooner or later—"

"O, the faster a man is the sooner he is caught."

JUST FOR SPITE

"SHE seems to be a woman of exceptionally unpleasant disposition," observes the newcomer, referring to an absent one.

"Unpleasant disposition?" echoes the native. "Why, did you never hear of what she did to cause heartburnings among her acquaintances? She announced a big dinner and ball for a certain evening, and then never invited a soul to it."

KNEW HER LIMITATIONS

"WOULDN'T you like to drive for a little while, Mollie?"

"Mercy, no! Why, I can't drive a horse any better than I can drive a tack."

JUST SO

AT this sad world we wonder;
Seeing not in all our blindness
How so much of raising thunder
Sours the milk of human kindness.

FASHION NOTES

WHEN the Lamb's Club press agent got busy near the date of the public gambol Maclyn Arbuckle helped him out with the following:

Clothes will be popular this season. Trousers will be worn by all the best dressed men, and the best dressed women will affect skirts. Shoes and stockings will also be worn in the cities. Hats will be popular for out-of-door wear.

According to the latest advices from Paris, trousers will have two legs. At smart functions shirts and coats will be worn.

Low and behold gowns will be in vogue—alphabet gowns as they are called—C in front and V in back. At Newport and other fashionable places it will be necessary to look under the dinner tables to see what women are

wearing. Sneezing will be considered dangerous by those who wear evening gowns.

Right here I want to give a few words of advice as to how to obtain a figure like mine. I weigh 297 pounds. I take a walk every morning from my bedroom to the dining-room. For breakfast I eat half a dozen eggs, two sirloin steaks, a large dish of boiled potatoes and four cups of coffee. For luncheon I double this menu and add several glasses of milk and cream, half and half. In addition I eat several pieces of French pastry. Anyone following my system of diet will have a figure like mine within three months. Never yield to anything but temptation —that is the secret of my system.

WHEN I MET JIM

By Wilbur D. Nesbit.

WELL, sir, I met Jim Breen to-day—
His hair is getting thin and gray,
His eyelids have begun to droop,
His shoulders have a little stoop;
I hardly would have known him. No.
But we were boys this long ago.

Let's see. It's twenty years and more
Since we romped at the schoolhouse door.
Why, then Jim Breen was young and plump
And he could run and fight and jump
And stand all kinds of heat or cold—
But, say, Jim Breen is getting old!

Why, look! When I walked up to him
And grabbed his hand with, "Hello, Jim!"
He looked at me a long, long while
And smiled a half embarrassed smile
And, said, as puzzled as could be:
"Well, you have got the best of me."

Now, who'd have thought the years since then—
Since long before we grew to men—
Would have made such a striking change!
Now, honestly, Jim Breen looked strange.
He has deep wrinkles in his cheeks
And his voice shakes-like when he speaks!

His memory is bad, I know.
I had to talk an hour or so
Reminding him of what a noise
We'd make at school when we were boys,
And where I lived, and folks we knew—
And still he said: "I don't place you."

Poor Jim! He's getting old, that's all.
He used to be so strong and tall,
Without a crowfoot 'round his eyes
Or gray hairs to give him disguise.
It almost moves a man to tears
To see how friends change with the years.

And queerest of it all is, Jim
Said I looked just as strange to him,
Said I was getting rather gray
And walked in a stoop-shouldered way.
It's odd how age makes Jim Breen see
All other folks the same as he!

HIGHER YET

"YES," said the man with the alligator suit case, "I was at the Uptothelimit hotel in the mountains last week, and while there joined a party which attempted to climb the highest peak of the range. We got to an altitude of 14,000 feet, which is about as high as anyone has gone in those parts."

"O, I don't know," comments the man with the imitation leather valise.

"You don't know?" asks the first man. "Do you know of anyone who has gone higher than that?"

"Yes. I stopped at the Uptothelimit house four weeks once. You ought to have seen my bill."

HER IMPRESSION

THE pretty summer boarder watched with great interest the working of the hay baling machine which had been hauling to the farm and was being operated in the lower thirty.

As the big bundles of compressed hay were tumbled to the ground she studied them attentively, then asked:

"What do you do with that?"

"Feed it to the stock, o' course," explained the son of the landlady.

"O, to be sure. I suppose this is a machine to make breakfast food for the horses and cows."

THE WONDER OF SEPTEMBER

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

THE wonder of September—the hills so far and high,
With trees that shoulder lazily against the glinting sky,
And little winds that romp and dance and whirl across the way
And fling the dust in gayest wise as rivers fling their spray.
O, one would go a-gypsying and sleep beneath the stars,
And heal his heart of sorrowings and free his soul of scars.

The stillness of September—that is the best of all,
The hush that comes across the hills and tells us of the fall.
With crickets piping in the dusk and golden stars above
When night comes in on feet that tread as soft as those of love—
O, one would go a-gypsying and sleep beneath the stars,
And heal his heart of sorrowings and free his soul of scars.

"FELLOW CITIZENS!" THUNDERED THE MAYOR, "THE ACCUSATION IS TRUE. BUT I HAVE LIVED AMONG YOU THIRTY YEARS; AND IF THOSE YEARS HAVE NOT CONVINCED YOU OF MY GOOD FAITH ——"

To accompany "In The Front Row" See page 333

VOL. XII
NO. 5

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
SEPT.

Neglected Opportunities of Western Canada

HOW A BARGAIN A THOUSAND MILES OFF LOOKS BETTER THAN ONE IN YOUR OWN FRONT YARD

By John H. Parry

Illustrated with Photographs

ON my last trip from St. Paul to Winnipeg I fell into conversation with a man from Kansas.

We had hardly pulled out from the train shed in the first of the Twin Cities when I singled him out as the most desirable man in the observation car with whom to pass away the time.

"First trip to Western Canada ?" I said by way of salutation.

"No," he answered pleasantly. "I was up here a month ago !"

"Then you liked the country ?" I continued.

"Liked it ?" he repeated enthusiastically. "I'll tell you just how much. I liked it so well that I went back to Kansas, sold my farm and city property and wired the proceeds up here to close some deals that I made on my first trip."

From that moment on the Kansan and I were friends. But the real reason I am bringing him into this story is because of a single remark he made. It came out in answer to my request for his first impressions of Western Canada. Here it is:

"The thing that struck me most forcibly, and does still, is the fact that Canadians themselves fail utterly to realize the opportunities that lie at their feet. Why, on my first trip up, I covered fourteen hundred miles of ground and out of each car window I saw neglected chances on every mile of the trip."

"How do you account for it ?" I asked, puzzled by his remark.

"Simply in the youth and wealth of the country," he replied with finality. "People are so busy making money that they are failing to see the ground-floor chances that others are gobbling up. And so, to my mind, the real

tragedy of Canada will come in the fact that the Canadians themselves—the ones who are closest at hand—will wake up some day to find Americans and Europeans the real winners on their own soil."

That is a narrow philosophy, of course. But it offers food for thought. Straight from a man who invested $40,000 of American money in Canadian land it sounds a warning to the opportunity-seekers of Canada itself. And, incidentally, in the new angle it gave, I found the inspiration to make a study of the neglected opportunities in Western Canada to-day. And also —for here is a distinction—the opportunities that *Canadians* neglect.

Chances That Grow in the Soil.

Now let us analyze a little more carefully the distinction I have drawn. Let us take the case of land—farm lands first. Farm property at fifteen and twenty dollars an acre is not, in the proper sense of the word, a neglected opportunity. It is too good an investment for that. But it is, at that figure, an opportunity that Canadians neglect. It is the same sort of opportunity that people in Kansas neglected to take advantage of fifty and sixty years ago. And the reason is the same.

Opportunity, to paraphrase an old saying, is too often without honor in its own country. It is human to pass over day after day the very chances out of which some other man, coming from a distance, will hammer the fortune for which he is in search. It is a lesson that the natives of every new country have had to learn. And Canada is no exception to the rule.

It remained for capital, coming from the east, to build up and appreciate the opportunities in the western section of the United States. Many a farmer in Kansas forty years ago sold out his land at twenty-five dollars an acre—and thanked his stars for the deal he had made—only to see it double and treble in value in the next few years. And then, having learned his own lesson, he moved further west or south—bought in at a low price—and made the most of the opportunity that he had neglected in his own state. And, nine times out of ten, it was a mighty costly move.

Yet that is the problem in Western Canada to-day. It is the root and kernel of the warning from my Kansas friend. Canada has been pretty busy in late years heralding to the world the possibilities of her soil. It has been money and energy and time well spent. Nothing is more important to her future growth. And yet, largely for the same reason, Canada has been too close to the ground to take advantage of the very opportunities that she has invited others to seize. She has been neglecting the wealth of her own soil.

Land That Went From $3.50 *to* $80.00

Here is a case in point. An American farmer, that everyone in Western Canada knows by name, crossed the boundary line from North Dakota nine years ago. Driving across country with his team he came to a town that is to-day one of the leading cities of the prairie provinces. He took a look around. He found land, better in every way than that from which he came, selling at $3.50 an acre. So, having learned his lesson in the States, he put his small capital into the land. He bought at first one hundred and sixty acres. Within a year, not counting the profits from his crops, it doubled in value. So he bought more. His investment again doubled. And again he bought more. To-day—nine years later—the same land that he purchased at $3.50 an acre is worth, according to repeated offers he has refused, eighty dollars an acre—while the farm itself, for he now owns five thousand acres, has netted him $100,000 for the season past.

Nor is that an unusual case. Quite on the contrary a score of instances could be named where the profits from the land—both from an investment and producing standpoint—have materially bettered this figure. Throughout Western Canada people are making good in just this way on the soil—the man of small means and the man of capital are benefitting alike from the wealth of the land.

A FEW YEARS AGO THIS FAINTLY-MARKED INDIAN TRAIL WAS ALL THERE WAS OF EDMONTON. DOWN THE HILL TOWARDS THE RIVER LAY THE OLD HUDSON BAY POST, BUT THE LARGER PART OF THE PRESENT SITE WAS PRAIRIE AND WOLF-WILLOW

TO-DAY, EDMONTON BOASTS SOME FORTY THOUSAND PEOPLE AND LAND IN THE HUDSON BAY RESERVE RECENTLY THROWN OPEN IN THE HEART OF THE CITY SOLD FOR AS MUCH AS $1,400 A FRONT FOOT

Western Canada to-day occupies a unique and unparalleled position. No country in its pioneering stage has ever offered the same opportunities to the farmer, the investor or the capitalist. In the early days of the United States farming was a gamble, land values were a negligible quantity and the success or failure of a given section was consequently dependent on a combination of circumstances that no one could accurately foretell.

Why Canada is a "Sure-Thing Gamble"

There is no element of chance—beyond that of individual inefficiency—in Western Canada to-day. It has already been proved beyond question that the prairie provinces are destined to become the great agricultural sections of the world. Already the grain crops have taken the highest honors in competition with the oldest grain growing sections of the United States, while experts from every section of the world have stated frankly that the soil and climate of Western Canada are ideal for the production of practically every crop known to the soil.

For this reason the great provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta offer a peculiarly important chance for the man who wants to benefit from the wealth of the land. Nor is this opportunity open only to the man who wants to get out in his shirt sleeves and till the soil for, on the contrary, the very reasons that are behind the growth of the agricultural resources are equally as much behind the future wealth of the land itself.

Western Canada is to-day on the ground-floor. It is in the same relative stage of growth that the great farming states of the United States occupied thirty and forty years ago. In the same stage with this vital and all-important difference: that Western Canada is benefitting by the experience, progress and inventions of the past fifty years.

It is for this reason that Western Canada is attracting settlers and investors from every section of the world. Nowhere else, in the last half century, has land been offered at so reasonable a figure and nowhere else has so much money—per acre—been taken from the soil. And when you combine these two facts you have in a nutshell the reason for the record-breaking influx of settlers into Western Canada within the past few years.

Producing Ability That Fixes Values.

And now, to come directly back to the subject, let us take a look at the opportunities in Western Canada to-day—the tangible, specific chances that are open to the man who wants to make the most of the ground-floor openings that are offered in the wealth of the land. And, in so doing, let us take a look at the matter from an investment standpoint first.

Land is, of course, the basis of all wealth. Therefore, whether it be farm property or urban real estate, it offers and must always offer the most permanent and substantial form of investment. The clinching argument in this is that land appreciates in value, for the reason that it must necessarily benefit most quickly from the upbuilding of the country or city or town of which it is a part.

That admitted we come at once to the tremendous opportunity offered in Western Canada to-day, from a land investment standpoint. Farm lands in the prairie provinces are selling to-day at about the same figure that obtained in the United States in the early sixties. To-day these same lands in the farming districts of the States are selling at from $100 to $200 per acre. But the reason for the increase of values is not based on the difference in the age of the two countries but entirely upon the increase in the value of the American crops.

The basis of farm land values is fixed by the producing ability of the land. And that means, as analyzed by economic experts from the United States itself, that the farm lands in Western Canada must, in the course of a very few years, reach the same valuation as those in the older farming districts of the States. The reason for this assertion, which might easily be backed up by substantial proof, is

THE CANADIAN FIELD PEA, A NITROGEN-PRODUCING LEGUME, THRIVES WELL IN ALL PARTS OF THE WESTERN PROVINCES. THIS CROP WAS GROWN IN THE SWAN RIVER VALLEY

found in the fact that crops of as great value per acre are already produced on the new soil of the prairie provinces as in the older agricultural communities of the United States.

In other words Canada, benefitting by the progress of the last forty years, is destined to make each acre of her soil produce as much agricultural wealth as the older sections of the United States, so that—as soon as the land is more fully settled—the valuation of farm property will become as great, if not greater, as that of Kansas, Nebraska and the other agricultural commonwealths of the States.

Let's Reduce Facts and Figures to Live Opportunities

And now let us reduce these facts to the actual chances that they divulge. The basis of farm land values in the wheat growing sections of the United States is founded directly on the yield per acre. Therefore if wheat lands in Nebraska, Minnesota, Iowa and Kansas are worth $100 to $200 per acre, on the basis of an average yield of 13 bushels to the acre, it is obvious to anyone that the value of farm lands in Manitoba, for instance, must very soon reach this figure when it is remembered that the average yield of wheat for the same period equalled 21.5 bushels to the acre.

It is only a question of a few years at most when farm lands in Western Canada will sell at as high, if not a higher figure, as those obtaining in the United States to-day. Yet the chance is given the investor to buy farm lands in Western Canada to-day at approximately the same figure at which they sold in the United States forty and fifty years ago. And that, as any American will tell you, is the real reason why close to one million settlers have crossed the Canadian boundary from the United States within the past fifteen years.

Yet, in this very fact, we find a

warning to Canadians—as my friend from Kansas put it—in the opportunities that they neglect. Call it investment or speculation, as you will, the truth remains that Candians as a whole are prone to belittle from their own personal standpoint the far reaching opportunity that is offered in their own last west to make the most of the assured, certain increase in the valuation of the land. If you don't believe it ask a dozen of your friends—pick them out at random as I have done—if they are putting away in their safety deposit vaults their rightful share of the ultimate profits from the land.

The future importance of Western Canada as a farming country is undisputed. The very fact that Americans are leaving the agricultural sections of the United States for the newer lands of the Canadian west is proof enough of this. But the same reasons that stand behind the growth of the farming sections of the prairie provinces point out with equal force the tremendous future of the growing cities and towns.

We hear a lot said, in certain quarters about the "booming" of this town and that. With the inference usually unmistakable that no solid foundation exists for the rapid growth of the Western Canadian towns. No contention could be more absurd for, as a matter of fact, there is little or no "boom" about it, in the popular acceptation of that term.

The History That Repeats Itself.

The same elements stand behind the growth of the towns and cities of Western Canada that existed in the early days of the great American cities. Back in the fifties people scoffed at the idea that Chicago would ever become more than a healthy frontier town. Cincinnatians—proud of their "Queen City of the West"—were particularly bitter in denouncing the "boom" conditions that existed in the growing city by the lake. But agricultural and commercial conditions *demanded* a great city on the spot where Chicago stands. So, in the following ten years, the struggling town became a great, thriving city of 109,206 inhabitants. And shortly after Cincinnati was left behind.

And yet, oddly enough, the people closest at hand—the investors of Cincinnati and St. Louis—were the ones who sat idly by and watched the people from Europe and the East gobble up the life-time chances that the sudden growth of Chicago made possible. Men of small means but shrewd discernment became millionaires in a few short years because—and here is the point—they were far enough away to realize the commanding future that Chicago possessed.

It is not a new story. Time and again—in the building of a new country—the same mistake has been made; the same opportunities neglected by those who were closest at hand. Kansas City for many years was the butt of jokes—St. Louisians jeered at the idea that it was not a big bubble all ready to be pricked. Seattle, Portland, Tacoma and Spokane were considered in their early days the cause for mirth. And, more latterly, Houston, Dallas, Oklahoma City and Fort Worth were looked upon as commercial impossibilities.

How The New Settlers Get The Pot.

It is a paradoxical fact that in the growth of a new country the people closest at hand are the last to realize and appreciate the opportunities that lie at their feet. Canada, as a whole, is no exception to the rule. I never had this fact more strongly emphasized than on a recent trip through the towns and cities of the Canadian West.

In the first one I touched—a new divisional point on one of the great railway systems—I heard the interesting story of an Englishman who, coming to this country five years ago with $890, invested his whole capital in a few town lots on a business thoroughfare with the result that his property is worth to-day $36,000—a pretty good turnover in that period of time.

The Englishman's, however, is not an exceptional case. Quite on the contrary I gathered undisputed facts on close to one hundred other instances where small sums of money, invested

SEPARATED BY A HUNDRED MILES OR MORE OF THE FINEST FARMING DISTRICTS IN THE LAST WEST, IT IS ONLY LOGICAL THAT THERE SHOULD BE AMPLE ROOM FOR THE GROWTH AND PROGRESS OF ALL THE YOUNG CANADIAN CITIES

a few years ago in urban realty, have been turned into ample fortunes as a direct result of the increase in land values coincident with the growth of the Canadian West. And in all but three cases—for here is the lesson—the men who thus benefitted from the rise in values were new settlers on Canadian soil—Englishmen and Americans chiefly who, fresh from the lessons of their own countries, were determined to make the most of the chances offered in the last great country of the world.

The idea that the new towns and cities of Western Canada are benefitting at the present time from an artificial inflation of values is a ridiculous, and unfounded mistake. The future greatness of Winnipeg is as certain as was the ultimate importance of Chicago. The same underlying reasons are behind the birth of both. Nor is it less certain that Edmonton, Calgary, Regina, Saskatoon, Prince Albert, Moose Jaw, Brandon, Fernie, Lethbridge, Prince Rupert and the other growing cities of Western Canada will become in time the St. Louises, Kansas Cities, Denvers, Milwaukees, Omahas and Seattles of the Canadian West.

No country in the history of the world has attracted to its borders a larger number of settlers in so short a period of time and never before in a period of equal length has so much wealth been brought into a new country from outside its border lines. And the reason is this; that never before in the early stages of a country's growth has pioneering been accomplished under conditions comparable with these that exist in Western Canada to-day. The prairie schooner of the past, retarding as it did the settling of a new country, has given way to solid trains of vestibuled cars. And there you have the real reason for Canada's rapid growth.

There is no boom about it. It is as natural—as certain—that Western Canada will sustain its phenomenal growth as it was that the western states of the United States should have become the mecca of opportunity seekers from every nation of the globe. Throughout Western Canada, at given

intervals, great cities are destined to rise—cities that are just now bristing with ground-floor chances for the average man. And there is room for them all. To-day you can't place your finger on a single important agricultural district in the United States without finding, in the center of that district, a town or city of impelling size. Business, commercial and industrial laws demand that the city follow the farm. And so it is not surprising that the towns and villages of to-day are destined to become the great cities of to-morrow. Separated by a hundred miles or more of the finest farming districts in the last West it is logical that there should be room for the growth and progress of them all.

But why, you may still ask, should *all* of these cities and towns grow—why is it not possible that some may lag behind ? The answer is this: find if you can, a single agricultural community in the United States to-day where there is not at least one great distributing center in each one hundred miles. That is the test. In the answer you have the reason for the certainty of the future of the villages, the towns and the cities of the Canadian West. You have the basic economic reason that is behind the growth of them all.

Three Ways To Get Your Profits.

There are three ways to get in on the profits of the land. I have pointed out two—first, the investment possibilities in farming property and second, the opportunities open in urban real estate. The third, and only other way, is to benefit from the money-making chances in the products of the soil itself—to become a tiller of the land. In the first two I have covered the opportunities that Canadians neglect; the ground-floor chances that many are passing by. In the third we come to the actual neglected opportunities themselves. That is the distinction between the two.

No one in Canada can be accused of neglecting the chance to grow wheat. Therefore I shall not touch on that phase of the question. The fortunes that have been made from Canadian wheat need no comment further than to say that no country has ever taken from the ground, in the same term of years, so much wealth from agricultural pursuits. Ten years ago the total grain crop of the three prairie provinces was 109,552,531 bushels. To-day it exceeds 215,000,000 bushels. There is the whole wheat story in itself for—be it remembered—every stalk of this enormous yield has been grown where grain never grew before.

But, in the face of the wonderful fortunes that have been made in the growing of grain, no adequate provision has yet been made to take care of the constantly increasing demand for other products, made necessary by the growth of the country. So here—in this demand—is the great neglected opportunity of Western Canada to-day; the real chance for the small farmer to get in on the profits of the soil.

Honey the Dining-Car Superintendent Bought in St. Paul.

I never had the real possibilities open in this branch of farming brought home more forcibly than when, a short while ago, bound west from Winnipeg with four hundred and seventeen new settlers on my train, I discovered anew the manner in which Canada is importing the foodstuffs for her own dinner board.

Going into the diner I had ordered some honey with my supper. It was unusually good. And so, thinking to please the superintendent of dining cars who sat opposite to me, I congratulated him on the perfection of the honey.

"Yes," he answered. "I think myself that it is about as good as money can buy."

"It certainly is," I continued. "Where, if I may ask, did you get it ?"

"In St. Paul," he said hesitatingly.

"That's a pretty expensive place to get it, isn't it ?" I suggested.

"Well, yes," he admitted frankly. "But the truth is that it can't be bought in Western Canada for love or money. There's a fortune in it, too, for the

SOME OF THE MEN WHO ARE MAKING WESTERN CANADA. PROSPERITY AND NEW TOWNS FOLLOW IN THE WAKE OF THE RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION GANG

first man who will take up the business. I'd personally guarantee, in fact, to take the total output of any apiary that started up along our line. For that matter I've often had a mind to go into beekeeping myself. Somebody's going to make a big thing out of it in the next few years."

That started things. Going down the bill of fare we took up, one after the other, the various vegetables, fruits and garden products that were listed. And without exception each was imported from a distance of several hundred miles. Yet this railroad alone —anxious and willing to buy from home producers—could easily purchase the season's products of a score of farms devoted in whole, or in part, to diversified farming. And that, I may say, is the big neglected opportunity of Western Canada to-day.

Thirty-Two Potatoes To The Bushel.

Potatoes are an example of this. The great bulk of those consumed in the prairie provinces are shipped in from afar. It is a ridiculous, unreasonable situation. Here and there a farmer may be found who has gone in for this crop or, perhaps, fitted it into a satisfactory rotation with his grain. And in every case he has achieved immediate success. The average yield runs close to 235 bushels to the acre, while in places where special attention has been given to the crop the returns greatly exceed this figure.

Two acres near Edmonton, Alberta, for instance, yielded 1,486 bushels of potatoes last fall—thirty-two of these making a bushel. So that, with the average price to the grower ranging from thirty-five to forty cents a bushel, it may be easily seen that potatoes furnish an excellent money crop. And yet, in the face of the tremendous demand existing throughout the provinces, no serious thought has yet been given to the growing of vegetable crops.

The same holds true of practically all of the garden and root crops. Western Canada is, as yet, misunderstood. People fail to realize the far reaching opportunities that are open on the soil. Nowhere are to be found more productive and profitable farming lands. The soil, which is black and deep, is better to-day than the finest soil in the rich agricultural sections of the United States while the climate—presenting a succession of long sun-shining days and ample showers—is ideal for the

growing of practically every kind of crop.

The Last Chance Of The Continent.

From a purely agricultural standpoint Canada is in its infancy to-day. And it is for this reason, if for no other, that it offers untold chances in the wealth of its land. At present wheat, as the world knows, is its greatest crop. But oats, barley, rye, flax and very likely Indian corn will eventually share the popularity of the present leading grain. Clover, alfalfa, peas, vetches and other legumes are certain also to find constantly increasing favor on these rapidly developing farms, while the garden crops, poultry and stock-raising must inevitably come into their own.

And that means—to get back once more to the opportunities that Canadians neglect—that the farm lands of to-day will double, treble and quadruple in value in the next few years. For, as diversified farming grows in extent, the value of farm lands will correspondingly increase. That is an actual, undisputed fact.

Arrived at from any angle Western Canada stands before the world to-day as the great country of opportunity. The back-to-the-land movement is here to stay. Put a pin in that. Land is becoming more and more the great maker of wealth. Put a spike in that. And now put a steel rivet in this—that Western Canada, both in its farm property and urban real estate, offers the greatest chances to make money out of the land of any country in the history of the world. And it is the last and only big chance left. There you have the neglected opportunities of Western Canada and the opportunities that Canadians neglect. If you don't believe it—if you don't *feel* it—take a tip from the stream of gold that is coming across the boundary line every day from the banks, the farms and the business houses of the United States—ninety-nine cents on every dollar of which is invested in Western Canada land.

QUANDARY

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

"OH, it is easy to forget,"
You said, and went away.
"A woman's heart is mendable,
Why, almost any day!"

Of course I must believe it,
For all you say is true,
Yet oh, my dear, my dear, my dear,
Whatever shall I do?

In The Front Row

HOW THE WIDOW MORIARTY GAVE LUIGI VELLUCCI HIS LICKS

By James Church Alvord

Illustrated by Marjory H. Mason

MARY FITZLAND came hurrying into the City Hall almost at a run. She was late and her lateness was all Tom Walker's fault. He had called for her fifteen minutes after time, forgetting that, while his reserved seat on the platform would remain empty until he arrived, her chance at the packed gallery must be attended to on the dot. Mary detested unpunctuality; it mussed her up and she didn't look well mussed up. Moreover the young man had loitered and pleaded all the way down, had asserted that it was "wed or nothing" with him, that there wasn't any dangle in his constitution and he wouldn't hang around forever; while Mary's mind was never easily made up. Men are so unreasonable—and so impatient!

As a fact the girl had staked her decision at last upon this very debate to which she hurried. A long-advertised debate it was between that same Thomas Walker, the Reform-Mayor of Beddington, and Luigi Vellucci, "Our Bootblack Senator," the political boss whose visage bloomed perennial across every bill board the city owned, whose power threatened every atom of good, every possibility of good-to-come, the youthful Mayor had effected during his brief year of administration. The fever of it had drawn out every type of female Beddington could produce and offered a chance to Mary, watching her lover in the thick of the battle, to wrench from her vacillating heart the decision for which Tom had clamored these last ten days.

And she was late—awfully late! That funnel of twisted steps, which Beddington brazenly calls a stairway to the gallery of its hall, was packed and jammed. The president of "The Fortnightly"—not to be enrolled on those sacred lists argues one unknown to everybody in town worth knowing—was hurled roughly against Mary on the first turning of the stairs, the president of the young women's temperance society fought with her step by step along the whole length of the second flight, while all three were elbowed, trodden on, beaten back by Mag from the mill and Sal from the street corner. Half-way up the final

flight Mary became vexatiously conscious of the enormous bulk of the Widow Moriarty blocking all progress and moving with a slowness unendurable. Not that Miss Fitzland disliked the Widow Moriarty; but it was stifling and sweaty in that hole of a staircase and the jam of such slow progress was slopping into shapeless wrinkles a crisp bas-relief of embroidery upon her shirt-waist. Mrs. Moriarty's skill as a fine-starcher had been in high evidence across that breast but fifteen minutes ago.

Just at that moment the elephantine lady turned and rested, arms akimbo, to view the babble and bluster of the battle below. Standing thus at observation she caught sight of the girl behind her and effervesced. "Ah, darlin'! a warm day for you sure as sweatin'—there I shouldn't be usin' that word to th' likes of a lady like yourself; though it's what I do be doin'. Ah-h-h, th' stairs is cruel hard ! Ye'll be askin' th' Mayor to fix a new entry to th' top gallery right off th' ground floor, 'twould be a great improvement I'm thinkin'. Tell him us ladies demands it."

"Why, Mrs. Moriarty," laughed the girl, "what are you doing here ? The Call announced last night that you had just sailed for——"

A portentous wink cut her short. This, accompanied by an emphatic finger laid along a scrap of a nose, a scrap hardly discoverable between two beds of fat, and a countenance screwed comically awry, assured the least observing of observers that some vast mystery lay beneath that self-announcing presence.

Above, the gallery ran riot with races, costumes, women. French, Irish, English, American, Scandinavian, Italian by the herd, even Oriental, they were fighting frantically, pushing, leaping, tottering, towards the coveted row of front seats. Behind, an endless stream, a jumble of bodies flung pell-mell upwards, a jargon of angry voices, gushed from that funnel of a staircase. Amid the fight the president of The Fortnightly was proving that she could push with the pluckiest and the president of the temperance society had dropped her peace principles to resort to elbows. Mary Fitzland, gentle, hesitating, stood in the midst bewildered. Suddenly she was seized by an enormous red arm thrust out from the Babel, unconnected with any visible body, seized, flung, hauled, and awakening to consciousness found herself one of the occupants of the last two remaining of those front seats. In the other sat the Widow beaming between inundations of sweat.

"Ah, there !" cried the triumphant creature, "an' it takes muscle to get on in th' world. Literature and education don't count in a free fight—I pulled ye through !"

From the floor below, as Miss Fitzland leaned gingerly over, arose a hoarse roar of male voices to meet and mingle with the shrill sibillation of the feminine tumult above. The surge of meeting waves swept back and forth with the rhythmical beat of billows breaking on a beach. A torrent of men swashed in through the wide central door, blocked itself by the thrust of its own impetuousness, broke with a howl and then flooded the seats with a tumult as riotous as that above. Yet the men were more good-natured than the women, less individually self-assertive, more accustomed to this particular act in the human comedy. The bang of dropped chair-seats, the stamp of feet, the yells of district bosses intent on bunching their constituents, rose raucously through an atmosphere already blue with tobacco smoke. Mary Fitzland sniffed a bit superciliously out of that vaporous haze which twined garlands of phantom wreaths around the tarnished chandeliers. The tobacco was scarcely up to the quality her father, the Rector of St. James', smoked. But Mrs. Moriarty was gloating over her triumph in snatching those two last seats from "th' very mouths of them dagoes as was just waterin' after 'em," and unfurled a huge, varigated fan, fluttering it with impressive calm while the fury of the "dagoes" died down from spitting words to wrathful shrugs, in the row immediately behind.

"An' who should be havin' a front seat, if it isn't yourself as is th' same

as engaged to th' Mayor," she whispered. A newspaper announcement couldn't have spread the facts more universally than that whisper." It's no wonder ye're bound to hear th' speakin' an' th' Widder Moriarty's just th' lady to beat 'em to a frazzle for ye—every time." Here she glanced around at the much-impressed "dagoes."

The girl reddened through all her transparent skin, the blood storming up wave on wave. "I'm not engaged to him," she murmured sweetly for she was grateful and she did have a front seat, "nor is there any probability of such an event—as far as I know." She added the latter phrase hurriedly, for a minister's daughter should never tell a lie that is at all likely to be found out.

But she didn't deceive the astute widow who winked, as one trickster in the game to another. "G'wan," she bubbled over again, "we all talks like that till we gets 'em. 'Twas meself said to Norah Kennedy that Pat an' me was only friends, dear friends, of a mornin', an' accepted th' lad hisself before eight th' same evenin'. Glad enough to be gettin' him, too, I was."

She leaned far out, contemplating the crowd in her turn; but suddenly drew back, stiffening herself, thrusting the gaudy fan before her flaming visage. "I thought th' same," she shrilled, "Loogy's up to his deviltry. Talk about education: a dago's a dago under all th' Latin an' furrin languages ye can stick into him! Just take a peek, darlin', down into that corner ferninst th' platform an' th' dressin' room; for ye'll see scores an' scores of boys off th' very floors of th' saloons. Th' blatherin' bunco-steerer! I've a foot for th' tail of his coat bye'm bye—th' low-down, no-count cheese-chewer!"

She would have sputtered on, but Miss Fitzland pulled the fan down and the Widow beheld the procession emerging from the dressing room. First came the angular, spectacled, anaemic veteran who had led for decades that forlornest of all forlorn hopes, the Prohibition Party,—led them against the allied forces of righteousness as often as against the liquor power. Mary greeted him with an impatient shrug. It maddened her that a bigot should exist to whom Tom Walker, the reformer, and Luigi Vellucci, the demagogue, were nothing more than two scamps who licensed saloons. With this chairman of the day walked, to make all things even, the Socialist candidate for Governor. Behind came, arm in arm, the contestants. The race was going to be to the swift; Mary saw that at a glance. Trained with all other clerical children to view things from a dispassionately intellectual side, with all the daughters of a meagre income to over-value success, she realized at once that the slim, high-bred Mayor with his correct apparel, correct even to the shade of his pearl gray four-in-hand, was no match for the flaring fellow at his side. He had advertised himself as apart from the populace—he had thrown cold water on his chances before he had any—and the daughter of a rector who refused to wear the raiment of the Church in his daily walks because he knew how to appeal to a mill-city, wrote "failure" after the name of Walker. Vellucci's superb physical set-up, his scarlet tie, his cabbage-rose of a button-hole-bouquet, proclaimed in that crazy-quilt of assembled nations the afore-assured victor. "If he only isn't too sure," Mary whispered to herself—"if he only isn't—too sure. That's Tom's chance."

The Prohibitionist introduced the first contestant, "our honored Mayor."

His performance was worse than the girl had anticipated and, so far, she was unable to judge the man by anything save her brain. Walker had been thrust into greatness by his honesty, his common sense and his wide knowledge of municipal affairs both at home and abroad. He was wise, merciless, tactful, clever—he could not speak in public. The horror came in the fact that he thought he could. He hadn't been five minutes on his feet before the girl knew that he was proving his own worst boomerang. Watching him with a stare which ached in her eyes, writhing under every dull sentence, every pompously-worded theorem, every statistic that he piled upon statistic, she clenched her hands with

convulsive twitchings until the seams in her faultless gloves split and gaped. The address was fit for a gathering of academicians, she told herself wrathfully, sensible, logical, profound, right, dull. Dull with a direful, deadly, dolorous dulness which failed to recognize the squirming audience as a proof of its own unutterable failure. As it went on and on and on, she began to be sure of her own heart—or thought she was. The girl had not yet learned that all isn't dross which fails to glitter and, with her intense intellectuality, could almost have cried out "Yes," then and there to Luigi Vellucci with the delightfully reproachable morals and honeyed tongue.

But the Widow Moriarty hung on every sentence as though the orator dropped florins rather than figures from his mouth. As he sat down amid the most perfunctory of applause she switched towards her neighbor with astonishing agility considering her bulk.

"Hot stuff !" she crowed, "not a word of it could I be understandin' ! But it were just grand listenin' to him flingin' round rayferrendums an' th' like o' that. A proud girl ye'll be th' day an' glad ye're goin' to marry th' man."

But Mary's exasperation had reached its limits, from the shattered fragments of that idol which her heart had set up for her brain to worship, she blazed with winking eyes and bitter tongue.

"I wouldn't marry the best man living," she stormed.

"Ye can't," retorted the widow out of abysms of calm, "for I had him an' he's dead. But ye'll find th' Mayor'll make a first rate second best," she added consolingly, blinking at the girl in dim wonder to find her so upset after this masterly bit of oratory. "He'll beat Loogy yet—see if he don't—unless Loogy gets to springin' some of his lies." But she cheered visibly, "I'm here—I'm here solid."

The chairman was by this half-way through his introduction for "one of the best known of our citizens, a man who has presided over the destinies of the state in the upper house of our legislature—the Hon. Luigi Vellucci."

He caught the attention of the audience at once, holding it in leash with a cleverness which flashed out, here and there, into genius. After the first few moments of anguished indignation that Tom should have dared to face such a rival, Miss Fitzland was lost in her intellectual delight over the sheer power of the performance. She caught herself almost smacking her lips in her relish—how good it was ! Beneath his comic raillery, his flights of simple eloquence, his plausible assumption of logic, he contrived to insinuate a sense of comradeship, of love for his fellows. It wasn't really there; Mary felt sure that every man in the audience knew that Vellucci was in the game for—cold cash. Yet the witty, straightforward talk thrilled even her. It was a slangy address, full of ginger, sneering away the "highfalutin" theories of impractical reformers. Over and over again Vellucci flung his statistics at the crowd, statistics which proved how much money Reform had filched out of Beddington's poverty-stricken purse during the last eleven months. The figures cracked like a whiplash over the tingling audience.

He paused. He rolled eyes of horror from one end of the room to the other. In the stillness, excitement pulsed and grew. Luigi stepped to the edge of the platform.

"I am not done," he cried and his voice sank to the echoes of a charnel vault. "One tragic duty remains. I have challenged the administration: I challenge the administrator. Only last night facts were forced upon my notice, appalling, startling facts, facts which loom black and hideous around his dishonorable Honor—the Mayor."

Mrs. Moriarty bounced like an agitated rubber ball in her seat, only the clutch of Miss Fitzland's hand upon her back breadths prevented her from leaping into notice.

"Let me go, darlin' !" She yanked furiously at those restraining breadths, "let me go ! Th' murderin' monster—th' liar—I'll spoil the mug on him—I'll—"

"Be quiet," pleaded Mary, "hear what the fellow's saying."

"These facts," thundered the speaker," must drive forever from political life that crew of Pharisees who

"YER HONOR!" BELLOWED THE WIDOW MORIARTY, "YER HONOR! I'M HERE AND I WANTS TO SPEAK!"

devour widows' houses and for a pretense make long reports." He switched suddenly around and faced Tom Walker. "I accuse the Mayor," he roared, "the high-minded Mayor, the leader of Reform with a big 'R' at the front of it—I accuse the Mayor of having sold to the city, under an assumed name, and for eight thousand dollars, the land on which the new reservoir is to be built, of having signed with one hand the bill and with the other flipped those thousands into his pocket."

Mary Fitzland sat trembling with a face as pale as that of the man upon the platform who faced his accuser beneath the stare of a slowly angering mob. Not that she believed the accusation. It was one of Tom's quixotic blunders and she proclaimed it so from the start; but she knew her heart at last. "A fool and his office are soon parted," she murmured to herself—"and his sweetheart too." She couldn't love where she could not admire and she would not marry without love.

The inexorable voice went on, "I accuse the Mayor of having known for over eight months the probable location of the reservoir; of having, with this full knowledge, purchased seven months ago under that same assumed name the tiny farm of Mrs. Moriarty, an estimable and well-known citizen, for five thousand dollars. That was the site selected and his net gain is three thousand dollars—I can prove everything. Mrs. Moriarty has"—here Mary could hardly hold the frantic creature down, though grasping with both hands—"unfortunately sailed for her native heaths but the papers are here—the proof is on this table beside which I speak. Ah, my friend!" he addressed the Mayor directly, "friend of my boyhood's innocent sports, rival of my high school ambitions, neighbor for these many years, I pity you! I doubt not your noble purposes; but you with hosts beside have walked in the Valley of the Shadow of Graft and you have lost there the rod of your righteousness, the staff of your sincerity."

He sat down amid a numb silence which broke, after a moment, into a tempest of cheers and stampings. The Mayor sat dumb, a blush slowly burning through his deadly pallor. After a moment the Hon. Henry Hawkins, Republican boss of the city, arose. He was not sorry the thing had happened, he was glad Tom Walker had flunked—this Mary knew. For generations the offices had been equably divided between the henchmen of the two great parties and no one had interfered. Then this lily-fingered dude—so Hen Hawkins openly called him—broke into the gang and refused to play the game. Spoils had not been easy. The girl, who knew how tremendously the Hon. Hen's contributions had fallen off in all religious directions since Walker darkened across his horizon, smiled to see the man rise to preserve decency by an attempt at an apology. Her smile was bitter and a bit tremulous. Her heart had a few things yet to quarrel over with her head.

"Voters of Beddington," babbled the Hon. Hen, "I trust you will not condemn unheard an innocent——"

He was thrust aside. The Mayor faced the crowd.

"Fellow citizens!" Not a shade of pedantry, not a note of scholasticism, was left in that resonant voice. "It is true. I bought the land, I sold it to the city, the prices quoted in both instances are correct. I have no proofs to back up any statement which I might wish to offer as explanation for the facts—but I don't wish to offer any. I have lived among you thirty years. If those years have not convinced you of my good faith, no words——"

One long, quivering howl yelped through the room. From one end to the other swept the surges of the inappeasable wrath of a defrauded, deluded, disillusioned people. They screamed their anger at the shyster standing before them. They yelled, cursed, denounced, and finally from that bunch of young men, gathered near the platform and off from the floors of the saloons, missiles began to fly. The chairman called upon the police; but the police, divided into two bands, one at the entrance to the hall the other at the exit from the platform, were imprisoned by the jam of people. They couldn't interfere had they wished—apparently they did not wish. A rotten cabbage struck the Mayor full in the face, then another, then another, then a stale egg, then another. Oozing with rot and yellow stench, bruised and hounded, he stood erect, undaunted, unafraid. Mary Fitzland began for the first time to judge him from her heart, and found him every inch a man.

Out from the pandemonium at last one assertive sound made itself heard. More and more, as the frantic gavel-poundings mellowed the din, this one sound rose dominant, the scream of a woman's voice demanding audience.

"Yer Honor," bellowed the Widow Moriarty, "Yer Honor, I'm here and I wants to speak."

The widow held the key to the whole situation. It was "one of Loogy's lies"—it must be—it was the plot that the quick-witted Irish woman had expected and come prepared to meet—

"TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS?" MARY MURMURED REFLECTIVELY. "JUST ENOUGH TO PURCHASE A GOOD SOLITAIRE"

if an explanation could be made, now was the time to make it—Mary loosened up her hold on those stout back breadths and leaned pantingly back. She lighted the fuse and sat shivering in anticipation of the explosion.

"I wants to speak," screamed the Widow Moriarty, "I wants to speak."

Luigi Vellucci heard that wail and the smug assurance evaporated from his lips. Tom Walker heard and lifted a protesting finger towards the gallery; at last the chairman heard—and the crowd. The wild wrath wasted away gradually; men gaped up at the bouncing figure as open-mouthed as if they beheld a ghost—there was nothing ghostly about the Widow Moriarty; finally the Prohibitionist arose and lunged awkwardly forward.

"This is excessively unusual," he protested, but, as the controversy hinges on property formerly belonging to Mrs. Moriarty, a highly respected resident of this metropolis, as Mr. Vellucci admirably declared, and as the lady appears to be present, noticeably present, if you will pardon an interjection of jocularity—I have—ah! —I have decided to allow her to be heard!

"Faith!" sneered a voice from the floor, "she's thot widout ye're permittin'!" For the lady was in full torrent on the moment. "Faith an' I went to th' old country, Loogy Velloushy, did I?—an' I didn't. Here I am an' up there on th' platform I'd like to be, smackin' ye sound, same's when ye stole my melons twenty years ago —do ye mind that, Loogy Velloushy? I've a fine hand for th' clackin' yet—do ye mind that, Loogy Velloushy?"

At the roar which followed this sally, the pallid face of the Boss incarnadined. Mary with the swift relief of it laughed almost convulsively.

"Twas ten months ago,' the widow flowed on in the even gush of narrative, but her quivering voice searched out every corner of the room, "that Loogy, mind you, Loogy hisself, came sneaking round to offer me two thousand dollars for my bit of land—he did that. I ain't that kind of a fool. I didn't sell; an' so my Mikey—he ain't but half-baked, the poor innocent gossoon—gets into trouble with th' police; an' Loogy steps up kind of terrible an' swears by all th' saints an' by th' Queen of Heaven herself that, unless I'll sell, he'll send my Mikey to th' Reform School—he does that; an' they whips 'em terrible in th' Reform school, as needs to be reformed themselves—they does that; an' I was clean crazy, with my property an' my Mikey an' Loogy sayin' things—I was that; an' th' Doctor up an' tells me I mustn't whip Mikey, not once, he's such a weak heart—he does that, th' Doctor I mean. Well, I went to Tom Walker, seein' as I'd lived neighbor to him more'n twenty years. I goes to Tom an' I tells him all about Loogy—I does that; an' Tom he buys my bit of land; an' he tells that palaverin' varmint of a Dago that th' bit of land's his: an' he gives me five thousand dollars—he does that. An'," the lady stopped a full minute, paused on outstretched pinions of impressive oratory above that hushed amalgamation of nationalities, "what's more, when he sold th' place to th' city last week, he brought me them three thousand dollars over—he did that; an', what's more, I've got the check!" She dived momentarily down into the depths of her agitated bosom, produced a long slip of pale pink paper, and swung it like a banner above that pack of heads below. In the centre of the throng one man clapped his hands once, a harsh discordant note in the awesome stillness; then stopped, frightened by his own temerity.

"So," pealed on the triumphant widow, "when Hannah Moran, th' mealy-mouthed old creature, came moosing around three weeks ago, askin' would I like to be buying a round-trip to Ireland, one-third-price, seein' her man's sickness had upset her plans that bad, I smelled a rat an' I nipped him in th' bud—I did that. I remembered her man was own uncle to Loogy hisself; an' I more'n noticed that th' sailin' 'd be after gettin' me off before this meetin'; an' I wasn't goin' to miss a good chance, so I swapped th' ticket—ye can swap 'em ten days before——"

But the house had risen again. Cheers and laughter rocked the hall.

Men thumped with their feet, pounded with their hands, threw back their throats and yelled and yelled. The women leaped up and down, waved handkerchiefs, scarfs, even hastily-snatched-off hats, while, at the centre of the gallery, the president of the temperance society was splashing the Copenhagen-blue bosom of the president of "The Fortnightly" with a gush of unchecked tears. And Mary Fitzland, Mary the daughter of the Rector of St. James', bolt upright in the front row, was shouting herself hoarse and waving a flimsy rag of a handkerchief all the time. Someone started a shout, "Hurrah for our next Governor, Thomas Walker !" It was given twenty times without intermission. But the mayor, unflinching during the bitterness of the assault upon his honor, huddled into a seat, his face between his hands. The yellow smudges of the eggs dribbled between his fingers. Vellucci had fled.

"Mr. Chairmans," spoke a voice, when peace began to suggest itself as a possibility once more, and Hermengilde Decelles, a leader of the French Republicans, was recognized from the floor, "I tinks we done wrong t'ing sp'ilin' dat nice close on His 'Anneer de Mayer. O yass, I t'row de aigg—I pay de dommage. I gif wan dollar buy heem new close." A silver dollar, hurled by a brawny arm, flew glistening through the brilliantly lighted hall, winking and twinkling as it sped to drop at the feet of the man so lately howled down by an angry town. The action caught the excited imagination of the crowd, swept by such surges of wrath, prejudice and pity. The contagion spread and, though the Mayor leapt to his feet, stretched out begging hands, cried, "I implore you, gentlemen—really this is not needed—I have abundance—" the money pattered and pelted from every direction. Even Luigi's horde of saloon scourings thrilled to the impulse and added their dimes and nickels. Hen Hawkins, than whom none knew better when to yield to the crowd, whispered a smiling word in the young man's ear and he arose to address the people.

"I thank you," he said brokenly, "I thank you—the money shall go for some public charity—"

Decelles was on his feet in a minute. "For yourself," he shouted, "I'm spikin' for dese people—for yourself. Promise you use heem yourself !"

And Thomas Walker promised.

Mary Fitzland was compelled to wait a good half-hour for the Mayor. She waited, on the outskirts of his thronging friends, smiling softly to herself. After all he was a big goose, chivalric, quixotic, absurdly literal in his piety; but, if he was a big goose, he was also a big dear—she knew that at last. When he came, the worst evidences of the fray had been removed. She kept the conversation impersonal all the way home. Didn't he like the feel of fall in the air ?—couldn't they wait a moment to watch the electric light dance on the boiling waters of the falls ?—how blithe was the crisp crackle of frost-fallen leaves beneath their feet; September wasn't really a dolorous month, was it ?—and she had entered her own yard before she broached the subject of the evening.

"Tom," her tones quavered curiously and her hands clung convulsively to the gate-top, "how much money did you reap off that platform ?"

"Hen Hawkins picked it up." The young fellow spoke with a quiver of surprise and his voice was full of questioning. "There was a little over two hundred and fifty dollars." He shifted his position so that he could catch her face in the murk of the tree-shadows, but she instantly turned and eluded him.

Mary lifted her eyes reflectively towards the stars and silence swept in between them for a moment. "Just enough," she murmured at last, and her murmur was scarcely loud enough for the man to catch, "to purchase a good solitaire diamond ring. I never did like them too large."

Now it is self-evident that no maiden can lift her eyes to the stars without elevating her lips also; therefore it was horrid of Tom to take advantage—there is something of the brute left at the bottom of the best of masculine creatures. Women simply endure men, that is all.

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

SECOND PAPER

From Coyuca de Catalan to Firandaro

The night passed without rain or incident of any kind and the day broke in splendor, although as usual very hot. Up to Coyuca we had journeyed about four hundred and twenty-five kilometres, counting from the capital, and about the same distance separated us from our destination, the mouth of the Balsas. By water we had voyaged quite one hundred and fifty kilometres in only two days or at the rate of seventy-five per diem, which was the velocity permitted by the current. Calculating upon this, there still remained three days at least before arriving at the sea.

Soon after leaving Coyuca we passed on our right the village of Punzarabato, a rich copper zone, and we began to descry the Cerro de Santo Domingo at the base of which was to be seen small rancheria, passed by us on the left. The river again became engulfed between mountains and the landscape began to grow wilder. A narrow gorge serves as an entrance to the mountainous labyrinth, a gorge formed by the Cerros of Santo Domingo and Tario, in proximity to the Paso Real where a service of boats is organized for crossing the river by travellers from Guerrero to Michoacan. To the right of us came into view a maize field, the *milpas* or shoots of which attracted so much the attention of Colonel Davidson and his companions that he gave orders to stop here for reconnoitering and studying the conditions of the soil and the cultivation of same. It was a pleasure to watch the interest and admiration of these millionaires at the sight of such exuberance in vegetation. The average height of the canes was about 4.70 metres, some reaching 5.10. Two men, standing on the shoulders of the other, would only reach two thirds of the total length. That plantation, with its abundant fruit enabled one to form a correct opinion of the fertility of the soil up till now virgin and so imperfectly worked. The maize is sown without the aid of any utensil but the *machete* of the Indians, the seed being left to the mercy of nature with no manure whatever and trusting completely to the fertility of the soil. Davidson and the experts Field and McBain affirmed that they had never seen anything like it and we all agreed that if properly cultivated and better seeds were employed, the soil would produce marvellous results. The land here is clayey and abounds in mould and manure brought down by the river during its frequent overflows.

My appetite being by this time somewhat sharpened it occurred to me to ask of Emile—"What is the *plat du jour*, Emile?"— "*Boeuf a la mode* and

poulets rotis," replied the chef preparing to serve us.

I presume to know something about the succulent products of Le Mans and La Bresse in regard to *poulardes* and capons, but I must confess that my appetite was such, and the birds were prepared so well, that I really could not establish any difference between them, not to say anything of the "*boeuf a la mode*" which we enjoyed as much if not more than if we were sitting in one of the most accredited Paris restaurants. After lunch we resumed our shooting exercise, and fresh iguanas and alligators fell to our shots. For the first time we saw the pink herons, so pretty that we felt pity for them falling prey to our guns. These, like the ducks and other birds, flew away terrified at our approach, so strange must it have appeared to them to see human beings in those parts—undoubtedly for more than a year not a single boat had gone over the ground.

About five o'clock we arrived at the confluence of the Balsas with the Rio de los Placeres, which, passing through the auriferous districts of El Oro, Gardanoy Maranjo, brings down water from Guerrero impregnated with this precious metal sometimes discharged into the very Balsas river itself. Its waters were almost clean and tempted one to take a dip—some of our friends did have a delightful bath although they had to manoeuvre so as to avoid getting into the dirty Balsas water. The Colonel expressed a desire to stretch his benumbed limbs and wanted to land, but as it was not feasible to take the launch right up to the bank, it was necessary to be carried to land on the back of a native and in the same way return to the boat. A few miles, more and we moored at Firandaro, a small town, where it was decided we should pass the night. We learnt here by telegraph that Favila had duly received our message from Coyuca, and that he would wait for us at Facatula at the Hacienda of the Licenciado Lopez.

While McBain and Lee Stark were selecting a site for our camp near the cemetery where they found a suitable flat piece of ground and overseeing the erection of our tents, I was carried away by curiosity towards the Campo Santo, now almost abandoned and only about twenty paces from my own tent. I penetrated into the precinct with all the respect due to the idea of death and came to the conclusion that no sepulture had taken place for a long time past as I could trace no signs of recently moved earth and the tombs had the appearance of being those of a past generation. These had all the shape of an obelisk or sarcophagus and were constructed of sun-dried bricks and then whitened. The fact of the grass being completely dry, and bearing signs of having served as a pasture for all kinds of cattle, confirmed my impression that it was abandoned ground. As I wandered, my mind indulged in the thought that possibly many of those who here rested in eternal sleep had met their death in defence of their country or of their ideals during the struggles for which this part of the country was the theatre.

Not a single tomb bore the name of he who rested therein. Either a date in Roman figures, a cross, or the letters R. I. P., were the only signs to be seen. The greater part must have been constructed or closed up when the Spaniards still governed the country. Farther on I noticed a tomb on which something could be read, and in good Spanish I traced:—"ROGAD POR MI (Pray for me)—MDCCCVIII." There was no name here, but the words expressed a request, a prayer, and I could not resist the supplication. Uncovering, I silently dedicated a thought to him or her who evidently was not an unbeliever.

After this a great anxiety to leave the place came over me, but I had difficulty in finding the exit, owing to the growing darkness, but the voices of my companions came to my aid and guided by them, I was not long in rejoining the party just as they were about to go on board for dinner. With my cigar still alight I entered my tent just as a flash of lightning, followed by a roll of thunder, announced the coming storm. By the weak light of a candle, I arranged my trestle-bed by the side of that of Ibarra, making sure

that my mosquito net had no hole in it. I must confess that my apprehension of the *mocco* did not leave me during the whole excursion, as it is well known that through its bite the greater part of contagion in tropical diseases is produced.

As it commenced to rain, and noticing that our tent was planted on a slight incline, and that the water could penetrate easily, I placed my baggage on a camp chair and went to bed, covering myself up well for some protection against the effects of the storm which was about to break over us. A few minutes later the tempest was in full rage. The rain beating upon the canvas made a terrible noise and, as I predicted, the water soon inundated our tent and we appeared to be in the middle of a river. This state of things lasted for two hours when at last the wind and rain abated and all becoming more calm I endeavored to go to sleep, still thinking of that lugubrious place I had visited some hours before.

Ibarra slept profoundly through it all, only now and again allowing the name of a lady to escape—the name of the lady of his thoughts, who, in the midst of his work and troubles, accompanied him even in his sleep. The calm was now complete throughout the camp and one could hardly hear the chatting of the boatmen and watchmen who, wrapped in their cloaks, formed a group near the tents.

From Firandaro to Luke's Camp

At 6.15 a. m., the Centenario, as well as the baggage launch, left their moorings. The programme of the day's journey was to descend 100 or 110 kilometres of the river, which is the distance from Firandaro to the town of Balsas but, as the river now takes the form of a backwater the intensity of the current decreased, and we advanced very slowly, the rowers having to make use of their oars so as to keep up to the time-table. After deviating towards the north on account of a curve, the Balsas waters became confounded with those from the San Geronimo river which, proceeding from Michoacan, joins the former at a place bearing the same name as the latter river. We were now a few kilometres south of the gold and silver mines of Pinolillo, Las Anonas, Cames, Huarate and Salada, and northeast we left also the argentiferous properties, Guadalupe, Las Lajas, La Funcion and Tepehuaje, and to the south there remained the copper and silver mines of El Limon. Shortly after passing Ciricuaro, the river divides the mining district of Cujaran and Churumusco, abounding in copper, which extends far to the north with rich lodes in Euganico, Cruz, Cayaco and Inguaran, the properties of Messrs. Rothschild who will shortly convert them into one of the most important mining exploitations of Mexico, exporting the products over the railway which they propose to construct between Inguaran and Sihuatanejo, a small harbor on the Pacific Coast, which the reader will have acquaintance with later on. We were thus navigating "entre placeres" (through the mining district), and as the river here is boxed in, as it were, between mountains and is allowed to plow only through green and tortuous glens, we frequently suffered from the effects of the rapids which made our frail barque rock, so that once our cooking-stove chimney fell overboard, and we had great trouble in recovering it. As a precaution against another accident of this kind and perhaps the loss of our cooking utensils, Flora mounted guard near the stove to save them if necessary.

Unlike in the prairie regions where the river is at times more than a hundred metres in breadth, through this district it narrowed to forty or fifty, on which account the depth increased to four or five metres. For several hours we traversed quite wild and uncultivated districts. Now and again we passed a solitary ranch which appeared to our view from amidst the foliage on the bank, and the inhabitants ran away in all directions, frightened at the sight of us. Undoubtedly it is very seldom that any boat passes that way. Naked and bronzed children ran along the bank shouting loudly, and had all the appearance of monkeys rather than human beings. The inhabitants of those miserable dwellings are shepherds, cattle being the sole product of these

OUR CAMP AT SANTO TOMAS. COLONEL DAVIDSON OVERSEES THE PITCHING OF OUR TENTS

wild parts and the soil serving for nothing better than pasturage.

Nevertheless, not one of these cabins was without its maize field, from which plant the Indian obtains his means of subsistence. With the flour he prepares the tortillas (a kind of thin cake or biscuit half-cooked) or the bread of the Mexican Indian. In the baked corn-cob he has the *clote* and the skin serves to cook the *tomales* in. The maize flour, coarsely ground and mixed with cream, constitutes the *jocoque* given to infants and with maize, cheese and with butter these people are able to cover all their necessities. The maize again even supplies the Indian with alcohol which he extracts by very primitive means from the canes or *milpas* as they call them. For sweetening, they employ the *panela*, an imperfect kind of sugar, and for condimenting, they have the capsicum and various wild spices with which they prepare their classic *cuchiladas*. On passing by "El Melonar" we heard the disagreeable cackling of the *chachalacas*, a kind of fowl very abundant in the country and of a fair size. Their permanence among the foliage prevented us from getting a shot at them. The river Arroyo Blanco, which brings down clean water from the Guerrero side, gave us the opportunity of taking in this commodity, and furnished the corresponding stoppage. As at Firandaro the water did not inspire our confidence; our pitchers, etc., had become empty since the previous evening.

We shortly came to such strong rapids that the vigilance of Flora served no good purpose whatever. A violent swinging movement took us all by surprise and nearly wrecked us but, worst of all, down went the pots and pans, spilling all the contents—lunch—irreparably. We should have also lost the cook-stove chimney this time if not for the presence of mind and temerity of one of the Indians who, without any fear of burning his hands, held it firmly and so prevented it from falling into the river at a place where the velocity of the current would have prevented us from recovering it. After this little incident it goes without saying that the succulent lunch, which Emile was at such pains preparing for us, had to be exchanged for a cold repast. Some cooked eggs, which escaped the disaster, bread, ham and fruit, comprised the frugal meal with which we had to content ourselves until dinner time.

The landscape now changed brusquely and we entered into rocky parts in

which the predominating vegetation consists of *tunas* or *nopales* (prickly pear plants) and cactus. The current again became very fierce but the pilot navigated the boat so cleverly as to deserve the applause of the passengers who were becoming somewhat uneasy.

"I say, Pancho," I ventured to ask, "have we still much ground to cover in this manner or shall we soon get into smoother waters ?"

"Quen sabe, Senor ?" he replied "esta' muy fiero"—("who knows, Sir ? —it is very savage.") In this manner do the Indians express their idea of a bad route.

"But tell me, my boy,"—I continued, "do you know these parts ? Have you been this way before ?"

"Dende aque," replied Pancho in the words which the Indians employ to explain—"Not for a long time."

For the first time, we saw, growing on the river bank, the plant from which castor oil is extracted, the famous higuerilla of the tropics, completely unknown to me. Strange noises overhead made us lift our eyes to see a big flight of parrots which soon disappeared from our view. The presence of these tropical birds, which never had I seen before on the wing, brought to my memory the story of the Tampico parrot, which, after escaping from the house of its owner, a schoolmaster, together with whose pupils it had learnt to spell, taught its companions of the forest to do likewise, and one day on which the master with his pupils went for a walk in the country, the truant-parrot, with its winged disciples surrounded them repeating various combinations of syllables and then flew away, the culprit crying, "Master ! I've also got a school." We saw several flocks of these birds just then and as they flew in the direction of the sea we knew we were approaching the coast which is the favorite resort of these beautifully plumed birds.

The breadth of the river was again becoming considerable and although my rough plummet continued to register four metres depth, I calculated the width at more than seventy metres.

It was at four o'clock when a discharge sounded right in the ear of poor McBain, nearly deafening him; instinctively we looked towards the bank where two beautiful deer were fleeing in search of refuge. Lee Stark, always on the alert, had seen them before anyone else and had fired at them without success. Undoubtedly these parts were very frequented by these animals as we noticed numerous traces of them on either bank.

With a breadth of more than a hundred metres the river described a curve towards the south-west, and we came to the conclusion that this point was that marked on our map as in proximity to the town of Balsas.

At five o'clock it was determined to terminate the day's journey. As we had been informed that at Balsas we should not find a good shore for mooring we began from this moment to look about for a suitable place. Mr. Lewis Lukes landed and, climbing up the steep bank, discovered a splendid meadow surrounded by *organales* and *chumberas* (prickly pear plants) which to all of us seemed just the right place for our camp. It was immediately dubbed "Lukes' Camp" by common consent, and we began to make preparations for passing the night. The sun was still pretty high and while our men were busy fixing up the tents we all went in search of shade under the fine willows so abundant on the bank. The water we found to be less dirty than usual, and the Colonel and others took advantage of this circumstance to take a bath. At sunset my companions retired to rest a little and I, without noticing that I had been left alone, became so absorbed in thought of my loved ones far away in Spain, that I had no idea of what was going on around me. All at once a fresh and rather high voice aroused me from my lethargy and I was enjoyed to hear a couplet accompanied only by the murmur of the water in the distance:

> "La Virgen de la Fuensanta
> Cuando pasa por el puente
> Dice à La de los Peligros
> Si te quieres venir, vente."

It was Flora who, while doing the washing on the river-bank, was remembering her national romances.

"Are you from Murcia, Flora ?" I

DOWN SWEPT THE LITTLE CENTENARIO THROUGH THE BOILING WATERS OF THE RIVER

cried to her on recognizing the typical air of that province of which the Virgin La Fuensanta is the patroness. "From the very Huerta," (Huerta in this case signifies right out in the country amidst the fruit gardens) "Don Salvador," she replied without leaving off her work for a moment. Two minutes had not passed when the same voice broke out into something more lively and playful; the words and notes of the famous tango:—

"Tengo dos lunares
Tengo dos lunares
El uno junto à la boca—"

Such unexpected singing of known airs gladdened my spirit and almost made me think I had not left Spain, so many were the memories invoked.

But night was approaching and since mid-day, when we had lunched so frugally, we had not touched any food whatever. Emile called us for dinner and it may be imagined how sprightly we all responded to his call. On leaving the "Centenario" to go to bed it was pitch dark and the stars shone as I had never seen them before. By a strange optical effect, due no doubt to its being a tropical region, the firmament seemed to be coming down upon me, even the "Milky Way" appearing to be much closer. In vain did I endeavor to recognize the stars and find some of the constellations familiar to me. They were all there but out of the places in which in Spain I was accustomed to watch them. My scarce astronomical knowledge explains my ignorance, but I could not help feeling the strange effect produced upon me, making me think I was in a world distinct from that I usually inhabited. The singing of the Indians, who, just behind us were having their supper and enjoying the sucking pig so despised by the Europeans, was wafted over to us mixed with the couplets of Flora, and with this strange music I was gradually lulled to sleep not to awake until the break of day.

El Infiernillo (*Little Hell*)

At seven o'clock we struck camp and after breakfast we proceeded on our way. As during the night we had received no news from the messenger we had sent to Balsas to inquire after Favila, who in company with the Licenciado Lopez was collecting animals for the excursion along the coast, we stopped at Balsas and were told that the engineer and Licenciado had left the night previous, taking with them the necessary animals for the journey along the coast and through

the forests of the Pacific, and that they would await us at the Hacienda de San Francisco in proximity to the river mouth.

We were also told of the danger attaching to the passing of the "Canon del Salto" by boat, the "Canon del Salto" being an enormous waterfall situated at the place called "El Infiernillo," and we were advised to take competent guides and good ropes with us so as to restrain the boats from the banks if necessary. This advice having been duly taken into consideration, we resumed the journey, taking with us a guide and ropes.

A little way from Balsas our river receives the waters of the Marques which in great quantity flows from the State of Michoacan. At the union of both rivers we were detained for a few moments. Mr. Lukes, at the foot of a superb specimen of trompetillas silvertres (a wild bell-shaped flower which our companions styled as "morning glosses,") presented a good subject for our untiring cameras. From these white flowers we formed a wreath with which we desired to adorn the Colonel's helmet, but he, always so gallant, deposited it on the head of our good Flora, brave companion of our glories and fatigues.

The river Marques is a good full river as I have indicated, and on joining the waters of the Balsas the united rivers form a curve almost at right angles and take a southerly direction. We were approaching the "Infiernillo" and consequently the risky passage of the much feared *canon*.

Engulfed among the glens of "Las Higueras" and "Huenimito," both rocky and of blackish aspect which announced the presence of coal, we again came to depths of more than six metres and the river was becoming narrower and narrower. We still enjoyed the view of a meadow now and again and on the banks saw the tracks of deer, Lee Stark even having the idea that he saw one and firing at it without success. The Indians affirmed that pumas abound in these parts as also jaguars, but we did not perceive either.

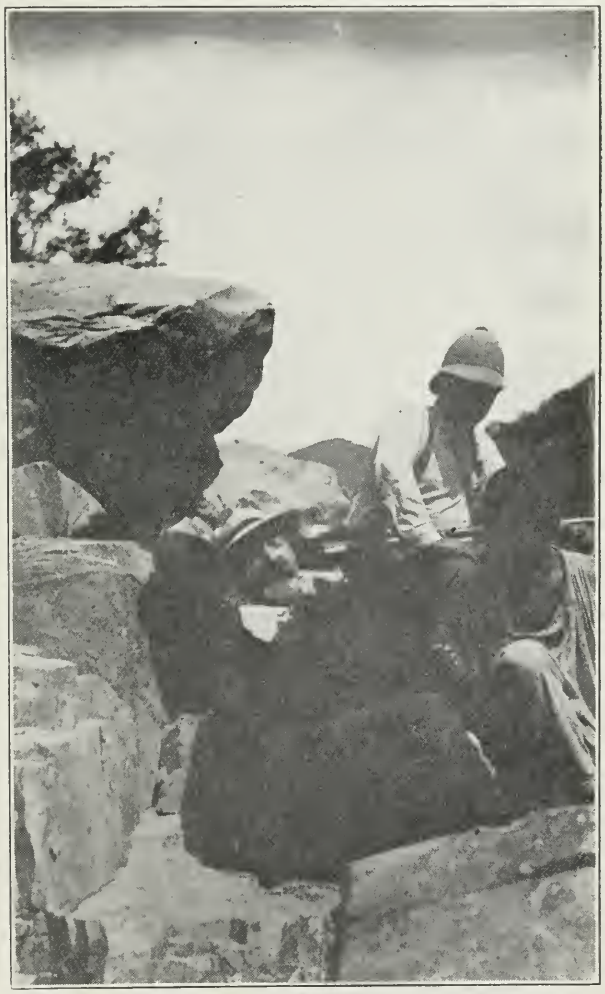
On coming out of the "Huenimito" we entered into "El Abrojal" where some herds of mares were pasturing in the Hacienda de Panda. Numerous colts and mules followed the boats, cantering along the banks. We observed also a quantity of *chuminpus*, little trees which bear fruit of a species of apple so much liked by cattle of all kinds.

The river now was gradually losing itself in a narrow gorge confined between rocky cliffs. In a very short time we would be in the very midst of it. We were in the presence of the "Canon del Salto," which, in the form of a funnel was to swallow us and conduct us to the coast. The boatmen had never before been so far down as this and very rarely has anybody been known to risk the passage. One of the reasons is that a boat attempting to pass through the Infiernillo has to remain on the other side as the intensity of the current and the height of the fall do not permit of it returning. Such being the case the navigation along the Balsas river is divided into two sections. Hardly a year had passed since the calamity occurred at this same place which caused the death of a North American couple who, without either boatman or guide, attempted to pass the Salto with no other elements than a deficient boat and their own courage. Possibly no one else has ventured the feat until we came upon the scene. The relating of this accident, on the one hand, and on the other the warnings of the Balsas people, decided our chief to give orders not to proceed any further but to take the boat towards the bank. From this moment it was resolved to pass through the Canon on foot and that only the Indians were to go through in the boats to wait for us on the other side. In spite of the Colonel's orders we still continued on for some kilometres while we had lunch. The sun was materially toasting us, the awning being of no avail whatever. The heat was suffocating and we were beginning to gain an idea of what we were in for during the little walk we were on the point of setting out upon. As we were as usual navigating by the impulse of the current, it had not been possible to calculate the

hour at which we should arrive at the difficult place in question and unfortunately it coincided with mid-day.

At twelve o'clock precisely the guide Efren notified us that we could not go on any farther without the boat being engulfed in the current, so in consequence we proceeded to land there and then. Notwithstanding the order given, the American engineer, Lee Stark, declared that he preferred not to move from the boat and would follow the fortunes of the Indians. I, in turn, participated in the same idea, as I must confess that I was more in fear of the long walk under such bad conditions than of the "Canon del Salto" with all its legends and dangers, but the memory of those I had left in Spain, awaiting my return, made me consider certain precautions and I at last arranged with Lee Stark that I would go on foot as far as the place where the Salto could be seen and that if I saw no great risk in it I would join him to venture it together by boat. Guided by Efren and taking two boatmen with us, we, the pedestrians, began the journey. A kilometre and half along a good road is nothing, especially if one has the advantage of shade, but over rocky ground, now climbing, now descending, and under a tropical sun at mid-day, it was quite a different thing and from the outset we had an inkling as to what was in store for us. The fall is situated half way down the Canon or where the river becomes its narrowest along the gorge which undoubtedly must have been cut by the current in pre-historic ages. The sides are formed of enormous rocks over which we had to climb for want of any pathway, and to avoid this uneven rough ground our guide led us some way up the incline, but we were worse off than before and soon had to return to the rocks and risk being literally cooked among them. The heat was so intense that we could not even attempt to grasp the stone. Out of curiosity I placed a match on a rock and it immediately lighted. This alone will give the reader an idea of our sufferings.

I now desired to turn back and join Lee Stark but it was too late for we had now been walking for more than two hours and in hopes of soon reaching better ground I decided to continue forward and think no more of the boat.



THE ROCKS OF EL INFIERNI'LLO WERE SO HOT AS TO LIGHT INSTANTLY A MATCH TOUCHED TO THEIR SURFACES, AND AMONG THESE I WAS LAID TO RECOVER FROM THE HEAT OF THE SUN

We took half an hour to reach the classical spot so much talked about. Fatigue began to overcome us all and seeing a little bush growing up from among the rocks, Ibarra and I took advantage of what slight shade it gave to rest a little.

The rest of the caravan and with them Mr. Lukes, had separated from us. The stronger members of the party had climbed up the mountain ahead of us in search of shade. Behind Ibarra and me came Colonel Davidson, McBain, Field and the Indian, Jose, who never abandoned them. The water-fall so much boasted about did not in reality exist, as the strong flow of the river covered it up almost completely and its effects became reduced to those of a rapid; very imposing, it is true, but not much greater than others which in our descent of the river we had already encountered. During the dry season, or in Lent, as the Indians call it, the scarcity of water leaves uncovered some rocks in the middle of the river beyond which a violent depression of the bed causes the famous fall to exist, but at the time we are speaking of, the cataract did not exist to any extent worth mentioning. While we were considering the possibility of passing it and repenting of having abandoned the boats, we heard tremendous shouting, as if a legion of demons had been set free, which noise became louder and louder at every moment. It was from the Indians in the first launch, who, with the awning raised and they completely naked, were coming along shouting and hanging on to the rails of the boat with the intrepid Lee Stark who was also naked and hanging on to the prow.

The "Centenario" came down at a terrible speed. Like an exhalation it passed by us. The savage cries of the Indians increased the solemnity of the moment and almost in horror we watched them enter the place of danger where for an instant the launch and its occupants became covered with the foam thrown up by a big wave which she had collided with, but a second after she re-appeared and was saluted by us with enthusiastic "hurrahs." Two minutes later the other boat descended, and its occupants having taken identical precautions, it negotiated the danger with the same good luck. Given the speed they were going at and considering the difficulty they would have in slowing down, our desperation became all the greater on coming to the conclusion that even after walking two kilometres we could not overcome them. All kinds of imprecations were showered upon the poor guide Efren who had alarmed us so much, and we all envied Lee Stark who, with nothing more than a slight wetting and with no fatigue had been more astute and was at this moment on the other side.

On trying to get up and continue the journey I felt very sick and experienced a strong humming in the ears. My heart was beating violently; my head felt as if it were hammered; I could hardly breathe and I was perspiring copiously. Ibarra and McBain noticed my condition and did their best to help me, but they were without the necessary elements, and I began to feel the agony of death and fully understood the seriousness of what was happening to me. As I write, the memory of those moments bring on a feeling as if I were going over it all again. I was afterwards told that I lost all consciousness and fell like a log into a kind of cave formed of two enormous rocks under which shade they laid me. I was completely sun-stricken. McBain had gone forward but Ibarra and one of the Indians remained to take care of me. The rest, the sensation of the cool shade, the bathing of my forehead with wet handkerchiefs, and above all, the current of air established through the cave, gradually had the effect of returning me to life and within half an hour I felt greatly recovered. It was imperative to resume the march and to God alone I confided myself to arrive at the end.

Leaning on the Indian and followed by Ibarra I went along with some difficulty, but had not gone very far when I noticed that Ibarra had lagged behind and was not following us. I suspected he had sun-stroke like me and sent the Indian back to help him. It was impossible for me to do so and I was so weak that even if I could have

retrograded I would have been of no help whatever. I was not mistaken, my friend had been stricken down notwithstanding his ability to withstand the rigors of that climate. He soon came round though and helped by the Indian continued the journey. In the meantime I had remained alone amidst that labyrinth of rocks and again began to fear for my life. The handkerchiefs on my head being completely dry I endeavored to go down towards the river to wet them again. Not very far away Efren passed me running from one side to another crying and in search of those who had deviated and were keeping behind.

"What will the President say of me if these foreigners die ?" cried the poor fellow punching himself on the head. Even in the midst of my weakness I was able to give credit to the loyalty this Indian was showing for the Chief of the State whose reproaches he feared in such critical circumstances.

"Go on, boy," I managed to call out, "go in search of the Colonel who may have had an attack and with Jose carry him to the boat. After that think of me and come back."

The Indian passed on and I again found myself alone. At last I had what appeared to me to be a happy idea and to avoid climbing up and going down rock after rock, I attempted to border the river although with water up to my waist. If the river bed had been always of the same level, of course, this idea would have been a good one and would have helped me considerably on the way, but as I was unconscious of paddling over rocks and the dirty water prevented me from seeing the bottom, it was not long before I lost my footing and fell and was immediately carried away by the current. The instinct of preservation and the effect of the cold water very soon brought me back to the full enjoyment of my faculties. Without time to consider the danger I was in, and endeavoring not to lose my straw hat, I began to swim and swam on trying to battle with the current and gain the bank. I must have advanced some hundred or hundred and fifty metres in this manner and if I had not been in fear of the current at last overcoming my strength I felt I could have gone on right up to the boat. Catching hold of the dry branches of a bush I managed to get out of the water and fell lengthwise on the bank. The sun was so hot that within a few minutes my clothes were perfectly dry.

"My God, Don Salvador," cried the affrighted Flora, who from a distance had caught sight of me struggling with the current and miraculously getting to land. "Courage, Don Salvador, I'm coming." She continued to shout, and skipping like a goat from rock to rock she was not long in coming to my side. If this intrepid girl could now take up her pen and write the paragraph in reference to this incident, the reader would obtain a good idea of what my feelings were at that moment—I saw death so near that I imagined myself to be a missionary and exhorted Flora to examine her conscience and prepare for the future life.

"Come along, come along," said the girl, "bear up, the gringos (foreigners) are coming along and we must not let it be said that we Spaniards are those to lag behind."

"Leave me, Flora," I exclaimed, groaning and sighing, "you go on in search of men to carry me—I cannot move an inch more—save yourself as best you can, I must remain where I am."

"I am not going to leave you, Don Salvador, I'm not going to leave you," she replied. "I will go to the boat and shall come back with people to pick you up."

What strength does youth give ! Fleet as the wind, I watched her climb the rocks and disappear from view still crying—"Courage, courage! Viva Espana !". . . In about half an hour I began to hear voices approaching. They were Flora with two boatmen who brought tea and brandy in a small pitcher which I drank at one draught.

"Come on, my chief,"—said one.

"Only a little way more," added the other.

"We are going to arrive immediately," continued the former.

And whether the hopes of soon

THE VEGETATION OF "LUKE'S CAMP" WAS VERY LUXURIANT, MANY CACTI AND FLOWERING PLANTS STANDING FIVE OR SIX TIMES AS HIGH AS A MAN

arriving at our destination gave me courage, or that the brandy began to produce its effects, the truth is that I made an effort and without allowing anybody to carry me I managed to stumble along, and a little farther on, we came upon one of the boats and our friends, who were beginning to feel anxious for me and, the Colonel, who, borne on the shoulders of two Indians, was following and even after having also suffered an attack of sun-stroke, was waving his handkerchief and appeared to be as animated as ever. Field and McBain came along with the Colonel; Ibarra with Lukes and Bond were already in the boat and Emile had prepared food and drink with which to provide us some comfort. It was now six o'clock and we found that we had employed six hours of mortal anguish to cover a distance of a little over two kilometres. We had passed "El Infiernillo" at last—that so-called "little hell" which not one in a hundred thousand Mexicans would have gone through, but we all vowed never to see it again, unless from an aeroplane. It goes without saying that Efren was profuse in his thanks to the Almighty for having saved us from a certain death and he even confessed that he fully expected to be shot as an outcome of it all if anything had happened to us.

"Shoot you,—no," I remarked, "but fifty strokes with the rod you deserved for being the principal cause of all that happened."

He then recounted the legend connected with this spot to the effect that an Indian who inhabited "El Infiernillo" died and went to the Kingdom of Satan, but on reaching said place he asked for his cloak as the cold was intense compared with the temperature he had lived in all his life.

We now continued our journey by boat for about a kilometre and at a curve out of the gorge we decided to camp for the night. It was now dark and thanks to the fires lit by the Indians were we able to see to the erection of the tents, etc. By the light of these fires were we also able to explore the spot we had chosen and found it to be a wild corner strewed with a quantity of trunks and boughs carried down by the river at high tide. They accumulated here due to the curve formed by the river and to the great number of rocks which made a kind of breakwater. We found, however, a suitable although limited space of ground for our tents.

The noise of the water rushing out of

the gorge was deafening. The spectacle was fantastic. The black silhouettes of the almost nude Indians stood out against the brilliant light of the fires, giving one the impression of being in the presence of infernal beings who had come from the bowels of the earth. The strange shadows projected by the thick tree-trunks piled one upon the other, and the illuminated rocks which in enormous blocks looked like giants, the whole having for a background the intense darkness of the ravine, carried us back to the memory of the infernal regions so well described by the imagination and inimitable pen of Dante. So that nothing might be wanting to complete this illusion, a boat moored between two rocks, just at the entrance to the dark gorge appeared to be waiting for Caronte (Charon) to take us on board. Now quite worn out with fatigue, I placed my cloak upon the fine sand and lay down upon it without the least inclination to go so far as the "Centenario" where dinner was being served. I called out for a cup of broth and something to drink and the Colonel was kind enough to send me a bottle of good burgundy. For want of strength I decided to remain where I was and slept on to the first hours of the morning when feeling the effects of the night-dew I dragged myself to my tent and once inside without undressing I finished the night stretched upon the sand.

To be continued

THE PROSAIC PACKER

BY C. D. ARMSTRONG

EV'RY stone I hit's a roller,
  An' this pack hangs just like lead.
Mebbe though, the Boss'll stop us—
  Just a little ways ahead.
Durn the flies; they're gettin' thicker.
  Wisht I had some balsam salve.
Likewise wisht I had some licker,
  Like Ole Adam used ter have.
Wisht when I get tired hikin',
  They was somethin' I could ride.
But the only thing I'll straddle 'll
  Be the top o' this Divide.
Durn this pack; I'm goin' ter tump it.
  Wow! it's like to break my neck.
If I stick with this here outfit,
  Won't be nothin' but er speck
Left o' me, time we hits Babine:
  But—whoopee—we're goin' ter flop!
Now fer grub an' pipes an' blankets;
  Laws, it's good ter hit the top.
What's in this pack?—canned tomatoes?
  Felt like double-headed picks!
Now fer comfort. What yer sayin'?
  Lovely view?—aw, fiddlesticks!

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.

CHAPTER III.

The alarm was now general. The voice of the sentry on number six was heard shouting excitedly, "Halt! Halt there, or I fire!" and in the square all was tumult. The bugler doubled to the parade ground and sounded the "Assembly". Lights appeared in every window, and the men, roused from their slumber by the unusual call, seized belts and carbines and rushed, half-dressed, upon the square, where they fell in like so many pieces of a well-regulated machine, each man in his place, armed and ready for emergency. In less time than it takes to record the fact, two hundred men were drawn up in battle array, told off by sections and subdivisions. Officers and non-coms. alike had taken post, and all was ready for the word to march.

The Commissioner was one of the first on the scene. After the regimental sergeant major had reported, he gave the order:

"Parade — shoulder arms — with three rounds of ball cartridge—load!"

Along the line in the darkness was heard the clanking of the levers as the cartridges were pumped into the magazines and the ranks stood once more, silent and waiting. There was no audible word, except as the commands of the officers broke the stillness of the night.

In the meantime, Sergeant Murphy and four of the guard had doubled over to the stables. Following them, a dozen men were told off to take charge of the horses. And presently the sergeant returned with his men, the sentry from number seven lying in an

improvised stretcher. They had found him lying insensible on his beat, bleeding from a wound in the forehead, and he was taken to the hospital forthwith. Sentry number six accompanied the party, and reported briefly.

"As I reached the end of my beat, I heard Devine, the man on number seven, cry 'Halt!' and a moment after he discharged his rifle, firing three shots in rapid succession. A shout followed, and three men came running toward me. I shouted for the guard and called to the men to halt, but they paid no attention, so I fired. I could not see their faces, but they came quite close, and one of them caught hold of the barrel of my carbine. I hit him between the eyes, and he let go."

"Did he speak?" demanded the Commissioner.

"Yes. He said, 'Curse you, stop your noise, or I'll knock your brains out'."

"What did you do then?"

"I fired again and shot him in the shoulder. He gave a yell and ran off toward the hay corral, followed by the other one. I ran after them as fast as I could, but it was too dark, and I missed them."

"Should you know again the man you shot?"

"I would know his voice if I heard it, but I couldn't see his face."

"Did you ever hear the man's voice before?"

"I'm not sure. I'd rather not say at present, sir."

"Were they our own men?"

"The man I shot might be. I don't think the others were. But it was very dark."

"Beg pardon, sir," put in Sergeant Murphy. "I took 'check rounds' at 11.15 and found all present."

"And I called the parade roll," added the troop orderly, "when the men fell in, and there were none absent except the men on pass."

The Commissioner frowned and sucked in his lip thoughtfully. Then he turned to Inspector Jackson.

"Mr. Jackson," he said briefly, "order out two patrols immediately. A dismounted party to search the barracks and its vicinity, and a dozen men, mounted, to scour the prairie and town. This is a very serious and mysterious affair, and must be seen to. Meantime the parade may be dismissed. But let each man remain under arms."

Jackson acknowledged the Commissioner's directions as shortly as might be—he had guessed the Commissioner's comment on Edith's action early in the evening from his superior's expression—and turned to the men.

"Parade—attention—shoulder arms—right turn—dismiss!" he barked, and the men returned to their quarters to discuss with considerable interest the night's episode.

"'Tis some divilmint of that black-whiskered rebel Riel's," opined Barney O'Shea, shrewdly. "It's meself that won't be sure av him until I see the candles burnin' around his coffin—an' even thin, I'll not be layin' my month's pay on him bein' dead entirely. It must ha' been some of his dhirty breeds stravagin' around the barracks."

"Poor Devine doesn't know what struck him," said McDonald. "An' it was that dark that number six couldn't swear to his grandmother. Unless the patrol 'picks up somebody, I guess come morning, we'll be as wise as we were before."

"Yuss," said Alf Stanley. "But Hi ain't goin' ter lose any sleep, blimy 'f Hi am. Hi've got ter turn hout for two o'clock guard, relievin' Frank Smith, but Hi'll 'ave forty winks fust." He flung himself down in his blankets. "Funny lark Hi didn't see 'm in all this buster."

In the meantime, Jackson was talking to Caron, his handsome French-Canadian servant, whom he had called to him as the ranks broke.

"Report at the guard-room," said the inspector. "I want you." Then, as the French-Canadian turned, "Were you on pass to-night, Caron?"

"No, sir."

"I thought not. That's all." And with that Jackson joined the Commissioner in a visit to the guard-house, where an inspection of the prison cells was made to see that all was right. Sergeant Murphy, carrying a lantern followed them.

Everything seemed well there, and it was not until they had reached the gate leading into the outer guard room that the party paused. The sentry standing opposite cell number one, in which Riel was confined, stood at attention to let them pass. Since his condemnation, Riel had been watched closely, night and day. The party passed, and then suddenly the Commissioner turned on his heel.

"Stay," he said. "Open the door of Riel's cell. I want to have a look at him."

The prisoner was sitting on his cot, apparently reading, but as the officer commanding entered, he rose. As he did so, the shackles, which since his condemnation had never been removed from his legs, fell to the ground with a rattle. The party gasped.

"How is this?" demanded the Commissioner, recovering himself first. "Who has dared to remove this prisoner's fetters?"

Everyone looked the surprise he felt. It was certain that the irons had been opened with a key by someone who had entrance to the cell. But the sentry and all the guard protested that when and how the key had been obtained they had not the least idea.

"I examined the lock at watch settin' meself, sor," asseverated Sergeant Murphy, "an' it was as safe as if St. Peter himsilf had shut it. The key's here on me ring, sor—" and he held it up—"as ut's been these six hours. 'Tis the devil himself, beggin' yer pardon, sor, that's been payin' a call on his frind here, for no human cratur' has been through yon door since the provost sergeant handed over the prisoner!"

Riel looked on and smiled.

"It puzzles you, my friends," he said gravely, "but do not mistake. The Angel will set me free in His good time."

"Humph!" commented the Commissioner. "The 'Angel,' whoever he is, had better take care, or he will hang with you."

But Riel shook his head, and in his confident serenity the party saw how he must have swayed his adherents in the height of his power.

"You cannot kill me," he rejoined, calmly. "I possess supernatural friends whose assistance you cannot take from me."

The Commissioner made no reply, except to caution the sentry to keep an unrelaxing watch on the cell, and the party returned to the guard room. Once the Commissioner paused.

"This is a very mysterious affair, Jackson," he said. "I don't understand it."

"Nor I, sir. It seems impossible that any outsiders would dare to approach the post at this time."

"Equally impossible that any of our men should be mixed up in such an affair."

"Were all the sentries accounted for, sir?"

"They all answered the call correctly at midnight."

"Curious," murmured Jackson, as if thinking aloud. "I saw nothing of the man Smith."

But they were at the door of the guard-room, and without further conversation stepped inside, where Caron waited for his master. The Commissioner glanced at him keenly.

"Who is this?" he inquired.

"My servant, Caron, sir," replied Jackson.

"Ah, so it is. I did not know him in uniform. When was he returned to duty?"

"I am not at duty, sir," said Caron, respectfully, acknowledging a glance from his master.

"Oh! He has been on pass?"

"I think not, sir," said Jackson. "Have you, Caron?"

The man glanced at Jackson for a cue, but finding the Commissioner's eye on him answered directly,

"No, sir."

"Then why is he in uniform?"

The French Canadian's eyes emitted a gleam, and he hesitated for a second too long.

"Er—I was roused from sleep and jumped into the first clothes I could find, sir."

"Indeed! That will do. Goodnight, Mr. Jackson. Sergeant Murphy, come with me."

Once outside the guard-room door

and away from the sentry, the Commissioner halted.

"Sergeant," he said crisply, "you have had a narrow escape to-night from losing your principal prisoner. There is treason in the barracks; of that I am convinced. Do you suspect anyone?"

"Suspect our bhoys? No, sor," replied the sergeant indignantly. "A bit av foolishness, now and again, sor; but naught like this."

"An hour since I'd have said so myself," answered the Commissioner. "But there are four men out on pass. Watch them narrowly when they return to barracks. Double your sentries, and if anything unusual happens, send for me."

"Very well, sor."

"And—" the Commissioner hesitated. "Can you tell me where Constable Smith was to-night?"

"He was on number four, sor."

"Did you see him at the time of the alarm?"

"No, sor. But—"

"That will do. And—listen, I'll give you a clue. Watch closely the movements of the man, Caron."

"Well, I'll be damned!" growled the sergeant as he returned to the guardroom. "The French hound!"

. . . . . .

Inspector Jackson sat in his quarters, and Caron stood before him.

"Close the door."

The man obeyed, a mixture of sullenness and fear mingled on his handsome dark face.

"Where were you last night at twelve o'clock exactly?"

"In bed."

"You were not!"

There was a pause. Both men looked at each other. Caron's eyes fell.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said. "I was in bed, and the sergeant of the guard can prove it, for he took 'check rounds' and reported me present."

"You are a good hand at making up a dummy, Caron. The sergeant was mistaken."

A gleam of rage broke through Caron's mask. "Sacre Bapteme! I swear—" he began angrily, but the inspector checked him.

"That will do! I had occasion for your service and went myself to your room at ten minutes to twelve to call you. Where were you, I say?"

"Well— If I must tell you, I just went over to the canteen for a drink."

The inspector stuck out his jaw and leaned over.

"That's a lie," he said, deliberately.

Caron flushed darkly. "By heavens, captain," he began.

"Hold your tongue! Why did you put on regimentals? Never mind answering. I know you can lie with a good face, but I want the truth. The truth, understand. You put on uniform, so that you might pass for one of the guard. You learned the countersign from the orderly report on that table, and you broke barracks to meet a man who has dared to return to Canada, notwithstanding that a price has been put upon his head. You have allowed yourself to become involved in a plot which, if discovered, would bring you to the gallows. Now, unless you make a clean breast of the whole matter, telling me the names of your accomplices, and the plot in which they are engaged, you will be arrested at once. And there is evidence enough to hang you."

Fear and hate and rage; shame, too, in his detection; hate again as he looked on the unrelenting face of his superior; and at last one ugly look in which all evil passions seemed strangely blended.

"Eh, bien!" he growled. "You will have it, then? Me, I think you are made of iron—steel—something damn' hard. What do I get if I tell, eh?"

"I haven't concerned myself with that. But you know, and I know, what you will get if you don't. I'd advise you to tell."

And Caron told. It is unnecessary to outline the plot, save to say that no other policemen were engaged in it, the plan comprising only desperadoes from the other side of the boundary who were implicated in it from purely mercenary motives. Had it not been for an accident, the prisoner might have got away safely. The keys had been

ALICE LOOKED AT HER FRIEND SHARPLY AND FOUND EDITH UNMISTAKABLY BLUSHING
"WHO IS THE LUCKY MAN WHO HAS WON YOUR

"ARE OUR SCARLET TUNICS AS DEADLY AS THAT?" SHE INQUIRED ARCHLY.
HEART IN ONE SHORT WEEK—OUR RESCUER?"

duplicated, and a conveyance was ready to take the fugitives across the boundary line, a distance of only a little over a hundred miles. But names, dates and places, and a complete confession of Caron's part in the conspiracy were in the inspector's hands before the interview was concluded.

"And now?" inquired Caron. "Dat ees all. What becomes of me?"

The inspector shrugged his shoulders. "Can't say," he rejoined. "But I will warn you before anything happens. That is all I can tell you now."

With that, Caron had to be content.

Alone at his baize-covered table, the inspector sat still, thinking. The sun shone in on his iron-grey hair and the orderly papers on the blotter; and, bare as was the room, Inspector Jackson looked even bleaker and more forbidding, with the narrowing wrinkles around his yellow eyes, and the cruel set of his thin lips. A prairie bird rose from the parade ground outside his window, broke into a crystalline shower of rising and falling notes, and settled again to the short prairie grass. Somebody went by on horseback, the lilting rhythm of the loping hoofs ringing gaily on the hard trail. But the inspector paid no heed to the sun or the pleasant sounds of the morning. The face of Edith Wheelock was before him, and he stared with deepening intensity at that vision. The proud poise of the head, the delicate little chin and fine-turned lips, the glow of her dark eyes—deliberately he called them all into being, and lingered over them. How handsome she had looked last night, even as she turned on him, he thought, and drew in his breath with a sharp sound. She was worth winning; worth having; a splendid and spirited girl.

And she was interested in Frank Smith. The inspector showed an ugly canine tooth in a sidewise smile. He remembered this Smith two years ago in England. Strange that chance should bring these three people together again. In England, Smith had had the upper hand. Here . . . . The inspector drew out a cigarette and lighted it meditatively. Nobody had seen Smith after the alarm was given last night. Where, then, was he? Nobody knew that Caron had been out of his room until the alarm was given. How, then, should anybody know?

The inspector knocked the ash off his cigarette carefully. From the expression of his face, one might have thought that he was giving the rack a final turn on Frank Smith.

But over at the hospital, there was trouble brewing. At eight-thirty the bugle had sounded "sick call" and the "sick, lame and lazy" fell in. After the alarm of last night, more than one of the chronic "bilks" realized that duty would be hard, and considered it advisable to get off for a day or so, if they could work it. Hospital Sergeant Donovan glanced out of the window, and grunted, as he saw the line, but instead of going to the outer office to meet them, he returned to the cot where Larry Devine was holding forth to the doctor between mouthfuls of a substantial breakfast. Devine had had his wounds dressed, and was sitting up with his natural cheerfulness broad upon his bandaged countenance.

"And so, sor," he was saying, "it was about eleven o'clock, as I was standin' at ease on me bate that I heard someone comin' to'ards me from the stables. I challenged him, av course, an' he give the countersign all right, an' passed on, sayin' he'd been sint by the sergeant over to the canteen for a can o' beer. As I knew Pat likes his dhrap, I thought it was wan av the Day Guard, him bein' in full regimentals; an' so, thinks I, I'll have a dhrink out av the can too, whin he comes back."

"I'll warrant," said the doctor, with a grin. "Devine, that thirst of yours will be the end of you yet."

"'Twill be better thin undher your knife, doctor," countered Larry. "Well, he was so long gone, an' I was gettin' so dhry thinkin' about it, that I thought I'd meet him half way. So I crep' to the corner beyant the ridin' school, an' there I sees the three av thim, an' a buckboord. Two av thim were in civies, an', bedad, I thought it was desartin' they were. At any rate, they were breakin' barracks, an' we had just got ordhers to arrest annywan prowlin' around. Thin came the twelve o'clock

call, but I couldn't answer for fear av disturbin' the min, so I just watched a bit. Thin it came again, an' I jumped out an' challenged thim. Bedad, ye shud have seen thim run! I blazed away wid the three cartridges in me magazine, but for all that I did not hit thim, for, av coorse, I only thought to stop thim runnin'. But the two in civies got off behind the stables, and the villain in uniform that I got by the coat cracked me a dunt on the head that made me think av the fair at Tipperary an' the drovers comin' out o' Pegeen's. He had some sort av a loaded stick, an' sure, I thought I was sint for."

"Would ye know him again?" asked Donovan.

"I don't think I'd know his dhirty face, for sure. It was mortal dark, an' he kep' it turned from me. But I'd know his coat."

"How?" asked the doctor.

For answer Larry drew forth a small piece of red cloth which had evidently been torn from the sleeve of a regimental tunic.

"There," he said. "Whin I find the coat that this fits, I won't be far from layin' me hands on the dhirty bla'guard that split me head open."

CHAPTER IV.

For the seventh time, Edith laid down the bit of embroidery on which she was working and stared out of the window where the stunted poplars were turning the white sides of their leaves to the rising wind. Alice, busy with a dainty bureau-cover, looked up with a puzzled air.

"What is the matter with you this morning, Edith?" she inquired. "You're as restless as a witch in a gale of wind. Aren't you well?"

Hastily Edith brought her gaze back to her needle. "I'm quite well," she responded. "Those poplars need watering, don't you think?"

"No, I don't," answered Alice, bluntly. "And you're making those eyelets all wrong. Of course, Edith, I don't want to coax you to tell anything you don't want to; but, honey, won't you be more comf'y if you don't bottle it all up so tight? Can't I help somehow?" There was real trouble in her blue eyes, and the genuineness of her appeal was unmistakable. For an instant Edith hesitated. It was always easier for her to keep silent than to talk about her own affairs. Yet here she was on unfamiliar ground, and Alice, who had been with the Mounted Police almost from her babyhood, might know more than she.

"I don't know," she said slowly. "I—don't know." Then, in a burst, "Alice, what chance is there for a trooper to work up in the force?"

"To be a non-com.—a sergeant, or something like that, you mean?"

"No,—better than that. I mean to work up to a position that pays well enough to—to—well, to maintain an establishment."

Alice looked at her friend sharply, and Edith was unmistakably blushing, a dark-red flush that ran up her slender throat, incarnadined her face and disappeared into her black hair. A smile tugged at the corners of Alice's mouth.

"Are our scarlet tunics as deadly as that?" she inquired archly. "Who is the lucky man who has won your heart in one short week—our rescuer?"

"Don't rag me, Alice!" Edith looked up in appeal. "I'm in serious trouble, I'm afraid, and I really want your advice."

"What do you mean?" Alice instantly was grave.

"I used to be engaged to Frank Smith, and as we never broke it off, I suppose I am still."

"Constable Smith! Then that's why you put such a crimp in Inspector Jackson last night about him. It served the wretch right, and I thought it was perfectly splendid of you. But —goodness gracious, you can't marry a trooper."

"Oh, he isn't just a trooper, Alice. He's a gentleman, and of good family. But he has had misfortunes—gentlemen aren't always the best pioneers in a new farming country like this—and has drifted into the force to keep himself alive. I knew him in England, when he wasn't just Smith."

"When did he tell you all this?"

"I had a few minutes' talk with

him." Edith was not going to tell of her midnight mission yet. "We cleared up the misunderstanding that parted us, and talked over several matters. He says that he is penniless and can't think of holding me to my engagement. He thinks he's a failure—at twenty-three. Now that's very like a man, but it's no end foolish. I told him to make good at something, and we'd see. What I want to know is what chance he has for making good in the force."

Alice shook her golden head. "Of course I don't know very much about it, but you can see for yourself that it would take him a long time to get a commission, and pay enough to take care of both of you. The pay is dreadfully low—all glory and no ha'pence, papa says. But think of the romance of it! Constable Smith and Miss Edith Wheelock! Saved her life in runaway accident; rewarded with her hand. Edith, aren't you dreadfully excited?"

"I'm worried. And yet I'm happier than I've been for a long time. I thought I'd lost him forever."

"Of course. But how did you ever know him, Edie?"

"I saw him when you and I and the Major drove to town yesterday. He was on guard there right by the turn of the road, and saluted when we went by. I wasn't quite sure, because I hadn't an idea that I'd meet him in the force. But when he came down the bank and stopped the horses, I—oh, I'd have known him anywhere. He hasn't changed a bit since I—since he—that is, in two years."

"H'm. Yesterday afternoon. When did you have that confidential talk you were telling me about?" Alice's eyes were dancing. "Tell me; I won't whisper a syllable."

Edith laughed. It was a rare action with her, and lighted up her rather sombre face unexpectedly.

"Were you very careful not to wake me up last night when you came to bed?"

"Edith!"

"Shocked, Alice? Well, when you came upstairs so carefully, I was out on the bank of the creek, telling Frank Smith I loved him. How's that for the haughty Miss Wheelock? And he was telling me to go back to the house, and that he had no further interest in me."

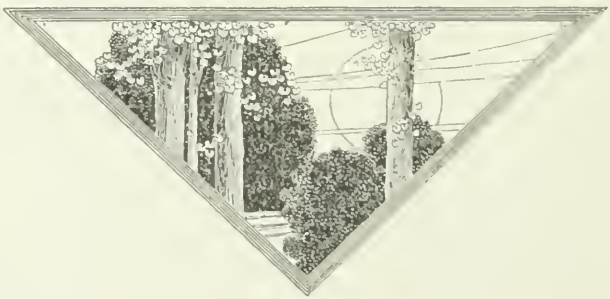
"Edith! I never did! But how did you find out he didn't mean it?"

"How does any woman? I knew—that was all. And then came the alarm, and I ran home. Why, he didn't even want to kiss me! He walked up and down that beat like a—a wooden Indian, and kept saying he couldn't see me any more."

"Did he kiss you?"

"No. I kissed him. And now the problem is, how are we going to marry on nothing a year and find ourselves?"

To be continued.

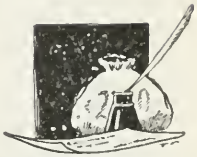


How Many More?

A LESSON IN CANADIAN ARITHMETIC

By Arthur I. Street

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant



IF THERE were five hundred and ninety-eight pieces of pie at the counter and only nine persons to eat it, you would stand a pretty good show of getting a piece, wouldn't you?

That is the state of affairs here in Canada. In the western part of Canada. In that part of Canada that is being talked of so much nowadays, where the American farmers are coming in by the hundreds and thousands every season.

By the pie counter, we mean that counter which Western Canada sets up for the success-hungry—for the man who likes to grub his living out of the soil, or to shake it out of the commission business, or to pile it up in gold pieces on the bank shelves. And that counter is stacked so high that over nine million more hungry ones can "go to it," and each one lay his hands on a slab of 598 acres of land with all that's in the land. Wheat for the stomach. And milk for the babies. And coal for the furnace.

Five hundred and ninety-eight acres of land for every nine persons. Just put that in your think-pipe and blow the rings for a few minutes. That's something over four times the size of the average farm in the United States. It's twice as much as each one would get if the whole population of the United States were lifted up and poured out evenly, like water, over the landscape.

Let us take you aside for a minute and have a quiet talk with you about it. It's something that you ought to know, especially in these days when the cost of living is ripping the lining out of your pocket, and when you're wondering if there is any place on Heaven's footstool where you can once more pit your muscle against Nature and draw out potatoes, or your wits against the weather and keep the furnace going.

Of course, nobody's going to give you your share of the five hundred and ninety-eight acres, or to make it worth anything to you after you get it. True, the Government will give you some of it for the asking. For, of course, there are thousands of free homesteads awaiting settlement. But whether you buy it or homestead it, the point is that the land is there—the land pie, the agricultural pastry.

When the editor talked over this article with us, he told us that what he wanted was the plain arithmetic of it. Arithmetic is our specialty, when it comes to measuring population and prosperity. So we sat down with a pencil and a scratch pad and figured. The figures are the meat of this article. So don't skip them. Nobody ever

made figures just like them before. They are puncture-proof demonstrations of Canada's coming greatness. And they are what the editor wanted—straight arithmetic.

So we give it straight.

More than nine million more people—approximately nine and three-quarter millions—that's what Western Canada can hold before it evens up with the same sort of country, or country that isn't as good, in the United States.

How Canada Can Feed Nine and Three-Quarter Million People at the Pie Counter

Get that? Realize what it means?

Western Canada, as every schoolboy knows, has four big provinces, the least of which is as big as Nebraska and the biggest of which is a third again as big as Texas. In the last few years these provinces have been absorbing new population like a homeseeker at a twenty-minutes-for-dinner railway station, but they haven't begun to make an impression on their population appetites.

Take Manitoba, for instance. It's the oldest in development. It's the one that's as big as Nebraska. But it has less than half as many people. If it had as many, the difference between what it now is and what it might be would look like this:

Population of Manitoba if of comparatively same size as Nebraska	1,142,846
Present population of Manitoba.....	454,691
Difference in favor of Manitoba's future.....	688,155

That's an increase of 688,000 right off the bat for Manitoba, isn't it? And you'll hardly dispute that any reasonably good country ought to be as full of people as Nebraska. You never heard Nebraska complaining of any undigested population, did you? She's only half as full now as the United States, taken as a whole, is. She uses fifty-six acres to support every man, woman and youngster inside her broad borders, while Massachusetts turns the trick with an acre and a half, and postage-stamp Rhode Island does it with an acre and a quarter.

Or, there's Saskatchewan, Manitoba's western neighbor. Now, that's a province that looks pretty sizable to the average Canadian when he takes a birdseye view of his wall-map. It's as big as Texas, which in turn is a good bit bigger than most of the Empires of Europe. Texas can hold six Ohios without choking, and Saskatchewan could lose half a dozen old-fashioned kings—palace, domain and all—in some of her forests. Yet Saskatchewan has less than two people for every square mile of her territory. She uses, in other words, an average of 320 acres for the support of every man, woman and child, while Texas swims along magnificently to the tune of almost fifteen to the mile, or about forty-three acres per person. And Texas is yelling for colonists at that. Isn't it reasonable, therefore, to imagine that Saskatchewan could close up a little tighter without hurting herself? Couldn't she possibly take on as many people to the square mile as Texas has, and still not suffer from overfeeding?

Suppose for a moment that she did. Conditions are about equal. There's no more untillable land in one case than in the other. And Saskatchewan has something "over" Texas in the matter of soil and a good deal more over her in the matter of water. Forty-three acres to the individual, instead of 320 as at present, would raise Saskatchewan's popu ation to a comparison like this:

Population of Saskatchewan if of comparatively same size as Texas.	3,706,200
Present population of Saskatchewan.	453,508
Difference in favor of Saskatchewan's future.....	3,252,692

That's a difference to the good for

Saskatchewan of over three million and a quarter, isn't it?

Alberta figures out the same way. She's huge, too; huger than Texas, and about three thousand square miles bigger than Saskatchewan. Too, her comparativeness emptiness is as huge as her neighbor's, save for a difference of four-tenths of a person to the mile; and four-tenths of a person doesn't count much. If she were to expand inwardly to the degree that Texas has, she'd make another three million showing, like Saskatchewan's. And she can be expected to do it, for she's not only growing wheat already at a rate which is twice as much per capita as that of the most famous wheat regions of America, but she has coal. Coal—that magic thing that has made Pennsylvania and Illinois, and has begun to make West Virginia and Alabama. Coal—the great bridge builder between the highway and the airship. And she has it in plenty, more tons per capita than the United States has. So, if she were, as we have said, to expand inwardly to the fifteen people per mile limit that Texas has, the comparison of her present and her future would be about like this:

Population of Alberta if of comparatively same size as Texas	3,752,392
Present population of Alberta	372,919
Difference in favor of Alberta's future	3,399,475

British Columbia Has Colorado Licked in Advantages. But it Has Only One Person to the Mile

Now, take British Columbia, and you're through. British Columbia isn't like Texas. It isn't like Nebraska. It's like Colorado, full of mountains and beautiful valleys—places that grow prize apples. But it has seaports opening toward the new world across the Pacific and down by the Panama Canal. Yet, as for population! It's an infant. Only one to the mile. That's 640 acres apiece. Colorado herself can't say too much about population, but at that she has over seven per mile. So, suppose British Columbia were only as full as Colorado. It'd be like this:

Population of British Columbia if of comparatively same size as Colorado	2,753,500
Present population of British Columbia	362,768
Difference in favor of British Columbia's future	2,390,732

That's nearly 2,400,000, or more than twice as many as there now are in the State of Nebraska, more than there are in Iowa, and even more than there are in the buxom state of California.

Do we need to go back over the whole story now to show where we got the more than nine millions which we said Western Canada could hold without getting territorial indigestion?

Put the four figures together and add them up for yourself:

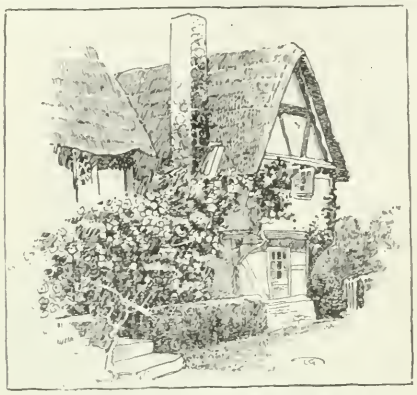
Possible increase of inhabitants in Manitoba	688,155
Possible increase of inhabitants in Saskatchewan	3,352,692
Possible increase of inhabitants in Alberta	3,399,473
Possible increase of inhabitants in British Columbia	2,390,732
Total possible increase in Western Canada	9,731,052

Makes almost nine and three-quarter millions, doesn't it? And nothing unreasonable about it. Nothing unreasonable to suppose that a section like Manitoba, which produces 88 bushels of wheat per capita, or like Saskatchewan, which produces 160 bushels per capita, can climb up on the same population plank with a Nebraska or a Texas, or that a British Columbia, which has four or five deep sea harbors, can match with Colorado?

Granted?

Well, here's the important part of it, the important part for you. It's the part that the editor wanted us to

spread out good and plain. For you, personally, may not care a rip of the saw whether nine millions or ninety millions of people can get inside the western gates. What you want to know is, what's doing after they get in? You want to know what you're going to spend your money and brains for. It's this:



Why Nine and Three-Quarter Millions More People Mean a Million and a Half More Homes

Nine and three-quarter millions more people mean a million and a half more dwellings, for one thing. A million and a half more places for people to live in—houses—things that require lumber and brick and mortar and nails, and plumbing, and workmen. Things, in other words, that make business, make occupation for men's money and capacities, make buyers for your wares, consumers of your wheat, users of your ingenuity.

We get this figure of one and a half millions as we did the others. We size up the places in the United States that look like the Provinces, but are older and fatter, and see how much they require for dwellings in proportion to the number of their people. Nebraska, for instance, has to have an average of one house for every five and a half persons, and Texas has to have one for every seven, and Colorado for every six. Evidently it takes just about that much roofing to keep the people of those sections of the United States in out of the wet and the cold and to give them bedrooms, dining rooms, and places in which to do business. So, it ought to take about the same for us in Western Canada. Maybe a little more. And, if it did take the same, here's the way things would mass up:

New dwellings required in Manitoba for increased population	117,867
New dwellings required in Alberta and Saskatchewan	928,503
New dwellings required in British Columbia	440,560
Total required in Western Canada	1,486,930

Just what we said, isn't it? Practically one and a half million new dwellings. Doesn't that suggest an idea to your fertile brain and aching muscles as to what's to be done after you get there?

Of course, though, if you're not a builder or can't understand that building operations provide markets for your food supplies, your merchandise, your money, why, look at it from another angle. Just keep your eye singly on your own end of things. You're a farmer, say; or a fellow who deals in farms. Well, these whopping big Provinces, which make most of the eastern American States look like backyards, can hold three-quarters of a million more farms and have no more pains in their belts than their nearest likenesses in the States.

Three-quarters of a million more farms is an idea that you can take in readily enough, isn't it? It's sufficiently concrete and explicit. Three-quarters of a million more farms is about three and a half times as many as are supposed to have been parcelled out already to farmers from across the Border during the past five or ten years. Study it out. Think over all your friends that have gone in. Then, say to yourself that, besides all of those, three more, including yourself, can yet go in after each one of those, and the land reservoir not be as full, probably, as the reservoir you're now swimming in, if you happen to live in Eastern Canada or the Western States.

Here's the arithmetic:

Number of new farms possible in Manitoba	68,815
Number of new farms possible in Alberta and Saskatchewan	596,894
Number of new farms possible in British Columbia	71,723
Total new farms possible in Western Canada	736,432

Now, couldn't you, with the proper degree of hustle, with a reasonable amount of money in your jeans, be one of that 736,000 to get a new farm when there are 736,000 new farms to pass around? And doesn't that tell you clearly enough what nine and three-quarter millions of new inhabitants means to you individually?

Or, perhaps, being a bit particular and wanting to know details, you rise to remark:

"Farms are farms, and some people are satisfied to call a chicken coop a farm. Swiss people scratch a place the size of a parlor carpet on the mountain side and think they have a vineyard. Maybe that's all I'd get in Western Canada?"

[And the Farms of Canada are the Richest and Best Agricultural Proposition in the World]

Not that you seriously believe such an idea; but you're careful and want to be shown. So, we'll just confide that Western Canada not only can serve nine and three-quarter millions more people at the pie table and give them almost a million and half dwellings to distribute among them and three-quarters of a million farms, but she can give them two hundred and fifty-eight million more acres to put their houses and farms on.

The arithmetic looks like this:

Possible new farm acreage in Manitoba to equal that of Nebraska. .	17,203,900
Possible new farm acreage in Alberta and Saskatchewan to equal that of Texas	212,229,880
Possible new farm acreage in British Columbia to equal that of Colorado	28,689,216
Total possible new acreage in Western Canada	258,122,396

Now, change your arithmetic from addition to division, and divide that two hundred and fifty-eight millions by the number of new farms, and you'll see whether it's a chicken coop and a parlor carpet that you're offered. Put the arithmetic down on paper, so that you can fix your eyes on it and take it in. Put it down and ask the youngsters to do the sum for you, if you prefer. Youngsters, you know, are great thinkers in their way, and if you take them into your confidence, they'll be of use. They'll be your memories, for one thing.

Here's the division:

New Farms.	New Acres.	Acres per Farm
736,432	258,122,396.0	350.5
	220,929,6	
	37,192,79	
	36,821,60	
	3,711,96.0	
	3,682,16.0	

Does the answer look like the hen-house or the reception room? Three hundred and fifty and a half acres for every farm. Do you wonder that we asked you to put the numbers down so that you could see them?

That's what Western Canada offers: Three-quarters of a million farms, yet each of them over 350 acres big, before there are as many farms in proportion and as many people in proportion as there are in the comparatively unpeopled States of Nebraska, Texas and Colorado!

"But——," you say.

What! Another 'but'?

Of course, for what's the use of 350.5 acres if you have to use a bucket to keep it wet or a diamond drill to bore holes for the seed? How much of the 350.5 you want to know, can be used for something besides goats, can be improved, turned over, planted, fed from?

How much? Well, we said—and it could be proved easily enough if we were making an exhibit of products—that Manitoba is just as good as

Nebraska, that Alberta and Saskatchewan are just as good as Texas and that British Columbia is just as good as Colorado—to say nothing of their possibly being several hundred per cent. better. And in those places enough of the land has been found "good" to warrant shoving the plow into one acre out of every five. The same measure applied to Western Canada would look like this:

Number of acres to be improved on Manitoba farms to equal the percentage improved in Nebraska	11,910,480
Number to be improved in Alberta and Saskatchewan to equal the percentage in Texas	33,160,825
Number to be improved in British Columbia to equal the percentage in Colorado	5,737,432
Total acres to be improved in Western Canada	50,808,737

Divide that fifty millions by the 736,000 farms—or have the youngsters do it for you—and you'll have about seventy acres as the amount of land out of each 350.5 that you'll want to keep in a state of cultivation, with fences up and the oats waving in the wind and the fat cattle browsing in the feed lot. Seventy acres out of three hundred and fifty. Isn't that about all one could attend to, leaving the rest for grazing or for wood, or for selling out by and by when the railroad comes a little nearer?

The average farm in the United States is 146 acres, and a trifle over 49 per cent. is cultivated. That's just about seventy acres—which shows, doesn't it, that seventy acres are quite as much as the average farmer will care to till?

Are you satisfied, Mr. Farmer Man? Is the point clear?

ROAD'S END

BY SARA H. BIRCHALL

HE SITS beside his hearth and is content—
He, the blithe vagabond—to see the dance
Of fire-goblins on his deep-toned walls.
He who was Youth, all irresponsible,
With free winds blowing through his tumbled hair,
Who paused but a swift moment at the door
And needs must journey on to see what lay
Around the bend in the road, is changed indeed.
No more he listens where the wide world calls,
Or listens but in dreams. He who went free,
Adventure's own gay self, sings now no more
Along the road, but housed beside the blaze
Reads soberly of what one time he knew.

How that jade Luck must laugh to see him here,
The Great Adventure still unventured,
Unplucked, the apples of Hesperides.

In Dotheboys' Village

By James Baker

Author of "John Westacott," "Mark Tillotson," etc.

Illustrated with Photographs

WE had just left sunny Spain and romantic Galicia, and had been asked to meet some relatives at Bowes in Yorkshire. We consulted our guide-books. Where was Bowes? and why Bowes?

After landing at Liverpool and running up across Westmoreland to Bowes, we found we were in the heart of the Yorkshire Moors. But when on a cold wet night we arrived at the long grey stone village, our hearts sank at sight of this shivering chilly ugliness, this formidably straight road with dark square blocks of streaming wet houses for homes. Why had Fate brought us here, from palms and mimosa trees and the sunny rivers of Galicia ?

Just opposite the house where our friends welcomed us, was a long, low, dark stone house of one storey, with seven square windows in the first floor, and there had evidently been seven square windows in the ground floor as well, but two modern wooden bow windows had been inserted. A line of outbuildings joined this house in the road on the north side of the building. A dull repressive looking place it seemed in the wet twilight.

"What house is that ?" we asked.

CHARLES DICKENS

Who made Shaw's School infamous under the name of "Dotheboys' Hall"

"That ?" said our host. "Why, that is Dotheboys' Hall."

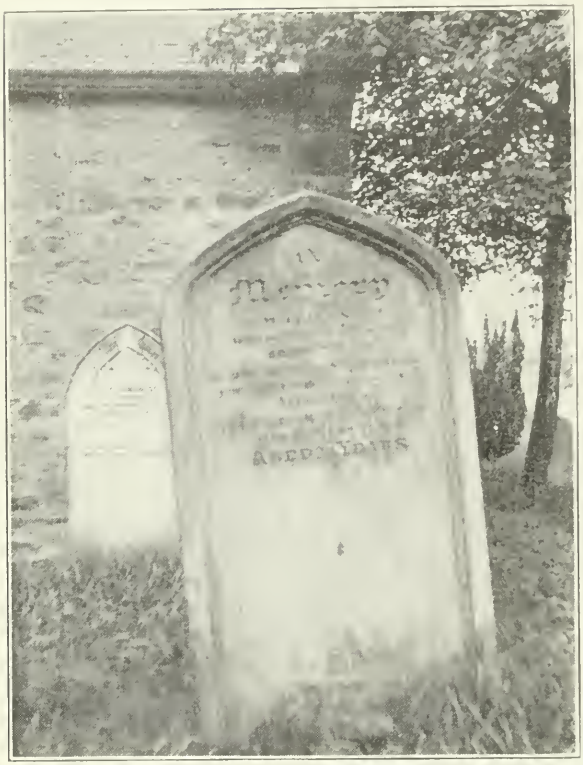
Dotheboys' Hall ! Why you don't say we are in Dickens' village of Dotheboys ?

All our chagrin vanished at being brought to such a place. Squeers, Smike, Nicholas Nickleby,—we were in their company. Yes, in the morning, wet or dry, we would trace up all links with the Master, Charles Dickens.

"Aye, and Scott," said our friends, "for Rokeby is not far off, and you are on the river Greta."

Now we understood the choice of Bowes for a halt on the uplands of the Yorkshire Moors, but with Dotheboys' Hall before us, Dickens was our chief magnet, although a copy of Rokeby was one of our early boyhood's treasures.

In the morning though the sky was still grey and lowering, and a misty rain was falling, we strolled down the long village street, and back to the last house on its western side, but we found as did Nicholas that now we were at Bowes we must not call this a Hall. Said Squeers, "We call it a Hall up in London because it sounds better, but they don't know it by that name in these parts."



IT WAS NOT DIFFICULT FOR US TO GET ONE OF THE VILLAGERS TO SHOW US THE TOTTERING AND TIME-DEFACED TOMBSTONE COMMEMORATING SCHOOLMASTER SHAW, THE ORIGINAL OF "WACKFORD SQUEERS, OF DOTHEBOYS' HALL"

And the present residents rather object to own that they are living in a famous house, so a little tact is necessary to enable one to view even the exterior of the "Hall."

"This cold looking house," Dickens described it, "one storey high, with a few straggling outbuildings behind and a barn and stable adjoining," and that description is true to-day. The outbuildings that run down the road at the north end of the house are commodious, and enclose a square yard. Curiosity eagerly asked whether the pump was still there—that famous pump of which Squeers exclaimed to Nickleby on the first morning of his arrival,

"Here's a pretty go. The pump's froze. You can't wash yourself this morning." On their arrival you remember, poor Smike was heard unlocking the yard gate and appeared with a lantern in his hand; and, passing in through this "carriage" doorway, as probably Squeers would describe the big arch in the outbuilding, we were in a square courtyard, with a tree growing on one side of it, and in the middle, there was the pump, with an old wooden casing and a stone trough beneath it, worn by the many hands that had leaned upon it. A grindstone stood not far off. It was across this yard that Squeers, armed with his cane, led Nicholas to a door in the rear of the house and as he stepped into the "bare dirty room" explained jovially, that "this is our shop!"

The front part of the house now looks bright and cheerful, for the flowers in the garden are charming, and on the southern side of the house is a well kept tennis lawn, and in the careful occupation of the present residents there is not a trace of the sordid wretched bareness of the "Academy."

THE IDENTICAL PUMP OF WHICH SQUEERS OBSERVED TO NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, "HERE'S A PRETTY GO, YOU CAN'T WASH YOUR FACE THIS MORNING; THE PUMP'S FROZE," STILL STANDS IN THE FLAGGED YARD

But in Bowes surely there must be much of tradition, aye, and of memory of the days of Squeers, and in chats with the inhabitants and at the village inn, now called the "Unicorn," many a picturesque point of Dickens interest was elicited.

"Have you seen his grave?" was one question, "Whose grave?" we naturally asked. "Why, Squeers'; well, Shaw's. They say he was Squeers." So to the churchyard we went and soon in the north-eastern part of the churchyard found the tomb with the following inscription.

"In memory of William Shaw who died January 10, 1850, aged sixty-seven years, and of Bridget Shaw, wife of the above, who died November 4, 1840, aged fifty-six years, also William Shaw their son who died October 21, 1837, aged twenty-four years."

This was interesting, but a careful search in the churchyard discovered in the south-eastern portion a tomb which had a more pathetic interest. It read thus:

"Here lieth the remains of George Ashton Taylor, son of John Taylor of Trowbridge Wilts, who died suddenly at Mr. William Shaw's Academy of this place April 13, 1822. Aged 19 years.

"Young reader thou must die but after this the Judgement."

Surely it was Squeers who placed this frightening phrase upon the tomb of a young lad.

But how interesting are the facts and dates upon these monuments.

It was in 1837 that Dickens went North to study the Yorkshire schools with Hablot K. Browne, the artist. As a child he had heard of the cruelties in these schools, a law-suit in 1836 had called attention to them, and in winter, before Christmas was over, they travelled up, Dickens with a letter of

introduction referring to a little boy left fatherless, whose mother knew not what to do with him, and he was warned at the Inn not to send the little lad there.

In Foster's life, Dickens goes to Yorkshire before the Christmas of 1837 was over. In his letters edited by his daughter he goes in February of 1838 and the letter to his wife from Greta Bridge is full of delightful touches of his journey via Grantham. He refers to the mire in roads, and the wild heath, and the cheap fare—£6 for two inside from Grantham to Greta, and in his note book is this entry:

"February 2, 1858. Shaw, the schoolmaster we saw to-day, is the man in whose school several boys went blind some time since from gross neglect. The case was tried and the verdict went against him. It must have been between 1823 and 1826. Look this up in the newspapers."

So wrote Dickens and Mr. Kitton did look the case up, for he continues. "The case here referred to was a charge of cruelty against Shaw by the parents of children who have been his pupils, the verdict of the special jury being against the defendant who was cast in heavy damages. Note, the boy from Wilts died suddenly in 1822."

After Shaw's death his neighbors placed a stained glass window in the village church to his memory. The church has been rebuilt and although I heard of the tombstone I found no window to Shaw. In any case, stained glass windows do not always light up unstained character, and may even be an advertisement of non-existant good qualities.

To prove the difficulty of getting exact dates, Foster gives as the date of the journey before Christmas of 1837 was over. Dickens' letters give February 1838, and Kitton gives January 1838 and quotes from note book of February 2, a passage on seeing Shaw, so they must have travelled up in January, 1838. Perhaps Foster meant that Christmas festivities were not yet over.

It was in 1838 that Nicholas Nickleby appeared, so that Dickens may have seen this tombstone of the boy who died suddenly.

What does Squeers say to Ralph Nickleby ?

"You paid me a small account at each of my half yearly visits to town for some years, I think, sir."

"I did," rejoined Ralph.

"For the parents of a boy named Docker who unfortunately——"

"Unfortunately died at Dotheboys' Hall," said Ralph.

There is a tradition of Dickens having stopped at the inn and the landlord of the "Unicorn," as he lighted my candle to show me my room, told me of this and led me through some rambling little rooms in the ground floor to a small one, with wainscotting around it, that he said was the room Dickens used.

In the tap room, it was an easy matter to get the talk back to the Dickens days, when there were a lot of schools in the place and several inns. Not long since a gentleman had stayed at the Unicorn who was at school at Mr. Shaw's for two years from 1839 to 1841, (just one year after Nicholas Nickleby was published), but his grandmother paid a surprise visit, and found the boys all very dirty and untidy, carrying the hay in their arms to the rick, and she promptly took him away. Now had the publication of Nicholas anything to do with this old lady's visit ?

Shaw took illegitimates, said a villager, for £20 down, and the poor lads often never were heard of again.

Very exaggerated ideas seem to have grown up as to the number of boys Shaw had in the school, one villager saying as many as three hundred were there. But that number is impossible, in spite of packing them four in a bed as Squeers did. Dickens makes five and twenty little boys laugh aloud when Nicholas and Fanny bump their heads together, and upon a subsequent visit of Squeers to London after the thrashing given him by Nicholas, he says to Ralph Nickleby, "There's youth to the amount of £800 a year at Dotheboys' Hall at this present time. I'd take £1600 if I could get 'em!" That

would make the number of boys at the school to be forty.

Another villager stated that he knew Smike, that he became an agricultural laborer. Dickens makes Smike say he could milk a cow or groom a horse, and Squeers suggests if he had not run away he might have had a present "for putting him out to a farmer or sending him to sea," showing how he got rid of "forgotten" lads, and so perhaps Smike might thus have been a further source of profit to "Schoolmaster."

But Dickens wanted poor Smike for other purposes. Did he in his rambles in and around Bowes, talk with some such poor lad as this Smike, some half starved, half witted youth, whom cruelty had numbed to dull stolidity, but from whom perchance Dickens with friendly questioning had elicited somewhat of the truth about these schools of Yorkshire.

In the creation of Dickens, Nemesis descends slowly but fiercely upon Squeers, and the cruelly selfish father of Smike, Ralph Nickleby; and when with a broken head and bemused brain "schoolmaster" tells Ralph of what has happened to the will that crushes all Ralph's scheming, he suddenly goes off into quotation of his own famous prospectus: but when he arrives at Trigonometry in the list of subjects taught, halts and ejaculates:

"This, is an altered state of Trigonomics, this is. A-double-l, all; everything, a cobbler's weapon. U-p, up; adjective, not down. S-q-u-double-e-r-s, Squeers; noun substantive, an educator of youth. Total. 'All up with Squeers!'"

And it was all up with Squeers, and Dotheboys' Hall.

As honest John Browdie called out to the triumphant boys, who had just forced Mrs. Squeers to take some of her own brimstone and treacle, "Tak' a good breath noo. Squeers be in jail. The school's broken oop. It's a' ower —past and gane. Think o' thot, and let it be a hearty 'un. Hurrah!"

There are little touches in Dickens' final word on Dotheboys' Hall, and the sudden dispersion of the lads that point to fact as their origin. The lads who were found crying under the hedges; the one who had wandered twenty miles from the school with a dead bird in a little cage and the lad whose sleep was watched over by a dog, who bit at those who came to remove him, and licked the sleeping child's pale face.

Dickens wrote for a purpose: to satirise shams, and sweep away evils, and this type of school was then to be found not only in Yorkshire but in many remote parts of England. I heard of one at St. David's in far west Wales, from an old pupil who had become wealthy. He told me they had so little to eat, they used to get over to Ramsay island, catch the rabbits there, cook and eat them.

There were other schools at Bowes in the days of Dickens, and we had a most interesting chat with a stalwart Yorkshireman, a veritable John Browdie who lived at Bowes Hall, a fine old house at the eastern end of the village. A gateway with stone pillars leads into the garden of this Hall, the upper floor of which is falling in. But the lower floors are now occupied by this stalwart farmer. Here was educated amongst others Richard Cobden, and one old villager asserted he knew a man who had often carried the leader of the Free trade movement on his shoulders, as he was a poor sickly lad. Cobden was the son of a Sussex farmer, and yet he, like the boys from Wilts and Somerset, was sent up to Yorkshire to school. Tradition says that Cobden's name is scratched on one of the windows but our stalwart friend, Mr. Benjamin Sayers, who was born in the house and is the present occupier, said the panes in the upper rooms that are falling in, are covered with names, and it was a job to find one particular name.

There is much more of interest in and around the village of Bowes. The Church, horribly "restored" still has a few points of interest, such as the two early fonts. The castle, and river, and mill, make pleasant halting places; and above all the glorious moorland leads one temptingly to its breezy uplands. But it is the spirit of Dickens

and the characters he created from his visit to the Yorkshire educational center early in the nineteenth century, that seem to pervade the whole place: and one seemed to linger near that "long, cold-looking house, one storey high, with a few straggling outbuildings behind, and a barn and stable adjoining" for was it not Dotheboys' Hall, and Dickens' description tallies exactly with the buildings of to-day.

THE PROFLIGATE

BY THOMAS A. DALY

I WISH waste years would let me be,
  For then I might be brave.
I wish myself could look an' see
  Beyont the waitin' grave.
The surety o' bl ss for me
  Two Irish mothers have.

I've had my fling as man an' boy,
  An' taken little care;
My years were hounds in chase o' joy,
  An', faith, they caught their share.
But now that Age has tracked me here,
  With vain regrets to hound me,
I sit an' think how little cheer
  I've brought to them around me.
An' there's Herself, the faithful wife,
  Has lines upon her face,
Wherein the record of my life
  In sorrow now I trace.

My mother, too (Lord rest her soul!),
  I mind she use' to say:
"'Tis Heaven's gate that is my goal;
  When there I knock wan day,
'Tis Peter's self will say: 'Who's here?
  The wife of Shawn McGorry?
Och! step right in poor woman dear,
  Ye've earned your crown o' glory!'"
Ah! well I know 'twas truth she spoke,
  Though uttered half in jest;
An' well I know her heart was broke—
  But now she is at rest.

I wish waste years would let me be,
  For then I might be brave.
I wish myself could look an' see
  Beyont the waitin' grave.
The surety o' bliss for me
  Two Irish mothers have.

The Vengeance of Jacknife

A STORY OF THE PEACE RIVER TRAIL

By Austin Addison Briggs

JACKNIFE of Poplar Hill stood six foot four. This fact made him a much-respected brave. He was not a chief of the Slavis by inheritance. He had won his spurs through physical feats. This fact made Jacknife a much-feared man. When the trackers wanted shoulders for a three-hundred pound bundle it was to this dusky giant they came. When the Hudson Bay factor at Blind River had freight for the Cascade, ninety miles south-east, Jacknife dog-trotted the distance in ten hours; then, to show there were no hard feelings, took in a war dance, following the latter up with a return trip in the morning. Needless to say his huskies perished on the road. One big brute, more wolf-hound than mastiff, dragged himself to the warehouse and fell at the factor's feet. He never got up again. When a hunting party headed for the far north they took Jacknife along as guide. He did all the tracking, all the cooking, and managed to shoot more grizzly and red-tail than any of the hunters.

Once Jacknife had tasted fire-water and the rest of the bucks had then learned the extent of his muscular powers and the awfulness of his ire when aroused. The affair happened at a buck-and-wing held at Caron's one August evening. Caron was a half-breed who set up meals for the Hudson Bay men at Ten Mile Point and who also did a little trading on the side. He knew the North and was something of an athlete. But he didn't know Jacknife. When the evening was well on Caron had mixed up his famous "Devil's Eye" and had proffered a mug of it to the big chief. At the sight of the red-man swallowing the mixture in one gulp Caron had chuckled to himself. The fun apparently was on.

In twenty minutes' time the music had stopped, candles were out, three or four bucks lay panting on the floor, and Jacknife was beating the trail back to his tepee. There was a nasty cut over his right ear. This had been delivered by the breed, in the dark, after he had seen what little furniture he possessed go to the ash-heap. The blow had not bothered Jacknife at the time. Whoever had struck him had been sent over a bench as if he were a handful of silt. Now that the redskin had crawled into his blankets he felt a tingling on the right side of his head and his finger told him it was blood. Instead of angering him this discovery softened the heart of the big chief and he felt ashamed. He would carry the scar as a protest against his own behaviour that night, and as a reminder

that if one Rudolph Caron crossed his path there would be mourning in the settlement.

The raid at Caron's convinced every other chieftain in the tribe that Jacknife was haunted with evil spirits. He was not an ordinary brave. Henceforth no single red-skin must approach him without previously noting that ammunition alone could hope to have a show with his giant frame. Consequently every man of them shuddered in the horror of anticipation when it leaked out that Caron was butting into the chief's love-affair. A pretty little squaw named Blackbird, who lived at Ten Mile Point, was the centre of attraction. She made no bones about her choice being the redman. Her sire, Atik Ka Mek, favored Caron. Jacknife was poor. He had only his hunting to live by. The breed knew this as well as anybody and threw out the challenge to the tall red-skin by occasionally bringing Blackbird's people a cut of sow-belly or some bannocks. Blackbird had opposed the acceptance every time, knowing well it spelled her father's slavery and her own doom. But forty years of living on the company's say-so, and waiting for the annual five dollars of treaty money, had made Atik Ka Mek oblivious to all fine feelings of independence. The religion of meat was all he believed in. Whence or how it came mattered little to him.

Jacknife heard of Caron's slyness and boiled with rage. First he thought he would shoot a moose and give it to Atik Ka Mek. Then he figured such an act was unbecoming a big chief—a red-man who knew no equal in tests of brawn. Half an hour's meditation gave Jacknife no solution to the problem. Despairing of solving it he picked up a hind quarter of bear and commenced to slice it, preparatory to the drying, when he caught the smile of Blackbird peering into the tepee. She had come to tell the brave that Caron and Atik Ka Mek were busy talking in the cabin, that she knew it had to do with bartering her, and that she loved not Caron but the chief who looked into her eyes. For the first time in his life the big Slavi felt Nature had been unkind to him in gifts of power to think. He could crush these men in the hollow of his hand, he could destroy their cabins and escape; he could, if necessary, hold a party of them at bay. But suddenly he thought to himself that Caron had the white-man's cunning and resourcefulness.

Blackbird wondered why her brave didn't come close to her after the confession of love, and looked up to see him, in Slavi fashion, crossing his brow with his left forefinger, all the while muttering to himself the Prayer for Light she had so often heard her mother invoke to the spirits of the dead in those famine days of her childhood. She felt she could now justly take a hand in the planning to evade the machinations of the half-breed. Gently stroking Jacknife's right arm, until his eyes again met hers, she pointed at herself then out the tepee at the free air. The redskin understood. His sullenness vanished. In five minutes he had his pretty squaw astride a cayuse, and his own cayuse, with tepee in front, ready for mounting.

Atik Ka Mek was not suspicious of Blackbird's absence until darkness. Then he began to fear for the worst. He had always counselled her to keep away from the traps, and she usually carried pistol or blade as protection against a hungry wolf. When darkness had completely set in the old Indian would not rest until he and his two bucks had made a search. He sent the younger south on the Tawetna trail; the other up on to the plateau; and took to the river path himself. The latter route led to Caron's and the breed immediately enquired the trouble. On being told he answered, quick as a flash, "Dat d——redskin! Some o' hees tricks."

Then taking down his rifle the breed advised sneaking up on the big chief's tepee. Atik Ka Mek was a little nervous about this last suggestion. So was Caron; but he kept up a fine front to the old brave as this he considered the only way he could win Blackbird.

Both breed and redskin then cautiously followed the short path to Poplar Hill. Coming to the crest behind

which the chief's tepee had rested they made a wide detour and took to crawling on their hands and knees. In the dark they went right by the spot where the last fire had been kindled, when Caron's knee struck something sharp. Stopping to see the nature of the obstruction he beheld a chunk of partly-charred wood. To the right were the ashes; and walking ten paces from this, the half-breed struck a light.

"Peg holes, Atik Ka Mek; Blackbird been keednawped." The old red-man examined the embers, put a finger in one of the pegholes, noticed the trodden grass due north, then paced up and down with fury. Caron had fire in his eye, too; for sure he had been frustrated. He made Atik Ka Mek promise he would, by sunrise, organize a search-party. Then the two beat the trail back. Next morning the whole settlement of Ten Mile Point knew of Jacknife's second outbreak. "Mo' Devil's Eye," said the Medicine Man of the Slavis when he heard the story.

The search-party went as far north as the Beaver Settlement at Pas d'Or. There they learned that no strange red-man and squaw, answering the description of Jacknife and Blackbird, had been seen. The party's own visit to the wigwams brought no familiar faces to them. Atik Ka Mek was constrained to give up the chase as hopeless. Caron himself admitted he had no clue. He disliked the idea of turning back without his personal animosities being gratified. But the fast-diminishing supply of fresh meat, coupled with the fact that but one cache had been made on the up journey caused him anxiety. He felt no desire to again go through those experiences of former days—short rations. The return trip was made in silence.

Two years passed away and the story of that night departure was remembered only by the family and Caron. One evening the half-breed was fixing his shelves a little later than usual when a red-man strolled in and enquired for "tobacee." The company's store was closed and he must have a smoke.

"Yo' belong this settlement ?" asked Caron.

"Beava, Beava," answered the redskin.

Caron reached for the tobacco, pointed to a bench, and commenced a long chain of questions in French and broken English. Under the pretense of friendly interest, backed up by plenty of tobacco without charge, the breed wrung from the Indian that a huge brave, tallying with the description of Jacknife, had hit the camp about two years previous, with a beautiful dark-eyed squaw. At his own request the red-man had forsworn the rites of the Slavis and become a Beaver. Then he and his squaw had adopted a disguise. This accounted for the Beaver interpreter telling the search-party, in all truth, that no Slavis were amongst them.

Caron soon had his brain working on a plot. Giving the impression he was going on a hunting trip the breed galloped away one night, leaving a trusted pal in charge of supplies. The trail was in bad shape from rains and travelling was heavy. To avoid a lengthy strip of muskeg he had to travel fifteen miles extra through light brush and peavine. Luckily the latter proved a salvation in the way of cayuse feed, for the volunteer timothy had all been cut by the roving breeds. It was four full days before Caron hove in sight of the settlement. Then he swung to the left till an off-road was struck. This he followed for two miles. It brought him to a cabin. From the boss Caron purchased a cayuse, knowing his own could never make the return journey at high speed. High speed would be necessary when his visit was through—if plans matured. That night the half-breed made a bed of underbrush and tried to snatch a little sleep. He was up at sunrise, but three hours had passed before the last of the bucks left camp for the hunt.

Caron felt so far he had been fortunate. If he had arrived after the hunt his delay would have been indefinite. Tying up both cayuses on short lines, in a dense piece of the forest, the breed started off in the direction of the tepees. To get the confidence of any squaws who might watch his movements with more than ordinary interest, Caron

had purposely brought a number of small parcels of tea and tobacco. He knew the Indian's weaknesses like a book.

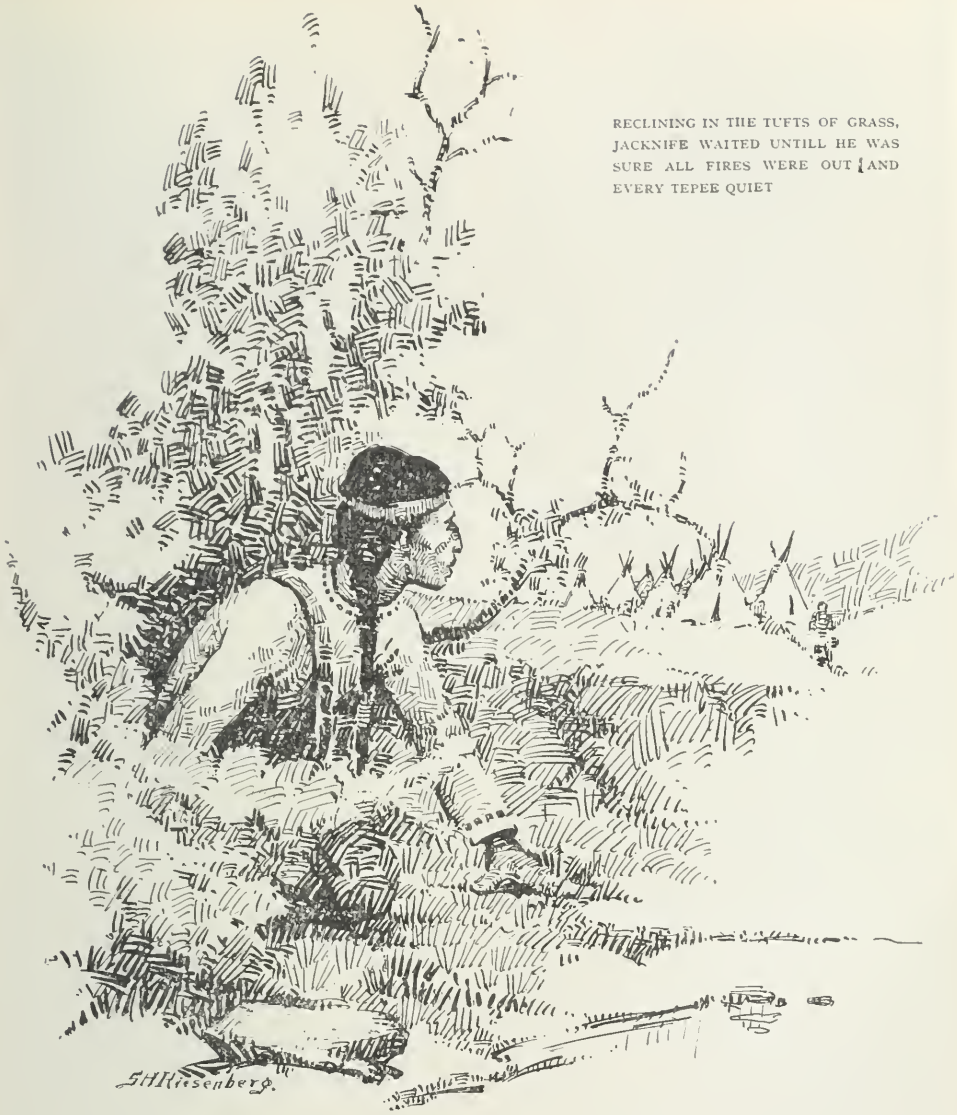
It was while handing tea to an old squaw that Caron, ever keen of eye, caught sight of a young squaw a short distance to the left. She was sitting beside a heavily-smoked tepee engaged on a pair of moccasins. The half-breed believed this was Blackbird. He gradually shaped his steps in her direction, and, being satisfied the nearest squaws were busy steeping the tea he had given them, stole up to—Blackbird. She had dropped her disguise and was readily recognized. Caron was in the act of posing as a medicine man when Blackbird, turning like a deer at bay, took one look at the packets then at the face smeared with pigment. Her next act was an impulse. So was the breed's. As the squaw reached for the knife at her belt, Caron's left hand swooped to his six-shooter.

Then he spoke:—"Yo' wouldna' stab me, Blackbird ? I'm not agoing to shoot yo' ! I want to take yo' back, that's all." Blackbird's only reply was to dart for the tepee, glide through the opening and fasten tight the flaps.

Caron was baffled. But he had travelled too far to be beaten at this stage. Yet to win was difficult. If the squaws detected his plans and raised an alarm, his life would not be worth a smile. Feigning a departure the breed made for the forest, and once under its cover lay down. After awhile Blackbird put her head out. Being satisfied Caron had gone she cautiously crept back to her work. Now and then the pretty squaw raised her eyes to make sure she was alone. Caron untied his newly-purchased cayuse and, held from view by the densely-wooded forest, cantered to the north end of the settlement. Here he began afresh his ruse of doling out tea and tobacco. In an hour's time he was again in sight of Blackbird's tepee. She was not outside. Continuing in zigzag fashion, fifty yards out Caron had a straight course and saw to his delight the flaps were open. Blackbird was at the far end, stripping meat, and didn't see the half-breed peer through the entrance. The first thing she knew he was inside and covering her with his revolver.

Blackbird thought of shrieking, but Indian-like she hated the idea of others fighting her battles. The fact that she was a woman and he a man made no difference. She had not been taught to think that ungallant. To dispatch this sleuth, now that he had outmanoeuvred her, she must play the white-man's game of bluff and throw him off his guard. She feigned a smile. Then Caron told her of his love, and repeated his mission of coming to rescue her from the clutches of a kidnapper. Blackbird read in this last statement of the half-breed's the whole story of his late-day attempt to steal her from Jacknife. Caron imagined she was the big chief's slave, married against her will. The thought of her lover being thus insulted in his absence cut her to the quick. She forgot the little scheme of artifice and a dark scowl clouded her face. "Me lova Jacknife. Me hataw yo'." The last words were uttered with the jaw set in defiance.

Bitterness swept into Caron's brain. This squaw whom he had worshipped had passed him up of her own free will many moons ago. Now she was passing him up again. If he couldn't have her love he would have her blood. Blackbird saw the changed countenance and breathed heavily, feeling of her knife at the waist. It was gone ! It rested near the meat on the bench behind her. She turned for a second to grasp it. The turn was fatal. Caron had divined her predicament and her purpose. The thought that she loathed him turned every atom of respect for her in his system into stone. He pushed away the sympathies of his white blood. He forgot the "Thou shalt not kill," heard at his father's knee. He became a thug, lunged forward, and, as Blackbird's eyes met his in scorn, sunk his blade into her breast. Blackbird's own hand had been partly-poised for the thrust, and, with the death twitch, it came down on Caron's shoulder, laying it open to the bone. The breed jumped back with pain. As he did so Blackbird, with a demoniac glare in her eyes—the hatred of all her



RECLINING IN THE TUFTS OF GRASS, JACKNIFE WAITED UNTILL HE WAS SURE ALL FIRES WERE OUT AND EVERY TEPEE QUIET

years hurled in hisses at her slayer—closed her lips and fell prostrate at the door of the tepee. Caron quickly took off his coat, tore the sleeve from his shirt, and wrapped it around the wound. Then he stole out as cautiously as he had come in.

The new cayuse was fresh, and, taking the other along as a relay, the breed hit the trail. It was getting late, so he rode right on through the night. In the morning, when fifty miles or more had been covered, Caron drew up near a slough, let the beasts feed on the peavine, and himself ate a few biscuits. The survey line at the end of the settlement being reached Caron dismounted from his cayuse and drove him west—this to deceive any pursuers. Other stops were made at intervals of forty miles to water and feed the remaining cayuse. On one of the last of these stops the breed purchased a freshly-killed bear that he might trot into Ten Mile Point posing as a destroyer of animal life only.

Twilight had set in when Jacknife, returning from a two-days' hunt, almost fell over the lifeless body of Blackbird. There she lay stabbed through the

heart. The red man's grief, like his joy, was always restrained. Intensified agony, with him, was mute. All the sullenness of the ages stole into Jacknife's soul as with dagger in hand he momentarily stood by the side of Blackbird and peered into the unknown. Assured no harm could come to her now the big brave commenced to slowly encircle the tepee, all the while muttering the Slavi chant (he forgot he was a Beaver) of Love and War. Reaching the entrance of the tepee the redskin paused, then out to the heavens invoked the spirit of his father. Then he vowed death to the murderer.

Jacknife was convinced from the first that Blackbird had been slain for vengeance. It was not the crime of an Indian—the scalp was untouched. The deed had been committed by a drunken frontiersman or a low breed. At his own thought here the red man hesitated for a second; the memory of Caron flashed across his mind. Jacknife recalled Caron's attempts to win Blackbird. It was Caron's crime. To make certain of his conviction the big chief questioned the squaws of the settlement and learned that a breed had been making the rounds of the wigwams distributing tea and tobacco. Just like Caron! When it came to smooth treachery Jacknife knew the breed had no equal. But in this case his ability was his undoing. If he had adopted crude methods he might have deceived the warrior who was now hungering for his blood.

The redskin's next step was to look at his knife. The edge was keen. It would do its work. He might need some ammunition to finish the job, so loaded his belt with cartridges. Outside, his trusted cayuse was munching some swamp grass, and bent his ears in anger at being thus rudely disturbed after two good days' work. This made the tawny brave think a moment. He trotted over to the meadow and mounted his sorrel instead. A number of the other braves requested leave to accompany the chief and have a hand in the scalping. Jacknife objected. It was his own affair. He alone would have the glory of vengeance.

Jacknife galloped off that night, only stopping when the cayuse stumbled with sheer exhaustion. While the beast nibbled at the fodder he ate of his pemmican. The second day out the red man realized he had urged the sorrel on too much, and that with his weight she could never make the distance at good speed. Dismounting he commenced anew the dog-trot which had made him famous throughout the North. The cayuse trailed at his heels.

The second night the big chief arrived at Ten Mile Point, having beaten his record of five years before and gained a full day on Caron. A lariat was thrown over the cayuse and the animal made fast to a dry poplar. Reclining in the tufts of grass Jacknife waited till he was certain all fires were out, all tepees quiet. Then he stole his way up the path that led to Caron's. Both windows in the cabin were locked, so was the door. Caron no longer trusted the night. Jacknife took his keen blade and commenced to cut a hole in the door that he might gain access to the latch inside. He had nearly succeeded in doing this when all of a sudden the door was opened and Caron, with an oath, shouted, "What yo' want?" He said no more. That fiery grin of the redskin told him the man and the mission. There was a hiss, an arm shot through the air and something glistened in the moonlight. The breed's wits alone saved him. As Jacknife's steel descended, Caron slammed the door and made for the rear outlet. The brave's awful thrust was intercepted by the lurch of the slabs, swinging on babiche, which crashed full in his face.

Jacknife was dazed for a moment or two, but soon he realized the breed was eluding him and picked his way through the cabin. Reaching the door at the rear the chief bent over, got the sound of Caron's feet ahead and plunged after him with his long, swooping glide. After a quick run Caron came out of the brush to a stretch of undulating prairie. There was the Grizzly River in sight. At three miles lay the falls. The half-breed believed if he could reach these he could elude his pursuer. The falls were a mile wide. The heavy chutes were at either end. By leaping into the river beyond Old Wives a powerful

swimmer could strike dead water, climb up on the shelving rock, and into a secret opening, hewn by the lapping water and enlarged by Caron. Converting the opening from a hole into a space large enough for a man had happened after the red man's mysterious disappearance from the Slavi Settlement, so he could know nothing of the secret.

When Caron struck the Grizzly, Jacknife was turning the corner of the off road which led to Pas d'Or. The clatter made by disturbed stones told the chief the breed was on the shore, and he summoned all the speed at his command. Only a hundred paces now separated the men. Caron was coming in contact with the first of the obstacles. The red man could dimly make out the figure zigzagging for an opening. A terrific wind-storm had blown over some jackpine and balsam that grew on the river bank. These had piled up from the first bench to a height of twenty feet. No one could get around them at the water's edge, or over them without losing time. The fleeing breed paused a second, then made up the bank to where the ponderous roots rested in uninviting ugliness. Abreast of these he scrambled over and under till the shore-line again became clear. A leap through the air found Caron once more on the water-soaked sandbed vainly trying to make extra ground. Coming to the trees Jacknife lay prostrate, then wriggled and tore his way through the underbrush. He reached the centre. Here to his amazement he found an opening. Rounding the corner of a young oak, which all but touched the water's edge, he had gained ten yards on the half-breed.

At Dove Nook, two miles out, the rapids had made a protrusion of rock that completely surrounded the shore. Caron realized he never could make this dash, now that dawn was approaching, without the red man riddling him with bullets. Instead of following the cut here, for twenty paces, or more, he beat his way over stumps and boulders, but always in the protection of overhanging trees. Then the breed reached an up-path and was out of sight. Jacknife raced across the rock at terrific speed, thinking to finish his man then and there. Half way over he emptied two chambers. The smoke from the pistol, and the deceptive echo of Caron's feet on the up-path, led the red man astray. He was fifty paces beyond the turn before he knew the breed was not straight ahead.

Caron's first intention, after striking the up-path, was to lurk behind a tree and try and get the drop on the chief. Luckily he had grabbed his six-shooter when fleeing from the cabin. Knowing now he had outwitted Jacknife the half-breed kept right on for the chutes. The red man, seeing he was baffled, thought his only chance was to continue on the short line, hoping to head Caron off on the down road. The breed had reached the shore, had plunged into the river, and was making herculean efforts for the dead water, when Jacknife shot across the junction of the paths, his face alight with fury, his smoking pistol in his right hand. As the chief fired the breed dove, swam under water till be reached the protrusion, then, out of view, crawled up into the secret hiding-place.

The redskin peered through the mist of morning waiting for the head to bob up that he might blow it to pieces. He picked out certain spots and fired shot after shot. There was nothing to see. No man could live in that surf even if he had escaped the bullets. Caron evidently was quite dead and the undercurrent had answered for the body.

All that day the brave guarded over the river bank to make sure the breed had not eluded him, and hopeful the body might come to the surface and yield him the scalp. Then Jacknife thought he heard the spirits whisper, "You are avenged ! you are avenged !"

The big chief returned to the Beavers, told his story, said the crime had been paid in the criminal's blood, and that he had nothing to live for. Thereafter he was named the Sullen One. He maintained a seclusion, hunting alone, and spending much of his time at Blackbird's grave. For twenty years Jacknife eked out this kind of an existence, aging terribly. Then he began to feel he was no longer a man to be dreaded. He could no more stand the weari-

some dog-trots; he famished on hard-tack. It seemed to him, also, the young bucks didn't pay that respect to his giant frame which his past, at least, entitled him to. This grieved the Lonely One until he bethought himself of a new life; he took up shelter in one of the forsaken shanties which dotted the western bend of the Grizzly. Here he prepared for winter.

None of the freighters who drove huskies up the Grizzly recognized in the gaunt old Indian, who moved about with studied steps, the big brave of Poplar Hill whose deeds had been recounted to them when they as papooses played about the tepee. They treated the Lonely One just as if he were an ordinary old red man.

One night a party of six blew in. The temperature was down to forty-two, and the redskin was kept busy firing up. One of the freighters was himself on in years, and unknown to the rest of the party other than by the name of Leroux. Jacknife steeped his tea and broiled his moose. The men ate heartily. Once the eating was over Leroux proposed a drink all round, and handed out his mixture. He offered the chief a mug of it. The big Indian gulped. His blood tingled. Where had he tasted that fiery stuff before? As if by instinct one hand went up and touched the scar over his right ear. Then it all came back to him. Only one man could mix a drink like that.

Leroux was in the act of mixing a second drink for the Redskin. Jacknife never saw it. His eye caught sight of something else that spelt blood to him—the ghost of Caron, the fiend who had slain his Blackbird. There was a volley of oaths from Jacknife's lips and his fingers were on the breed's throat. Drunk to a stage of helplessness the freighters stared in bleary-eyed wonderment. Caron, while himself ten years Jacknife's junior, had little of his youthful vigor left. After forsaking his store, and adopting a freighter's life, he had caroused heavily. Even his cunning was all but gone. The redskin had lost most of his great strength, and much of his wonderful nerve; but he was fighting for Death; Caron for Life—that made the difference.

Try as the half-breed could he was powerless in getting his gun-arm free. The red man's grip was like an abyss that had yawned and then closed forever. It withered everything it touched. Caron struck out wildly with his right, gashing the brave's face; then, despairing of unloosening the awful hold on his throat, sunk his teeth in Jacknife's neck. To all this the big frame paid no need. Jacknife himself, or his shadow—no matter which it was—it stood there like a statue, all energy entered within on the one idea—the grip which would never be relinquished.

The black lines of suffocation crept over Caron's face. His gasping grew fainter and fainter. With his face steeled against the oncoming death he made a superhuman effort to free himself. Eyes bulging from their sockets, tongue swollen until it hid his lips—these convulsively responded to the dimmed sense which shot his body against the brave like a piston rod. Jacknife's only answer was to tighten the vise-like grip. The tension was terrible. Then limpness stole into Caron's body. His head fell forward, and he began to swing through the air like a pendulum. Jacknife's towering frame swung with him. Not a muscle moved. Deep in the copper-hued visage, reddened with the gushings of his own blood, there rested the gorged and swollen veins which had pulsated with frenzy. As if a page from his youth had been turned back the giant redskin momentarily straightened his full six feet four. The thing which had been a breed followed the ascending arms like a toy. Jacknife felt the changed sensation and released his grip. Then, with a gnashing of teeth, he hurled the lifeless body across the floor.

The Lonely One had fought for Death. Here was Life. But the spirits of his father were calling and Blackbird was smiling in happiness. The trusted blade—it had not tasted blood. It would now.

Teaching Deaf Children to Live

By Maria H. Coyne

Illustrated by Rose Cecil O'Neill

JAMES KERR LOVE, M.D., aurist at the Glasgow Institution for the Deaf, tells most beautifully the story of Donatello's statue of St. George. All Florence flocked to his studio to see this beautiful work of art; among the rest came a young student who keenly examined it and at last exclaimed it wanted but one thing. Years passed and Donatello, dying, sent for this student, now the great master, Michael Angelo, and desired him to tell what his St. George needed. "The gift of speech," was the answer. The smile lingered on Donatello's lips long after he lay as cold as the marble upon which he had so often stamped his genius. The doctor added, "Gentlemen, to this statue, which remains the admiration of posterity, no human power could give the gift of speech: but it is given to us to confer on many a deaf child this great gift, and until we have done so to as many of the deaf as are capable of receiving it, we have fallen short in our duty."

Very, very slowly has the idea that there was help for the deaf grown. Of those deprived of hearing Lucretius writes, "To instruct the deaf no art could ever reach, no care improve them, and no wisdom teach." For ages it was actually the practice to destroy them at three years of age, in many of the most civilized countries of Europe. Want of faith and neglect must have been to blame for ages, for Bede in 685 makes mention of an educated deaf mute.

Jerome Cardon, of Pavia, writes in 1501, "Writing is associated with speech, and speech with thought, but written characters and ideas may be connected without the intervention of sounds therefore the instruction of the deaf is difficult, but it is possible."

A Spanish Benedictine monk, named Pedro de Ponce, (a friend of Cardon) residing at the convent of Sahagun in Spain, is the first person who is recorded to have instructed the deaf and dumb and taught them to speak. In Italy and in England they were taught during the early part of the seventh century but not in France until the middle of the seventeenth. The first gratuitous school for their education was started in England, in 1792. The first institution for educating them in America was started in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1817.

Our own Institute in Belleville was not opened until 1870. Canada, in age, ranks as a mere babe among the nations, and perhaps we need not feel too ashamed of the date of her commencement in this branch of well doing. The heart aches sorely though when

one conjures up in fancy the crowd of sad, heart-sick children of our dear land that must have grown to manhood and womanhood in the terrible silence and ignorance caused by this affliction.

I am glad to be able to state that the government deserves the credit of establishing this Belleville Institute, and I wish I could add that it is conducted wholly on the most generous basis. This is a difficult matter to manage however, so we can only hope the finance committees may soon, very soon, see their way to granting funds to supply all needful requests of its managers, and overseers.

Institutes for the Deaf suffer from a lack of qualified teachers. Teaching the deaf is a high art, and one not easily acquired. Teaching a deaf child to speak, has almost reached the dignity of a science. It requires a knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the vocal organs and a thorough understanding of the elements of spoken language. The opinion is general among those of experience in the work that the qualifications of teachers of the deaf should be equal to those possessed by teachers of the hearing, plus an additional qualification for their special work. The difficulty seems to be a financial one, as the salaries offered are not sufficient to induce teachers to obtain the double qualifications.

Just here it is evident, comes in another draw-back to the education of these deaf children. Too many have to be consigned to the charge of one teacher.

In the Belleville Institution W. Spankie, Literary Examiner, writes of the Articulation class in his report for 1907—"These teachers have too much work, and the pupils capable of this form of instruction cannot get sufficient training with only two teachers, as the number of classes will increase from year to year."

Again he writes, "Oral teaching of the deaf is now practised at this Institution. Mr. Rodwell conducts a class of thirteen pupils in this way and is making good headway with them. It is predicted that this form of teaching will be of the greatest importance in the future, as it enables pupils to increase their vocabularies much more rapidly and to communicate with each other more easily—it is simply lip-reading made perfect and the results already achieved here are sufficient to warrant its continuance."

In addition to the class-room work the pupils are instructed in domestic science, dressmaking, millinery, fancy work, manual training, laundry, and have classes in the work of a print shop, shoe shop, bakery, carpenter shop, and barber shop. He adds "The pupils, 227 in number, are orderly, kind to one another, neat and clean in appearance, apparently most diligent in their work, and of a very healthy appearance."

At the eleventh biennial, convention of the Ontario Association of the Deaf held in Convocation Hall, Toronto, June 20th to 25th, 1908, a strong expression was given, both by formal resolution and in discussion, of the desire of the deaf that the words "dumb and mute" should be eliminated from all official reference to them. This dislike to these terms arises because there is a misconception of facts of the case common throughout the community. The great majority of them do not speak because being unable to hear words they cannot learn to utter them except by special training. This power of speech in a most marvellous degree is being bestowed upon them by the love and patience of their teachers.

At this convention also gratitude was expressed to the Minister of Education and the authorities of the Institution for the adoption of the public school curriculum at the Institution, and the inception of a movement, for the higher education of the deaf, which they hoped would continue till the work accomplished at the Institution at least equalled that of the public schools of the Province.

The president of their Convention, Mr. John T. Shilton, though deaf, had taken the high school course at Fergus, passed his matriculation examination and at that time was in his fourth year at Victoria, expecting to take his degree the next year.

Uneducated, what torture would not such a keen intellect have suffered,

imprisoned untrained in its scabbard, the body ?

There are three means employed in training the deaf. First, signs in which the teacher, as it were, supplements nature, much as the mother does very early in life with the normal child until it gains command of its vocal organs. Second by the manual alphabet, that is, forming signs with the hands to signify the letters of the alphabet.

In the 18th century Abbe De l'Eppee codified and extended the first of these, the gestural, into a systematic language, but it lacks idioms and can be understood by the deaf only and therefore tends to keep these by themselves, instead of bringing them into communication with normal people.

For the last, the oral, I cannot make its use, and the mode of teaching it, plainer than to follow an article by Frank H. Felter, published in a magazine some years ago.

Himself deaf, he was taught by a sister, who was only fourteen when she began her labor of love, and in which she wrought so well, that at the end, he tells us, it not infrequently happens that parties will converse with him several times before they discover he is deaf.

"In oral teaching of the deaf the instructor must be careful to pronounce the letters distinctly, without emphasis, must not twist her mouth or in any way exaggerate the motion of the lips, as there is much danger of overdoing it. Also she must not tighten the muscles of neck, throat, or face, but allow them to remain flexible and she must speak distinctly, looking the pupil straight in the face. Teach letters first, then words. Speak one word only, then wait until pupil writes it. From words, proceed to sentences and see that as soon as the pupil has a few words he ceases to spell, or he may settle into a habit of so doing.

"When it comes to cultivating speed the eyes will have an exercise in gymnastics the child never dreamed of. His eyes will feel stiff and rigid in their sockets, after less than fifteen minutes of this exercise."

In Mr. Felter's case his sister as soon as he could manage sentences, proceeded to teach him to read in the "Second Book," from that proceeding to short stories, the newspaper and finally to serials, etc.

All this may be, and is, tedious work, but so is the upward growth of the normal child. Indeed has not Nature so arranged that the more valuable the animal or plant the slower its growth to the perfect specimen ?

In this case the teacher has the exquisite pleasure of feeling that he not only cultivates dormant faculties, but in a measure actually creates them. In just such measure must the teacher of the deaf feel a greater thrill of pride and joy in watching the upward growth of the expanding intellect of his pupil, than that which so cheers the teacher of normal children.

Will it not be a wise move in the powers that be to draw the attention of our bright young pupils in high schools to this field of enterprise ? The kindergarteners seem to be crowding each other, and even the teaching ranks seem to be too well filled for their own good.

If a sufficient number of those who intend to teach would turn their attention to fitting themselves for this work while yet their nerves are free from the strain of other teaching, their minds fresh and receptive, and their habits and modes of thought and action still pliable, it would be, I feel sure, a blessing to themselves, to the teaching profession at large, and to the Deaf Institution.

A Trail Untried

By Aimee Jaxon

OFTEN, am I—a city dweller—reminded of the story of the frog who had always lived in a well.

True, it was a fine large well, supplying abundantly every luxury dear to his frog-ship's taste, and joy was in his heart. For could he not with the greatest ease jump from side to side, and lie in the warm sunshine, and look up at the beautiful sky as the moon and her starry friends gazed down upon him ?

And very content and happy was he in his little world, never dreaming of aught beyond. One day came visiting a frog who had traveled far, and told of the wondrous land outside, of the vast ocean, and the endless blue that vaulted land and sea. Did Mr. Well-Frog believe such a fairy tale ? Of course not. So neither did I more than faintly credit the tales that came to me of the Canadian prairies until one day, seized with the daring desire for exploration that comes sometimes even to a frog in a well, I started out to see for myself what they were like; and since then I have gone on seeing more and more of them, for the spell of the prairie got hold of me and one who has experienced its unique charm harks back to it whenever possible.

And more than any other one thing, it is the people of the prairies that interest me and especially those men and women of exceptional energy and intelligence who have demonstrated in

other environments their willingness and ability to "do" things, but because of the pioneer spirit within them, the spirit of daring and courage, have chosen to meet and master untrodden paths.

One finds them everywhere in the great West. On a claim close to the 53rd parallel of North Latitude, near Mistawasis, Saskatchewan, Dr. B. Ralph, a gentleman of culture and distinguished personality, a scholar of unusual attainment—who has dignified not only a professorship in both London University and Belfast College, but the Congregational pulpit in one of London's most exacting suburbs as well—is now successfully conquering the problems of agriculture. Here on a foreign stage, from a new audience, he is winning through the same indomitable qualities, honors equally enviable with the old. His situation is most picturesque; a delight from whatever angle viewed; and a speaking testimony for the artist, the lover of nature, its gifted owner.

An instance wherein the son was pathfinder for the father, may be found some fourteen miles a little west of north from Dr. Ralph's place, at the bachelor quarters of his nineteen-year-old son, Armitage. To him the call to the West sounded so strong that it drew him, a lad of fifteen years, alone, across the Atlantic, away from the interests and advantages peculiar to a great metropolis, to mingle his young enthusiasms, his ambitions, his talents, with the vigorous current of life and events shaping the history of the new country.

Young Ralph, having three years in which to await the arrival of his eighteenth birthday—the legal age for taking up a claim—and being a wide-awake chap, decided, that for him, at least, the question "to settle" or "not to settle" would be answered upon knowledge of his own gathering. To this end he endeavored to come into contact with every phase of conditions here; to realize their demands upon the settler, and the latter's needs to meet them. Investigation served but to strengthen and confirm his early hopes into a certainty that, to a young man about to commence the daily struggle, few avenues of activity presented a prospect as inviting, a life as free and wholesome, as agriculture out here amidst nature's choicest gifts. Zoroaster taught: "He who sows grain sows righteousness"—a bit of ancient wisdom powerfully re-voiced to-day in the trend of the people.

Mr. Ralph had faith in his own conclusions and acted upon them. Consequently for one year, on a spot of earth all his own, this independent, self-reliant young man of pleasing manners and ready conversational charm, has been laying a financial foundation secure and ample enough to establish, when he will, without any anxiety about some hungry wolf finding his door, the home of his heart—should Miss Affinity happen to trip coquettishly across his vision.

Within a day's drive from either of the places mentioned above, at Parkside, is a very refreshing and delightful young couple, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Chambers, from the busy heart of merchant London. For them also farming was the "trail untried." Nevertheless pluck and common sense have made success companion of all their ventures. Homesteading, in less than two years, has given them in cash about five hundred dollars—the amount they had to start with—and, in addition, a nice house, twenty-two head of cattle, horses, pigs, chickens; living and traveling expenses and —health !

Although neither had ever touched a cow before, by the end of their first week on the farm, they were milking three, and the wife, a mere girl, without help or previous experience, began making butter for the market. From the first her "butter proceeds" have defrayed all household expenses—table supplies, etc.,—so that her husband has been left free to use the income from other products in enlarging and improving the farm's general equipment—a wise arrangement if possible.

Moreover being of that desirable type so rarely met with, that knows its best can always be bettered, Mrs. Chambers has continued to unite experience with good judgment until her butter, now averaging about sixty-five

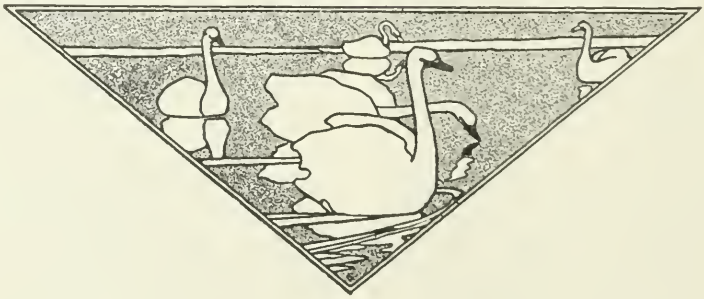
pounds per week, has won a well-deserved place in the "first class", equaled, perhaps, but scarcely surpassed in quality or appearance. I have eaten of this most excellent butter and at the same time enjoyed the society of its fascinating maker, a woman rich in all the graces of intellect, of manner, of person. A day with her is an inspiring memory.

And France, has she inducements powerful enough to hold all her citizens at home? Truly not. Out from her brilliant and engrossing life has come to the Last West one of her worthiest sons. Probably nowhere in the Saskatchewan is there a more striking example of what a man depending solely upon his own efforts can accomplish than that of this young Frenchman, Henri Percival.

A few years ago, with little or no money and handicapped by not speaking English, he ventured up into this, to him, unknown part of the world, to meet experiences for which his former occupations could have but meagerly prepared him. But again is it proven that character is after all the real capital of every successful undertaking. Of this valuable commodity our Frenchman has a never-diminishing supply' coupled with the education and address of a true gentleman of France. The seasons passed have bestowed upon his eager mind a fluent reading, writing and speaking knowledge of English, and have builded in their passing a monument to his industry and steady purpose.

As the traveler comes upon Mr. Percival's homestead he has that comfortable feeling that "all is well." Far afield the ground is under cultivation—here acres of wheat, there, of oats or barley—an eye-kindling display of waving grain. Near by are his log house and other buildings, all looking very substantial and trustworthy; numerous farm implements carefully arranged; and two pure bred, spirited horses that awaken in the on-looker an ardent longing to own them if only for their beauty's sake.

These are some of the homesteaders I have known. They are but shining examples of a class that Canada may well be very proud of—men and women who have dared to leave the safety of the crowded beaten track and by virtue of their courage and their brains and their energy are following the trail untried to sure success.



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.

VANISHING SUMMER

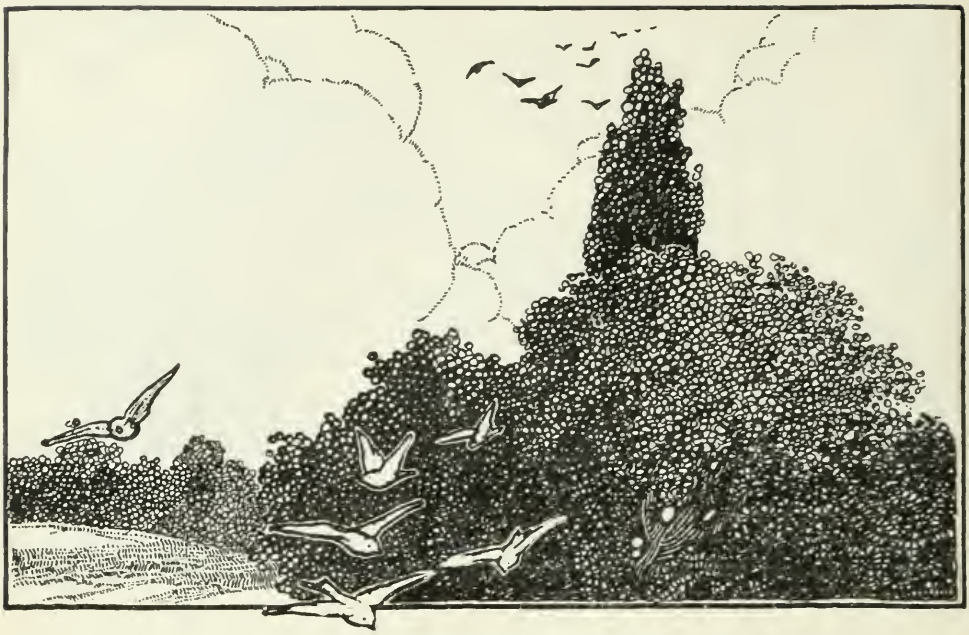
The morrow was a bright September morn
The earth was beautiful as if new-born;
There was that nameless splendour everywhere,
That wild exhilaration in the air,
Which makes the passers in the city street
Congratulate each other as they meet.

THE heat of summer is past and the exquisite purple mists of the autumn are wreathing the hills and shrouding the valleys. Every night you can hear the plaintive piping of the flitting birds who are travelling fast to the sunny south. You cannot see the aerial army unless you happen at a time of full moon to be abroad and see the migrating hordes shadow for a moment her gentle light.

It gives one a lonely feeling, this flitting of God's little choristers who for so long made the corridors of the woods temples, in which they sang joyous hymns of praise and gladness. The robins have lost their full round thrush-like notes and are away to the rice-fields, the orioles and meadow-larks have long since gone their way to a warmer clime, and soon we of the north countrie will be left without bird-song save the chirp of that bird-arab, the sparrow, who loves the city with its hum and noise. The crickets still fiddle up on warm nights, and the beetles travel through grass underways, and the garden spider is busy at her deadly work in the tangle of the garden shrubbery. The long-tailed field mouse is gleaning the harvest lands for stray ears to carry to his snug nest under the embankment, and the chipmunk is thinking about nuts.

The hairy woodpecker has dismissed his wife and children and is looking about for comfortable bachelor quarters in some deep, warm tree hole. Winged seeds, like insects, now ride upon the air armed with little hooks wherewith to take fast hold of whatever they alight upon. The bee moves more wearily, for the autumn heaviness is upon him. This is the time of fern and heather and, upon a knoll that my heart remembers there grows a glory of golden gorse with beyond a great brown bog stretching in lonely distance to the horizon. Here we have the golden rod, and the Michaelmas daisies, and wild asters, and rich russet ferns, and many other flowers and brambles. The warm days have not gone, but of a deeper gold are the beams of the sun, while the harvest moon shines like a great red-gold lamp from the vaulted roof of the sky.

Autumn is here, stepping lightly over the crest of the hill arrayed in sheen of crimson and gold, with her crown of vine-leaves bound about her darkling



IT GIVES ONE A LONELY FEELING, THIS FLITTING OF GOD'S LITTLE CHORISTERS

brows. The richest, loveliest time of all the year—sweet September—is with us.

There is a touch of sadness in the air—elusive as the great, gray flitting moths that brush your face as you sit outside in the little garden—thinking, dreaming, remembering golden days of the Golden Age.

A GRAVE PERIL

A VERY great danger menaces this whole continent in the enormous increase of the Eastern religious movement which began in the year of the World's Fair at Chicago. The summer school of philosophy which was started at Green Acre, Maine, in 1896, was the outgrowth of the World's Fair Congress of Religions. Since that time nearly every sort of Eastern mystic has found his way and established his particular vogue throughout the United States and Canada. The latest addition to this extraordinary religious cult is that of the Bahais, who are erecting in Chicago a magnificent temple—Mash-rak-el-azkar—to represent their sect in the West.

The Swamis and Babas who came to the great white fairyland which in 1893 lay along the shores of gray Michigan, soon found that they had happened on a very lucrative opportunity which they lost little time in taking by the forelock. These "prophets" were instantly surrounded by bands of admiring women who followed them from the Midway to those niches in the great buildings where they had set up their idols and where they delivered their teachings. From the yellow loin cloth and beggar's bowl to silken garments and glittering turbans was a delightful transition, and it was not long until these dark-skinned Orientals with their amazingly beautiful eyes and slender forms, found themselves seated in miladi's boudoir, the centre of admiring attentions, and waited on by the prettiest women in society, who seemed to be hypnotized by these Eastern mystics, these silent, grave, beautiful men who were so mysterious and so alluring.

EVE AND THE SERPENT

POOR EVE! She is always biting her apple. Being a magic—or demoniac—apple, the bites fill in as fast as they are made, and so she never comes to the end of it. The writer remembers some conversations held with one of those Swamis—for reportorial purposes—in the great domed

building of manufactures at the World's Fair. The journalist, not being conversant with Eastern magic, took him to be a Turk, until in a horror of fury he explained that he was a holy man, a Swami, a worshipper of Om, and adorer of the Sun.

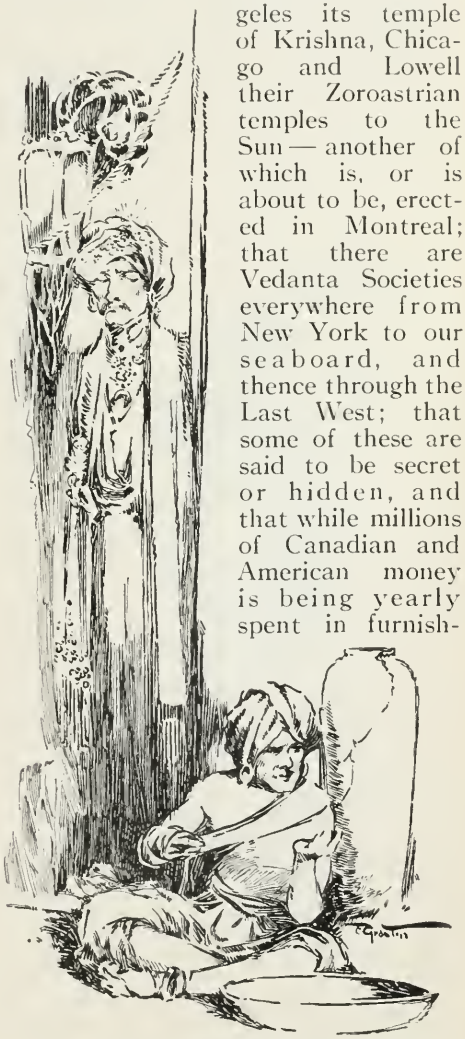
He was a curiously good-looking man, with deep magnificent black eyes. I remember envying him his long eyelashes. He was clothed in flowing white garments embroidered with serpents, and he wore an armlet of a golden snake, and had another adorning his turban. He spoke fair English, but in the main chattered in his own gibberish. He promised that if I became a yoga—literally, "yoga" means the path that leads to wisdom—I would master the problem of life, nay, control life itself, and remain forever young and beautiful. As I was young at the time, but by no means lovely to look at, I wondered how the beauty part of it would come about, but having got my interview, I thought I would leave the venerable and pass to other and more interesting things. So I told him an Irish story which he didn't understand, and left him to puzzle it out.

I never could abide snakes. The one thing I could never quite grasp about that Garden of Eden story was how Eve could abide them either. Had the Lord meant Eve to resist temptation he would have used a mouse instead of a serpent. Most women, to be sure, run from serpents, but every true, womanly woman flees from a mouse.

A DEADLY CULT

THE Swami remained. Other Swamis came over to the Easy Land, until to-day there are Eastern temples in every American city of note, and in some Canadian ones. The priests of the East have literally got the ear of the women of the West, and already ruin, insanity and death has followed their teachings. Everywhere are their churches, their societies outnumber those devoted to Browning and Shakespeare.

What these so-called "priests from east of Suez" teach, I know not. The result of some of that teaching all who read the papers may know. In a magazine article, written a year ago, some of these results were given. They came as blows from the shoulder. What is known is this. That women who were good Protestants, Catholics and Hebrews, have placed the Hindu Scriptures, the Zend Avesta, the Bhagavadgita or Persian philosophy, the Koran and other writings of the East, where once the Bible and the Prayer Book and the Rosary held place; that far more women than men belong to yoga classes; that Seattle has its Buddha temple, San Francisco its Hindoo, Los Angeles its temple of Krishna, Chicago and Lowell their Zoroastrian temples to the Sun — another of which is, or is about to be, erected in Montreal; that there are Vedanta Societies everywhere from New York to our seaboard, and thence through the Last West; that some of these are said to be secret or hidden, and that while millions of Canadian and American money is being yearly spent in furnish-

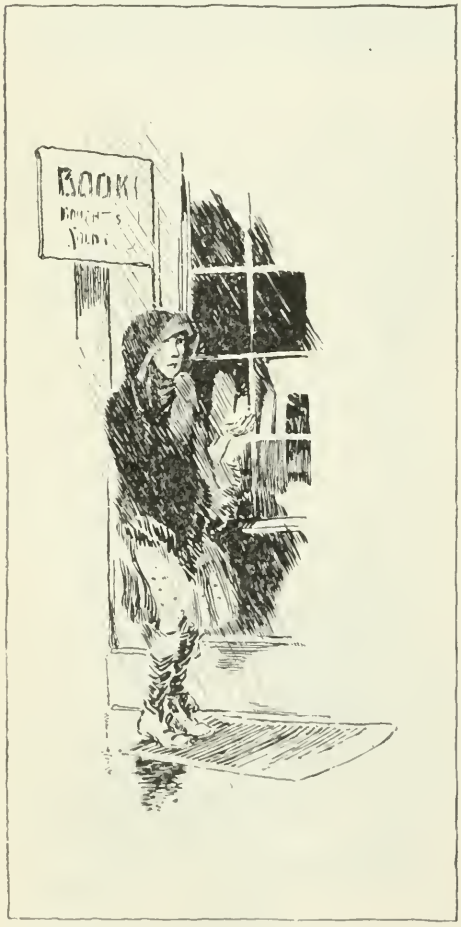


THE SWAMI WAS A CURIOUSLY GOOD-LOOKING MAN, WITH MAGNIFICENT BLACK EYES

ing Christians missions to foreign lands our people at home are fast filling the ranks of "mystic paganism."

SOME RESULTS

MISS SARAH FARMER, a New England spinster, who gave her fortune to found Green Acre School of Eastern philosophy, is now an inmate of an insane asylum in Massachusetts. Miss Reuss, a Chicago lady of culture and refinement, was taken screaming from the Mazdaznan Temple to be imprisoned, a raving maniac, in an asylum in Illinois. Mrs. Ole Bull, widow of the famous violinist, left hundreds of thousands of dollars to a Vedantic Society. This was set aside by the courts on grounds of mental incapacity. Mrs. May Wright Sewell was another victim. Mrs. Ellen Shaw, of Lowell, convicted of taking nude sun baths on the lawn of her house, was set aside by her relatives as one not in her right senses. And we all remember the case of the New York physician who was found dead in his rooms, and over whom a young Jewess went completely insane, raving that the dead man had been her "guru" or god-man.



IT WAS KING EDWARD'S QUALITY OF "HUMANNESS" THAT MADE THE POOREST CHILD IN ENGLAND BUY WITH HOARDED PENNIES HIS PICTURE

The list is long and bristles with tragedies of husband, children and home deserted, of broken lives, and death and madness.

We of the West are not fitted for such teachings. Vedanta proclaims itself a universal religion. The writer before referred to tells a story of the Vedanta Summer School or Retreat in Connecticut—a magnificent place of three hundred and fifty acres of forest and field in the Berkshires. The Swami Abhedenanda—Canadians will remember this gentleman, especially Torontonians—was the orator of the evening. He spoke beautifully and poetically of his old, old religion. He told of "incarnations" that reached back thousands of years, of others that would reach into coming centuries until "final absorption in Brahma" was consummated. He preached peace and beauty until complete trance-rest had descended upon the company.

Across the silence broke the voice of a woman:—

"Swami," she said, "I have come from your home land after twenty-two years as a missionary there. And your religion that is three thousand years old, what, let me ask, has it done for the women of India?"

And the vulgar answer which the Swami rapped out with a disagreeable laugh was:—

"What has yours done for the old maids of New England?"

I could go deeper still into this so-called religious philosophy which these Eastern priests are teaching our Western women. I could repeat tales of the orgies prevalent in the worship of the hideous, brutish goddess Kali, which take place not far from any of us; I could tell of the household labour done by American ladies—cooking, washing,

scrubbing—for a certain Swami, and repeat the tales told of the beautiful woman who is at the head of this household. The peril lies not in the worship of sticks and stones and sun-gods, but in man-worship. "He was my man-god," wept little Jewish Alta Markheva over the body of old Dr. Latson. So far we have had no known tragedies among our Canadian women, but—

"There are Mazdaznan centres in thirty cities of the United States as well as in Canada—" and "there is a temple to the Sun erected, or about to be erected, in Montreal—"

These two items have been published. And last week at a church in a Canadian city the plate went round for "special contributions to our foreign missions to the Heathen."

THE REAL KING EDWARD

THE literary sensation of the year in the higher circles of British society is Sir Sidney Lee's chapter on King Edward VII. in his great work, the Dictionary of National Biography. At first the outcry—for it was nothing less—was that it belittled the late King because it reduced the political role of that monarch to very modest, not to say slight, proportions. More sober opinion, however, makes light of this aspect of the case, and agrees that a sycophantic press, and the adulation which surrounds royal persons to a nauseating degree, are to blame for the assurance given that the late King was a great diplomat and apostle of peace.

The King himself never put himself forward as either. His courtiers did it for him. The Biography reveals what everyone of acute mind must long have known, that King Edward had been too long kept in a subordinate position by his august mother, Queen Victoria, to permit him to have any but a superficial knowledge of state affairs. The late Queen kept the reins of government in her own hands up to the last. She brooked little interference from her ministers since the days of Lord Palmerston, and none from the son who would succeed her on the throne of England. The part the late King played in state affairs until he was fifty was a very petty part. Foolish restrictions, distrust of youth, arrogant love of power, made the life of the Prince of Wales rather a stupid one as far as statesmanship went during the reign of his mother. It is this life of opening hospitals, laying corner stones, attending Drawing Rooms, which Sir Sidney Lee has revealed in all its staring dullness in his chronicle, and it is this which has given Snobocracy its bad quarter of an hour.

The man in the street has little concern with this side of the life of Kings. What he will always remember with affection is the "human-ness" of the kindly gentleman who sat for an all-too-short space on the throne of England. King Edward may not have engineered the Entente Cordiale, or our affair with Russia; he may not have contrived the Japanese Alliance, or ended the South African episode, or done any of the great things attributed to him, but he was gifted with a bonhommie that of itself is the most powerful of political influences—he was a thorough sportsman, a fair and square upstanding man with all a man's frailties, hedged about by no "divine right," a very human, very lovable, very splendid English gentleman. It was this quality of human-ness which made many an eye grow dim, when his passing was announced—and made the poorest child in England ask for pennies to buy his picture and that of his dog, Cæsar. King Edward had the admirable knack of reaching down into the hearts of his people. They loved him when he did wrong because his very human weaknesses were their own weaknesses and brought him nearer to them. They loved him because he was a man first and a King after. There is, moreover, something pathetic and affecting in the fact that this man was kept a schoolboy and child until he was past fifty years of age.

He undoubtedly had gifts that fitted him for public life—above all, gifts of tact and of discernment. He had travelled widely and was one of the bravest men in the world. Perfect courage was his greatest attribute, and I would ask of the gods no greater. Perhaps that is why everywhere women adored him—women who never laid

eyes on him, who knew him only through their reading. I have seen a Canadian girl kiss his picture while her eyes were clouded with tears when news of his death arrived.

The late King may now stand before men without "the trappings of royalty" —but he stands clothed in the affectionate remembrance of his people for all time.

YOUTH ETERNAL

THEY say that the French actresses first taught New York matrons that they could be fresh and fair at fifty, and that they taught the rest of the world. Be this as it may, everyone wonders at the perennial youthfulness—of a sort—of Sarah Bernhardt, that wonder-woman who at sixty-eight electrified Paris in a new role the other day. When you see Sarah *en intime*, she does not look youthful, but on the stage she is another woman, young, slender, graceful, and full of the fires of twenty-one. Rejane, who is much younger than the divine one, looks fresh and fair at even close range. And we all know how well-preserved is the incomparable and much-married Lillian Russell. Youth is not thus prolonged without labor. But a woman will work for her looks when she will work for nothing else. Not for the admiration of men does a woman strive to preserve her youth and looks so much as for her own gratification and comfort. What every woman knows is that when she is conscious of looking her best and is wearing her prettiest clothes, she is happiest. And happiness makes for good looks. Many of the so-called ravages of time are ravages caused by ill-temper and lack of self-control.

Women who dissipate, who indulge systematically in too many cocktails and in late hours soon show the effects of these habits, and when they see their lined faces, drooping mouths and sagging cheeks, they give up caring. It is then that they perform the unhappy feat known as "going to the devil." Wherefore I hold that a little vanity is a commendable quality. This, very fortunately for the world at large, is an age of perpetual youth—or perpetual striving after it. The passing of the middle-aged woman is an accomplished fact. It is more than a decade since a woman of forty-five with a son at college, and a daughter married, was looked upon as pretty well advanced—and when she dandled her first grandchild, she put on sober colors and a cap and gave up her corsets.

In these more "enlightened," days she does nothing so "foolish." She now looks like her daughter's elder sister. She wears the same kind of clothes—the skirt a trifle narrower and shorter—perhaps dons a little more hair, displays whiter and more even teeth, and powders and "retouches" quite as artistically as the young girls and matrons. It was a volte face from the old traditions. Women who charmed at the age when tradition said they sat in the chimney corner and knitted stockings, were something new, and the rich ladies who did not enjoy doing the stocking act a bit, took to the new idea like ducks to water. They have massaged and steamed and creamed themselves back twenty-five years. They practice greater self denial than the most austere saint in the calendar ever thought of doing.

The great struggle of the middle-aged woman is to avoid fat. To this end she sacrifices everything her soul craves in the way of sweetmeats. She will even eschew the olive-martini and the foamy fizz-fizz. She knows that opulent curves are taboo. That to charm she must be lean as a lath. Some of the more determined and forceful almost starve themselves. But the corset's the thing.

These are veritable strait-waistcoats. They are long and strong and rigid instruments of torture in which one can neither bend nor sit comfortably. They are not merely "straight front" but straight all round. Yet women willingly endure this torture of the steel cage rather than submit to the cap, the corner, and the knitting, for this is the age of youth, and youth will be served.

And if we did half as much penance for our sins as we do for our looks, we would all go to Heaven and the devil

would have to put up a "To Let" notice on the gates of Gehenna.

DEATHLESS COURAGE

IT IS but just that some monument such as the proposed cairn should be raised at Niagara to perpetuate the memory of Burrel Hecock, the brave American boy who lost his life trying to save the unfortunate young couple who were swept to their death upon the ice floe early last spring. There are perils which bring to men a strange exaltation as of those who sport with jeopardy, but there are hazards which are cold and grim, which glaze the eye and freeze the heart, and this was one of them. A lonely helpless peril this of being swept away by irresistible force to meet death in the swirling, darkening waters with what might well seem the whole Brotherhood of Man looking silently on.

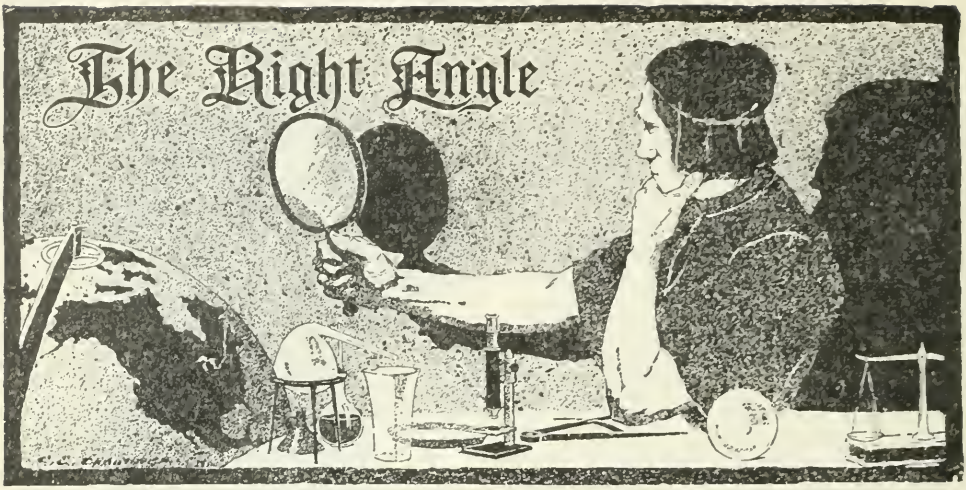
INSTEAD OF SITTING IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER WITH HER KNITTING, THE MODERN WOMAN OF FORTY-FIVE LOOKS LIKE HER DAUGHTER'S ELDER SISTER

One horror that once overtook a man and which involved no sacrifice to save others, but was of ghastly lonesomeness in its way, was that of having a foot jammed in the points with an express train due and no help in sight. Once, too, a brave man fell into a faint of fear when he stepped on one of those bottomless Irish bogs which quiver all over their acres at the mere tap of a foot. His comrades pulled him out when he had sunk to the knees. But when later he died on Spion Kop—shot to pieces—he died like the fearless soldier he was, and the smile was fixed on his calm face when they found him.

But these were bearded men. What of the boy who went lonely on the slow-moving ice-floe to his black death? They said of him at the time that as the waters caught him and flung him back on the edge of the floe, he feebly waved his arm to the helpless men on the bridge above. On his face, too, I doubt not, there was set the smile of a brave soul.

There is only pleasure in peril when something or someone is to be overcome or won. There is nothing in the bitterness of death so agonizing as its uselessness. It takes the finest kind of bravery to meet such a death in calmness, to be able through sheer force of spirit to wave a goodbye to the world in that last extremity—in the very article of death.

It is to such brave souls that we gladly raise monuments—it is before such that a man may stand and read with head reverently bowed, the story of a boy's bravery.



A BIT OF BIOGRAPHY

WHEN Frederick William Wallace writes of the men who go down to the sea in ships, he knows what he is describing. Readers of CANADA MONTHLY will remember his "Farmers of the Sea" and other stories and articles dealing with the picturesque life of Canadian fishermen, lumberjacks and sailors; and those who know his types in the flesh, appreciate the truth of his portraits.

Mr. Wallace comes of a line of seafarers, his father being a shipmaster, and the boy having worked his passage to Canada at the age of seventeen on his father's boat. Says Mr. Wallace:

When I landed, my father left me to find a farm for him. I didn't find a farm, but landed back in a steamship company's office, and put in my spare time writing sea stories. My parents bought country property in the Dominion, and for a time I did agricultural work, but the writing game was beginning to get hold of me, and before long I was back doing sea stories and learning more about every phase of marine life. In order to acquaint myself with American conditions, I travelled and beach-combed around the ports. One year I studied the American whaler around New Bedford, Fairhaven and Provincetown. Next the fishermen attracted me, so I hied me to Portland, Gloucester, and Boston and lived among them. Sealers I found at Halifax; the old time Canadian wooden sailing ships I studied while wandering about St. John, Yarmouth, Windsor and the ports in the Basin of Minas, Annapolis Basin, and Quebec. The coal trade took me aboard a Norwegian coal tramp plying between Sydney, Cape Breton and St. Lawrence ports. I have also hauled trawls and worked with the bank fishermen on Cape Sable, Roseway and La Have. Not long since while driving for home from off La Have bank to Digby, we ran out of water and for two days had only a suck at some chopped ice taken from off the fish in the hold. I have been on square-riggers, Spanish iron ore ships, Atlantic and South American cattle ships, liners and freighters. In fact, I have "had my hands in the tar-pot" as they say at sea, and can turn to with any other sailor at "hand, reef or steer."

With all this experience, it is not strange that Mr. Wallace's sketches are true to life. Canada is still young and her place among fine arts not yet established; but men like Mr. Wallace, and a score of others that any Canadian reader can easily name, are paving the way to the formation of a distinctively Canadian literature.

AS THE TWIG IS BENT

IN addition to the trophies and prizes offered to grown-up farmers at the coming Annual Winter Fair, the Canadian Seed Growers' Association is offering special cash prizes to boys and girls between twelve and eighteen years of age for exhibits of spring wheat and white oats. A sweepstakes prize in the form of a beautiful gold medal is donated by Dr. James W. Robertson to the boy or girl having the best exhibit of oats in the maritime provinces of Quebec and Ontario, or of wheat in each of the prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Each of these exhibits is to consist of a sheaf which must be at least six inches in diameter at the band, and a gallon of threshed grain. The

plants for this sheaf should be selected by hand from the field before the crop is cut.

Those proposing to compete for these prizes should arrange at once to make the necessary selections, and should also write to the secretary of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association, Ottawa, Ontario, for the prize list rules and special arrangements regarding the transportation of exhibits.

There is no better time than the present for boys and girls to study scientific and practical farming, and such contests as these offer a real incentive to them to gain experience in seed selection and a standard of quality that will be valuable both to themselves and to the Dominion in a few short years, when the names of these same young folks will appear on the elevator tickets at the end of the season with thousands of bushels of first-class grain to their credit.

THE GLAMOUR OF THE FOOTHILLS

WITH these autumn days comes again the desire of all good gypsies to go a-journeying, and Gildart J. Walker in a bit of description that came to us one golden September day puts vividly before one the foothills of the west, and the trail that leads nowhither. He says:

Away from the main line of the railway, and off the beaten path of the tourist, lie certain of the foothills of southern Alberta, which to the majority of Canadians, are a terra incognita. But to those who have had the pleasure of visiting them, they are considered among the beauty spots of all Canada, and when one is back to the city again after the holidays, he often thinks wistfully of the sun-kissed hills which lie under the shadow of the ramparts of the mighty Rockies.

There is no train to these foothills—one has to ride or drive. The trail after winding through the prairie curves through three or four miles of beautiful woods. On the one side lies the Highwood river often hidden by trees, but still a glimpse of its sun-lit waters is frequently seen. The wild flowers grew in profusion on either side of the trail—it was all gold.

Above us and all around us were the sweet and varied notes of many ornithological anthems. An impudent gopher now and then stood up on his hind-legs to survey us as we passed. But at length we left the woods behind us and emerged on the rolling prairie. And as we came out of the comparative twilight to the full sunshine, we saw right along the horizon in front of us, the snow-crowned ranges of the Rockies their snows a dazzling white 'neath the strong sunshine.

So clear was the air that instead of being fifty miles distant, they hardly seemed more than half a mile away. And coming down from them and blowing across the flower-starred prairie was the sweet, west wind breathing of the pine woods and the mountains, making one glad to be alive, attuning one's heart to harmony with the great anthem which Nature sends up to her God in the long, sweet summer days.

It is a day such as this when you are in close communion with nature, that the best which is in you comes to the surface. And surely there is no place in all the Dominion where one can study nature so well as in the foothills. Be he angler, botanist, or artist—all his wants are supplied here.

Thousands of wild flowers grow in profusion all round. Beautiful little streams meander here and there among the hills and are well stocked with trout. Here and there one comes across a little "glen"—trees adorning its side and the water-ouzel and swallow skimming over its stream, and ever the trail cries 'Onward' and ever the great mountains in front echo the cry. And one has to obey, there is no refusing the call of those great white ranges—so majestic, so strong—that seem to be the personification of eternity They grow mightier and mightier the higher we go into the foothills, they seem to challenge us to attempt to climb their massive sides.

We had the trail pretty much to ourselves, although now and then we passed a lonely cowboy and exchanged a few words with him. There was no mapped-out trip here—we took any trail we fancied and explored the hills on all sides.

To the Scotchman there is nothing on this planet that can compare with his hills and heather-flushed moors, but there is a fascination about the foothills that takes hold of one with a grip he cannot—and does not wish to —shake off.

Up there in the lonely solitude of the hills with the mountains towering around us, we could not help thinking how Stevenson would have gloried in the wild freedom, in the rugged splendor and the glorious air—how the pen which gave us "Kidnapped" might have made these hills immortal as it has done the hills of Appin and Ben Alder in our native Scotland.

The people of Canada have yet to learn that there is another place besides Banff which is worthy of notice in the West. True, up in the foothills, there are no brass bands, no dancing pavilions, no mapped-out trips. But the person who really loves Nature, who finds in her silent places the rest he needs and who does not care for the over-crowded tourist centre, let him go to the foothills of southern Alberta. There you will see the most magnificent sunsets from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

All too soon for us, the brief holiday drew to an end and we had to take the home trail. One last glimpse we took of the foothills under the glow of a sunset which made the snows of the mountains appear to be on fire.

And so back to the city for another year of work. But the memories of those long golden days will never die; they will brighten up the months which intervene till again we can obey the "call of the open road" and "pull out on the trail again."

NIGHT WIND

BY KATHERINE HALE

THE tree-tops sway, and the sleepy rose,
The night-wind blows, the night-wind blows!
Its soft feet whisper, the red coal glows,
The night-wind blows!

It shakes the branch and a sparrow chirrs,
The night-wind blows, the night-wind blows!
And touches the river with silver, and stirs
The rose at her window, O night-wind, hers!
The night-wind blows!

It rattles a tile, and sets flying a whirl
Of dusty dead leaves, and a painted girl,
Clad in thin finery, hastens to curl
Her arms round her shivering body, and furl
Her draperies swift, for the night-wind blows!

COULDN'T FIND IT

THE neighbors having dropped in informally upon the Newmoves during the evening, Mrs. Newmove suggests that if her husband will gather some mint from the mint bed in the garden she will mix for them a genuine julep. Mr. Newmove, who has indulged in a matter of seven or eight genuine juleps prior to the arrival of the guests, goes willingly in search of the desired garnishment for the drink. He remains in the garden quite a while, and finally the others go out to ascertain what causes the delay.

"Why don't you bring the mint in, dear?" his wife calls.

From somewhere in the darkness comes the testy response:

"Jane, I've eaten my way twice around this lot. I've chewed geranium leaves, grass, catnip, tulips, onions, sage and burdock, but blamed if I can find a sprig of mint anywhere!"

WHO THE BOSS WAS

IN the window of a Toronto restaurant there was a sign which read: "Second cook wanted." An applicant made his way to the kitchen and found the head cook.

"There's the boss over there," said the galley chief, jerking his head in the direction of a man washing dishes.

"Don't kid me," said the caller. "Tell me if you want me or tell me if you don't. There's no use of ringing in a dish-washer."

The man at the sink picked a stack of plates out of the water and let them all fall to the floor with a smash.

"Now," he exclaimed, "tell me who you think the boss is!"

CONSPIRACY OR COINCIDENCE ?

SOME time ago the wife of an assistant state officer gave a party to a lot of old maids of her town. She asked each one to bring a photo of the man who had tried to woo and wed her, and had been jilted by her. Each of the old maids brought a photo and they were all pictures of the same man, the hostess' husband.

AN HISTORICAL DATE

"YOUR tenth birthday, eh?" said Mr. Newbeau. "If you keep on having birthdays you'll soon catch up to your big sister."

"Yes," replied the little girl whom he hoped to make his sister-in-law, "I guess so, because she's stopped; she's been twenty-two as long as I can remember."

WITH A STRING TO IT

"MR. KRAFT, the merchant," said the college president, "has offered to donate $5,000 for a new building to be known as 'Kraft Hall.'"

"But," said the dean of the faculty, "$5,000 won't pay for the building we want."

"Oh, no! You see, Mr. Kraft's generous offer is contingent upon our securing donations of $10,000 each from ten other public-spirited citizens."

AN OPINION FROM UNCLE HENRY

I'VE made a study here of late
Of people who are risin',
And every one of them, I find,
Is always more or less inclined
To do some advertisin'.

But there's another thing I'll state:
I've learned from observation
That, though a man may advertise,
That ain't enough to make him rise
To any lofty station.

The fact is advertisin's great,
Its help is most surprisin,'
But not, it's safe to bet your hat,
Unless you're doin' something that
Is worth while advertisin'.

SWIMMING ON FOOT

THERE is a small resort lake in Saskatchewan which is fished thoroughly all summer by vacationists, and which is a peculiarly safe body of water. It consists chiefly of a sand bar over which water about four feet deep is lashed into terrifying waves by every little summer breeze. To the stranger it presents the appearance of a real inland sea, where none but the best swimmer should venture.

A certain newspaper man and his wife arrived there on the annual vacation. It was their first visit. Early the next morning they were out in the middle of the lake fishing. The man leaned over to adjust some tackle, lost his balance and began swimming madly as soon as he hit the water. In falling he had given the boat a kick with both feet, sending it farther out into the lake—and his wife could not row.

The woman stood up in the boat and screamed. The man swam desperately toward shore, praying that his shoes and sweater wouldn't drag him under.

He and his screaming wife were watched by an old man who sat fishing from a pier, while the wind toyed with his lavish beard.

The woman in the boat frantically implored this old man to save her husband. The ancient fisherman arose impassively, megaphoned his hands and shouted to the swimmer:

"Stand up, you lunkhead !"

Experimenting, the man in the lake let himself down. Then in water up to his chin he stalked back to his boat.

THAT EXPRESS WAGON

A GERMAN farmer left his horses unhitched in front of a hardware store. When he came out after an interval of a half hour they were gone. There had been no sound of a runaway, so the farmer surmised that they might have gone home. He phoned his wife, saying:

"Chulia, iss der horses dere ?"

A negative came over the phone, for he added:

"Nor der vagon eider ?"

HENRY GUBBLE'S THEORIES

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

HENRY Gubbles had a notion that the use of a pill or lotion was the biggest piece of nonsense that the world has ever known;

"USING boluses and tonics," he declared, "by all the chronics, is all foolishness and flubdub as may easily be shown.

PERFECT peace and calm and stillness he avowed would cure all illness, for the illness was a fancy of an overburdened mind;

"'TWOULD surprise you with what quickness you can rid yourself of sickness," he averred, "if you will follow the plain course I have outlined."

BUT to-day poor Henry Gubbles certainly has got his troubles; he is lying 'neath the covers and the neighbors hear him groan—

'TIS a muchly mooted question if he has the indigestion or is entertaining fancies that he doesn't want to own.

ANYHOW he's waived conditions and has sent for the physicians—homeopathic, allopathic—all the ones he called the worst.

"GET me all the doctors quickly," he exclaimed, while moaning thickly, "I will hire the half a dozen who come through the doorway first."

THE UNDER DOG

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

PRETTY good jokes you've made on me—
The under dog.
Funny, too, as such jokes could be.
You've shown me sleeping out in the park
On a cold, hard bench, in the starless dark;
You've shown me, gaunt, at the kitchen door,
Where the housewife gave of her toothsome store—
And you've twisted jokes of a man's distress.
Funny? Lord! Yes!

Pretty good jokes—and all on me—
The under dog.
Each one pitched in a merry key;
You've sketched me fair in my rags and grime;
You've caught my grin when I'm doing time;
You've shown me clutching the car's brake-beam,
Or trudging ties in the sun's hot gleam.
And you made me funny, I must confess—
Funny? Lord! Yes!

Pretty fair jokes you've had with me—
The under dog.
Hardly a week but I would see—
My battered phiz in a comic skit
That had no line that was bare of wit.
That time the dog to my leg hung tight
You made of me a side-splitting sight.
It made you some money—more or less—
Funny? Lord! Yes!

Pretty good jokes you've made on me—
The under dog.
Yours is a fancy that must run free,
And I am a tramp who need only roam,
While you are the fellow that's got a home
And wife and kids and an easy chair—
Me? I am the fellow that lives Nowhere!
And humor, you know, is a thing to bless—
Funny? Lord! Yes!

JULIA ARTHUR AS ROSALIND

Accompanying "Canada's Share in the Modern Drama"

VOL. XII
NO. 6

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
OCT.

Canada's Share in the Modern Drama

By Vanderheyden Fyles

Illustrated from Photographs

AT just this time it does not seem impertinent to put into words a thought that has possessed me for a considerable period. A national Scotch Drama is rapidly taking form; primarily in some of J. M. Barrie's most delightful comedies, but more definitely in such an illuminative "slice of life" as "Bunty Pulls the Strings,"—written by a Scotchman, about Scotch people and acted by Scotch players. The success of that enterprise has inaugurated a distinct "movement;" similarly sectional plays and companies which have subsequently moved upon London, from Edinburgh, hardly would have dared adventure had not "Bunty" blazed the way. The Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, need be no more than mentioned. At the present period in their decade or so of struggle they have solidified into a permanent organization; and, in that brief time, they have created a national dramatic literature, with Lady Gregory, William Butlar Yeats and the late J. M. Synge as only foremost of a considerable company of authors. Why not, then, a distinctly Canadian Drama?

American plays—American, that is to say, as distinguished from Canadian, —are as inadequate of an exact expression of local thought and feeling as are dramas from the Mother Country. The condition of the Canadian stage, at present, corresponds with that existent in the United States up to twenty years ago, or fifteen, or even less. English plays predominated; and those of native make aped the importations, though perhaps unconsciously. Narrative fiction that breathed the spirit of the North, or South, of New England or of California, abounded; and from the best authorial pens. But such theatrical entertainments as were of the soil racy, were generally of a slipshod, overstated, rather vulgar grade. Hundreds of companies traversed the country in versions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that were, in effect, something between

circuses and minstrel shows; Bret Harte was perverted into sensational melodrama, usually of the "cheapest" calibre; and the vaudeville sketch that Denman Thompson expanded, so agreeably and so profitably, into "The Old Homestead," remained for some years about the best expression of a phase of typical Americanism. Indeed, less than two decades ago, a critic no less captious, keen and cautious than William Dean Howells found Edward Harrigan's loosely-made and rowdy sketches of the New York underworld about the highest point yet reached in essentially native drama. James A. Herne, with "Shore Acres" and, especially, with the unappreciated "Margaret Fleming," carried the movement on its next steps forward; but what halting steps they seem when one thinks of such dramatic expressions of the American conditions and their influence on the nation and its progress as "The Great Divide," "The Nigger" and "The Boss."

The forces of the Canadian stage are strangely scattered. A full dozen of the leading players of the period were born in the Dominion; and yet not more than two or three of them are thought of as Canadians. Being a New Yorker, I may underestimate the native knowledge of its stars. But I cannot help but think I can surprise you with a name or two.

Probably the actress of to-day most widely known as a Canadian is Margaret Anglin. Not but that she has, like her compatriots, identified herself with the American stage, appearing in her own country only in the natural course of her travels; but her father was too prominent a statesman for the

EDGAR SELWYN, A PROMINENT CANADIAN DRAMATIST, AND HENRY MILLER, THE ACTOR-MANAGER, WITH WHOM BERTRAM HARRISON HAS BEEN ASSOCIATED IN RECENT YEARS

WHOEVER COULD PICTURE MAY IRWIN, BLONDE AND BUXOM, JOVIAL AND WORLDLY-WISE, IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF WHITTY, OR FANCY MARIE DRESSLER IN COBOURG?

name of Anglin readily to be forgotten. He was Speaker of the House of Commons when, on April 3, 1876, a daughter was born to him and Mrs. Anglin. Indeed, the present rival of Julia Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske and Ethel Barrymore for the contemporary leadership, in our hemisphere, came into the world in the Speaker's Chamber of the House of Parliament! Eileen Anglin was also born in Ottawa. Her stage experiences, however, were unimportant; they were completely overshadowed by her sister's; and, after a few years, she married happily and retired. In one or two plays she was cast for small roles in association with Bertram Harrison, a Canadian friend of her childhood days, and a growing force in the intellectual drama of the day. After a few years of histrionic effort Mr. Harrison wisely withdrew into the more serious and consequential work of management, in which he has been associated principally with Henry Miller.

At the beginning Margaret Anglin may have entertained some notion of a Canadian Drama. After studying at the New York school of acting now conducted by Franklin Sargent and filling the minor role (Madeline West, in Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah") which was one of the rewards held out for the most promising four graduates of the class, Miss Anglin devoted her-

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN ELECTRIFIED NEW YORK WITH HER EMOTIONAL VARIETY, CUMULATIVE POWER AND ASTOUNDING CLIMAX IN "MRS. DANE'S DEFENSE" THE OLDER CRITICS, SEARCHING FOR A PARALLEL, CITED CLARA MORRIS AT HER HEIGHT



HOPE LATHAM'S SHOWY BUT ACCURATE PRESENTATION OF A DEMI-MONDAINE WILL BE REMEMBERED BY ALL WHO SAW "SALVATION NELL", WHILE ROSE STAHL HAS MADE THE SLANGY, WARM-HEARTED TYPE OF CITY GIRL FAMOUS, AND MAUD ALLEN'S "SALOME" IS KNOWN BOTH AT HOME AND ABROAD

self to two experimental years, with James O'Neill and E. H. Sothern, respectively. With the one she undertook the ambitious roles of *Ophelia*, *Mercedes*, *Virginia* and *Julie de Mortimer* ("Hamlet," "Monte Cristo," "Virginius" and "Richelieu"); with the other only the unkempt and inconsequential slavey in "Lord Chumley." But the apprenticeship evidently appeared to her sufficient preparation for her bold adventure. Organizing her own company, she "toured" Lower Canada as *Rosalind* ! Very soon, however, she gave up; and, falling into the berthless ranks of actresses knocking at the doors of New York offices, she began her steady ascent as *Roxane*, in "Cyrano de Bergerac," with Richard Mansfield. And there ended the last English-speaking effort for a distinctively Canadian venture in the realms of the best dramatic art.

Two actresses whose names have frequently been linked with Margaret Anglin's are actually compatriots, though the fact does not appear generally to be known. When Miss Anglin electrified New York—and, presently, the entire Western hemisphere,—with her emotional variety, cumulative power and astounding climax, in the chief role in "Mrs. Dane's Defense," the older critics, searching for a parallel, cited Clara Morris at her height. What was not mentioned is that Miss Morris, though she passed her childhood in Cleveland and in other Middle Western cities, actually was born in Toronto. Another histrionic daughter of that city, by the way, is Hope Latham, who has gained successes with John Drew and Mrs. Fiske, and especially in the "showy" character of the "adventuress" in "The Woman in the Case." She was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Montreal, which experience was useful to her in the Pinero drama of "His House in Order" in which, with Margaret Illington and John Drew, she acted a character in French.

The other Canadian I had reference to as being, in a way, associated with Miss Anglin, is Lena Ashwell, who was the first actress of the role of *Mrs.*

EUGENE REDDING (NE ROBIDOUX), CONDUCTS VICTORIA PARK IN OTTAWA, AS WELL AS PLAYING IN THE COMPANIES OF HERBERT KELCEY, ANNA HELD, ETC ; ARTHUR DEAGON IS A SEAFORTH MAN ; WHILE ALBERT JEANNOTTE ACHIEVED A SUCCESS IN "THE MERRY WIDOW"

Dane and who thereby established herself in London leadership. She was born of Canadian parentage, her father being Captain Pocock, R. N., who afterwards became a clergyman of the Established Church. His parish was Canadian and his daughter passed her earlier years in Toronto; but her actual birth was at sea !

The late Franklin McLeay is one of the few actors who, in prosperous days, turned a helping hand to the people of his birthplace. He was born at Watford, Ontario; carried off University honors at Toronto; and, presently, studied for the stage. Wilson Barrett gave him several minor opportunities; and then increased them. But Sir Herbert Tree could do more. In 1898, the young Canadian was acting *Cassius* and *Iago* at Her Majesty's, in London, to the *Othello* and *Marc Antony* of Sir Herbert; and had married Grace Warner, daughter of the late Charles Warner, of "Drink" celebrity, and sister of H. B. Warner, of "Jimmy Valentine" adventures. But the suffering consequent upon the Ottawa fire of 1900 so moved the rising actor that, throwing all his energy into the effort, he engaged the co-operation of Sir Henry Irving, Sir George Alexander and Sir Herbert Tree, and carried off a "benefit" at Drury Lane that accumulated over $15,000 for his countrymen. But the effort doubtless cost his life; for, within a month, he expired of a fever.

Many more Canadian actors have turned their steps toward New York than toward London; which, of course, is not unnatural. R. G. Knowles, who was born in Hamilton, Ontario, gained his London footing by introducing nothing less Jonathanian than a Hoyt farce ! Matheson Lang, however, did not act in this country until after his success in London was assured. Born in Montreal, son of the Reverend Gavin Lang (a cousin of the Archbishop of York), he was educated in England and did not recross the water until 1903, when he came over with Mrs. Langtry, to act in "The Crossways," a comedy from her own pen: but his more important undertakings over here were in the leading roles of "Don," "The School for Scandal" and "Twelfth Night," at The New Theatre, in the early months of 1910. Acton Bond is the third prominent London actor I recall as being a Canadian, his birthplace having been Toronto.

Madame Albani, the famous prima donna, was born as near to Montreal as Chambly. Her father, whose name was Joseph Lajeunesse and who trained her for grand opera, took her, after her education at the Convent of the Sacred Heart and in European capitals, to Albany, N.Y.; and it was from that city she derived the name for which she gained international celebrity. Montreal may also claim J. H. Gilmour, long leading actor with Julia Marlowe

MISS JULIA MARLOWE

Co-star with E. H. Sothern in Shakespearean repertoire, she by an "heretical" interpretation of *Lady Macbeth* has invited the varied verdicts of many critics. Miss Marlowe plays the famous character entirely without the sanction of tradition, evidently with a view to humanizing motives which have often rendered the play a better vehicle for frenzied technique than a magnet for box office dollars

and Viola Allen, and now director of a school of elocution in Chicago; Eugene Redding (nee Robidoux), who conducts Victoria Park, at Ottawa, as well acts in the companies of Herbert Kelcey, Anna Held, etc.; and Charles J. Ross and Rose Stahl, whose recent rise from the cheaper, rather vulgar theatres to the best, needs no description here.

Ontario, on the other hand, can point to a notable array of distinguished sons and daughters. While James K. Hackett, having been born on Wolfe Island, might be claimed, his parents were New Yorkers and he grew to manhood in that metropolis. It simply happened that they were summering in Canada at the time. As well call Lena Ashwell a mermaid because she was born at sea! Ontario's most notable contribution to the ranks of players with a serious purpose, and with art adequate to their high ambition, is Julia Arthur, now living in retirement, in Boston, as the wife of Benjamin P. Cheney. She gave up the histrionic battle before her thirtieth year; yet not until she had achieved a memorable success in the foremost characters of Shakespeare. Born in Hamilton, her name was actually Lewis. For stage purposes, however, she borrowed from her brother, Arthur Lewis, instead of drawing upon her imagination, as did her sister, "Flora Fairchild." Hamilton also supplied the contemporary stage with Roselle Knott and William H. Clark; while Ontario was also represented by Ida Hawley, who "died too soon," and is by McKee Rankin, of Sandwich, Norman Hackett, of Amherstburg; by James Forbes (Salem), formerly an actor but better known as author of "The Travelling Salesman" and "The Chorus Lady;" and by—who would you say? Why, by the blonde and buxom, jovial and worldly-wise May Irwin!

It is, after all, the vaudeville stars who disport themselves with a distinctively American slapdash that one hardly can associate with Canada. Whoever could picture May Irwin in the little town of Whitty?—or Marie Dressler in Cobourg? Arthur Deagon came from Seaforth, and Donald Brian from St. John's; while Toronto gave a waiting world Hope Booth, who used to pose, in a semblance of nudity, in a coarse farce entitled "A Wife in Pawn," and Maud Allan, of "Salome" notoriety. And still they come! For Eva Tanguay first saw the light—and, doubtless, "didn't care!"—at Marbleton!

If there is to be a National Canadian Drama, the authors must still be in manuscript; or perhaps Ernest Shipman (born in Ottawa), who began theatrical management with Shakespeare, can tell us where they are. Sir Gilbert Parker, with his "Seats of the Mighty" and, indirectly, with alien dramatizations of other Canadian novels from his pen, is the only dramatist who has taken any serious steps in that direction. Why should he not be to Canada what Bernard Shaw and George Moore have been to Ireland? W. A. Tremayne is an enthusiastic Canadian, who has done some good work in farce; Edward E. Rose, of Stanstead, Quebec, — the birthplace, by the way, of Eugene Cowles, the noted barytone, — has turned many popular novels into plays; in earlier days McKee Rankin, of Sandwich, was as well known for his dramatization of "The Danites" as for his acting in it; George V. Hobart, creator of many a bright Broadway burlesque, is a son of Nova Scotia—of Cape Breton, to be exact; and James Forbes, as has been said above, was fresh from Salem when he ventured to New York. But in none of these dramatists, each admirable in his own way, does one seem to see the author of a typically Canadian play, in the same sense as the best now issuing from the literary leaders of Ireland and England, and of Scotland and the United States.

An Andalusian Ally

By Julia F. Wood.
Illustrations by George Paul.

EVER since that afternoon when the great Gicardo himself, after one surprised glance beneath Rose's lashes, had swept right about face his adoring retinue of *aficionados* and breathless small boys and had followed them along the tortuous windings of Las Sierpes to the very door of their hotel, Rose had set her heart upon seeing a bull-fight. Gicardo's tribute in itself had grown stale with countless repetitions; their entire progress throughout Andalusia had been a furnace heat of burning glances and scorching sighs, of flaming serenades and impassioned murmurs of "La Rubia" in Rose's usually indifferent ear. But when the idol of Seville deigned to swell the train of pursuing admirers it stung her into an interest sufficiently keen to wish at least to see him upon his native heath.

It followed inevitably that the day of the great Easter bull fight was to see them among its spectators. Those circumstances had yet to be found which could mutiny successfully against the soft relentlessness of Rose's desire. In Mrs. Matthews' easy complaisance, Christopher's infatuation, and Ted's short-lived rebellion she had had indeed foeman scarcely worthy of her steel. She had disposed of the last with one simple phrase.

"Of course we wouldn't think of leaving you alone in this stuffy hotel," she had told Mrs. Matthews with cooing consideration. "We'll none of us go. Only, whatever is the matter with you, Ted? You used to be always ready for anything and now you seem so indifferent and unlike yourself."

That had been more than enough to rush Ted, in a sick panic, into enthusiastic acceptance. She tried gallantly to cover her rout as they sat in the *palco* waiting for the opening.

"You can't really expect a Chicagoan to feel much excitement over the slaughter of merely one bull," she told them. "Or even Gicardo to give thrills to a girl who has watched her brother making touchdowns for Yale."

She found herself wondering with a piteous amazement at her powers of concealment and at the success, despite that inadequate training of twenty-three happy unstudied years, with which she flattered herself she cloaked her pain from that angle of Christopher's head, bent unswervingly along the directest route into Rose's eyes. She was used to that devoted stoop to meet her smallness in the men who talked to Rose. Ted's amused interest in their attitude had been the one compensation for the dubious pleasure of her cousin's company through Europe. Despite a total lack of practice in wall decoration, she had stepped down with a charming enough grace from the throne where she had queened it among her friends into the lowly role of mirthful observer. Her own lovers came to her through a slower growth and clearer knowledge,

passing half unconsciously from companionship into love, than back again, forced relentlessly by her sweet sincerity, into the charmed circle of her friendship. But Rose's was the face to launch a thousand ships, to sweep a devastating flame through the hearts of men, lighting with instant fuse passion and desire.

It was not for this that Ted stood with grave inexorableness outside the ever widening ring of Rose's adorers. Her acquaintance with her cousin had begun before Rose had learned the full value of that magic combination of bright hair and shadowy eyes, of sweeping lashes and childlike glances and that subtle femininity which made Ted feel her own graceful strength crude and unwomanly beside it. It made even the little boyish nickname dear to all her friends seem hoydenish. They were sensations Ted was too human to enjoy, but it was not in her nature to let them tamper with those scales in which long ago she had weighed and condemned her cousin. She was too big for any petty pangs, and these last months she had even known, despite that veiled antagonism always between them, a warm compassion that Rose could not know and love Christopher. And now Christopher saw nothing in the whole brilliant scene about them but Rose's slow-lifting eyes he fought so hard to meet.

For the hundredth time Ted repeated to herself that motto which had most helped her before in the little crises of her life. "Ride hard, sit straight, and pray," her father had told her when he had first taught her to take a jump; if the ditch seemed impossible, the hedge a telegraph pole, at least she could make the try a gallant one. From the first she had scorned any struggle with Rose for Christopher; even in her prayers she had been too proud to ask to have back his love. She had not begged to be spared her cross, only to be worthy of it—to climb the heights of pain, not to sink beneath those hourly stabs at her pride and love to a hatred of Rose's beauty, to Rose's own weapon of soft venom, to a view that ceased to be sane and sweet of that world which had always before turned so smiling a face to her. There could never be again for her, of course, she told herself with the finality of twenty-three, the rapture of those first days with Christopher when the world slowly narrowed into each other's eyes; but because her youth was dead it should not keep her life from being a splendid one, from meaning just that much the more to others.

It might have been so much worse, she tried to comfort herself. There was no broken engagement, no scandal, no explanations she must make her world. It had prophesied busily of course as to the outcome of Christopher's and her walks and drives and dances; it had winked knowingly at the strange coincidence by which his path in Europe had unerringly struck hers; but it, no more than she herself, had any right to demand why Christopher's steps, after that first moment of meeting Rose in the melting Alhambra moonlight, had lagged suddenly in the race. The cruelest part was that she might not have the dignity of her tragedy unmarred by a hundred daily pinpricks of humiliation—Rose's own triumph which spared her no sting, Christopher's guilty constraint, the messages she knew Mrs. Matthews was sending at large: "Ted takes it like the heroine she is, but of course I know she must feel it dreadfully." Ted felt a sudden fierce instinct to protect Christopher from those censuring thoughts she knew would be sent to him across the sea. She herself had no thought of blame for him, despite that former faith which had kept her fearless of Rose's invincible charms. Rose had wanted Christopher, and what Rose wanted she would have. And it was the men like Christopher, simple, direct, chivalrous, who were most helpless before the women like Rose.

She leaned forward resolutely to try to lose her misery in the dazzling scene before her. In its extraordinary animation, its note of color stamped unforgettably against a blazing sky and ivory glare, it made the gayest of any former assemblies seem a Quaker meeting in comparison. Through the

amphitheatre a flame of crimson, rose, and gold swept in fiery circles; over the balcony rails swung a garden of rainbowed flowers embroidered on the silken mantones of the women; tier upon tier of red roses nodded coquettishly from countless dusky coiffures, while thousands of spangled fans waved with seductive grace among a sea of flashing teeth and restless eyes, of shrugging shoulders and lifting eyebrows and darting gesticulation. Behind the feverish animation, the shrill incessant babel of talk and laughter, one felt an intangible tenseness, a delicious shuddering fear like that from ghost stories heard in the safe shelter of a friendly circle. It typified itself in the glistening sand of the arena and beyond, those ominous, barred gates with a bull's head nailed above them.

They brought home to Ted for the first time what she was to see. It would all make a splendid background for Rose, she reflected with that strange, new, terrifying bitterness; she knew in advance her soft alarms and pretty terrors. They would become her as exquisitely as the red rose, the high comb, and the white lace mantilla she had insisted upon as the national bull-fight costume, and which made as harsh a contrast to Ted's tailor suit as would Rose's ready emotion to her stoicism.

Of all her cousin's many assets, that was her most powerful,—that tender helplessness which made one yearn to throw the gauntlet for her sake in the face of an unkind world. It seemed only right and natural that Rose's younger sister should be wearing her tired life away teaching; that Rose's overworked brother should give up a home of his own to take care of Rose; even in that tragedy of young Benson, though everyone knew he had taken his life because of Rose, the universal thought was only to spare her—had won for her in fact her trip abroad. That was the quality which made its strongest appeal to men like Christopher. Ted remembered the day his four-in-hand had bolted with them, and she had sat motionless and silent as they dashed along the cliff. "Jove, but you are plucky!" was all he had said to her when it was over, but she had staid awake all night, poor fool, to remember the look in his eyes. And then she caught herself in hand again with that helpless, silent cry she had given so many times the last two weeks—"Oh, God, don't let me grow mean and cynical and bitter. Anything but that!"

She was glad when at a wave of the royal handkerchief the band crashed suddenly into the famous "Pan y Toros," and a glittering procession of sequined coats and spangled capes, of crimson and violet velvet and gold and silver braid advanced with conscious majesty into the arena. Gicardo headed the caudrilla and with his slender, supple grace might have more fitly worn about his brow the Olympic laurel wreath than the tell-tale pigtail and black hat of the torero. He swept the applauding ring with a conqueror's glance, and even as he bowed before the young king and his golden-haired queen, his eyes continued their search until they found Rose's face and lingered there in evident appreciation. Mrs. Matthews laughed, but Christopher clenched his fists belligerently. "If he does that again, I'll help the bull finish his job," he remarked. "How dare he look at you like that! With all those gewgaws he's nothing but an etherealized butcher."

Then a sudden silence cut the discordant homage Seville was paying to her idol, and a tense, breathless hush caught the multitude in a mighty grip. The alguaciles had asked permission for the bull-fight to begin, and in answer the king had tossed down the red ribboned key which guarded the bull's cell. That underlying tension Ted had been unable to fathom lay clear before her now; it was the shadow of Death which those opening gates were ushering in. Even with only a bull for its victim, the grim Master was claiming his inexorable toll of fear and reverence. Ted felt her muscles tighten and her pulses bound as when an unexpectedly deep ditch yawned before her in the hunt or she raced a squall in her catboat. With a challenging bellow which woke the

amphitheatre to sudden, vociferous fury, the bull charged superbly into the ring.

A moment he stood motionless save for an uneasy pawing of the sand, dazzled by the change from the darkness of the past seventy-two hours into the glare and the tumult with which his audience, born and trained for centuries into unreasoning hate of him, were venting their deafening disapproval. After one bewildered survey of his surroundings, he took the obviously wisest course, and trotted back to his entrance. A yell of universal execration followed this sensible move, a storm of unsavory missiles showered upon him, and Gicardo's flaming coat flung itself in effectual protest against his affronted nostrils. Stung into terrific action, the bull made a ferocious charge and the fight was on.

Ted could hear Rose's exclamations and Mrs. Matthew's less musical gasps, but she herself was too absorbed for speech. Bob's football prowess sunk into insignificance before the thrilling duel before her of trained eye and splendid nerve against strength incarnate. Gicardo, with only that bright cape between himself and death, was advancing and retreating with a grace worthier a ballroom than an arena, now kneeling within the very circle of those deadly horns, now bowing ironically before his adversary and springing aside to tweak his tail as the bull charged impotently past him.

Ted found herself joining excitedly in the wild applause when the espada, trailing his weapon behind him, turned a contemptuous back upon his enemy and left him to the picadores. Her palms were still tingling as the horsemen bore down upon the bull, their gaudy trappings and knightly lances in ludicrous contrast to their unsightly steeds. There was another swift, blinding rush, this time with no elusive, maddening cape to escape vengeance; the cruel horns sank deep in the horse's body, lifted it staggering upward, flung it aside, and, heedless of the opposing lances, swept onward to another blindfolded, quivering victim while the audience shrieked in an ecstatic crescendo of delight. Ted could hear herself saying in a voice she did not recognise, "Can't you do anything? Christopher! Can't you do anything? I can't bear it."

Christopher's own voice had a strained note. "Don't look! I ought to be shot for getting you into this, but I never dreamed it was so awful. *Don't look*, Ted."

Her face was in her arms, but she she could not shut out that shuddering scream which pierced the clamor about her. It seemed an infinite heartbreaking reproach from the Shetland pony of her childhood, from her splendid hunter, from the whole gallant race she loved and understood as only a horsewoman can. She answered with a little, pitiful, strangled cry. It seemed centuries of misery before Mrs. Matthews was saying to her comfortingly—

"Look up, Ted, now. It's all right, dear. They've taken out the horses and everything's over except just killing the bull."

She opened her burning eyes. There was the same gay circle, the same glinting fans and fervid roses and sparkling faces; only the arena had changed, its golden sand crimsoned with great lakes of blood. In the center stood the bull, pierced with lance wounds, stabbed by the tinselled barbs of the bandilleros, which hung, a bright halo of pain, about his bloody neck, trembling with exhaustion and agony, dripping with sweat and gore, but facing still superbly in indomitable defeat that fatal bewildering cape which had lured him to his doom.

The utter helplessness of that brave defiance drove Ted into choking, reckless flight. She did not even realize that Christopher was beside her, guiding her stumbling steps, soothing her with consoling murmurs until she had reached the little plaza beyond the Tower of Gold. There that restraint which she had thought the keynote of her nature deserted her, and she wept like a hurt child, her head upon her arms.

Christopher did not try to stop her. He sat silent and rather white himself beside her on the bench, tracing with his cane intricate patterns in the earth. They were alone in the sunkissed little

"WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN," GROANED CHRISTOPHER, HIS DARK HEAD BETWEEN HIS FISTS. "IT TOOK ME JUST HALF AN HOUR IN THE ALHAMBRA TO LOSE MY SENSES, AND IT'S TAKEN ME JUST THAT LONG IN THAT INFERNAL BULL-RING TO FIND THEM AGAIN"

square which in its stillness and smiling beauty seemed a benediction after the bull-ring. After a long time Ted lifted her head and dried her eyes.

"I'm all right now," she said, in a voice which still shook uncontrollably. "Will you get me a cab and send me home please—Christopher? You must be going back to the others."

"I don't think I'll disturb them," Christopher said with that queer tone she had vaguely noted before. "I don't believe your cousin would want to leave. She seemed to be enjoying herself." He dropped all pretence of casualness and faced Ted in a horrified incredulity.

"*She liked it!*" he said roughly. "I was watching her all the time. She couldn't help but show that she did,—even that carnage of the horses." He wheeled away from Ted. "It's—it's unbelievable," he ended.

It was not unbelievable to Ted. That was the most unforgivable memory of her childhood—that time she had surprised Rose watching with a smile some small boys torturing a cat. But with the instinct of a generous enemy she tried to shield her cousin.

"You mustn't judge her like that," she began, but Christopher broke in tempestuously upon her defence.

"What a fool I've been!" he groaned, his dark head between his fists. "What an everlasting, unutterable fool! They say every man makes one of himself once in his life and this is my time all right. It took me just half an hour in the Alhambra to lose my senses and it's taken me just that long again in that infernal bull-ring to find them. How *could* she have blinded me like that,—when I knew you! Why she even made me think you hard—unwomanly—you! Ted, won't you let me tell you—"

"Ah, please," Ted begged him simply, with a dignity in her quiet appeal which made him stop miserably. "Don't think I'm angry—I hope we'll always be good friends—only, whatever your feelings towards Rose, surely you realize, Christopher, there can't ever be anything like that with us again."

"It's what I deserve, Heaven knows," Christopher began again determinedly after a wretched silence, "and you wouldn't be the girl you are if you didn't say just that. Don't you suppose I know you'd never be at the beck and call of any man?—that I've got to win you all over again? I wouldn't change that splendid, sweet pride of yours, no matter what it makes me suffer. I'll bear anything, Ted. Yes, I'll go through Europe on my knees after you—I'll stand any punishment you give me—only I can't and won't give you up! That fool infatuation has made me realize you, value you, love you, as nothing else could. In the end—Ted, you won't make me pay with a life time for two weeks' folly?—In the end you'll forgive me and let me have another chance? Oh, Ted, I love you! I love you!"

"It's impossible," Ted, outwardly unmoved, told him with gentle inexorableness. Within, fierce maidenliness, bleeding pride, and Love's first disillusionment warred desperately against that dear tenderness of Christopher's voice, against the fiery sweetness and passion of Andalusia pleading his cause with orange blossoms, with birds, with the haunting fragrance of her sensuous love-laden air, heavy with the perfume of a hundred thousand brides. A sudden muffled roar from afar broke its exquisite charm. Ted flung her arm over her eyes with a little broken cry—

"Ah, that poor bull! she breathed.

But her lover lifted his hat reverently. "God bless that bull," said Christopher.

How Many More?

WHAT THE BUSINESS MAN CAN MAKE IN CANADA

By Arthur I. Street

Illustrated by W. C. Sheppard

SECOND PAPER.

OR, aren't you a farmer ?

Remember we were talking last month about how many more people the Western provinces of Canada could be expected to hold, and we wound up with a particular talk on the farmer's side.

We were showing how many new farms could be looked for, how many acres on a farm, and how many acres out of the how many would be good for cultivation. Now we're asking:

Aren't you a farmer ? Are you only a farm dealer, or a lender—a fellow who buys and sells, not products but acres, who matches his gold against muscle and crops by "extending accommodation"? And are you curious to know where you'd get off on this farm proposition ?

The answer is as easy as the other.

An increase of nine and three-quarter millions in population, a million and a half in dwellings, and three-quarters of a million in the number of farms would mean an increase in farm values of nearly two billions. And that's your particular "baby", isn't it ? Increase in land values ? Isn't that where you make your money ? Isn't that the temptation that leads you into a new country ?

Here's the arithmetic:

Possible increase in land values in Manitoba to equal the average in Nebraska.....	$ 322,056,540
Possible increase in Alberta and Saskatchewan to equal the average in Texas.....	1,180,525,370
Possible increase in British Columbia to equal the average in Colorado.....	319,977,356
Total possible increase in Western Canada.....	$1, 820,559,266

Approximately two billion dollars, and that's only for the value of farm lands and improvements. It doesn't include live stock or agricultural implements, which amount to something in themselves, as we shall show presently. It's just land and fences and houses. And it's pretty near to two hundred dollars for every one of the nine and three-quarter million new residents. Or, if you reckon the nine and three-quarter millions as representing everyone from the father to the kid in the cradle, as of course it does, and if you therefore divide it by five to make it stand for families, it's about $1000 for each family. And wouldn't it be good to be in a section where every family, on the average, has a thousand dollars' worth of land ? Couldn't you get busy there — trading, lending, promoting, any old thing of that kind ?

THE OLD-FASHIONED KIND OF FARM MORTGAGING DOESN'T EXIST IN WESTERN CANADA

Why, in the United States, with all its maturity and ripeness of advancement, farm values come only within 10 per cent. of that. Yet, note what's doing there and has been doing for a century in the way of land swapping and farm mortgaging and financing, and things of that kind!

Not that we seek to encourage farm mortgaging. Certainly not farm mortgaging of the old kind, where the lender drove home the widow's cow when he couldn't get his money. But farming's becoming just as much of a business as any kind of business nowadays—just as scientific. It even has correspondence schools teaching methods of accounting. Farming borrows money and repays money, discounts its crops and redeems its charges the same as any merchant or manufacturer. So, where there are three-quarters of a million new farms and fifty million new improved acres of land, there's bound to be some money-dealing. Somebody has to do it. Somebody has to be there with the goods when they are wanted. And it doesn't take much discussion, does it, to show you the chances for the man that knows the game when values can improve almost two billions of dollars and still not carry any water?

Now, use your specs from another angle. An angle that gets a little closer to the man that don't farm and don't buy and sell or lend money on farms, and that yet prospers as the farm prospers and goes down when the farm hits the toboggan. We mean the merchant and manufacturer.

We are not going to talk in the air about these two. We're not going to speculate on generalities, and tell you that, of course, where there are nine and three-quarter million new inhabitants there must be stores and factories. We presume that your common sense will feed you with that kind of pap. What we are going to do is to fire another charge of mathematics at you.

That charge is like this:

Amount of new agricultural implements necessary in Manitoba to equal average in Nebraska.....	$ 17,203,900
Amount necessary in Alberta and Saskatchewan to equal the average in Texas.....	53,057,320
Amount necessary in British Columbia to equal the average in Colorado.....	11,953,660
Total new agricultural implements necessary in Western Canada.....	$ 82,214,880

Catch the drift of that? Nine and three quarter-millions more of inhabitants and three-quarters of a million

more farms will require eighty-two million dollars' worth more of agricultural implements before they can be as proud of their up-to-dateness as are their compeers across the Border.

Figure on that total for awhile. Take your Western Canada map. Locate yourself in some presumptive place. Then measure your energy and your means against that $82,000,000 and see what share you think you could get. Conceive yourself at work all the while that these nine and three-quarter million people are coming in, extending the fame of your firm name, advertising yourself, showing the new farmers your new implements, offering them reasonable degrees of credit, "getting next." Wouldn't there be some simoleons in that? Or would you rather just stand outside and look on while the other fellow does the gathering?

Suppose you were something more than merely a dealer in agricultural implements. Suppose you were a maker of things of that sort. Or suppose you made tools? Or suppose you made pants? Suppose, in short, you were a manufacturer. How would the idea of a new market of nine and three-quarter millions appeal to you? It's one-fifth as many as there are in the United Kingdom. And it's a couple of million more than there are now in the whole of Canada. Couldn't you find something doing in a bunch of that size?

Well, here's the manufacturing side of Western Canada. Here's the arithmetic:

Potential new manufacturing output in Manitoba to equal the average in Nebraska...$	87,191,995
Potential new manufacturing in Alberta and Saskatchewan to equal the average in Texas	252,022,270
Potential new manufacturing in British Columbia to equal the average in Colorado.....	298,841,500
Total potential new manufacturing in Western Canada...$	638,055,765

That's considerable, that six hundred and thirty-eight millions, isn't it? And it isn't unreasonable. For, if the farming shows up like all outdoors, as we have shown that it does, why should all the goods be sent out of the section to buy clothing and bedding and tinware and coal scuttles and horseshoes? Why shouldn't the money be kept at home among the home folks? Why not grow things, just as you would make them? Nebraska does it. And Texas and Colorado do it. And nobody ever heard of these states being much prated of as manufacturing states. They're babies in the art. They only put out from fifty to a hundred and twenty-five dollars' worth of manufactured products per capita from their mills, while such states as Ohio and Illinois put out over two or three times that much. Yet, at that, Texas, Nebraska and Colorado turn so many mills that Western Canada will have to do the sort of climbing we mention above to equal them.

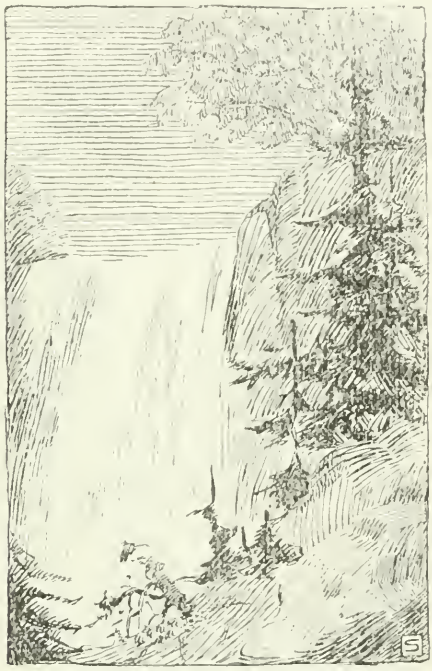
And, happily enough, Western Canada has the stuff to do the climbing

THERE ARE THIRTY WORKING COAL MINES WITHIN TALKING DISTANCE OF EDMONTON

with. She's got the coal, the wood, and the water power. Edmonton, in Alberta, is a young Pittsburg already, as everybody knows, with thirty working coal mines within talking distance of her front and back doors. And

Calgary in the same province is almost in the same class.

Then, there's the coal of British Columbia, without which the whole Pacific Coast would have starved, coal-wise, almost, for the past thirty or forty years. Water is everywhere. Lakes and rivers lie around like lost souls, merely waiting for somebody to save them, offering 20,000, 40,000, 80,000, 100,000 horse power at a whack. Really, it's almost a shame, there are so many of them.



RIVERS LIE AROUND, OFFERING 100,000 HORSE-POWER AT A WHACK TO SOMEBODY

Manitoba and Saskatchewan don't do so much, as yet, in the coal line. But you can't stop them on water power. There's no limit. It's Alberta and British Columbia however, that do the coaling. And, you know, we said we were not going to talk hot air; we were going to stick down to facts. Water power is being put in by all the Manitoba and Saskatchewan cities and along all the rivers at a rate that makes one's hair stand up. But it's hard to get a basis for comparisons. Nebraska isn't heavy on water power. Neither is Texas. Colorado begins to be. So, leaving that side of things for your imagination, we'll stick to the coal.

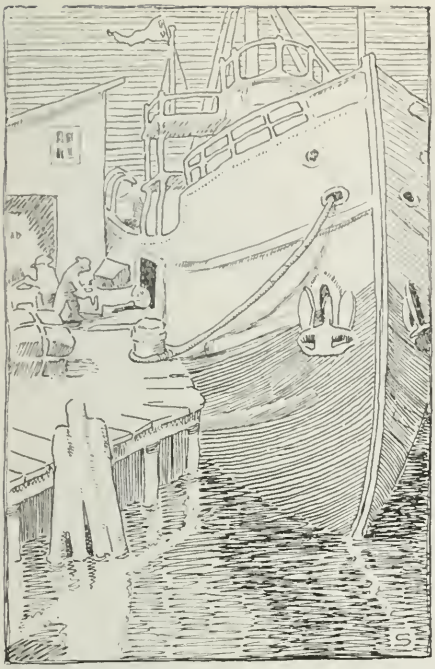
And even here we'll have to make a little change. For, Nebraska and Texas, with all their virtues, are not coal states. Colorado is. Raise Alberta's and British Columbia's population and coal production to Colorado's level, and their coal output will figure up like this:

Potential increase in British Columbia coal output to equal the average of Colorado	26,298,052 tons
Potential increase in Alberta's coal output to equal the average of Colorado	7,349,705 tons
Total potential coal increase in Alberta and British Columbia	33,647,757 tons

Thirty-three million and a half more tons of coal to do manufacturing business with, to heat the house, to fry the bacon, and to run the railroads! Isn't that going some? It's about one-sixth of the total output of the greatest coal outputting region in the world—Pennsylvania. And it'd be a pretty complicated job, wouldn't it, to estimate what one-sixth of the coal business of Pennsylvania brings in, in ready money, or puts in motion in the way of factories, or supports in the way of numbers of people? If you could get at the total, it'd be a sort of capper on the door-arch of the whole future of Western Canada,—no? A sort of official yard stick by which to measure to-morrow, if you prefer that figure of speech better.

There's only about one thing to consider after that, isn't there? After you've seen what's likely to be doing in the way of population. After you've seen how many farms are piled up on the pastry counter. After you've had the lid lifted off the roof of the future manufacturing situation. After you've glimpsed the tunnels and stopes and drifts of the coal mines, what is there left, in a climactic way, to consider except—well, the banks?

The banks are the wells into which the current of prosperity flows and from which the water of future growth and achievement is drawn. They are the sine-qua-non (which means the



ON THE PACIFIC COAST, WHERE BRITISH COLUMBIA DIPS DOWN INTO THE SEA, THE BANK CLEARINGS ARE FROM $1,500 TO $1,700 PER CAPITA

can't-do-withouts) of modern civilization. And in Western Canada they are—

Well, they're booming. Some cities that are not so all-fired big have eighteen of them. In some the clearings run up to over four thousand dollars per capita. In mid-country Calgary and Edmonton they run from fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred dollars per head. On the Pacific Coast, where British Columbia dips into the sea, the cities of Victoria and Vancouver hold their clearings at from fifteen hundred to seventeen hundred.

But for a' that, the banks of Western Canada have a mighty journey yet to go. They've got to follow that crowd of nine and three-quarter millions of people into all the recesses and crannies and prairies and mountains. They've got to get next to the new conditions and nurse and father them. And here's the arithmetic of some of their possibilities. It isn't all of them. For, in making the comparisons we've stuck only to one side of banking. We've only figured from what are known in the United States as national banks, not from the state banks or the trust companies. We've only used the sums that are turned into Uncle Sam's controller at Washington. And they make the totals look like this:

Increase in loans and discounts in Manitoba to equal the average in the national bank of Nebraska	$ 48,855,315
Increase in same in Alberta and Saskatchewan to equal the average in Texas	298,447,425
Increase in same in British Columbia to equal the average in Colorado	181,695,632
Total increase in loans and discounts in Western Canada	$528,998,372

That's over half a billion, and it takes no account as we said of the "state banks" and the trust companies. It says nothing about deposits. It says nothing about clearings. It's just the loans and discounts in a particular class of banks, for which there is no exact parallel between the United States and Canada. It's what the presumably most conservative of style of banks in the United States would be expected to do if transferred across the Border into Western Canada.

But it's enough, isn't it, for calculating? It's enough for thinking purposes? It's enough to bring the increase in population and farms and buildings and manufacturing and all that sort of thing down to the hard, round shape of gold and silver? It's enough to translate the great hegira of the next couple of decades into terms that fit into the individual pocket, into the terms—dollars—that everybody understands?

Bind together all the other things of which we have told you—and we haven't begun to tell you the things we might tell—wrap them around with this golden twine of banking business, and here's your tale of the New Canada of To-morrow in a few sentences:

Five hundred and ninety-eight pieces of land pie for every nine persons—of which any able-bodied person ought to be able to get his share.

Nine and three-quarter millions of new population—which means that every person in Eastern Canada, and

then some, could move west, settle down, and still be surrounded by nearly sixty acres of farm land.

One and a half million new dwellings —in the building of which, or the owning of which or the trading in which,

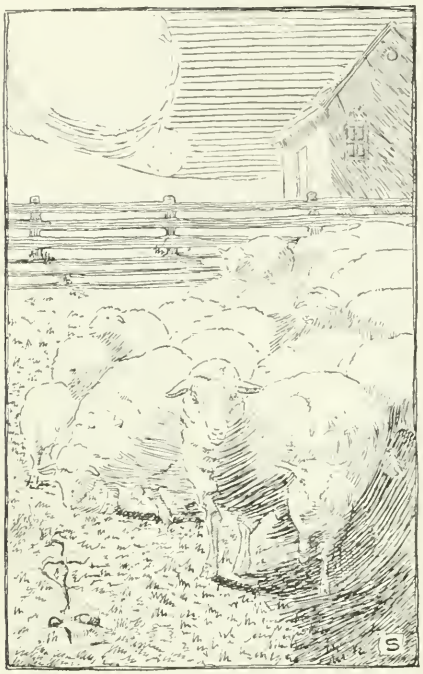


FIGURE UP THE INCREASED VALUE OF FARM LANDS AND FARM PRODUCTS FOR A MINUTE

any good hustler ought to have no difficulty in "butting in."

Three-quarters of a million more farms—which are three and a half farms to every farmer that is supposed to have entered Canada from the United States within the past five or more years; in other words, three and a half times as many farms yet available as United States farmers have thus far been able to take hold of.

Nearly two billion dollars prospective increase in the value of farm lands and improvements—which anybody with a penchant for making money in lands can determine the significance of for himself—or herself.

Eighty-two million dollars' worth more of agricultural implements to be used—which is sufficient to appeal to the mercantile sense of anybody that ever sold a plow or weighed nails.

Over six hundred million dollars' worth more of manufactures to be turned out—a sum the size of which is capable of distribution among more than one man who understands the handling of a loom, or the tempering of a furnace.

Thirty-three million tons of coal to be produced—which is one-sixth as much as suffices to make Pennsylvania the second richest state in the United States.

And finally, half a billion dollars worth of loans and discounts to be handled by the most conservative and law-restrained class of bankers—a prospect that needs no words to make its importance more vivid or the truth of the possibilities more truthful.

Imagination needs but to follow these items out through such ditches and rivers, watercourses and railroad tracks, grain elevators and country stores as the particular imaginator may be familiar with. The lesson is unavoidable. There is no danger of missing it. Before the spectator stands one of the great continental epics, now in the working. Four provinces in one nation nearly four times as big as the original thirteen states of the United States, and the population more widely scattered in two of them than in the desert land of Arizona. Four provinces at the edge of such an inevitable overflow of population and energy and evolution as swept over the Northwest of the United States thirty or forty years ago and that left behind a permanent population almost four times as thick as the densest part of this new world. There can be no doubt of what will happen. The measure is only one of degrees. And the degrees that we have used in these two articles have been overmodest ones.

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.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

THE ball of embroidery silk from which Alice had been working her design had rolled away unheeded under the table, and Dandelion, the yellow kitten, was stalking it with lashing tail and a great pretence of ferocity. Alice's bright eyes sparkled intensely, and she leaned forward. This was a romance of a sort that had seldom come into her nineteen years of experience. Adventure in plenty she had had; she had seen Indian raids, and buffalo hunts; had ridden across the plains with detachments out after cattle thieves, and once had chanced directly upon the cache of a gang of whiskey-runners; but love in that womanless country had been rather out of her province, except as the young officers had cast themselves respectably at her feet, with Miss Dexter watching the proceeding out of the tail of her humorous eye. She meant to have her full share of this episode.

"Is he handsome?" she inquired.

"He has very good teeth, and a clean-cut profile. Yes, I should say he was," decided Edith.

"We'll have to get him up here on some pretext or other. I know. I'll get Aunt Margaret to write and ask him to call so we can thank him. He saved our lives, remember."

"Oh, you mustn't, Alice. Your

father would be dreadfully angry, and there's no need of getting you into trouble."

"I will, though. And I'll manage it so you and he and I can get off from the rest, and figure out some way."

But Edith shook her head. "He'll never stand it for a minute. No, my dear, we mustn't be foolish. It will all come out right some way. But I wish I knew what to do."

"Maybe I can ask dad, without his knowing what I'm driving at. He's a dear old stupid when I get hold of him, even if he is a Major. Hush! There he is now."

The door of the next room opened, and the Major came in with the Commissioner.

"—but he hinted that Smith might have something to do with it," the Commissioner was saying, "and I can't find anybody who saw him after the alarm. It is just possible—"

The girls looked at each other, and Edith laid a finger on her lip.

"I won't believe that until it's proved to me," returned the Major emphatically. "Why, Commissioner, Smith's the man who saved Alice's life yesterday."

"Well," the Commissioner rejoined, "at least it will do no harm to keep an eye on his movements, and those of Caron, as well as watch the men who were out on pass. I shall feel easier when Riel is off our hands."

With that, they fell to talking of other things, and the girls quietly tiptoed out of the next room. Both of them, of course, knew about the previous night's alarm, and it was easy to piece together from the fragments they had overheard that Smith was suspected of complicity in the plot to free Riel.

"I'll wager my best bonnet that Jackson was the man who did the hinting," declared Alice, once they were safe upstairs, and Edith nodded.

"Jackson got Frank out of the hospital with that wrenched arm of his and made him go on duty," she said, "and possibly he did it intentionally, with this in view. I wouldn't hesitate to suspect that man of anything."

"Oh, I don't believe he would be mixed up in a plot like this," demurred Alice. "He's a martinet and a bully and a disagreeable creature, but duty is his fetich, and I think his character isn't one to entertain treachery against the service he's in."

"Perhaps. It may be that Frank covered my retreat to the house, and that's why he wasn't seen when the alarm began. But it makes me boil to think that they are ungrateful enough to suspect him. There isn't a more honorable man breathing. I'd like to tell the Commissioner where he was when that alarm started."

Alice looked very grave. "That, in itself, is an infraction of duty, of course," she said. "Sentries on their posts aren't expected to talk to old sweethearts or help them get away unobserved. Still, it isn't as bad as being mixed up in a plot, I suppose. Perhaps you may have to tell the Commissioner."

For a moment the two girls looked at each other anxiously. Then Edith threw up her head with a characteristic gesture.

"If it comes to that," she declared, "I will."

CHAPTER V.

"Now then, who's next? You, Jones?'"

The men waiting to see the doctor at the hospital, were seated on a long bench in the outer office, and a stir ran through them at Sergeant Donovan's brisk speech. Jones, a lanky, tall trooper with a face like a horse, rose to his feet like a jackknife unclosing, and followed the sergeant rather ruefully into the surgery. The rest looked at each other, grinning.

"Bet you a tanner, it's castor-oil," remarked Westaway to Tom Nichols.

"Go you," said Nichols. "I'll lay my money on ipecac. That's what old Pills gave me last week, and I haven't got the taste of it out of my mouth yet."

The waiting crowd was a motley one. Nichols had his arm in a sling; Westaway sported an elaborate bandage and shade about a remarkably pretty black eye obtained in a pugilistic encounter behind the hay corral.

Another had a crutch beside him and wore a moccasin on his left foot; he had been kicked by a horse. Some had cuts and bruises to show, while still others had no outward and visible signs of internal ailment. Of these, only one possessed a real complaint, and that was a headache brought on by over indulgence in the four-per-cent. beer of the Territories, generally called "ginger wine." The rest trusted to their "song-and-dance" to get put off duty, a hope that, with the doctor's shrewd little eyes on them, generally proved vain. Illness got careful attention with a vigorous lecture on the side; but the "bilks" received castor oil—and duty. The last man to enter was Caron, Inspector Jackson's French-Canadian servant.

"Well, Caron, what's wrong with you?" inquired the doctor, with an estimating glance, which changed as he noted the lines of pain around Caron's mouth.

But the French-Canadian spoke nonchalantly.

"Why, doctor, I sprained my wrist this morning, leading Dandy to water, and I'd like some lotion for it."

"How did you manage to do that ?"

"Oh ! The cursed brute took fright at something, and bolted. But I hung on to him, until he almost tore my arm out."

"H'm ! I should say he did," commented the doctor, examining the wrist, which was quite black and badly swollen. "You say this happened this morning ? At what time ?"

"Oh, early—about seven o'clock."

"Strange," mused the doctor. "This looks as if it had been done at least twelve hours ago. Why didn't you come to me at once?"

"I didn't want to bother you so early," answered Caron. "Besides, I didn't think it was anything but a bit of a strain until it began to swell up. It's not anything serious. Just give me some liniment for it."

"You must have been mad to keep hold of the horse until you got so badly hurt. Take off your jacket and roll up your sleeve." I want to have a look at your shoulder."

"Oh, it's all right, doctor," demurred Caron, making no move to divest himself of his tunic. "I just want some liniment or lotion, and to have you put me off duty for to-day. I don't want to trouble you."

The doctor made an impatient gesture. "Why man, your wrist must be dislocated. Take off your jacket at once, and let me see your arm."

Reluctantly the man obeyed, and the doctor started with surprise. For the sleeve of his shirt was stained with blood, which still flowed freely from a wound in his shoulder which had been clumsily bandaged. Caron smiled airily.

"I got this from a kick," he said lightly. "I got into a row in town yesterday with one of the railroad men, and three of them piled on me."

"Indeed ?" said the doctor, examining the wound.

"Yes. They called me——" and he repeated an epithet. "Of course that meant the fight. I knocked one on the head, and then the others piled on me, knocked me down, and one of them kicked me with his heavy boots here, while I lay on the sidewalk. But I'll get even with him."

"Hold your tongue," said the doctor at this juncture. "I don't want to hear any more. It's the curing of hurts we do here; not the listening to how you came by them. Look here, Donovan," he added, pointing to the wound. "Sit down, Caron. Get a bandage, Sergeant, while I prepare a lotion for his wrist."

Without further glancing at the French-Canadian, the doctor bustled off to the far end of the surgery, and began clinking about among his bottles. Presently Donovan followed him for more antiseptic gauze.

"What think ye av that ?" he inquired under-breath.

The doctor snorted. "Why, the fellow has been shot," he answered. "I can see the mark of the bullet quite plainly."

"I thought so," answered the sergeant. "And, by the Lord Harry, doctor, he is the man who—"

"Hush !" cautioned the doctor. "Don't say a word !"

So Caron's wound was attended to

and he departed to his room, rejoicing that he had got off duty, and never dreaming that his shrewdly concocted story was disbelieved in every particular.

CHAPTER VI.

"THEY'VE arrested Smith !"

Alice Barton tumbled headlong into the quiet sitting room where Edith Wheelock and Miss Dexter were placidly drinking afternoon tea beside the fire. The elder lady looked up, with eyebrows raised. Edith said nothing. Only, she stopped eating her wafer, and set down her cup with a hand that shook.

"They've arrested Smith," Alice repeated. She still gave the appearance of headlong haste, although she had come to a standstill. "What can Dad be thinking of ? It's too ridiculous for words ! Why, he's as innocent as—as Dandy, there. I never heard of such a thing !"

Dandelion, hearing his name, awoke, and uttered a plaintive mew, but he might as well have mewed to Juno in wrath. Miss Dexter looked at Alice gravely, and spoke with her usual dignity,

"My dear, is that any reason why you should frighten us out of our wits ?"

"It's time somebody was frightened, I think," replied Alice with spirit. "Why, Aunt Margaret, it's *our* Constable Smith ! That old fool of a Commissioner—"

"That will do," said Miss Dexter, cutting through the girl's sentence like a steel blade through silk. "Go to your room, Alice, until you can enter and speak like an officer's daughter."

Gentle though Miss Dexter was, her authority was absolute in the house, and when she spoke in that tone, it commanded instant obedience. Alice flushed, clicked her heels together, inclined her head to her aunt, and went out, restraining impending tears.

"Now, do you suppose that is really so ?" demanded Miss Dexter of Edith, when Alice had left them ? "I understood that he was very highly respected in the force, and in line for promotion."

"I don't know, Aunt Margaret," answered the girl. The passage with Alice had given her time to control herself, and her voice was steady. "Inspector Jackson, I believe, has some dislike to him. It may be that—"

"It wouldn't surprise me at all," declared Miss Dexter with some warmth. "I can't bear that man, with his superior English ways. Captain he may have been, but I'll warrant he murdered somebody for his commission. That young Smith is twice as much a man. I never saw anyone bear pain and thanks with such equal fortitude as he did at the hospital the day he stopped your horses."

"He is unquestionably brave," replied Edith, and, urged on by this unexpected praise of her lover, might have said more, had not the bell rung at that instant, and the Commissioner's wife dropped in to share Miss Dexter's tea. Her first news was on the subject they had just been discussing.

"My dear, they're holding a court-martial over at the orderly room this afternoon, or I'd have brought the Commissioner with me. He always says that between the talk and the Scotch you keep, he enjoys himself at your teas more than he ever expected to with any living woman. But he buckled on his sword just as I was getting out my bonnet, and said there was no rest for the wicked, or Commissioners of the Mounted Police, and went over to go into this matter of Frank Smith."

"Frank Smith ? what is the charge against him ?" inquired Miss Dexter.

"My dear, I don't know. I make it a point not to know the Commissioner's business, and that's why I'm so dreadfully low on gossip. All the really interesting things I have to hear from someone else. But it's something about being off his post, I think. I know Commissioner's disappointed about it. *Cross*—my dear !" And the vivacious little lady held up her hands with a musical chuckle over the frailties of mankind.

At this point, Edith, who had been listening with her usual grave face, said something about more hot water, and vanished.

Once in the kitchen, she hesitated for an instant. Should she get from

Alice what Alice knew, or—no, there wasn't time. With swift decision, she threw on her coat and made for the hospital, walking into the surgery with,

"Doctor, they're courtmartialling Frank Smith for leaving his post and for complicity in Riel's attempted escape."

"What !" The old doctor jumped. "The devil they are ?——I beg your pardon, Miss Edith."

"Don't ask questions for a minute, doctor,——" she was past conventionalities now—"but have Terence find Larry Devine and his bit of torn tunic, and while he's finding him, I'll tell you about it."

The doctor glanced at her dark, controlled face, hesitated a second, and then, going to the door, spoke to the hospital orderly, who departed on the trot.

"Thank you," she said as he returned. "We haven't a minute to lose. I learned of the court-martial only just now, and they may have condemned Smith by this time."

"But, my dear Miss Edith, Larry Devine's bit of torn tunic won't prove that Smith wasn't off his post that night."

"No. But I can."

"You ! Miss Edith, you don't want to be mixed up in an affair of this kind. Let Larry and me go over. We'll do what we can, And Smith has a good record. That will be in his favor."

She shook her head. "I must go myself. I'm so thankful that you told me Larry's story. I'd not have known what to do, otherwise. Doctor, I used to be engaged to Frank Smith in England, and he has saved my life since I've been here. In such a case, wouldn't you do everything you could to save him ?"

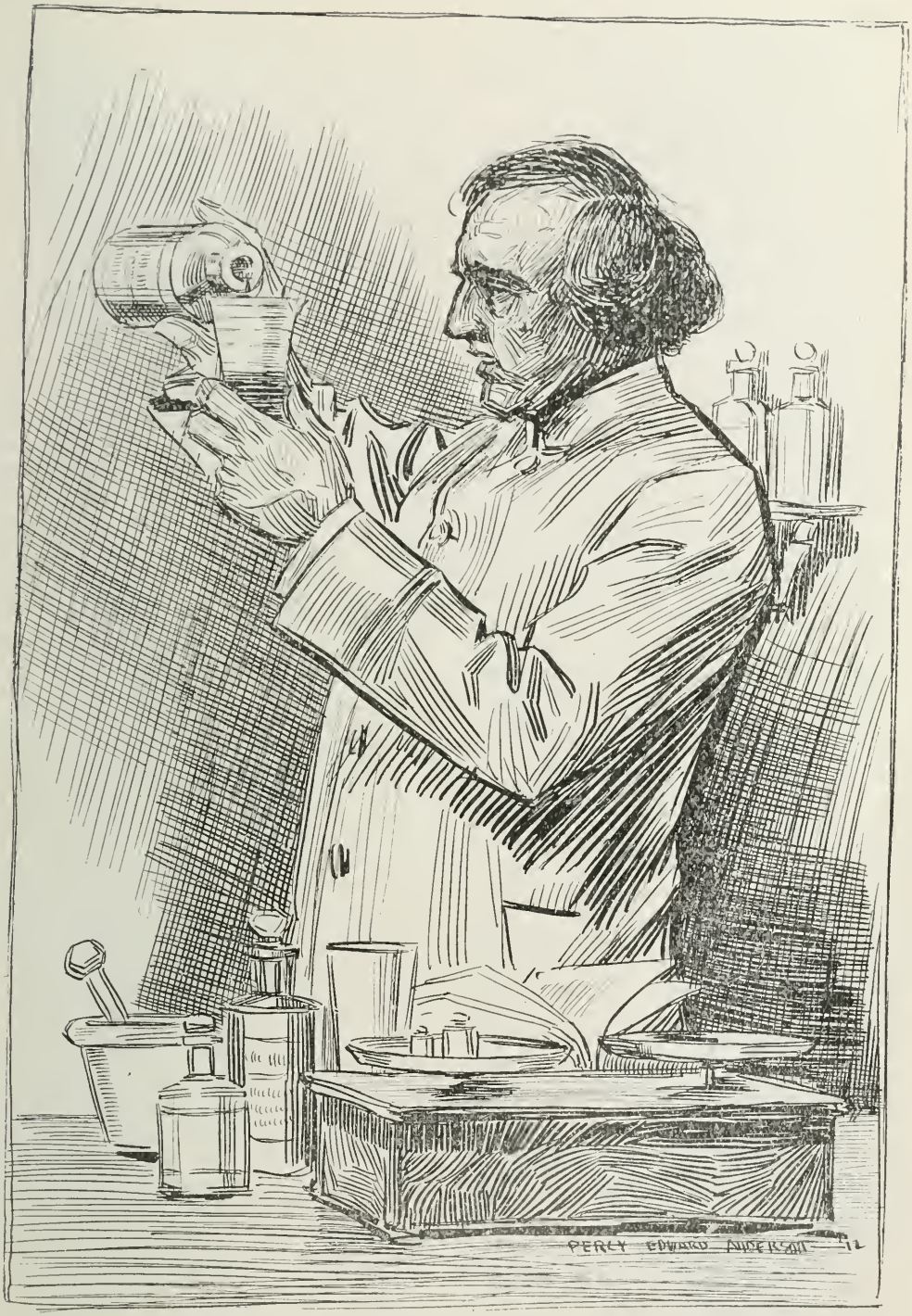
She spoke eloquently, and the doctor regarded her with eyes in which admiration and humor were strangely mingled.

"Begad, my dear," he said, "you needn't tell Isabella of it, but I wish I stood in Frank Smith's shoes this minute."

The faces at the orderly-room were a curious study in expression. Dominating them all, was the soldierly, stern countenance of the Commissioner, his clean-shaven jaw square-set, but a hint of puzzlement in his eyes. Major Barton was frankly disappointed and indignant; Jackson, inscrutable. Caron's handsome dark face betrayed nothing of the fear that haunted him—easy, graceful, respectfully nonchalant, he gave his delicately-shaded evidence that was designed to bring Frank Smith to a shameful imprisonment and dismissal with an air of connoisseurship, tempered with a discreet regret. It was at Inspector Jackson's instance that the trial was held, and he was Jackson's servant; yet Constable Smith was his comrade; let the right prevail, said his attitude.

The rest of the faces betrayed nothing but distaste for the affair, and an anxiety to get it over with as soon as possible. Frank Smith watched the Commissioner with expressionless eyes, and when he spoke, his voice had no tone. Further than to say that he had left the hospital on the night of Riel's attempted deliverance, at Inspector Jackson's orders, and had been on post at number three until the time of the alarm, he had maintained a respectful but persistent silence. Between the time of his leaving the hospital and the hour when he came off duty, no one had seen him; and for the interval he would not account. Inspector Jackson had seen him talking with a couple of half-breeds a day or two before the attempt. This he admitted, but explained that they were Little Horse and the Beaver, with whom he had hunted the season before, and whom he had met casually. Caron had seen him running from the direction of number six just after the alarm. This also he admitted, but refused to explain. Among his effects had been found two or three socialistic books, and some clippings dealing favorably with Riel's cause. The evidence was slight, but the defence nothing, and on his own admission he had been off his post during the night. Twelve months imprisonment, and dismissal from the service in disgrace looked him in the face, and he stared back at it unflinching. The Commissioner had his

"BEGAD, MY DEAR," SAID THE OLD DOCTOR JUDICIALLY, "YOU NEEDN'T TELL



ISABELLA OF IT, BUT I WISH I STOOD IN FRANK SMITH'S SHOES THIS MINUTE"

mouth open to say the words, when the door of the orderly room opened, and Edith stepped smoothly in, the doctor beside her, and Larry Devine, still bandaged and leaning on his crutch, following behind.

"One moment, Commissioner," said Edith. She was pale, but her voice was low.

The Commissioner frowned. Such an intrusion was unprecedented, and although he admired Edith personally, he did not approve of woman's mixing themselves in men's affairs. Suffragettes were unknown in the eighties, and St. Paul was still quoted on the whole duty of womankind.

"Another time, my dear Miss Wheelock," he said politely. "We are busy at present. Shall we say this evening at Major Barton's ?"

"Yes ! Run along home, Edith," put in the Major brusquely. "This is no place for you," and he shot an indignant look at the doctor, who returned it unmoved.

But Edith did not budge.

"I am sorry to intrude, Commissioner," she said, "but I have some valuable evidence in this case. If you would do justice to an accused man, do not send me away unheard."

"In this case ?" The Commissioner looked astonished. "But, my dear young lady, what can you possibly know about it ?"

"Then you will hear me ?"

"I beg pardon, sir," said Frank Smith unexpectedly, "but I should much prefer that the young lady should not give her testimony. She is mistaken in thinking she can help me, and—and—I had rather not, sir," he ended lamely, with the Commissioner's keen eyes upon him.

"So-o ?" commented the Commissioner, apparently not noticing Smith's protest and speaking to Edith. "I think we will hear what you have to say. Are the doctor and Constable Devine witnesses too ?"

"Indirectly, yes," returned Edith. "But if it is regular, I should like to tell my story first."

"It is not exactly regular," said the Commissioner, "but in this case I think we can waive the regulations. Proceed, Miss Edith."

How her heart beat ! The pallor of her face had been succeeded by a dark flush that made her beauty more brilliant than ever, and her eyes glowed. But she clung frantically to her self-control. There must be no tears, no nerves, in this ordeal, she told herself, and she spoke slowly, measuring each word before it passed her lips.

"Some years ago, in England," she began, "I knew Constable Smith, and in fact was his fiancee." A stir went around the orderly-room, and every eye turned to the accused, who looked uncomfortably at the knees of his trousers. But Edith went on. "Through a misunderstanding, we lost sight of each other, and it was not until I saw him on duty the afternoon of the runaway that I knew where he was. As you know, he saved my life and that of Miss Barton on that day. That evening I slipped away from Major Barton's, with my mind made up to see him, if only for a moment. You recall the evening, Commissioner ?"

The Commissioner tugged at his mustache. "Yes," he agreed. "Whist party, wasn't it ? Miss Dexter said you were shaken by the afternoon's experience, and had retired. And you went to see him ? Very irregular, Miss Edith."

"Perhaps," she said. "At least, I went. He had refused to see me when I applied at the hospital in the afternoon, and I went there first. I learned that Inspector Jackson had ordered him on duty, and that he was down there by the creek. I went to the creek, and found him."

"Did you realize that if you were found out, it would be a very serious thing for Constable Smith, and for you ?"

"I didn't think much about it at first. But he told me frankly that I must not talk to him, nor he to me; and did his best to make me go back to the Major's. I wouldn't go, and finally, as the quickest way to end the difficulty, he talked with me a few minutes."

"Did you think that he might have

any reason other than the obvious one for trying to make you go back ?"

"No. We talked for ten or fifteen minutes, and after his first attempt to send me home, I think he forgot the danger of discovery."

A little smile ran around the orderly room at this. Smith made a quick movement.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but—"

"That will do," said the Commissioner sternly. "There is no reflection on Miss Wheelock." And the smiles faded out beneath his cold glance.

"I mean," explained Edith, blushing, "that we were both so engrossed in clearing up the misunderstanding which had parted us that we forgot our situation. Constable Smith continued to patrol his post, and I walked along with him, in conversation. Suddenly we heard three shots from some distance away, and a scream, and somebody ordering somebody else to halt."

"What did he say then ?"

"He said, 'Get to the house, Edith—there's trouble afoot."

"Nothing else ?"

"Nothing, except that I should go quickly."

"And you went at once, or did you delay ?"

"At once," Edith was not going to tell about that swift-snatched kiss. "I ran like a rabbit. The whole square was awake, it seemed to me, and I was afraid of being challenged. I heard the bugler sounding the assembly just as I got inside our back gate."

"Did you meet anyone ?"

"No. Once I thought I heard footsteps behind me, but I didn't look to see who it was. I thought afterwards that perhaps Constable Smith might have followed me to see that I got home safely."

The Commissioner interrogated Smith with a glance, and he inclined his head in assent.

"So you see, Commissioner," Edith went on earnestly, "he couldn't have been mixed up in the assault on Constable Devine, because I can account for at least twenty-five minutes directly prior to the alarm, which is just when the assault took place."

Insensibly most of the group had come closer to Edith as she narrated her story, but as it progressed, Caron had drawn quietly away. Now, like a shadow, he moved toward the door; but the doctor interposed a strong leg.

"No, you don't," he said curtly. "I've got something to say toy ou, my man."

"Sacre ! Let go !" hissed Caron, twisting like an eel as the doctor grasped the shoulder of his tunic, and the room turned to the sound of the scuffle.

"Halt !" said the Commissioner sharply. "What is all this ?"

But the doctor was too busy with his quarry to make reply. For once, Caron had lost his nerve and his nonchalance, and with head down and every muscle taut, was making a blind break for liberty. One or two of the officers stepped forward to help the doctor, and Inspector Jackson watched them with impassive eyes. The struggle was brief. Caron fought silently, like a trapped wolverine, but in a moment he was overcome, and stood panting and disheveled, with the doctor's hand on his coat-collar.

"It looks bad for that chap," murmured one of the officers to another. "Why the devil was he in such a hurry to get away ?"

Jackson's eyes narrowed to slits. He believed that he could rely on Caron's fear of him to keep a check on his tongue. Yet, although he had been careful to keep clear of any direct accusation of Smith, and had merely suggested that the constable should offer some explanation of his movements on the night of the alarm, he had no wish to have Caron tell all he knew.

But the Commissioner was repeating his inquiry, and Caron in sullen silence stood listening to the doctor's reply.

"This man came to me, the morning after the alarm, with a plain gunshot wound in his shoulder," explained the doctor, "and now he seems a trifle too anxious to get away."

"Indeed !" said the Commissioner. "I believe Miss Wheelock said that you and Constable Devine also had something to add to the evidence in this case."

"We certainly have," retorted the doctor, "and interesting as Miss Wheelock's narrative has been, I think we will win the prize yet. . . . . Stand still, you French-Canadian body-snatcher," he added, with a shake, as Caron wriggled. The Commissioner could not repress a smile.

"This is indeed an unusual case," he said, "but since we have stretched a point in Miss Wheelock's favor, we will continue to stretch it in yours. Will you inform the court what evidence you have to offer ?"

"Just this," said the doctor. "On the morning after the alarm, this man, Caron, came to my surgery, asking for lotion for his arm. His wrist was badly swollen and discolored, although he stated that the accident had occurred only a few hours earlier. I insisted on seeing the upper part of his arm, and, unwillingly, he stripped off his jacket. There was an unmistakable gunshot wound just below the deltoid muscle. He accounted for it by saying he had been kicked in a fight the day before while on leave of absence in town. However, the wound was still bleeding, and the whole injury showed every sign of having been inflicted about ten or twelve hours earlier—in other words, about the time of the alarm. Later I learned by inquiring that he had not been away from the barracks the previous day. Hospital Sergeant Donovan was present at the time, and spoke to me about it."

"Why did you not report this earlier ?"

"I had an idea that Caron was up to some devilment, and wanted to give him a little more rope to hang himself by. Both Donovan and I have kept a watch on him ever since.

"H'm", said the Commissioner. "Is that all ?"

"It is."

"How did you happen to come over here at the critical moment?"

"I brought him, Commissioner," put in Edith quickly. "By accident I heard that Constable Smith was on trial, and I went to the hospital at once to get the doctor and Constable Devine."

The Commissioner looked at this resourceful and prompt young lady with amusement and disapproval mingled on his face.

"Very irregular again, Miss Edith," he said. "How did you happen to know your—er—point of attack?"

The doctor and Edith exchanged glances. "I'm afraid that was rather irregular, too," she answered. "The doctor and I are good friends."

"I see," said the Commissioner. Now what have you to add to this, Devine ?"

"On the night of the alarm, sor," answered Larry, "I saw a man pass me in uniform, but I took him for wan av the Day Guard. I thought it was quare he should be goin' in that direction, so I followed, and saw him wid two others in civies. I thought it was desartin' they were, an' called on them to halt. But the man in the regimentals struck me over the head wid a loaded shtick, "and Larry touched his bandage, "and I wint undher."

"Can you swear that the man who struck you is present ?"

"I cud not, sor. 'Twas mortial dark, and I cudn't see his face."

The Commissioner turned to Sergeant Murphy.

"You took check rounds at what time ?"

"At eleven-fifteen, sir, and reported all present, except the men out on pass. However, there might have been a dummy in Caron's bed, for I did not turn down the blankets."

"If you please, sor," said Devine, addressing the court, "ask him if that is the tunic he had on the night of the shootin'."

"Certainly," said Caron, "it is the same one. Why not ? Death of my life, why not ?" he demanded, suddenly jarred out of his calm, and turning to Devine.

"That will do," said the Commissioner. Sergeant-Major, will you have this man's quarters examined at once, and all tunics there brought to the orderly-room ?"

A mounted policeman's effects are not many, and presently the messenger returned, carrying a second scarlet jacket. In the right sleeve, near the shoulder, was a hole about three inches

square, where a piece of the cloth had evidently been torn out.

"How came you to tear your tunic in that way?" inquired the Commissioner.

Caron's eyes fell. "I don't know," he answered with an attempt at indifference. "I never noticed it particularly before."

"But I did," said Devine, stepping forward, and taking a piece of red cloth from his pocket, "and I have the piece to mend it with. See, sor," he continued, fitting it in the hole. "It matches exactly. It's the same color—the same size—and fits to a hair's breadth."

"What do you mean, Devine?" asked the Commissioner.

"I mean, sor," said Larry, "that I can swear that this is the man who assaulted me, for when he struck me I grabbed him by the coat sleeve and held on so tight that I tore away a piece of the cloth, which I've kept ever since—an' there it is!"

To be continued

THE BANSHEE

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

THE banshee cries on the rising wind
O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!
The dead to free, and the quick to bind—
(Close fast the shutter and draw the blind!)
O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!

Why are you paler, my dearest dear?
O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!
'Tis but the wind in the elm tree near—
(Acushla, hush, lest the banshee hear!)
O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!

See how the crackling fire up-springs
O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!
Up and yet up on its flame-red wings.
Hark how the cheerful kettle sings!
O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!

Core of my heart! How cold your lips,
O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!
White as the spray the wild wind whips,
Still as your icy finger-tips!
O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!

On the rising wind the banshee cries—
O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!
I kiss your hair; I kiss your eyes—
The kettle is dumb; the red flame dies!
Ochone! Ochone! Ochone!

LIKE VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA, ON FIRST BEHOLDING THE PACIFIC, WE WERE SALUTING THE SOUTHERN SEA

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

THIRD PAPER

From the Canon del Salto to the Sea-shore.

THE sun was already high in the heavens when I awoke and found that my tent had disappeared and the camp was cleared away. As I had passed the night without undressing I was soon ready and on hearing the cry of "All on board" I hastened to the boat for fear they might leave me behind. I was still aching all over but felt greatly relieved after a good breakfast. The incidents of the previous day were still the subject of every conversation, and on the boat putting off we all turned instinctively to the canon from which we had so providentially escaped.

For some time yet the rapids followed in succession one upon another and gave us not one moment's repose. An hour after, we arrived at a place called "Paso de la Barita" where a messenger was awaiting us with a letter from Senor Favila in which he warned us not

to venture the passing of the Salto in the boats. The message should have reached us the day before at Balsas, but there was no need for it whatever, as like Lee Stark we ought never to have abandoned the boats. At this spot, the same as farther down at the "Paso de la Goleta" the current intercepts the public road between Guerrero and Michoacan and as the river here cannot be forded on horseback a service of lighters transport travellers and animals from one bank to the other. We later crossed the lands of "El Organal" where an extensive mineral zone commences and embraces the right bank of the river up to Panoa. It is rich in silver and copper. Along this zone the railway from Luznaran will run, which line crossing the river Balsas at that point will extend via La Union to the port of Sihuatanejo. During the morning we came upon a noisy rivulet which supplied us with the crystalline water we were in such need of as the Balsas water continued to come down as dirty as ever. At Ojo de Agua the river widens extraordinarily and from this point down to the sea forms the ancient estuary of Facatula. Just by a *ranchito* situated in a very picturesque spot, its green verdure contrasting so much with the arid soil we passed through all the morning, several canoes full of naked Indians were rushing up and down the river in all directions saluting us with their howls.

The landscape was every moment becoming more enchanting. The river was now quite a hundred metres in width The first breezes from the Pacific began to refresh our heated faces and above our heads flights of pretty *guacamajas* enlivened the scene with their noisy chit-chat. The idea of soon reaching the sea was seducing us, but unfortunately we were going very slowly, the sea-breeze against us contributing to delay our passage. From that moment a gasoline launch would have come in handy and we regretted the want of it. The Sierra was gradually being left behind and on either side only low hills were to be seen tapering down little by little towards the sea shore. The effects of the bar were now being felt to such an extent that there was hardly any current and we could only advance by rowing. In this manner we passed the "Hacienda de Tamamas" and the village of Santiago Facatula, where probably existed the town of the same name established by the Spaniards as the capital of one of their provinces and which disappeared one day, due to an inundation or to some geological phenomenon, leaving no trace behind. A little farther on the river divides into three arms, each one discharging into the sea thereby forming two islands, one of which has an extension of over a thousand hectares (about 2,470 acres). Leaving the French Banana Colony on the right, we took the left arm, the breadth of which is about a hundred and fifty metres, and proceeded to the "Hacienda de San Francisco" situated at a short distance from the bar. Aquatic birds were so abundant that I soon used up all my ammunition. A beautiful pair of brown herons fell to one shot alone. The exuberant vegetation of the banks where palm trees and banana plantations stood out, transformed the scenery completely. The fresh sea-breeze which filled us with life and vigour, the clean water now in repose due to the weak current, and the coming and going of so many birds, impressed upon the place a seal of originality and of enchantment which I shall never forget. This was the America described to us by our forefathers, not that of the modern traveller who on landing at up-to-date ports experiences the disenchantment of not seeing there any of the reputed beauties. From Hell we had passed into Paradise. In the afternoon we moored at a spot not far from the hamlet forming part of the hacienda where we were to terminate the first part of our excursion. Here we encamped under the shade of *parotas*, cocoanut trees and *cayacos*, which were crowded with parrots and *guacamayas*. Senor Ibarra and I went as far as the hamlet where we were to join the Licenciado Lopez and the engineer Favila. The news that they had not arrived yet somewhat disconcerted us, but we had hopes, not

MEXICAN TYPES OF THE BETTER CLASS, IN THE SQUARE AT LA UNION

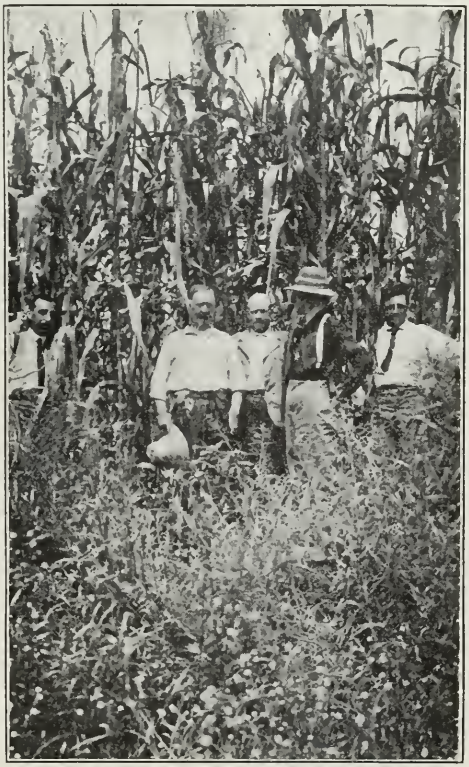
unfounded, that we should meet them at evening. On returning to the camp we found our companions simply being driven mad by the mosquitoes. They even considered the advisability of striking camp and going to an island called, I think, "El Naranjo" (the orange tree) where, we were told, this plague did not exist, but in the end it was decided not to move and go through it all. Emile soon had dinner ready and we all set to with a will as nothing warm had entered our stomachs since the early morning. After this welcome meal each one made the best arrangements for passing the night as well as possible. Ibarra and I chose to try and find something more comfortable at the hacienda, the hamlet appertaining to which being composed only of a shed, of a hut where the Indian keepers lived, and a stable which gave shelter to the happy family of horses, pigs and fowls Speaking of the latter, I should like to mention, in my character as aviculturist, which title and profession I earned when I was still a young man, that all over Mexico I noticed the same type of fowl. From this fact I deduce that when Cortes took the first specimens to New Spain they must have all been of the same breed and certainly the commonest in Spain. The climate has undoubtedly had something to do with modifying them, their plumage being now very fine, but the uniformity of type is to be observed all over the country.

In the Hacienda de San Francisco cotton and tobacco is grown. Under the shed we came upon a good sized stock of the leaf of the fragrant plant. In the same shed we saw some old presses and other utensils inherent to the growing and baling of cotton as also some of the most primitive looking agricultural implements to be imagined. Several "petate" beds (a kind of matting supported in a frame mounted on four legs) two hammocks, a table and three or four benches comprised the whole furniture of the hut. Accommodating myself on one of the beds I thought I should be able to sleep comfortably but I was soon mistaken, as the fleas and mosquitoes began to make a martyr of me. I decided to take refuge in one of the hammocks but from this I was soon ousted by the pigs which were running about everywhere and which now and again introduced their snouts into my hammock, this hanging so low as to almost touch the ground. I was obliged to go back to the bed and by means of a kind of mosquito net which afforded some protection I was able to get some rest at intervals. That nothing might be wanting, even a flight of bats, attracted by the aroma of the tobacco, visited us and passed the night flying to and fro. Their noise woke us up continually. Later on in the night Favila and Lopez arrived with the animals, and from that moment, with the tranquilizing thought that next day we would be able to leave this inhospitable place, I fell into a profound slumber.

From San Francisco to La Union

We were now about to set out on our journey over the interminable plains of Guerrero which, bounded inland by the slopes of the Sierra Madre, reach as far as the "Infiernillo" and to the south west along the Pacific beyond Acapulco, i.e., to the limit of this State with the State of Oaxaca. It is only fair to the reader at this stage to give him some idea of these lands. The coast of Guerrero is divided into two parts, called "Costa Grande" and "Costa Chica." The first embraces from the mouth of the Balsas river, i.e., from the Facatula estuary, to the Acapulco harbor, and the other from this harbor to the boundary of Oaxaca. This belt of level lands, at present for the greater part only virgin forests, has a breadth varying from twenty to fifty kilometres, so that striking an average of thirty-five kilometres and taking the total length of both coasts to be six hundred and seventy-five kilometres, we may calculate a superficie of level land to the extent of 23,000 square kilometres, of which 15,750 correspond to the "Costa Grande" and the remainder to "Costa Chica." The 450 kilometres which separate the Hacienda de San Francisco from Acapulco can be easily travelled in seven or eight days, providing the horses be hardy, are changed often enough and the day's journey be forced, but our mission implied greater detention and its object the study of certain particulars together with the collection of the necessary data, all work which made a rapid itinerary out of the question. For this reason we could not form any projects but departed from the Hacienda de San Francisco without any fixed plan and prepared to spend on the journey as much time as might be necessary. The horses and mules, which at the cost of much trouble and money Favila and Lopez had managed to get together, comprised ten horses and thirty mules, these latter consisting of riding as well as burden animals in charge of eight or ten muleteers. The harness, Canadian type, was brought along by us.

The saddles are different from the Mexican kind in that the Canadian are almost entirely composed of leather while in the Mexican saddles wood predominates. The horn, a kind of front appendix destined to fasten the rope or lasso which forms an integral portion of the Mexican saddle, is in the Canadian pattern smaller and is without the plate so pronounced in the Mexican type. Without this part of the saddle, when an animal is pursued and the lasso is thrown, the hand would be badly hurt. The Mexican cow-boy is singularly clever in winding the rope round this appendix, the loop at the same moment flying in the direction of the animal to be caught and when the rope becomes caught the shock is received by this piece and the hand receives no injury whatever. The Mexican stirrups are similar to the andalusian or jerezanian type or better still like those used by the picadores in a bull-fight. It is of wood or metal and of such shape that the foot is well protected. Both Mexican



OUR PARTY LOOKED LIKE PIGMIES BESIDE THE TALL STALKS OF MAIZE

and Canadian stirrups are suspended by wide leather straps, the length being graduated by means of holes and leather strips thus suppressing buckles of any kind. Both kinds of saddles have pouches or "cantinas" hanging from them. In the Mexican there is also the machete scabbard and in the Canadian we have the rifle case and in some the pistol holsters. The saddle rests upon a cloth which the Indians weave from fibres of a wild plant which from its aspect perhaps belongs to the species of the *comerops* or what is called here *cuaztle*. The Mexican cow-boy guide is a perfect rider. It is a sight to see him with his great felt or straw hat and with his short embroidered jacket, very often made of chamois leather like the trousers, which are tight and which along the outer seam have a thick row of buttons joined together with metal chainlets, very often both buttons and chainlets being of silver. For riding among thickets the cow-boy wears buskins or leather leggings which towards the knee open out in bell shape. Wearing these they have no fear of the worst kind of brushwood. Pack saddles are hardly used in Mexico. The load is placed upon the saddle cloth supplied with rings and strongly tied up with rope. The muleteers wear the typical jarano hat, also short jacket and trousers of linen or cotton and never abandon their machete which they carry resting over the crossed arms. They carry also their cape and shawl. The Indian usually marches barefooted, but on long journeys he will use a kind of sandal which he makes from hide and gives it the shape of the foot, tying it with leather strips which he himself also prepares.

The men brought by Favila were nearly all from the interior and many of them were pintos. The animals were all Mexican and consequently of low stature, light trot, with a lively and high head, long manes and with such delicate mouths that the horses were governed without a bridle and only by means of a simple cord. The mules are also small and preserve something of the Spanish type but degenerated and similar to the Texas species. Such were the elements supplied to us by our good friend Favila. On setting out we could not refrain from giving a last look at the boats we had to abandon in the Balsas river. We had begun to take quite a liking to the frail craft after eight days spent in them. The boatmen in a gang in charge of the pilot Pancho, made the

THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE AND THE HOUSE OF THE JEFE DE PUERTO IN SIHUATANEJO

return journey on foot accompanying us as far as La Union which was on their way. Only Jose, the Indian, retained as private servant to the Colonel, and the guide Efren, whom we had taken a liking to, were retained in the expedition to go with us as far as Acapulco. Almost without any nourishment, as since very early the stove was saddled to the strongest mule, we left San Francisco in the morning immediately the Colonel gave orders to start. The mule column started first with orders to wait for us at a point previously agreed upon. The Colonel with his staff of Canadian experts and the engineer Bond followed next, and then came the boatmen with the ambulance which Don Jose Maria Ortiz offered to us at his mines and which came in so handy for carrying the Colonel to Santo Tomas when he was sun-stricken. We had almost decided to leave it behind but prudence counselled us to take it along for any emergency which might arise. With the Indians rode Emile and Flora, the latter a consummate rider on a spirited horse. The caravan was completed with Mr. Lukes, Senores Ibarra, Lopez, Favila and I, who had the luck to mount a lovely roan cob which its owner, Favila, kindly reserved for me. The day's march was not going to be a long one in view of the impossibility of arriving at "La Union" before night fall and it was decided to pitch camp wherever the Chief might choose. The journey was not very pleasant as we had to proceed almost all the way over by paths surrounded by very scarce vegetation, the soil being very arid and the landscape very reduced and not at all attractive; only on ascending a hill did we descry a blue line through the clear spaces of a wood and towards the south. It was the Pacific Ocean which, although still far away, we caught sight of for the first time, A little farther on and during one of the stoppages of the caravan we even could hear the waves at times. Like Vasco Nunez de Balboa, on first discovering it we were saluting the southern sea. Its breezes came right up to us and somewhat refreshed the atmosphere. If it were not for the sandwiches the good Emile had placed in each saddle bag, and without the water each one had collected for himself, we should have had a very bad time, nobody remembering that we had to take some food and consequently we were feeling somewhat faint. Halfway through the

ONE OF THE STREETS OF A SEA-PORT TOWN. THE HOUSES ARE PICTURESQUE IN APPEARANCE

afternoon we came to the rancheria Furena, which like the surrounding country is the property of the Licenciado Lopez who accompanied us. A fine *parota* gave shade to a large part of the square and around this tree we established our camp. The neighboring rivulet was taken advantage of by several comrades for enjoying good refreshing baths and its crystalline water was greatly welcomed for quenching the terrible thirst we were suffering from. Emile indemnified us for the failing lunch and prepared a relishing dinner. Flora occupied herself meanwhile in doing some washing in the river and in patching up some rents in our clothes, but after this she still found time to make use of her strong fists to frighten away some of the Indians who dared to make fun of her and more than one of them felt the weight of these extremities of hers. The poor girl had up to the present really carried out her promise to be faithful to us and hardworking, She had given no reason for complaint of any kind and it was not surprising that we were pleased to have her in our company.

The rancheria Furena comprises some ten or twelve huts inhabited by as many families who are in the employ of Lopez, whose lands we had not yet abandoned. In one of these huts I could admire the complete picture of a Mexican Indian family. The head of this family was an octogenarian, a perfect type of the ancient race. His tanned black skin contrasted with the few white curly hairs still remaining to him. His angular features, his somewhat flat nose with enormous nostrils, his bulky lips and jet-black lively eyes, corresponded to the old native race which formerly inhabited this part of the country. The old man was of middle stature. The backs of his hands were black and the palms of a somewhat light rose color like the soles of his feet. He was busily engaged in repairing baskets in which pursuit his horny hands still showed great dexterity. His aspect was that of a savage and he appeared to be rather distrustful, for his replies to our questions were curt and tardy. Patriarch of those tribes, he must have been the common stem of several of the families mentioned. In the same hut lived his daughter who in turn was the mother of two young girls, also mothers of several children. Great-grandfather of several of the youngsters playing and running about naked, he would now

WE SAID GOOD-BYE TO THE BOATS AND EMBARKED ON HORSEBACK WITH A CERTAIN REGRET

and again take one up in his arms to caress him. One of the young girls was nursing a new-born babe and as she held another baby in her arms I asked her whether they were twins—

"No, Senor," she replied "that one belongs to the other girl, who is unable to nurse and I am nursing it for her."

The girl in question could not be more than eighteen years of age. I was affected at such magnanimity and stimulated her action with a small present. The other sister now came along with a kind of bread made from the husk of some fruit, probably a pumpkin, and at the sight of it all the children crowded round her and with great glee sat down as she placed it on the ground and it was a sight to see them putting their fingers in, then sucking them and very soon finishing up the jocoque it contained. At nightfall I accompanied Ibarra, Favila and Lopez to one of the huts which, recently built and not yet inhabited, was fairly clean. We arranged our camp beds here and really we were better off than in our small tents. We passed the night in a profound sleep only disturbed at times by the fear of receiving a bite from some insect of the many species which abound in these parts. The Colonel had given orders to be up and off before day-break, but although these instructions were intended to be complied with, it was not such an easy matter as the Chief thought. In this climate cattle are not shut up at night, but let loose in the enclosure and so the horses and mules had been set free since our arrival to enjoy the fine and abundant pasture at their disposal. Hence, when still dark, we attempted to saddle them, they all ran away in every direction, kicking at any one who approached near enough. The darkness prevented a proper use of the lasso and only as the day broke were the cow-boys able to catch them again. This unexpected incident delayed our departure quite two hours, but on the other hand gave us time to eat a good substantial breakfast. For my part I may mention that, taught by the experience of the day before, I ate with a will and even put away in my bags all I could lay my hands upon in view of contingencies. The caravan marched in the same order as yesterday, but this time with the baggage at the rearguard, because, having to pass the night in La Union and consequently not needing to camp out it was of no importance if that part of the caravan

THE FORT AT SAN DIEGO AT ACAPULCO IS BUILT TO WITHSTAND ALL COMERS

arrived later than we. Nothing happened to disturb the normality of the day's journey. On the contrary, the monotony of the scenery and the excessive heat made the time pass very heavily. We marched during several hours through the mining zone, which begins in lands of Tepehuaje and extends to the copper mines of Colmeneros which we passed at some distance. At three o'clock our passage was stopped by a big river in proximity to La Union and to reach this town it was necessary to wade it. This operation was not altogether without some difficulty as much water came down and the current was rather strong. As from my childhood I was accustomed to wade the river near a property I possess in Cataluna I was the first to venture into the river with my horse, the rest followed and with more or less of a wetting we all joined again safely on the other side. We were now at La Union where it was our good luck to meet with some comfort and enjoy some much needed rest.

To be continued

THE TRUMPET CALL

BY RICHARD SELFE

THE sky was tinged with blue and grey,
And, on the Eastern hills,
I saw the eagle leave his nest,
Twice proudly shake his feathered crest,
Then take himself to flight.

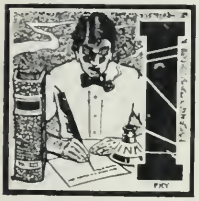
Beneath me, out upon the plain
The white encampment lay
Asleep; and pacing at his post,
The sentry glided like a ghost,
Half hid by morning mist.

Reveille ! from the snowy tent
The trumpeter appeared,
Then from the trumpet's burnished throat
I heard the clear resonant note,
That echoed in the hills.

As though by touch of magic wand,
I saw the camp alive.
I heard the kettle drum's tirade.
I saw the horse and foot parade.
The summer night was gone.

SALVATOR ALICIA

BY RAYMOND·LE·BLANC



I AM a journalist, though not attached to the staff of any paper. I am an independent writer—a free lance — writing only when it pleases me to write; writing only what it pleases me to write; and writing only for such papers as it pleases me to write for—generally those that return me most for my copy.

I have said that I write only when it pleases me to write: I will amplify that statement by saying that it "pleases" me to write, and write hard, for ten months each year. For I like three decent meals each day, and a pipe or two of decent tobacco each night of the year; and in my case these things, with, perchance, a coat and hat thrown in, can be obtained only at the price of ten months' hard writing. But if I write hard for ten months of the year, there are two months during which I never set pen to paper; for I must have a month's fishing in the spring, and a month's shooting in the autumn, though the heavens fall—or my chronometer be lent to my uncle. So, when the alders are budding, and the wild roses are unfolding their delicate pink petals; and, again, when the maples are like houses covered with burnished gold, and the threshing machine is dodging about from farm to farm, and the grouse and pheasants are plump and pretty, I throw aside my pens and paper and, gathering together my camping paraphernalia, betake myself to the ancestral home of my brethren of the long pedigree, where for a short—oh, how short!—time the savage reigns supreme.

I had just returned to town, after my customary month with the rod, and felt as fit as a game-cock on the eve of his first battle. Of course, my first duty on reaching home was to adjourn to the Club and report my safe arrival, relate my experience of the past month, and, incidentally be bored to death by a few veteran Waltons who never lost an opportunity of telling us all about the monster fish they had landed, many years before, in those same waters from which I had just returned; so, having changed my travelling costume for something more in keeping with cut glass and electric lights, I sauntered leisurely down to the corner of Beacon Avenue and Barrie Street.

The Club was all but deserted, as well it might be; for it was the time of the year when most of the members were out of town, and the time of the day when it was just too dark to read without a light, and just too early to turn on the juice. I pushed open the billiard-room door and looked in. The only occupants were Jenkins, the marker, and a member named Williams —a casual painter-poet sort of chap who spent his days for the most part riding about the country on a bicycle, or rowing among the islands in the Gulf of Georgia in search of "impressions."

"Don't you never read the papers, Mr. Williams?" I heard Jenkins say, as I thrust my head inside the swing door. "There was a report of it in the 'Erald."

"Yes, I know," replied Williams.

"I read that report, but it conveys no information to me. What I want from you is that mass of little details connected with the affair which you alone can furnish. Now, won't you—"

I coughed, and was about to retire, for I did not wish to interrupt what seemed to me to be an important conversation.

Williams turned and saw me.

"Hello, Dalston," he exclaimed. "Glad to see you. I didn't know you were back....Here, don't go. Come over here and help me draw Jenkins. He has a splendid story up his sleeve; but, pull as I may, he won't budge."

I crossed the room, helped myself from the proffered cigarette case, and took a seat on the corner of a table.

"Well, what's it all about ?" I asked.

"Oh, something about his having ridden into the sea to save a girl from drowning," replied Williams.

"That's the yarn, is it ?" said I. "I overheard the brakeman on the train I came in by saying that a friend had told him that another fellow had told him that a chum of Jenkins' had told him that in order to pay off an old score he had sent Jenkins tearing down Bazan Avenue on a bicycle without a brake, and that he had coasted clear into the sea, and was nearly drowned in consequence. Capital joke, wasn't it?" I knew how to draw Jenkins, if Williams didn't.

Jenkins looked at me as black as thunder.

"A 'capital joke' you calls it, Mr. Dalston ? Well, sir, a-beggin' of your pardon, I will say that if ever you finds yourself in a similiar perdicerment I'll bet you'll think that you are bein' favored with the wrong end o' the fun." And by that I knew I had him.

I slid from my perch and approached him. "Tell me the story," I said, holding out a two-dollar bill. "Perhaps when I know the exact truth I shall be inclined to regard it more seriously."

He looked wistfully at the note, then suspiciously at me.

"Oh, no, you don't, Mr. Dalston," said he. "I'm on to that game. Some time ago a gent, whose name I ain't a-goin' to mention," (he glanced in the direction of Williams, and that gentleman discreetly withdrew) "boned me for a yarn and, as you're a-doin' now, 'e gave me a tip—only 'is was one dollar instead of two. Well, sir, I told 'im the yarn, and I'll be 'anged if I didn't see the same yarn in a magazine about three months afterwards, with my bold gent's name at the top as large as life. 'E tried to disguise it by addin' in a lot of things that I hadn't told 'im, but 'e couldn't fool me that way. The worst of it was that I 'ad to stand by and 'ear the gentlemen all a-complimentin' 'im on the clever story 'e'd written, without bein' able to say a bally word in protest. Oh, I was mad enough to fight, I can tell you. So I says to myself, says I: 'All right,' —ahem !— 'Mr. White; I ain't a-goin' to tell *you* no more stories, you bet I ain't.' But I'll tell you what I'll do, sir. If you want to hear this yarn for your own amusement I'll tell it for the two dollars you are offering me; but if you're a-goin' to write it up for the papers, why then I wants five, and not one sou markee less."

I replied in effect that the writing up of all the interesting things I saw and heard was my principal business in life, and that if I found his story above the commonplace I should most certainly make printer's copy of it. "So take this two now," I concluded, "and if I publish this story I'll pay you the remaining three when I receive the publisher's cheque. So fire away; and I want no lies, remember." For I am most jealous of my reputation, and would rather go to jail than have my name associated with any canard.

"Right you are, sir," he said. "I'll give you the genuine dope. And 'ere goes:—

"About two weeks ago I took the notion into my 'ead that I'd learn to ride the bicycle, so a week ago last Sunday afternoon, as I was takin' a walk down town with Gerry McLaughlan—"

"Do you mean the little fiery-headed Cockney who does the firing at Ross's mill ?" I interrupted, forgetting for the moment that Jenkins also was red haired and a Londoner.

There was a fine note of resentment

"SLOW DOWN!" HE YELLED "YOU'RE A-GOIN' FASTER THAN THE LAWR ALLOWS"

running through his answer, but that, under the circumstances, was pardonable.

"Yes, sir. But don't you never go for to call *'im* a fireman, 'cause 'e thinks 'e's a engineer. In fact, 'e thinks 'e runs the whole bloomin' mill."

"All right, Jenkins," I said. "I'm not likely to call him anything. But I've heard a little about the gentleman, and if his little finger is in this pie it should be a veritable *pate de Strasbourg*. But go ahead."

"Well, sir," he continued, "as I was a-walkin' down town with Gerry I says to 'im, 'Gerry,' says I, 'I'm a-goin' to learn to ride the bicycle, and as you're a crack rider I want to ask you if you'll gimme some pointers ?'

" 'That I will, with pleasure, old man,' said he. 'Tell you what,' 'e adds, after a pause, 'I've a great scheme.'

" 'What's your great scheme ?' I asked him.

" 'Why,' says 'e, 'we'll go to the Clarkson Cycle Depot right now and 'ire a bike—you paying for it, of course. I'll ride it out to Bazan Park, and you can go out by train. We'll stay there all the afternoon and you can learn to ride; then when it's time to come 'ome you can ride the bike back, and I'll come back by train.'

" 'First rate scheme,' I said. 'I wonder I 'adn't thought o' that myself.' So down we goes to the shop together and I gave 'im the money to 'ire a bicycle with and sent 'im in.

"In a little while 'e came out with a fine-looking machine—'You cut across to Queen Street, and take the first car for the Park. You'll find me on Cupid's Walk,' 'e said, as 'e jumped on the bike and rode off.

"When I got to Cupid's Walk I found my bold Gerry there all right. 'E was a ridin' around to kill time—cuttin' all sorts o' fancy capers and so on. 'Now, then, Mr. Jenkins,' I says to myself, 'you're a-goin' to do some fancy ridin' yourself afore night.' And I did; but that's neither 'ere nor there. As it was early there wasn't many people in the park; and the only person there was on Cupid's Walk besides Gerry and me was a small boy with a kite.

" 'I'm glad there's nobody about,' I

says to myself,' 'cause I'm sure to get a fall off or two to start with. . . Get that bicycle, Gerry, and gimme a show!'

" 'Right y' are, old man,' says 'e, a ridin' up to where I stood and droppin' off as graceful as an 'arlequin. ' 'Ere you are, Jenksie; just the wheel for learnin' on. Just a plain, strong machine. No coaster-brakes nor any o' them modern contraptions to monkey with. Them things are all very well for old stagers like myself who understands 'ow to use them; but they are bad for a beginner. On you get.'

" ' 'Ow many 'ops is it, three or four ?' I asked 'im, as I grabbed the 'andles and set my foot on the step.

" 'As many as you like, old man,' 'e replied, 'Away you go.' And away I did go. Afore I knew what was up I was lyin' on the lawn, with the bicycle on top o' me.

" 'Keep off the grass!" screamed the kid with the kite. Impident young monkey! I made '*im* keep off the grass. I believe 'e's a runnin' yet.

"Try 'er again,' says Gerry, tryin' 'ard to keep a straight face. 'You'll do better next time.'

"I tried 'er again and did worse; for I fell in the middle o' the macadam, and peeled about a square inch o' bark off my boko. 'I'm afraid I'll 'ave to give it up, Gerry,' said I, a-moppin' the claret off my beak. 'I don't think cyclin' is just the thing I need for my 'ealth.'

" 'Nonsense, old man,' said 'e; 'don't be a coward. I was 'alf killed a dozen times afore I learned.'

" 'I won't mind tryin' again, if you'll 'old the machine, 'I said.

" 'I'll do that all right,' 'e said. 'On you get.'

"I got on and got started, with 'im a-pushin' and shoutin' instructions to me. 'Don't look at your feet,' 'e 'ollered: 'look ahead—'way ahead. . . Always turn the 'andles to the side you're fallin' on—that throws the machine the other way. . . . . Don't press on the pedals when they're comin' up. . . . . Watch what you're a doin' of. . . . .There you go, you clumsy beer-tank.' There was a wobble, a flop, and I was in the middle o' the road again.

" 'Now look here, Jenksie,' said 'e, when I'd got on my feet again, 'it's clear you can't learn on this walk. You see, the trouble with a beginner is that 'e can't drive the machine and steer too. You ought to be at the top of a nice little 'ill, so's the bike would run itself, and then you could devote all your attention to the steerin.' What say you to Bazan Avenue ?'

" 'I'm game,' I said, for by this time I'd made up my mind that I'd ride that bicycle afore night, or bust in the attempt. So off we started.

" 'Now, as you know, sir, Bazan Avenue is a mile long, and runs from the top o' the 'ill down to the water, where the little boat wharf is. It is very straight, and it is very smooth; but it is a long way from bein' very level, because the top where you start —that is, where I started, is a hundred feet or so nearer 'eaven than the bottom. Well, sir, we got there and I mounted the bicycle and made a start, Gerry a-guidin' me and givin' me encouragement. 'Now, you just keep cool and don't get rattled, and you'll be all right,' 'e said. 'You're a-doin' fine. You'll be fit for the amateur cent'ry afore night.' And I did think as 'ow I was all right, for you see, sir, I was a-goin' down 'ill and 'e was a steadyin' o' me, so it was easy enough to be all right.

" 'Do you think you can manage 'er alone now ?" 'e asked me, after 'e'd been pushin' for a bit.

" 'Yes,' I said. 'Leggo.'

" 'Keep your eyes afore you, and give 'er 'er 'ead,' was 'is partin' shot, as 'e gave me a final push as would a-done credit to a shuntin'-engine.

"Give 'er 'er 'ead! There was no need to. She bloomin' well took it. The 'arder I pulled back on them 'andles, the faster she went. And what was worse, I couldn't keep the front wheel straight. At last I did what I'd often seen crack riders do when a-goin' down 'ill — I took my feet off the pedals and put them on to the steps what sticks out on each side o' the front wheel. It worked like a charm, for she went as straight as an arrow after that. I was now a-rushin' like the wind down that 'ill. My 'at blew

off, and there was my hauburn locks a-wavin' in the breeze, as the poets say; but that's neither 'ere nor there. About 'alf way down I passed a cop.

" 'Slow down !' 'e 'ollered. 'You're a-goin' faster than the lawr allows.' But I 'adn't time to answer 'im.

"I was a-goin' faster than the lawr allows sure enough. Why, sir, I was a-coverin' the ground like a runaway engine.

"A bit further on I met Dicky Scott and 'is gal acomin' up the Avenue with a tandem: She was a-ridin' and 'e was a-walkin' behind and shovin' the machine. 'Put on your brake, old chap,' I 'eard 'im say as I rushed past them, at which the lady did a grin.

"Brake ! There was no bloomin' brake on the machine.

"I was by this time very near the end o' the avenue, and goin' like

" 'ELP ! 'ELP ! I'M A-DROWNIN'," SHE CRIES, A-KICKIN' UP A FUSS

greased lightning, when I 'appened to look ahead, and, Lord ! there was the wharf, not twenty yards away. 'You're in for it this time, Mr. Jenkins,' I thought. 'You're a-goin' to get your neck broke first, and then get drownded afterwards.' But I 'adn't much time to think, for the next instant I was rumblin' over the planks. I felt a shock as the front wheel struck the kerb at the edge o' the wharf, and the next thing I knew I was in the middle o' the Gulf o' Georgia, with about a gallon of it inside o' me.

"Well, sir, you'd a' laughed to a' seen me tryin' to extricate myself, for I was all tangled up among the parts o' the bicycle, which, to my surprise, was afloating like a cork; but I soon remembered as 'ow that was due to the 'ollow toobin' and the pneumatic tyres. When I'd got straightened out and got my breath, as it were, I 'eard a female voice to seaward o' me, and on lookin' round in that direction what should I see but a gal a-strugglin' in the water about forty yards further out.

" 'Elp, 'Elp ! I'm a-drownin'!' she cried, a-beatin' the water and kickin' up such a fuss that you'd' a' thought she was a-tryin' to drownd 'erself.

" 'Ave courage, Miss ! I'll be with you in a minute,' I 'ollered, as I struck out for 'er, a-pullin the bicycle after me.

" 'It is awfully good of you, sir, to come to my rescue,' she said when I'd got 'er 'anging on to the bicycle.

" 'Don't mention it, miss; it is nothing,' I replied, a-doin' the perlite, and making a grab for my 'at, which was not there to be grabbed. 'You see, miss, I was a-ridin' down the avenue when I observed you in the water, in danger of bein' drownded. Of course I immediately concluded that it was my duty to save you; so, as I was a ridin' a little too fast to stop with safety I just rode straight into the water, so's to save time. I can assure you, miss, it's a very small matter indeed where the life of a young and 'andsome lady is at stake.' There's nothing like a bit of blarney in a case o' the kind.

" 'Oh, you brave, gallant, gentleman !' she exclaimed, a-tryin' to scramble over the bicycle and get at my neck. ' 'Ow can I ever repay you?'

" 'By keeping perfectly still at present,' I replied, with a very serious face. 'See, there's a boat a-comin' round the point yonder; and if this bicycle will but keep afloat for a few minutes more we'll be on terra firma before we're much older.'

"Well, sir, to make a long story short, we was picked up and landed, very little the worse for our unexpected baths. You see, sir, she'd been a-gallivantin' around the boat wharf (waitin' for the arrival o' the very boat what picked us up), in all the glory of 'er spring finery, when she stumbled

and fell overboard, and as there was not a livin' soul around just then—but, there, I shouldn't ought to say much about it.

"Afore we parted she took my address, and gave me 'ers, and said that she'd send her father to thank me in person. 'E came that same evening in 'is automobile and took me off with 'im to 'is house, where I was made no end of a fuss of. Of course 'e offered me a cheque, but I quietly declined it with thanks. Then 'e wanted to know 'ow 'e was to reward me for the great service I'd rendered 'im; and I told 'im that the honor of 'aving saved the life of the beautifullest lady in British Columbia, and the pleasure of becoming acquainted with so noble a gentleman as 'isself was reward enough for ten times the service.

" 'Begad, sir,' said 'e, seizing my 'and and squeezin' it, 'yours is a truly noble spirit. Who says that chivalry is a thing of the past? Begad, sir, there's as noble an army of knights-errant in the world to-day as there ever was in any age. But merit should not be allowed to go unrewarded. A billiard-marker, I think you said? Not so bad either; but I think you should fill a higher sphere. I began as a pot-boy in the Old Country myself, and what am I to-day? Independent, with three hotels and four saloons bringing me in a lordly income. There is no reason why you should not rise above your present station; but we shall see, we shall see. And in the meantime, Salvator Alicia,' (whatever 'e meant by that), 'remember that this house is open to you at all times, and in all seasons.'

"I've been a constant visitor at that 'ouse ever since, and it's been Mr. Jenkins 'ere, Mr. Jenkins there, and Mr. Jenkins everywhere; so much so that only last night (you'll maybe think I've the cheek o' the devil, but I believe in striking while the iron's 'ot) I made bold to ask the young lady if she wouldn't like to 'ave the name o' Jenkins about the 'ouse all the time; and to tell you the truth, sir, she didn't say 'No.'

"One o' the old gent's pubs is situated out Springfield way, and it's to be vacant soon. The old man and me had a long confab over that pub last night, after I'd told 'im about a conversation I 'ad with the gal shortly before, and I might say, sir, as 'ow the preliminaries is all settled."

"All very fine," I remarked. "But as to the rescue part of it; haven't you been drawing largely on your imagination?"

For answer he fished out a large pocket-book, and took therefrom a card on which was neatly pasted a cutting from a newspaper.

"Read that, sir," he said, in an injured tone. "It's from the Clarkton 'Erald of Monday, May— 191—".

I took the card and read the following:—

"Gallant rescue by a cyclist.

"Yesterday afternoon while enjoying a spin on his bicycle down Bazan Avenue, Mr. William Jenkins, of the staff of the Bohemian Club, observed a lady in the water, in imminent danger of being drowned. Quickly realizing the situation he decided to go to her rescue, and as he was riding too fast to dismount on the instant he boldly rode on to the boat wharf at the end of the avenue and into the water, where, with the assistance of his wheel, which acted as an excellent life-buoy, he succeeded in keeping the lady afloat until a boat arrived on the scene, into which they were taken and safely conveyed to shore.

"The lady is Miss Alicia Jeanette, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Smythe, of 'The Laurels,' Springfield Road.

"Comment on such heroic conduct is unnecessary."

"A most extraordinary story," I observed as I returned the card.

"Extraordinary it is, sir," he replied warmly. "And after all I think as 'ow it is a capital joke—on Gerry. 'Cause you see, sir, I've learnt since that the lady I rescued, and who is soon to be Mrs. J., is the very gal what 'e was a breakin' 'is bloomin' neck a-tryin' to mash. But it's all off with 'im now; for Mister William Jenkins is, as the society swells says, the lion of the moment."

THE THAMES AT CLIVEDEN, THE PRESENT HOME OF WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR

The Thames by Canadian Canoe

By Agnes Deans Cameron

Author of "The New North."

Illustrated from Photographs

What better place than this then could we find,
By this sweet stream that knows not of the sea,
That guesses not the city's misery,
This little stream whose hamlets scarce have names,
This far-off, lonely mother of the Thames.
—William Morris.

TO A Canadian whose whole life has been spent in the vastness of the West, the lonely places of the North, the first great marvel of England is its exquisite beauty; the second is the accessibility of its every corner; the third (shall I dare?) is the scanty knowledge which the average English brother has of the highways of his own land. The cabman who drove us from Windsor to Stoke Poges got hopelessly tangled up in the country-lanes, and when I excused him with, "I suppose you are new to these roads," (it is not an hour's drive from Windsor to "Gray's Elegy!") he replied, "Yes, this is not my country." Some evil spirit made me probe further,—"Where *were* you born, and brought up?" Proudly came the reply, "A matter o' ten mile from here."

Without doubt, the best way to "do" the Thames is not by motor, far less by train, least of all by that abomination of the Evil One, a motor-cycle; the ideal way is by a Canadian canoe which you hire in Oxford, and have sent up by land to Crickdale. This River Thames, which we have read about all our lives, at whose mouth like

a great ganglion has grown up the largest city the world has ever known, is not very long when measured in Canadian terms. From source to sea the Thames is approximately no longer than the distance between Calgary and Edmonton or between Macleod and Medicine Hat, or between Revelstoke and Ashcroft. Where we launch our canoe at Cricklade the infant Thames is barely thirty feet wide; at Lechdale it has widened to twice that distance from bank to bank.

Through the years and the centuries, English people have learned to be kind to the younger brothers of the race. In this wondrous land even the wild things are tame. We paddle so quietly as scarcely to disturb a feeding coot; a motherly moor-hen cocks at us a friendly eye and goes on with her morning ablutions. There are trout, here, too, in these headwaters of the Thames, but they are, to use the English phrase, "strictly preserved." At Lechdale it would cost us sixty cents

THE UPPER REACHES OF THE THAMES ARE BEAUTIFUL WATERS FOR THE ADVENTUROUS CANOEMAN

There are literally thousands of rivers in Northern Canada, big enough to put the Thames into their pockets, which are marked on no maps, have no mention in Ottawa blue-books. But I doubt if we can show any stream more beautiful than this in its earliest reaches as it slips by from sunny meadow to sleepy woodland, its bank rich in bird-life and fringed with flowers. We paddle in to the bank, and without tying up gather great bunches of purple loosestrife, and meadow-sweet, and big ox-eye daisies.

a day to try our luck with a rod and reel. As the solemn inn-keeper, who seems to be the Lord High Issuer of Fishing Privileges in this spot, explains to us the length of the trout we would be allowed to take if we paid our sixty cents and the exact length of the rod and the line with which we would be permitted to do our execution, we fairly ache to have him with us on the Athabasca in June, or on the Straits of Fuca when the salmon are running freely. We would like to show him what fishing really is! Poor man, he

doesn't know, he doesn't even suspect.

At Buscot Lock begins the low range of the Berkshire hills, and on the other side of the river we pass Kelmscott with all its associations of William Morris, and his endeavors to have the great mass of the English people live in more beautiful and really artistic homes. At Newbridge, the River Windrush enters; the bridge which gives its name to the hamlet was "new" in the lively times of the Second Edward when English ambition encountered the stubbornness of the Scot at Bannockburn, and vicious Gaveston held evil sway. We notice that all along this upper Thames the road is far off from the bank of the river; floods are evidently feared.

At Bablock-hithe, or Bablock-ferry, we are on classic water. The old punt with its chopping rope which takes passengers from one side of the river to the other, is the identical one in which Matthew Arnold placed his elusive Scholar-Gypsy; it hasn't been painted since Arnold saw it. If we might hazard a doubt, the old ferryman since then has "used no other" soap! Here at the ferry we are only four miles to Oxford by road, but it is fully twelve by the river which in this stretch indulges in some great juggler-like contortions. Five miles from Bablock-hithe, flowing in under Eynsham bridge, the Evenlode, the last of the Cotswold-born branches, merges its waters with the Thames.

We tie up at Bablock-hithe on the right bank and take a delicious walk to Cumner, Sir Walter Scott's Cumnor, Amy Robsart's Cumnor, Matthew Arnold's Cumner. It is all so exquisitely beautiful that a misplaced vowel more or less is the last thing in the world that anyone can make us quarrel over, this incomparable evening. We prefer to remember that it was Matthew Arnold who said that a landscape without water was as dull as a room without a looking-glass! Surely no one knew the pellucid pools, the magic mirrors of the Thames better than he.

Below the Evenlode, we make shore

THE RIVER WEY, A FEEDER OF THE THAMES, AT WEYBRIDGE

again at Godstow Lock, pull up the canoe, and hire our room for this night at an inn called "The Trout." It is a good place to stay and quite near to the ruins of Godstow Nunnery where Fair Rosamond ("*Rosa Mundi non Rosa Munda*") ended her days. One of us remembers the story and tells it to the others after supper in the cozy sitting-room of "The Trout," where we have persuaded the astonished landlord that a fire in summer is not necessarily the request of a dangerous lunatic. Individualism in England is not allowed easy play, as any future Canadian putting up at "The Trout," at Godstow, will find out for himself!

Well, to Rosamond. Henry the Second, the first of the Royal Plantagenets, far back in the twelfth century, is journeying down from Carlisle. He stops, not at "The Trout," but at Godstow Nunnery. After his supper, he asks who is the prettiest girl in the whole cloistered school. After animated discussion and much fluttering in the holy dove-cote, there is brought in the daughter of Walter, Lord Clifford, Baron of Herefordshire. Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the King! Henry Plantagenet proved susceptible to her rare beauty, and formed an alliance which church and society both seemed to smile upon or at least tolerate. It was the jealousy of Henry's Queen, which, years after, sent Fair Rosamond back to the quiet Godstow shades where the King first found his Rose of the World.

To a Canadian, spoiled by a life's

MARLOW, A TYPICAL VILLAGE OF THE UPPER REACHES OF THE THAMES

creed that there are only two fish worth taking with a rod—a trout and a salmon—the whole story of Thames fishing is most interesting. The landlord at Godstow will give us a fishing license for ten cents a day or sixty cents a week, advice thrown in. It seems the pike is the great treasure to be sought in just this bit of water. They run big, and a local record of the catch running back almost to the days of the Conqueror is kept. Dr. Turrell, of Oxford, has caught the biggest Godstow pike ever got by "spinning". For

this trick you use a short rod of split cane with a big free-running reel. The line (a No. 2) is an undressed one with a short gut attached. The spinning bait is a spoon which revolves on a wire centre independently of the hooks. Dr. Turrell's pike, about which they will talk for fifty years to come, weighed twenty-six pounds — what Dirty Dick at Pike Lake, Vancouver Island, would call "a sizable fish".

But down the river there is mettle more attractive. Godstow Lock gives us our first glimpse of Oxford, a fairy-like view. We remember Arnold's lines:

Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-night,
She needs not June for beauty's heightening.

At Folly Bridge (surely an odd name for the portal of England's great temple of learning!) we reach the Christ Church meadows, beautiful and fair, and below these spy as we pass the shady sanctuary of the Cherwell. It is our privilege on a subsequent journey to spend a week-end with Mrs. Haldane in her home on the Cherwell, a home where the Rhodes Scholars of Canada and the Empire have found most kindly welcome, but, as Kipling says, that is another story.

There may be canoeists doing the Thames from head-waters to London who are strong-minded enough to look at Oxford from the water and pass by without landing, but we are not of them. We tie up at Christ Church Meadows, and walk up under an archway into St. Aldate's Street, which, for some reason too subtle for the Canadian brain to follow, must be pronounced "*St. Old's.*" Entering by Tom Gate we have a brief but beautiful look at the exquisite fan-tracery on the staircase of Christ Church Hall. Leaving by the Canterbury Gate, we smell the sweets of the Fellows' Garden of Merton College, girt by a bit of the old city walls of Oxford.

What should a benighted "Colonial" strive to see in half a day in Oxford? It is hard to say. Tastes differ so, as the old lady said when she kissed her cow. If one admires Holman Hunt's

STATELY AND TALL THE GOTHIC PINNACLES OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT RISE ABOVE THE THAMES

"Light of the World" (I do not), it can be found in the ugliest building in Oxford—Keble College. No one should miss the beautiful quadrangles of Jesus College, the Chapel of Trinity, the garden-front of St. John's, the University Galleries with their pictures by Burne-Jones, Turner and Millais. But Magdalen College drew me most.

How shall one try to describe Magdalen, with its grey walls kissed by the Cherwell, its choice cloisters and graceful towers? One can best steal the phrase of that sovereign of England whose ill-fated son lived here much during the Civil War, and who loved Oxford even as his father did. James the First called Magdalen College, "the most absolute thing in Oxford".

To the Canadian cousin it seems odd that throughout the centuries in this law-abiding, law-worshipping England, no set of printed rules has been evolved for the guidance of those who travel the Thames in small boats. By experience (unctuated with anathemas) we learned some of the unwritten laws of the stream. These we reduce to cold print for the readers whom fancy may tempt in our paddle-prints.

1. On the Thames, a pair-oar gives place to a four-oar.
2. A boat (or canoe) going down stream takes a course in mid-river, and keeps outside all boats it meets.
3. A boat meeting another end-on in still water, keeps to the right, as in walking, leaving the boat you pass to the port.
4. A row-boat (or canoe) gives place to a sailing boat.

THE AUTHOR, THE LATE AGNES DEANS CAMERON, AT HAMPTON COURT

Leaving Oxford, and (like Mary) keeping all these things in our heart, we pass Iffley and come to Littlemore, whose small church of St. Nicholas was built by Cardinal Newman. They show us the building, now used as an almshouse, where in 1845 Newman was received into the Church of Rome. In an English village, any building which pleases you particularly by its architectural beauty is most apt to be the Almshouse. On the Berkshire bank, a little way further down, the woods

open out and at the top of a grassy hill we see Nuneham House, the home of the Right Hon. Vernon Harcourt. It is an odd-looking affair—two blocks of grey stone, joined by an immense corridor. Royalty has often been entertained at Nuneham House, but as we are not favored with an invitation, we drop down stream to the ancient town of Abingdon, and put up at the "Crown and Thistle," where Ruskin used to stay.

Abingdon (the town of the Abbey) is a gem in glorious red of its tile and brick-work, and russet and green of its chestnuts. Here the Conqueror delighted to wander, here his son in the monkish shades earned his title of "Fine-Scholar." We can almost see the shadow of the studious Prince passing through the old gate-way and pausing to cross himself before the statue of the Virgin against the Church of St. Nicholas.

At Culham Lock they tell us we can catch chub. It is a shy fish, and rises to the fly, but the fish run small. Culham chub-fishers do not disdain to use bait,—and what ungodly bait! We stop paddling and go ashore to take careful inventory of what the "anglers" (it's a pretty word) are baiting with. Here's the list:—*Worms, insects, paste, cherries, cheese, pith, brains, "gentles," shrimps.* We solemnly aver we have naught extenuated nor set down aught in malice. Shades of the River-Gods! And all this uncleanly mess in the classic shades, on the very river-reaches immortalized by gentle Izaak himself, the Father of Angling.

To get the taste of this out of our senses, we turn to the flowers in which Thames banks are most rich. Ever since we left Oxford, each river-side wall has been covered with ragwort, which a bent crone tells us is sure cure for frenzy. Can it be that its name is corrupted from "rage-wort"? In this bend of the river we seek for and find Arnold's pretty flowers,—

I know what white, what purple fritillaries
The grassy harvest of the river yields.

Here the children call them "crawcups" and in mid-April celebrate a Crawcup-Sunday, just as in Bushney Park they have a Chestnut-Sunday. The rarest flower we find is the snowflake, rejoicing in the pretty local name of "Loddon Lily." An old friend is the same dear pasque flower that we last gathered on the Peace River Trail above Lesser Slave Lake. Here, but not there, the lady-smocks still paint the meadow with delight.

We paddle in-shore at Clifton Hampden for a drink of ale at the old Barley-Mow, the quaintest, most fascinating inn on the Thames. Its roof is humped like a camel, its thatch weeps to the ground, on its red-bricked floor Cavalier and Roundhead stood and drained their glasses as we do. Rest to their souls! At Bensington, lower down, once lived the Chaucers—you pronounce it "Benson". No reason attached! Passing under Moulsford Bridge, we are on the stretch where the Oxford trial eights are rowed.

Mapledurham we reach just as the sun is setting. A streak of gamboge sunlight strikes the moss of a time-stained bridge, a pretty smother of shadow enfolds village and mill, and we realize how exquisitely beautiful it all must have appeared to Warren Hastings at the time of his impeachment when he viewed it from his home of Purley Park on the other side of the river. On we hurry and pass through Boulter's Lock, the "Piccadilly Circus" of the river, and so on to Windsor. Time will not permit us to explore the glories of Windsor nor of Eton, its satellite—each of these claims a day to itself.

Passing Chertsey, we are arrested by the sound of curfew bells. After the curfew, the day of the month is solemnly tolled across the river. And here, before the Thames gets soil of the market-place, we pull the good canoe up on the strand, write "Amen" to our story, and sleep this night in the haunts of Bill Sikes, and where Oliver Twist learned the gentle art of burglary.

Jericho Roses

By Grace Hudson Rowe

Illustrated by
Vatier L. Barnes

THEY stood in the bay-window, looking out at the snow-covered hills that surround Ellerslie, and unconsciously made a pretty picture. She, listening with that eager, graceful attention, which was one of her peculiar attractions, and he, bending deferentially over the little golden head, watching every expression of her changing face, with that slight, very slight smile of his, which said so little, and meant so much.

"They," were Madge Erskine, winning, witching Madge, and Lister Kaye; but I shall have to end this sentence and begin another before I can tell you who he was.

He was an artist and a genius, a poet and a painter, he had run through two handsome fortunes left him by his father and grandfather; he had lived abroad for eight years, and was known in the fashionable worlds of Paris, London, and Vienna; he had been Secretary of Legation at the English and Austrian courts; in short, Lister Kaye was an elegant, accomplished gentleman, and (I am sorry to say) all the more fascinating to Madge's warm, wilful heart because he happened to be poor!

Long ago, when Madge was a fairy elf of twelve years old, Lister Kaye had been a dear and intimate friend of her father's, and hidden away in some of his great portfolios was a sketch of a child's face, with those soft, pathetic, gray eyes, to which nowadays ardent admirers had whispered pretty quotations about "soulful orbs," until their owner almost wished that her eyes were bright purple, or gamboge, or anything equally bizarre and ugly. Madge was an orphan, and an heiress; and her aunt, Mrs. Llewellyn, was a perfect dragon, of whom every one lived in mortal terror, except Madge herself. How in the world Madge got along with her so quietly was a problem to all beholders. Perhaps the old lady had one soft spot in her heart, tough and worldly as it was, and Madge's little fingers held the keys to it. Very much to every one's surprise, Mrs. Llewellyn had

included Lister Kaye among her Christmas guests. I said Mrs. Llewellyn's guests, but that is only by courtesy, for Ellerslie and all its superb belongings was Madge's home, and she loved nothing so much as to fill it full of company, and to surround herself with a circle of brilliant, clever people, for the month before she went into town again.

Sitting over by the grate, the toe of her tiny slipper, with its broad gold buckle, beating restless taps on the hearth-rug, Mrs. Wardour watched the pair in the window with an uneasy sparkle in her blue eyes. Fair Helen Wardour ought to have been contented with the undisguised admiration of all the masculine portion of the guests at Ellerslie; but, sooth to say, there was a crumpled rose-leaf in her cup, and the arch-coquette was more annoyed than she had been in years, because Lister Kaye remained so persistently her friend—and nothing more. Long ago, said malicious Dame Rumor, when the lovely and dangerous Helen was in her first youth and bloom, she had almost made him a captive; but with a sudden turn of fortune's wheel Kaye became penniless, and she married Raymond Wardour, a millionaire, who was old enough to have been her father. Afterward, when fortune smiled capriciously upon Kaye, Mrs. Wardour's heart (or the well-drilled machine which she poetically styled by that name) gave a flutter of disappointment when she heard that his grandfather's death had placed him afloat again. But poor old Mr. Wardour had been gathered to his fathers this four years past, and chance had thrown the pair together at Ellerslie, and there remained sufficient tenderness in the bosom of the veteran coquette to have her plan various traps and pitfalls for Kaye's unwary feet. He appeared so deliciously unconscious of them all that Helen Wardour was puzzled; she could not quite believe that he was proof against her charms when she willed to conquer, or that he was aiming at that "chit of an heiress:" at all events, their tete-a-tete had lasted long enough. So she swept across the room with her soft, gliding step, and laid her white, jeweled hand on Madge's arm, with a pretence of caress that was always most distasteful to the girl.

"Which of his books of travel is Mr. Kaye unfolding for you so pleasantly, Madge, dear? May I come and be amused, too? The firelight has made me so sleepy."

"Only the leaf of a book—hardly that," he answered, with a half-laugh. "Perhaps I ought to say a rose-leaf, Miss Madge."

"Only a withered rose!" quoted Madge, with a ripple of fun in her solemn gray eyes. Mrs. Wardour looked very much mortified.

"It was only the story of the Jericho roses," he added, after a momentary pause.

"A traveller's story? I don't in the least know what you mean, Mr. Kaye. Madge, dear, use your potent influence to make him repeat it to me." There was ever so slight an emphasis upon the pronoun, but it was enough to make Madge raise her haughty little head a trifle higher, and quietly draw her hand away under the pretext of arranging the curtains.

"Surely, you have heard the legend, Mrs. Wardour? The Jericho rose is reputed to bud on Christmas morning, blossom at noon, and wither again at night, but on moistening the dry sprigs, they expand and blossom afresh.'

"I said it was a traveler's story," Helen said, laughing. "You are talking of the Glastonbury thorn; I heard all about that in the most orthodox manner, when Mr. Wardour and I were in England."

"You mean that you heard the legend of St. Joseph's staff?"

"What was that?" asked Madge.

"What an appetite you have for stories," Kaye answered. "St. Joseph, when journeying to Glastonbury, sat down, it is said, to rest on Wearyall Hill, near that place, and thrust his hawthorn staff into the ground where it took root and grew into two trees, which continued to blossom miraculously on Christmas morning, in honor of the nativity. But these roses of mine (I have several, Mrs. Wardour,) are not English offshoots of St. Joseph's staff; I got them in the Holy

Land three years ago. The old Greek priest, who gave them to me, said that if I put one of the roses in water on Christmas-eve, it would bestow upon me, if I was worthy, the gift of divination as to the events of the coming year."

"I suppose the clause in regard to your 'worth' prevents your making the experiment?" asked Helen with a smile.

"My natural modesty? Certainly!"

"And to-morrow is Christmas-eve!"

But as Mrs. Wardour uttered the ejaculation, with the words upon her lips to request that Lister Kaye would allow her to try her powers of divination in this particular instance, she was in her turn interrupted, and by Mrs. Llewellyn herself. The funny old dragon always walked with a cane, because she once had the misfortune to sprain her ankle, and had been slightly lame ever since; and this, together with her bright, black eyes, her wrinkled face, and small, bent figure, gave her a curious resemblance to the malicious fairy-godmother of the nursery-tales. And Helen Wardour had a wholesome horror of aunt Llewellyn's penetrating glances, so she was not best pleased when the gold-headed cane thrust aside the curtain, and the droll, half-cracked voice said, "Christmas-eve! Of course it will be; we'll keep it in true English fashion, and shock you fashionable folk, Mrs. Wardour, by getting up snap-dragon, and forfeits, and a few more good old games." But aunt Llewellyn nodded her head till the splendid diamonds in her ears blazed like bits of fire, as she saw the bored look that shot over Helen's fair face.

But Lister Kaye and Madge received the project with great approbation; and presently, seeing that she could accomplish nothing more just then, Mrs. Wardour sauntered back to the hearth-rug, and Kaye found his opportunity for saying to Madge, in a low voice, as they followed the old fairy out of their window,

"If you were really interested in my story enough to care to see them, I will send to town for my Jericho roses to-morrow, and I hope you will accept one from me."

In return, he got the softest, sweetest glance he had ever received from the gray eyes, and his heart gave a quick throb at the impulsive, girlish reply,

"For *me?* Oh! thank you very much, Mr. Kaye!"

At Ellerslie everybody got their letters at the breakfast-table—a custom which is, by-the-way, the most uncomfortable extant. To read a letter, whether of joy or woe, or (allowing that it be not so important) one which vexes and troubles you, with the consciousness that your neighbors beside you, or those across the mahogany are eyeing your countenance curiously, and, perhaps, trying to see there what your letter contains, while you strive to look unconcerned and sphinx-like—all this is a very provoking position of things, and one that tries the imperturbability of the masks we wear to their utmost.

I think that you may safely determine that the last sentence is an exponent of both Lister Kaye's and Mrs. Wardour's reflections, as they laid down beside their respective plates the missives they received that morning after I have introduced them to you. Mrs. Wardour bit her lips as she read in the huge, English hand affected by her lady correspondent, with dashes beneath every four words.

"I hear, positively, that Lister Kaye is 'going in' for Ellerslie and its appendage. What is the old dragon thinking of to admit such a fascinating wolf into the society of her pet lamb? I always thought, my dear, that you had a penchant in that quarter; but I suppose you would scorn to enter the lists against little Madge. Have a care, Helen! You don't know what prestige she gained last year!"

"How dares she speak to me in that tone!" thought Mrs. Wardour, as she folded her letter. "Warn me!" Then she glanced across at Lister, and saw that the shade on his face had grown a trifle deeper than it had been. But he went on eating his toast unconcernedly; and I think that none of the others had an idea that his letter had been disagreeable, except aunt Llewellyn, for, keen as Helen's perceptions were, the old dragon had more years of experience on her side to guide her in finding

out the pet follies of her acquaintances.

So, after breakfast, it befell that Mrs. Wardour coaxed Madge up into her room, there to show her some rare old lace of cobweb texture, and fabulous price, and to urge upon her acceptance some Paris gloves, which, with delicate flattery, she bewailed as being too small for her hand. And having skillfully beguiled the little fly into her parlor, the wary old spider wove her mesh as follows:

"What curious revolutions the wheel of fortune takes," Mrs. Wardour said, with a half-laugh, as she watched Madge fitting on a pair of silver-gray gloves. "If any one had told me six years ago, that Lister Kaye and I should meet here as comparative strangers I think I would have refused to believe my senses."

"Then you knew him very well?" Madge said, being compelled, as it were, to say something, and annoyed at the compulsion.

"WHICH OF HIS BOOKS OF TRAVEL IS MR. KAYE UNFOLDING FOR YOU SO PLEASANTLY, MADGE, DEAR? MAY I COME AND BE AMUSED TOO?" MRS. WARDOUR LAID HAND ON THE GIRL'S ARM WITH A PRETENCE OF CARESS

"Knew him?" in a tone beautifully compounded of surprise and regret. "My dear child! did you never hear? We were lovers, and upon the verge of an engagement, when papa interfered, and I was forced, literally forced to marry Mr. Wardour Think of it; a girl of nineteen cruelly sacrificed to Mammon!"

Here the fair schemer hid her face in her handkerchief, entirely omitting to mention that she had been a remarkably willing martyr under Juggernaut.

"You must have had great strength of mind to go through with it so uncomplainingly," said Madge, with delicate

irony, her pretty head lifting itself with all the Erskine hauteur.

"Had I not ?" asked Helen, longing to return the stab, but refraining because she wanted to drive her nail home. "But you never can tell what the New-Year may bring, Madge, dear, and I'm afraid that '*on revient toujours a ses premiers amours*'."

"Yes;" and Madge drew off the gloves carelessly. "Will you go over to Beechlands and call with aunt and me before dinner ?" If Lister Kaye had been the man in the moon, she could not have looked more uninterested; but Helen knew by one of her quick woman's instincts that her arrow had sunk deep.

"I can't go, dear. Mr. Kaye asked me to drive down to the Hollands, and I accepted."

"Then I can take your card. The gloves are an admirable fit. Can you let me have the entire package ?"

Aunt Llewellyn, sitting in the library in her easy-chair by the fire, was startled from her reverie by Lister Kaye's entrance.

"I beg your pardon," he said, having advanced half-way into the room before he saw her; "I thought the room was empty."

"You don't interrupt me," said the dragon, very graciously for her; "but if I shall disturb your letter-writing, I'll go away to my household concerns directly."

"On the contrary," said Kaye, "I am glad of a chance to say a few words to you. I am very much afraid that I must cut short my visit at Ellerslie. A letter which I received this morning will require my being in town the day after Christmas."

"So soon ?" said aunt Llewellyn, with very perceptible regret. "What will Madge say ?"

He started, and changed color under the bright, black eyes.

"Miss Erskine will hardly miss me among so many. May I ask you not to mention my change of purpose to her to-day ?" and as she nodded assent, he pulled his chair up to the table.

"Better take my desk, Mr. Kaye," said the old fairy; "the paper is out in the other. That's mine—the low one yonder. Write your letter; I'll go to sleep."

But she did nothing of the sort, for as his hand moved rapidly down the page, her sharp eyes traveled over every line of his face, and grew wonderfully softened in their scrutiny; and at last, nodding over her cane, the dragon mumbled to herself, "Like his father—very ! Pity I can't find out the cause of this sudden exodus."

He did not, evidently, intend to afford her the desired information; for when he finished his letter, he blotted his paper hastily, lit a taper and sealed it; and then, apparently dismissing every unpleasant thought from his mind, closed the desk, and sitting down by the old lady, made himself wonderfully agreeable to her, until a servant came with a message from Mrs. Wardour about the hour for their drive. Then he made his excuses, and left the dragon sitting placably by the fire.

Aunt Llewellyn sat and thought; you would have fancied she was asleep; you had no way of divining that she had gone very far back into the past, and was looking at a doubled-down page in her life.

The spell of old days was upon her, for presently she rose and began to fumble with her desk. She pulled out the drawers absently, until she found what she was looking for—a short, silky, chestnut curl in a faded old paper.

"Just the same:" thought aunt Llewellyn; "that tumble-down curl which was always falling over his eyes. Oh ! you precious old fool ! I'm worse than Madge, I declare, mooning away here over milk that was spilt years and years ago. That's a very inelegant simile, but I haven't time to waste in being poetical. If I could only find out the cause of that great, black wrinkle in Lister's forehead!" and then she gave a start, and stared blankly at the papers under her hand. "Why, the man must have been out of his senses ! There was a sheet of my impression paper, sure enough ! and he's been writing with it underneath his own sheet, and has left the letter entire on it. I believe in special Providences. If there's any-

thing in it which I really ought not to know, I'll make it a point of honor to forget all about it; if it's what I want, honor be hanged !"

From which you will see that aunt Llewellyn had a peculiar code of her own in regard to private papers, for she sat down and deliberately read every word of the closely-written half sheet, which bore Lister Kaye's name at the foot of it. The old fairy had barely time to come to the end of her treason, when Madge's sunny face looked in at the door, and she shoved her treasure back into the desk hastily.

"Aunt Llewellyn," the listener detected a tired sound in the fresh, young voice, "the carriage has been at the door for twenty minutes, and I could not imagine where you were. Suppose we put off going this morning?"

"Tut, child; you won't have another chance, and the call has been left too long already. Hand me my cashmere off that lounge. Where is everybody ? Is Helen Wardour ready ?"

THE TELLTALE SHEET FELL FROM MADGE'S FINGERS, AND WAVE AFTER WAVE OF COLOR CREPT INTO HER FACE

"Mrs. Wardour has gone down to the Hollands with Mr. Kaye," Madge said, briefly; and aunt Llewellyn nodded her head, as she went tapping down to the carriage in a way that said, "The woman has shown her claws already. Wonder if I have an antidote for the poison ?"

That evening, Lister came up to Madge.

"Miss Erskine !" he said, abruptly, with sudden earnestness, "I can't tell you how pleasant it has been to me to pass this week among the familiar household gods of my dear old friend, your father. You won't think me uncourteous, or imagine my feeling anything but very sincere regret at being obliged to cut my visit short ? I must go on to Washington to-morrow —need I say how regretfully ?"

Madge turned as white as the lilies in her hair, but she looked steadily away from him, thankful that aunt Llewellyn's sharp, rasping voice called, at that instant,

"Madge !"

"Yes," she said, going up to her aunt.

"Please go into the library," said aunt Llewellyn, "open the left-hand drawer of my desk, and find among the papers a receipt for almond-paste, which I promised Mrs. Wardour."

Lister Kaye held open the door for her to pass out, but did not offer to accompany her; and Madge's head got dizzier and dizzier until she finally reached the easy-chair by the fire. Aunt Llewellyn must wait for her receipt for almond-paste. She blessed the old dragon for giving her a chance to collect her breath and her thoughts. Well, it was hard, cruelly hard ! She loved him with all the wild, poetic fancy of a pure, untouched heart; and

yet, *cui bono?* He would go away, and Helen Wardour would follow him to Washington (perhaps his sudden departure had something to do with Helen's spending New Year's day there). And then she should hear of the engagement, and get wedding-cards—and suffer.

The drawer was full of all sorts of papers, and Madge took them up mechanically, her thoughts running back to Lister Kaye incessantly. In the very center of the mass was a sheet of impression-paper, and looking at it, Madge saw her own name, then read, I had almost said devoured, the whole.

My Dear Russell—One more unlucky turn of fortune has befallen me, and, for the first time, I am almost ready to sit down and bemoan fate. The last crash in Wall street carries with it all I had left of my patrimony, and it now remains to be seen whether I can keep my head above water by getting the foreign diplomatic post which was offered me by the Secretary last October.

You, however, seem to have gotten a strange scheme in your brain, which I must instantly correct. How came you to ask if I was engaged to Miss Erskine?

Did you ever see a moth fluttering helplessly around a candle, drawing nearer and nearer, until it meets destruction at last? I have been enacting the part of the moth ever since I came back from Vienna, but your letter has at least saved me from the moth's fate. My dear old friend, I have not yet fallen low enough to marry an heiress, for her money. And yet Madge Erskine has possessed herself of that mysterious place which no other human ever found in me before—not even the fair and unscrupulous Helen; in short, Russell, I love her with such entire devotion that I am about to leave her forever with my love unspoken. See what it is to be a gentleman, and a beggar.

If you have any regard for the writer of this insane epistle, pray consign it to the grate-fire. I only meant to say, when I began that I would be with you on New Year, in Washington; but it does a man good to confess himself an idiot, sometimes. Faithfully yours,

LISTER KAYE.

The tell-tale sheet fell from Madge's fingers, and wave after wave of rosy color crept into her face, making even her shell-like ears, and white throat, pink. Do not ask me to tell you what she thought and felt; there are some moments, even in this world, too sacred, too divinely bright for description—moments when silence is a dear and precious boon.

She sat with bowed head and trembling hands, until her whirling senses grew calm. Then she hid the paper carefully away, and taking up the receipt for almond-paste, sped down the hall, with such bounding feet that she paused on the threshold, half afraid that their swift tread would betray her. Dear little Madge's resolve was taken; Lister should not leave her thus, if she could help it; and though she had no settled plan, and no idea how it was to be accomplished, she relied on circumstances to assist her.

Shouts and much laughter greeted her ears, and she found all the guests crowded around a table, where the gentlemen were amusing themselves by scorching their fingers at "snap-dragon."

Forfeits went on, fast and furious. Mrs. Wardour, finding that Lister Kaye was appointed orator by general consent, engineered successfully to get herself into the chair; but the pretty little plot was much deranged by aunt Llewellyn, who posted herself at the opposite side of the table, and handed the forfeits one by one to Lister.

Now the fair Helen had two objects in view, one, a short tete-a-tete with Kaye and the other, the redemption of an emerald bracelet of her own; and I am sorry to relate that she took unfair advantage of her position, and, under pretence of adjusting the bandage that covered her eyes, contrived to peep through it, and distinguish the object in Kaye's hand when he took it off the table. Aunt Llewellyn's lynx eyes were watching her, however, and with a quiet sign to Kaye, which nobody else perceived, she twitched the bracelet out of his fingers, behind Mrs. Wardour's back, and substituted a coral chain belonging to Madge.

"Now, Mrs. Wardour," said Kaye, his voice full of mischief, (for he suspected that the old dragon had some cause for her singular interference), "be very careful! Be sure you set the owner of this article something very hard, and very saucy."

"I shall, to punish you," she answered quickly. "I condemn the lady to ask you, here, in the presence of us all, for one of your precious Jericho roses; and I sentence her also to spend fifteen

SO MADGE, HER BRAVE LITTLE HEART BEATING FAST, WENT DOWN INTO THE LIBRARY TO FIND LISTER KAYE BENT OVER THE JERICHO ROSES

minutes alone in the library with you, while you explain the legend to her."

"That is your chain, Madge," quoth aunt Llewellyn, quietly. Helen Wardour could have stabbed the wicked fairy, as she discovered that she had thrown the golden opportunity at the feet of her rival.

So Madge, her brave little heart beating fast, in due time went calmly down to the library.

She found Lister bending over a small silver box that looked like a genuine antique, and when she entered, he rolled up a chair for her by the library-table.

"You look almost frightened," he said, playfully, as he put the little withered bud in her hand. "Drop it into the goblet, Miss Erskine, and let me hear what you will prophesy for the new year."

Suddenly she raised her fringed lids.

"I don't think I could prophesy," she said, with grave simplicity. (If he could but have known how her heart was sinking.) "I have been looking over the legend of the Jericho Rose. I found it in an old book in aunt's library, but my version of it differs materially from yours."

"In what way ?" he asked, smiling. "I am perfectly willing to be corrected."

The color grew deeper in the face he was watching.

"Only this; whoever accepts the rose at your hands, has a right to ask you either one question, or one favor. May I choose between the two ?"

"Certainly. I am very sure that Miss Erskine can ask nothing which I would not be willing to answer or grant."

She looked pained.

"Do not put me off at arm's length in that way," she said, timidly. "I am going to ask a favor, Mr. Kaye—perhaps a great liberty; but you know how my remembrance of you is interwoven with my dear, dead father.

Do not be angry. I have heard—I mean, I have found out—(don't ask me how) that some unexpected events have rather straitened you in a pecuniary way, and I want you to let me help you. There are some few thousands which came to me from my mother, which want investing sadly. Won't you take them, and use them? It would be such a kindness to me—and we are too good friends not to be willing to make use of each other."

Lister Kaye looked at her in utter bewilderment as she went on, her voice faltering more and more until the last sentence was barely audible. She was so frightened, poor child! at her daring.

"Miss Madge!" he took the little, cold hand reverently in his, "I cannot thank you for such a noble, frank offer. You do not know what you ask. Do you think that I could accept it?"

"But nobody need ever know—and I cannot bear—"

Something in the broken words, the dewy, uplifted eyes, betrayed her secret to Kaye's quick senses—in a moment more his arms clasped her close.

"Madge! dare I—can I hope; that some love for me prompted the request? Take your little fortune? No, dearest! not unless you bestow something far dearer upon me—unless the giver go with the gift!"

The Jericho rose, plucked so long ago in the fair land of Palestine, had fulfilled its mission, and it dropped from Madge's fingers, as her golden head fell upon his breast. The fire was dying out on the hearth; the soft, Christmas snow was falling outside the windows, but the message of Heaven's peace and love had swept over their two hearts, and they were content.

Suddenly, the door opened with a jerk.

"Madge!" said aunt Llewellyn's sharp, harsh voice, "I should like to know—Why, bless my soul, Lister Kaye, what have you been about?"

"It's all my fault, aunt," said Madge, looking like a rose herself, and a remarkably pink one at that.

"I should think it was! I sent you to my desk for a receipt for almond-paste, and you quietly brought me one for removing wrinkles. And Helen Wardour is under the impression that I fully intended to insult her."

Madge burst into a ringing peal of laughter; and aunt Llewellyn chuckled mischievously.

"You needn't waste your breath telling me anything," said she. "Can't I see by your faces that you are each in 'fool's paradise?' Well, perhaps, I'd have been a better woman if I had ever been there. Lister Kaye, give an old woman a kiss for your dead father's sake. There! Now I'll be off to tease Helen Wardour. Blessed be Jericho roses!"

And the old fairy-godmother closed the door.

RAINDROPS

BY VERNE DEWITT ROWELL

LO, WHERE the fulsome raindrops fall,
The water-fairies leap and dance,
And o'er the pebbled roadside pool,
How merrily the ripples glance!
Like creatures all a-pulse with life,
The tiny elves of foam and rain,
Skip from the bosom of the pond
And nestle softly back again.

Her Canadian Sweetheart

WHEREIN A PRETTY GIRL AND A CAMERA MAKE A PICTURE ON JOHN'S SUSCEPTIBLE HEART

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

"OH, if I just had a boat!"

Pretty Amy Hughes looked out across the quiet Red River in the cool dewy freshness of early morning, and rejoiced that her father had made this last of many moves and settled for a time on this old French survey farm. Whether or not he would succeed in his somewhat pale attempts at farming, their dwelling-place could not have been lovelier. They had arrived only the day before, and seventeen-year-old Amy, leaving her mother and the stout German girl to settle the house, had gone exploring through the rambling gardens and lawns, down through a narrow path across the wooded pasture and now at the river-bank had gained a grassy plot among whispering elms and ash-trees. Some former tenant had contrived rustic seats here and there, and Amy, like Silverlocks, tried them all. Now, seated in the one nearest the water, she gazed at the glinting water, and wished for a craft that she might further explore.

Up-stream, each river-farm was marked by a boat at a tiny landing; across from her there shone a tantalizing glimpse of roofs among bowering trees. For a moment, Amy contemplated brigandage on her next-neighbor's keels—"stingy old thing," she thought, "he's got two tied up there—and not a sign of an oar." But sober second thought came to her—she could not row, and her father undoubtedly would have something to say on the subject of unlicensed appropriations. So Amy settled down to watch a stately fleet of geese put off from the opposite shore.

As she still lingered, making a pretty picture in her rather short, light blue sailor suit, bare-headed, her hair hanging in a broad brown plait, another actor appeared on the scene. A young man in comfortable working clothes and broad felt hat came nimbly down the opposite bank, unmoored the boat tied there, and, with long, rapid strokes, was soon making straight for the spot where Amy stood. Amy was not shy, and she thought of standing her ground, but her courage deserted her, so she turned and walked with dignity until she entered a rather thick growth of trees, and then ran as fleetly as a deer for the house.

Jack Morton watched the blue flitting through the trees and laughed to himself. He was the son of the opposite neighbor and had come on a very commonplace errand, to tell Mr. Hughes that he could secure a good man over there, as one had applied for work. Mr. Hughes had left a notice in town, stating that he wanted help.

When Jack reached the house Amy did not make her appearance until he had duly introduced himself and he and Mrs. Hughes, a cheerful, unassuming woman, were chatting pleasantly.

Mr. Hughes was away looking for a man and there were some stoutly nailed boxes which resisted even the strength of the sturdy German girl. Jack offered to make himself useful. When things had progressed thus far, Amy, who had not been very far away, thought it safe to make an appearance. The young people looked at each other rather consciously, and each thought the other very good to look upon.

All turned in now merrily to work, and things were rapidly being put in place, when Mrs. Hughes made some tea, and they had a jolly, impromptu lunch off the end of a much be-littered table. In the middle of the spread Mr. Hughes, himself, returned. He was pleasant enough and thanked Jack ceremoniously for his trouble, but there was that in his manner which cast a sort of chill over the proceedings.

Jack soon made his adieux, and carried away with him the good opinion of all the women-folk, at least, and the toleration which Mr. Hughes extended to all Canadians.

That evening Mr. and Mrs. Hughes and Amy were down at the river, Mr. Hughes holding forth pompously, as was his custom, when Jack hove in sight around the bend from towards town. He swung his craft up close to the bank where they were and stopped to speak to them.

"You are a good oarsman, Morton," commented Mr. Hughes.

"Well, I've had plenty of practice," said Jack deprecatingly.

"Papa," broke in Amy, "won't you get me a boat? Everyone on the river has one, I see."

"Why, you can't row; what good would a boat be to you, daughter?"

Amy looked down nervously. "Well, I could learn," answered she, blushing under Jack's rather questioning glance.

"Yes, you can learn with no trouble, Miss Hughes," said Jack easily. "Here's your chance. I'll give you a lesson this evening if you like."

"May I go, papa?" asked Amy eagerly. She really wanted to learn to row and Jack was not distasteful as a teacher.

"Well, for a little while, Amy. An hour will not tax Mr. Morton's patience too much," said her father pleasantly, but with a look at Amy which meant "not one moment longer."

As the rowing lessons progressed, Jack and Amy found out still more of each other's tastes. Each was an amateur photographer and could talk with enthusiastic understanding about films and plates and exposures and developers. And, as the two families began to have intercourse, Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Morton became fast friends.

But, although the Mortons were just as refined and many times better off than the Hughes, Mr. Hughes always preserved in his manner towards them a sort of condescension.

In Amy's calls, in company with her mother, upon Mrs. Morton, she was shown Jack's collection of photos, and she longed to go and take views, such as Jack had of the queer thatched houses of the Mennonite villages, with their prim gardens, groups of Mennonite women with kerchiefs on their heads, and queer little Menonnite girls in dresses almost as long as their mothers' and kerchiefs like their mothers' on their little heads. But when she saw the picture of the old Dutch windmill, she was fairly frantic with delight.

Mr. Hughes was quite interested in Amy's photography and readily gave his consent to Jack's taking her up to Rosenort and Rosenhof, the two Mennonite villages, to get views.

It was a day in September when they went. The Mennonite's gardens of stocks, phlox, marigolds, sweet peas and verbenas were in a glow of color. The cabbages and other vegetables were ready for the cellar. The Mennonites themselves were standing picturesquely around their gardens, store, or post-office. Amy was in raptures over her delightful drive and over this little bit of a foreign land that they had invaded. They had their supper at a lovely clean Mennonite house and the woman gave Amy a blazing bunch of flowers, and later accepted a good tip from Jack.

"It's lovely," said Amy, as they started for home. "I feel as though I had lived here all my life and I hate to go back to our world again."

"Yes," said Jack, "I guess, when we were on earth the last time we lived in Germany and you were Anna and I was Hans, and we were happy as the day was long." After this excursion they must make others to take pictures of the different French missions, Aubigny, Ste. Jean Baptiste, and St. Elizabeth.

Thus the summer passed, Jack helping his father and the men manfully and yet keeping every holiday arranged for in some delightful way.

As soon as the stormy winds of winter started to blow, Mr. Hughes, who had, as we have said, only taken the farm for a year, and had had a poor enough crop, began to think it about time to move. He said he did not intend to remain for another year in any case, so they might as well leave in time to avoid the cold weather. Jack and Amy were in consternation because they had never thought of this, and it seemed as though this delightful life must go on forever.

They were out for a sleigh drive on the ice-clad river, to go and photograph the pontoon bridge, as seen when laid up in winter, to match the one taken when in use in the summer, when Amy told Jack of her father's intention.

Jack said nothing for a moment, he was so stunned. Then he said, trying to speak lightly: "Then you won't be here to skate on our new rink." Jack had made one after the manner of a race track on the river between the two farms.

Amy did not answer him but began talking of other things.

Jack wanted to say something that had been in his mind for some time, but he suddenly remembered that these were English people with whom he had to deal, and that there was another person to be considered. His heart sank as he thought of this for he understood Mr. Hughes pretty well.

He was not to be daunted, however, by thoughts of Mr. Hughes' superior airs, so seized the first opportunity that presented itself of speaking to the gentleman of the subject nearest his heart.

It was one day when they were in Winnipeg, arranging the sale of their baled hay, that Jack remarked to Mr. Hughes:

"I feel it very much, your leaving for Toronto, Mr. Hughes. You may possibly never have thought of it in our sort of boy and girl friendship but I love Amy and I ask your consent to her being my wife, if I should win her affection."

Mr. Hughes did not show any surprise at this avowal. He thought for a moment and then said, with his weighty manner:

"Well, Morton, I hardly thought of this, although, I suppose, it's natural enough. I will not ask what your prospects are, for I know that they are good, but, although I do not wish to put it too plainly, I have other plans for my daughter. We are not living as we—er—should; but I have friends in England whom, I think, I could interest in Amy, and I wish her to see more of the world and meet a different class of people. In fact I do not consent to your paying addresses to Amy. I have reason to believe that her affections are not yours as yet. You are an honorable lad and I expect to hear no more of it."

Jack preserved a dead silence and Mr. Hughes, after a moment's pause continued:

"I would not say it to any one else, but I owe it to you to say, that in the eyes of the people at home who think differently from Canadians, I made a mis-match myself. I am estranged from my family. My wife is not wanted there; she is not the equal of my friends, although a good true woman. So great is their aversion to her that the little allowance I get, stops in event of my death."

Nothing more was said on this subject and the old neighborly intercourse continued until the Hughes left for Toronto.

After their departure things went on as ever in the Red River valley, although Jack missed his girl companion sorely. He was a jolly and popular fellow, however, and, outwardly, he was the same Jack Morton as of yore.

It was a hard point of honor to observe, this aloofness from Amy, because he had an instinctive idea that

she was not indifferent to him. Still it was better for her, as her father said, to see more of the world, and possibly she might be better suited. Still he never abandoned the hope of finding out some day.

It was about a year after the departure of the Hughes family that Jack read in a Toronto paper a notice of the death of Mr. Hughes, with "English papers please copy" appended.

He longed to fly to Amy and comfort her in her trouble, but considered that even though his sentiments had undergone no change, Amy might have quite forgotten him and might possibly be leaving for the old country. Yet, weigh and consider as he would, he had a feeling that all was not well with her, and he knew enough of her nature to realize that she would accept no overtures from England if her mother were slighted. Still he did not wish to intrude.

All in all, it was over three months after Mr. Hughes' death before Jack finally decided to go to Toronto and try his luck. He went to the address mentioned in the death notice, but they had moved and it was only after some search that he found them. They were occupying a few rooms and Amy was working in an office. Mrs. Hughes was at home, delighted to see Jack, and gave him full particulars of their life since leaving the farm.

In answer to his enquiries concerning Amy, the mother replied that she was far from well. "She missed her free, open life in the west and has been like a bird in a cage ever since," she said, "She will be glad to see you." Mrs. Hughes smiled. Jack took his courage in both hands. "Has she—does she —?" he stammered.

"One day," she said, "she and I happened to overhear her father telling an English friend of his how you had asked his consent to addressing Amy, and that he was sorry that he had not given it. 'I am getting more Canadianized,' he said, 'and my views are changing, but I am too proud to tell young Morton so.' "

This intelligence cheered Jack greatly and he and Mrs. Hughes had a nice confidential chat until Amy returned from the office.

When her light step was heard on the stairs Mrs. Hughes said: "You must step into this room until I prepare Amy for your coming. She is not very strong and we mustn't startle her."

So Amy was duly forewarned and stood expectantly, with a lovely flush in her pale cheeks, while Jack was summoned from the next room. Presently Mrs. Hughes suddenly recollected the necessity of getting some things at the store, and left them alone.

Jack was surprised at the change in Amy but found her lovelier than ever. She was more mature, and looked tall and slim in her long black muslin, her brown hair piled in great waves above her white brow.

Jack himself was bronzed and handsome and stylish, too, in his offhand way, and he looked to Amy a perfect god, after the pale anaemic clerks to whom she was accustomed.

There were soon explanations and an understanding, and the kiss of betrothal, and, by the time Mrs. Hughes got back, they had begun on photography, as they used to do.

Jack went back to the West in a few days to prepare for his bride-to-be, on the understanding that he was to return for her in six weeks. At the end of that time a quiet wedding took place in Toronto, and the bride and groom, in company with Amy's mother, who was to live with them, started for the West.

Jack's father had purchased and out-fitted for his son the very farm on which Amy had spent the happiest summer of her life, and here, as the old fairy tales say "they lived happily ever after."

Money No— Pony No— Pants No— Arm Very Worse

By Lillian K. Beynon

Illustrated with Photograph

"NO arm better, and pants no me." He was a pitiable, but amusing figure, the old Indian who stood in the door of the little mission house one cold morning in November, wrapped in a blanket, but lacking the usual covering for his lower limbs. The Medicine Woman and the missionary tried to look as serious as the occasion demanded, while he explained, "arm sick, very worse. Medicine Man come, better no —Medicine Man again come. Money want—no money me—no pony—no cow—pants yes, Medicine Man take—no arm better and pants no me."

The Medicine Woman covered her mouth with her handkerchief to hide a smile, while the missionary took the shivering Indian to the bedroom to supply the rather necessary article of clothing that the Medicine Man had appropriated. He was evidently a good collector, that Medicine Man, but the Medicine Woman knew but little about him. He had refused to have anything to do with Christianity, and had avoided the mission house, and especially the Medicine Woman, who was surely stealing his practice. She believed that he hated her, and she often wondered, when out alone visiting someone in the middle of the night, that he did not attempt to harm her. But one day she found out her mistake.

She was preparing tea late in the winter afternoon while a little girl talked to her. The little girl was saying: "I tell you something. One little Indian girl Alice go far away, five days trip to the hunt, get sick, no doctor, no medicine, nothing. Alice dead, no bring home. Indians read prayerbook, sing, then Alice buried. Christmas tree present for Alice. No come. Children sorry. One old man dead, this week, day 'fore yesterday, she buried and one little boy is very worse." Here the child stopped and ran to the window. The Medicine Woman followed her. There on the road, in front of the house, stood the old Medicine Man. He had never been

seen so close before, and the woman felt anxious, particularly as he was looking so intently at the house. She knew, however, that the majority of the Indians on the reserve were friendly, and although the missionary and his wife had gone away for a few days, she was sure that in case of need she would find plenty of loyal protectors. But the old Medicine Man, the man who scouted Christianity, and whose practice she was taking, was still watching the house. Suddenly he appeared to make up his mind, for he turned and went toward the house, but he did not go in. He disappeared around the corner, and the Medicine Woman, fearing she knew not what, ran to another window to see, if she could, what he was doing.

Imagine her surprise when she saw her rival, the man from whom she was stealing a living, seize the axe and set to work to chop some wood. She had wondered how she could manage over night with the small supply on hand. The old Medicine Man had noticed that she was in need and he had undertaken to do what he could for her

Tears filled the eyes of the Medicine Woman as she watched the bent form of the old heathen as he performed a more Christian act than many Christian Medicine Men would care to do for a rival. Then, as he started away, as unobtrusively as he had come, she went to the door and invited him to come in. At first he hesitated, apparently sorry that he had been discovered, but when the Medicine Woman disregarded his rather blunt refusal, and gently insisted, he went into her home and was soon looking at the furnishings with all the interest of a child. But when he had eaten and was ready to leave the Medicine Woman said: "I am sorry you will not come to church. We are trying to help your people."

The old man straightened up. The look of childish interest left his face and over it came a sombre dignity, the look of a beaten, but not subdued, warrior.

"No," he said, "me not come. You no help my people."

"But we are trying," said the Medicine Woman gently.

"You understand no," said the Medicine Man. "One time my people strong—fight — Medicine Man study long time. Ten suns, he make know this." He pulled a dried herb from his pocket to show what he meant by "this." Then, as he handled it carefully, he continued: "Yes, Medicine Man take twenty and hundred these, twelve each sun. He make song each one. Song tell what better make. Young men learn songs ten suns, pay guns, blankets, skins, and then be Medicine Man. Every year long tent—make big dance—young men sing song. Some Medicine Men get —others no."

Here the old Indian shook his head in disgust, and for some minutes seemed lost in the memories of the long ago, when every year in June the Medicine Men examined the students and initiated the successful ones into the deepest secrets of the cult. Then too, at the Long Tent, new students were initiated into their ten years of study, and they paid their fees, after which there was a general jollification and all danced around the central stone in the direction of the sun. But those days were passed, and as the old man rose stiffly to his feet he said: "Then weak he die. Strong live—fight—hunt—fish—all big warrior—all land have—buffalo—deer. Now you come—weak he live—strong he weak get—no fight—no hunt—no land—all weak. All soon die——"

"Oh, you will live many years," said the Medicine Woman, purposely appearing to misunderstand him.

But the old Medicine Man would not smile. Indian no Medicine Man. Indian no fight, no hunt," he said. "White man, Medicine Man warrior—Indian all weak—no good. Indians go—Old Medicine Man go—no good."

The old man folded his coat more closely around him and left the house without another word. He still lives true to the old traditions, a heathen, in a reserve of Christian Indians, and no threats of the wrath of the greater Manitou have made him fear the great beyond for his eye is still on the Happy Hunting Ground of the brave warrior and the good Medicine Man.

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 PAGEANT PASSES

The sweet calm sunshine of October now
  Warms the low spot; upon its grassy mould,
The purple oak-leaf falls; the birchen bough
  Drops its bright spoil like arrow-heads ofgold.

LOOKING out from my window a day ago I saw the first leaves falling. There was little wind and they fell as lightly and almost as silently as the first snow. Summer has faded from sight and yellow autumn is here with the hectic flush betokening decay upon her cheek. Yet she possesses rich beauty of her own. Some there are who prefer this season of the year to all others. In Canada, autumn is an especially beautiful time. The days are warm and fine, and through the openings in the thinning foliage, fresh vistas are revealed—bits of landscape hidden throughout summer by the close-woven branches, little low clumps of brush and fern, nests in hedges, and here and there hanging from some baring tree limb, the curious, woven nest of the oriole—an empty home now—sways in the gentle wind.

And we, too, "shall fade as a leaf the wind has taken away. And all thou hast shall fall down as the leaf falleth from the vine." Autumn brings us solemn thoughts, very different from the bright, hopeful scenery of spring. The old earth is preparing for her long winter sleep, and the world is steeped in the purple haze of November. The fair summer look has passed, and there is a brooding sadness in the very droop of the trees. And yet when we think that for every leaf whirled down the dusty way there shall come another, for every flower faded by the sun, and buried by the rain and wind, there shall blow one just as fair—that there is no Death, but always beautiful Life going on and on—that nothing is wasted in Nature, and that even we—boxed and buried in our cerements when our hour comes, shall still live, moving on to higher and wider planes—what time have we for regrets—for the withered leaf that whirls in the dust, for the fallen flower, for the beloved face which has vanished from our sight.

Gone for a minute, my son,
  From this room into the next;
I, too, shall go in a minute,
  What time have I to be vext ?

Each season is but a preparation for the next just as each cycle of Life is but a class-room in the great School of the Universe.

. . . . . .

MISSIONARY WORK

THERE are many people these days who consider missionary work to be costly and useless, but it remained for an Englishman, boasting the very

appropriate name of Bull, to dub it "inane" as well. This gentleman who has spent the greater part of his life in South Africa, and hails from Natal, recently referred at a Spiritual Congress to the "pitiful fiasco presented by missionary failure." It is presumed that he knows what he is talking about when he tells of the sorrowful evidence of this failure presented in every town where partially educated Kaffir hooligans, male or female, are attracted by the greater scope for the practice of "those vices which unreasoning and dogmatic religionists have assisted in cultivating by ill-considered interference, and utter disregard of those natural laws governing mental and spiritual evolution, no less than physical." He declared that mission stations in South Africa are notorious as the resort of the vicious, the depraved, the malcontent, and he draws a picture of the changes effected in Zulu nature after thirty years of "God-appointed" missionary work. Revisiting a district whose native population he had left honest, manly, and intelligent if primitive, he found that:

"Sordid poverty dressed in mean rags, or tawdry finery suggestive of service to vice had displaced the old dignity born of conscious physical strength and symmetry of form, whilst drunkenness, dishonesty and immorality sought shelter under the meagre cloaks of the religion dispensed by the different sections of belief established in the little iron or wattle and daub churches which everywhere disfigured the countryside."

A strong indictment this, and a remorseless criticism.

The Christian missions are the ones so damagingly attacked. Mr. Bull makes no distinction as to sect or creed. Outside of Attwater's pronouncement on missions in Stevenson's "Ebb Tide" which was, of course, fictional, I know of no such vigorous denouncement. And this is not fiction. You remember Attwater says:

"They go the wrong way to work; they are too parsonish, too much of the old wife. . . . . They think a parsonage with roses and church bells, and nice old women bobbing in the lane, are part and parcel of religion."

The writer remembers an occasion when she was called on to make a speech at Winnipeg on certain journeyings in far places. Among other things she referred to certain British Guiana Indians who lived in tribal relations, and alluded to the disasters in the way of wickedness which unhappily followed the introduction of missions among them. Several good clergymen who were present got up slowly and stalked from the room, and next day's papers heavily scored the lecturer for her statements.

Yet the statements were correct. The civilized Indians were for the most part worthless, lazy, scoundrels who had quickly absorbed the vices of the white man—they were not taught these things by the good missionaries. Far from it! But as good and evil go hand in hand, the white trader with his gin, following the missionary undid the work of the holy men and women, some of whom work so arduously in the field of the foreign mission. The primitive savage under the cover of easily acquired religion, learns to sin those sins for which he afterwards asks forgiveness, or doesn't.

. . . . . .

NEW LEAVES

A STUDY of the New Leaves from Marie Bashkirtseff's Journal are no more convincing than the old leaves of the book that startled the world some years ago. These fresh leaves deal with the life of this precocious child when in her twelfth year. I find them repelling. Precocity is not what we look for in children, yet this hectic young girl writes with uncanny self-perception of such things as love, passion, suffering and religion. In the preface to this late edition Madame D'Ulmes says, speaking of children in general:

The true personality of a child is very secret, for it distrusts comprehensive and authoritative beings known as "grown-up people." And it conceals its ironic observations, its dreams, all the ardor of its little soul. Some children are playing. They have erected with sand and twigs a fantastic world that they have peopled with their familiar toys, an elephant of gray cloth, a motley duck as large as the white fur bear. And they are in the jungle; they close

in, chase, slay. Then they dance a round set to a secret rhythm. Pause to look at them, the play ceases. The little mouths become silent. The child will always conceal from us the frank observations that it makes with its limpid eyes.

I find this a distasteful picture of childhood. The playing children fall silent at the approach of the "grown-up," but let the "grown-up" show but the smallest interest, sympathy, or understanding, and the children will, nine times out of ten, include him or her in their play and go on as merrily as before. No normal child ever yet withheld a secret from the woman who loved and understood and entered into the little play with it. I always thought poor frail Marie Bashkirtseff was touched with decadence, with consumption of the soul—the spirit—and these later leaves from her diary but confirm that suspicion. When a child of twelve confides to her Journal that she is the victim of a "passionette" for a Duke—when she cries, "I love him, and it is that which makes me suffer. That pain of love makes my joy," and follows with a prayer beseeching the Lord to cause the Duke to be attracted to her, it is time to send the young lady to the strictest boarding school in the neighborhood.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF WAS THE VICTIM OF EGOMANIA, AND I KNOW OF NOTHING MORE DESTRUCTIVE TO MIND OR SOUL

. . . . . .

THE LARVAL STAGE

THIS gifted but unfortunate girl was the victim of egomania, and I know of nothing more destructive to mind or soul. The brief life of this poor little Slav was not, after all, any misfortune to her. Had she lived she would never have found happiness. Enamoured of herself, always analyzing too keenly her emotions, dissecting her very soul, she found no pleasure in anything. Girls, as we all know,

pass through a dreamy, morbid stage. They get dark-blue hours which they do not understand, and which causes them to write verses or indite long, long letters to the correspondence columns in the newspaper. After this they feel better, and the sun shines once more.

It is always young people to whom an early death appeals. They write odes to Pallida Mors and love to look, like Mariana, out of the barred windows of moated granges. This is but a phase through which girls pass. Afterwards when they are married and settled and have gone through the first baby's teething, they look at life differently. But Marie Bashkirtseff began this sort of thing at ten, and kept it up until she faded out in early womanhood. When he came close, Pallida Mors did not look so fascinating.

"DEAR DEVIL, PLEASE COME AND TAKE AWAY AUNT TABITHA"

Her journal does not make suitable reading for young girls. They need no hints from a Marie Bashkirtseff. They will pass more or less quickly through this heavy larval stage before they emerge, captivating butterflies, flashing in the sun and exciting the young men to mad butterfly hunting. Let children be children. The Golden Age is all too short. We who once passed through it, and who are outside for ever, look often through the gates, longing to enter for one last, happy care-free gambol. The poor little Slav girl whose journal has again set the reviewers scribbling, never knew the Golden Age. Her own self killed it, as egoism always kills. Nothing is more destructive than this absorption of one's self. The gospel of service to others, of love for one's neighbor is after all only rock-bottom common sense. To practice it shows good business acumen, just as it shows foolishness to commit a crime, to steal, or forge, or do anything of that sort. A criminal is a man devoid of business sense.

. . . . . .

ROSES

NOT roses; for he wooed me with a rose,
Saying, "as fair art thou, and sweeter"—then a kiss—
Not roses; for he left me with a rose,
And, laughing—"add the thorn," he said, "to this."

—K.

. . . . . .

THE DEVIL

SOMEBODY said from the pulpit lately that there is no Hell. No Hell, no Devil, I suppose, and yet the personality of that irrepressible gentleman is an article of faith with one small person that I know.

A little child aged seven, living under the care of two maiden aunts, got into disgrace with one of the ancient virgins not long ago because she licked the jam off the tips of her fingers at luncheon. She was seen digging in the garden with her little sand spade a few hours later, and the two old ladies watched with much curiosity to see what she was about. Presently she

"THE AVERAGE MISSIONARY," SAYS ATTWATER, "THINKS A PARSONAGE WITH ROSES AND CHURCH BELLS AND NICE OLD WOMEN BOBBING IN THE LANE ARE PART OF RELIGION"

pulled an envelope from her pocket and stuck it in the hole. Then she piled the earth into it and beat it down with her little hands. By and bye, when the child had said her prayers and gone to bed, Aunt Martha conferred with Aunt Tabitha and the two dear curious old daughters of Eve ambled out with little shawls pinned over their heads to see what was in the grave. They dug and dug with those little wooden epitaphs that gardeners stick over seed beds, until they came on the envelope, buried deep down. They opened it. There was no address, but the contents were:

"Dear Devil, please come and take away Aunt Tabitha and burn her. You can leave Aunt Martha for a little while."

That child believed in the personality of the Devil.

. . . . . .

SUFFRAGETTES

THE tremendous outcry raised by the militant suffragettes over the sentences inflicted by the Dublin

courts on the two Englishwomen who were convicted—one of trying to burn down the Royal Opera House—the other of throwing the hatchet at Mr. Asquith, and, like a woman, missing him and striking Mr. Redmond—has not yet ceased. The suffragette is sheltering herself behind that unwise parliamentarian, Mr. Hobhouse, who in a moment of enthusiasm or of fear of having his face slapped, told the women that it was up to them to prove that they wanted the ballot as badly as the men—"when the men wanted the ballot," said Mr. Hobhouse—who has been bathing in boiling water since he said it—"they burned Nottingham Castle." It is the old story of Adam and the apple reversed. "He told us to burn," says the suffragette, "and we did it. Now you send us to prison for five years because we followed the advice of the Government !"

This is all very well, but I am glad to see that the Dublin courts had sense enough to discriminate between hysterical outbreaks and criminal intentions. While the Pankhurst organization denounces the sentences passed on Gladys Evans and Mary Leigh as "outrageous," it must be acknowledged by sane, practical women the world over, that to side-step and let these women off with light sentences would be to encourage others of the forceful sisterhood to proceed to even greater outrages. Women who want the vote—who demand equality with men, who break windows and so injure many an humble and hard-working tradesman; who resort to arson and attempt murder, are not in a position to demand exclusive privileges when they behave as criminals. They should play the game better than that. One could even admire them if they showed real pluck, real courage.

But this they do not do. Instead, when convicted and sentenced, they cry aloud of this man or that—"He told us to do it !" Once and for ever this sort of weak violence should be put down and out and it is reassuring to know that in Irish courts of law at least, the criminal suffragette will meet with her full measure of punishment. So far from helping their cause, such women are repelling all sympathy and antagonizing those who might otherwise be friendly.

Besides which, they are making spectacles of themselves.

. . . . . .

APPLE-BLOSSOMS

NOT apple-blossoms for the old home's sake;
The hill-side farm, the orchard vistas fair,
Youth, hope, and Mother, all my treasures there—
Not apple-blossoms, lest my heart should break.

—Ernest McGaffey.

. . . . . .

ELSIE LINDTNER

YOU have read "The Dangerous Age" of course, or if you have not you have learned to chatter about it just as people who know nothing of Art, but like to pretend that they do, prattle of "color-scheme," "chiar' oscuro" and the like. "The Dangerous Age" had the merit of being an unusual book, but one of that particular type is enough in a century. Karin Michaelis, the author of that frank study, has repeated it *ad nauseam* in the sequel "Elsie Lindtner." Elsie, it will be remembered, was the heroine of the previous story. We found her morbid, capricious, bored and unbalanced—a terrible club in fact, in the hands of the man who would argue against votes for women—only, so far as I know, he has not yet discovered her.

Elsie Lindtner in her later dress is just as weak, capricious, and morbid as she was when at the dangerous age of forty—which, by the way, is far more frequently regarded as the desperate, not dangerous, age by the woman of forty who is trying to persuade herself and the world generally that she is only thirty-two.

These books would be terrible, did we take them too seriously. There is a hard, dry bitterness about them that leaves one with a sense of depression. Why is it that so many foreign writers give one this sort of feeling ?

De Maupassant, Suderman, Strindberg or Balzac—it is all the same. I cannot read the most perfect of De Maupassant's master-pieces, his "Boul' Suif," without experiencing this feeling of lowness of spirits. It requires pages of Dickens or Elia to blow the cloud away. Others to whom I have spoken on this subject agree with me.

Elsie Lindtner has the same melancholy power. She moves restlessly through the pages. She is like a woman waiting for her lover who never comes. Monte Carlo does not satisfy her. Neither does Paris. How can New York ?

The magnificent touch in this book, the one which redeems it from the tawdriness of the half-world, lies in the letters of Lillie Rothe—which were never sent—to the man she loved. This is the age in the life literary of "confessions" and "diaries," and "Why I left my Mother-in-law," and "Why the Cat Came Back," and rot of that sort. Only recently a magazine was offering prizes for the most beautiful love, friendship, and nature letters ! Like eugenics, and sexology, and Valerie Wests, and the stories that run along the edge of the cliff showing a frill of lacy white petticoat, Karin Michaelis is here with her poor, tired, draggled Elsie. But Lillie Rothe's letters redeem the melancholy situation. And yet they in turn are depressing, for they are very sad and hopeless. There is one line in the letters which stands before me as though written in scarlet. It is:—

"Beloved, beloved, how full of pain Love is !"

It does not seem to me as I look around upon the world that many women have known Love. If so, they very well conceal it. But let her deny it or not—the woman who has known Love in all its ineffable beauty, its passionate sacrifice, its infinite capacity for suffering, must say with Lillie Rothe — "How full of pain Love is !"

But let us close Elsie Lindtner between the covers of the book, and put her upon the shelves where the other depressents live—with Madame Bovary, and Nana, and De Maupassant's "Pasha with Two Tails" and Strindberg's awful "Julie"—and turn for a bout with some more wholesome friend.

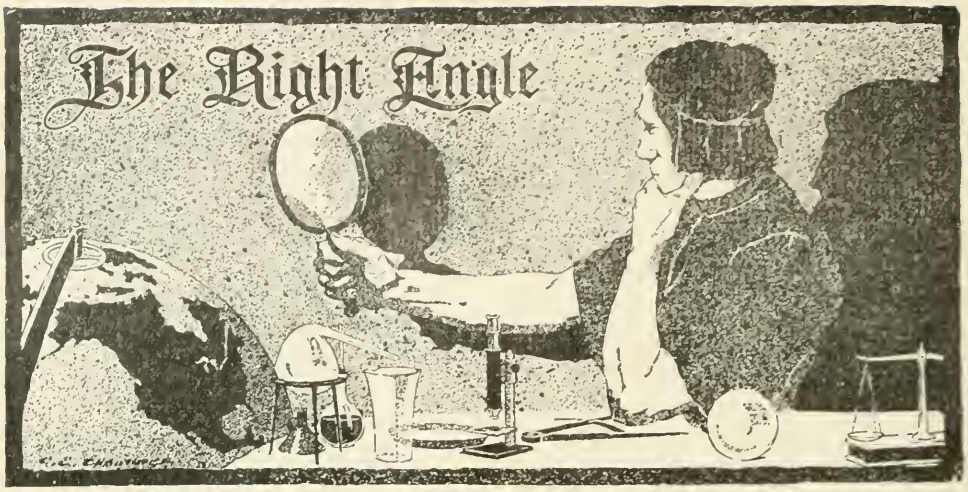
What ho ! without there ! Athos ! Porthos ! Aramis ! Have at you, merry rogues !

CASTLES IN SPAIN

BY FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

THE children build their castles in the sand;
Ours are in Spain.
The sea engulfs the shifting land—
We build again.

The children build their castles in the sand;
We, in the air—
Ah, we and they both understand,
The sea is there!



THE TRUTH ABOUT "IBID"

LIBRARIANS are a notably patient race, even under requests for "something good to read for my mother," demands for "the Three Mosquitoes, by Dumas" and the like. But one of them has turned, in the Boston Transcript, upon those hordes who request books by "Ibid" and insist upon getting them.

Ibid, or Ibidimus, Marcus Alias Hortensius, Roman poet and historian. Ibid is supposed to have flourished about 240 B.C., though in his own autobiography—a work of doubtful authenticity—he says: "I was born August 17, 185 B.C." He is the author of 'De te Fabula,' "Dies et Nox" and over three hundred other books. He invented the ablative absolute, for which he was rewarded by the Senate with the pro-consulship of Ultima Verba. His military career seems to have led him also into northern Italy for it is recorded that on one occasion, after a long siege, "he took Umbrage, and retired into hither Gaul." Umbrage is perhaps, a false reading of Umbria. The latter years of his life are clouded in mystery, for he lived mostly in exile. He passed his time in writing the vast number of poems which were subsequently published under his pen name of "Anon.' Finally he seems to have transgressed the laws seriously, for he was hanged in Effigy, a town in Lower Egypt, on Christmas Day, 102 B.C.

This should be copied and framed, for the thirsty, in every reference library room.

MEMORABILIA

SOMEWHERE in those delicately finished letters which Lafcadio Hearn wrote from Japan to his friends, Dr. Chamberlain, he speaks with the passion and the inspiration of an artist about the beauty of words,—"the dream-flutes and dream-drums which are thinly and weirdly played by words.'

That wise and witty woman, Agnes Deans Cameron, is to-day only a shadow drifted out beyond the stars. But, reading again her article, "The Thames by Canadian Canoe," which appears in this number, and which was the last article she ever wrote, it comes home to us again that by those frail and tenuous symbols that she knew how to use so well, she will be longest remembered.

OUT OF THE SILENT PLACES

AFTER twenty-eight years of continuous service in the Far North under the Honorable the Hudson's Bay Company, F. C. Gaudette, the Factor of Fort Good Hope, has come out of the silent places to see Canada again.

If there is a man in whose shoes we would like to stand to-day, it is in Mr. Gaudette's. When he left Winnipeg in 1884 to travel by scow and stage into the unknown, it was a town of 20,000 people. Edmonton was a bit of a village. The prairie lay, wide and lonely, under the summer sun, its present cultivation, its present population, yet undreamed of. To-day he sees that prairie again, and we envy him the view. Across it he went to the

wilderness; and from the wilderness he has come. No change has marked the Mackenzie basin. "Our life up there is as solitary as it ever was," says Mr. Gaudette. With the exception of an occasional sewing machine in a Chipewyan tepee, an occasional graphophone playing the rag-time of Dixie to the wolverines, the North is as it was twenty-eight—or two hundred—years ago.

But the Canada to which Mr. Gaudette comes is changed as by a genie at a lamp-rubbing. For all our optimism and enthusiasm, our vaunted progress, our western "hustle," we cannot realize how changed it must seem to this man who has served in the wilderness a generation. We are too near at hand.

That is why we should like to stand in Mr. Gaudette's shoes. It must be a strange and wonderful thing to see the Edmonton of three railroads, of electric cars, telephones, telegraph, Paris gowns and society that has grown up while he has been leisurely busy with his peltries and his "trade." It must give him a curious feeling to listen to the clack of the binder where the beaver-traps used to be set, and to watch the powerful tractor hauling behind it the gang-plows that prepare for next season's sowing. It must be worth while to step, with unaccustomed feet, on one of the velvet-lined sleeping-cars that have thrust the Red River cart into the backyards of oblivion, and see the prosperous farmlands unroll past his elbow in the ripeness of harvest.

Mr. Gaudette should look well at this new Canada. His point of outlook is one that will not come again.

HARVEST-TIME

This month the Northwest Grain Dealers' Association issued an estimate of the 1912 crop for the three prairie provinces as follows:

Wheat, 10,584,000 acres at 17 bushels per acre, 179,828,000 bushels. Oats, 5,245,000 acres at 42 bushels per acre, 220,290,000 bushels Barley, 1,500,000 acres at 32 bushels per acre, 48,000,000 bushels. Flax, 1,110,000 acres at 11 bushels per acre, 12,210,000 bushels.

This is a conservative estimate, and many western Canadians will be inclined to raise it considerably, especially in view of the largely increased acreage over that in 1911. But even the canniest Scotchman of them all will agree that the crop of 1912 will hold the gaze of the world on Western Canada. A recent trip through Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta showed as handsome a country-side under harvest as ever glinted gold.

BENEDICTION

BY MARY G. FRASER

SWIFT-FADING gold above the clustering hills,
A sail borne home across the harbor's sweep,
A brown-skinned woman waiting on the sands,
The dimpled child upon her breast asleep.

A flash of wings athwart the waters' rim,
Where some late gull dips low in drowsy flight,
A sudden hush—then quivering, timid stars
Against the deepened blue; and thus the night.

THE CHANGE OF DIET

By Thos. A. Daly

YESTADAY, w'en da wheestle blow noon,
Joe D'Annunzio lay down hees spade,
An' he's feedin' heemsal' pretta soon
From hees deenner-pail here een da shade.

W'en da 'Merican boss ees com' by
From dat eatin-house over da way,
"Deesa costa da food ees so high
Eet ees keep a man busted," he say.
"Eet ees verra small lunch dat I eat—
Som' roas'-beef an' potato an' pie
An' a leetla bit sauce for my meat—
But eet's costa me seventy-fi',
An' I don'ta see how you can pay
For da foods dat keep you so fat."
"O! I maka fine deenner," Joe say,
"Weeth da onion an' bread an' tomat'."

An' to-day w'en da wheestle blow noon
Here's D'Annunzio eatin' som' more;
Com's da 'Merican boss pretta soon
An' he mak' da same keeck like bayfore.
"Som' potato an' cabbage an' ham,
An' som' cream an' som' peaches," he say,
"Dat ees all dat I eat, but, by dam,
Eet ees costa me ninety to-day!
An' you're eatin' da bread an' tomat'
Lika yestaday. My! eet ees strange;
Don't you nevva gat tire' of dat
An' try deefferant food for a change?"
"Sure! da yestaday's deenner," Joe say,
"Was tomat', bread an' onion for me,
But eet's deefferant now, for to-day
I ain't eatin' no onion, you see."

THE YOUNG IDEA'S AIM

SCHOOLBOY mistakes have an air of labored wit. Nothing could be more studiously perverted than the following:

"The Complete Angler" is another name for Euclid, because he wrote all about angles.

During the reformation every clergyman was compelled to receive 39 articles.

The masculine of heroine is kipper.

A problem is a figure which you do things with which are absurd, and then you prove it.

Opus est matuarto—a middle-aged man wanted.

Aequo atque parato animo moriar—I shall lie in prepared spirits and water.

Un chef d'oeuvre—A clerk of the works.

Les hors d'oeuvres—The unemployed.

Caerulea puppis—A Sky terrier.

Amatory verses are those composed by amateurs.

Income is a yearly tax.

The dodo is a bird that is nearly decent now.

NOT HIS FAULT

"Why are you here, my poor man?" asked the prison visitor.

"Through no fault of mine, sir," replied the convict.

"No?"

"No; I ain't had a single chance to break out."