GLOBE CHRISTMAS NUMBERS

Globe Christmas numbers.
Toronto. 1885; 1888-89; 1897-1912.
19 nos.

Supplement to the Toronto **Globe.**
All published?
Microfilmed from issues in the Metropolitan Toronto Library, the Globe and Mail Library, and the Archives of Ontario.
Microfilm. Toronto, McLaren Micropublishing Limited, 1986. 2 reels. 35 mm.

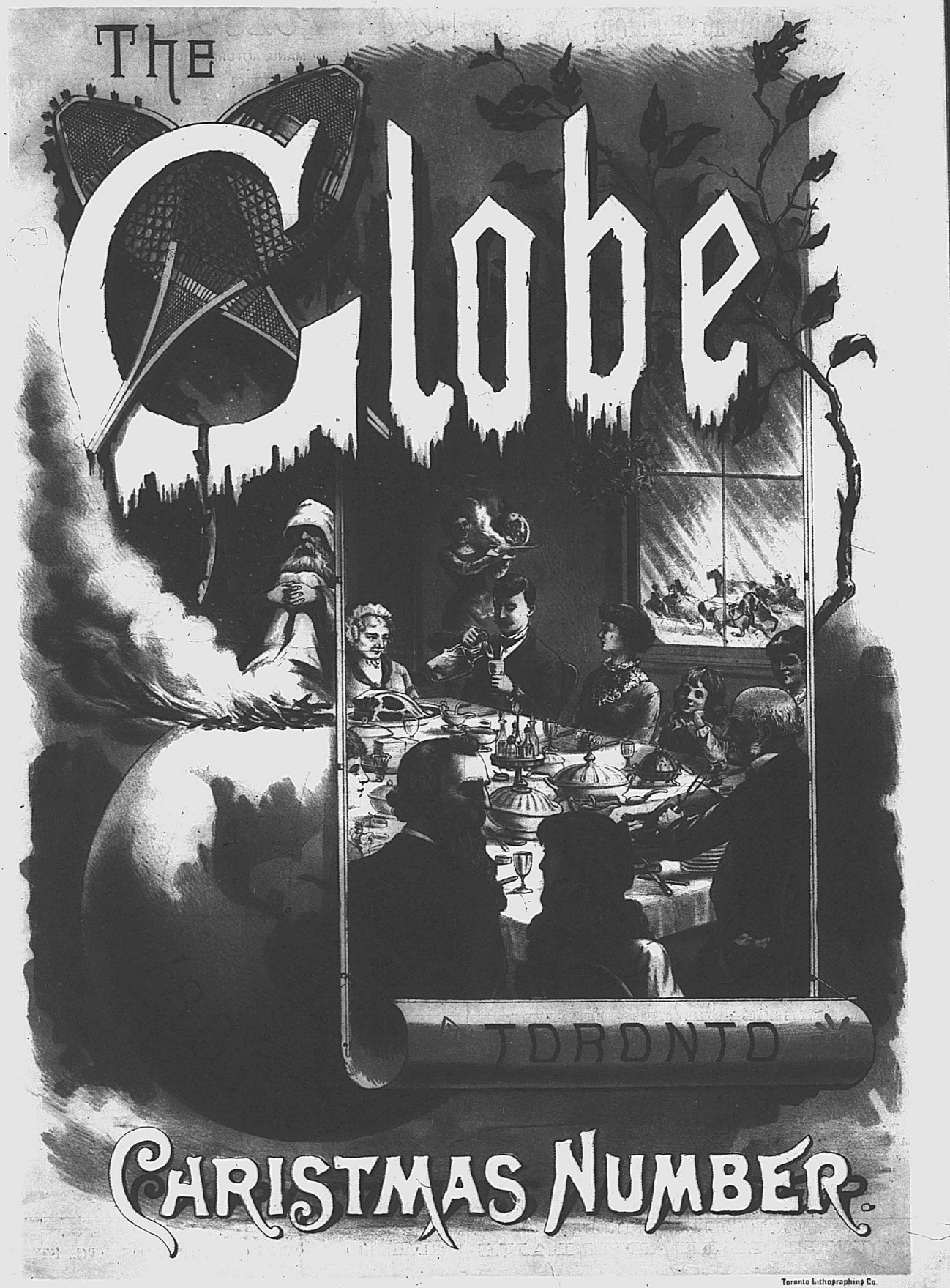
This reel contains
1885
through
1906

This microfilm accurately represents the quality of the original from which it is reproduced.

This microfilm has been prepared from original issues in the Baldwin Room of the Metropolitan Toronto Library, supplemented with issues from the Globe and Mail Library (1900 and 1906) and the Archives of Ontario (1888).

McLaren Micropublishing Limited

December 1986



Toronto Lithographing Co.

TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY
APR. 25 1955
REFERENCE

The Great Mantle and Mourning House

J. Pittman & Co

OUR BUSINESS IS DIVIDED INTO THREE DEPARTMENTS.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT.

We have the Largest, Choicest, and Cheapest Selection of Ladies', Misses', and Children's MANTLES and CLOAKS,
Culled from the Leading Manufactories of the World.

MOURNING DEPARTMENT

Contains Everything so known. Our BLACK SILKS and BLACK KID GLOVES are meeting with special favour. We have the only Complete Assortment of MOURNING GOODS in Canada, and we can execute MOURNING ORDERS of any size with a promptness and completeness hitherto unknown.

Dress and Mantle-Making Department.

This is an Art with us, and Ladies favouring us with Orders

Are Guaranteed the Most Perfect Fit and Style to be Obtained on this Continent.

OUR DECEMBER SALE

Of MANTLES is now in progress, and has never been surpassed in its success, as we are selling CHOICE GOODS at lower prices than ever before offered in this city.

Thousands to Choose From—Every Conceivable Price, Style, and Design.

J. Pittman & Co

218 Yonge-Street, Corner Albert-Street.

R. SIMPSON & COMPANY,

Wholesale and Retail Dry-Goods,

36 & 38 COLBORNE-STREET,

SELL ALL GOODS

AT SHARP WHOLESALE PRICES,

Thus SAVING to the purchaser all RETAIL PROFITS.

We keep the largest stock in Toronto.

We sell no trash nor shoddy.

All our goods are new and fresh from the looms.

WE SELL THE LARGE MERCHANT BY THE PACKAGE,

WE SELL THE SMALL MERCHANT BY THE PIECE OR HALF PIECE,

WE SELL THE PUBLIC BY THE YARD,

AT WHOLESALE PRICE.---TERMS CASH.

N.B.—Many of our customers had some difficulty in finding us out at first. They expected to find us on one of the retail streets. Our Warehouse is at the corner of Colborne-street and Leader Lane, nearly opposite the Postoffice. Since we do a large wholesale business as well as retail, our Warehouse is among the other wholesale houses. We will be glad to see you and you will be glad to see us.

R. SIMPSON & COMPANY,

36 & 38 COLBORNE-STREET,

CORNER OF LEADER LANE.

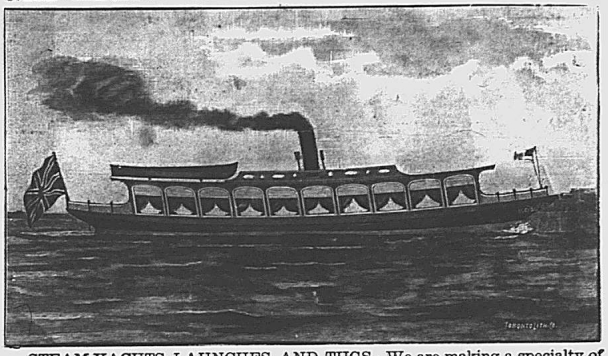
WM. POLSON & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,

STEAM YACHTS, LAUNCHES, AND TUGS,

GENERAL MACHINERY DEALERS,



STEAM YACHTS, LAUNCHES, AND TUGS.--We are making a specialty of this line, having secured the services of a noted English builder, and having put in the most approved machinery for building, we are now prepared to guarantee first-class work, and execute all orders with despatch. Plans and specifications furnished; speed guaranteed.

MARINE ENGINES AND BOILERS of the highest class built to order. We claim for our marine work great strength, safety, and durability.

VERTICAL ENGINES AND BOILERS---Superior design with improved valve gear. Advantages---small space required, simplicity of construction and management. We build 10 sizes, from 4 to 20 H. P. Every one guaranteed.

STEEL BOILERS.---We carry a stock of new Horizontal Steel Boilers from 60 H. P. down, ready for immediate shipment, best quality, low prices.

GENERAL MACHINERY.---We carry a large stock of New and Second-hand Engines, Boilers and General Machinery. We have engines from 100 H. P. down, and boilers to suit.

WM. POLSON & CO.

Esplanade East, Toronto, Ontario.

THE UPPER CANADA FURNITURE CO.



Factory at Bowmanville . . . Branch Store No. 5 King-street East, Toronto.

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE.

They are now selling off their stock in Toronto at greatly reduced prices. Great bargains in

PARLOUR SUITES, WINDOW CURTAINS, ETC., ETC.



TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING CO.

MISS CANADA.

Presented with the Christmas Number of The GLOBE 1885.

The Globe.

CHRISTMAS TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1885. SUPPLEMENT.



CHRISTMAS

We this year somewhat anticipate Christmas with our Christmas number; but the holiday season is fairly within sight and our readers, we are sure, will welcome the visitor that tells them Christmas is coming, though it has not yet arrived. THE GLOBE has never before sent out such a holiday number, and has never had so many readers to whom to send its holiday greetings as it will have to-day. In the most cordial terms it wishes them all a MERRY CHRISTMAS, and in due time, A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

***

How rapidly, to be sure, the years pass by. It seems but yesterday since the Christmas of '84 was being celebrated with Christmas gifts and Christmas carols; since friends were taking friends by the hand and wishing them all the compliments of the season; since young sters were dreaming of Santa Claus and all his treasures; since the old, old story of Bethlehem was being told in every variety of phrase in thousands of churches, and in myriads of homes; since family gatherings without number, hailed Christmas as the brightest day of all the year, and since multitudes on the last eve of this great Christian festival, raised their song of gladness, with which was mingled the exalting hope that thus they all would meet in coming years. But the weeks have passed rapidly by, and Christmas is again at the door before the echos of its last rejoicings have fairly died upon the ear. Winter, with its gloomy rigour—and it was gloomy and rigorous indeed; spring, with its sunshine and showers, its buds and its blossoms; summer, with its burning heats; and autumn, with its golden fruitage—all have come and gone, so that before we could well say of 1885, "It is new," it has become old, and in a few days will have disappeared entirely and for ever.

And so Christmas has again come round! Christmas! What memories are awakened by the word! How the distant and the near are brought into strange and striking contact! How men's thoughts wander back over eighteen hundred years and more, add in imagination yet once again stand by the cattle crib where was cradled in lowliness that Wondrous One, who has been for all these intervening centuries such a power among the sons of men, moulding their thoughts, refining their feelings, elevating their ambitions, stimulating in every way their varied energies, and awakening, as well as retaining among their countless myriads, a love which many waters could never quench, which, for multitudes, has turned prisons into vestibules of heaven, made tortures welcome, and death itself, even in its most repulsive form, an humble servant—nay, an obedient slave, and at the same time a most welcome friend.

***

Birthday celebrations all over the world, and in all ages there have been many, and these varied beyond estimate in character and concomitants. But which of them was ever like this celebration to which Christmas calls? Which of them had ever such variety in its details and yet such enthusiasm and sameness in its essential facts? A few years at most have been sufficient to make any other birthday celebration become obsolete and disappear. Who can now tell when William the Fourth was born? Who cares when our fathers kept holiday while George the Third was King? These old royal birthdays,—no doubt once welcomed with wine and wassail, with thunder of cannon, and shoutings of throats,—have all died away into the distance and have become as insignificant and unknown as those of the humblest shouters who then looked for a pot of beer, to waken their loyalty and loosen their tongues.

But somehow or other this one birthday never grows old and its varied celebrations never seem stale. Varied and numerous groups still year by year join in the angels' hymn journey in thought with the shepherds to see the great sight—the wondrous Child whose advent visitors from the unseen had so strangely heralded, and to bow, with Magi, before this lordly shrine.

***

All a myth! Say you! If so it is a myth the mightiest parallel of or even second to which the world has never seen one, and is never likely to see. Humblest of peasants, proudest of monarchs, wisest of sages, simplest of children, the rude and the refined, the tyrant and his drudge, the statesman and his tool, they who held the plough and he who ruled the harvest, the smitten and the smiter, the pure hearted girl in maiden meditation fancy free, as well as the most abject and forlorn wreck of womanhood, in city streets and country quiet, the grief-laden and the glad, the child of luxury, and the homeless outcast, the honoured and the despised, the monarch on his throne and the beggar on the dung hill, grey hairs and golden tresses, man in all the heyday of his glorious summer and man bowed down and bent by hoary eld, woman of all ages, of all ranks, and of all tongues, lisping childhood and stammering, tottering age, all, each, in his and her own way with more or less intelligence and emotion, turning aside to behold this great sight and wondering when not adoring as they caught and catch the echo of the hymn that is old yet ever new "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace."

***

As a mere phenomenon all this has been and is of the strangest. Men have wondered and pottered over it as well as cried out against it, but it has gone on all the same. Philosophers have tried to show that it is all a mistake and yet it bows the hearts of mankind, as the trees of the wood are bent before the rushing, mighty wind.

***

Look at it, think of it, explain it as best you may. It stands solitary and alone amid all the birthday festivals that earth has ever seen. Alexander's, Cesar's, Charlemagne's, Napoleon's, birthdays! What of them all? Who cares? Though the dust of all these men went to form the bung of a beer barrel or to nourish a thistle, who would mind? Their names once made the world grow pale. Even the moral they now teach is but poor and small. The human tools they cast away by thousands in order to pave their way to what, at best, was but a dream, perhaps loved them, certainly followed them, and no doubt died at their command. But who cares for them to-day? Who would shed a drop of blood for their honour? Who would spend a cent in order to tell to others when their birthdays came round?

***

In contrast with all this which so casts contempt on human glory, we have still the stable and the crib in Bethlehem, the young mother and her infant son, the head laid low with the beasts of the stall, the Magi with their gold and frankincense, the shining Star and the lowly cot, the remorseless tyrant and the weeping Rachel, all these and much else connected with the Christ of God have not become dim and indistinct as the ages have gone by; their memory has not even faded; human interest in them, far from becoming less and gradually but surely disappearing, was never greater than it is to-day, perhaps never so great. Never before in all the past nineteen centuries, did so great a number as will on the coming Christmas think and speak of these and kindred matters, with glowing enthusiasm and ever deepening interest, and that simply because in one way or another they were connected with the history and work of that strangely magnetic and wonderfully human prophet who was cradled among cattle and crucified with thieves.

***

Most marvellous of all earthly marvels is all this, on the understanding that the Child thus born was properly divine. Marvel not the less, nay, if possible, greater far when man try to account for the whole phenomenon on the understanding that he was earth born and human—this and nothing more.

No wonder that the exile of St. Helena felt sad as he said, "I shall die before my day and my body shall go to corruption. But who will care? The Empire that is build up by and rests on force, disappears." The Empire of the Christ which rests on love was never so strong as it is to-day.

***

But myriads who think little or not at all about what Christmas tells of Bethlehem's wonders, or of the infinite variety of circumstances and feeling, in which men have given thanks to Heaven for the angels' message and the angels' song, have yet somehow found and will this year find Christmas day one of the most notable of all the year. Memory will be busy—far busier than even imagination. As they repeat once more, "Christmas has come again!" the days of other years will come back. The shadows of other Christmases will rise from the buried past. The *then* and the *now* will once more stand side by side. The sound of voices that have long been still will again be heard. Faces that have long since been dust, will in the mind's eye, again put on all their old beauty and affection. In many a case there will be felt something "like the touch of a vanished hand." And old, old days will again appear as if they were indeed the world's now. Who shall say how many hard and hardened men of the world experience at such a season more than one touch of strangely unwonted tenderness? How many sceel cold eyes have then at least the wondrous baptism of tears? In any case multitudes by the Christmas memories of Christ's history and their own, have found themselves strengthened and encouraged amid life's work and cares, and have thereby been helped to rise on "stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things," and they will continue to do so in the years that are to come.

Christmas, whatever may be the varied opinions about the mere day, and whether or not it is the one on which Christ was really born has come with multitudes to be a season of blessed memories, of memories stretching far into the past, of memories gathering up the varied details of personal and family histories, of individual life at once of failure and success, and so let it stand. Whether the real day was in June or December matters now but little. In the one case as in the other Christmas will tell its own history and enforce its own moral for those who keep it whether as a holy day or a holiday will do so to little purpose unless they cultivate that love which they commemorate and embody their professions in words of kindness and deeds of charity.

THE GLOBE'S PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

This number contains the stories that were selected for printing out of those sent in for competition under the offer made by THE GLOBE a few weeks ago. The success of this competition has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. No fewer than four hundred and seven stories were sent in. The labour of reading and selecting from them was very great, and it follows that the amount of work put upon them by the writers was immense. We felt that, so great was the diligence as well as the ability shown by the writers, it would be better and fairer if we printed a greater number than eight or ten, which it was originally proposed to select. Twenty four of the stories appear in this issue. We think the judgment of our readers will be unanimous to the effect that many of the stories are worthy of the highest praise.

The story writers and THE GLOBE having done their part, it remains for the readers to do theirs. The ballot paper on which the readers are asked to award the prizes appears at the foot of page 5. Cut it out, fill it up with the stories selected, and mail to this office so as to reach us by Jan. 15th.

We ask for a full vote. The writers having done so much for the pleasure of the readers it will not be fair dealing if the readers do not reciprocate.

***

—The Arabs still continue to obtain butter in the primitive fashion of three thousand years ago. When travelling they milk their camels at dawn, and after their morning meal put the residue in a sheepskin bag and resume their journey. The jolting received *en route* does the churning and butter is ready at the night encampment.

THE DATE OF CHRISTMAS.

The word Christmass, at first, only looked to religious services in recognition of the advent of the Saviour upon earth. The first knowledge of it that we can obtain with any degree of certainty goes back as far as 180 and 192 A.D. Then for more than a century, it was one of the most movable and uncertain of any of the Christian festive days, sometimes observed in April, sometimes in May, or later, even in January. The Christians were during all this time so cruellyper secuted that their worship was of necessity irregular. During the reign of Diocletian, in 284, and up to 305 A.D., they were never safe from his assaults. While holding court in Nicomedia he learned that a large company of the Christians were gathered together to celebrate the birthday of Jesus. He ordered the doors of the church in which they were assembled to be closed, guards stationed around it, and the building set on fire. All within its walls perished in the flames.

During this period of persecution the day of the Saviour's birth was never fixed definitely but in the fourth century St. Cyril of Jerusalem urgently besought Pope Julius I. to have the time investigated and some definite time fixed that could be recognized by all Christians as the Saviour's birthday, and the theologians, both East and West, in solemn conclave, agreed on the 25th of December; not all felt certain of the correctness of this decision, but some fixed day was very important, in their opinion. This decision was not opposed, and from that period the nativity of Christ has been uniformly celebrated by the Church on the 25th of December, yet that the birthday of the Saviour could not have been on that day seems certain to many minds, for that is the rainy season in Judea, and the shepherds, it is thought, could hardly be watching their flocks by night on those plains. But other authorities claim that between the middle of December and the middle of February, there is on the plains of Palestine a season of dry weather, preceded and followed by the early and the later rains.—Mrs. H. W. Beecher, in Brooklyn Magazine.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

The festivities which a hundred years ago were common as a part of Christmas celebrations, have even in England greatly decreased, yet it is but little more than twenty years since Washington Irving gave us in "Bracebridge Hall" some idea of the delightful festivities still enjoyed in the Old Country, but without the wild hilarity that characterized them less than a half a century before he wrote. Christmas Eve was then the beginning of the revels, and was kept up, every day being a holiday, until the 6th of January, and often till Candlemas Eve (Feb. 2nd), for the house of the nobles, "a lord of misrule," or an "Abbot of unreason" was appointed, whose office was to make "the rarest pastimbs to delight the beholder." His rule was undisputed, from All hallow Even till Candlemas Day. From that time, when this "Abbot of unreason" was appointed till he resigned his office, the larder was overflowing with beef, mutton, poultry, game of all kinds, with pies and puddings, nuts, sugar, and honey. The ovens were kept constantly heated, and the cooks were never idle. The Italians have a proverb which is very significant of the state of things during this season of misrule. "He has more business" they say, "than English ovens at Christmas." And yet strange as it may seem we cannot learn that the tenants, who for a time were free from all restraint, abused this wild freedom, or wronged the lord of the manor, or his amily. They were royally entertained at the Hall, and master and family encouraged all mirth and sports that conduced to their enjoyment. No doubt this "lord of misrule" or "Abbot of unreason" was a trusted servant, who restrained his subjects from carrying the misrule into violence.

"On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung;
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose.
England, was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
Such Christmas gambols oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year.

To deck the house with evergreens was a practice handed down from the old Druids, who thought that sylvan spirits might rest among these branches, and escape unblighted by frost till a milder season. Holly, ivy, bay, laurel, mistletoe, and rosemary were the favourite evergreens for adorning church—all but the mistletoe, for being a relic of the Druids, it must not be put up in a church—castles, and tenements, and were kept on till Candlemas.

An old English superstition taught that "even were always found on their knees on Christmas Eve, as it was said that an ox and an ass were present when the Child was born, and fell upon their knees in a suppliant posture."

The mistletoe is still suspended in the English farm houses and kitchens all through Christmas, and the young men have the privilege of kissing the girls under it, if they can, plucking each time a berry from the bush. But when the berries are all gone, this liberty ceases. On Christmas Eve the waifs go from house to house, just as the family and guests retire, and sing a Christmas carol, then pass on. This is often repeated during the twelve days of Christmas sports. Afterward they go to each of these houses, with their Christmas letter, for a small subscription. Christmas morn, before the family rose, it was customary for the small children of the family, or guests, to pass quietly through the halls, halt at the sleeping apartments, and sing a few lines significant of the day, as

"Hetoice our Saviour he was born
On Christmas day in the morning."

From this doubtless came the custom of calling "Merry Christmas" early in the morning of our time.

All were expected to rise early Christmas morning. The breakfast must not be delayed, "the hackin, or great sausage, must be boiled and ready by daybreak, or if not two young men must take the cook by the arms and run her round the market-place to shame her for her laziness. The old ceremony of serving the boar's head for the first course at Christmas dinner is still adhered to in many portions of the old country." In more ancient times the peacock was the first dish sometimes made into a pie at one end of which the head appeared above the crust in all its plumage with the beak richly gilt, at the other end the tail full spread was suspended.

After the Christmas dinner came the mashings or "mummeries," when the whole place was laid under contributions for the wardrobes, and when all were thus arrayed, it was finished by dancing.

Enough of these amusements still remain for those who witness them at the present day to be able, by a little stretching of the imagination, to gain a tolerably good idea of what Christmas festivities might have been long years ago, and also how much of the Druidical "yule-log" celebrations mingled with the Christmas sports of the Christian era.

BEYOND THE WALLS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY CECELIA A. GARDINER, IN THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE.

'Twas Christmas Eve of Eighty-one,
Light, feathery flakes came floating down,
And lay upon the whitening earth,
Pure as an angel at its birth,
Like sharpened blade cut the keen air,
While frosted drops flecked beard and hair.
Rude Boreas rushed all abroad,
While old St. Nick packed his gay horde,
And started on his yearly way,
With eight reindeer and well filled sleigh.
'Tis meet that joy should reign to-night,
In happy hearts and faces bright,
To-night let strife and anger cease,
To-night we hail the Prince of Peace!
Poor hearts! to whom no joy e'er comes
From loving friend's or happy homes;
Poor hearts! whose only hope of rest
Is, when the turf lies on their breast.
Ye who rejoice in Christmas chime,
Think on the poor at such a time.

Among the motley, eager throng
Who pass the crowded street along,
Came one with clothing thin and old,
Shivering and pinched with bitter cold.
His hoary locks were long and scant,
His features bore the markso' want,
And shambling on his weary way,
Unheeded by the young and gay.
He asked, in accents soft and mild,
Help in the name of the Christ Child!
Before him rose a mansion fair,
With grand, aristocratic air,
Light forms were flitting to and fro,
Distinct in the bright gas-light's glow.
The ruddy flame from marble hearth
Revealed young faces full of mirth
And all looked bright and pure and fair,
As though an angel lingered there.

A youth with gay and smiling face,
Came down the steps with easy grace
He scorned the eager, out-stretched hand
Extended almost with command.
"Give! give! oh, give! on such a night
When all to you is fair and bright,
I'm freezing—starving—dying too,
Oh give! as God has given you."
The youth turned off with careless air,
Nor deigned an answer foul or fair.

He stood with fascinated gaze,
Beneath the light's concentred rays,
Till, on a sudden gust of wind,
The massive doors rolled in behind,
Where vestibule with friendly air
Shut in the polished walnut stair.
The inner door half open blew,
And lo! tempting via on threw
Its meshes wove by Satan's power,
And fastened in an evil hour,
An overcoat! so warm, so new,
Was there exposed to longing view,
And, with a quick, impulsive bound,
One hasty glance he cast around;
He seized the coat—then down he flew,
But flying feet his steps pursue,
The law, with iron and eager clutch,
Arrests as thief and finds him such.

While lodged within four pris n walls,
His sin he bitterly recalls.
Twice weary months his sentence read,
Twice weary months passed o'er his head;
On pallid brow and trembling frame,
Consumption wrote her awful name,
The glassy eye and hectic cheek
In Death's deep, hollow whispers speak,
And racking cough and weary sigh,
Fill up the hours as they roll by.

The morn was fair and earth was bright,
And gaily danced the rosy light,
Twice weary months drew near their close—
The warm life current ebbs and flows,
As calm he rests upon his bed,
Thoughts of the morrow fill his head,
When the strong gates should opened be
And he go forth—a man—and free!

"You've almost through," the Warden said,
Pausing beside the lonely bed,
"Yes, Warden, yes! I'm almost through!
Just one more day to stay with you,
One more night in those gloomy halls,
And I shall be beyond the walls.
'Tis Christmas, Warden! Happy day!
I shall be free to go my way."
He seized his hand with earnest grasp,
Firmer and stronger grew the clasp.
"Warden, I can't go back to sin,
The victory I want to win.
Give me a coat to keep me warm,
Lest I be tempted again to harm,
The wintry wind is rough and cold,
And, Warden, I am growing old.
I want to thank you, Warden, now;
You've chased the shadow from my brow;
Now, I go to the world again,
Thank God! I know there are such men.
I'll say Good-morning, not Good-bye.
For we're not parting, you and I."

The morning came with frosty air,
And leafless branches, brown and bare;
"Merry Christmas!" the Warden said
As he approached the dreamless bed.
"Hurrah! To-day you're free, you know,
Free as the winds that keenly blow;
The law's demands you need not fear,
No hand can longer hold you here"—
But, ah! he heaved a heavy sigh,
As he received his mute reply,
For, ere he reached the silent halls,
The prisoner was "beyond the walls."

An exceedingly useful gift is a pretty workbasket that may be easily arranged. Buy a square basket with a handle and gild or bronze the outside, including the handle. Line the inside with quilted satin, taking care to have it perfectly smooth. Make four pockets of satin the colour of the lining and fasten them at each of the four inside corners for thread, silk, embroidery materials, and tape. Run them with elastic so that they will not gape. Have a needle-book and pin-cushion on opposite sides, and on the corresponding sides, satin cases for court plaster and for emery and wax. The handle is wound about with a narrow roll of plush and finished with pompons of plush or silk. The edge of the basket is finished with a roll of plush and fringe of pompons. The cover of the basket may be made of plush or satin, with a rolled hem and lined by pompons or edged with lace.

ACTING PROVERBS.

"THOSE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES SHOULDN'T THROW STONES."

Scene.—A Classroom. The usual furniture. A high desk for the master, behind which there is room for a boy to hide.

Characters.

Tom Overend. Charles Hawkins.
George Overend. Reginald Goodwin.

Goodwin, seated at desk, with his head on his hand, evidently working hard. He repeats to himself aloud a list of Greek verbs or some equally pleasant information.

Goodwin (taking a moment's rest).—Oh, bother everything! especially the particular idiot who invented Greek! Why couldn't he have remained contented with his mother tongue! *(Buries himself in his books.)*

Enter Hawkins.

Hawkins (aside).—Poor beggar! Go, to learn up his Greek verbs! he can't go out. I'll make him squirm; he called me a cad yesterday. Hullo, Goody!

(Goodwin takes no notice.)

Hawkins.—Hullo, Goody! *(Slaps him on the back.)* You in this afternoon? It's awfully jolly out.

Goodwin.—You shut up and leave me alone.

Hawkins.—Don't get waxy, old chap; keep your temper. It isn't a very good one out it's all you duly.

Goodwin.—Now look hear, yo. Hawkins, just you keep your mouth shut, or I took you for trouble.

Hawkins.—Why, I only wanted to tell you now jolly it is out in the playground.

Goodwin.—Then go out and enjoy it.

Hawkins.—I want to write a letter.

Goodwin.—Then write it. *(Again bur on himself in his books.)*

Hawkins (aside).—Now he's angry; I never he would be. I owe him one. Called me a sneak last week, and said he'd lick me. He's well into his verbs again. I'll interrupt him once more. I say, Goody, don't you think it's bad for your health to stay in so much!

Goodwin.—I'll make it bad for your health if I come for you.

Hawkins (aggravatingly).—Now, don't exercise yourself, Goody.

(Goodwin gets up and chases him round the room, giving him a kick or two on the way.)

Goodwin.—Perhaps that will teach you to keep quiet and not cheek me.

Hawkins.—All right; I'll pay you out for that.

Goodwin.—Come and do it, then.

Hawkins.—I will if you don't mind.

Goodwin (laughing).—That's what you always say.

Goodwin continues to work: Hawkins, seeing his chance, takes every of his books quietly, and pours some ink into it, shuts it, and places it in its original position.

Hawkins (aside).—There, I guess that will teach Master Goody to keep his kicks to himself. I should like to see him open that book and find it out. I know I just slip in here; he can't see me. *(Hides behind high desk, where there is a seat.)*

Goodwin (getting up).—I can't learn a thing to-day. Hullo! that chap's gone. What a cad he is! I should like to go out, but I s pose I must stick at these cracksjaw paradigms. *(Stretches himself and sits down again. A short pause. Hawkins pulls his head out and dives back again.)*

Enter Tom Overend.

Tom Overend.—Hullo, Goody!

Goodwin.—If I come for you

Tom Overend.—Eh!

Goodwin (getting up and shaking his hand).—Why it's Overend major, and thought it was that beggar Hawkins.

Tom Overend.—Thanks, I'm sure. I hope I'm not quite so bad as that.

Goodwin.—But what on earth's brought you back to school! If I left this hole for good, like you, I would n't be here a second time before I ever came here of my own accord.

Tom Overend.—Why, bless the fellow, there's nothing to mind in coming back when you know you can leave just when you like. I was at Farnham, which is only four miles away, so I thought I'd run over and see if any of you fellows a look up, and stand you and my little sister a feed.

Goodwin.—You're a brick, and no mistake. But, I say, what a swell you are now; that's a topper, and your kid gloves.

Tom Overend (laughs).—Oh, one's got to be a little more particular when one's left school.

Goodwin.—And how do you like it?

Tom Overend.—Not at all bad, but don't you expect you'll be able to knock off work when you leave? I've got to work harder than ever for my medical exam. But never mind about me: how's the old place getting on?

Goodwin.—Oh, much the same.

Tom Overend.—Many new fellows come?

Goodwin.—Yes, but they're not worth much.

Tom Overend.—Is Turner here still?

Goodwin.—Oh, yes, he's captain of the eleven.

Tom Overend.—What, that chap!

Goodwin.—Oh, yes, he's our best man now.

Tom Overend.—Well, things are going to the dogs. Is that beggar Hawkins still here?

Goodwin.—Oh, yes.

Hawkins (aside, writching).—I thought it would get interesting soon.

Tom Overend.—Twill be no loss when he leaves.

Goodwin.—No, he's an awful sneak, and bullies the youngsters too. I had to kick him just before you came in.

Tom Overend.—I should like to have a lon of him for half an hour to play fiscing with. He played me some nasty tricks when I was here.

H. (aside).—I'll play you another, my young friend, if I can get the chance.

Tom Overend.—Say, old chap, I'm stuck George! I haven't run across him yet. Let's go and find him, and then have a run down to town and try if the old shop gives as good stick jaw as ever. I s'pose you can come out *Goodwin.*—Oh, yes, I should n't stay in because I'm going in for a scholarship.

Tom Overend.—I was afraid you were in for a row. Has there been any particularly big shine this half?

Goodwin.—There's one coming on. The Doctor's greenhouse had a stone through its roof, which broke off a cactus, and we're going to lose next half holiday unless some one owns up.

Tom Overend.—That's a nuisance. Well, let's find my cousin.

Hawkins (let's book fall, and then starts up.

Goodwin.—Hallo! what's that!

Hawkins (coming out).—Don't be frightened, it's only me; I was dozing behind the desk, it's a nice quiet corner. Why, Overend, is that you?

Tom Overend.—Yes, it is. We were talking about you just now.

Hawkins.—How odd! What were you saying!

Goodwin.—Nothing you would care to hear, I expect.

Tom Overend.—Do you know where my cousin is!

Hawkins.—I saw him going out just before I came in.

Tom Overend.—Then we'll try and find him somewhere. Come along, Goody.

(Goodwin and Tom Overend go out.)

Hawkins (alone).—That will send him a whi gooose for nothing, I think. I did n't see Overend minor go out, but I saw him come in again. He was carrying a hamper. I should like to know what's in it. I think I know how to find out. *(Why, he's coming up; he'll come in here in a minute. I think I know how to get in much as I want out of him. (Hides behind desk.)*

Enter George Overend.

George Overend (pulling down hamper).—It feels nice and heavy. I'm glad I got it in without everybody seeing me; now I need only give it to those fellows who are chums. *(Puts the lid open.)* Oh my! what a stunning lot of things! Mater is a brick!

Hawkins (coming quietly out.) Hallo, Overend! I got a hamper!

George Overend (startled.)—Yes. *(Closes it.)*

Hawkins.—That's lucky. Is it a heavy one!

George Overend.—What is that to you!

Hawkins.—Why, I should like to know what's in it. I'm sure you'd like to give me some of the things, say a couple of tarts and a dozen apples or so, and about half the cake.

George Overend.—Anything else!

Hawkins.—That would do for a beginning.

George Overend.—Oh I would I! I should look here, I'll give you a slice of cake to leave me alone.

Hawkins.—Thanks, Georgie, but is isn't enough.

George Overend.—Isn't it! Then you won't get any.

Hawkins.—Won't I! *(Catches hold of his arm.)*

George Overend.—No, you bully. You're afraid to hit a fellow your own size.

Hawkins (tantalisingly).—Why, I'm not going to hit you, Georgie; I wouldn't think of such a thing.

George Overend.—Then you leave me alone.

Hawkins (drops his arm.)—All right, my child; but you'll give me as much of that hamper as I want.

George Overend.—I'll see you at Jericho first.

Hawkins.—No you won't. You listen. Once upon a time there was a small boy who lost his ball in the gutter round the schoolroom roof. He thought he could get it down by shying stones at it, but one of his stones went back her and dropped over on the other side of the roof. The small boy knew there was a greenhouse the other side, so he ran away, thinking nobody saw him. But somebody did.

George Overend.—Oh, Hawkins, don't you tell!

Hawkins.—I tell! Why I shouldn't think of such a thing. I'm not a sneak, am I!

George Overend (doubtfully).—N—no.

Hawkins.—Of course not. If a fellow who I didn't like had done it perhaps I should feel bound to tell the Doctor know; he is rather a shame, doesn't it that all the school should lose a half holiday because you broke some glass.

George Overend.—But I'm not sure I broke it, Hawkins.

Hawkins.—Oh, no, of course not. Still, I'm afraid I shall just mention it in the first half. However, we are friends, aren't we! And I should never tell on a friend.

THE GLOBE'S PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

See Ballotting Paper at the Foot of this Page.

"THICK DARKNESS."

BY "LADYE."

EVEN sitting in God's glorious sunlight on this bright November day, looking on the outside world bathed in a warm noonday glow, that recalls a time when the year was much younger, I cannot think of the adventure which suggested the title of my story without an involuntary shudder. Some years ago business led me to the shore of Aspitoulin Island. While there I made a friend of mine, Jacques Lake Aldedemore, one of the large sheets of water in the Do- minion. The object of our visit to the lake, was not so much its splendid fishing, as a subterranean stream which empties Creek and a cave called Bear's Hole. Of these two natural curiosities the latter was the more interesting, as it opened with a full-grown stream of water from a narrow ledge of rock on the precipitous hillside on the east side of the ravine, and, after running swiftly over a pebbly bed for about fifty hundred yards, where it disappears to be seen no more, in a series of rents in the rocky bed which form the lake shore. From the point of disappearance the land slopes gradually downward to the Bear's Hole in a perpendicular wall of rock running along the eastern shore for two or three miles, and varying in height from two to twenty feet. After an interesting examination of the creek my friend led me to the Bear's Hole, which is situated about half way between the creek and the lake. The hole (which by the way we had some difficulty in finding, owing to the rank growth of ground-pine) is, around it, is about three feet square at the mouth, about fourteen feet in perpendicular depth, and widens out towards the bottom like an *oubliette*. After tearing away the shrubs from the entrance my friend and I procured a stout cedar pole, by means of which we descended to the bottom of the Bear's Hole. Here my friend took the opportunity of informing me that the grotto received its name from the fact that about twenty years before a Halfbreed, Louis Dubouki, had followed a wounded bear into it, and had never been seen or heard of afterwards. This was the way. We found the floor covered with dry sand and pebbles like the bed of a stream. Two small openings on a level with the floor, and on opposite sides of the *oubliette* attract our attention. On examination we found that they were large enough to admit a man on his hands and knees. We proceeded to explore them. Entering the gallery on the east side first, we crawled for fifty yards with out discovering any diminution in its size. At this distance, however, the roof suddenly bulged down to within four inches of the floor, rendering further progress in that direction impossible. Backing our feet first we next entered the gallery on the opposite side. About thirty feet from the entrance this passage suddenly widened so that we could stand erect and walk abreast. Lighting a match we discovered that at the distance of a few feet from us the gallery contracted as suddenly as it had widened out. We also became sensible of a strong current of air setting in from us, and of a hollow murmur accompanied by a scarcely perceptible vibration of the floor, as if a torrent of water was forcing its way through the limestone rock somewhere near us. Here Frank, who is of rather a timid disposition, proposed returning, but, not anticipating no danger, I resolved to proceed a little further. Yielding on the advice of my friend I entered the contracted passage first. I cannot tell you how far I had moved crawling in this way, when I found the passage was growing so low in the roof that I was faith to lie flat on my back and wriggle along like a snake. This was the thing of returning. To my companion, when I became conscious that the floor on which I lay was sinking, that the noise and of rushing water was becoming ominously loud. For one moment I was paralyzed by fear so that I could not move. In the next I was shaking in a hell of rushing, roaring water, that swept apparently thousands of feet straight down into the bowels of the earth. Oh! the awful, awful terrible horror of that time! I felt that I was being dragged helplessly on to certain death sudden and appalling. My whole life passed before me. No word can express the experience before me. No word can express the experience before me from the earliest recollections of boy hood up to the moment I felt the floor give way. Horror is but a feeble name for what I suffered. How long I was in falling I know that I cannot, or how far it carried me I cannot tell. It seemed to me as if I were born there and were shot down millions of feet in thick shiny dark rock. Probably I was not more than a minute in the air, and I was not under twenty or thirty feet downwards. A sudden jar made me look around me. I was in my downward career restored my powers of volition and motion. A sudden move- ment of my arm declared the fact that I was lying in about six inches of water with plenty of clear space overhead. I sat up gasping for air and trembling in every limb. After a few deep breathings the terrible sensation of horror left me, and I began to realize my true position. The darkness was appalling, literally and truly "thick darkness." A darkness that might be felt. I seemed to press on my eyeballs with a force that made them ache so that I was glad to shut them every few minutes for relief just as one does in a blinding glare of light. My ear was filled too with the continuous, bitter roar and reration of splashing, gurgling, rushing water. After sitting for a few minutes the trembling in my limbs ceased, and I began to feel a great exertion of will, to divert my thoughts from my horrible situation. I tried to think of my perilous position, and my chances of escaping therefrom. Despair and hope waged an equal battle for some time. Hope won. With hope came courage and action. Rais- ing my hand above my head I found that I could touch the roof. I stood erect, and then felt the rock about six inches above my head. Getting down on my hands and knees I proceeded to explore my prison. First I ascertained that there was no means of egress by the way in which I had entered, which was a narrow pipe-like tunnel down which the water, completely filled it, and rushed with such force as to render the ascent absolutely impossible to any living creature, save a fish. The chamber in which I stood seemed to be of considerable size with an almost level floor, while the torrent which spread itself in a great many small streams, which reunited at the other end of the cave, and dashed down through another narrow tunnel to a still lower level. All this I learned after long and painful groping on my hands and knees. My situation appeared to me almost desperate, yet I recognized the hand of Providence in so ordering it, that I had been ushered into that dismal grotto feet first. Had my head struck the floor of that chamber first, I reflected that I should inevitably have been stunned and probably drowned. The recollection of that fact cheered me wonderfully even in that hell of immersion darkness and deafening noise, and nerved me to attempt my escape by the only way possible, namely by the lower tunnel. I was a dexterous swimmer, having acquired he art in the flashing, dangerous waters of the "Rapid Spey," and, with the blue sky overhead, not every torrent would have frightened me. Resolutely thrusting back the many doubts and fears that assailed me about the size, length, and winding of the tunnel, and breathing a short prayer to God, I launched forward feet first into the stream. The distance to the entrance was slow and unattended with danger, but as the opening narrowed and the descent became steeper the velocity of my course increased, until it was a veritable "*vanilla descensus Averni.*" I received some severe cuts and bruises on various parts of the head and body from contact with the rocks in my mad career. I retained perfect consciousness, however, and even, presence of mind, so that, when, after a much shorter trip than I had anticipated I found myself in deep water, I struck out with comparative coolness. Think darkness still whichever way I turned. At first I swam cautiously away from the torrent searching for a resting place. A few strokes brought my head in contact with the roof. I counted [illegible] to speak along the junction of the rock and water expecting soon to touch bottom, or at least to find some ledge, which I might cling to for a short rest, as my clothes made swimming rather tiresome. My search was in vain. Everywhere the surface of the water and the rock overhead *met at* an *acute angle*. I was becoming exhausted, and had almost resolved to swim back to the mouth of the tunnel in search of a ledge whereon to rest, when my face came in contact with some rough substance floating on the surface of the water. Raising my hands, I found, to my great joy, that it was a log of square timber. Swimming to one end of the log I rested myself and ascertained that it was large enough to sustain five times my weight. The finding of that log I consecrated as about thirty feet long, and as the cave was now wide enough to allow the stick to be turned around, I naturally concluded that it must have drifted in somewhere at the end of the cave most remote from the debouchement of the torrent. Again and again I tried in vain to find an opening at that end. At length, exhausted and faint from exhaustion, I desisted from my efforts and resigned myself hopelessly to my fate. Gradually a very strange feeling of [illegible] overcame me, a feeling which I can only describe as a mixture of drowsiness and extreme nervousness. Mentally my reasoning faculties seemed to be completely numbed, my imagination became intensely active. I experienced a series of remarkable hallucinations. The key note to all of which was the continuous roar of the falling water at the further end of the cavern. I thought I heard the measured thud of squadrons of cavalry galloping along a hard plain. I knew me, the noise increasing as they neared me, until they passed me with horrible din and clatter, and the noise died away as they rushed forward into the darkness. At intervals weird gusts of plaintive melody came wailing up from nameless abysmal distances and died away in the darkness before the awful blackness. Angry voices of a surging, mad- dening crowd filled and agitated the stagnant gloom above and around me. Then a lurid light rested on the black water, by which I beheld a horrible anguish shadowy faces and forms that came out of the darkness leering and grinning at me. Accompanying this panorama of horrible fiendish wings circling overhead and closing down on me, and around me until I felt that I was suffocating. Then a sudden awful silence followed by a crushing sense of utter loneliness.

So lonely twas that God himself

Scarce seemed there to be.

I tried to pray but could not. I seemed to be on the verge of annihilation, when once more there came a frightful mountain torrent that I felt sure was sweeping on- ward to overwhelm me, and curiously enough, above all the uproar I heard the sweet cadences of the kirk bell in my far away native village. A great wail of fallen on my ears, and to my relief. I sat upright on the stick, and summoning all my energies, I started off once more on my journey. Again a terrible fear of madness now haunted me. I thought that my rapid safety from that fate by an active movement. I resolved to be more thorough in my search. Taking off my coat I tied it around my head over my eyes, then passing my left arm up to the elbow between the stick and the rock, I began to make sure that the water touched the rock on both sides. Having satisfied myself of this, I left length reached a small opening where the water and the rock were about two inches apart. Passing in my hand I found that the roof rose higher inside at the length of my arm. In another moment I had my head in, came up in a second chamber apparently, living with the same rushing flood of water through my timber. I groped my way to the fore along a very low roofed passage, and so on through a dozen more. I could keep it up no longer. My body through. After a time I thought I became conscious of a perceptible difference coming in the thick darkness. Was it a return of my former fancies or was it real? I pressed eagerly on. Light! Light! Light! Light! Blessed light! Increasing as I near it! My feet touch ground! I make a few steps down, and, from under a rock only three or four inches from the water, I can see the grass and sky just touching the Western horizon, and feeling the world with a soft warm wind, that falls on me like and forces like a parting benediction.

NELLY'S SUBSTITUTION.

BY FIDELIS.

THE brightness of the October day was swiftly passing away with the glow of the sunset. A chilly breeze began to whirl fol lowed the genial warmth which had almost seemed a belated bit of summer. With the quick change of light and temperature that succeeds the Western sunset, the cliff on the grey rocks that overlooked the Atlantic, and the little farm-house near the shore seemed to gather on its white walls the last warmth of the daylight, while the air was still dark and the girl watched it earnestly. While she and watched and a fine Newfoundland dog, which would occasionally whine and look up to touch the girl's face with its grey and red tongue. Suddenly the sunset hues from the ring now cold and white, and the little family knew that

LADIES,
CALL FOR THE
DEVEREUX CORRINE CORSET,
Healthful and Perfect-Fitting.

Our terms to the Trade are as good as any House in Canada.

We manufacture Forms, Bustles, and Supports, all the latest.

ADDRESS—
DEVEREUX CORSET CO.,
280 Dundas-st., London, Ont.

BUNNELL & BUSCH,
MANUFACTURERS OF
FINE CIGARS,
Brantford, Ont.

We Manufacture the Celebrated Ontario and B. B. Brands.

THE BARNUM
Wire & Iron Works of Ont.,
WINDSOR, ONT.,

Issue Twelve Catalogues of Wire Railings, Iron Fences, Cresting, Lawn Furniture, and ROLLER SKATES.

Mailed free to any address on application.

The Barnum Wire and Iron Works of Ont., BOX 17, WINDSOR, ONT.

MARSHALL BROS.,
TEA MERCHANTS,
67 Dundas-street,
LONDON

BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS,
TORONTO,
HAMILTON,
ST. THOMAS,
STRATFORD,
GODERICH.

THE BANK OF LONDON
IN CANADA

DIVIDEND NO. 4.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of three and one-half per cent. for the current half year, being at the rate of seven per cent. per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of the Bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after the

2ND DAY OF JANUARY NEXT.

The transfer books will be closed from the 19th to the 31st DECEMBER, both days inclusive. By order of the Board.

A. M. SMART,
Acting Manager.

The Bank of London in Canada,
London, 24th November, 1885.

AGENTS.

Wanted at once, good men to sell our pure teas. Special inducements to experienced agents if application reaches us before end of December.

TORONTO TEA COMPANY,
LONDON, ONT.

ESTABLISHED IN 1862.
The Clinton Agricultural Works.



FARRAN, MACPHERSON, & HOVEY,
(Successors to Glasgow, Macpherson, & Co.) Manufacturers of
Threshing Machinery Exclusively.

New End-Shake Climax Threshing Machines, Improved Minnesota Chief Threshing Machines, Pitt's Improved Horse Powers either "Down" or "Mounted," Plain and Traction Threshing Engines.

The Very Best and Most Popular Threshing Machines Made in Canada.
Unsurpassed for Workmanship, Finish, and Completeness.

Our Machines have numerous special features and advantages not possessed by any others. They are offered wholly on their merits, which have long been fully substantiated, and with the fullest confidence that they excel in durability, ease of running, and perfection of work. They are invariably successful, and are guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. For the coming season a number of new and important improvements will be added.
Correspondence solicited. Send for Illustrated Catalogues and Price List.
AGENTS wanted in all sections where we are unrepresented.
Our Works and General Business Office are at Clinton, Ontario, ONLY. All Correspondence should therefore be addressed to
FARRAN, MACPHERSON, & HOVEY, Clinton, Ontario.

The NEW DRESS from which this Edition of THE GLOBE was printed is the Celebrated Extra-Hard Metal Scotch Type (the best in the world), manufactured by MILLER & RICHARD, Letter Founders to Her Majesty, Edinburgh, London, and 7 Jordan-Street, Toronto.

Berlin Novelty Works.



The Trade Supplied with Illustrated Catalogue and Price List of Children's Carriages.

Reed and Patent Slab Chairs on Application.
J. S. ANTHES, Proprietor, Berlin, Ont.

THE GLOBE,
THE
Leading Paper of Canada.

DAILY—MORNING EDITION	$7 00	PER ANNUM.	
" NOON "	4 00	"	"
" 3 O'CLOCK "	4 00	"	"
WEEKLY	1 00	"	"

THE GLOBE PRINTING COMPANY
TORONTO.

The Globe's Prize Story Competition.

See Ballotting Paper at Foot of Page 5.

The Settlers' First Grist *(Continued.)*

praying for you in my heart," he said, "when I heard the sound of breaking water. 'Allan,' I shouted, 'here they are at last. Make ready to jump and swim for your life.' No sooner said than my paddle struck bottom and I saw trees before me. 'Quick, Allan, jump and drag the canoe ashore.' We both sprang out at the same time, and catching hold of the canoe ran her through the breakers and high on the bank. We were wet and so cold, but, oh, we were thankful that we were saved. After a while we got up and moved round to see if a house was near, when we found that we were on one of the small islands that lie at the head of the rapids. A few rods one way or another and we would have swept past it and been lost. It was Providence that steered our canoe. Well, we waited patiently till the gale went down, and so soon as we dared we launched out again and rowed homeward. And a long pull we had, but it warmed us."

The bag of flour was opened. The water had caked the outside layer, leaving the remainder quite dry. The flour was examined with interest, being the first from wheat grown in the settlement.

"Well," exclaimed the patriarch, "it is time we were in our beds, though it be now good daylight, and we will go to sleep with thankful hearts. And you, Mrs. McDonald, we wish well to, for you have this morning found not only the son that was lost, but a daughter you did not know of, and a good girl she is too. There is plenty of land here for all, and we will build them a house and hold our New Year in it, and, please God, we will not again risk life in these French cobbles of canoes, but build a big boat."

And so it came to pass. The New Year beheld Flora and Allan made one with a merry-making that became a tradition in the settlement, their Glengarry friends coming over to it in a drove, and bringing two pipers to supply the music, and when spring came a boat, large enough to carry half a dozen bags of flour, was launched in the creek beside the shanty of William McPhee.

THE MOUSE ON THE ARM.

By W. W. S.

AN amateur brass band is a matter of much public interest in a village or a thriving settlement, besides affording the members recreation of an improving kind. And when, more than forty years ago, in Guelph, a band was formed by a number of young men, with one or two older musical enthusiasts, the whole village rejoiced; and when, late in the summer of 1848, the band discussed, and finally undertook, a holiday journey to Owen Sound, everybody thought they had shown wisdom, pluck, and patriotism. A big waggon was obtained, with a careful driver on a high seat in front; the bass drummer made many flourishes of his elbow as he stood up to his work; the ophicleides and trombones gave out their most sonorous notes; and the old-fashioned reed clarionets pealed out on the fresh morning air, after a September shower, as they headed northward. They took in Elora and Fergus, giving both those embryo towns the benefit of a little street concert as they arrived.

Their real enjoyment, however, began the next day. Villages ever so small always had, in *somebody's* hands, a musical instrument or two, and had the air that blew through their muddy streets made musical at times. But in the unsophisticated concessions of a bush township, where nothing better was ever heard than the scraping of some tavern fiddler, the tap of the big drum had a most marvellous effect. If they went at a foot-pace over that rough road, and played for half a mile—as they often did—the men would leave their oxen and the women their cabins, and run through the clearings to head off the waggon. And when the next cross-road was reached, the unwashed but enthusiastic bushmen would come pouring down each side road, till the band would have to stop and play half a dozen pieces before they could have the heart to go on; for many a time the smut of the "fallow" was well washed off by sympathetic tears the settler took no pains to hide. "Maan!" said one, "A' haena' heard the like o' that sin' a' was at St. Jemes's Fair!" "Or the 'Tryst o' Fa'kirk!'" cried out another. "Och, b'ys! good luck to yez!" cried a third; "I haven't heard 'Garryowen' and 'Robin Adair' since I left the dear ould sod!" And so it was all the three days of their progress. And when at last, at Union-street hill, they sighted the open lake, with its horizon of water, and sent out their clarion prelude, all Owen Sound turned out—not on the sidewalks, for there were none—but on the grassy and stumpy streets, to welcome the band—the first ever heard in the town. The local historian must tell how the Guelph Band was received; what "concerts" they gave, for which every one "financed" a "York shilling" some way to pay for entrance; the excursions on the Bay, or to Inglis' Falls (now sadly water spent), and to other natural objects in the neighbourhood; how they got nearly enough to pay their expenses, and departed with the highest appreciation of a primitive and warm hearted people. All this for others; but come with me to one of the cross-roads of Bentinck.

One of the trombones was played by Willie Glen, a lad of eighteen; whose ruddy cheeks well distended with wind, made his face broader than it was long; with a clear, brown eye, and a tongue that smacked of the Border Hills and the Vale of Tweed. Willie had had his ups and downs, and if he had not been supplied with such a perpetual fund of good humour, might well have turned out a disagreeable misanthrope—though so young. He knew nothing of his parents, but the little his aunt told him when he was yet scarce removed from infancy. "They had gane to America, and naebody kent whaur they were now, and folk thought they were deid;" that was the substance—as he could remember it—of what she told him. His aunt and uncle both died when he was about seven. The house, deserted for a few days, was burned, it was thought purposely, for fear of fever spreading; and all papers or letters that might have thrown light on his parentage or connections were lost. A poor man, with an already large family, took the boy in, and gave him a place at his table, and a home with his own children. Willie took his name, and when the good couple removed to a distant parish, the "wee laddie" was supposed to be one of their own; and Simon Glen "did not think it worth his while to tell folk what was nane o' their business." Honest Simon died when Willie was sixteen; and bidding a tearful adieu to the mother and the brothers and sisters, the boy accompanied a family emigrating to the vicinity of Guelph. He apprenticed himself at a foundry, and being somewhat musical, became a member of the first band that had been formed in the "Royal City." He sometimes wondered if his parents were alive; but as he was not even sure of the family name, and had now learned that "America" was a big place, he had only a slight hope of ever making out the facts, and often regretted having made so few enquiries of his aunt during her lifetime. He was, however, not of a nature to "seek for troubles;" and diligent at his work, and kindly treated by his employer—for in those days Guelph manufacturers were not millionaries, but boarded their apprentices; their daughters doing the housework—Willie enjoyed all the sun that shone, and was happy and content. A curious "birth-mark" often drew comments from his companions, but while Willie sometimes lowered his shirt-sleeve to hide the "mouse in full sail"—as some of them called it—running up his arm, the thought often struck him, that that same mark, though it sometimes brought him annoyance, might be the means of his indentifying himself to his parents, if either of them were yet alive. He often thought that when his time was out, he would go through the States, and perhaps learn something of his parents. For the present, Guelph was a healthy, and pleasant place, and all his surroundings were much to his mind.

John Bryce lived in Bentinck. A hearty, cheerful man, with a thoughtful, motherly wife, and four healthy children. But the two boys had been carried away by sickness; and only wee Jeanie was left; and little Reubie, scarce yet out of the cradle. The mother could not be comforted. She cried for her boys. "Oh John," she would say, "if we could but sell our lot, and pit a' into money, and gang back to Scotland, maybe we could fin' Willie!" for they had written in vain, of late years, concerning their first-born. And she had dreams and visions, meeting her Willie every night, and telling him he must come home now, for "his two brothers were dead, and his mother could not do without him." These visions came so often that her mind began to be seriously affected. The only thing that *seemed* to be real, was when she was dreaming of her lost boys. And, after a few months, the dreams began to intrude upon her daylight hours, and she would have converse with imaginary beings; describing afterwards "what Willie lookit like," or "how Charlie spak'," or how "Jamie cam', and sat in her lap." Her husband became seriously alarmed. There was no physician to consult, and he judged that unless her mind could be diverted from the line of her grief, her days could not be long. Her eye had an unsettled wildness; there was a heat in her hand, and a haste in her pulse, that John Bryce did not like.

One morning he heard the beat of a drum, and wondered what it was. The only way to find out was to run over the hill to the Owen Sound road. There he caught a sight of the big waggon, yet some distance south, and hastened back to inform his wife. She too, heard it, and was running to the road. Others also poured in, and by the time the Bryces gained the crossing there were fifty people assembled, waiting for the band. They came grandly on, keeping time to the steady tramp of the big horses—for Guelph was noted even then for fine horses and cattle—playing "Bonapart Crossing the Alps"; and as soon as the waggon stopped, and the first cheering was over, they struck into the "Land o' the Leal." John Bryce was moved, as were many others; and as for his wife, she looked like one demented. It was partly the music—that of itself would have stirred, excited, fascinated her—but added to that was an influence she could not account for, connected with the ruddy-cheeked lad that blew the second trombone. Her eyes were on him; she neither spoke nor smiled; and when others were "hoo-raying," and swinging their arms, she, with lips parted, and her dark eyes fixed on that figure standing in the centre of the waggon, might have stood for a model of Niobe, when she had lost her children.

There is a self-consciousness about us I have often felt, but I have never been able to analyze. We meet with people who (as we think) resemble ourselves. They have the same hang of the lip, the same look about the eyes—as if we caught sight of the inhabitant within, looking out of the window, and saw it was ourself—a something that gives us uneasiness in the presence of our "double." Something like this stirred the imagination—the instinct rather—of Agnes Bryce. That boy—was he not but an enlarged copy of her little Jamie? Hadn't he the brown eyes and the long lashes, that first attracted John Bryce to her own side? *Could it be her Willie?* They had heard that "the family were all dead with fever," and that the very house was burned; but it had not been distinctly said that Willie was dead. Might he not be still alive? True, they had made attempts by writing, when they lived in the States, to get word of Willie's living or dying, and failed. But after all, here was a lad that might well pass for him; and of the very age her boy must be, if alive.

The playing went on; the good humoured fellows—were they not out on a holiday, and to enjoy themselves—pleased with such enthusiasm, did not spare their wind. But at last, after much "thanking" and cheering, and many enquiries about their return, they settled down in their seats. Some pressed up to shake hands with them; and Agnes, awaking from her disordered dream, rushed up wildly to Willie Glenn, and laying her long thin hand on his shoulder, suddenly exclaimed, "Laddie, hae ye a moose on yere airm?" The whole thing was so sudden that her words were not understood by the others and Glenn only caught the word "moose" (mouse.) Not knowing what to say, he replied "No," and she fell back and began to weep hysterically. The waggon drove on, with a rousing cheer, and Glenn, who had been troubled with the consciousness of wild dark eyes fixed on him all the time he was playing, was agitated with many thoughts. He too had felt the uneasy fascination of eyes he knew were like his own; and the thought more than once flashed through his mind, "Might not this be his mother?" He thought that when returning, chance might throw in his way the opportunity of investigating. What troubled him most of all, was the almost certainty that the woman had used the Scotch word "moose." He tried for the present to dismiss the subject, but it would not be dismissed.

On their return, they unintentionally disappointed these settlers. They made a start from Owen Sound in good time; and although the roads were bad, and with several long bare "crossings," one of three-fourths of a mile—they made Durham the first night, and Arthur the second. At our crossing, between Bentrick and Glenelg, neither John nor Agnes were present. The band had come earlier than expected, and although the drum, and the blare of the brass instruments brought some people to the spot, many others were absent. Agnes was not there. She had been sick, in and out of her bed for a week. It seemed as if a crisis had come; she must either get relief from her mental agony, that was tearing up the very roots of her health and strength, or die. John had intended to be there, and to ask the young man some questions; and if necessary, to follow the waggon to Mason's at the "Maitland" (now Mount Forest) when they must needs feed and rest, to make further inquiries. But he could not leave Agnes; and only little Jeanie was present. She caught the first note, and was off like a deer, with her hair flying in the wind; passing like "nothing" as she said, half a dozen others and older, who were also running.

It was one of those hot days of September; when the flies are bad on the horses, but the mosquitos no more torment the owners; when the sun pours down, hot and hazy, without a breath of west wind to temper it—for the west wind was effectually kept out there by the fact that for sixty miles, the "clearings" were never more than two fields deep on either side of the long crooked road that wended its way northward from the corner of Garafraxa township, hence called by those far North, the "Garafraxa Road." The "Band," driver and all, had doffed their coats; and it was almost a mechanical thing for Willie, also to roll up his shirt sleeves. Little Jeanie had no eyes for anybody but "the laddie that pumpit the big brass instrument," for so had her mother described him. The other trombone was played by a clean-shaved elderly man, long remembered in Guelph. Jeanie had been left at home before, to take care of little Reubie; but now had no trouble in indentifying the right Bandsman. But when she saw the "mouse" on arm—the mark her mother had so often spoken of, it was like an electric shock. A cold streak ran down her back, and her hair began to creep, and her eyes burned like black diamonds. She climbed up the wheel of the waggon, and stood with her two bare little feet on the "hub," and peered into the face of the "second trombone." Once or twice he caught her eye, and it troubled him. He was just of an age when a young fellow doesn't like to be taken notice of, unless he is first very sure it is goodwill and friendliness that prompts the attention. Almost expecting, and somewhat afraid, to find a dark-eyed woman staring at him, he found her absent—but a dark-eyed girl instead; "piercing him through and through"—as he described it afterwards.

Little Jeanie returned, as fast as she had come. "Mother, mother! he has a *mouse* on his right arm!"

"Na, my bairn! Was it his *right* airm?"

"Yes; I put out this hand," holding forward her right, "and almost touched it. It was on the right."

"And was he facin' ye?"

"Yes."

"Then it must hae been his left airm! At my Willie! John, I'll leave this bed, and I'll gang to Guelph, and I'll see that lad! An' if he's my Willie, I'll bring him hame wi' me; an' we'll part nae mair till death pairts huz!"

It was no use to caution her about "deliberation," or weakness of body. "If I dinna gang I'll dee," she said; "an at the warst I can but hae my journey for naething." John would have gone, but Agnes would not stay behind; and to both go, would involve an expense John could not meet; and he owned no horses. Agnes was up, and about the house; and the question of her going was only now a matter of time and detail. She started the next Monday morning; making "Clark's" at Arthur the first night, and Guelph the second—getting a "lift" on the way from Fergus.

Willie was not hard to convince he had a mother; especially when she told him the names of his good aunt and uncle, and of the "mouse" on the left arm, and a certain "mole" on his right shoulder, the existence of which he had taken little notice of. And the more he looked into her eyes, the more he thought he "could see himself" He wrote to his father the next day; and had his mother stay a week to recruit her strength—and insisted on paying for her "board," though the kind foundryman would not hear of it. Then, having arranged a termination of his apprenticeship with his good-hearted employer, he took passage for himself and his mother on the old-fashioned "stage"—a mere open waggon, with two shilly-shallying horses, big enough, perhaps, but "awfully lean," as the driver himself said.

The next spring there was a considerable rush of immigration into those townships, and John Bryce sold his lot for a fair price, and the whole family removed to Guelph. Willie went back to his old place. The father was "handy," and got remunerative work in the same establishment—now wondrously developed into a great joint stock concern. The mother was soon well, both in body and mind. Jeanie and Reubie went to school; one great reason for John's consenting to move to the town.

The after history of the family is that of thousands of others; the romantic part of it I have given the reader. And William Glenn Bryce no longer thinks it a trial to be borne, but a wise and fortunate Providence, that he had A MOUSE ON THE ARM!

MAMIE VANDERPOOL'S DIAMONDS.

BY FRANK YEIGH.

TIME:—Early in April, 185— ; place :—The pretty town of Brantford. The day was one of unwonted activity and bustle, and all—from the Mayor to the humblest citizen—felt the unusual importance of the occasion. The event being celebrated was the formal opening of that portion of the Buffalo & Goderich Railway, lying between Brantford and the former city. Innumerable flags were flying; places of business and private residences were decorated in gayest colours, and the streets were crowded with the townsfolk and their country cousins, each on the *qui vive* in anticipation of the arrival of the first train with its load of railway magnates and invited guests from Buffalo and elsewhere. The tie that bound the two places together was about to be cemented by a new bond of business and social relationship. At last, after the great throng had long and patiently waited, a tiny pillar of smoke rising above the sides of the cut on the eastern down grade indicated the approach of the iron horse. The cheers of the assembled thousands that followed; the salvos of artillery; the echoes of military music; the fraternal greetings between official and official that signalized the consummation of the great work; the dining and feasting that filled the hours until long past midnight; the processions and fireworks; the great Inauguration Ball—are not all these chronicled in the local archives?

Among the passengers on this train was Mr. Silas Vanderpool, one of the leading contractors, who, in company with his wife and daughter, was on his way to Brantford with the two fold object of attending the festivities and of paying off his sub-contractors, $3[illegible] being placed in the bottom of his daughter's trunk for that purpose. Miss Mamie was an acknowledged belle in Buffalo society and her parents determined that she should maintain her title amid the beauty that would undoubtedly be attracted to the ball. To that end, the trunk contained a marvel of the milliner's skill and the beautiful diamonds that had long been heirlooms in the Vanderpool family. Late in the afternoon preparations for the ball were commenced by Mrs. Vanderpool and her daughter. Ringing the bell, Pat, the brawny-armed porter appeared at the door of their room and received his order to bring up the trunk. He returned in a few moments with the startling announcement:—

"No sech trunk here, Ma'am!"

Mr. Vanderpool was immediately summoned and a hurried and anxious search made at the hotel; at the station; on the train—but no trace of it could be found. It gradually dawned upon him that it had been stolen, en route probably. Unfortunately, checking the baggage was dispensed with on this occasion. All efforts failed to discover a clue, but Mr. Vanderpool, who was not the man to submit tamely to such an outrage, offered a large reward, which induced the detective forces in Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo, and other cities, to set to work. The first results led to the suspicion of Jim Fagin, *alias* Marks, a noted sneak thief of Philadelphia, who more than once had been in the toils of the law, but who generally managed to elude capture and conviction. His boast was that he could so completely disguise himself "that even his own mother could not recognize him." He had, however, been seen in Buffalo the day preceding the departure of the Brantford train, and his presence there indicated that something was in the wind. This facility for assuming the most unlooked for expedients to escape detection was duly considered in the plans that were laid for his capture, and many an innocent man was dogged for days and weeks only to prove finally how fruitless had been the search. Of all the machinery set in motion to effect his capture, our narrative need only refer to one.

At No. — Adelaide-street East, Toronto, was a detective bureau in charge of Mathew Bowers, who had been schooled in some of the largest crime centres of the United States, and had proved his efficiency in connection with the conviction and punishment of the notorious Markham gang, whose deeds of violence form one of the few thrilling criminal episodes of Ontario. "From information received," Mr. Bowers, or "Matt," as he was familiarly called by his associates, suspected that his quarry had found his way to the other side of the lines, and his best men were (as was supposed) in close pursuit. Several weeks had elapsed since the robbery and matters were in the position just described when Bowers received two communications on the same day. One read as follows:—

"Port Dover, August 10th.

"SIR,—There's a stranger stopping at the Lake View House here who, in my opinion, answers to the description of the man who stole the trunk at Brantford. It might be worth your while to look into the matter.

"ANONYMOUS."

The other was from a distant relative:—

"Cooksville, August 11th.

"MY DEAR MATT,—Although you have not answered my last letter I must repeat my request for some kind of employment. I am not particular what it is. Farming is distasteful to me, and in fact I can't make it pay. Do try again, old fellow.

"Yours affectionately,
"CHARLES BROWN."

"Cousin Charlie" had long been pressing for employment on Bowers' detective force, and based his fitness upon the fact that he had once acted as County Constable and had served the Magistrates in his neighbourhood in several important trespass and similar cases. Though Bowers had no faith in the detective ability of his rural relative, he decided to give him a chance, being careful, however, to place all the responsibility on Brown's shoulders.

"I'll put him on the Port Dover clue," concluded Bowers, in which, by the way, he had little confidence, as many another anonymous letter had led him a wild-goose chase. Brown lost no time in reporting himself in response to the letter telling him to "come on at once." His instructions were brief and pointed, and included a detailed description of Fagin and his disguises as far as known. Brown agreed to assume all risk of failure, and to spend a few weeks at the Lake View House as a summer boarder, if it were found necessary, in order to ferret out his man. A day or two after he arrived at his destination and had looked around a little, Brown felt

The Globe's Prize Story Competition.

See Balloting Paper at Foot of Page 5.

Mamie Vanderpool's Diamonds. (Continued.)

certain that one of his fellow boarders was the very man he was in search of. Not only did he answer in features to the description he carried off again, but he maintained a studied reticence that gave good grounds for suspicion. His chief occupation seemed to be that of letter-writing, a fact which Brown fully recognized; indeed, he lost no opportunity to discover the destination of the yellow envelopes. Nearly all were addressed, "Henry J. Villiers, Buffalo, N.Y.," negotiating for the disposal of the 'swag.'" Brown decided with the quickness of perception that only a detective possesses. He concluded, however, not to precipitate matters by a premature arrest, but wrote to Bowers, reporting his hopes of a successful issue of his mission.

In tracking his suspect, Brown frequently came in contact with a lady guest of the Lake View House, whose purpose apparently was to repel intimacy. Clad in a sombre costume of rich but plain material that well suited her dark complexion, Mrs. Dempster imparted to the few with whom she condescended to form an acquaintance that she was a widower, and that her life had been one of great sorrow—too sinful, indeed, to dwell upon, and her reserved manner and almost icy coldness was therefore judged charitably by those who would otherwise have felt resentment. After the first few days spent at Port Dover, Brown manifested considerable impatience and was chaffed by one or two recently formed acquaintances as being in love as the cause. This charge he repudiated warmly, though, if the truth must be told, he "had pledged his troth before Mary Morgan, the belle in his eyes of his village home. In order, however, to disarm all suspicion of being the victim of heart disease elsewhere, he began most assiduously to cultivate the friendship of the pensive widow who yielded to his approaches to such a degree, as to excite the comment of all who witnessed the constantly increasing intimacy. He soon found himself much more in earnest than he had originally intended. That they both were in a fool's paradise would have seemed clear to their critics if their curious eyes had seen them seated on a bench by the lake shore listening to the soft murmur of the waves as they broke on the shelving beach. Brown had been reading aloud to his quiet companion from stale of love and marriage, and the subsequent death of the devoted husband during the too brief honeymoon. He paused as he saw the tears glistening in Mrs. Dempster's eyes and ventured to ask :—

"Do you think it possible for such a wound to be healed and the heart respond again to the touch of the God of Love?"

"I once thought it impossible," she replied—"that the blow that fell was one that flashed to the earth every hope of resurrection. But"—and a deeply drawn sigh was the prelude of a fresh dimming of the eyes—

"But—Time is a great healer."

The effect on Brown's sensitive nerves was such that it almost precipitated the confession that had been trembling on his tongue more than once, but the happy *tete-a-tete* was suddenly disturbed at this critical point by the intrusion of a party of pleasure seekers in the distance, and the impending avowal was deferred.

After this matters quickly culminated for the *finale*, so pregnant with weal and woe for the few central characters of my tale. Brown now decided to forward the affair to an end, as he had satisfied himself that his assumptions were well founded. That evening he wrote Bowers as follows :—

"Lake View House, Sept. 9th.

My Dear Matt.—My arrangements are all completed. I am certain I have my man cornered, and he suspects nothing evidently, but I'll assure he will make a desperate resistance. Come on by the 11 o'clock timing yourself to arrive next Friday about 7.30 in the evening, not after dark, and bring an assistant with you. Move cautiously.

Brown."

The few days that intervened between the mailing of the letter and the appointed Friday were full of disquietude to Brown. He now seemed to realize that the crisis of affairs were about to close, and he became doubly tender in his demonstrations towards the widow. No opportunity occurred, unfortunately, for an formal declaration of his love, and 2 p.m. had been timed, as the train left and fastened clock on the parlour mantel, with the affairs of Hymen still in a most unsettled condition.

This arrest will be a terrible shock to Mrs. Dempster, Brown began to think. "I'll just give her a hint of what is coming, by the way he decided. The door of the private parlour was ajar, and a sight met his eye that made Mrs. Dempster rose from the sofa as Brown approached, and, in a hesitating and nervous manner, said :—

"I fear I have disturbed you, Mrs. Dempster, but I have something important to tell you."

"You need offer no apology, Mr. Brown," she amiably replied. "You are always welcome, but I hope you have no bad news."

"No, not that," Brown answered, "but the truth is, Mrs. Dempster, I've been here this week for the sole purpose of capturing the earth's most hated known among us as Jim Fagin."

Mrs. Dempster starts violently and suddenly rises to her feet.

"I've pierced his disguise," he continued, "and in fact have known him ever since I came here and in a few minutes he will be arrested—"

A bullet suddenly hissed by the head of the astonished Brown as he saw the object of his fierce pursuit turned into a tiger and heard her hiss: "I'll never be taken alive!" It was Jim Fagin who spoke. The echo of the shot brought Brown's suspicions to the assistance of writer at the door where he found Mrs. Brown grappling with his antagonist in an effort to wrench the revolver from Fagin's grasp. In a moment or two he was secured and Brown caught a sledge hammer blow on his back from his assistant that confused him almost as much as the close proximity of the bullet.

"Well done Brown, old fellow," he exclaimed. "You've cut me out, but"—

"Matt!" cried Brown, "what on earth do you mean? I thought you were you were in no you, anyway!" Brown uttered several hysterical sobs between breaths.

"Why, who did you think I was? As you struck Gallraith's arm and he saw the origin of his fierce onslaught turned into a tiger and heard his hiss." I'll never be taken alive!" it was Jim Fagin who spoke. The echo of the shot brought Brown's suspect—the assailants let go, writhed to the door where he found Mrs. Brown grappling with his antagonist in an effort to wrench the revolver from Fagin's grasp. In a moment or two he was secured and Brown caught a sledge hammer blow on his back from his assistant that confused him almost as much as the close proximity of the bullet.

"Well done Brown, old fellow," he exclaimed. "You've cut me out, but"—

"Matt!" cried Brown, "what on earth do you mean? I thought you were you were in no you, anyway!" Brown uttered several hysterical sobs between breaths.

"Why, who did you think I was? As you struck Gallraith's arm and he saw the origin of his fierce onslaught turned into a tiger and heard her

The Globe's Prize Story Competition.

See Ballotting Paper at Foot of Page 6.

Love Will Find Out the Way. (Continued.)

Suddenly turning up the gas he looked at the nun, and in astonishment exclaimed, "Fritz!"

"The identical chicken!" said Fritz, coolly, "that arrangement of yours wouldn't work, old fellow. Papa Wallace got suspicious, so Juliet fell sick, couldn't come; but the nun picked up an Andalusian, which served the purpose quite as well; have you got the license?"

"Here it is," said Spragge, slapping his vest.

"Well, let's back to the carnival, she is waiting you there."

"She," cried Spragge, "I thought she was sick."

"*Mon garcon,*" ejaculated Fritz, as he pushed Spragge before him. "When you're as old as I am——"

He did not conclude the sentence, for immediately he jumped into the sleigh at the door and drove off whispering into Spragge's ear, "*She* is the Andalusian! *Twigges-vous!*"

A few minutes after, this same sleigh drove up to the residence of the clergyman, thence to the station. Fritz returned to the hotel alone. Next morning he paid Spragge's bill and his own and returned to Spain, where Mr. and Mrs. Spragge stood waiting for him at the depot. "Fritz, my dear fellow!" began Spragge, but Fritz thrust a finger into each ear exclaiming, *Merci!* I'm sure I wish you many happy returns of the day, but do stop! I implore you!"

JOHN BEDELL,

U. E. LOYALIST.

BY E. W. THOMSON.

A Renegade! A rebel against his King! A black-hearted traitor! You dare to tell me George Winthrop loves you! Son of canting, lying Ezra Winthrop! By the eternal I'll shoot him on sight if he comes this side."

While old John Bedell spoke he tore and flung away a letter, reached his long rifle from its pins above the chimney place, dashed its butt angrily to the floor, and poured powder in to his palm.

"For Heaven's mercy, Father! You would not! You could not! The war is over. It would be murder!" cried Ruth Bedell, sobbing.

"Would I not!" He poured the powder in. "Yes, by Gracious, quicker'n I'd kill a rattle snake!" He placed the round bullet on the little square of greased rag at muzzle—"A rank traitor—bone and blood of the robbers who drove out loyal men!"—he crowded the tight lead home, dashed the ramrod into place, looked to the flint. "Rest there, old Sure-death—wake up, for George Winthrop!" and the fierce old man replaced rifle and powder-horn on their pegs.

Bedell's hatred for the foes, who had beaten down King George's cause and imposed the alternative of confiscation or oath of allegiance on the vanquished, was considered ferocious, even by his brother Loyalists of the Niagara frontier.

"The Squire kind o' sees his boys' blood when the sky's red," said they in explanation. But their inference erred. Bedell was so much an enthusiast that he could almost rejoice that his three stark sons had gained the prize of death in battle. He was too brave to hate the fighting-men he had so often confronted. But he abhorred the politicians, especially the intimate civic enemies on whom he had poured scorn before the armed struggle began. More than any he hated Ezra Winthrop, the lawyer, arch rebel of their native town, who had never used a weapon but his tongue. And now his Ruth, the beloved and only child left to his exiled age, had told her love for Ezra Winthrop's son! They had been boy and girl, pretty maiden and bright stripling, together, without the Squire suspecting—he could not even now, conceive clearly so wild a thing as their affection! The confession burned in his heart like veritable fire—a raging anguish of mingled loathing and love. He stood now, gazing at Ruth, dumbly,—hands clenched, head sometimes mechanically quivering, anger, hate, love, grief, tumultuous in his soul.

Ruth glanced up—her father seemed about to speak—she bowed again, shuddering as though the coming words might kill. Still there was silence—a long silence. Bedell stood motionless, poised, breathing hard—the silence oppressed the girl—each moment her terror increased—expectant attention became suffering that demanded his voice, and still was silence save for the dull roar of Niagara that more and more pervaded the air. The torture of waiting for the words—a curse against her, she feared—overwore Ruth's endurance. She looked up suddenly, and John Bedell saw in hers the beloved eyes of his dead wife, shrinking with intolerable fear. He groaned heavily, flung up his hands despairingly, and strode out toward the river.

How crafty smooth the green Niagara sweeps toward the Plunge beneath that perpetual white cloud above the Falls! From Bedell's clearing below Navy Island, he could see the swaying and rolling of the mist, ever rushing up to expand and overhang. The terrible stream had a profound fascination for him; with its racing eddies eating at the shore; its long weeds, visible through the clear water, trailing close down to the bottom; its inexorable, eternal onward pouring. Because it was so mighty and so threatening his stern soul rejoiced grimly in the awful river. To float, watching cracks and ledges of its flat bottom rock drift quickly upward; to bend to his oars only when white crests of the rapids yelled for his life, to win escape by sheer strength from points so low down that he sometimes doubted but the greedy forces had been tempted too long; to stake his life, watching tree-tops for a sign that he could yet save it, was the dreadful pastime by which Bedell sometimes quelled passionate promptings to revenge his exile. "The Falls is bound to get the Squire some day," said the banished settlers. But the Squire's skiff was clean built as a pickerel and his old arms iron strong. Now when he had gone forth from the beloved child, who seemed to him so traitorous to his love and all loyalty, he went instinctively to spend his passion upon the river.

Ruth Bedell, gazing at the loaded rifle, shuddered. Her filial love seemed to have died with those threats. Her fears were deep, for she had not told all. George Winthrop himself, having made his way secretly through the forest from Lake Ontario, had given her his own letter asking leave from the Squire to visit his newly-made cabin. From the moment of arrival her lover had implored her to fly with him. But filial love was strong in Ruth to give hope that her father would yield to the yet stronger affection freshened in her heart. Believing their union might be permitted she had pledged herself to escape with her lover if it were forbidden. Now he waited by the hickory wood for a signal to conceal himself or come forward.

When Ruth saw her father far down the river she stepped to the flagstaff he had raised before building the cabin—his first duty being to hoist the Union Jack! It was the largest flag he could procure; he could see it flying defiantly all day long; at night he could hear its glorious folds whipping in the wind; the old Loyalist loved to fancy rebels cursing at it from the other side, nearly three miles away. Ruth hauled the flag down a little, then ran it up to the mast-head again.

At that a tall young fellow came springing into the clearing, jumping exultantly over brush heaps and tree-trunks, his queue wagging, his eyes bright-glad under his three-cornered hat. Joying that her father had yielded, he ran forward till he saw Ruth's tears.

"What, sweetheart! crying! It was the signal to come on," cried he.

"Yes; to see you sooner, George. Father is out yonder. But no, he will never, never consent."

"Then you will come with me love," he said, taking her hands.

"No, no, I dare not," sobbed Ruth. "Father would overtake us. He swears to shoot you on sight! Go, George! Escape while you can! Oh, if he should find you here!"

"But, darling love, we need not fear. We can escape easily. I know the forest path. But—" then he thought how weak her pace. "We might cross here before he could come up!" cried Winthrop, looking to where the Squire's boat was now a distant blotch.

"No, no," wailed Ruth, yet yielding to the embrace. "This is the last time I shall see you forever. Go, love,—forever and forever good-bye, my love, my love."

But he clasped her in his strong arms, kissing, imploring, cheering her—and how should true love choose hopeless renunciation!

Tempting, defying, regaining his lost ground, drifting down again, trying hard to tire out and subdue his heart-pangs, Bedell dallied with death more closely than ever. Often he could see the wide smooth curve where the green volume first lapses vastly on a lazy slope, to shoulder up below a huge calm billow, before pitching into the madness of waves whose confusion of tossing and tortured crests hurries to the abyss. The afternoon grew toward evening before he pulled steadily home, crawling slowly away from the roarers against the cruel green, watching the ominous cloud with such grim humour as if under observation by an overpowering but baffled enemy.

Approaching his landing a shout drew Bedell's glance ashore to a group of men excitedly gesticulating. They seemed motioning him to watch the American shore. Turning, he saw a boat in mid-stream, where no craft then on the river, except his own skiff, could be safe, unless manned by several good rowers. Only two oars were flashing. Bedell could make out two figures indistinctly. It was clear they were doomed—though still a full mile above the point whence he had come, they were much farther out than he when near the rapids. Yet one life might be saved! Instantly Bedell's bow turned outward, and cheers flung to him from ashore. At that moment he looked to his own landing-place and saw his larger boat was gone. Turning again he angrily recognized it, but kept right on—he must try to rescue even a thief! He wondered Ruth had not prevented the theft, but had no suspicion of the truth. Always he had refused to let her go out upon the river—mortally fearing it for *her*.

Thrusting his skiff mightily forward—often it glanced, half-whirled by up-whelming and spreading spaces of water—the old Loyalist's heart was quit of its pangs, and sore only with certainty he must abandon one human soul to death. By when he could reach the larger boat his would be too near the rapids for escape with three!

When George saw Bedell in pursuit he bent to his ash more strongly, and Ruth, trembling to remember her father's threats, urged her lover to speed. They feared the pursuer only, quite unconscious of being in the remorseless grasp of the river. Ruth had so often seen her father far lower down than they had yet drifted that she did not realize the truth, and George, come from a distant district, was unaware of the long cataracts above the Falls. He was also deceived by the stream's treacherous smoothness and, instead of half upward, pulled straight across as though certainly able to land any where he might touch the American shore.

Bedell looked over his shoulder often. When he distinguished a woman he put on more force, but slackened soon—the pull home would tax his endurance, he reflected. In some sort it was relief to know one was a woman, he had been anticipating trouble with two men equally bent on being saved. That the man would abandon himself bravely he, being brave, scarcely doubted. For a while he thought of pulling, with the woman to the American shore, more easily to be gained from the point where the rescue must occur. But he rejected the plan, confident he could win back, for he had sworn never to set foot on rebel soil. Had it been possible to save both he would have been forced, despite his vow, but the Squire knew that was impossible—three would overload his boat beyond escape.

Having carefully studied landmarks for his exact position Bedell turned to look again at the doomed boat. At that glance a well-known ribbon caught his attention! The old Loyalist dropped his oars, confused with horror. "My God, my God, it's Ruth!" and the whole truth came with another look, for he had not forgotten George Winthrop.

"Your father stops, Ruth, I fear he suffers pain," said George to the quaking girl. She looked back.

"What can it be!" she cried, filial love returning overmasteringly.

"Mayhap he is but tired."—George affected carelessness—his first thought being to secure his bride—and pulled hard away to get all advantage from Bedell's halt.

"Tired! he is in danger of the Falls, then!" screamed Ruth. "Stop! Turn! Back to him!"

Winthrop instantly prepared to obey. "Yes darling," he said, "we must not think of ourselves. We must go back to save him!" Yet his was a sore groan at turning; what Duty ordered was so hard—he must give up his love for the sake of his enemy!

But while Winthrop was still pulling round, the old Loyalist resumed, with a more rapid stroke that soon brought him alongside.

In those moments of waiting all Bedell's life days, his personal hatreds, his loves, his sorrows, had been reviewed before his soul. He had seen again his sons, the slain in battle, in the pride of their young might; and the gentle eyes of Ruth had pleaded with him beneath his dead wife's brow. How poor seemed hate—how mean and poor seemed all but Love and Loyalty! Yes, for he had looked through the veil into the eternal, too, and stood, a trivial creature, before the Almighty, knowing His meaning. Wherefore resolution and deep peace had come upon the man.

They wondered at his look. No wrath was there. The old eyes were calm, loving, a gentle smile flickered about his lips. Only that he was very pale, Ruth would have been wholly glad for the happy change.

"Forgive me, father," she cried as she laid hand on their boat.

"I do, my child," he answered. "Come now without an instant's delay to me."

"Oh, father, if you would let us be happy," cried Ruth, heart torn by two loves.

"Dear, you shall be happy. I was wrong, child, I did not understand how you loved him. But come! You hesitate! Winthrop, my son, you are in some danger. Into this boat instantly! Both of you! Take the oars, George. Kiss me dear, my Ruth, once more. Good-bye, my little girl. Winthrop, be good to her. And may God bless you both forever!"

As the old Loyalist spoke he stepped into the larger boat, instantly releasing the skiff. His imperative gentleness had secured his object without lost time, and the boats were apart with Winthrop's readiness to pull.

"Now row! Row for her life to yonder shore! Row well up! Away, or the falls will have her."

"But you?" cried Winthrop, bending for his stroke. Yet he did not comprehend Bedell's meaning. Till the last the old Loyalist had spoken without excitement. Dread of the river was not on George—his bliss was supreme in his thought, and he took the old man's order for one of exaggerated alarm.

"Row, I say, with all your strength," cried Bedell, with a flash of anger that sent the young fellow away instantly. "Row! Concern yourselves not for me. I am going Home. Row! for her life, Winthrop! God will deliver you yet. Good-bye, children. Remember always my blessing is freely given you."

"God bless and keep you forever, father," cried Ruth, from the distance, as her lover pulled away.

They landed, conscious of having passed a swift current, indeed; but quite unthinking of the price paid for their safety.

Looking back on the darkling river they saw nothing of the old man.

"Poor father," sighed Ruth, "how kind he was. I'm sore-hearted for thinking of him at home, so lonely."

Left alone, Bedell stretched with the long, heavy oars for his own shore, making appearance of strong exertion. But when he no longer feared that they might turn back with sudden understanding, and vainly, to his aid, he dragged the boat slowly, watching her swift drift down—down toward the towering mist. Then, as he gazed at the cloud, rising in two distinct volumes, came a thought spurring the old Loyalist in an instant. Thereafter he pulled steadily, powerfully, noting land-marks anxiously, studying currents, considering always their trend to or from his own shore. Quarter of an hour had gone when he again dropped into slower motion. Then he could see Goat Island's upper end between him and the mist of the American Fall.

Now the old man gave himself up to intense curiosity, looking over down into the water with fascinated inquiry. He had never been so far down river. Darting beside their shadows, deep in the clear flood, were now larger fishes than he had ever taken, and all moved up as if hurrying to escape. How fast the long trailing, swaying, single weeds and the crevices in flat rock whence they so strangely grew, went up stream and away as if drawn backward. The sameness of the bottom to that higher up interested him—where then *did* the current begin to sweep clean? He should certainly know that soon, he thought, without a touch of fear, having utterly accepted death when he determined it were base to carry his weary old life a little longer and let Ruth's young love die. The Falls' heavy monotone was now overborne by terrible sounds—a mingled clashing, shrieking, groaning, and rumbling as of great boulders churned in their beds.

Bedell was nearing the first long swoon downward at the rapids' head when those watching him despairingly from the high bank below the Chippewa's mouth, saw him put his boat stern with the current and cease rowing entirely, facing fairly the up-rushing mist to which he was being hurried. Then they observed him stooping, as if writing, for a time. And then he knelt with head bowed down. Kneeling they prayed too.

Now he was almost on the brink of the cascades. There he arose, and, glancing backward to his home, caught sight of his friends on the high shore. Calmly he waved a farewell. What then? Thrice round he flung his hat with a gesture they knew full well. Some had seen that exultant waving in front of ranks of battle. As clearly as though the roar of waters had not drowned his ringing voice they knew that old John Bedell, at the poise of death, cheered thrice, "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for the King!"

Floating with the heaving water in the gorge below the Falls they found his body a week afterward. Though beaten almost out of recognition, portions of clothing still adhered to the corpse. And in a waistcoat pocket they found the old Loyalist's metal snuff-box with this inscription scratched by knife point on the cover. "God be praised, I die in British waters. JOHN BEDELL."

THE WINTER SEA.

From horizon to horizon
The mounted waves come madly on.
Their burnished armour gleams afar
They leap across the outer bar,
And o'er the ocean's level plain
In one long furious gallop strain
Up, up the strand the dark blue ranks
With plumed helms, and foam-flecked flanks
And to the onset plunge and leap
The armed coursers of the deep.
But knight and steed go down before
The solid lines that hold the shore.
They rally even as they fall,
At the wind's whistling bugle call.
Again they come. Ah, never yet
Were words to such wild music set.
With flaunting guidons of the foam,
And white-capped sabres on they come.
But see! the squadrons fall oway
Shivered against that rampart grey,
And grasping tight to shivered blade
The knights fall back; but undismayed
Return, and, giving blow for blow,
All the long winter charging so.

—W. J. ROE.

THE SNOWSTORM.

Lightly and whitely
As wheat from the grain,
Thickly and quickly
As thoughts through the brain,
So fast and so dumb
Do the snowflakes come;—
Swift, swift as the lays drop
From glad poet lips,
Soft, soft as the days drop
From Time's finger tips.
Oh, so many, so many!
Yet no sound from any.
Oh, so fast, oh, so fast!
Yet no track where they passed
Oh, so fragile, so frail!
Yet no force can prevail
To speed them or stay them.
No prayer can out-weigh them.
They fall where they must
Through the fathomless grey
And bring to earth's dust
What of heaven they may.

A SCIENTIFIC FOOD
For Infants and Invalids.

WELLS, RICHARDSON, & CO.'S LACTATED Food is meeting with unparalleled success in the nutrition of infants and invalids. It is becoming a potent assistant to the physician in treating infantile diseases and imperfect digestion in the aged. "Lactated Food" is remarkable for the following qualities:—Ease of digestion and perfect assimilation of each constituent. Great nutritive value. Close resemblance in composition to mothers' milk. Corrective influence in all cases of irritability of the stomach and bowels. Entire absence of cane sugar. "Lactated Food" is highly commended and prescribed by the most eminent physicians in the United States, Canada, and England. Can be obtained from all druggists. SEND FOR SAMPLE.

To any mother that will write out the following application, and will in good faith live up to it, we will send, post-paid, free of charge, a regular sized can of Lactated Food for trial.

To WELLS, RICHARDSON, & CO., Montreal, P.Q.

Please send me a package of Lactated Food for trial. I wish to use it for my baby old. (State age.) If it is as good as recommended I will procure more of it for use, and will recommend it to others.

[Sign name, postoffice, and Prov. very plainly].

A. A. ALLAN & CO'Y.

WHOLESALE

Hats, Furs, Caps, Robes, Gloves, and Shawl Goods.

To our many customers and friends we extend the Compliments of the Season. Our business for the year just closing has been satisfactory, the largest in our experience. Our efforts in elevating this branch of trade have been appreciated. Honest Goods at lowest quotations, with value and merit combined, we have steadily advanced to the front. Our travellers have now their spring samples, and we solicit the attention of the trade to the variety, value, and style which they are showing.

A. A. ALLAN & CO'Y.

32 WELLINGTON-ST. WEST.

W. T. DINGLE,

OSHAWA, ONT.,

MANUFACTURER OF THE

Model Combined Drill & Seeder,

AND

Honey's Improved Fanning Mill.

The Lightest and Strongest Drill in the Market.

THE FANNING MILL HAS NO EQUAL.

Reliable Agents Wanted in Unrepresented Districts.

Illustrated Catalogue mailed free to any address.

SNOWSHOES TOBOGGANS MOCCASINS

Blanket suits, Toques, Stockings, Belts, Mittens, Polo Sticks and Balls & all kinds of sporting goods. Discounts to clubs. Send for Catalogues.

CHAS. ROBINSON & CO

22 Church Street, Toronto.

CARD.

The subscribers take this opportunity of thanking their numerous customers for the patronage extended to them during the past year. They will continue to present all goods at the lowest possible prices and on liberal terms, thus ensuring a continuation of the support that has been extended to them.

WILLIAM THOMSON & CO.,

No. 22 & 24 Front-street West,

TORONTO.

FASHIONABLE AND ARTISTIC FURNITURE.

W. B. ROGERS & CO.

Have now on hand the finest assortment of Fancy and Artistic Furniture in the city, including Elegant Antique Mahogany Arm Chairs and Patent Rockers in Embossed Leather (set figures), Mahogany Tables of all kinds, Music Racks and Cabinets, Large and Comfortable Easy Chairs, and the largest variety of Fine Rattan Furniture ever offered to the public. All very suitable for

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

95 & 97 YONGE-STREET.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE. DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

WESLEYAN LADIES' COLLEGE,
HAMILTON, CANADA.

This is the first of the LADIES' COLLEGES. It has educated over 2,000 ladies; has over 150 Graduates, many of them in prominent positions. The building is by far the most commodious college building in the Dominion, having over 150 rooms. The College is most thoroughly equipped in all its departments. Will re-open after the Holidays, on January 6, 1886.

TERMS VERY LOW. ADDRESS THE PRINCIPAL,

A. BURNS, D.D., LL.D.

JOHN MARSHALL & CO.,
LONDON, ONT.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

HATS, CAPS, FURS, GLOVES, STRAW GOODS, ETC.

W. H. KNOWLTON,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

27 CHURCH-ST., TORONTO.

Dealer in Flour, Grain, and Breakfast Cereals, Akron Cut Oatmeal, Roller Process Oatmeal, Granulated Oatmeal, Fine Oatmeal, Gold-Dust Cornmeal, Pearl Meal, White Corn Grits, and Hominy, Rolled Barley and Wheat, Farina, Cornflour, &c., &c.

TORONTO PHOTO CO.,

332 Yonge-st. (opp. Gould-st.)

FIRST-CLASS CABINET PHOTOS

ONLY $2 PER DOZ.

MISS MILLER

355 Yonge-street, opp. Elm-street.

MILLINER.

All the English, French, and American Styles Constantly Received.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

BROWN, WRIGHT, & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Slippers and Hand-made Shoes,

QUEEN-STREET, BERLIN.

Having recently moved into more extensive premises, we are now prepared to supply the trade with a first-class article at the right price.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Orders Respectfully Solicited.

V. P. HUMPHREY,

UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER.

Importer of Fine Funeral Goods,

309 YONGE-STREET, TORONTO.

OPEN NIGHT AND DAY.

A. MACDONALD,

355 YONGE-STREET.

FASHIONABLE TAILOR,

Choicest Goods, Perfect Fit, Lowest Prices, Satisfaction Warranted.

ESTABLISHED 1855!

BUNTIN, REID, & CO.'Y,

ALEX. BUNTIN. JOHN YOUNG REID

61 and 63 Yonge-st., Toronto.

THE OLDEST

WHOLESALE STATIONERY AND PAPER WAREHOUSE

IN THE PROVINCE.

Wholesale Stationers, Paper, Envelopes, and Blank Book Manufacturers. Mills at Valleyfield and River St. Lawrence; capacity, about nine tons daily.

We keep full stock of all goods of our own manufacture, comprising Writing, Book, Printing, Coloured and Blotting Papers, and Manilla and Brown Wrapping Papers, in standard sizes, and we make any size, quality, or weight, to order.

Full lines of Envelopes, Poster and Cover Papers, Surface Paper, Box-makers' and Bookbinders' Goods, General Stationery and School Goods, Letter Presses, Cardboards, Printers' Inks, Twines, etc. The largest importers of Straw and Mill Boards in Canada.

Fireworks! Fireworks!

HAND & CO. TO THE FRONT!

We have on hand, made specially, large assortment of the following:—

Variegated Toboggan and Skating Lights; also Tableaux Lights and Coloured Fires for Stage Effect, all of the very best and scented; also the largest and best assortment of Fireworks and Balloons in America.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

HAND & CO., Hamilton, Ont.

R. SPENCE & CO

FILE AND RASP Manufacturers,

HAMILTON, CANADA.

LAND AGENCY.

E. FREEMAN & CO., HAMILTON.

Have for sale TIMBER LIMITS, SAW MILLS, CHOICE FARMS in all parts of Canada.

Also lands in DAKOTA, GEORGIA, and all parts of the South-western States.

WRITE FOR LIST.

HARKNESS HAIR BALM

Restores grey hair to its natural color, removes Dandruff, stops the hair from falling out, increases its growth, and will not soil the skin. As a hair dressing, it has no superior. Guaranteed harmless.

Prepared by Harkness & Co. London, Ont.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers.



Clothing! Clothing! Clothing!

THE LARGEST STOCK OF *FINE READY-MADE CLOTHING*

In CANADA now on EXHIBITION.

Our Goods are all Reliable. No Shoddy or Trash Permitted in Our Stock.

We show Enormous Quantities of

Men's and Boys' Overcoats,

Every Style and Price.

Wishing our Patrons a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

OAK HALL,

The Great One Price Clothing House,

115 to 121 King-st. East, Toronto.

WM. RUTHERFORD, Manager.

CANADA WALL PAPER FACTORY,

JOHN C. WATSON,

MONTREAL.

Manufacturer of all grade of paper hangings, from cheap brown blanks to the finest Embossed Gilt.

Complete set of new patterns every Season.

FACTORY AND OFFICES:

86, 88, and 90 Grey Nun-street.

Samples mailed to the Trade on Application.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

ESTABLISHED 1874.

COOPER'S GOLDEN SHIRT FACTORY.

The Nobby Gent's Furnishing Store, where you can get value for your money.

517 Queen-street West,

UNDER OCCIDENT HALL.



RUPTURE AND DEFORMITIES.

Don't be deceived any longer. Throw away your old spring trusses and get the best.

Chas. Cluthe's Perfected Spiral Truss

stands without an equal to-day. It has proved itself to be the best truss in existence by its enormous sales. Get relief and solid comfort. Everybody pleased. SEE WHAT B. McCARVILL, of Renton, Ont., says:—

DEAR SIR,—The truss I got from you on the 20th inst., is just the thing. It holds me completely tight as a bottle. Thanks to you for such relief.

Renton, Ont., Nov. 30, 1885.

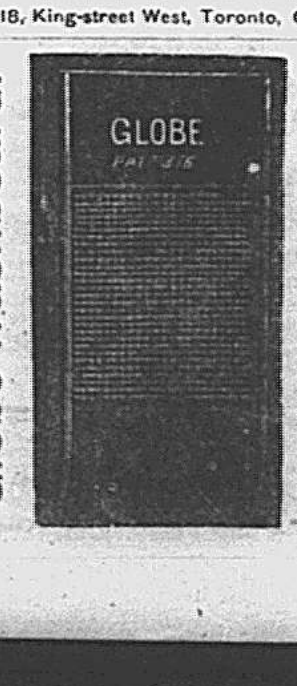
THIS IS THE VERDICT OF THOUSANDS.

Send 6c. stamp for Book on Rupture and Human Frame. Address

CHAS. CLUTHE

118, King-street West, Toronto, Ont.

Globe Washboard.



WALTER WOODS & CO.,

Hamilton and Toronto.

THE LITTLE BOY IN BLUE.

BY MRS. DAVID FERGUS.

ONE long resounding whistle, and three short exultant ones; these were John Caldwell's signal to the little boy in blue, waiting on the platform, that papa was coming all right. John Caldwell drove the express from Palmerston to Harrisburg and back again, that was his day's work; and the officials on the road knew there was no better driver than he on all the line. He had never been known to cause the slightest accident; he had taken his train safely through storm and drift when other drivers had been beaten; but perhaps they had not the powerful magnet he had; it is possible that no golden-haired little child waited for them, or went weeping to bed if papa's whistles had not sounded. On this September evening when the air was filled witl a warm golden haze, through which the sun shone with subdued splendour, he sl wed up his train by the platform; no little boy pushed his eager face through the crowd to clasp his brawny, blackened hand and greet him with a shout of delight. John Caldwell looked anxiously up and down the platform, and then passed into the station house. A strange misgiving seized him, why, he could scarcely tell, for it was not the first time the little fellow had failed to meet him. He exchanged no word with the ticket agent or any other of the employees, who all appeared to be too busy to notice him, nor did he observe how compassionately they all regarded him, nor yet hear the remark of one man to another, "that it was a shame to let him go home without telling him." His house was near by the station, and yet it seemed an age to him before he reached it. The door was opened from within by the doctor, at sight of whom John Caldwell's face blanched through all its grime, but he commanded himself sufficiently to say, "Ah, Doctor! I hope nothing is amiss that you are here."

The doctor took his hand and led him gently into the little parlour.

"Yes," he said gravely, "something very grievous has happened."

"Not to the little chap?" gasped Caldwell.

"It is a very serious accident."

"For God's sake tell me what has happened!" cried the alarmed man in distraction.

"It appears," said the doctor, looking away from him out of the window, "that he had been playing in the station yard, when somehow—nobody knows how—he was run over by the pony-engine and had both his little legs taken off 'above the knees.'"

A sudden, momentary weakness came over John, and he sank into the nearest chair.

"Is he—?" He could not utter that terrible, hopeless word.

"No, he is not dead," answered the doctor, looking away again through the window, "but I can hold out no hope for him; in fact I do not think he will live an hour."

The stricken father groaned aloud, "O, my God! My boy! My boy!" Then, starting up suddenly, he exclaimed almost fiercely, "Where is he? I must see him."

"Surely, surely," said the doctor, "but calm yourself my friend. He has asked repeatedly after you; but for the last half hour he has not spoken."

No distressing sight met John Caldwell's anguished vision when he entered the chamber, for the poor, mangled limbs were covered from sight. And surely never to the idolizing father's eyes had he looked lovelier than now, though the once round rosy cheek was as white as the pillow it rested on, and his curls, that had been both father's and mother's pride, lay clustered like a golden halo around his head, the blue fearless, innocent eyes were almost closed, and the features were already sharpening in death. At first sight of him his father caught his breath sharply, thinking it was all over, but a long-drawn, quivering breath seemed to render asunder his heart, and with a never-to-be-forgotten cry of anguish he flung himself on his knees by the child's bedside. "Oh, Jackie, my boy! my boy! Speak to me again!" At sound of that dear voice the half-closed eyes opened, and a flash of joyful recognition came into them, he raised his hands, and through his pale lips there came, oh, with such trusting love the one word faintly spoken, "Pa, pa." Then while the smile still lingered on his sweet face his hands dropped on his breast, and the engine-driver's child's brief life journey was over. For two days and nights he scarcely left the little form, and then he had to rouse himself to face another and still sorer bereavement. His wife, a gentle, loving woman, whom he had shielded from every adverse wind as a mother would shield her babe, was stricken down. Her life had been bound up in the child's life, and it seemed that when the silver cord of the one life was loosed it unloosed that of the other; and within a week John Caldwell had buried both his household idols.

Within a week! It seemed to the engine-driver an immensity of time since he had been the careless light-hearted man who could make or take a joke with the best of them. He was dazed with the suddenness of the blow, his faculties were for a time paralyzed by his grief. He was not a religious man; if he had been this story need never have been told; he did not take his trial in a spirit of resignation. He did not even submit in a stoical manner like an Indian savage would, but his whole being rose up in rebellion against them.

Only one week, and he was back to his old familiar work over the old familiar road, seeing the same sights, exchanging the same greetings with the same old employees, everything the same, and yet he himself an utterly changed man. He had been a sociable, companionable sort of man, now he was gloomy and morose; his countenance wore a most forbidding expression, so that his fireman rarely ventured to pass a remark to him, and if he did he was answered so surlily that he was glad to hold his tongue. His very whistles partook of the change in him, they were no longer jubilant and cheerful but fierce and defiant, and his fireman noticed how his hand shook as he sounded the whistle coming into Palmerston; no signal whistle now for there was no golden haired little child dressed in navy blue dancing up and down the platform waiting for him. It would be impossible to fully explain the state of John Caldwell's mind at this dark period of his life. Perhaps the most comprehensive word that could be used would be to say that he was angry, intensely angry with God and man. He could not see the sense or reasonableness of creating him only to torture him, to give him a taste from the cup of sweetest bliss, that was ever held to mortal lips, and then shiver it to atoms at his feet. He hated his fellows; there was his fireman for instance. What more right had he to a loving wife and a houseful of children than he had; there were the crowds of waiting people at each station, pleased and happy looking. He grew to hate them all, he longed to rush in among them with his fire eating panting horse, and to faces that were smiling and hearts that were gay, bring terror and anguish. Day by day his despair grew deeper and life became altogether intolerable, and then the devil waiting for the right moment, stepped in with his wily suggestion of self-destruction. The more the unhappy man brooded over this the firmer his resolve became. But how? That was the question. He prided himself on being a brave man and gloried in his reputation for courage, and he knew that only cowards ran away from life. But there was one way in which he might court and win death and still save his reputation.

Was there not many a train derailed, or thrown headlong over an embankment, or telescoped with another locomotive, and the driver never lived to tell his tale? Nay had he not heard it said of them, that they died nobly at their post. So now as afore-time he watched keenly for danger, not as formerly to avoid it, but to run into it. Continually his keen restless eyes were on the lookout for some opportunity to rush into the arms of destruction. His driving, once remarkable for its steadiness, and smoothness, now became notorious for jerkiness and general recklessness, to such a degree as to call forth his conductor's remonstrances and threats of reporting him to headquarters, if he did not mend his ways. But John Caldwell only smiled an evil smile, as he thought, that the reporting would come too late to affect him. But day by day went by and no chance presented itself, no open switch, or broken rail, and though he sometimes ran ahead of time, in the hope of coming up with some laggard train and ending all with one grand smash, his design was always defeated. Many men when thwarted in their purpose will weaken, but he did not, he rather fed on his disappointment. So determined was he that his face took on a look so diabolical that his fireman feared to look on him. "Jim" he said one day when crossing over a high bridge, "How would you like to go over there with the train?"

"Heaven forbid" said Jim shudderingly.

"There would be a high old carnival in hell!" Caldwell said, with an oath, and a laugh so demonical, that it curdled the blood in the fireman's veins.

But one day as they were approaching the station at Fergus the long-looked for opportunity came. Just as he began to slow up he noticed on the track ahead of him, and yet far enough past the station to ensure safety, a freight train. At last the chance had come! And with one wild, unearthly shriek from the whistle, he turned on steam and prepared to rush to his doom. The station at Fergus has a platform almost on a level with the rails, and standing on it was the customary little crowd of waiting passengers. Suddenly from a detached group, a little child darted out on to the rails right in front of the advancing train—a little child with flowing golden curls and dressed in navy blue—he waved his tiny handkerchief in a transport of childish glee; then the terrified mother sprang after him and snatched him from his perilous position, not an instant too soon. All this took place in less time than it takes to describe it; but it saved a train from destruction, and John Caldwell from the committal of a horrible crime; for the madman—we will take the most merciful view of his case we can, and believe that for the time his great sorrow had shadowed his reason—had seen the little child so like his own lost one, that he believed he had been sent to frustrate his diabolical purpose; quicker than though, for his eye and hand trained to quickness and accuracy, scarce needed the thinking brain to direct them, he had reversed his engine and let off steam, so that he managed to bring his train to a standstill not much past the usual stopping place. His face was blanched and great drops of sweat stood on his forehead, as he gasped forth "My God! What a narrow escape." The fireman, not having seen the child, and not knowing the terrible purpose in his mind, wondered what he meant. John Caldwell got down from his van and went back on the platform, searching for the child, but the child and his mother were safely seated inside the coach, the mother tremblingly thanking God for her boy's safety. Little thought they what a catastrophe the little fellow's freak had prevented. He went back to his van trembling in every limb, for he was certain now that he had seen a visitant from the other world, but he was a saved man, for from that moment the evil spirit departed from him.

That is a good many years ago, he is still at his old post on the engine though he runs on another route, and has still the reputation of being one of the most trustworthy drivers on the road. He is happily married again and is the father of as many boys and girls as he thinks needful, but he never encourages any of them to come and meet him as his train comes steaming in, and dearly as he loves them all, there is still one spot in his heart sacred to the little child who saved him on that memorable day—the little boy in blue.

BLOOD IN THE FAMILY.

By "RAM DASS."

HIS oldest friends were astonished, and at first refused to believe it. But the fact was soon manifest to all that Matt Dupper, the most successful and upright of plumbers, had retired from his flourishing business, shaken the common dust of Toronto from his feet, and removed to the more fashionable and refined social atmosphere of Ottawa. "That's the place for my money!" said Dupper to his daughter Jessie. "Rideau Hall, you know—and all that sort of thing!"

Mr. Dupper was rich, a widower, with an only child, a lovely, accomplished, and excellent girl of eighteen. Ambition had smouldered in his bosom through long years of honest and successful application to business, and the day was at last come when he meant to shine on society and the world in general. Ottawa was the place. The style was there; the "blood" was there—and blood Mr. Dupper vowed to bring into his family or perish in the attempt!

He took a fine house and gave parties, which were graced by numerous finely dressed and socially-disposed civil servants; he wrote his name three times a week in the Rideau Hall visitors' books, a polite attention which could not be passed over when the season's rout was opened, and he subscribed to all the English "society" papers, thereby making himself acquainted with the names and doings of the quality.

Everything looked promising; but there was one unpleasant duty imposed on Mr. Dupper in the outset, which he was not the man to shrink from. Ambitious parents often have such a duty thrust upon them. The present unpleasantness arose in the shape of a rising young lawyer of Toronto, named Frank Brown, to whom Jessie Dupper was more attached than became a maiden with such a future before her.

Jessie possessed spirit, and a rather warm contest took place relative to Brown's dismissal. It lasted for days, during which a great deal of surreptitious telegraphic communication took place between Miss Jessie and her lover. At last with tears and protestations, she yielded, and, at her father's request and under his eye, wrote to Frank Brown a kind but decided note terminating their acquaintance with the usual good wishes for his future. Mr. Dupper kissed her with deep emotion, gave her a cheque for two hundred dollars, and posted the letter (registered) to Frank Brown with his own hand.

There was no doubt Jessie Dupper was a charming girl and a social success. Dupper contemplated his own comfortable person and smooth, shiny face in the glass, and easily accounted for her attractiveness. Jessie was invited to the tobogganing at Rideau Hall with some friends, and although Dupper himself was accidentally overlooked, the matter gave him deep satisfaction. For there were guests of high degree at the House, and Jessie was sure to be noticed. Dupper stayed at home, looking up Burke's Peerage and back files of the Society papers for the ancient lineage and modern movements of these distinguished people, so as to be able to talk to Jessie about them and keep her mind fixed on the aim of her life.

"We'll bring Blood into our family, Jessie!" he would say. "Old blood, Jessie—blue blood, Jessie!—see if we don't, my girl. I've got the money, and if you get the blood you'll find me free with it!" Jessie seemed to enter heart and soul into her father's project, and Dupper mused of pedigrees by day, and at nights piles of heavy coronets crushed him like a nightmare.

In due course things happened which had an exhilarating effect on Dupper's hopes. There had come to Ottawa to witness the tobogganing and other native diversions of these Arctic regions, a Lord Horatio Blueveins with his sister, the romantic and fascinating Lady Appollonia, whose social escapades at home had furnished the "Societies" with matter for many lively and interesting paragraphs. She had "run away" three times with persons of inferior birth and superior fascinations, and had been caught on each occasion. The father of these distinguished visitors was the aged Duke of Soho, also a celebrated man for the hard manner of life he had led up to the age of seventy-five, and who was now about to wed a Hallelujah Lass and amend his ways.

Certain shy admissions of Jessie's regarding the attentions paid her by Lord Horatio at the tobogganing, had put Dupper on the *qui vive*, but he was hardly prepared to meet, one evening at dusk, an aristocratic visitor leaving his house, who transfixed the respectful Dupper on the sidewalk by a haughty flash of his eyeglass. Rushing excitedly into the house, he found his daughter in blushes and sweet confusion.

"Jessie! Jessie! Who was the noble—stay, shy puss! let me guess!—was it the Right Honourable Lord—Horatio?"

A swift and curious change swept over the girl's face. She hung her head and confessed that her father was right. Then Dupper caught the girl to his bosom with an emotion which was touching, and in the exuberance of his tearful joy swore to her that the hour she became Lady Horatio he—Dupper, her proud and happy parent,—would make her a present of fifty thousand dollars!

"Would Lord Horatio like to come here to you every day, Jessie?" Dupper asked.

"I—I think so, papa," said Jessie shyly. "But, papa—not if you are here—for the present."

"All right, Jessie, my girl! I'll keep out of the way!" And the devoted man loyally kept his word, never returning home until after Lord Horatio's departure to be in time for dinner at Government House. And more than this, Dupper began of evenings to look knowing, and chuckle to himself with a degree of self-enjoyment which the rapid progress of Jessie's love affairs was hardly enough to account for. One night he "let the cat out of the bag" after dinner.

"Jessie," he observed, "a curious thing has taken place. A fortnight ago, at dusk, a lady was going down Sussex-street. I was walking the same way. Some shantymen raised a row outside a saloon, which, of course, frightened the lady, and I requested permission to escort her past them. This she gracefully granted, and—in fact, time passed so pleasantly, that I had left her at Rideau Hall before I knew!"

"Rideau Hall, papa?"

"Yes. And the curious part of it is, that I somehow chance to meet her every evening now, and—well, the fact is, I always see her home, Jessie."

"Who is she papa? Describe her."

"Well, I never asked her name. She's a lady it's clear; tall, with dark eyes, a—ahem—a lovely face and figure—" Dupper was striving his best to maintain an air of indifference, but his daughter's laughing eyes were upon him and he grew confused and blew his nose. Jessie rose, and coming behind his chair bent over and whispered:—

"Sly old papa—no, not old! goodness, if she heard me call you old!—would you like to know her name? I knew of this acquaintance before!"

"Jessie!"

"Horatio told me papa. Why you are every night walking with Lady Appolonia herself! Sh! not a word, now! Horatio doesn't know it is you—he only knows that his sister is fascinated by some one in Ottawa—and he will be so glad when he learns it is you, papa!"

"Get along, you impudent puss! Off to bed with you!" cried Dupper, pinching her ear. She retreated from the room, and Dupper lay back in his chair feeling tickled unto death. The romantic Lady Appollonia!

"Oh, Dupper! Dupper!" he exclaimed, the tears of delight running down his face, "'pon my word, I'm ashamed of you! Lady Pollonia, of all the world—fascinated!—oh, Dupper, you sad dog, what will the world say of you?" And then he vowed in his romantic heart that the lady should not love in vain.

Dupper next evening gently charged the lady with her identity. Though at first rather startled, she did not deny it, only begged him to keep their acquaintance a profound secret for the present. It was just like the romantic Appollonia, and Dupper promised. Then she mentioned that she was going to Montreal next day for some diamonds she had left there to be reset, and Dupper remembered that he, too, had business in Montreal. With a sweet and lingering goodnight they parted, and it jarred sadly on Mr. Dupper's happy frame of mind to discover his daughter in tears when he came home.

It was only a letter from the dismissed lover, Frank Brown—the obscure Toronto lawyer. Dupper was indignant. Jessie was mad. The fellow had presumed to approach her with her inconstancy, with her new partiality for the nobility who (he said) laughed at her and such as her. This was where the sting lay, and Dupper declared that the noble spirit with which Jessie resented it was proof that she was born to be a Duchess!

"There!" she exclaimed, tearing the vile epistle in fragments and tossing these in the fire; "that's the last of them! Now, papa, I first want to tell you something else," she added in a softer manner. "Horatio has spoken to me about—about"—

"Yes, yes!—go on, Jessie,—about—?"

"He likes and esteems you—"

"Eh? esteems!—did you say *esteem*?" Mr. Dupper eagerly asked. "Say it again, Jessie!"

"Esteem you, papa. But—you know how different your ranks are at present, papa—"

"I do, I do," said Dupper respectfully,—"of course, it will soon be otherwise. But for the present Horatio is shy of being introduced to you, papa. He says later on he will make a communication—"

"What noble and parliamentary language! They're born to it, these lords!" murmured Dupper reverentially. "Well, Jessie?"

"And in fact," continued Jessie, hanging her head, "Horatio indeed, indeed, we love each other dearly, papa! don't object, will you? Horatio proposes that we—that—we should elope! It would be so romantic, papa!"

Dupper object? A lord to run away with his daughter, his Jessie! All the papers to be full of accounts of the elopement! Matt Dupper could hardly contain the exuberance of his delight at the idea! He danced round the room—he threw himself on a sofa, and laughed until his portly form throbbed like an infant volcano. What with this, and the ultimate result of his own affair with the romantic Appollonia, he saw himself the most famous man in the two hemispheres! Canada would be too small for him. Belgravia, Mayfair, and all London would be panting to see and celebrate him as the lion of the age!

Tears of pride and happiness filled his eyes as he kissed his daughter next morning on his departure for Montreal. Lady Appollonia was in the Pullman before him, and a blissful journey Mr. Dupper found it. An accident which befel Lady Appollonia in Montreal, too, helped to draw her still closer to him. The lost her purse, with the money she had taken to pay the jeweller. It was only seven hundred dollars, however, and Dupper's cheque made the matter right.

"Valuable diamonds, Sir," remarked the jeweller, as he placed the case on the counter while Lady Appollonia inspected some articles in another part of the store. Dupper raised his brows and observed, "Ah, indeed?"

"Worth seventy thousand dollars, sir," said the jeweller, with the air of a man who knew. Dupper's breath was almost taken away.

Beautiful, bewitching Lady Appollonia! Before they reached Ottawa Dupper was lost beyond recovery. In the exuberance of his happiness he confided to her—under pledge of secrecy—the affair between her brother and his daughter.

Lady Appollonia at first looked surprised, then pleased, lastly incredulous. "I knew that Horatio was in love," she admitted, "but with your *daughter*, Mr. Dupper! Surely you cannot have a daughter old enough!"

Now this was (to use a strong term) simply excruciating. Dupper thrilled all over with deep, ineffable delight! All the same he had to admit the fact—though he explained it by hinting that he had been married when a mere boy.

"Dear me! no one would have thought it!" said Lady Appollonia. "How she must love you!"

"Ah!" murmured Dupper sentimentally, "I shall soon be alone, with no one to love me!" "No! no! do not say that!" she exclaimed earnestly with radiant eyes—but before Dupper could utter the impassioned declaration which rose to his lips the train drew up at the Ottawa station, and he was obliged to say good night.

In two days Mr. Dupper discovered a new and adorable trait of Lady Appollonia's character—one which touched him to the heart. When he met her at the usual place she took from beneath her cloak the jewel case and put it in his hand. "No refusal, dear Mr. Dupper!" she exclaimed, "It is my wedding present to darling Jessie! I have nothing else to give her, except my best love—I know how much I shall love her!" Dupper was deeply affected; but, though he could not refuse her present, he was as just as she was generous, and next day gave her a cheque for ten thousand dollars—only a seventh of the value of the diamonds which he made her accept at the risk of a quarrel.

He was not easy about this cheque until he obtained at the bank the gratifying information that Lady Appollonia had cashed it. And his heart being then full and happy, he drew out the fifty thousand which he had promised to give Jessie.

For the elopement was to take place that

"OUR MOTTO:"
Small Profits and Speedy Returns.
'Fine Goods at Close Prices.'

ED. McKEOWN,
182 Yonge-street,
2 Doors North of Queen.
DIRECT IMPORTER OF
Hosiery, Gloves, Foreign Silks, Velvets, Mantles, & Fine Dress Goods.

Our Dress and Mantle Making
Stands Unrivalled for Perfection of Fit and Graceful Style. Prices Moderate.

SAMPLES MAILED FREE.

Address, Edward McKeown, Yonge-street, Toronto.

Write for a Pair of Our Celebrated Dollar Gloves.

THE LEADING
101


101
MANUFACTURERS OF FINE FURS
LADIES' SEAL MANTLES. Gents' Fur Coats, Fancy Sleigh Robes.
J. & J. LUGSDIN,
101 Yonge-st., Toronto.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

FINE WINDOW GLASS!

In connection with our other lines of Glass Staining, Plate Glass, &c., it is our intention to quote for and supply from stock, and to import order specifications of Window Glass of superior quality. We have experienced so much difficulty in obtaining good quality of Glass for our own purposes, and have had so many inquiries for better glass than is to be obtained on this market, that we have concluded to carry a large stock of the various weights and qualities, and to supply cut specifications to order. We expect to be in a position to fill orders by early spring, and will advise our customers fully at a later date.

ELLIOTT & SON, 94 Bay-street, Toronto.

1841. 1885.
FOR SALE.

A superior lot of imported and home-bred Clydesdale Stallions and Mares, Also Shetlands, several being prize winners at Provincial and Industrial Fairs. Warranted as represented.
JEFFREY BROTHERS, WHITBY.

T. BENNETT,
125 King West (4 Rossin Block,)
TORONTO, CANADA.

Write. Never mind where you are. Be prompt. Sent anywhere. Stamps or cash.

ARGOSY—By Mrs. Henry Wood. Two splendid vols for 50 cents, worth $3 abt. Best binding, 75 cents. Postage, 20c. Only limited number. Quite complete. Unusual bargain. "Laden with golden grain."

JEFFERSON'S (THOS.) WORKS. 9 vols. Large octo. $13 50
DICKENS' WORKS. Ill. Handsome cloth gilt 18 50
THACKERAY'S WORKS. Ill. Gilt top 13 50
GOSPELS, STORY OF. Rev. W. Pounds. 2 vols 5 50
(Continuous narrative with Greek, etc., etc. scarce.)
NEW TEST. HIST. Harmony, Maps, Notes, Plans 20
CHURCH GOVERNMENT, Etc. Full Scrip. proofs 25
(Valuable for all church members and Bible classes. In quantities very liberal terms.)

Art of Reasoning, Natural Philosophy, Drawing, each, 30c. Mechanics, Tomlinson, 35c. Instructive Experiments, 25c. Nugent's French-English Dictionary, 75c; French-English Dialogues, 35c; the two $1; learn French. German-English Dictionary, 75c, and Reader, 35c; the two for $1. Mrs. Clark's Cookery, one dollar, for 75c. Home Cook Book, common sense cookery, 75c. Oracle of Cookery, 30c; Beadle's do., 20c; others 5c. Pigs, 30c. Sheep, 30c. Zoology, $1. Poets, $1. Encyclopedia of Business and Social Forms, mor., $5 and $6; splendid book for present, Xmas and New Year. Playfair's Euclid, large octo, half-bound, 75c. Revised New Testament, 45c; large type, 65c; Bible, $1. Crest of the Continent, 75c; $1 25 beautifully illustrated, new work. Cookery—Cakes, Dinners, Good Food, Vegetables, Game, Puddings, &c., 20c. How to Manage House and Servants, 30c. How I Managed My House, 30c. Indoor Amusements, 20c, 30c. Recitations, 5c, 8c, 10c, 15c, 20c. Lives of Wellington, Nelson, R. Raikes, Dr. Kitto, 60c; any two $1. Imitation of Christ, Holy War, Commandments, Treat. on Prayer, 10c. Julius Cæsar, Romeo & Juliet, Tempest, Henry 4th, 20c; the four for 65c. Notes and Glossary. Concertina, Piano, Organ, Violin, Flute, Cornopean, Trombone Books, music, 20c, 30c, 50c, 75c. 5 quires superior Invitation Note, 25c, post free; large Note super, 60c., &c., &c. Lad 's Bags, Albums, Toilet and Dressing Cases; &c., &c.

Send singly or club together.

Terms Liberal to Agents.

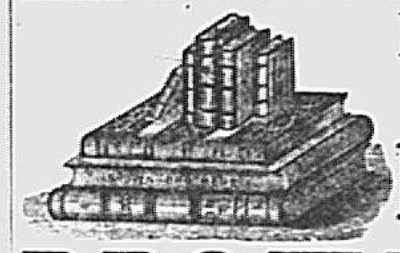
Clark's Land & Loan Office

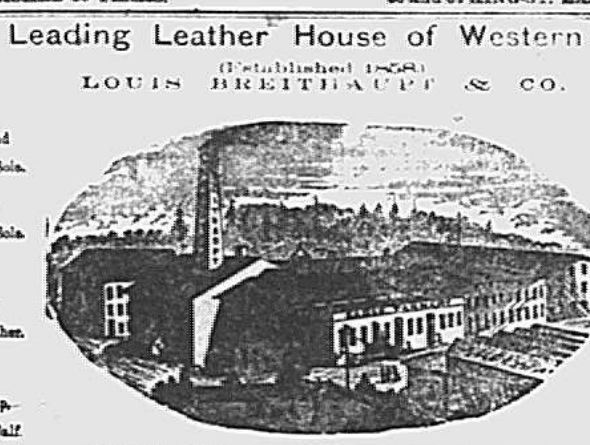
Popular auction sales held every Thursday at 1:30 o'clock p.m. It costs you nothing to offer your property at these successful popular sales unless sold. No charge for advertising in circular or other general advertising.

We take the entire charge of estates and private properties, selling, buying, renting, collecting rents, paying taxes, insurances, etc., buy and sell property on commission, value real estate, collect rents, mortgages, etc., negotiate loans on mortgage security.

Holiday Season.
1885-6.

Visitors to and Residents of Toronto are invited to visit our SHOW ROOMS, where they will find one of the LARGEST and CHOICEST Selections of BIBLES, GOOD BOOKS, &c., &c., in the city.
SOLE AGENTS in Canada for the celebrated MILDMAY CHRISTMAS CARDS.
CATALOGUES AND PRICE LISTS MAILED ON APPLICATION.
S. R. BRIGGS,
TORONTO WILLARD TRACT DEPOSITORY,
Corner of Yonge and Temperance Streets.
P. S.—Depository open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.


NEW GOODS
SUITABLE FOR THE
Holiday Trade
BROWN BROS.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Account Books, Fine Leather Goods, Stationers, Bookbinders, etc.
SPECIALTIES, a Splendid Assortment on Hand:—
Ladies' Satchels, Wallets, Purses, Pocket Books, Letter and Card Cases, Music Rolls and Folios, Diaries, 1886, Photograph Albums, Scrap " Autograph " Inkstands, Stationery Cabinets, Fancy Stationery, etc.
BOOKBINDING in Every Style of the Art. Close Prices.
ESTABLISHED 30 YEARS. 66 and 68 KING-ST. EAST, TORONTO

The Leading Leather House of Western Ontario.
(Established 1858)
LOUIS BREITHAUPT & CO.
Eagle Span. and Slau. Sole. Penetang. Span. Sole. Prime Upper Leather. Peerless, Veal, Kip, and Calf.

French Kip and Calf. Shoe Findings. Western Steer-Hide Harness Leather. Tanners' Supplies, &c., &c.
TANNERS. - - - - Berlin, Ont.
Ask Your Dealer for Our Stock, or Order Direct from Us.

IT LEADS THEM ALL!

THE
"New Raymond"
IS THE BEST AND MOST RELIABLE
SEWING MACHIÑE
IN USE IN CANADA.

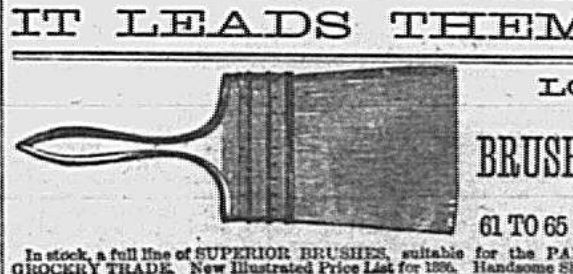
FITTED WITH THE PATENT AUTOMATIC BOBBIN *WINDER!* — SILENT RUNNING

ELEGANT IN Appearance. — WELL FINISHED AND DURABLE.

The "NEW RAYMOND" has Taken Numerous FIRST PRIZES at the Exhibitions This Season in Competition with
The "SINGER" and Other Well-known Machines.

CHARLES RAYMOÑD,
MANUFACTURER, GUELPH, ONTARIO, CAN.

IT LEADS THEM ALL!


LONDON
BRUSH FACTORY,
61 TO 65 DUNDAS-STREET.
In stock, a full line of SUPERIOR BRUSHES, suitable for the PAINTERS, HARDWARE and GROCERY TRADE. New Illustrated Price List for 1886. Handsome Show Cards on application.
THOMAS BRYAN.

The Globe's Prize Story Competition.

See Balloting Paper at Foot of Page 5.

BLOOD IN THE FAMILY.

(CONTINUED)

night. Dupper had made up his mind that fast following upon the elopement, should come his own marriage with Lady Appollonia. He knew that there would be no difficulty regarding it, and they would all sail in triumph for Europe together.

At ten o'clock Jessie came into her father's "study," wrapped up for flight. "Horatio is at the back gate, papa," she said, nervously. Dupper rose, slipped the roll of bank bills into her hand, kissed her affectionately, and went out. Lord Horatio was there, muffled up to the eyes. The young nobleman swung Dupper's hand with a friendly fervour that thrilled him, and quickly helped Jessie into the waiting sleigh.

"Bless you both, my children!" murmured Dupper in a voice broken by emotion, and next moment they were out of sight.

Mr. Dupper that night felt that the loneliness of his lot required imperatively that he should take immediate measures. The newspapers, he resolved, should not learn of Jessie's elopement for another twenty-four hours, when he should have again sewn and arranged with Lady Appollonia for the second and crowning event.

For the first time Appollonia was not at the appointed place. Dupper waited around till he was nearly frozen, and then turned towards home with a heavy and anxious heart. When he came in and looked up The Evening Free Press, which lay on his table, he read something which at first startled him, but seemed to account somewhat for Lady Appollonia's absence.

"EXPRESS!—A footman named Juggins, at Rideau Hall, he understand, skipped out with a lady's maid employed by Lady Appolonia Blueveins. The run aways are by this time in New York. Lady Appolonia, we are informed, has lost no property save a case of paste diamonds, imitations of the real ones, which Lady A. had been in the habit of carrying with her as a protection to the genuine stones."

This might be regarded as satisfactory, as accounting for Lady A.'s absence. But what meant that other paragraph, which caused Dupper to jump from his chair with a yell!—

"Lord Horatio Blueveins and his sister Lady Appollonia, left Government House this afternoon for England via Halifax."

Mr. Dupper spent a night of such anguish as rarely falls to man's lot to endure. He saw it all—by degrees it dawned upon him with terrible, terrible distinctness! By the first morning train he fled from the hollow capital, and in time thankfully reached his old Toronto home, where he reflected in privacy for some days. Basely sold!—that eyren maid and her footman, with his ten thousand dollars! them in life's the paste diamonds!—and, worst of all, Jessie.

Oh, Jessie, Jessie, how could you have done it! How could you have passed Frank Brown on your poor deluded father as Lord Horatio, and tricked the trustful old man out of that fat roll of bills? Jessie, Jessie! it was too sad!

Dupper is now a sadder and wiser man, given of evenings after tea, to self-regarding in the manner of a man who is with solemnity and silently shaking his head at them.

A TALE OF OUR PRAIRIES.

BY A. GRAD.



COME with me children to the shanty door, and look out on the prairie, where the ponds are lying bright in the early morning, and the grass and sedge are looking their freshest and greenest, where the lovely, pale anemone the brilliant wild aster, and the gorgeous lily, the glare of other flowers, are blushing their sweetest beneath their jewels of dew, at the footsteps of the bold breeze that soon will be kissing their delicate faces and careering like the cavalry of the gods over those stainless plains. Look, how the black hawk proudly straightens his wings, and turns down his kingly head to look at the strangers thus unexpectedly intruding on his haunts, or to pick out for his morning meal the fattest and tenderest of the ducks that are quacking and splashing in the exuberance of fancied security in the lake before our door. Hear the sweet thrilling crow of the grass plover as he shakes the little wings, and for very joy at the return of day, calls to his mate in her nest in the prairie, and thinks of the three little balls of down that are there with only lids and legs to relieve their general shapelessness. Listen to that singing musical call, that sounds so far away, and yet so clear, as if it had come from the transmitter of some great natural telephone. Lo, there they are, the cranes, so high that you can barely see them, smaller than the smallest swallows, floating there in delicious their satisfaction to the circling lakes and plains so far beneath them; their very existence was unknown ages among but in chalk to their progeny, save in the old Homer saw.

And there over that little slope, and soon to get out of sight, runs the sneaking fox, with low bedraggled brush, like one already put in a trap, the sport and lurking cousin of our eastern squirrel, who have been poking their inquisitive little noses into every nook and corner with their sight black eyes into every deserted badger hole.

All Nature seems to be waiting expectantly for the signal to enter on the duties of the day, and not a sound is heard as the great machinery awaits in silence the touch of the controlling hand that sets the whole in busy, whirring motion.

But do not think, children, that the scene has never been different from this. For about seventy-five years ago the shores of this same little lake witnessed one of the direst of those fierce fights which used then to occur between the Blackfeet and the Sioux. The Blackfeet were the lords of all the great plains that stretch away to the foot-hills of the Rockies, and in their powerful confederacy, as well as Blackfeet proper, were the Bloods, Sarcees, and Piegans. The Sioux were equally fierce and war-like, the acknowledged masters of all the tribes from Minnesota and Dakota in the east to the debateable ground where we now stand, when hunting parties of the two tribes met at times and over parted without bloodshed, until their hereditary hatred burst out in flame, and all the braves shaved their heads leaving only the flowing scalp-lock in front, and thereupon donned their hawk and eagle feathers, painted on their hideous streaks of white and yellow and vermilion paint, and danced their shrieking war-dance, there set off.

It was here, our old Indian trapper friend Neegawa tells me, that they met, early in the present century, "a hundred moons ago for every finger on the snow-maiden's two hands," he says. And this was the deadliest warfare in which stragglers and scouts from either side were cruelly killed and scalped by four lurking fiat in the grass and bushes of the prairie, Big Plover, the medicine man of the Sioux, or as they called him Seeyoska-sha-sha, put on his dreadful war-hat, and induced his tribe to fall on the Blackfeet bypass or ambush in a grand general engagement.

Long and fierce was the contest, not filled with the horrid din of our modern warfare, for their firearms were very fair, but carried on in silence; the combatants were too busy, and fiercely in earnest to shout except when the war-cry rang in the ears of some dying brave as his victor shook in his eyes his own long scalp-lock. And they were too well trained in physical endurance to cry out when covered by the other party with the rough head of flint, or crushed by a blow from a rude stone axe or club. So the struggle went on in silence; half-naked, painted, sweating warriors planning their hate at each other and taking each others lives with all the silent fiendishness of Indian warfare.

At last the tide of battle turned, and set in against the Sioux. For just as their gigantic medicine-man Seyoska-sha-sha was aiming a deadly blow at a chief of the Blackfeet, a sudden gust of wind, sent by the God of the west wind, the wicked Paupukeewis, who hated the Sioux, whisked off his great war-hat, and with it there fell to the ground all the hopes of the Sioux braves. For had not their great enemy, the God of the West, who always favoured their western foes the Blackfeet, shown his invisible presence among them, and had he not begun with an onslaught on their medicine-man? So in a few minutes the Blackfeet warriors had matters in their own hands, and from the defeat of that dreadful day the Sioux have not yet recovered. For of all the braves who left the tepees of far-off Minnesota and Dakota, only a little remnant came straggling back and entered their lodges by night.

Seeyoska-sha-sha succeeded in escaping from the rout, and catching a Blackfoot pony which was hobbled among the tents he rode all evening and all night long by the stars, till thinking that now he was safe from pursuit he hobbled his pony, and turned it loose as morning was breaking. Then falling sound asleep he had a wondrous dream.

For he thought that he saw stretching across the rolling grassy, prairie as far as the eye could reach from east to west two shining narrow lines of bright silver, side by side, laid on a solid level bank of earth, in which was embedded at regular intervals a great number of logs, on which the silver lines were fastened with great nails.

And when in his dream he walked up and examined it, he saw that the logs were of the larch or tamarac that grew so abundantly by the streams and swamps of his home in the east, and his wonder was how they came to be lying here in such order, and so far from where they grew. He pondered long what this strange bank of earth could be, running straight away into the distance east and west till its two bright lines ran into one and faded out of his sight altogether. And to him it seemed that this must be some more of the strange handiwork he had seen on the plains to the south of his home where he had often gone in chase of the buffalo, where the great Father the Waters creeps along past strange mounds, birds, and dragons and serpents, thrown up in the rich soil of the plains in Ohio and down the Mississippi Valley. Men had dwelt there of whom his fathers had dimly told him, who long ago, before the Indians came to drive them out, used to till the soil, and tame the goose, and dunk and buffalo, which were now so wild and hard to hunt.

But while he pondered thus, he saw far in the west a new and flaming star arise just over the bank of earth, red and furious, like the eye of the great dragon who dwelt in the mountains of the Blackfeet. And terror struck his heart cold, and his knees grew weak; for surely now he heard it roar as it drew near along the silver lines and fired the great unwinking fiery eye full upon him, while showers of fire were scattered around at every step, and its breath rolled out in clouds blacker and more stifling than the smoke of the lodges in the rainy springtime. And often had he heard of the great black dragon who dwelt in the mountains of the west beyond the Blackfeet country, and who helped the Blackfeet to destroy their enemies. Now, surely he had seen it. Its roar and rush was more fearful than the noise of the buffalo when they stampede and charge bellowing on the horses and riders who have been chasing them and piercing their shaggy hides with sharp arrows. Behind its black and dreadful head trailed a long brown body, with a row of bright and fiery scales along the side. But with relief and joy he saw it pass him, and hasten on towards the home of the Sioux; but in that, making along the mound of earth till its noise died away in the distant, and its long body faded away into the morning sky. Shaking with terror he woke from his vision, and starting off again he reached the lodges of his tribe before another moon had come, wearied and broken by hard travelling and lack of food.

Then he told them of their sore defeat, how nearly all their braves were lying now among the trampled grass where they were torn by coyotes and minks were revelling, while the bones of their enemies were strung with the scalps of Sioux braves drying in the wind and sun of the great black dragon who helped the Blackfeet against their enemies, of whom they had often heard, but whom he had now seen.

And with sorrow they listened, while he told them that when it again appeared the buffalo would vanish from the prairie in fear, and the elk and wolf and fox would hide themselves and die, and the red man would vanish from the plains and rivers he had known so long, before the monster's black and poisonous breath.

And now a days, when the poor Indian stands to watch with expressionless face the rushing train as it passes him and his shaggy pony with contemptuous whisk, he remembers the story told around the tent-fires of his childhood by the old men of his tribe; of the sight so many moons ago between the Blackfeet and the Sioux, and of Big Plover's strange dream. Then he thinks that here now, as has come true, and he longs to be following the buffalo and trapping the musk rat, and he is in the Happy Hunting-grounds of the Great Spirits, where no intruding palefaces brother can gall his proud feelings or come in to treat him with disdain.

There now, children, my little story is ended, and if it has made you think more kindly of our poor savage fellow subjects away in the North west, or made you feel that the transmitter of some great natural telephone lines there they are, the cranes, so high that you can barely see them, smaller than the smallest swallows, floating there in delicious their satisfaction to the circling lakes and plains so far beneath them; their very existence was unknown ages among but in chalk to their progeny, save in the old Homer saw.

And there over that little slope, and soon to get out of sight, runs the sneaking fox, with low bedraggled brush, like one already put in a trap, the sport and lurking cousin of our eastern squirrel, who have been poking their inquisitive little noses into every nook and corner with their sight black eyes into every deserted badger hole.

All Nature seems to be waiting expectantly for the signal to enter on the duties of the day, and not a sound is heard as the great machinery awaits in silence the touch of the controlling hand that sets the whole in busy, whirring motion.

But do not think, children, that the scene has never been different from this. For about seventy-five years ago the shores of this same little lake witnessed one of the direst of those fierce fights which used then to occur between the Blackfeet and the Sioux. The Blackfeet were the lords of all the great plains that stretch away to the foot-hills of the Rockies, and in their powerful confederacy, as well as Blackfeet proper, were the Bloods, Sarcees, and Piegans. The Sioux were equally fierce and war-like, the acknowledged masters of all the tribes from Minnesota and Dakota in the east to the debateable ground where we now stand, when hunting parties of the two tribes met at times and over parted without bloodshed, until their hereditary hatred burst out in flame, and all the braves shaved their heads leaving only the flowing scalp-lock in front, and thereupon donned their hawk and eagle feathers, painted on their hideous streaks of white and yellow and vermilion paint, and danced their shrieking war-dance, there set off.

It was here, our old Indian trapper friend Neegawa tells me, that they met, early in the present century, "a hundred moons ago for every finger on the snow-maiden's two hands," he says. And this was the deadliest warfare in which stragglers and scouts from either side were cruelly killed and scalped by four lurking fiat in the grass and bushes of the prairie, Big Plover, the medicine man of the Sioux, or as they called him Seeyoska-sha-sha, put on his dreadful war-hat, and induced his tribe to fall on the Blackfeet bypass or ambush in a grand general engagement.

Long and fierce was the contest, not filled with the horrid din of our modern warfare, for their firearms were very fair, but carried on in silence; the combatants were too busy, and fiercely in earnest to shout except when the war-cry rang in the ears of some dying brave as his victor shook in his eyes his own long scalp-lock. And they were too well trained in physical endurance to cry out when covered by the other party with the rough head of flint, or crushed by a blow from a rude stone axe or club. So the struggle went on in silence; half-naked, painted, sweating warriors planning their hate at each other and taking each others lives with all the silent fiendishness of Indian warfare.

At last the tide of battle turned, and set in against the Sioux. For just as their gigantic medicine-man Seyoska-sha-sha was aiming a deadly blow at a chief of the Blackfeet, a sudden gust of wind, sent by the God of the west wind, the wicked Paupukeewis, who hated the Sioux, whisked off his great war-hat, and with it there fell to the ground all the hopes of the Sioux braves. For had not their great enemy, the God of the West, who always favoured their western foes the Blackfeet, shown his invisible presence among them, and had he not begun with an onslaught on their medicine-man? So in a few minutes the Blackfeet warriors had matters in their own hands, and from the defeat of that dreadful day the Sioux have not yet recovered. For of all the braves who left the tepees of far-off Minnesota and Dakota, only a little remnant came straggling back and entered their lodges by night.

Seeyoska-sha-sha succeeded in escaping from the rout, and catching a Blackfoot pony which was hobbled among the tents he rode all evening and all night long by the stars, till thinking that now he was safe from pursuit he hobbled his pony, and turned it loose as morning was breaking. Then falling sound asleep he had a wondrous dream.

For he thought that he saw stretching across the rolling grassy, prairie as far as the eye could reach from east to west two shining narrow lines of bright silver, side by side, laid on a solid level bank of earth, in which was embedded at regular intervals a great number of logs, on which the silver lines were fastened with great nails.

And when in his dream he walked up and examined it, he saw that the logs were of the larch or tamarac that grew so abundantly by the streams and swamps of his home in the east, and his wonder was how they came to be lying here in such order, and so far from where they grew. He pondered long what this strange bank of earth could be, running straight away into the distance east and west till its two bright lines ran into one and faded out of his sight altogether. And to him it seemed that this must be some more of the strange handiwork he had seen on the plains to the south of his home where he had often gone in chase of the buffalo, where the great Father the Waters creeps along past strange mounds, birds, and dragons and serpents, thrown up in the rich soil of the plains in Ohio and down the Mississippi Valley. Men had dwelt there of whom his fathers had dimly told him, who long ago, before the Indians came to drive them out, used to till the soil, and tame the goose, and dunk and buffalo, which were now so wild and hard to hunt.

But while he pondered thus, he saw far in the west a new and flaming star arise just over the bank of earth, red and furious, like the eye of the great dragon who dwelt in the mountains of the Blackfeet. And terror struck his heart cold, and his knees grew weak; for surely now he heard it roar as it drew near along the silver lines and fired the great unwinking fiery eye full upon him, while showers of fire were scattered around at every step, and its breath rolled out in clouds blacker and more stifling than the smoke of the lodges in the rainy springtime. And often had he heard of the great black dragon who dwelt in the mountains of the west beyond the Blackfeet country, and who helped the Blackfeet to destroy their enemies. Now, surely he had seen it. Its roar and rush was more fearful than the noise of the buffalo when they stampede and charge bellowing on the horses and riders who have been chasing them and piercing their shaggy hides with sharp arrows. Behind its black and dreadful head trailed a long brown body, with a row of bright and fiery scales along the side. But with relief and joy he saw it pass him, and hasten on towards the home of the Sioux; but in that, making along the mound of earth till its noise died away in the distant, and its long body faded away into the morning sky. Shaking with terror he woke from his vision, and starting off again he reached the lodges of his tribe before another moon had come, wearied and broken by hard travelling and lack of food.

Then he told them of their sore defeat, how nearly all their braves were lying now among the trampled grass where they were torn by coyotes and minks were revelling, while the bones of their enemies were strung with the scalps of Sioux braves drying in the wind and sun of the great black dragon who helped the Blackfeet against their enemies, of whom they had often heard, but whom he had now seen.

And with sorrow they listened, while he told them that when it again appeared the buffalo would vanish from the prairie in fear, and the elk and wolf and fox would hide themselves and die, and the red man would vanish from the plains and rivers he had known so long, before the monster's black and poisonous breath.

And now a days, when the poor Indian stands to watch with expressionless face the rushing train as it passes him and his shaggy pony with contemptuous whisk, he remembers the story told around the tent-fires of his childhood by the old men of his tribe; of the sight so many moons ago between the Blackfeet and the Sioux, and of Big Plover's strange dream. Then he thinks that here now, as has come true, and he longs to be following the buffalo and trapping the musk rat, and he is in the Happy Hunting-grounds of the Great Spirits, where no intruding palefaces brother can gall his proud feelings or come in to treat him with disdain.

There now, children, my little story is ended, and if it has made you think more kindly of our poor savage fellow subjects away in the North west, or made you feel that the transmitter of some great natural telephone lines there they are, the cranes, so high that you can barely see them, smaller than the smallest swallows, floating there in delicious their satisfaction to the circling lakes and plains so far beneath them; their very existence was unknown ages among but in chalk to their progeny, save in the old Homer saw.

And there over that little slope, and soon to get out of sight, runs the sneaking fox, with low bedraggled brush, like one already put in a trap, the sport and lurking cousin of our eastern squirrel, who have been poking their inquisitive little noses into every nook and corner with their sight black eyes into every deserted badger hole.

All Nature seems to be waiting expectantly for the signal to enter on the duties of the day, and not a sound is heard as the great machinery awaits in silence the touch of the controlling hand that sets the whole in busy, whirring motion.

But do not think, children, that the scene has never been different from this. For about seventy-five years ago the shores of this same little lake witnessed one of the direst of those fierce fights which used then to occur between the Blackfeet and the Sioux. The Blackfeet were the lords of all the great plains that stretch away to the foot-hills of the Rockies, and in their powerful confederacy, as well as Blackfeet proper, were the Bloods, Sarcees, and Piegans. The Sioux were equally fierce and war-like, the acknowledged masters of all the tribes from Minnesota and Dakota in the east to the debateable ground where we now stand, when hunting parties of the two tribes met at times and over parted without bloodshed, until their hereditary hatred burst out in flame, and all the braves shaved their heads leaving only the flowing scalp-lock in front, and thereupon donned their hawk and eagle feathers, painted on their hideous streaks of white and yellow and vermilion paint, and danced their shrieking war-dance, there set off.

It was here, our old Indian trapper friend Neegawa tells me, that they met, early in the present century, "a hundred moons ago for every finger on the snow-maiden's two hands," he says. And this was the deadliest warfare in which stragglers and scouts from either side were cruelly killed and scalped by four lurking fiat in the grass and bushes of the prairie, Big Plover, the medicine man of the Sioux, or as they called him Seeyoska-sha-sha, put on his dreadful war-hat, and induced his tribe to fall on the Blackfeet bypass or ambush in a grand general engagement.

Long and fierce was the contest, not filled with the horrid din of our modern warfare, for their firearms were very fair, but carried on in silence; the combatants were too busy, and fiercely in earnest to shout except when the war-cry rang in the ears of some dying brave as his victor shook in his eyes his own long scalp-lock. And they were too well trained in physical endurance to cry out when covered by the other party with the rough head of flint, or crushed by a blow from a rude stone axe or club. So the struggle went on in silence; half-naked, painted, sweating warriors planning their hate at each other and taking each others lives with all the silent fiendishness of Indian warfare.

At last the tide of battle turned, and set in against the Sioux. For just as their gigantic medicine-man Seyoska-sha-sha was aiming a deadly blow at a chief of the Blackfeet, a sudden gust of wind, sent by the God of the west wind, the wicked Paupukeewis, who hated the Sioux, whisked off his great war-hat, and with it there fell to the ground

Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill an humble heaven;
Some safer world in depths of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste.

POPE.



ALONELY, desolate looking island is the Flower-pot, though, however, its gloomy appearance and forbidding aspect which renders this island to some an object of terror, an object of interest to all, for many such there are rocky and precipitious, scattered over the Georgian Bay, and the northern portion of Lake Huron, are wilder and more desolate than is this island. But the Flower pot has a history, as every lake captain and sailor who sails these great lakes well knows, and as every sight-seer who happens in the gibbourhood, his attention riveted by the novelty and grandeur of the scene before him with the least curiosity can find out.

Rough and weather beaten, steep and rugged is the face of the cliff which rises sheer up to a towering height above the water's level, which clear out from the island, and not visibly connected with it, rise, one of them to the height of nearly fifty feet, two masses of rock in shape like immense flower pots.

Here dwelt the Manitou, or Great Spirit, the supposed protecting genius of the Indian race. No human being had ever set foot on the island, and none approached but with awe and trembling, the superstitious belief in the Deity's presence completely unnerving the courage of even the most untamed heart.

Long ago, before the existence of the western world was known to the people of the east, when the forests of the far man were disputed only by his brother red man, when, save for their brief wars, peace and contentment reigned among the aborigines of the country, two canoes were seen speeding over the placid waters of the bay, one containing a numbed of braves in hot pursuit of the other, in which were only two—a young Indian chief and his chosen bride. The young chief had been guilty of the unpardonable crime of stealing away from his chief pursuer the affections of the young and beautiful maiden who had spurned his peers, Chieftains of neighbouring bands, they had in earnest been friendly, but now its contemplation depicted on the faces of the pursuers, their fierce yells, and occasional angry demonstrations showed plainly that friendship had given way to hatred, and that the lives of the two devoted ones were now the forfeit unless an unexpected deliverance soon appear.

On, on they sped, love and despair lending almost superhuman strength to those in front, and their little bark readily answering to the stroke of the paddles, seemed fairly to skim over the smooth surface. But still on came the pursuers, hatred and the hope of revenge adding that strength which love supplied to the others. But the race was an unequal one. Slowly, but all too surely, as the brave young chief now saw, the gap between the two boats was being lessened. Soon he could hear the wild and exultant shouts of his enemies as they gradually drew closer, their mocking, savage whoops showing plainly that they regarded their prey as now almost within their grasp.

But soon there came a change. The pursuers suddenly stopped, and astonishment and horror were depicted on every countenance. The abode to the Great Spirit, the entrance to the happy hunting grounds, was by tversally believed to be in the island which at that moment lay nearest them, which had been seen by the imprint of the fatinas foot, concerning which all that was known was collected from legendary, awe-inspired distant glimpses; tradition and fancy furnished the rest. Surely no man would venture into the sacred precincts yet to that spot the love of the first boat was pointed. On they went, but now more leisurely, the other boat having come to a dead standstill, not daring to venture further yet unwilling to return, the young braves frequently casting affectionate glances on the maiden who uncomplainingly was accompanying him to almost certain death. They never swerved from their course, the boat grated on the shore and both stepped on the land, free from fear of human enemies, but as they felt themselves in the presence of a more dread, if invisible being.

"We can but die; we'll die together," said the young brave, as advancing, he took the maiden by the hand, and kneeling there with no weapon but the Deity, whose invisible presence they felt, they plighted their troth, and vowed eternal devotion in the "land beyond the setting sun."

As they wended their way inland, all the glories of the red man's happy hunting land unfolded themselves to their astonished view. What apparently was but a small, and but for the mystery surrounding it unnoticeable island, now appeared to them as of great extent, and as each succeeding glory came into view, eclipsing in splendour the scene before, the wanderers looked awe-struck when thethey advance farther into to the forbidden dominions.

But it was not for them, poor, weak mortals, having once so fatally transgressed the religious teaching of ages, to be seen from time immemorial held sacred by tribes and nations, nay, the direct manifestation of the Deity, disregarded in this one unreclaimable act, it was not for them to say whether they should retrace their steps. Instinctively they knew that the vengeance of the Supreme God, to whom the owns are all his prosperity, to whom alone they could look for protection against the implacable hatred and untiring enmity of the rival Mohawk must be wreaked on themselves. It was not this knowledge, this intuitive certainty of impending evil to himself that caused the young chief, forgetting for the moment all ridiculed conventionalities of his people, forgetting even the presence of the lovely maiden by his side, to burst forth into demonstrations of uncontrollable anguish. No thought of self, mingled with the terrible feelings which must have rent his manly breast as he lay there for the time oblivious to everything about him.

Looking back his whole life passed in review before him, his boyhood days passed among the trees and streams of his forest home, his later years, when, as chief looked up to and honoured by the braves of the tribe, he scoured the forest in search of game, or led his people in victorious war, the state of contentment and happiness in which he had left them when starting out on his perilous and fatal mission; and then, alone! Surrounded what will the future be! Will the dreadful prophecy of the medicine seer, predicting the ultimate conquest and extermination of the Indian races, be fulfilled! The thoughts which these reflections called up, the impending danger to his people, this it was, and no wonder for he his own safety, which caused the wells of emotion, long pent up, to overflow.

Not long did he give way to these feelings, but soon overcoming what to the Indian mind is a weakness, he resumed his usual composure, and in obedience to the impulse, which neither could resist, turned both on to where they felt rather than knew that their fate was to be pronounced.

The island, the home of the Deity, was indeed a beautiful place, exceeding in loveliness the most brilliant ideas which their former imaginations pictured, a land

Where everlasting autumn lies,
On pellaw woods and sunny skies,

Their ears were greeted with the warblings of every species of singing bird from every clime, feathered game of all kinds, the sky light of the red man's heart, perched overhead on the thickly growing branches, or flew in immense flocks from end to end of the island, animals of every description fed hither and thither on their daily rounds, mountain streams danced and rippled in the yellow sunlight, as they coursed onward towards the larger river, whose glassy surface was untouched by storm, would, ever and anon, be disturbed by the movements of fishes, which, darting along would appear for a moment above the surface, then sink again into the dark depths of the water. Beautiful valley clad in green had to be traversed, and all their eyes lay through it, as they hurried where gigantic maples vied in towering height with giant oaks.

Quickly they sped on, their feet scarcely seeming to touch the ground, and the exertion of the journey escaping them in their rapid flight. The centre of the island reached, their journey ended, they found themselves at the base of a lofty mountain, the footstool of the Deity, to the summit of which they were transplanted by the same invisible power which in so short a time had carried them thither.

From the summit all the glories of the earthly paradise burst upon their view, and for the moment complete was their woe, their, their entire, their impending fate, the fate in store for their people, all were forgotten within transports of delight at the unwonted scene.

A cloud, black as midnight, was visible in the distant sky, which, coming nearer, assumed immense proportions, and from the midst shone forth continuous and increasingly vivid flashes of terrific lightning, flowed by deafening crashes of thunder. Directly overhead it soon appeared, and expanding, covered the whole sky.

All the elements seemed to be let loose at this instant, to contend with each other in destructive strength. The wind, which before could withstand, swept over land and water, the fountains of heaven were opened and deluged the earth with incessant downpour, while subterranean fires, darting billows on its very centre; and amidst it all, amidst the gloom and crash and roar, the two crouching, shivering, terror-stricken pair were awaked, on the summit of the quivering mountain, the presence of the wronged and insulted Deity.

At though a sufficient outlet had not yet been given to the pent-up forces of nature the whole surface of the water appeared suddenly in a blaze, the seething, surging billows of liquid fire leaped and plunged in angry fury, and, subsiding, joined with renewed strength the next moment, while from the summit of each mighty wave huge columns of fire, as if forked tongues, darted out and licked the affied blackness in a vain endeavour to clear away the impenetrable cloud.

Self-reproach and pity were blended in the glance which, in one of the intermittent flashes, the dying warrior cast upon on the trembling figure by his side. But not a word of reproach escaped her lips; resolute, if not calm, steadfast in his love, and in his power, though trembling at the awful nature of the surroundings, she told in burning words her love for the man with whom she was so soon to go to a terrible death.

As they looked the clouds suddenly parted, and a great flood of light illuminated the mountain top. Last hope for them! Last hope! Judgment was now at length to be pronounced. The Deity was about to appear in the sun, and the doomed ones fell forward, prostrated at the awful presence. The voice that spoke was deep and hollow like distant thunder, and every word pierced, like an arrow, the agitated breasts of the two culprits.

"The protection of the Guardian Spirit is removed from the Red Man. He is now as the pale-face, a doomed race. Many days are numbered; strangers shall deprive him of his hunting grounds, and once powerful and oppressed he shall sue for his very existence at the hands of the conquering stranger; his means of subsistence will be taken away, and recompense denied, himself an outcast, his wives and daughters a little better than slaves, outraged at the will of the oppressor. The race shall be exterminated from the face of the earth. Your souls, unfortunate ones, are, doomed to wander within a circumscribed space until this end is consummated. The evil genius of the people shall henceforth be dangerous, and the work of destruction will go speedily on. The wrath of the Deity cannot be appeased."

The light vanished from the mountain

NEW MUSIC.

SIGNOR TOSTI'S NEW SONGS. JUST PUBLISHED.
"My Love and I."..... 40c
"The Love that Came Too Late."..... 40c

MILTON WELLINGS' NEW SONGS. JUST PUBLISHED.
"Flow, Stream, Flow."..... 40c
"The Old Mill."..... 40c
"Life's Romance."..... 40c
"Do Not Forget."..... 40c

MISS LINDSAY'S NEW SONG. JUST PUBLISHED.
"Out in the Morning Early."..... 40c

MOLLOY'S NEW SONGS. JUST PUBLISHED.
"The Old Finger Post."..... 40c
"Simeon Sly."..... 50c

NEW DANCE MUSIC. JUST PUBLISHED.
"Encore Une Fois Waltz."..... Lowthian. 40c
"Tabby Polka."..... Buckland. 40c
"Wedding Bells Waltz."..... Lane. 40c

Of all music dealers or mailed free on receipt of marked price by the
Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Ass'n (Ltd.),
38 Church-street, Toronto.
Catalogue of pages of music mailed free on application.

MISS DALTON, 307 Yonge-st. TORONTO. THE LEADING MILLINER, DRESS AND Mantle Maker. Satisfaction Guaranteed. All Orders receive prompt attention.

CLOTHES WRINGERS SIX KINDS. MANGLES THREE KINDS. WASHING MACHINES TWO KINDS. CHURNS, CARPET SWEEPERS MEAT CHOPPERS, TRUCKS AND OTHER SUNDRIES. OUR SUNBEAM WRINGER RETAILS FOR $3.00. HAMILTON INDUSTRIAL WORKS Co. HAMILTON CANADA. SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

THE GREAT SURPRISE
Washer and Wringer now made and sold at 16 Jarvis st. Toronto. Call and try it B 4 U Buy. A seven years sweeping success.

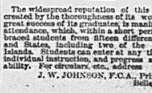
$200,000
Of first-class land mortgage debentures for sales in sums of $10,000 and upwards; 5 years to run.
Address to Box 109, London, Ont.

New York Boiler Works,
(ESTABLISHED 1865.)
EDWARD WINNETT & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS of Stationary, Locomotive, and Agricultural Boilers, also Manufacturers of the HARBAUGH-PAGE Steam Jacket Feed Water HEATER and PURIFIER, which saves from 25 to 30 per Cent. of fuel by exhaust steam, and keeps the Boiler as clean as new. Repairing promptly attended to. None but first-class mechanics employed.
EDWARD WINNETT & SONS,
New York Boiler Works, Cor. Bathurst and Adelaide streets, London.

PLATE GLASS!
ALL SIZES FURNISHED FROM STOCK
STAINED GLASS
FOR DWELLINGS AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS.
JOS. M'CAUSLAND & SON,
76 KING-STREET, TORONTO.
(Telephone No. 1,112.)

OTTAWA TO BATOCHE
A New Parlour Game representing the North-west Rebellion of 1885. This game illustrates the triumphs and reverses of the volunteers in their struggle with the rebels and the capture of Batoche. It is amusing to the old and instructive to the young. Sold every where. Price, only 25 cents. Published by Norman, 4 Queen-st. E., Toronto.

205 YONGE-STREET
FOR
FASHIONABLE CLOTHING,
At reasonable prices.
B. E. TEETZEL, PRACTICAL TAILOR.



THE WORLD-FAMED HARVARD ROLLER SKATE!
Send for catalogue to S. W. ALWARD, Manufacturer, 95 King-st. West, Toronto.

T. W. KAY & CO.,
The Leading UNDERTAKERS,
373 QUEEN - STREET WEST.
Also Branch Parkdale, 56 Queen. Telephone 86.

Ontario Business College,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.
The widespread reputation of this institution, created by the thoroughness of its work and the great success of its graduates, is manifested in the attendance, which, within a short period, has embraced students from fifteen different Provinces and States, including two of the West India Islands. Students can enter at any time, receive individual instruction, and progress according to ability. For circulars, etc., address
J. W. JOHNSON, F.C.A., Principal,
Belleville, Ont.

"TORRENS TITLE,"
"West Toronto Junction."
A Block of 30 acres has been laid off into Lots 50 x 150 each, between this new Suburban Town and Toronto and is so situated that the lots must increase rapidly in value over present wholesale prices.
Parties who purchased here a few years ago have made large profits and larger profits are yet to be made.
Your money cannot be better invested.
$300 will purchase a lot.
Terms made as easy as you please.
The title is a "Torren's Title," and is better than a Crown Deed.
Send for plan.
Clark's Land and Loan Office,
79 Yonge-street, Toronto.

OLMSTED BROS., HAMILTON, CANADA.
ALL KINDS OF BUILDERS' SUPPLIES
CHURCH PEW ENDS,
STABLE FITTINGS,
FOUNTAINS,
GARDEN STATUARY
TIE POSTS,
CARRIAGE STEPS,
WROUGHT AND CAST SIDEWALK GRATING S,
VASES,
SETTEES,
SINKS,
WROUGHT AND CAST IRON FENCING
The Boynton Improved Hot-Air Furnace. Dominion Standard Scales.

Mona Iron Works and Hamilton Scale Factory.
FIRE ENGINES



Osborne-Killey Manufacturing Company, Hamilton.
New design non-freezing Steam Fire Engines, of any capacity. Simple, durable, and efficient. Handsomely finished; very strong, and easily handled. Superior in every detail to the old style of fire engine now in use. Industries protected and insurance reduced. The modern fire engine is no excuse for any corporation not being provided against fire. Full particulars on application.
ENGINES AND BOILERS.
SCALE DEPARTMENT.
Our improved design Automatic Cut-off Engines, with our latest style of Steel Boilers, give the highest results in economy of fuel of any engine running in Canada, less cost for maintenance, less cost for attendance; unequalled for steadiness of motion. WE HAVE REPLACED ALL OTHER MAKES. Send for particulars. Farmers' Portable Engines, Saw and Grist Mill Machinery, Steam Road Rollers, Steam Stone Crushers, Steam Cranes and Hoists, Sewer Pipe Machinery.
We are manufacturing Improved Standard Scales of all styles, and by the adoption of all the latest improvements, which we have combined in our scales, we are producing the MOST ACCURATE AND RELIABLE weighing machines in the market, and far ahead of the OLD STYLES HERETOFORE made in Canada. Every Scale is strongly and elegantly finished; bearings all steel. We make a specialty of Farmers' Platform Scales of all sizes. Send for price list and discounts.
Osborne-Killey Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Canada.

THE PATENT
STEEL WIRE DOOR MATS.



These Mats will not wear out. One will last for many years and can time as long as any other. They require no shaking, as they clean themselves. They are not affected by rain and dust. All dust falls through and can be readily swept up. They may be left out of doors in the rain, as all the parts are thoroughly galvanized and will not rust or injure carpets or painted doors. They scrape dampness from the feet as well as mud, and prevent mud being tracked on carpets. As it is instantly removed from the feet and will drop through the Mat in small dry heaps. Snow and ice are at once removed from the shoes, as by no other Mat, by a slight scraping. The Steel Wire Mats are especially adapted for Railway and Street Car Doors, Steamboats, Hotels, Offices, Stores, Residences, Elevator Doors, etc.
MANUFACTURED BY
THE TORONTO WIRE MAT COMPANY,
TORONTO, CANADA.
Carpet and Housefurnishing Merchants Keep them.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL,
PORT HOPE, ONTARIO.
VISITOR—The Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO.
HEAD MASTER—The Rev. C. J. S. BETHUNE, M.A., D.C.L., with a Staff of Eight Assistant Masters.
A Boarding School for Boys. Large and comfortable building; twenty acres of land, on high ground, overlooking Lake Ontario. The next Term will begin on WEDNESDAY, Jan. 13. Calendar containing full particulars respecting fees, &c. will be sent on application to the Head Master.

A Remarkable Growth.
The remarkable success which has attended the
DOMINION BUSINESS COLLEGE,
KINGSTON,
Is Unprecedented in the Annals of Canada,
and almost without parallel in the United States, although only established a few years, it has at the present time one hundred and twenty-seven students in actual attendance, more than double the number attending any similar institution in Canada. Its rapid rise to its unfortunable position is due to its principals, and the thorough practical education imparted. Application to the Principal or distinction in their various departments, and the business education given them is second to none in the Dominion. The College is a credit to Kingston, and well worthy of the large patronage it enjoys.—From Practical Education.

BRITISH AMERICAN
BUSINESS COLLEGE,
ARCADE, TORONTO.
This is the Leading Comm

The Globe's Prize Story Competition.

See Ballotting Paper at Foot of Page 5.

THE LEGEND OF THE FLOWER-POT.

(CONTINUED.)

top, the vision from the sky, the clouds which had been rent in twain now joined together, and all again was darkness, which even the vivid lightning and the lake of fire could not disperse. A tremendous peal of thunder, which shot terror into the hearts of the listeners and shook the mountain to its very base, followed the words of the God of the red man, as though to signal his departure from the scene, and the advent of the the adverse Deity, whose inveterate hatred would ere now, had it not been held in check, have completed the ruin of the hated race.

The convulsions of the earth continued, the warring of the elements increased in fury, great yawning openings appeared in the island, which was shaken continuously by the force beneath. Slowly the island itself began to sink, and little by little the hungry waves began to creep up, stealthily stealing on, and anxious to swallow up the unprotected doomed. Higher and higher yet up the mountain side rose the surging water, until, at length, the topmost point, on which the unfortunates huddled, alone appeared above.

Now they found themselves lifted high, clear of the mountain top, borne along accompanied by the most dismal, unearthly, and hideous noises to the very extremity of what was before a forest-covered island, poised a moment in mid-air as though clutched by an invisible hand, then hurled with mighty force into the yawning chasm which opened to receive them.

For a moment all was calm, exhausted nature seemed to sleep, then arouse herself for one final effort. Again, all the elements were let loose, the earth was shaken, volcanic rumblings from the bowels of the earth joined their dismal sounds with those of distant thunder, and the waters were agitated as never before; huge masses of rock shot from the depths, to be again swallowed up by the rolling waters, and, with an expiring groan, the forces sank to rest, leaving protruding high out of the water on the site of the former land a great rocky island, which has ever since been feared and reverenced by the Red Man of the Norte.

Two tall rocky pillars mark the place where the chief and his beautiful bride sank into the depths, and these will remain, so say the wise men among the fast disappearing tribes, so long as the dread prophecy remains unfulfilled, until the last of the red men disappears from the earth.

Weird, unearthly wailings are sometimes heard in the depths of night by the traveller happening in the vicinity, and the spirits of the long ago departed, doomed to wander on the desolate rock, are supposed to hover around the rocky monuments, bewailing their fate and awaiting their release.

Tradition says that when at length the Indian race is no more, the monumental pillars will vanish, the bodies of the two lovers will come forth from their watery tomb with renewed life, and from them will spring up a new race to re-take and re-inhabit the land of their forefathers.

DANIEL BOONE.

THE PECULIAR TRIALS OF OLD DADDY HERM.

BY AGNES ETHELWYN WETHERALD

"IF I could only write a story for THE GLOBE," said Wynnie, "and get a prize for it, I should have enough money to build a hen house."

"Why don't you try?" asked Lewy.

"Why don't I fly?" returned Wynnie. "But I must have the hen house," she added sadly.

"There's nothing like trying," said Daddy Herm, who was called Daddy by the entire neighbourhood. "Half the misery in this world comes from being afraid. If I had known that when I was a young man 'twould have saved me lots of trouble."

"What kind of trouble, Daddy?" asked Jim.

"The worst kind, my son."

"Tee-ho!" laughed Al.

Al had called in on his way to the village. This young man was very fond of laughing, and when he laughed he went tee-ho, or tee-ho, or tee-HO! according to the degree of amusement experienced.

"I don't mind telling you about it," continued old Daddy Herm. "'Twas a little while after I first came out to this country."

"*First* came out! How many times did you come out altogether?" inquired Will.

"Oh, I always came out altogether—never separately. We lived in the back woods then, and worked hard, and respected old age. There were self-made men in those days."

"Well," said Fred reflectively, "I wouldn't mind being a self-made man myself. But to have to wear a self-made hat, and a self-made Sunday coat—that's what I'd hate."

"And to have to sit in the corner after your day's work was done, and knit yourself a self-made pair of socks—tee-HO!" laughed Al.

"We didn't mind that," said old Daddy, "it was more trouble for us to tell where the wool that went into the socks was to come from."

"Why, any child now-a-days could tell that," said Jenny. "What does the reader say?

The cow has a horn, and the fish has a tail,
We get wool from the sheep, and shell from the snail."

"Or words to that effect."

"Poh!" said Herbert.

"Children," said Etty, "do be quiet and let Daddy finish his story."

"Go on, Daddy," said Jim.

"I'm just making ready to go on," said the old man, picking up his hat and cane and starting for the door.

"Go back, Daddy," said Will, "back to your seat, and back to the time when you *first* came out to this country. Any man who makes an irrevelant remark shall be banished upstairs, and be compelled to listen at the stove pipe hole."

"H'm," said Herbert.

"Let me see," said the old fellow, good naturedly resuming his chair. "where did I get to?"

"The door!" exclaimed one of the boys, whose name for obvious reasons is withheld. He was immediately seized and deposited with much kicking and plunging in the room above.

"Tee-*ho*!" laughed Al.

"Well, as I was saying, we had a pretty hard time getting along. Life in the Canadian back woods, fifty years ago, wasn't by any means a bed of roses, and what made it worse for me I was deeply in love."

"That ought to have made it better," said Etty. "But perhaps she wasn't a nice girl."

"Oh, wasn't she! Then I'm not any judge. But I must say for my wife that all the trouble that ever she gave me she gave me before I married her. She was the prettiest girl in Welland county, and she's exactly the same to me now that she was then."

"In all respects?" asked Jim.

"In all respects."

"Oh, come, Daddy," said Jenny, "You don't mean that fifty years ago Mammy Herm weighed 190 pounds, measured 40 inches round the waist, and kept trying some new kind of hair restorer?"

"Hardly," said Herbert.

"Poor old Daddy," said Lewy. "He's afraid to say she's as *dear* to him as ever for fear we'll spring an awful old joke on him."

"Tee-ho!" laughed Al.

"See here, young fellow," said a voice from the stovepipe hole, "You'd better come up higher."

"Thank you, thank you, but not just yet. You can expect me along about bed time."

"Never mind them," said Etty, "but tell us about Mammy Herm. She was pretty, I know."

"Pretty as a pink and spry as a chipmunk. That's how it came so hard on me, for though I was better behaved than any of you boys I was very shy and awkward, and used to blush as easy as easy. You very seldom see a young man of to-day with his cheek burning."

"H'm!" said Herbert.

"The young men of to-day know the value of cheek. They don't let it burn up and go to waste in that manner." All this from the stovepipe hole.

"Ain't that boy asleep yet?" inquired the old man mildly.

"Tee-ho!" laughed Al.

"Well," resumed the narrator, "I've known a little chap from the city to write home and tell his mother that he often and often came very near catching a squirrel. But I noticed that he never *quite* caught it. That was my case exactly. Annie always looked so tempting and so tantalizing just out of reach, and I felt as though I might as well try to catch a squirrel."

"Did she think much of you?" asked Etty.

"Well, I never found out till after she married me. Girls in those days weren't so forward as they are now. They waited to be sought after."

"Waiting," observed Jenny, "is a very good business for a girl who is good for nothing else, but it doesn't afford quite enough scope and variety for an active mind. The girls of to-day have learned to *labour* and to wait."

"That's right enough," said Fred, "so long as their labours are not *all* directed toward the too susceptible hearts of their countrymen."

"What a person you are to tell a story, Daddy, you've never described your heroine."

"Oh, Annie was a regular little beauty, not that it matters so much about a girl's being good looking so long as she's good."

"Doesn't it?" exclaimed the girls in concert. "That's a new fact in natural history."

"I wasn't much to look at myself, but I was a good worker. Folk said that what I couldn't do would have to be left undone. I say, young man," raising his voice, "pluck is better than cheek isn't it?"

Loud applause from the stovepipe hole. This pleased the old man so much that he begged for the prisoner's release on the ground that he hadn't behaved any worse than the rest of us. Accordingly the youth, with many inarticulate growls, and a series of surreptitious cuffs administered to his older brothers on the way, settled himself in peace in the farther part of the room.

"Queer, though," resumed Daddy Herm, "that a fellow who will stand in freezing water and chop all day long in the woods, with the mercury at zero, will be as weak as a baby before a little slip of a girl with eyes like an April violet."

"My!" said Herbert.

"That reminds me," said one of the elder boys—"but excuse me, Daddy, you have had interruptions enough."

"Go on," said Daddy.

"Well, it was some years ago, when I was going to common school, but I was just as big then as I am now. The teacher was a little wisp of a thing, but she had lots and piles of ginger. One of the other big fellows had been mean to a small boy, and made him cry—poor little meadow-lark!—and I told the older boy I would punch his head for him. This was at noon. In the afternoon that lanky, overgrown tyrant asked permission to get something out of my seatmate's desk. His great bullet head was close to me, and it came over me all of a sudden what a splendid chance it was to punch that head. So I did. I just *punched* it!"

"Tee-ho!" laughed Al.

"He made a queer kind of a noise, something between a hoot and a howl. The teacher told me I might remain in after school was over, and it pretty nearly killed the rest of the boys to think of it, for they knew that that meant a thrashing. And one of them would gladly have given the whole of his Saturday holiday to have been allowed to attend the special services after school, but nay! When they were all gone, the teacher, who was writing something, took no notice of me, but wrote on and wrote on until I was nearly desperate. I had just about come to the conclusion that she was going to try the power of kindness, and if there's anything I hate it's that sort of thing, when she called me to the desk, and said that, seeing there had to be a whipping any way, and she wasn't able to give it to me, I would have to give it to her. She took down the strap, and held out her hand—the merest trifle of a hand, smooth as a shell, and pink inside—but all the muscles of my arm had given out. If that strap had weighed two hundred pound 'twouldn't have been any harder to lift. I told her I couldn't do it—'twas no use talking, and she said very well, I should stay in every night until I came to a different conclusion. So when I got home I told father I was sick of going to a woman teacher, and asked him if I couldn't go to another school outside the section. He said all right, if I was willing to pay the teacher a shilling a month out of my own pocket money, on account of attending school outside the section. So that was the way it was settled."

"Sensible!" said Herbert.

"Well," said Daddy, "it took me longer than that to get my trouble settled. I did not seem to make any sort of progress. Once a week regularly I went to Annie's house, and she asked me how all my folks were, and said it looked like rain, or fine weather, or frost, as the case might be. I didn't care a cent what it looked like. I didn't care for anything but Annie. I had a pretty hard time of it, and she never lifted a finger to help me. All I needed was a little more courage, but that's a direction in which Wynnie and I don't shine. Other fellows came to see her too. One of them in particular I despised."

"But, Daddy," said Etty, "it's wrong to despise any one. We ought to love our enemies."

"Well, perhaps I did love him," said Daddy reflectively, "but I had a queer way of showing it. To judge from my actions, you'd have made sure I hated him. He had a cool, easy, impertinent way with him. At last one Sunday evening—I remember Annie had on a white dress that night, and the ribbons round her neck were rosier coloured than I could stand—he marched out of meeting directly in front of me, and took possession of her in a quiet, matter-of-course sort of way, and I could hear them laughing and talking all the way home. I walked behind with the old folks, as their house lay in the same direction of ours, and I was just boiling.

"It was after a heavy rain in the spring of the year, and a plank was laid across a narrow, muddy stream, not far from their place. The two in front stepped gaily over this, but I was half blind with rage and misery, and before I knew it my foot slipped and I was down in the muddy water, knocking my head against a sharp stone in my descent, so that it bled. I felt a little faint, and when Annie's mother told me to come into the house and get my wound attended to, I just staggered in after her. I stood inside, leaning against the door, looking at that room full of bright lights and happy faces, and gay voices, and thought of myself, poor, alone, despised, miserable, and covered with mud and blood. At that moment my rival made some low remark to Annie and laughed. Annie did not laugh. She gave me a look, not soft, or appealing, or pitying, but a look that said as clear as words, *I'm on your side*. Strong and fine, and keen as a sword, it cut through the outside husk of bashful awkwardness that enveloped me, and left my real self free to act. I just wiped the dirty water off my face, and said out loud before them all, 'Annie, I'm no more worthy of you than a muddy old pond is worthy of a proud lily, but I love you, and if you have no objections I mean to keep right on loving you.'

"'Oh, you do!' said she, considerably surprised. Then her eyes fell, and her face turned just as red and sweet as a basket of raspberries. But she wasn't going to show her feelings before all that crowd, so in a half whisper she said no, she didn't know as she *had any particular* objection."

"What did you do then, Daddy?" asked Leny.

"Never you mind what I did, young man. The first thing I knew Annie's mother screamed out:—

"Oh, my goodness, Peter, you'll get her all over mud!"

"I suppose," said Fred, "she meant that you were getting mud all over her."

"Tee-ho!" laughed Al.

"I didn't pay any attention to the old lady, and Annie didn't seem to notice the moist loam sticking to her little white neck. That other fellow muttered something about wretchedly bad taste. But then," concluded the old gentleman, jamming his hat down hard on his head, and taking up his stick, "a bitter cup is apt to have a wretchedly bad taste—to the person that has to drink it."

"I wonder," said Wynnie, after Daddy had departed, "if that story is good enough to send?"

"What you want to do," said Will, "is not to send the best story, but to send the sort of story that will get the greatest number of votes."

"Exactly!" said Herbert.

"Oh!" said Wynnie.

A SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING

BY RICHARD FERGUSON.

CHAPTER I.—THE SQUIRE PUTS HIS FOOT DOWN.

"I DON'T want to hear another word about it, Bessie," said old Squire Roach to his only daughter and child, as they were sitting over the flickering open fire one chilly evening in early October. "You must put George Miles out of your head once and for all. Don't let there be any misunderstanding. Under no circumstances whatever will I consent to your keeping company with him, and remember this is final. I've made up my mind, and, as you know, I'm not in the habit of changing it."

"I'm sure you've always spoken well of him ever since he came," answered Bessie, upon whose pretty face were traces of tears. "It was only yesterday that you said it was a pleasure to have such a well conducted young man in the house."

"As long as he kept in his proper place I did, but he's forgotten himself altogether. A pretty thing for him, a common hired man, to be making love to you. Well, Bessie, I I did think with your education and bringing up that you would have looked a little higher."

Bessie, who had been leaning back in what the old-fashioned novelists call a "pensive attitude," with her hands crossed upon her lap and her eyes dreamily fixed upon the hissing, sputtering fire, suddenly straightened herself up and gave her head something like a toss.

"I don't see that I could have looked much higher. He's a gentleman by birth, manners, and education, and in every way you take him."

"That's what he says about himself, is it?" asked the old gentleman with a sneer.

"No, it isn't; he never said a word about his bringing up or his people, but it's what you've said yourself more than once. You said only yesterday that anyone could tell he had been well raised in the Old Country," replied Bessie. "And you claim to be a judge of gentlemen."

"Well, that may all be, but I never said he was a gentleman," replied the squire, upon whom Bessie's cut-and-thrust had not altogether been thrown away. "A man may be well raised in the Old Country without being a gentleman. Yes, you're right, I am a judge of gentlemen, and I've seen too much of the genuine article to be much deceived in George Miles."

Mr. Roach, who was a large, portly man of slightly pompous speech and manner, and evidently blessed with a very good opinion of himself, rose slowly from his chair, and, placing himself with his back to the fire, inserted his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, and assumed such an unutterably oracular expression and air that Bessie, who, I am sorry to say, was undutifully revelling in her momentary advantage, could not refrain from indulging in a little smile all to herself.

"And suppose he is a gentleman," proceeded the squire, after waiting in vain for an answer from his daughter. "Suppose his father's a lord or a baronet, what of that? Just so much the more against him. What does a smart, well-educated young fellow want to be wandering about the country without a second shirt to his back? Depend upon it, there's something wrong somewhere. Why, when I hired him last harvest he said he had walked every foot of the way from New Manchester, and had slept out in a barn, and hadn't had a bite to eat for twenty four hours."

"I don't see that that's anything against him. Any one thousands of miles from home might find himself without money. I'm sure he's been steady enough since he came here."

"That's not much to his credit, because he's never had a cent of wages in cash, and it's three miles to the nearest tavern. And anyway, where are his clothes? He says he's only about a year out from England, and, barring a carpet bag with a change of linen, he hasn't another stitch to his name."

"He was burnt out in the township of Northumberland, and lost them all."

"Burnt out. That's an old story. I never knew a tramp yet who hadn't been burnt out or shipwrecked, or something of the sort. More likely he's been kicked out of some tavern because he couldn't pay his board."

"How dare you call a respectable young man like him a tramp?" exclaimed Bessie, with a dangerous flash in her dark grey eyes, and half rising to her feet. "He's a lone young fellow, with no one to say a word for him. You were once in his position yourself."

Squire Roach turned half round and looked at his pretty little fury of a daughter in blank bewilderment. Never in her life before had she spoken to him in such terms, although, as is common in Canada, there had been the utmost freedom of speech between them. But then, never before had they discussed such a delicate question, and so the squire, bullet-headed old Englishman, nevertheless, that he was, contented himself with taking a long breath and continuing the conversation.

"Yes, so I was, and see what I am now. Let him do the same. You didn't catch me wandering about the country and living from hand to mouth. I bought this place from the Canada Company when I had just enough to pay for the deed and buy an axe and a barrel of flour, and I was just as tenderly brought up as George Miles."

Mr. Roach uttered these words with all the overflowing self-satisfaction of a self made man. And that he was a genuine self made man and deserving of much credit, I am bound to admit. Twenty five years ago a penniless English settler, with scarcely two York shillings to rub together, and to-day absolute owner of 300 acres of splendid clay loam on the shores of Lake Erie, besides being Reeve of the Township of California, Justice of the Peace, prospective Warden of the County of Cumberland, which is, as every schoolboy knows, the banner county of Ontario, with a seat in the Local Legislature dimly looming in the distance—certainly wasn't a bad record, and you can hardly wonder that the old gentleman had come to the conclusion that "Thomas Roach, J.P.," as he invariably signed himself, was a pretty shrewd, level-headed fellow, and a good many degrees above the common herd—as indeed he was—though perhaps scarcely just exactly the fine fellow he considered himself, which is an amiable failing no doubt with the most of us, and the source of nine tenths of what makes life worth living.

"And besides all this," continued Mr. Roach, "I know he doesn't amount to anything from his name. He says he's from Dunchesterland. Now, there's only one family of any standing of that name, and I am personally acquainted with them, and I know he can't belong to them. No, no; he's probably well brought up, but he's not a gentleman in the strict meaning of the term."

If there was one thing which the squire was in the habit of priding himself upon, above another of the many things which he considered himself specially gratified to do, it was in his ability to know a gentleman, of which superior class of beings "Thomas Roach, Esquire, J.P.," with his dignified manner, deliberate oracular precision of speech, scrupulous personal neatness, and large, well-favoured, portly form, was justly regarded by his neighbours as a shining example.

"O, but Miles isn't his real name," exclaimed Bessie, looking up with a sudden flash of exultation in her eyes and voice.

"Miles isn't his real name," repeated the Squire in a slow, perplexed voice. "Then what is his name?"

"I don't know," half faltered Bessie, beginning to be uncomfortably suspicious that she had made a horrible mistake.

"What," exclaimed Mr. Roach apparently suddenly waking up to the full realization of his daughter's words. "And so he's been living all this time in my house under an assumed name. That settles the question. Out of this house he'll walk to-morrow morning or my name's not Thomas Roach. I always thought he was some kind of an impostor. Not another word," he continued as Bessie suddenly fired up at the word "impostor" and made as if to speak. "Not an-

ATTENTION.

TRADE MARK.

SHEAF BRAND — MANILLA HARVEST — BINDING TWINE

Facts! FACTS! Facts!

Read the following seven virtues regarding

"SHEAF BRAND"

PURE MANILLA BINDING TWINES.

1st. It has taken every award offered at Exhibitions in Canada.

2nd. It is protected by a Trade Mark duly registered at Ottawa.

3rd. It is the most uniform Twine manufactured.

4th. It is the cheapest Twine manufactured.

5th. It runs more feet to the pound than any other Manilla Twine.

6th. It is manufactured from the finest obtainable Manilla hemp.

7th. It has always given satisfaction.

Buyers will find it an easy matter to sell this Twine, as it has already a firm footing with the farmer, and will be specially advertised for 1886.

The Canada Cordage Factory & Plaster Mills,

POST OFFICE BOX 336,

MONTREAL.

JOHN A. CONVERSE, Proprietor.

ALEX. W. MORRIS, Manager.

Our Binding Twine will stand the breaking strain of a kicking mule. Try It.

The Globe's Prize Story Competition.

See Ballotting Paper at Foot of Page 5.

A SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING.

(CONTINUED.)

other word, I'll never have his name mentioned in this house again."

And taking up a lamp the Squire stalked off to bed, leaving Bessie to console herself with a good cry.

CHAPTER II.—GEORGE MILES SAYS GOOD BYE.

"If you hadn't forgotten yourself altogether, and been guilty of a piece of gross presumption you might have made your home here as long as you liked," said Mr. Roach to George Miles as he was paying him off next morning. "Otherwise I must admit I have nothing against you."

Mr. Roach spoke with an air of chastened dignity and a certain magisterial severity, that blended very harmoniously, and sit quite gracefully upon him and which had been the result of very careful deliberation. He had gone to bed the night before with the full intention of kicking George Miles out of the house, and pitching his carpet bag and wages after him. But he had wisely concluded on second thoughts, that the forcible ejection of a stout, well built, active young fellow weighing say one hundred and sixty-five pounds and standing five feet ten in his stockings would be an operation that might not improbably be attended with a good many inconvenient contingencies, and so he had decided upon a more dignified course of action, in which he would shine as the forebearing but loftily indignant parent irrevocably fixed in his determination, but at the same time superior to any display of vulgar resentment. He would simply state his disapprobation of the affair without any coarse vituperation, and then wave the audacious offender from his house and presence.

George Miles said nothing and sat down and signed the receipt which the squire tendered to him.

"I understand that's an assumed name," said the old gentleman severely as George handed him back the receipt subscribed in large bold hand-writing.

"It's my own as far as it goes," said George who had pocketed his wages and slung his carpet bag over his shoulder and was preparing to take his departure. "Miles was my mother's name. I've dropped my father's name for the present."

"Your mother's name was Miles was it," said the Squire, forgetting himself and darting a sudden look of searching enquiry at him, "Anything to the Mileses of Thursby Hall?"

"Something very distant I believe," replied George carelessly, as he assumed his peaked cloth cap and laid his hand upon the door, and then halted for a moment.

"Oh," said the Squire, looking up suddenly again, "So you're related —— well, I'll wish you good morning," he continued, remembering himself.

The young man returned his farewell, and in another minute he was gone.

"Strange, very strange," muttered the squire as he folded up the receipt and carefully filed it, "but it's only a chance resemblance. He's nothing to the Mileses, nothing whatever, nothing but an impudent impostor, and I'm well rid of him. And it's well for him that I'm on the wrong side of fifty."

CHAPTER III.—THE SQUIRE MAKES A NEW ACQUAINTANCE AND RENEWS AN OLD ONE.

"What do you think of this Bessie?" said the squire one evening about two months after George Miles' departure, as he entered the parlour with an open letter in his hand.

Bessie, who was sitting over the stove toasting her feet preparatory to retiring, looked up languidly without replying.

"Well, listen," said the squire, putting on his spectacles and taking his stand by the lamp.

He unfolded the letter and read:—

New Manchester, Ont., Dec. 9, 188—

DEAR SIR,—A young English gentleman, second son of a baronet in the North of England, has lately arrived in this country with the intention of purchasing a farm and settling down. He bears letters of introduction to us from the family solicitor, who is an agent of ours in England. After careful consideration, we have decided to take the liberty of sending him to you, for further information, which from your official position and wide experience we know you can amply furnish. We are also anxious that he should have the benefit of some refined and congenial society, which we know he can find in your house and family.

Trusting our action in the matter may prove satisfactory to all parties, believe us to remain yours very faithfully,

NORRIS & NEWBOLD.

The squire carefully refolded the letter and deposited it in his pocket book among his bills and promissory notes.

"Now, what do you think of that," he asked, coming up to the stove.

"Of what," asked Bessie, apparently suddenly waking up. "Oh, yes, of the letter you mean! I think it's a very nice, kind letter."

She spoke in a cold, languid, mechanical way, like someone who says something because she has to say it. The squire looked hard at her for a minute, and his countenance fell. "What's the matter with you, Bessie," he asked pettishly. "I declare you've turned a perfect mope. You needn't think that you're going to make me change my mind by any such tomfoolery. I"

But Bessie rose before he could conclude, and taking a lamp, left the room. "Confound it," muttered the squire savagely through his teeth. "What's got into the girl? And just now, too, when she has such a chance thrown in her way. Confound the fellow," he continued, clenching his big fist and shaking it at an old-fashioned painting of the late Mrs. Roach. "He'd better keep out of my way if he wants a whole skin."

A couple of evenings after the reception of the letter, as Mr. Roach was reading the weekly paper in his study he was surprised to hear the jangle of sleigh-bells outside, followed by a great stamping of feet on the verandah, and then a loud double ring of the front door bell. In a minute or two heavy muffled feet could be heard approaching; then came a gentle tap at the door.

"Come in," said the squire.

A tall man completely muffled up in a magnificent fur coat and cap entered, carefully closed the door behind him, and sat down upon the nearest chair.

The squire, who had risen at the entrance of the stranger, gazed in silent astonishment at these proceedings, and was just about to demand an explanation when the mysterious new-comer, removing his cap and turning down his coat collar, revealed the round face and blue eyes of George Miles.

"You see I've come according to promise," said George, before the squire could recover his speech. "I suppose you got the letter."

"What letter? what do you mean?" gasped Mr. Roach, feeling like a man in a dream.

"Why my lawyer's letter, Norris & Newbold's. But I must explain myself. I am the younger son of Sir Giles Musgrove, of Dingleby Hall. My mother was a Miles of Thursby Hall. Since I left you I've come in for a legacy of a few thousand pounds, and I intend to buy a farm, marry your daughter, and settle down in the township of California. I came out here about a year ago with ten pounds in my pocket, got strapped, didn't care to write home for more, decided to go on the tramp and get a job on a farm. I had heard of you in England, and so I made up my mind to hunt you up. You hired me to work in the harvest field, I fell in love with your daughter, you very properly kicked me out of the house, I returned to New Manchester and jobbed around for a few weeks, when I got a letter announcing the death of a cousin of my mother's and a godfather of mine, and an unexpected legacy. I got Norris & Newbold to write to you, and so here I am."

George produced a handsome cigar case, offered it to the squire, who had seated himself, and who declined it with a mechanical shake of the head, selected a cigar himself, lighted it at the lamp, and having got it nicely going and himself comfortably settled in an arm chair, he proceeded: "Of course I am acquainted with your family history. I know your father was game-keeper to my maternal grandfather, and that you were buttons in the Miles family; that you went into my father's service about the time my mother married, and that you finally became butler at Dingleby. But that's nothing to me, and as far as I am concerned need never be mentioned between us again. I always was a bit of a Radical, and never could agree with the governor on that point, and that's the main reason why I intend to settle in Canada. But I'm wandering away from the subject. What I want to know is this: Will you consent to Bessie and myself being engaged, or will it be necessary for me to wait until next year when she is of age, and marry her in spite of your teeth, as they say in old Duncasterland? How is it to be?" And George knocked the long, bluish white ash from his cigar, leaned back in his chair, crossed his legs, and wait for an answer.

The squire sat in silence for more than a minute, with his hands upon the two arms of his chair, and his eyes fixed upon the floor. Then he suddenly rose, and without saying a word left the room and closed the door behind him.

In about five minutes the door handle was timidly and irresolutely turned, the door slowly opened, and Bessie stood upon the threshold.

And here, having used up the stock of words prescribed by a stony-hearted editor, I will leave them.

A CLOCK STORY.

PATRICK WARD.

MURDER—yes, and the worst kind of murder—did you see his head? the top of it is completely crushed in."

"Never mind his head, the question is who did it?"

"Question, indeed, that's not the only question. What was the murderer's motive? Why was nothing stolen? How did the villain escape in broad daylight and no one see him? What weapon was used? And where is——"

"Oh, bother your questions, but I didn't think poor Croker had an enemy in the world."

"Who said an enemy did it?"

"Well, friends usually do not commit murder."

"There's no use talking but this business would bother a Philadelphia lawyer."

"The detective from Toronto will be here pretty soon, wont he?"

"Yes, he's coming on the 5 train, and it's a quarter past five now."

"Here's the bus."

Thus the gossips of Joinsburg, a small village in the Niagara district, spoke of the first murder ever committed in their quiet locality, but speak as they would, and look as they could, the mystery remained the greatest puzzle that ever bothered their honest heads, from the Reeve down to the hostler of the Joinsburg Grand Union Hotel. Just think of it.

A quiet, inoffensive, hard-working watchmaker murdered on the main street at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and no one sees or hears anything wrong until the unfortunate victim is discovered stone dead. That no one should see the deed committed was not so very strange, as the day was exceedingly warm and dusty, and in a small village during such weather there are often times when the street is momentarily deserted, but that the murderer should make his appearance, single out his victim, carry out his fell design, and escape scot free without leaving a vestige behind! Well, it was astounding.

So the villagers told the detective, who was now on the scene, and who, though he looked wise and confident, felt the same wonderment himself.

However, first, "Who found the deceased?"

"Bill Smith."

"Where is Bill Smith?"

"Here."

"Well, how did you find him?"

"I was jest a goin' fur a pail of water when the fust thing I sees was Mr. Croker a lying on the sidewalk jest oppersite his own door, and his head jammed right in, an' I sez, land's sake, jest like that, and then Mr. Allan, he's the Reeve, he come up."

"Where's Mr. Allan?"

"I am here," said the Reeve; "but let us come inside and I will tell you what I know."

So the detective and the Reeve, and a few of the wiser heads of the village, went into the back room of the little tavern, whither the corpse had been taken.

"Now, sir," said the detective, "tell me what you saw."

"Well, I can't tell you anything more than has been related by Bill Smith, excepting that I caused a thorough search to be made for the murderer and the weapon, but with no success."

The detective said nothing, but he viewed the body.

There were no marks of violence excepting the terrible blow on the head; there were no indications of a struggle, and death must have been instantaneous. The detective next examined the premises, but everything seemed perfectly normal. The half-finished work was lying as though the deceased had just left it. Nothing seemed missing, and though the door of the little safe was open, the contents were undisturbed. The back door of the house was hooked on the inside, so no murderer could have escaped that way, still he must have escaped some way—but how? Again, a heavy blow had been dealt—where was the weapon? For the murderer to have carried it away would be folly, and yet a thorough search of the premises and surroundings failed to reveal anything.

"Well," said the detective to himself, "this bangs Bannagher—(he was an ex-member of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and not an Italian)—no enemies, nothing stolen, no quarrel, no struggle, no weapon, no anything but the murder. I am puzzled." Just then a carriage drew up at the hotel door, and two gentlemen alighted.

They introduced themselves as brothers of the deceased.

After some conversation they, when they had expressed their surprise, instructed the detective to spare no expense to bring the guilty party to justice.

Said one, "I am pretty well fixed, and if it costs $5,000 to explain this mystery I wont begrudge it."

The next proceeding was the coroner's inquest.

All the jury could do was to bring in a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown, and the good folks of the village thought they knew *that* without a coroner or his jury telling them.

After the inquest, whilst the people were standing around in said groups discussing the one all-absorbing topic, the detective, who by this time was as well known as if he had been clothed in scarlet and fine linen, was surprised by hearing a voice at his elbow.

"Please I want to speak to you—and please don't tell anybody."

The detective looked down and saw a pretty little girl of about eight summers.

"Well, my little woman," said he, "and what can I do for you?"

"Oh, sir, I want to speak to you alone—all alone."

"Come into the hotel sitting-room with me and we will be alone," said the officer.

"No, I want to speak to you alone out here or nowhere."

The detective smelt a rat.

"This little girl," he said to himself, "is a decoy of some kind, still she may be useful to me. There must be more in this murder than I thought at first. There must be a woman in the case. A man could never get a child like this to go on an errand of this kind, and yet from what I hear Mr. Croker was a most unlikely person to have had any dealing with a woman in a questionable way; he was a man of nearly 60, his wife dead before he came to this village, over 20 years ago, all his children far away and no relative near excepting a little girl, his grandchild, aged about three years, the old man's pride and joy, and who lived in the house with him and his old housekeeper, a woman of over 70. However, faint heart never won fair lady. I'll go with the girl."

"Well, my dear," said he aloud, "take me where you will."

The child took his hand in hers and led him towards an old barn. It was now nearly dark.

"Do you want me to go in there?" said the detective.

The child looked round and said, "I can give you my message here if you like, but I was told to take you to the barn, but it is pretty dark, and I guess no one sees us."

"Well," questioned the detective, "what do you want?"

"I want you to come by yourself to Mrs. Crandell's house to-night at 12 o'clock."

"What for?"

"To see Mrs. Crandell."

"What for?"

"I don't know. Will you please come?"

"Why can't I go now?"

"Because Mrs. Crandell, that's grandmother, said you were not to come till then."

"Well," said the officer, "I'll come. Where does she live?"

"We live next to the Baptist Church."

"All right. I'll find you."

"Good-night," said the child, and off she ran.

"Now," exclaimed the detective inwardly, this may be a clue to the murder; what else could I be wanted for? But I had better find out who Mrs. Crandell is. To ascertain this fact proved easy—everyone knew her. She was an old bed-ridden dame who lived by herself, save for the little girl already mentioned as her granddaughter. The detective could see no clue here, but still he kept his appointment, and 12 o'clock found him at Mrs. Crandell's door.

Upon being admitted he found that the small cottage consisted of a single room, and that he was alone with the old woman, but that her grandchild was asleep in her small cot in one corner.

After greeting Mrs. Crandell, who seemed to be the wreck of a once dashing woman, she said:—"Sir, if I did not feel that any day might be my last upon this earth, I would never tell you what I am about to relate. Now, don't day a word, but I know the secret of Mr. Croker's death. Don't say a word. I am Mrs. Croker. Hush! Poor Samuel little knew I was living opposite to him, but I swore I would never live with him again—jealous fool that I was.

"Oh, my God, I can't tell this story. Hush! Well, I could not keep away from him, though after our quarrel I was too proud to ask his forgiveness, so I came here and pretended to be bed ridden that he might not discover me and that I might see him every day. Well, on that dreadful day, I was looking out of my window at Samuel (as I often used), who was standing in his doorway to take the air, while our little grandchild, who lived with him, was, as I could plainly see, playing in the room directly over him. On the window sill was standing a new description of clock, I don't know what kind, but everybody said Croker was sinking his earnings in that clock, he was trying to invent something; it was small and very heavy. Well, the little innocent child went to touch the clock and it fell out of the window, right on Samuel's head and killed him instantaneously."

"But," said the detective, who could not keep silence any longer, "where is the clock?"

"Hush! I'll tell you," said the old woman, who was becoming excited, "just as I was going to cry out, a tramp, the only man on the street, went up quickly, Oh, Lord! how quickly, to the dead man, seized the clock and ran down the alleyway."

"Why did you not cry out?"

"Because, just before the wretch—can I say it?—made off, he glanced up at my window, his eyes caught mine, he was Samuel's son and my son."

The effort was too much, she fainted away and died before the morning's light.

THE LITTLE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

The Christmas day was coming, the Christmas eve drew near;
The fir-trees they were talking low, at midnight cold and clear.
And this was what the fir-trees said, all in the pale moonlight:
"Now, which of us shall chosen be to grace the Holy Night?"

The tall trees and the goodly trees raised each a lofty head,
In glad and secret confidence, though not a word they said.
But one, the baby of the band, could not restrain a sigh:
"You all will be approved," he said, "but oh, what chance have I?
"I am so small, so very small, no one will mark or know
How thick and green my needles are, how true my branches grow;
Few toys or candies could I hold, but heart and will are free,
And in my heart of hearts I know I am a Christmas tree."

The Christmas angel hovered near; he caught the grieving word,
And laughing low he hurried forth, with love and pity stirred.
He sought and found St. Nicholas, the dear old Christmas Saint,
And in his fatherly kind ear rehearsed the fir tree's plaint.
Saints are all powerful, we know, so it befell that day
That, axe on shoulder, to the grove a woodman took his way.
One baby-girl he had at home, and he went forth to find
A little tree as small as she, just suited to his mind.

Oh, glad and proud the baby fir, amid its brethren tall,
To be thus chosen and singled out, the first among them all!
He stretched his fragrant branches, his little heart beat fast,
He was a real Christmas tree; he had his wish at last.
One large and shining apple with cheeks of ruddy gold,
Six tapers, and a tiny doll were all that he could hold.
The baby laughed, the baby crowed to see the tapers bright;
The forest baby felt the joy, and shared in the delight.
And when at last the tapers died, and when the baby slept,
The little fir in silent night a patient vigil kept;
Though scorched and brown its needles were, it had no heart to grieve.
"I have not lived in vain," he said. "Thank God for Christmas-eve!"

—ST. NICHOLAS.

CATARRH, HAY FEVER, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

Sufferers are not generally aware that this curse of our country is contagious, or that it is due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, and Hay Fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet describing this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada.—*The Star.*

READ THE FOLLOWING:—

Oak-street, Galt, Ont., July 13, 1885.
Gentlemen,—I was cured of a case of catarrh of twenty years standing by two treatments of your remedy. MRS. A. BAKER.

Whitby, Ont., Nov. 27, 1885.
Gentlemen,—I was cured of a bad case of catarrh of many years standing by the use of your remedy. MRS. SAMUEL COCHRAN.

Oakland, Ont., March, 1883.
Dear Sirs,—I was cured by two treatments of your remedy of a very aggravated case of catarrh envolving the throat as well as the nasal passages. (REV.) E. B. STEVENSON.

Ritcey's Cove, N.S., June 22, 1885.
Gentlemen,—I am happy to say that the remedy sent me last February has effectually cured me of Catarrh. Mine was a case of long standing. (REV.) G. O. HUESTIS.

Montreal, April 14, 1885.
Dear Sirs,—After having tried the most eminent doctors in vain, I am glad to say that my wife has been cured of a case of catarrh of long standing by one treatment of your remedy. A. P. LEFEBVRE,
Cor. Notre Dame and McGill Streets.

Brantford, July 6, 1885.
Dear Sirs,—When I ordered your remedy last February I was suffering from a bad case of catarrh of many years standing, and had spent a great deal of money without obtaining any relief. My nose was sore inside, continual dropping in the throat offensive odour, pain over the eyes, hair falling out. After using two treatments of your remedy I am completely cured, and my hair is coming in again rapidly. GEO. MYLES.

906 Juno-st., St. Paul, Minn., Jan 5, 1885.
Gentlemen,—I can now testify to the virtue of your valuable catarrh remedy. My daughter had what was said to be an incurable case. The sense of smell was gone, and such intense pain over the eyes that we had to take her from school. One treatment of your valuable remedy cured her. Wishing you great success in your noble work.
JAMES K. ERSKINE, M.D.

BELL ORGANS. BELL ORGANS. BELL ORGANS. BELL ORGANS.

BELL ORGANS.

40,000 Organs were sold this year in Canada and the United States. What a powerful influence for good this must have on the people. We cannot supply the demand for the BELL ORGAN, although running our machinery 12 hours per day, while other firms are running short time, proves beyond a doubt, that The Bell Organ is superior to all others in Tone, Design, & Workmanship.

CATALOGUES FREE.

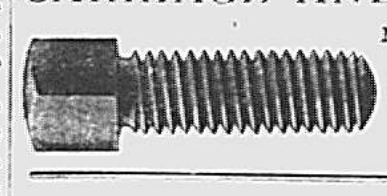
W. BELL & CO., . . . Guelph, Canada.

HEADQUARTERS FOR
SLEIGH ROBES!
Musk Ox, Buffalo, Bear, Wolverine, Hudson Bay, and Japanese Wolf Robes.

The Only House in the Trade Dealing Exclusively in
ROBES.
AT MY OLD ESTABLISHED ROBE WAREHOUSE,
1873 Notre Dame-street West, Montreal.
JOHN REIPLINGER.

TELEPHONE NO. 818. ESTABLISHED 1857
JOHN RITCHIE
PRACTICAL
Plumber, Gas and Steam Fitter
Toronto, Ont.
A full Line of Gas Fixtures, Globes, and First Class Sanitary Goods Kept in Stock.
Remodelling old Work a Specialty.
Hot Water and Steam Heating on Latest Improved Principles.
Personal Attention. Charges Moderate, and all Work Warranted.

J. H. FORD,
Artist, 286 Queen-st. West.
PORTRAITS PAINTED
In Oil, Crayon, Water Colours, and Indian Ink.
AGENTS WANTED

AXLE AND MACHINE SCREW WORKS.
LINTON, LAKE, & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
CARRIAGE AND WAGGON AXLES,

Milled Machine Screws, Studs for Cylinder Heads, Steam Chests, Pumps, etc.
GALT, ONT.
Bronze Medal Industrial Exhibition, 1885.

SMOKE! SMOKE!
JUDGES SMOKE THE
CELEBRATED
TORONTO PRESS
AND
BOCK CIGARS,
MANUFACTURED BY
EICHHORN & CARPENTER,
TORONTO.

BUCK'S
Celebrated Radiant Home
HALL STOVE
AND
Happy Thought Range
HAVE MET WITH
UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS.
They are fitted with the Genuine "Duplex Grate," which are fitted only in those stoves.
They are beautiful in design and simple in construction. They are the finest fitted and smoothest cast of any stove manufactured. It will be to your advantage to call and see them at
R. BIGLEY'S WAREROOMS
92 & 94 Queen-st. East, Toronto.
Repairing of Buck's Stoves a Specialty.

GREENE & SONS
COMPANY,
MONTREAL.
FURS, HATS,
AND
Straw Goods,
1886.
SOLE AGENTS FOR WOODROW'S HATS.
MEN'S
FURNISHINGS
Well Assorted Stock,
LOWEST PRICES
AND
LATEST STYLES.
WAREHOUSE:
517 to 525 St. Paul-street, Montreal.

CLAXTON'S MUSIC STORE.
Catalogues (illustrated) of MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Catalogues of
NEW MUSIC,
for Piano, Organ, Violin, Band, and Orchestra, and sent FREE every month to any one sending their address.
Everything in the Music Line.

H. STONE, Senr.,
THE
Leading Undertaker,
239 YONGE-STREET.
TELEPHONE - - - - - - 931

Christmas Cards!
Ask your Bookseller for the H. & F., London, England,
GOLD MEDAL CARDS
Although the finest (in all respects) in the market this year they are no higher in price than inferior lines. The Trade (only) supplied by
The Toronto News Company,
Wholesale Agents for Canada.

TRADE ALABASTINE MARK.
For finishing walls and painting interior and exterior surfaces of all kinds of buildings, fences, etc.
ALABASTINE is a stone like preparation that is hardened on the wall by age and moisture, strengthening and improving the surface by every coat added from time to time. Will never scale or rub off or soften with age as all kalsomines do. Ready for use by adding hot water and can be applied by anyone.
PAINT PRESERVER.
ALABASTINE should be used on all buildings as a priming before painting with any oil paint, makes a more durable and superior finish and at much less cost than oil paint alone.
Made and used under Dominion Patents granted to M. B. Church. Manufactured by
THE ALABASTINE CO., Ltd.
Paris, Ont.

BENNETT & WRIGHT,
PLUBMERS AND GAS FITTERS,
FINE GAS FIXTURES,
72 QUEEN-STREET EAST,
TORONTO, ONT.

WE HAVE THE
LARGEST, BEST, AND CHEAPEST
STOCK OF
STOVES AND HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS IN TORONTO.
ROLLER SKATES A SPECIALTY,
Cheapest and Best in the City.
G. and J. M. STRATHEN,
179 YONGE-STREET.

McCLARY
Manufacturing Company.
MANUFACTURERS OF
STOVES,
JAPANNED WARE,
Stamped Ware, and Tinners' Supplies.
WHOLESALE ONLY.
McClary Manufacturing Co'y,
London, Toronto, Montreal, and Winnipeg.

PURE GOLD

MANUFACTURING CO.'Y.

31 FRONT-STREET EAST, TORONTO.

GENTLEMEN,—In accordance with your instructions, I have procured samples of your Pure Gold Baking Powders in the open market and submitted them to a careful examination. All of them were found to be perfectly pure Cream of Tartar Powders, free from any injurious or poisonous substances. I may also state that I have for several years past, from time to time, examined the ingredients used by you in the manufacture of the Powder, and found them to be as pure as could be obtained in the market. With reference to the care exercised by you, I have known Mr. F. W. Daum for many years, who has charge of this department, and have found him to be extremely careful, and possessing a thorough knowledge of the ingredients used in the manufacture of Baking Powders.

I remain, yours faithfully,

THOMAS HEYS,
Analytical Chemist and Professor of Chemistry,
Toronto School of Medicine.

116 King-street West, Toronto, Nov. 30th, 1885.

Messrs. A. JARDINE & Co.

Gentlemen,—With regard to your Baking Powder known as Pure Gold, I have used it in my bakery and sold it in my store ever since you commenced manufacturing it. I have no hesitation in saying that during forty-two years' experience in the baking and grocery business, and during that time supplying the best class of customers in the city of Toronto, that I have never sold or used a Baking Powder that has given more general satisfaction. I am using it altogether in my bakery at present.

Toronto, Nov. 30th, 1885.

EDWARD LAWSON,
93 King-street East.

We, the undersigned Wholesale Grocers of the city of Toronto, hereby certify that we know ALEXANDER JARDINE & CO., Proprietors of the PURE GOLD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, in Toronto, and that we have every confidence in the care which is used by them in the manufacture of Pure Gold Baking Powder. We believe Pure Gold to be among the best Cream Tartar Baking Powders sold in this country, and have pleasure in handling it, as it has always given perfect satisfaction to our customers.

FRANK SMITH & CO., PERKINS, INCE, & CO., EBY, BLAIN, & CO., SMITH & KEIGHLEY, FITCH & DAVIDSON, J. W. LANG & CO., WARREN BROS. & BOOMER, SLOAN & MASON, THOS. KINNEAR & CO., R. DUNBAR, F. McHARDY & CO., MILLS & CO.

We, the undersigned Wholesale Grocers of the city of Hamilton, handling the Pure Gold Baking Powder and other standard goods manufactured by the Pure Gold Manufacturing Co., Toronto, certify that their goods are giving us entire satisfaction, and that our dealings have been quite satisfactory.

It is with regret that we have learned of such malicious tampering with their free samples of Baking Powder, evidently for the purpose of injuring their business.

JOHN STUART, SON, & CO. (L'd), JAMES TURNER & CO., LUCAS, PARK, & CO., MACPHERSON, GLASSCO, & CO., BROWN, BALFOUR, & CO., STUART BROS., RANDALL & ROSS, Berlin. JOHN R. MONRO, St. Catharines.

Hamilton, December 1st, 1885.

We, the undersigned Wholesale Grocers of the City of London, handling the Pure Gold Baking Powder and other standard goods manufactured by the Pure Gold Manufacturing Co., Toronto, certify that their goods are giving us entire satisfaction, and that our dealings have been quite satisfactory.

It is with regret that we have learned of such malicious tampering with their free samples of Baking Powder evidently for the purpose of injuring their business.

London, December 1st, 1885.

EDWARD ADAMS & CO.,
M. MASURET & CO.,
FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT, & CO.

We, the undersigned Grocers of the city of London, hereby certify that we have been selling Pure Gold Baking Powder for a considerable length of time, and that we consider it one of the best Cream of Tartar Baking Powders sold in this country.

We find it always uniform in quality, and it has given universal satisfaction to all our customers who have used it.

FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT, & CO.	159 Dundas-street.	A. McCORMICK & SON	346 Richmond street.	N. K. JACKSON	718 Dundas street
ELLIOTT BROS.	155 " "	R. W. SHARPE	721 " "	C. W. SARVIS	797 " "
JOHN B. MURPHY	264 " "	F. KEENE	729 " "	O. E. DORIS	866 " "
T. J. McDONOUGH	153 " "	A. PADFIELD	Corner Richmond and Oxford streets	GEORGE BAWDEN	872 " "
SOMMERVILLE, CONNOR, & CO	115 " "	J. WEBSTER	671 Dundas street.	MRS. H. T. STANFIELD	964 "
JOHN MOULE	448 Richmond street.	A. B. GRIFFIN	674 " "	G. WOOD	East London.
GEORGE ROWNTREE	340 " "	C. LILLEY & SONS	Corner Dundas and Adelaide streets.	A. SMITH	646 Dundas street.
ALEX. WILSON	353 " "	W. H. SANBORN	704 Dundas street.		

London, November 30th, 1885.

We, the undersigned Grocers of the City of Toronto, hereby certify that we have been selling Pure Gold Baking Powder for a considerable length of time, and that we consider it one of the best Cream Tartar Baking Powders sold in this country. We have always found it uniform in quality and it has given universal satisfaction to all our customers who have used it.

FULTON, MICHIE, & CO.	1 King-street West.	F. W. JOHNSON	62 Davenport road.	MILLS BROS	Corner King and Jarvis streets.
HENRY LINDSAY	66 " " "	J. HAMILTON	96 " "	E. K. SCOLEY	37 and 39 St. Lawrence Market
J. BERWICK & CO.	130 " " "	G. FLETCHER	86 Bathurst street.	W. A. BRADSHAW	25 Jarvis-street.
JAMES SHIELDS & CO.	138 Yonge-street.	R. THOMPSON	458 King-street West.	PETER MACDONALD	114 Church street.
McCULLOUGH & CAMPBELL	235 " "	WM. BINNIE	379 Adelaide street West.	JAMES HARRIS	120 Queen street East.
LOUIS EQUI	257 " "	JOHN HAY	35 Brant street.	R. HAMILTON	154 " " "
FRED. S. ROBERTS	290 " "	W. H. COO	110 Brock street.	J. & W. McFARREN	176 " " "
CENTRAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY	309 " "	THOMAS S. GRANT	300 Queen street West.	E. & F. DALLIMORE	214 " " "
A. G. BOOTH	379 " "	SAMUEL HAZLITT	394 " " "	JAMES LUMSDEN	230 " " "
A. F. BARKER	378 " "	JOSEPH BROWN	412 " "	F. MACDONALD	252 " "
MARTIN McMILLAN	395 " "	CHARLES RUSE	434 " "	F. ELLIS	2 Sydenham street.
JAMES D. LEA	382 " "	ANDREW M. SINCLAIR	2 Baldwin street.	W. J. SYLVESTER	Corner King and Frederick streets
J. SCOTT & CO.	422 " "	R. H. JAMESON	843 Queen street West.	ROBERT KENNEDY	The Toronto Tea Co., 146 King-street East
W. J. McCORMACK	431 " "	JAMES D. WINDRUM	874 " "	W. F. BRITTON	221 Church street.
EDWARD LAWSON	93 King-street East.	B. McCANN	586 " "	ALICK McDONNELL	250 " "
J. F. GIBSON	456 Yonge-street.	JAMES PHILLIPS	596 " "	J. SHIELDS	343 " "
JOHN A. MUTTER	469 " "	WM. WATSON	658 " "	D. MURRAY	330 " "
P. WHITELOCK	470 " "	W. BOWLES & CO.	662 " "	GEORGE J. [illegible]	376 " "
SAMUEL OLDHAM	478 " "	THOS. H. NOBLE	376 " "	THOS. M. CHARLTON	423 " "
RANDAL ENGLISH	480 " "	A. O. ROBINSON	318 Wilton avenue.	ROBERT DAVIES	56 Homewood avenue.
J. G. GIBSON	525 " "	J. A. SWEET	507 Queen street East.	J. RINGER	203 Wellesley street.
A. KEARNS	542 " "	WM. L. RAMSAY	443½ King street East.	JAMES DUFF	21 Howard-street.
JAMES KNOWLES	599 " "	JOSEPH FEE	669 " " "	THOS. H. MILLER	228 Wellesley street.
J. A. HERON & CO.	562 " "	A. F. A. STIRLING	692 " " "	GEORGE OLIVER	228 and 230 Wellesley street.
R. BARRON	657 " "	JAMES LONG	3 Sumach street.	E. B. DEWEY	202 Carlton street.
JOSEPH TAIT	660 " "	JAMES GRAY	601 King street East.	P. SHEEDY	162½ Wilton avenue.
THOMAS REED	702 " "	C. MAJOR	273 Parliament street.	R. FLACK	188 Gerrard street East.
D. W. CLARK	Bellevue-avenue.	JOHN ATKINSON	351 " "	C. D. NEWTON	508 Yonge-street.
BOTSFORD & HIGGINS	705 Yonge-street, corner Bloor.	MACKENZIE BROS.	11½ York street.	MRS. ATKINSON	57½ Dundas-street
A. W. CLARKE	720 Yonge-street.	JAMES PARK & SON	161 King street West.	J. DAWOODS	319 and 321 Dundas-street
J. G. GILES & SON	734 " "	CHARLES STUART	760 " "	J. DEMPSTER	81 Dovercourt-road.
WALTER PAGE	704 " "	J. C. DEVLIN	226 " "	JAMES BELBY	118 Dundas-street.
D. F. TOLCHARD	630 " "	T. STEVENSON	321 " "	THOMAS SMITH	110 " "
GERHARD NOBLE	146 Wilton-avenue.	W. B. EVMERS	320 " "	FRANK ROSS	430 Queen street West.
W. L. RICE	319 Parliament-street.	J. BUTCHER	342 and 344 " "	J. K. ROGERS & CO.	617 " "
S. AVISON & SON	305 " "	TORONTO CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION	366 " "	W. PARKHILL	662 " "
J. W. BLAIN	Corner Winchester and Parliament streets	MARA & CO.	230 " "	JOHN HERBERT	Corner Robinson and Markham-streets.
THOS. B. MISHAW	280 Parliament street.	CALDWELL & HOGGINS	248 and 250 " "	JOHN CAMPBELL	14 Arthur-street.
ALEX. HUTCHISON	237 " "	C. S. FAIRBAIRN	2 D'Arcy street.	R. H. SCOTT	Corner Arthur and Bathurst streets.
JAMES SIMPSON	Corner Oak and Sackville streets.	G. R. FORBES	24 Cner Howell street.	E. L. BOWMAN	108 Denison-avenue.
WM. NASH	313 Gerrard street.	JAMES LARKIN	114 Centre street.	GEO. PATERSON & SON	Corner St. Patrick and Esther streets.
MORGAN J. KELLY	323 " "	THOS. W. SQUIRE	102 Elm street.	JOHN F. CLEARY	259 College-street.
TOLCHARD BROS.	496 Yonge-street.	R. McCLEARY	197 Elizabeth street.	WM. TAYLOR & CO.	188 Lippincott-street.
E. GERRY	724 " "	CHARLES HEYS	129 " "	W. MELVILLE	219 Brunswick-avenue.
G. W. LAKER	740 " "	ANDERSON BROS.	107 Queen street West.	JOHN J. FUNSTON	Corner Spadina-ave. and Sussex.
GEORGE SCOTT	753 " "	RICHARD DONALD	134 King street East.	C. PATTON	249 Huron-street.
W. T. BROWN	752 " "	JAMES W. BURNS	52 Queen street West.	M. E. BUSH	124 College-street.
GEORGE RATCLIFFE	766 " "	F. P. BRAZELL	161 King street East.	IRA MARKS	59 Augusta-avenue.
H. A. SHAW	794 " "	SWAN BROS.	162 and 164 " "	MARIA JANE LOW	310 Spadina-avenue.
CHARLES WEST	135 Davenport-road.	HUMPHREY & JACKSON	185 " "	FRANK HIRTON	294 Queen-street West.
T. SHAW	183 " "	PROVAN & STEVENSON	180 " "	W. M. MILLIGAN	99 Queen-street West.
JOHN T. PEARS	213 " "	J. H. HARGRAVE, Proprietor of "Acme" Baking Powder	190 " "		

Toronto, November 30th, 1885.

We, the undersigned Bakers of the City of Toronto, do hereby testify that we are using the Pure Gold Baking Powder, and consider it the best Baking Powder in this country, being always reliable and uniform in quality and strength.

We find it produces better results than we have ever been able to obtain from using any other preparation, and have never found evidences of any "soda taste" or discolouration in using it.

EDWARD LAWSON	93 King-street East.	CHARLES TAGGART	299 King-street West.
GEORGE S. McCONKEY	153 Yonge-street.	J. D. NASMITH	Corner Jarvis and Adelaide.
JAMES WILSON	407 and 409 Yonge-street.	JOHN DEMPSTER	Argyle-street.
JOSEPH TAIT	660 Yonge-street.	JOHN S. BOYD, Steward	Rossin House.
C. J. FROGLEY	750 Yonge-street.	P. J. CHORMAN, Baker	Queen's Hotel.
GEORGE FLETCHER	50 Bathurst-street.	W. HANKAMMER, Baker	
ROBERT P. DALE	663 Queen-street West.		

Toronto, November 30th, 1885.

The Globe's Prize Story Competition

See Balloting Paper at Foot of Page 5.

A DREAM OF MUSKOKA.

BY HUGO (NOT VICTOR)

THE early October sun was shining on a scene in the wilder parts of Canada. A small entrance had been made on the shores of one of those lovely lakes that lie like sheets of silver among the fastnesses of Muskoka. A little log shanty stood near the brow of a rocky declivity that sloped with sharp descent down to the water's edge. It was a rough dwelling, but the owners were evidently not rough people. A neat fence of split cedar, the interstices of which turtle's eggs, fancifully decorated, ran around it, a couple of flower-beds set about with smooth stones, the tidy curtains festooned over the old granite rock thrust itself forth into a precipitous cliff, barren of all but a few hardy evergreens that twisted their tough roots about the spurs and into the crevices. In front stretched the lake in calm and lovely splendour, its surface dotted with islands, its shore broken into bold promontories and deep bays.

Upon a fragment of rock close to the water sat a young girl. She was rudely clad, and yet was not without the indelible and indefinable marks of lady-hood. The dress, though richly sunburned, was soft as velvet, the dark brown hair was knotted with a tidy yet careless grace, while the shapely forehead arching itself over a pair of saucy, thoughtful dark blue eyes gave a prophecy of a cultivated mind. A pretty picture she made, sitting there, looking out upon the lake, her hands lying clasped together in her lap. She gave the one touch of humanity to the wild scene, and yet not altogether a rough touch either, for there was a wistful look in those fine eyes. She was at the old occupation thinking, thinking of the past and of the future. Looking back, she thought of the old house in England, of the mother, now dead, who had lored her with such love as a mother bears to an only child; of her playmates, but especially of one, a strong, clever lad, who had helped her with her lessons, and had always been her champion. As the bright, handsome face looked upon her from the past she sighed. Then she remembered how days of trouble and poverty had come, and her father had decided to gather up the fragments of his fortune and sail for Canada. She thought of better partings, of the voyage over the sea, of their musings to and fro until at last they had found their way to this place, fit enough for the bold trapper or hardy settler but all too unfit for the gently Englishman with his gentle upbringing. And then her mind turned towards the future. What was to become of them? Her father had spent everything in coming to his backwoods home, and his health was breaking down under the stress of labour too arduous for his strength. What would become of her if he should break down altogether? Marry? She almost laughed at the query. Whom to? Smith, the fussy, conceited clerk at the village store, who sometimes came over on a Sunday afternoon in gorgeous apparel and asph red in a very profusion of hair-oil? Jones, the half-breed trapper's son, who had once sought a dawn for her, and had been so slighted and awkward in pressing the attempt that she pitied her? Well, if either then the latter. He neither! No! no! no! Still there was that was a hard question, and the young heart of Alice Bethune grew heavy and the blue eyes swam in tears.

But the sound of footsteps on the beach above roused her from her reverie. Looking up, she saw two men, each with a birch bark canoe over his head, and, as they came nimbly down the path, each with a gun and a couple of hounds, she recognized them at once as old Ned Staunton and his son Bob. The canoes were deftly removed from their elevated position, and gently laid on the water, while rifles, pack, and cooking pots were quickly deposited in them.

Off for a deer hunt," enquired Alice.

Yes," replied the old man. "Me and Bob is off to the village to meet a couple of sports that's coming out for a week's shooting."

Well," remarked the young girl, "I hope you'll have greater success this last time, and a better party to go with. It's a shame the way some of those so-called gentlemen behave when they get away in the backwoods."

That's true enough, said the trapper. "We're a pretty rough lot out here, but most of them city chaps can beat us holler at all kinds of deviltry.

While this dialogue was going on the two men had got their canoes all ready, and now stepping lightly in, they took the usual sitting position. The dogs, as carried as their masters, were crouching in the bow of each canoe. A light shove with the pad dle sent each bark away from the shore, and with a hearty farewell to those the two men settled down to their work. She followed with her eye the flash of the paddle as it dipped in regular stroke, but when the canoes were lost to sight among the islands she rose from her seat and went up to her work at the house.

We will follow the two guides. On their west with vigorous stroke across the mouth of deep bays, rounding sharp promontories, coasting along under the shadow of great rocks, listening to the wild, derisive screams of the sharp-eyed loons until, after a couple of hours four or five miles, they approached the end at a spot where the usual signs of a portage track were visible. Landing, the men pushed their canoes against the bushes, and places everything carefully under them. This done they started on their two mile tramp through the woods, going Indian file, and hunter fashion, saying but little. Soon they came within sight of their destination, and as they descended the steep path to the little backwoods village, the shrill whistle of the tiny steamer was heard, and in a moment she emerged from behind an island, and came puffing and panting towards the rude landing. The whole village of about a dozen people, together with two or three shanty-men, stood waiting. The arrival of the steamer was the event of the week. Our two hunter friends had reached the dock by the time the steamer was made fast. There were but three passengers on board, the storekeeper's wife, who was returning in all the glamour and glory of a visit to Toronto, and the two "sports" already mentioned. One was a middle-aged man, stoutly built, but evidently a gentleman, and well to do in the world. The other was a young man, not much over twenty, muscular, handsome, and with that joyous look of anticipation that makes the face of one about to taste a new form of enjoyment. They were Mr. Leslie and his son, Englishmen, just making the American tour, and turning aside now to enjoy their first experience of the veritable backwoods. They had been recommended to them by friends in Toronto, and it was not long before they mingled him out from the crowd and exchanged friendly greetings. Preparations were immediately made for the return over the portage. This was no easy task. Winchester rifles, cartridges, blankets, tents, cooking utensils, fishing gear, provisions on a bountiful scale for a week's hunt, and all the other paraphernalia for such an expedition, had to be got into shape, and then packed over to where the canoes were lying. The two hunters, however, were practical hands, and the two sportsmen were willing helpers. Soon the bulk of the stuff was arranged in two solid packs of about a hundred pounds each. These were slung on the backs of the guides, and, followed by their patrons bearing much lighter loads, they set forth with wonderful celerity along the trail. In time they reached the canoes. An exclamation of delight burst from the lips of the strangers as the full beauty of the scene was unfolded before their eyes.

"Well, Tom," said the older of the two, "this beats even Niagara itself."

The young man made no reply, but his glowing face indicated his assent. Never in all his life had the sight of nature filled his breast with such indescribable gladness as did this vision of placid lake, rugged rock, and brilliant foliage. He could almost have cried for joy. Of just such a scene he had dreamed when, a lad at school, he had pored over some well-thumbed hunter's tale, and now the dream had its counterpart.

But steady there. Young Bob has his canoe all ready for Tom to take his place in the bow. With his hand on the gunwale he holds her firm, for he is not mischievous enough to want to see his companion up at from the tottish craft.

"Now, sir, step fair into the centre. Don't be afraid. You'd better sit right down in the bottom this time. There you are now; all right."

His passenger in, Bob stepped lightly into the stern, and, plying his paddle, was soon abreast of the canoe. What a smooth, gentle movement that of the canoe! What a music in the low gurgle of the parting ripple at the bow. What a rhythm in the light splash of the paddle as they cleared the surface with a steady stroke! For a time the silence was unbroken. At last Mr. Leslie spoke to his companion.

"What are your plans for to-day?"

"Well, sir," replied the old man, "I think we had better get our camp all fixed up, and everything ready afore night, and then start on the hunt by daylight in the morning."

"All right; you know best."

So it was arranged. A sand beach, with a background of tall trees, was chosen for the camp. The canoes were unloaded, and drawn up on the shore. Bob disappeared in the woods, and soon returned with crotches and ridge-pole for the tent. His father built a great fire of logs and driftwood, for the air was growing chilly, and then arranged a little fireplace for cooking. The tent was soon stretched, and the floor of it covered with a thick layer of hemlock brush. Blankets were spread, and the valuables snugly stowed under cantas. Supper had now to be prepared, and as the two Englishmen, sitting in the glow of the fire, watched the handy movements of the old trapper, heard the sizz of the frying pan, inhaled the odour of the coffee, and then looked out upon the lake above when the stars were beginning to show, their mysterious fires, there stole over them a feeling of mingled loneliness and content, such as they had never experienced before.

The darkness had scarcely begun to break in the morning when they were aroused by the crackling of the fire, and the footsteps of their guides. Breakfast was soon ready, and soon despatched. The first rays of the sun were just darting through the frosty air when the two canoes left the shore. The two younger men came before long to a point of land on the south shore of the lake where they were to remain on the look out. The other pair kept on their course, taking the two dogs with them. These they were to land at a suitable place, and then go far in down the lake to another station. We will stay with Tom and his comrade.

Hour after hour passed away. For a while they remained in the canoe, and then they landed to stretch their limbs. The sun was climbing up steadily, and Bob began to rail on his companion against being too early.

"It ain't every day you know we come across a deer. Dead falls don't seem out day after day and never get a shot."

Tom's face visibly straightened at the remark. The romance was over, and he was off a little. He sauntered out toward the end of the point, and stood looking down the lake. Then he came back with a freshness on his face.

"Is that your shanty I see away down yonder?"

"Sure," said Bob. "But it belongs to the settlement as much as mine. It's a kind of a stopping place for the trappers and hunters in the woods.

Old chess is giving tongue now, sir, and she's coming this way, and no mistake. Now, Bob, your rifle ready. We'll keep quiet in this here place and see what comes."

Nearer and nearer came the sound. The hounds were single-minded, the woods ring and the air was full of it. Suddenly Bob laid a two hands to his mouth, and gave a long, loud halloo. Tom, with his gun at the ready, looked inquiringly at his companion.

A magnificent spiral was heard in the air as the animal, startled by the sound, turned half round, and then, as if recognizing its mistake, made for the water. Tom's face turned in the direction that Ned Staunton and his son had taken when first we saw them. Tom and Alice were in old Ned's canoe, not in Bob's. Alice had spared him that. The two older men were with him. And now good-bye, little lonely cabin; good-bye mighty forest, with thy gorgeous colours and murmuring pines; good-bye, lake of crystal, upon whose placid bosom sunrise and sunset had so often flashed their splendours; good-bye all these, and not without a tear. But welcome, merry life; and welcome the sweet chime of church-bells echoing over ledge and field; welcome, too, with all thy rich prophecy of love and joy.

LES PETITS.

A Story of the Lower Canadian Rebellion of 1837.

I.

THEY were not remarkable people—Les Petits. There was nothing exceptional for the unusual appropriateness of the union in which their lives had bound them. Not obtrusive, quiet and undemonstrative, they went about their work with a simple faith that won for them the admiration, and, in the case of some, despite their diminutive stature, to a certain extent the awe of their neighbours. Pierre Petit was productive of a certain reverence, and, to these simple French Canadians, Les Petits were certainly somewhat of a mystery. Why, they asked each other, did not Jean struggle with the other thill hands in their nightly visits to the village inn? Why, they demanded, did Marie remain all day within doors, leaving her volatile neighbours to gossip about their shortcomings? And why, finally, did the couple, and above all a long married couple like Les Petits, should be so bound up in one another as to be deaf to the ever eager ears of the village matrons their past history was indeed a problem of no easy solution.

For Jean and Marie had never revealed aught concerning the early circumstances of their earlier life. There they had come, and there all now they had started and the gossip, curious as they were, had never intruded so far as to attempt to demand why. Perhaps the simple villagers, taking into account their size and determining to mark with a distinguishing line the peculiar couple, by common consent named them Les Petits.

But it was not long ere the tongues of the busy news-gossips of Lemoinville had more to say concerning Les Petits than merely the origin of their unknown friends. It was 1837, and strange rumours filled the unusually eventful air of the tiny hamlet. The popular parti was becoming daily more loud; for Papineau was still popular, and Bedard as neither side would yield, there was a source of danger in collision. But names Papineau and Nelson were heard all through the Province and the quick ears of the people in Lemoinville heard them. And there, hatred of oppression, but desire for justice, and the burning words of the fiery leaders bore the same fruit as was then rife throughout the length and breadth of the lands of Dear Canada. Lemoinville was no exception, and it needed but fresh news of warning of the break to rouse the village to its ultimate in the desperate mood of reform. And it was to come.

It was the night of the 21st November a night alone in a dark, well, disagreeable one. The inhabitants of Lemoinville brought the double shutters encompassed it, and peering out into the night, as the wind howled and the rain pattered on the panes of the windows, they congratulated themselves that they were not as the poor wretches in the fields.

His unpleasant circumstances as he neared the village. He drew his cap down over his eyes, and as near he was obliged to avoid the watered road. The ground was soft and yielding, and he was encumbered with his gun. At length he reached the bridge below the mill-house. He was going, he knew, to his own home, but he did not intend trampling should reach the ears of the inmates. In silence then, he hastens onward, passes through the village, and enters the house of the hill behind it. A gentle knock brings the form of a rotund woman, whose white pinafore walls, as she opens the door, the light of lamps behind her, and announces her presence. "Jean!" she exclaims, rushing up with a sharp, double rapping. In person the little woman is all of Lemoinville, and there is no reply, and no answer. Who there?" she cries, in a tone expressive of strange visitor.

Jean Bernoid! Here to astonish mother!

Yes, it is the reply. The Government troops are on the way. Rewards are out for the arrest of leaders, and the patriots are summoned to defend them.

Jean Bernoid, the voice has in it a strange tremor that betrays the emotions of the whole. "And Alouse there, he added, "he must be on the road before the day breaks.

His words, calm and almost sad in the tone, had the effect of quieting the excited spirit of the listener, and expressing the matter-of-fact information that he had come as once more into the quiet parlour. Jean Bernoid stood that night among the volunteers of Lemoinville. And when the little column set out on the road, left behind, over the muddy road, to join their comrades in the ranks of arms, none left a more sorrowful than that of his little partner.

Morning came at length, but brought no news of the departed patriots. The sun shone out in all its splendour, raising the thin white mists from the earth, and from the house tops, but nothing no part of that scene stood out from

The Globe's Prize Story Competition.

See Ballotting Paper at Foot of Page 5.

LES PETITS.

(CONTINUED.)

through the village the search went on; in the mill, down by the bridge, up and down the river—no Marie!

"It has crazed her," concluded the wise-acres sagely. "She has doubtless destroyed herself."

And the millpond was dragged in vain, boys, old men, and even women lending their aid, but—no Marie! The day passed in anxious search, but the only result of all their labour was—Marie was gone.

"Les Petits have left together," was the comment of the gossips, then. "They came no one knows whence; they have gone, both of them, no one knows whither."

II.

We had long been expecting more stirring events than had as yet excited our part of the insurgent force. We had occupied St. Etienne for some days, and had succeeded in throwing up around a part of it a square barricade, which was to serve for the town's defence, and for our protection. We had apparently taken every precaution against surprise, and all seemed in readiness for the approach of the Government troops.

But our prospects were not all bright, nor were our hopes always buoyant. The weather, which had been wet, had turned intensely cold, and our nightly slumbers were anything but dreams of pleasure. Our numbers were far from being satisfactory, many, especially the French contingent, having been persuaded by their priests to desert the patriot cause. The fall of St. Etienne, small as it might appear from a purely military point of view, meant in its moral results, the crushing out of the rebellious spirit in the neighbourhood.

Thus it was absolutely necessary, considering the smallness of our members, that we should be reinforced before the advent of the troops. But Nelson's force, flushed as it was by the event of the 23rd, could ill spare even a small body of men, and so it was that only the Lemoulin volunteers—some fifty in number—had joined our ranks.

Then, again, not the greatest confidence could be reposed in our leaders. Devoid of military experience, and not noted for extraordinary natural ability, our "General," as we called him, was not one to whom we could look for able command. So that altogether, the outlook was not dazzling in brightness.

We had set our watch on the evening of the 26th, and the signal for "lights out" had rung through the little camp, when the "*Qui vive*" of a sentry followed by a low reply, told of the approach of a stranger. It was not long before he arrived within the camp proper, and with difficulty found his way to headquarters. But it was no novel occurrence to us, and it was morning before we took the trouble to examine our new comrade-in-arms. He was a slight, boyish-looking French Canadian, with a dark eye, quiet and almost sad when at rest, but flashing out with a strange light when he spoke of the coming struggle. And we knew, more by that flash than by his quiet words, that he would be true to the death.

His attire suited the inclemency of the weather. A long grey, great-coat, bound tightly about his waist, reached to his boot-tops, while a heavy fur cap, old and worn, came well down over his forehead and protected his ears from the keen air.

Our little company was excited that morning, and well it might be. The red-coats, nearly three hundred in number, had been seen at St. Laurent, six miles away, by our spies, and might thus be expected before noon. Our camp was all alive with preparation. The last touch was put to the barricade on which so much depended, recruits hurried in from the surrounding country, and ten o'clock found the enclosure defended by one hundred and fifty men. But ten passed away, and eleven, and twelve, with no sign of the expected attack, and it was close on to three o'clock before the regular lines of the enemy appeared over the hilltops. And even then suspense was not ended. For an hour they remained in full sight of our rude fortifications, and the tired soldiers rested on the hillsides.

But the moment came at last. The regulars in a slow, steady line, came full at the square till within easy range, then wheeled to the right of a patch of bush before us, which, running for some distance towards the square, sheered off to our left and extended for a space parallel to the edge of our enclosure. Once more the line advanced. And now commenced a slow dropping fire; the soldiery lying flat on their faces and taking advantage of every tree and hillock, while we, on our side, watching our opportunity, picked off our men as well as our trembling aim would allow.

But, for the attacking force, this was neither satisfactory nor politic. For every moment of safety was a gain to us rebels, whose courage was rising with every shot. And, almost unprotected as they were, the red-coats could not long sustain the discouraging contest. Some new plan must evidently be formed, or the day was lost. And that plan military skill was not slow to suggest.

I was still watching the almost unseen enemy in front, eye and rifle ready for their slightest movement. Suddenly, amid the shouts of command, the sharp crack of the rifles, and the cries of the men, there arose a new shout—a shout of warning, surprise, and terror. Involuntarily my glance left the foe before, and followed the sound. And what a sight met my eye! Down at the left of our thin line, a crowd of excited "patriots," rushing toward the side of the barricade, added their wild cries to the general tumult. The handful of men who had been left to guard the flank were fighting desperately—showering their blows, with the butt ends of their rifles, upon the scarlet-coated foe, whose struggling forms began already to appear over the breastwork only to be hurled back by the terrible blows of its defenders. But this cannot last long. Even now a tall sergeant, who has grasped the upper edge of the enclosure, draws his great size upon the top, clutches the rifle that is aimed at his head, and struggles for a foothold. That foothold he never gets. A slight grey figure springs upon the barricade, and the sergeant, stunned by a terrible blow, falls senseless to the ground.

But that moment of exposure has been sufficient. A dozen rifles ring out from the woods to our left, and the brave young French Canadian falls dead into the arms of Pierre Gervaise.

And, now, wearied, the baffled stormers fall back suddenly from the stockade, and a cheer of exultation rings out upon the evening air; bringing renewed hope to the besieged, the tidings of defeat to the besiegers.

You know how the struggle of that day ended. You know of the long straggling fire from time to time, of the attack renewed again and again and as often repulsed, and lastly, of the desperate sortie of our right on the scattered soldiery, which confused and disordered them and won the day for the rebel forces. Hard won victory indeed it proved, for, when the two hours' contest was ended, and the enemy had withdrawn, we must count the cost.

Few, that night, were dry, of the eyes that had been all day so vigilant, when the dead were brought in, and laid side by side in the "General's" house within our wooden walls. One by one they brought them, till one-tenth of the brave men who had stood shoulder to shoulder in the morning light, lay quietly together in the still sleep of death.

As one youthful form is borne into the silent room, the men of the guard bend their heads in respectful recognition—it is the brave, young, grey-coated martyr. The deadly missile has pierced the temple and as they raise the rough brown cap from the brow, the dark hair falls in a mass over the pale face. Pierre starts, pales, steps forward, and gazes into the glazed eyes.

"Merciful heavens," he ejaculates, in an awe-struck whisper, "*C'est la petite.*"

Beneath a giant maple, the emblem of her country's liberty; there where that undaunted little band stood boldly forth for the rights of freemen; on the field which typified the momentary glory of a hopeless cause—there we laid her. Her love and her suffering, her patriotism and her devotion—were they for naught? Not while that tale of humble heroism is told around the firesides of the Mill village—not while the children hear of those two quiet lives yielded up in perhaps mistaken zeal for their country's service, and learn to lisp with reverent pride the names of Les Petits, the heroes of Lemoulin.

J. D. SPENCE.

MARGUERITE.

("Boutez en Avant.")

ONLY a milliner's little work girl in a fashionable store in Montreal. She was not one of those who wait on the customers in the elegant apartment with soft carpets, easy chairs, and the large mirrors. She worked upstairs with six other girls, crowded into a small room near the roof, where the hot sun made the place as stifling as an oven in the summer, and which was only more stifling and more unwholesome in the winter time. She was a mere child, with a pale face and large dark eyes, who had to toil through long hours for a garret in the quarter of the poor, and at times, not always, enough to eat. She worked on day after day, handling with deft fingers the artificial flowers, the soft *crepes*, and creamy, delicate laces which by-and-bye appeared on the fashionable promenade or flitted through gay ball-rooms, never hinting of their birthplace; who does when born in a garret?

She was a child in years, not more than eighteen, but ever since she came to Montreal she suffered—that makes one old. Marguerite felt very old and weary at times. It was so long since she had inhaled the fresh perfume of clover and the fragrant field grasses of the country. It was very long.

It was terrible to be all day up in that crowded work-room, bending over her work, straining her eyes at the fine sewing, with the restless hum of the street always breaking upon her like the sound of the sea, which cannot be quiet. It was terrible to work so hard for so little; never to see the green woods, to run with the laughing children, to go to the gardens or dance with the gay students; never to take any pleasure, but always working, working in the midst of gay, mirth-loving Montreal.

This little girl was alone in the city with a great aching love, a torment and a delight, burning in her breast. Ducros, the young artist, had her plighted troth. He worked in the room opposite hers, only an attic, for he was also poor, but he said the "top light" was what he required.

Inarticulate murmurs of a coming disaster filled the air. Deaths were more frequent in the quarters of the poor, and the funerals were very hurried. The doctors looked graver than usual as they hastened to and fro, and the good priests were kept busy with their last rites for the living. Then came orders for compulsory vaccination and isolation, and the hospital vans called here and there, carrying off men and women and little children, with horribly distorted faces, while their relatives sometimes resisted, fighting futilely with the authorities, at other times beholding the scene with apathetic dread, only shrieking wildly as the van drove away, taking off the loved ones too frequently never to return.

"Should I take the smallpox, Marguerite, I would like to die here, within sound of your voice, my loved one; not in the crowded wards of the hospital."

"You shall not leave this, should you take the disease. I promise." It was said solemnly, with upturned, sad eyes, as though making a vow to holy church.

Days went on and Ducros worked bravely at his pictures, while Marguerite toiled on with a bright hope sustaining her. But there came one morning and Ducros did not leave his room. A great fear seized the girl. She listened at his door and heard his voice, with a strange sound in it, monotonous and incessant. The door yielded to her touch; in a moment she was by his side, and a single glance showed the red brand of the plague king. The time had come.

She went out quietly and spent the little money she had laid by against her wedding day in food and medicine, and stored them in her own room, while she took up her silent watch in his. No doctor was called in, for he would order Ducros' removal, and she had promised that he should not leave; not even the priest was to know, unless—and the brave girl shuddered at the thought—unless the end was very near; so alone she fought the terrible fight; love and a simple faith in God and the saints; a few old-fashioned drugs that the French always use and common sense were her only allies, and they won the fight. Days and nights of anxious watching, and one morning the cloud cleared from the eyes which had stared so blindly, and the feeble voice that had babbled in delirium was the dear old rational voice once more, and the sickness rolled away, like the stone from the tomb, and Ducros came forth very weak and pale, but with the fresh blood coursing healthily in his veins.

As he became convalescent he grew restless and nervous. He required change of air, he said, and would visit friends in Toronto. He promised to be back soon, very soon; long before Christmas, and in the new year they would stand before the priest and take the solemn vows which bind two lives in one. Then he strained her to his breast and rained passionate kisses on her eyes and lips, while she clung to him like some delicate flower, with white dew stained face.

He was gone and a great blank fell on her life, but it was only for a while. Work had to be resumed; the idle luxury of sorrow is not for the poor. She had lost her place, and work in fashionable millineries was slack, for death had knocked at many doors, so she could earn but little money, and she was hungry often and always cold. Still she never complained, not even to herself. Her thoughts were all with him.

Christmas was near at hand and the poor suffered terribly, everything was so dear. It was a bitter day, snow heaped high in the streets and the cruel frost winds sweeping across the St. Lawrence, stung like arrows. She bought a hot-house rose and laid it on the Virgin's altar in her room and prayed, "Let him come soon." That was all, over and over again that one prayer, "Let him come soon."

That evening as she returned with fresh work she saw him; saw him on the streets of Montreal; saw him drive past her with a great brown-eyed woman sitting by his side and he leaning over her, and Marguerite saw the love-light in his eyes and not for her, and heard the music of his laugh, and he drove on with that woman with the low brow and dark tangle of hair and the glitter of jewels, sitting by his side.

A great terror came upon Marguerite and froze her where she stood and then she went home very slowly. Everything was changed. An hour ago she was waiting for him and the whole future was rosy with hope, and now? Now she had no future. It was all dark. He would never come back to her. She would never see him again and the woman she had seen by his side would have his love and his kisses. It was terrible.

Why did the good Saints allow this? Why were her prayers not answered? Why had they given Ducros to this woman, who could care nothing for him and would only toy with him and cast him aside like a withered flower, while she, she would give her heart for him. It was very hard.

She was young and strong. Must she live on and grow old and wrinkled like her grand'mere and never see any gladness in the sun nor know any happiness, but always live like a lark blinded and shut up in a cage? No, surely not.

How quiet grand'mere lay the night she died with the calm, dreamy look in her poor faded eyes. How very happy Lucile, the little girl in the flower factory, looked when it was all over, lying in her coffin like a child asleep. Three years ago and just such weather, Lisette Jamot, the poor seamstress, died. She recollected it so distinctly. She lived in the attic that afterwards became Ducros' paint room, and died in the night and Marguerite came in next morning on tiptoe to look at death, and she could recall the strange heavy smell and she heard the neighbours say Lisette and smothered herself with charcoal. She looked very quiet. She looked at rest.

Love was dead in Marguerite's heart. She could never love again and was it worth living on a cold cheerless life, never caring for anything, finding pain in the glad sun and in the broad blinding light and in the laughter of children, and in the joy of the crowd? Who cares for a flower when it has faded or a peach when it has withered on the wall? None. Her heart was dead; cold and dead, as though she lay in the grave, with the earth beaten down upon her, and the little white cross marking the spot. She had given him all; she had given him her love, her faith, her hope, there was nothing left but life—he might have that too.

We never know; we are so very blind. We cry out and beat our brains against the wall of our prison just as the door is opening. We are so blind. We say it will always be night, just before the grey dawn of the morning creeps over the hill. We never know. We pray for the loved one's return through all the months and years, and wait and long and at last, just as his footsteps sound on the threshold, we cry aloud, "It is finished," and lie down and close the weary eyes. We never know.

Next morning, as the Christmas bells flung out their welcome on the frosty air, Ducros broke away from his merry comrades and came to Marguerite—too late.

A few hours earlier and the faithful heart would have beaten warmly against his own; a few hours earlier and warm loving lips would have been laid to his; a few hours earlier and deep, earnest eyes would have looked love for him, and now they were closed for ever. Too late!

She lay very quiet, with almost a smile on her pale, worn face. Tired out. She gave her artist admirer her love and her faith and her hope—and last of all she gave him her life also.

"PURE GOLD" STANDS THE TEST.

The practice of adulterating preparations of food and other domestic articles, and the impossibility in many cases of detecting the presence of injurious or poisonous substances, except by careful scientific analysis, has rendered consumers sceptical of the purity of any article compounded of several different ingredients. And even when an article has been proved to possess the highest claims to purity and excellence, the causes already mentioned have a tendency to create distrust on the slightest evidence—in fact on evidence utterly unworthy of credence. For years past "Pure Gold" Baking Powder, and ever since the establishment of other branches of manufacture, the "Pure Gold" brands of other goods, prepared by Alex. Jardine & Co., of Toronto, who are proprietors of these brands, have been accepted as being unexcelled in purity. This claim is still conceded by the thousands who have found Jardine & Co.'s preparations household necessities, but there are some who do not know the high standing of the firm who may possibly be influenced by the fact that a package of bichromate of potash, a deadly poison, enclosed in one of the above firm's outer wrappers, but the inner wrapper totally different from that used by them, found its way into a family in Dorchester. It may be necessary to explain that the Company, in order to introduce their "Pure Gold" Baking Powder in a new territory, distribute samples free, which are made up from ordinary stock. The simple fact that this package was of the colour of brick dust, and the one given with it was the pure article, as white as snow, will prove to anyone giving the matter a moment's consideration, the utter impossibility of the poisonous package having been taken from the firm's stock. It may be added that the "Pure Gold" Baking Powder is prepared from perfectly pure materials and in large quantities, practically tested before and after mixing, and therefore this one package could not have been put up at the manufactory. The natural inference of every unprejudiced mind will be that some miscreant, to gratify some selfish purpose, has made a deliberate attempt to destroy the well-earned reputation of Messrs. Jardine & Co.'s preparations, even at the risk of destroying human life. By reference to the firm's full page announcement in this issue it will be seen that the incident referred to has elicited an overwhelming mass of testimonials from business men in the important business centres, showing that their confidence is not affected in the slightest degree by it. On the contrary, from present indications, it would seem to be quite certain that, instead of proving a cause of loss to the firm, it will elicit such a general expression of confidence in their integrity as to result in great ultimate gain. The following extract from the 30 page catalogue, issued by Messrs. Jardine & Co., affords an indication of the principles on which their business is conducted: "All goods bearing the name 'Pure Gold' are guaranteed to be genuine, and dealers are authorized to take back any article which is not found exactly as represented."

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, TORONTO.

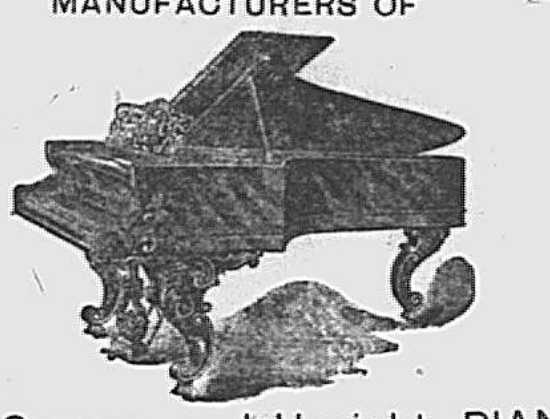
STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS IN ALL ITS APPOINTMENTS.

Celebrated for its home comforts, perfect quiet, excellent attendance, and the peculiar excellence of its cuisine, and has been patronized by their Royal Highnesses Prince Leopold and the Princess Louise, the Marquis of Lorne, Lord and Lady Dufferin, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne and the best families. It is most delightfully situated near the Bay, on Front-street, and is one of the largest and most comfortable hotels in the Dominion of Canada.

McGAW & WINNETT, Proprietors.

HEINTZMAN & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF



Grand, Square, and Upright PIANOS.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

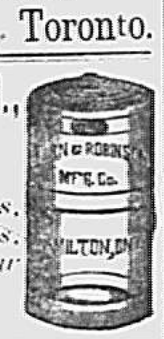
WAREROOMS 117 King-street West, Toronto.

BURN & ROBINSON MFG CO.,



Re-Tinned Pressed Ware.
Japanned Ware.
Japanned and Brass Bird Cages.
Searle's Pat. Steel Snow Shovels.
etc. Milk Can Fixtures, with new hoop lock.

ROCHESTER LAMP.





FURNISHER TO H. R. H. PRINCESS LOUISE.

MDME. DUBOIS & FILS,

Parisian Ostrich Feather Manufacturers, No. 7 Revere Block, Toronto.

Only Reliable Establishment in the City where OSTRICH FEATHERS are Cleaned, Curled, and Dyed Any Colour, and Finished in Real French Style. Crape and Laces Renewed.

Best Stock of Ostrich Feathers Always on Hand.

"Their Work Speaks Their Worth"

BINGHAM & WEBBER

Are The POPULAR PRINTERS Of TORONTO

Office 29 ADELAIDE ST. E.



FROM MYRA'S JOURNAL.

If the Nonpareil Velveteen were made at Lyons instead of at Manchester, it would be called velvet, and probably sold at velvet price, for it has the Lyons face, the soft velvety touch, the rich brilliancy of shade, fast and immovable pile, and perfectly even and regular make, giving those deep shadows which are only to be seen in velvet, and I will defy anyone not in the secret to detect the difference. Nonpareil Velveteen suits old and young, boys and girls, brides and chaperons. *The woman does not exist whom this lovely fabric does not become.* It well merits the name "Nonpareil," for it has no equal in grace and beauty."

ALFRED REEVE, - Wholesale Agent,

12 Colborne-street, Toronto.

ESTABLISHED, 1876.

BANKS BROTHERS,

Office, 60 Church-street, Toronto.

General Insurance and Estate Agents. Rents Collected, Estates Managed, Mortgages Bought and Sold.

We have several choice Farms for sale as under

110 ACRES—WITHIN 2½ MILES FROM TORONTO, one mile from station; capital buildings; soil first-class, and in a good state of cultivation; well watered; capital dairy farm; on easy terms.

150 ACRES—10 MILES FROM LISTOWEL—75 acres cleared, balance bush; frame dwelling and outbuildings; good wheat farm; cheese factory in the district; will be sold very cheap and on easy terms.

400 ACRES—HALF A MILE FROM Courtland Station, County Norfolk; 100 acres cleared, 200 acres partly cleared, and 100 acres of bush; soil, clay and sandy loam; frame buildings; easily divided into two farms; fronting on three roads; this is offered at a very low figure and on easy terms; would take 100 acre farm in part payment if desired. farm is close to Tilsonburg.

150 ACRES CHOICE FARMING LAND—in county Perth; part lot 17 and 18, concession 8, township Fullarton; 130 acres cleared; balance beech and maple; land high and rolling; in good state of cultivation; no waste land; well watered; bank barn, stone stable 50 x 35; drive barn, and other outbuildings; large frame dwelling; churches, schools, stores in the immediate locality.

BANKS BROTHERS HAVE A VERY LARGE list of valuable farms throughout Ontario; full particulars given on application; also several cheap improved farms, well suited for parties with small capital; these farms are situated in the back districts, and can be had from $200 and upwards. We have 400 acres situated in County Addington, 5 miles from Denbigh P.O.; 150 acres cleared, balance beautiful hardwood bush, with some basswood; land rolling, soil good, with log dwelling, 3 barns, and 2 stables. Price, $1,500. This is offered at considerable less than the improvements, and is a bargain to anyone desiring a large farm.

BANKS BROTHERS DO A LARGE REAL estate business in City of Toronto; parties desiring investments in real estate we shall be pleased to give full information; all properties left in our hands, for sale, no charge made unless sale effected.

WE ATTEND TO THE MANAGEMENT OF estates, rents collected, loans negotiated.

WE HAVE A VERY LARGE AMOUNT OF property in Rosedale, within the city limits, for sale; this is without doubt the finest suburb for residences in the city; prices are now very low, and investors will find Rosedale property one of the best investments in the city. Address

BANKS BROTHERS,
60 Church-street, Toronto,

INSURE WITH THE
Scottish Union & National Insurance Co.
OF EDINBURGH. ESTABLISHED, 1824.
Assets Over Thirty-three Million Dollars.

BANKS BROTHERS,
RESIDENT AGENTS,
OFFICE, 60 CHURCH-STREET, TORONTO.

A WORLD'S FAIR.

EATON'S EMPORIUM OF LOW PRICES,

New Goods, and Immense Departments is wondrous in its phase of commercial life. No matter how rough the weather, how dull the times, there is always to be heard and seen in this Immense Store the hum and snap of active business, the coming and going of pleased customers, the crackling of Electric Bells, the scampering of cash boys, and the subdued murmur of courteous and experienced salesmen and women

35 LARGE DEPARTMENTS instinct with life. Everything in order and ready to hand, and an exercise of common sense very gratifying to the public generally. No waiting, no fussing and fretting, everything pleasant. ENTERING THE MAIN ENTRANCE on the left, you pass the Ladies' Furnishings and Lingarie Counters, teeming with countless adjuncts of the Toilet. The Ribbon Department, with its varied and beautiful shades of colours; the Glove Department, with its soft dainty articles of hand apparel—varying from lengths of one button to countless buttons—with its Josephine and Jouvin princely qualities past stacks of Fleecy Clouds, Scarfs and Wraps, noting on our right the countless boxes of Hosiery, from the tiny Child's sizes to the latest novelty in Lady's wear. On into the region of Symmetrical Piles and Pyramids of Dress Goods, embracing nearly every class of textile known—Bright Colours, Dark Colours, Rich Subdued Colours, All Colours—and ending in the Sombre and Dark Coloured Mourning Department. Turning to retrace your steps, you pass the Silk and Velvet Department with Shining Satins, Glistening Silks, Soft-Toned Plushes fanciful curious flowered Velvets, and reach that most useful of articles, THE ELEVATOR. Its lattice work of gilded bars are thrown open to receive you, and, seated, you smoothly float upwards to the second tier or floor. Stepping from the Elevator you pass the bustling Shoe Department, tables of Blanket Coats, Plush Head Wear, Flowers, etc., and enter the precincts of the large and lively MILLINERY DEPARTMENT, with its many elegancies for the adornment of the fair sex. Here are to be seen daily in large numbers gratified patrons who have evidently appreciated our motto, "Millinery at Dry-Goods Prices." Piled up on its many tables are Hats of every shape and colour. Brilliantly Plumaged Birds and Fanciful Feathers repose on their boxes. Chef D'Œuvres of the trimmer's art appear in rows of beauty. Contiguous to this Department is the MANTLE DEPARTMENT, and as far as the eye can reach are Garments—Garments in piles and on figures. Beautiful Mantlettes and Dolmans, graceful Newmarket's Jaunty Walking Jackets, masterpieces of style and beauty. Webs of Cloth, Frames of Seal Plushes, Children's Jackets, and so on past the tables until directly opposite the Elevator you stand in full view of the gay tables of Xmas Goods. Adjoining this Department is the Ladies' Underwear. On the next tier of floors above us are the Carpets, Lace Curtains, Rugs, Blinds, Portiere Poles, Blankets, Comfortables, etc., at prices which are of the lowest. Descending to the ground floor you pass on your way out the Notions and Trimmings Department, the Staple Department, Flannels, Linens, and Gents' Furnishings, and pause at the door before the Book Department.

At night this immense place is brilliantly illuminated by the soft moonlight radiance of the numerous electric lights, which render the distinguishing of colours at night as easy a matter as by day. We daily receive numerous visitors and purchasers from out of the city, both personal and through the mail order department, who never fail to come again. Not only are our prices common-sense every-day prices, but our goods are always fresh and new. Doing the immense business we do, it could not be otherwise. Don't fail to visit this Interesting and Mammoth Establishment of

T. EATON & CO.'S,
190, 192, 194, 196 Yonge-street,
TORONTO, ONT.

The Globe's Prize Story Competition.

See Balloting Paper at Foot of Page 5.

LIZ.

S. E. JONES.



IN the summer of '64, I was working up in the west, in the vicinity of the Columbia. Our camp was on a small affluent of the river and was known as Stonewell's Camp. My brother-in-law, Harry Downing, was one of the party, but was along for his own private interests, which consisted mainly in sketching, and, as he himself said, "learning geography." He was a jolly young fellow a favourite wherever he went, particularly with ladies, and was well liked by all the men. As he and I were the best of friends, as well as brothers-in-law, we stuck pretty much together, and whenever I made short excursions away from the general camp, as my work sometimes required me to do, Harry was generally my sole companion. One of these excursions led me up the river some eight or ten miles to a place known as Three Forks, where there was a small settlement of Indians and Half-breeds, and a few pure white men, mostly miners. Harry, as usual, accompanied me, and we pitched our tent on the river bank some little distance from the tepees and shanties of the Indians. It was a picturesque spot; even I, who am apt to estimate nature according to her practical or commercial, rather than the artistic value; was impressed by the charm of the place, and Harry was quite carried away by it. Immediately after breakfast the first morning of camp, he produced brushes and paint and began industriously to work. I was glad to see him going at it so, for as a rule he did not work at anything seriously, and as yet had settled down to no steady employment. At noon, when I came in for dinner, hungry as a bear in spring, Harry was still painting, and had a fair show of colour on a big canvas stretched in front of him, but there was no sign of dinner.

"Glorious!" he cried, "I never saw anything finer, Jones" (I own to the name). "I'll make my fortune out of it yet. Did you ever see anything to equal those peaks with the sun on them?"

"I know something that would be better worth looking at just now," I replied, "and that would be a good beefsteak, if we only had one. I wish I was back in Toronto to-day, wouldn't I make Julia stare! Come, get out the ham, Harry, I'm too hungry to talk even."

"Ham! you and your beefsteak. Those bills never could make an oyster forget his appetite, but a cast iron steam engine of a civil engineer."

But he joined me in preparations for dinner, and did his full share in disposing of the same. When we had appeased that most obstinate and unreasonable individual, the inner man, and were lazily puffing our cigars for dessert, Harry again talked of his pictures.

"I must get those figures in," he said. "I'll go over to the 'city' yonder and see what sort of material there is there. Some of those Halfbreeds might work in very well, if one could get the right sort of colour on them."

While he was speaking I had watched a figure which had appeared on the slope above us, and pointing to it I said, "There is your material now." It was a girl, a slim bit of a thing, with a mass of tangled hair over her shoulders, and thin cheeks, and her ragged dress showed bare arms and ankles. She did not appear to be much ashamed of her condition of her, but eyed us with curiosity.

"Hallo, little girl," Harry called, "come down and tell us your name." As she did not respond to this introduction, Harry tried again. "Don't you want some bread and jam. I'll give you some, if you'll come and get it." She came at that, and took, with out a word of thanks, the chunk of bread and canned butter that Harry offered her.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Liz."

"That's a queer name for a little Indian."

"I ain't Injun," she responded indignantly, and indeed her accent showed that plainly.

"What are you then?"

"White girl."

"What's your other name—Liz what?" Harry asked.

"Liz Lanner," she replied, and in a minute or two she asked, "What's your's?"

"Harry Downing at your service, madam; this gentleman here is Mr. Stanly Jones, of Toronto. Get up Stan., my boy, and pay your respects to the fair sex. Being a married man he has lost, I regret to say, much of the gallantry which distinguished him as a bachelor."

The girl stared hard at me, as if she contemplated with evident satisfaction her bread and butter, but she did not eat it.

"Don't you want to have your picture taken?" asked Harry. Her reply was characteristic of the sex. "I ain't got no good close."

"Oh, those clothes are good enough. They're better than lots of clothes I've seen. I'll give you all the bread and butter you want if you'll come down here sometimes and let me take your picture."

"I dunno if I'll let me," said the child doubtfully, "but I guess I'll come anyhow," she added with a reflective look at her bread.

"What d'ye want of it?" she demanded suddenly.

"To remember you by," Harry said smiling.

She looked at him very doubtfully, but asked "When'll I come, then?"

"About this time to-morrow." Harry replied, and she started off, climbing the bank with nimble feet.

"She's a queer little specimen," Harry said after she had disappeared. "First rate though, I ought to make something out of her. I wonder how she comes among all those Halfbreeds, poor little soul!"

The next day she arrived again, according to agreement, but with some changes in her attire, of which Harry did not at all approve. Her hair had been somewhat combed, and her feet were encased in coarse water-soaked shoes, too large for her. These, Harry requested her to take off, which she did with evident relief.

"The old woman told me as how I ought to put them on," she said.

"Who's the old woman?"

"She's Dad's wife, but she ain't my ma. Dad calls her the old woman, so does Jim and me. Jim, she explained, was her little brother, and a "likely boy too," and she informed us that she was the only white girl at Three Forks, a fact which appeared to afford her considerable pride. She could row, and swim, and ride "as good as any boy," and in spite of her rough life and ways, possibly because of them, she showed a certain ingeniousness and innocence which was pleasing. Her chief desire was to know another white girl, and she asked some rather perplexing questions about that interesting class of society. Harry encouraged her to talk, for she was more natural and veracious when in conversation, besides which, in her own way she was really interesting. Harry finished his sketch of the hills, and began to work on a picture of Liz alone. He worked with a steadiness I had scarcely thought him capable of, and became absorbed in his work. I often waited at noon, while Liz was there, and then Harry would accompany me to my afternoon's place of work.

"I can tell you Stanly," I remember he said one day, "I'll make a good thing out of those pictures, especially that one of Liz. It's as good a bit of work as I ever did or better. I'll send it to the Art Society when I get back, and it will give us my entrée, see if it doesn't." What do you want an *entree* for?" I asked. "Your not going to be a painter all your life, are you?" "Why not? I'll ever make a success of anything it will be of that. There's nothing else I care for half as much. I suppose I shall do something else for my living but if I had the money I'd go to Italy to morrow, and study painting and nothing else."

"Every man to his taste," I remarked, "but it wouldn't be my choice."

"I should hope not" exclaimed Harry in a most uncomplimentary way. "The world may congratulate itself that it wasn't your choice. It isn't in you, Jones, and it is in me, and about all there is. You may think me a fool, but I'd rather be a second-rate artist than a first-rate anything else—engineer for instance."

Then he talked of his picture of Liz again, he was full of the subject, and could talk of nothing else, but I liked to see him so "enthusiastic."

For several days things went on the same. Harry's devotion to his work continued, and he spent much time and patience over Liz's picture. In Liz herself, I saw he was somewhat interested, apart from her role as model. He took some trouble to give her new ideas on various subjects, which she was quick to apprehend. Even in that short time a change was apparent in her, both as to how to define it, and how I recognized it, I do not know. Instead of growing more forward on closer acquaintance she was if anything more hesitating—almost shy sometimes. In spite of tan and freckles she was pretty, or would have been but for the rather pinched look in her face, and altogether, we grew to like her.

From several sources I had heard disparaging stories about Tanner, her father, and one day returning to camp alone, I met him. He was a tall, heavily built man, with one of the worst faces it has ever been my misfortune to look upon—dark sunken eyes, with a suspicious yet overbearing look in them: a coarse mouth, and his whole expression that of disagreeable and brutality. He looked like a Scotchman, but had something of a French accent. He was evidently accustomed to having things pretty much his own way, and was feared by the majority of the settlement.

"I see that my gal's gittin' fond o' the creek," he said to me with an odious smile. "Or perhaps o'yer pard." "Not at all," I answered "it's a business arrangement, altogether; my partner is making some pictures of the place about here and he wants to put some of the people in them, and your daughter happened to be the first one that he saw."

"Ah! what may 'business arrangement' mean if I may ask yer honour?" he said, impudently.

"I suppose he will pay whatever her services are worth," I answered.

"Well, ye can tell 'yer pard that her services are worth considerable. She's a likely gal. I hain't no objections to her agoin' down there a long's she's treated fair an' gits what her time's worth, but I don't want no love makin', mind ye, and what's more, I won't have none."

I saw that this sort of thing wouldn't do; that it would be safest for us both, and especially for Harry, who was hot-headed, to have no dealings whatever with Tanner. I resolved to hasten our departure.

Liz had latterly brought her brother when she came, and he also bore traces of abuse and neglect. Liz was devoted to him, the more so because he was rather sickly, and he accepted all her attentions and favours as a natural thing, but in his own way he was fond of her too, and showed great interest and delight in the picture, which was now near completion. I don't know much about pictures myself, but it struck me that that one was a close likeness, and a pretty picture; but I would have liked better to have seen rounder, rosier cheeks in both model and picture. It was curious to see Liz's wonderful half-pleased self-consciousness over the other self growing on the canvas. I think she did not altogether like the rough hair and bare feet it showed, but she evidently regarded Harry as the most gifted of mortals. On the day that the picture was pronounced complete, Harry asked her what she would like best that he should give her, but she would not say. "I don't want nothing," she repeated several times. "I've given me more now nor I've deserved."

I had told Harry that money would be specially appropriated by the father, so he was determined "the old villain shouldn't have a cent."

"See here, Liz," said Harry, "I'm going to give you this for a keepsake."

He had taken off his watch chain which I had never greatly admired: and with his knife had taken it apart. It was made of several small chains woven together, and after separating he fastened them into one continuous chain made of very small links. I never saw greater surprise and rapture and gratitude than Liz's face expressed when Harry threw that little chain over her head. Almost with tears she thanked him, and said she would never part with it as long as she lived. She broke down entirely at last and ran away, her small brother following.

Just two days after that we made preparations to break up camp, and early the following morning, to join our men at Stonewell's. It was our last evening at Three Forks, and a glorious one. I'm not a man of description, so I can't tell you what it was like, and I suppose you are as well pleased anyway. Harry and I were sitting together by the river, talking long and earnestly.

"I feel somehow," Harry said, "as if this summer, and even these few days here, were a sort of turning point with me. I've worked harder and better than I ever did before, and I owe a great deal of it to you, Stanly, more than you think."

We were silent while the sun went down, and I shall never forget the wonderful beauty and enchantment almost of that time and place; but while we were yet musing upon it the silence was suddenly broken on us from behind us. It was Liz. She came up close, and there was a kind of terror in her wide open eyes. She crouched down near Harry, a little trembling heap of fright and speechless entreaty. We soon perceived the cause. Her father was not far behind, and was in a half-drunken rage; he carried a great stock whip in his hand, and his mouth was full of imprecations and curses.

"Come here, you hussy," he cried, "I'll learn ye to mind yer father. Come, give it up, or I'll rawhide it out of ye."

Harry and I had risen at his approach and Harry was, I saw, ready to attack the man if he offered violence. The latter seized the girl roughly and tried to hold her hands; she sprang up then, and in a sudden change from fear to defiance said:

"Let me be, an' I'll show you." He stood back, suspiciously watching every movement. From her bosom she drew a heap of little shining links—Harry's chain! For an instant she held it up, and then threw it far out into the river, where it fell with a quick splash. Her face was white and defiant, and her black eyes flashed as a child no longer, she faced her father. For a moment he was speechless, and then raised his whip and gave her a full cruel blow.

"You brute!" shouted Harry. "How dare you! I'll thresh you for that."

At that the man turned upon him.

"Aye, ye young dog! Yer at the bottom of the bull-ont. She was a likely young gal afore you showed yer ugly face here, an set her up to sass her father. I'll learn ye to mind yer own business."

Almost before I was aware of his intention he had aimed another stroke of his whip at Harry. I jumped forward, but far quicker than I was Liz. She sprang in front of her father and received a terrible blow with the butt-end of the whip and sank with a little cry to the ground. In another instant I seized the whip and flung it into the river after the chain. Harry was beside himself with rage and would have gone at Tanner for a hand-to-hand fight but for my interference.

"You've done enough mischief," I said to Tanner. "If you lift another hand, you'll have two men to fight." He saw he was at our mercy, and turned away with fearful oaths and threats of vengeance.

Harry had already raised Liz up, at first she was unconscious, but she quickly rallied and her eyes were bright and glittering. I foresaw danger, and that we must leave the place as speedily as possible. Tanner could easily have a dozen Halfbreeds, glad of any excuse, to vent their long-nursed hatred of white men upon us, and Tanner would misrepresent and exaggerate the whole affair, of that I felt sure.

"Harry," I said, "We must leave here to-night. I'll take Liz up to her home while you get down the tent and ready to start."

"No," he said, "I'll take Liz up, it's my place, and I'm not afraid."

I saw it was useless to argue with him, though I feared another encounter with Tanner. So we started off in the direction of his shanty, partly supporting Liz, who, though insisting that she could go alone, trembled visibly at times, and was half fainting at others. At the door of the shanty we stopped. Harry drew something from his pocket and hurriedly pressed it upon her, but she refused it, though without speaking. Harry said at last very seriously and gently: "Good bye, Liz; I hope to see you again some time sound and happy."

She shook her head mournfully, and for the first time the tears came into her bright, dark eyes and overflowed. She opened her lips as if to speak, but said nothing, and covering her face she turned away and left us.

We hastily retraced our steps, and were soon on the road to Stonewell's, which we reached a little after midnight without hindrance or accident; fortunately it was moonlight. I made explanations to the men, but for Harry's sake I said nothing about poor Liz. It was, perhaps, his first trouble of any sort, and he took it hard, blaming himself for much of it, and fearing worse things for Liz when her father should discover our sudden flight.

Some weeks afterwards, on our return trip, we reached Minner Dean Three Forks, whom we had seen once or twice up that way. Harry recognized him first, and leading the conversation around, asked at length if he knew how Liz Tanner was getting along. The fellow—Wilkes his name was—continued smoking his short, black pipe several minutes in silence and then he said:

"Tanner's Liz is dead. Tanner giv out she died o' some sort o' ketchin' fever, but nobody b'lieved him. Nobody seen her, an' he buried her himself at night fear o' the fever, he said. Like as not he done her some hurt himself when he was in the tantrums; he's been worse nor ever since. It's an awful pity, for she was a nice little thing."

Harry's picture did not go to the Exhibition last spring.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

By John G. Whittier.

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born.
With glad jubilations
Bring hope to the nations!
The dark night is ending and night has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

Sing the bridal of nations, with chorals of love,
Sing out the war vulture and sing in the dove,
Till the hearts of the people keep time to one chord,
And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord!
Clasp hands of the nations
In strong gratulations;
The dark night is ending, the dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace,
East, west, north and south, let the din of the quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and good will to man.
Hark! joining the chorus
The heavens bend o'er us.
The dark night is ending and day is begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

WINES.—Ports in Cockburn's, Graham's, and Da Silva's; Sherries in Gordon's and Misa's, at $2, $2 50, $3, $3 50, $4, $4 50, $5, and $6 per gall. These Wines have all been received direct from the agents, and are the finest imported. MARA & CO., 280 Queen-street West.

WINES.—Cockburn's White Port, imported specially for Invalids, $5 per gall., or $1 2 per doz. MARA & CO., 280 Queen-street West.

CLARETS.—Messrs. Journu Frere's Bordeaux in Medoc, St. Estephe, St. Julien, Margant, and Pontet Canet, at MARA & CO., Grocers and Wine Merchants, 280 Queen-st. West, near Beverley-st.

H. W. BRETHOUR & CO.,
BRANTFORD.

We are offering SPECIAL BARGAINS in the following lines:—

Black and Coloured Silks, Dress Goods, Velveteens, Table Linen, Tapestry, Table Covers: House Furnishings, such as Towels, Towellings, Sheetings, Pillow Cottons, &c.

We Are Clearing

The balance of our stock of Mantles at Low Prices. Also MILLINERY.

H. W. Brethour & Co.,
Brantford.

WM. GRANT,
IMPORTER OF GENERAL
DRY-GOODS
MANUFACTURER OF
MILLINERY, MANTLES,
COSTUMES,
CLOTHING, SHIRTS,
COLLARS, &c.,
BRANTFORD, ONT.,
Invites the Attention of the Purchasing Public of the Counties of Brant, Haldimand, Norfolk, Oxford, Waterloo, and Wentworth, to His
90-Day Clearing Sale!
In order to make room for Extensive Alterations and Additions to his already Large Premises.
THE SALE IS A
Genuine Clearing Sale,
AND EMBRACES
Rich Silks, Satins, Velvets, Millinery, Mantles,
Shawls, Furs, Fine Wool Dress Fabrics, Cashmeres, Ottomans, Table Damask Towellings, Cottons, Linens, Carpets, Oilcloths, Ready-made Clothing, Cloths, Tweeds, Gentlemen's Furnishings, Hats, Caps, &c., &c., amounting to nearly
One Hundred Thousand Dollars.
No Reserve. Stock Must be Reduced. Terms Strictly Cash.
WM. GRANT,
IMPORTER, BRANTFORD.

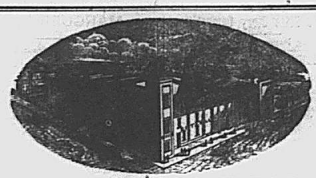


Visit This Establishment for Very Best Value in
DRY-GOODS, MILLINERY, MANTLES, and CLOTHING.
Letter orders receive prompt attention.
SAMPLES SENT ON APPLICATION.
THOMAS McLEAN,
BRANTFORD.

J. O. WISNER, SON, & CO.,
BRANTFORD, CANADA.



Wisner Tubular Iron Frame Drill.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Grain Drills, Broadcast Seeders, HAY TEDDERS, HAY RAKES, SPRING TOOTH CULTIVATORS AND HARROWS.
☞ SEND FOR NEW CATALOGUE.



W. E. WELDING'S
Brantford Stoneware Works,
Corner of Clarence and Dalhousie Sts,
Is of white brick, two storeys high, 120 x 50 feet, with a basement 52 x 22 feet, having a tower 55 feet in height, from which a fine view of the city is obtained, and in the distance Tutelo Heights, formerly the residence of Prof. Bell, who there invented the now celebrated "Bell Telephone."
This old and reliable establishment has always held first place in this department of industry in Canada since it was established in 1844, and is becoming more consolidated with the lapse of time. Manufacturing Stone and Rockingham Ware of every conceivable form and variety of design, new, useful, and ornamental, from a 20-gallon Barrel and Oyster Tub to a half-pint Jelly Cup and Oriental Vases of exquisite beauty, all of the best sample of Salt and Rocking ham glaze. It is in this factory where "the potter hath power over his clay."
Illustrated Catalogues Furnished Intending Purchasers on Application.



BRANTFORD YOUNG LADIES COLLEGE, BRANTFORD.
RE-OPENS ON THE 6th JANUARY NEW STUDENTS ADMITTED.
UNRIVALLED MUSIC ART in Vocal and Instrumental; adapted to the home and public concert. in Landscape, Figure Decoration; in Oil, Water Colours, Crayon; Drawing rooms, as well as to designs; fadeless ornament and beautify the home.
Terms moderate for the advantages offered. Send for Calendar.
T. M. MACINTYRE, M.A., LL.B., Principal.

THE CHEAPEST THOROUGHLY GOOD ENGINES BUILT!
OVER TWELVE HUNDRED IN USE.
Sizes in this style built, 6, 12, 16, 20, 25 and 30 H.P.
Suitable for every purpose. Link motion can be attached for hoisting.
6 H.P. ENGINE $150
Other Sizes in proportion.



HEAVY Stationery Sawmills of all capacities. Portable Sawmills our specialty. Shingle and Wood-working Machinery, Grain Choppers, and Champion Fire-Proof Farm Engines. Send for Circular, stating your wants.
EASTERN OFFICE—154 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.
WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO., BRANTFORD and WINNIPEG.

AGENTS—WORLD'S WONDERS" TAKES the lead. 400 P. Jenkins sold 128 the first four weeks; J. A. Williams, 76 in one week; A. C. Downs, 30 the first three days. An Encyclopedia of Travel; Thrilling Adventures in Africa, Greenland, Mexico, Archipelagoes, and Polar Regions. A book that gives satisfaction, and that you can make money with. Price reduced.
BRADLEY, GARRETSON, & CO., Brantford.

6 PER CENT.
Money advanced on Farm and City Property; no commission; mortgages purchased.
R. H. TEMPLE,
81 Adelaide, Toronto.

THE BRANTFORD LIGHT STEEL BINDER.



PASSING THROUGH A GATE.
The Only Genuine STEEL BINDER in the MARKET

STEEL HARVESTER FRAME.
STEEL KNOTTER PINION.
STEEL FINGER BAR.
STEEL PROTECTING PLATE.
STEEL DRIVE WHEEL.
STEEL BREAST PLATE.
STEEL POLE EXTENSION.
STEEL SHAFTING.
STEEL KNIVES.
STEEL SPRINGS.
STEEL SHEAF CARRIER.

FARMERS OF CANADA.
Be sure and See this NEW BINDER. Sample Machines will be in the hands of our Agents early in January. It will pay you to examine it carefully, as it is altogether the Finest Binder you can buy, and worth much more than any other. For 1886 we adopt some very valuable improvements not used by others. Our Binders are acknowledged the oldest in experience and the newest in improvements, and the only Binders giving perfect satisfaction to Thousands of Customers. Order Early.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

END-DRIVEN KNIVES.
IRON-CAPPED ROLLERS.
EXTRA-WIDE ELEVATING CANVAS.
NEW NEEDLE TRIP.
NEW CHAIN DRIVE.
ADJUSTER CANVAS WITHOUT STRAPS.
PATENT INSIDE GRAIN LIFTER.
VERY SIMPLE KNOTTER.
ADJUSTABLE OUTSIDE DIVIDER.
VERY LIGHT IN DRAUGHT,
EXECUTION UNRIVALLED.

A. HARRIS, SON, & CO., (Ld.) Brantford, Canada.

The Globe's Prize Story Competition.

See Ballotting Paper at Foot of Page 5.

HOW WE GOT OUT OF IT.

BY SOLOMON RIGGS.

MY name is Solomon Riggs and his name was Dobbs. Bill Dobbs we called him then, but after he left the Normal School and took his second-class Grade A. certificate he signed himself W. E. Dobbs. He is W. Erskin Dobbs now.

The first time I saw Dobbs was in the Assembly Room of the Normal School in Toronto. He was smart as a whip, the boys used to say, and I have no doubt he made an excellent teacher, although at one period of his Normal career his term of usefulness seemed in imminent danger of coming to an untimely end and it is of that circumstance that this story proposes to speak.

Somehow or other Dobbs managed to incur the dislike of most of the teachers both in the Normal and in the Model Schools.

He got the Principal down on him about the second week. This was how *that* happened. One of the favourite methods of this Principal was to give out slowly a question, and then, beginning at one end of the room, rapidly name each student in succession until he had gone through the entire list. Then he would lean back in his chair and look at us with an expression that said "Well you're a fine set of country bumpkins not to be able to answer a simple question like that."

He was a wonderful man. He knew the name of every student there the second day. It wasn't the simplicity of the question that staggered us. We rather preferred a simple question to his more complex ones. It was the appalling glibness of the way he uttered our names in rapid succession that paralyzed our tongues. Before a student named could get his wits about him and his mouth fixed in shape to answer the question, it was several doors further on.

"He thinks he's smart don't he?" said Dobbs to me.

"He has every right to," I answered, for Dr. Smart was the Principal's name.

"Well I'll be ready for him next time," said Dobbs and he was.

"Gentlemen," said Dr. Smart, "I shall ask you a very simple question and I need not say that I expect a ready answer. Give me four compound words. Surely that is easy enough to suit even this assemblage. Mr. Jones, Mr. Smith, Mr. Brown, Mr. Street, Mr. Swift. Swift your slow. Mr. King, Mr. Stubbs, Mr. Riggs, Mr. Gibbs, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Swing, Mr. Dobbs, Mr. ——." But he got no further. Dobbs was waiting for him. He was naming down one row and up the other and when he got within three persons of Dobbs, that gentleman put his mouth in shape and fired the answer at him with a suddenness that took Dr. Smart's breath away.

Dobbs shouted at the top of his voice:—

"Bald-headed, thick-pated, grey-whiskered, long-nosed."

There was a moment of embarrassing silence, then the school burst into one roar of laughter. The four compound words described Dr. Smart himself like a photograph, all but the "thick-pated," for the Doctor was certainly not that, as Dobbs had good reason to know before the session ended. After that the Doctor was a little severe on Dobbs.

Now one of the things a Normal student cordially hates till he gets used to it is the teaching down in the Model School.

We were supposed to rule the "Modellers" by moral force. Personally I at that time would have preferred ruling them with rawhide. Most of us Normalities were bashful young men from the country, while the "Modellers" as we called them were fresh city chaps who had had every educational advantage and generally knew more about the subjects we were sent down to teach than we did ourselves. We were allowed one night of agony to post up on whatever topic we were to enlighten them on.

John Bobson was the head master of the Model. I don't believe there was a man in Toronto so well hated and so well liked as Mr. John Bobson. He was rather tall, had mutton-chop whiskers, and an imperturbable face. He had a cold, calm stare that looked clear through a Normalite. He had a very peculiar bow. He fixed his immovable eyes on you and lowered his head to a certain point that was always the same, never taking his eyes from you and then his head sprang back to the original erect position he usually kept it in. It reminded me of the mechanical action of one of those Chinese figures where the head nods in a very exact sort of manner when you pull a string. Like "Pooh Bah" in the Mikado. He didn't mean anything by it. His nod seemed to say to us, "You are very young persons indeed and I am the best teacher in Canada." Meanwhile most of us bowed very low to Mr. Bobson. Besides hating him we paid him the compliment of being afraid of him. Our nods were deferential. To follow out the Mikado simile I may say:—

They were none of your impudent, off-hand nods,
But as humble as could be;
For we clearly knew
The deference due
To a teacher such as he.

There is no doubt in my mind now that we never did justice to Mr. Bobson's excellent qualities as a man and a teacher. The Model School was indeed a model and the pupils would go through fire and water for Mr. John Bobson. Somehow or other the Normalites got the notion that Mr. Bobson was a spy on their actions and that the First Division of the Model School was merely a very well trained band of excellent detectives who reported our delinquencies to Mr. Bobson, after which the news did not take long to reach the ears of Dr. Smart. I remember once that Dobbs and I were so injudicious as to become ill the same day and asked to be excused, on account of this sudden indisposition, from our classes in the Model. We carefully kept our rooms on Church-street until after 9 o'clock and then sallied down that street to the Bay, with our fishing rods over our shoulders, and hired a boat. I don't know any occupation more calculated to restore health to the jaded frame of a student than this, yet the Normal School authorities did not seem to look on it in that light. Next day after prayers Dr. Smart said:—

"Young gentlemen you will be concerned to learn that your fellow students, Mr. Dobbs and Mr. Riggs, had a very painful attack of illness yesterday, which these gentlemen no doubt the more deplored as it deprived them of the advantage of teaching in the Model School this week."

All eyes were turned to us and we modestly gazed on the tops of our respective desks.

"The painfulness of this announcement which I so regret to have been compelled to make," continued the Doctor blandly, "is somewhat mitigated by the appearance of these afflicted young gentlemen in their places this morning, looking a little worn, it is true, but still as well as we have a right to expect after so severe an attack. I hope you are feeling very much better this morning, Mr. Dobbs."

"Thank you, Doctor," replied the unabashed Dobbs, "I am doing very nicely indeed."

"I am very gratified to hear that, Mr. Dobbs; and if it would not be betraying too much curiosity might I enquire if the fish in the day bit well yesterday, Mr. Dobbs?"

"I am sorry to say, sir, that they did not. The bait wasn't good, and my opinion now is that we chose the wrong fishing ground. If you are thinking of taking a day off, Doctor, I would advise going down towards the distillery. We went to the west."

"You are at once generous and thoughtful, Mr. Dobbs. Am I to understand that you caught nothing, Mr. Dobbs?"

"Nothing whatever, sir. At least nothing compared to what I expect to catch this morning, sir."

"In a somewhat disappointing world, Mr. Dobbs, it is pleasing to think that a few, at least, of our expectations are gratified. I do not imagine you will be disappointed, if you two gentlemen will do me the honour of calling at my private room after class, this morning."

The interview was all that we could wish. We had to make up double the time after hours. I told Dobbs that we would have got off easier if he had not been so fresh with his fishing suggestions before the class, but Dobbs was always wise after the event. "Some of those wretched Modellers gave the snap away," said Dobbs and I have no doubt they did.

Dobbs put his foot in it with Bobson the very first time he had to teach in the model. He was given arithmetic in the First Division. They had prayers in the big room of the Model, and then each Normalite assigned to teach that day was expected to marshall his class into its recitation room. The First Division occupied a room at the right of the big room. Dobbs gave the regulation commands and the boys with their slates under their arms marched like soldiers to their rooms. If I remember rightly there were four long seats that each held ten pupils or so, and each seat was a little higher than the one in front. Instead of going into the four seats, as they ought to have done, the forty boys jammed themselves into the two upper seats and packed themselves like sardines in the space supposed to be occupied by half their number. This was a favourite trick of theirs. The green and embarrassed Normalite generally endeavoured to straighten out the tangle, and the consequence was that there was immense confusion, and no work done when the regular teacher came in to see how the Normalite was getting on. Dobbs however gazed calmy at the packed class, and then turned leisurely around and put down a problem on the board.

"Oblige me," he said, as if he noticed nothing wrong, "by doing that question."

It was a fearfully hot day. The packed boys began to swelter.

"Please sir, I'm crowded." "Please sir I am so jammed in here I can't get my slate out." "Oh Mr. Dobbs, please sir I'm smothering." "I'm being crushed to bits sir, please can't I go on a front seat." These cries of distress arose from all the Modellers. Dobbs looked serenely on.

"My dear fellows," he said, "I did not ask you to *pack* yourselves. If you prefer that sort of thing, I have no complaint to make. I am quite comfortable, I assure you, and as you choose that way of seating yourselves, why, there you shall stay for three-quarters of an hour."

At that moment Mr. Bobson came in.

"What is the meaning of this, Mr. Dobbs?"

"It means, I presume, Mr. Bobson, that your pupils are so poorly instructed that they don't know enough to get into their right seats."

This remark made Bobson the enemy of Mr. Dobbs.

[As I am limited to three thousand words in this story I find I have to bestir myself in the telling of it.]

Mr. Dobbs had only one friend in the Model, and that was Anson Stringer, the second teacher, who had known him before he came to the Normal. I will only say this of Mr. Stringer, that he was the most conscientious young man I ever met. He would not have told a lie for all Toronto, with Yorkville thrown in by way of a chromo. All, from Dr. Smart down, knew that.

One of the most stringent rules of the Normal is that no gentleman student shall, during the session, speak to any of the lady students. Expulsion follows the infringement of this rule, always with the important proviso that the Normal authorities found us out. One Sunday night Dobbs said to me, "Let us go to the—Church."

"Wherefore?" I said in astonishment, for Dobbs was not an enthusiastic church-goer.

"So that we may have the pleasure of escorting Miss Trent and Miss Booker home. They will be there. It is a stormy night. There is not many Modellers abroad, and it is not worth the risk."

Half-an-hour later we were scanning the congregation from the gallery. We did not see the young ladies. When the service was over we stationed ourselves at the door but were disappointed. However, we were nearly thunderstruck to be greeted by Mr. Stringer. "Gewhilikins! What an escape!" whispered Dobbs to me, for he knew that friendly as Stringer was to him his sensitive conscience would have compelled him to inform on us. "I'm going your way I think," said Stringer, "You go up Church-street don't you?" "Yes," said Dobbs, and we walked on together. As we came to Church-street Stringer remarked that there was a big congregation at the Metropolitan. I looked up and saw that he was mistaken in thinking that the congregation was coming from the Metropolitan. It was the congregation from another church farther up. A very celebrated preacher was at the Metropolitan, and the service was still going on. Then it struck me that that was where the girls were. Stringer came up to our rooms on Dobbs' invitation. Dobbs had a letter to show him containing news from home. I said good night and pretended to go to bed. As soon as Dobbs came up after bolting the door behind Stringer, I cried, "The girls are at the Metropolitan, Dobbs, let us hurry back before it is out."

"The congregation were coming out as we passed. We're too late."

"No we're not, Stringer was mistaken. Come on." We met the girls at the corner and they took our respective arms. As we walked up Church-street Dobbs turned suddenly around and hoarsely whispered, "Please put down your veil Miss Trent. Bobson's under the next lamp post."

"Let's turn back," I said horrified.

"To late, Sol. He's seen us. We must brazen it out."

"Good evening Mr. Dobbs," said the serene Bobson as we came up, "hope you enjoyed the sermon, Mr. Dobbs."

"Very much indeed, Mr. Bobson, thank you."

"And you Mr. Riggs?"

"Well, not so much as Dobbs," I groaned.

. . . .

"Dobbs," I said when we were in our rooms "This is tragic. We're gone. I've been two sessions at the Normal and now I'll be expelled. It means ruin for me."

"Not a bit of it Riggs my boy. He didn't see the girls and wouldn't have known them if he did. We must heroically lie out of it."

"No use, Dobbs, I could never lie with the genius that you can. Besides I have scruples."

"Oh, have you" said Dobbs, "Well, my boy, we'll divide this thing up. You do the truth-telling and I'll do the villainy. I don't propose to have a useful career checked merely because old Bobson is a spy."

Next morning there was a solemn conclave in Dr. Smart's private room. "Gentlemen," he began "I am astonished to hear that you have broken a rule that must result in your expulsion from this institution."

"You are not half so astonished as I am," said Dobbs "What is the accusation?"

Mr. Bobson without a show of malice told his story.

"There is not a word of truth in that," said Dobbs boldly "Mr. Bobson doubtless *thought* he saw us, but he was mistaken."

"Do you mean to tell me, sir, that you did not speak to me last night coming home with one of the young ladies on your arm."

"How could I speak to you, I never saw you. We were not at the Metropolitan last night. We went to ——Church."

"What have you to say to that, Mr. Riggs?"

"I have to say that I was with Mr. Dobbs. We went to—Church, not to the Metropolitan. We came home with Mr. Stringer and then I went to bed. Mr. Dobbs saw Mr. Stringer out and bolted the door after him." This was a pretty tight place but you will observe I stuck to the exact truth.

"Let us hear what Mr. Stringer has to say," said Bobson with one of his nods.

"Certainly," said the suave Mr Dobbs.

Stringer corroborated all we said. It was impossible, he remarked, that we could have been at the Metropolitan for he noticed it was dismissed as we passed and he had spent quite a time with Mr. Dobbs and I had gone to bed. Bobson was so bewildered that he hadn't a word to say. Stringer's testimony was unimpeachable. Dr. Smart and Mr. Bobson both knew that and I fancied that the doctor looked relieved, as he remarked—"Let us say nothing more about it, gentlemen. A case of mistaken idenity I think Mr. Bobson."

"Evidently" said Bobson sarcastically.

In the hall Bobson touched me on the shoulder, "Look here, Riggs, you don't mean to deny now that we are alone, that I saw you last night."

"Certainly not, Mr. Bobson, and if you recollect, I did not deny it to Dr. Smart."

"Well I would like to know how you deceived Mr. Stringer, that's all. I would like to know how you got out of it."

"You *shall* know. Some day I'll write it all up and then you'll see how the case stood."

I have now kept my promise and I hope that when Mr. Bobson reads this, he will vote my story is a good one. *That's* how we got out of it.

A NIGHT OF HORRORS.

BY JOHN COLLINS.

IT was a most unseasonable New Year's Eve that found me seated before a bright and cheerful wood fire, in the cozy drawing-room of the Hepworths.

Mr. Hepworth was a prosperous merchant in one of our Western towns, and I, John Collins, bachelor, manager of the local branch of the Producers' Bank, was to spend the night with him and watch the old year out. Our circle consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Hepworth, their only son George, and Jessie, their youngest daughter, whom I would gladly have persuaded to follow the example of her sisters Kate and Maggie and help a lonely bachelor to make a home.

We were cozy, as I said, but we could not forget what sort of weather it was out of doors. The gale whooping along the verandah and booming down the chimney, the splashing of sleet on the shutters, effectually reminded us that this was not a typical Canadian winter's night. And our talk insensibly took its tone from the eerie notes of the windy orchestra outside. It was, of course, in order to talk of ghosts, and we began with that subject.

"Do you know," said Hepworth, "that they have begun to see ghosts again in that old Sol Fisher house about two miles out of town? You remember poor Fisher was crazy for some time before he died, and they said his wife kept him chained up for weeks till she got tired of caring for him, and then poisoned him. No one saw him for a long time before his death at any rate. After he died she left the house, and there were strange stories of lights and screams and clanking of chains being seen and heard there at night. This nonsense spoiled the sale of the place, and it's vacant yet, though no one saw any ghosts for years till a fortnight ago. Since then several parties have told me that they had certainly seen lights in the house at uncanny hours, and heard wild laughter and shouts, but had not investigated further. It was so far back from the road they said, and they were in a hurry!"

"More like tramps than ghosts," said George. "There have been a lot of small burglaries lately a few miles north of here—farm houses entered through the windows, and loose change, food, and liquor stolen—nothing that could be identified if found—regular tramps' work—no 'science' about it. Likely enough they bunk in the 'haunted house' all day, and have a blow out there, when they return from business towards morning."

"Have you never feared burglars here, Mr. Hepworth?" I said. "Your house is far enough out of town to be rather lonely, and they would naturally suppose it held something worth stealing." A natural association of ideas made me glance towards Jessie, as I remembered that verse of the old Irish song:—

"The cruel watchdog, love, is snarling;
He takes me for a thief you see—
For he knows I'd steal you, Mollie Darling—
And then transported I shoulp be!
Mollie Bawn—Mollie Asthore!"

"Oh no," said Hepworth, "they would know that merchants don't keep much cash in their houses—and they probably would *not* know that the tea service and spoons are solid. I believe I've more money in the house to-night than I've had for years. I drew out Katie's and Maggie's dividends—about $2,000 in all—and brought them up, so that I could hand them the cash when they drive in to-morrow, as the bank will be closed."

A slow, stealthy creak on the floor of the verandah near the French window—a slight start by all—a movement by Hepworth towards the window—then Mrs. Hepworth said, with a forced smile "Don't open it, John. There are all kinds of noises abroad to-night besides, it would blow out the lamp."

Jessie led off with a rush in a new direction. "Did you ever see any of what the mediums call 'manifestations,' Mr. Collins?"

"Yes, I've seen and heard the usual things—furniture moved, shawls taking flight through the air, rappings and scratchings all over the room. I've even witnessed a 'materialization' felt 'spirit hands,' and had my pockets filled with something so heavy that I could hardly rise."

"I hardly know," said she, "whether it would be more grewsome to *feel* a spirit, or too see inanimate things moving of their own accord. I believe either would send me into hysterics."

"They would be awful enough if they happened under circumstances that did not smell so strongly of imposture. Mediums are only clever jugglers—but not to be compared with their Indian rivals. These fellows put a boy in a basket, run a sword through it, and soak the floor with blood—then open the basket and show it empty, while the boy appears from the back-ground unhurt."

"What would you think if such things happened in this room without the presence of medium or juggler?"

"Probably, that I was going crazy, or else that mind can really influence matter even at a distance."

Jessie mused a moment—then, as the wind rejoiced in the discovery of some new cranny "What a war-whoop that was! One could almost fancy the spirits of slaughtered Indians—"

"Come, come," said her father. "This is growing too dismal, give us some music."

So Jessie threw her knitting on the piano—a big soft shawl it was, of that fleecy "Shetland" wool—and drove away our mystical fancies with lively Scotch airs and a few of the old "*Chansons du Canada.*" Then the clock struck twelve—we exchanged seasonable wishes and adjourned to the dining-room, where we found a well equipped tray for us men folk, and a pitcher of milk for the ladies, who wore the blue ribbon.

That picture caught my eye at once, for I like "odd pieces." It was one of those quaint German "greybeard jugs"—very squat and solid—the front formed by a broad Silenus-face with flowing beard and impish expression. Jessie told me it had been given to her by old Count B—— who had come to Canada to make his fortune, and was now glad to take a clerkship in her father's store. He said it had a history but seemed unwilling to tell it.

"Now," said I, "there's the face of a medium for you; you don't know when he will be getting up some 'manifestations.'" And I started, for I fancied that Herr Greybeard solemnly closed his left eye at that word!

We soon retired, and neither thoughts of Jessie, spirits, or burglars kept me from dreamless sleep.

Dreamless, but not long, for I woke suddenly with a strong impression of having heard a noise—*what*, I could not recall. Then I became conscious of a pungent, depressing smell that seemed to confuse my ideas. While trying to get them in order I *did* hear a noise, apparently made by a chair smartly jammed against the table in the diningroom directly below me. I understood at once—burglars and chloroform—though I had not recognized the smell when I woke. I lighted my lamp, and was scrambling into my most necessary garments, when quite an uproar broke out in the room below—plate jingling, crockery smashing, a scuffle, and a rattling of chairs! Had they sat down to the liquors and come to blows over the spoil! But then there were no voices!

I rushed out on the landing, to find the family already there in all sorts of deshabille. "Burglars?" I queried. "Must be," said Hepworth; "that money's nowhere in my room; must have chloroformed me. Come on, we're too many for them. Jessie, stay with your mother?" "Oh, we'd *die*, papa; *do* let us come with you?" "Go in there and lock the door. Come, boys, leave your lamps; we only want this one."

So down we went, Hepworth in advance, revolver in one hand and lamp in the other. As we descended there was a crash of glass and the fall of a hard body, as if a stone had been thrown through the window. The dining-room, as the source of the noise, was our first care. Entering cautiously we found the chairs in disorder, eatables scattered, decanters upset, a broken pane in the French window, but no trace of the missile we had heard falling! There was silence while George and I armed ourselves with the weapons of the fireside. Then our hair bristled, for we heard in the library, which opened off this room a scuffle, a blow, a thud, and a

Awarded Gold Medal at Provincial and Dominion Exhibition, Sept. 7 to 12,'85.

JOHN ELLIOTT & SON, Phœnix Foundry, London, Ont., Can.



Manufacturers of the Celebrated Milwaukee Junior Harvester and Binder,

The Simplest, Most Compact, and Only Genuine Two-Horse Binder, Cutting a 5 Feet Swaith in Ontario. Also WARRIOR MOWER, HAY RAKES, &c. Send for Circular. AGENTS WANTED.



That Queen of Perfumes for the Handkerchief.

A NEW BOUQUET

of Exquisite Richness of Odor, Distilled from Natural Flowers. The most Delightful and Delicate Perfume of the Day.

It is one of the most powerful and permanent perfumes prepared. A single drop will be found sufficient to scent a handkerchief or even a room. It is put up in a new style of glass-stoppered bottles, and sold by all perfumers and druggists.

Price, 75c. Per Bottle.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Sole Agents. MONTREAL.

FLETT, LOWNDES, & CO.,

27 Front-street West, Toronto.

BUTTONS,

Sewing and Machine Silks,

Tailors' Trimmings,

Goodworth's Silkaline,

Knox Linen Thread,

Clapperton's Spool Cotton.

Orders by Mail Receive Prompt Attention.

TELEPHONE 1184.

TAYLOR BROTHERS,

MANUFACTURERS

PAPER

AND

PAPER BAGS,

MOTH PROOF

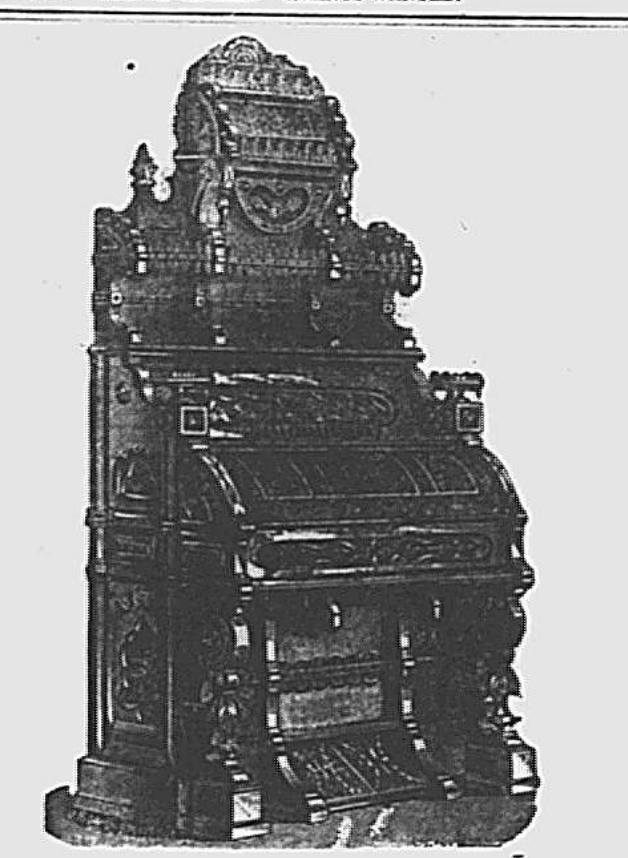
Carpet Lining,

ROOFING AND SHEATHING PAPER.

TWINE IMPORTERS.

Market Square,

TORONTO.



W. DOHERTY & CO.,

CLINTON, ONT.

ORGAN MANUFACTURERS,

Have pleasure in submitting the following from among their many testimonials which is proof positive that our organs to-day are superior to all others.

WATERLOO, Nov. 4th, 1885.

Messrs W. DOHERTY & CO., Clinton, Ont.

GENTLEMEN,—

On behalf of the Waterloo Musical Society and many others here, we have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the superior merits of your Company's instruments. The organ which our Society's Band won at the recent Tournament in your town has been greatly admired for the elegance and chasteness of its style of case, its beauty of finish, and the excellent workmanship displayed in its construction; these, combined with the richness, purity, sweetness and delicacy of tone, the depth of harmony, quick articulation and easy and reliable action, cannot fail to give the fullest satisfaction to lovers of the organ.

A performer who understands the leading qualities for which your Organs are noted can give expression to the softest feeling of saddened pathos, or the strongest emotion of intense passion. We therefore warmly recommend them to the musical profession and to the public generally.

MICHAEL ROOS, Rec. Sec.
HENRY DUERING,
JULIUS H. ROOS,
GEO. KILLER,
GEO. MOORE, President,
GEO. SUGGITT, Vice-President,
THEO. BELLINGER, Treas.
CASPER KILLER, Cor Secy.
NOAH ZELLER, Bandmaster.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES IN THE COUNTRY.

W. A. MURRAY & CO.,

17, 19, 21, 23, 25, and 27 KING-STREET, TORONTO.

Keep at all times of the year the Largest, Best, and Cheapest Retail Stock in the Dominion of Silks, Velvets, Satins, Plushes, Dress Goods, Lace Goods, Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Underwear, Mantles, Costumes, Shawls, Millinery, Corsets, Skirts, Underclothing, Children's Dresses, Table Linens, Blankets, Flannels, Stale and General House Furnishing Goods. Also Tailoring, Dressmaking, and Family Mourning executed on a few hours' notice.

It will pay ladies to come from any part of Canada and do their Shopping with us, and those who cannot visit the city should Write for Samples of any goods they may require to

W. A. MURRAY & CO.,

17, 19, 21, 23, 25, and 27 KING-STREET, TORONTN,

D. MOORE & CO.,

IRON FOUNDERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

Stoves, Tin, Copper, Iron, Japanned and General Stamped Ware,

PATENT TUBULAR LANTERNS, WALL LANTERNS, &C., &C.

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Tin Plate, Canada Plate, Sheet Iron, Sheet Copper, Galvanized Iron, Wire, Tinsmiths' Tools, and General Trade Supplies.

OFFICE—100 KING-STREET EAST. HAMILTON, ONT. FOUNDRY cor. Catharine and Robert sts.

The Globe's Prize Story Competition:

See Balloting Paper at Foot of Page 6.

A Night of Horrors. (Continued.)

saint moan! While we stood petrified there came from the hall a sound as if something was being dragged across the drawing-room door.

We rushed into the library—nothing wrong apparently—no one visible. I stepped forward, and recoiled in horror, for I had wet my stockinged foot in a dark red pool that lay beside Hepworth's library chair!

There was some liquor left in the decanters and we "fortified" before attacking the drawing-room where we knew the enemy to be hidden. That blood and the "dragging" sound had nearly done for us.

Meanwhile the enemy were silent. But as we entered the hall, a wild horrid discord rang out from the piano, followed by a scuffle and a rap or two. We paused—then, shoving each other along, we landed all together in the drawing-room—and all covered with "goose-skin."

But the drawing-room, all clearly visible, was empty and undisturbed. The curtains hung flat—no one hidden there. The piano stool open as it was left with Jessie's shawl in a heap on the corner—but no fleshly performer was there. This began to seem worse than burglars. We stalled towards the piano—Hepworth raised his lamp *—and then an awful thing happened.* The shawl was lifted bodily by some invisible force, and hurled straight at the lamp extinguishing it with a crash of the chimney —and then falling on the latter with the same blow, thud, and moan we had heard in the library and which certainly came from no material source!

Hepworth fired instinctively and we retreated in uncontrollable attack of horror—for now we *knew* that we had been face to face with no mortal visitant. The scuffling and knocking were repeated for a second or two, but nothing followed us.

The first necessity was to hurriedly "fortify" again—the second, to re-assure the hysterical women upstairs who naturally thought there had been serious cause for alarm. We brought them down to the diningroom now that the burglar theory was upholden—and told them our blood-curdling experiences. After that, even our blue-ribbonest ladies did not refuse a little spiritual comfort. And it was then that we first noticed something ominous. "*Herr Greybeard*" *was gone!* He had not been knocked off the table or upset—for neither the spirit milk, lay on the floor—he had simply vanished! A chill ran through me as I thought of his mysterious history—his fancied leer, "that malignant spell lay upon him! Of what malignant personality was he the instrument?

We men soon decided that, under the aegis of our womenkind, we could even face the drawingroom again. We did, with all the lamps we could carry, and found it exactly in statu quo, with one awful exception. The *shawl had disappeared!*

We shrank back any instant, and then resolved that we would find that shawl if we had to move every piece of furniture in the room. Soon there was a good imitation of an auction room in the middle of the floor—but no shawl. "Could Herr Greybeard," "there's nothing left but that corner ottoman. If it's not there, it's gone to sheol." (Hepworth's whiskey was seven years old.) Out came the ottoman—and there lay the shawl! Hastily he stooped—pulled at a corner of it—and sprang back—" My God—it's as heavy as lead!"

A shuddering pause, and then—" Well we'll have it out anyhow!" A jerk—a thump —a rumble—and out it came. And out of it rolled Herr Greybeard—with the same leer on his face that I had fancied before!

And then there burst from all our throats an uncontrollable shriek—*for Herr Greybeard was not alone—he brought with him a body!*

But it was a shriek of wild laughter for the body was that after so many fearful antics, stone dead, drowned in the milk she had tried to steal!

In need not explain the "manifestations" in detail. Anyone who knows the ways of a cat with her head stuck in a jug, and that wont break, can fill in the particulars. If she hadn't jumped on the piano and got tangled in that shawl, she might have lived to explain it all herself.

But the point of blood! Well, I thought of that myself, and hurried into the library, where I subdued my low spirited bottle that used to hold the purple copying ink.

As for the pungent, depressing smell; we found that the back damper of the hall stove had been closed too tightly, so it was only real gas after all.

And the stolen money! Why of course that was in Hepworth's pocket book, in the breast pocket of his overcoat. And his overcoat was where it should be—on the clothes rack in the hall. As we had argued against the N.P. all the way home the night before, it was no wonder he had forgotten to take the cash up-stairs.

We breakfasted rather late on New Year's Day, and I rather regret that we had plenty of things to talk over among ourselves and with the married daughters, though neither Mrs. Katie no Mrs. Maggie, nor their husbands, had any similar tale of ghostly visitations to relate.

So Jessie and I agreed that we would not dare be the mother New Year's Eve without that protection against the "powers of the air" which matrimony evidently afforded.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

But in despair I bowed my head:
"There is no peace on earth," I said:
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
God is not dead, nor doth He sleep
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

MRS. KRISS KRINGLE.

By Edith M. Thomas.

Oh, I laugh to hear what grown folk
Tell the young folk of Kriss Kringle,
In the Northland, where unknown folk
Love to let the frost-elf mingle.

Yes, I laugh to hear the grown folk
Tell you young folk how Kriss Kringle
Travels round the world like lone folk,
None to talk with—always single!

Would a grim and grave old fellow
(Not a creature clinging to one),
Keep a heart so warm and mellow
That all children he'd prepare for!

Do you think, my little maiden,
He could ever guess your wishes—
That you'd find your stocking laden
With a doll and set of dishes!

No; the truth is, some one whispers
In the ear he hears the maid with,
What to suit the youngest lispers,
Boys and girls, and all the rest with.

Some one (sh, you guess in vain, dear!)
Nestled close by old Kriss Kringle,
Laughs he and prances in his sleigh,
Laughs to hear the sleigh-bells jingle.

Dear old lady, small and rosy!
In the dingiest, Christmas weather,
Nestle close, so warm and cosy,
Those two chat for hours together.

So, if I were in your places,
Bob and Hal, and Kate and Mary,
I would be in the good graces
Of the lovely, shy old fairy.

Still I laugh to hear the grown folk
Tell yez young folk how Kriss Kringle
Travels 'round the world, like lone folk,
None to talk with—always single!

OUR NEW 120-PAGE CATALOGUE FOR 1886 NOW READY,

Illustrating nearly a thousand different styles of Goods suitable for XMAS PRESENTS and at lower prices than ever before offered to the public. If you want to save money send P. O. address for our CATALOGUE. We have a large variety in New and Elegant Designs, set with Diamonds, Rubies, Pearls, and other precious Stones, in Brooches, Rings, Bracelets, Scarf Pins, Collar Buttons, etc. And an endless variety of Gold and Silver Jewellery, OUR OWN MAKE AND MANUFACTURED IN OUR ESTABLISHMENT. Shall be pleased to give estimates for any description or style of Jewellery to be MADE TO ORDER. Below we give you in brief a sample list of goods suitable for HOLIDAY PRESENTS. All our goods are fully guaranteed to be the quality of gold stamped and marked with our initials, thus C. S. 18 kt. In SILVERWARE we have to-day the largest and most complete stock in the Dominion, all the latest designs and best quality made. SEE CATALOGUE FREE.

CHAS. STARK, 52 Church-street, Toronto,

4 DOORS NORTH OF KING-STREET, MANUFACTURER, IMPORTER, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER.

OUR A B C LIST.

Cut this Out for Future Reference. This Advt. will not be repeated.

When ordering or sending for Catalogue please mention this paper.

«A B C LIST»

A

WORKS OF ART.

Clocks mounted in each case, with marble stands.

No. 21.—"Cupid," reclining on a boudle pillar in which the clock is set. Height 16 inches. Price per pair $30.

No. 22.—"Paul and Virginia." "Figures: real bronze, standing on a bronze base, in which clock is set. Height 18 inches. Price per pair $40.

No. 23.—"Psyche." The form is superb, holds in her left hand a watch on which her eyes are intently fixed, the right drapery on a marble pillar in which the clock is set. Height 22 inches, length 18 inches. Price per pair $75.

No. 24.—"Diana." The clock is set in the centre of a large marble square base, panelled with bronze bars, and bronze heads on the corners. Figure of Diana is one of the best we have ever thought. Height 22 inches, length 19 inches. Price $125.

No. 25.—"Minerva." The form is superb, resting on a bronze bench, holds in her right hand a crayon, and in the left hand holds a sketch which she is drawing. Marble base, in which clock is set. Height 22 inches, length 21 inches. Price $125.

No. 1.—Diana, huntress of the Chase. Her hands on a marble base, with one foot resting on the clock, in her right hand she holds a bow, while behind her keeps a stag bound at bay. Quiver from her shoulder is a quiver filled with arrows, lying at her feet are the spoils of the day. Height 19 inches, length 19 inches. Price $150.

No. 12.—"Aurora," Goddess of the Morning. The clock is set in a block of marble with the sun, with rosette in centre, and balancing herself on the top, crowned with a wreath of flowers. Height 18 inches. Price $60.

No. 106.—Bronze Statuary. Subject: "Bonjour et Bonsoir." On marble stand. Height 16 inches. Price per pair $30.

No. 206.—Groups, No. 2. Subject: "Ma et Hiver." Height 21 inches. Price per pair $60.

No. 172.—Groups. Cavalier Chasseur Abreuile de Rin. Guillaume and Barry. Height 21 inches, length 26 inches. Price each $100. Statuette. Chasseurs Allemands. Height 24 inches. Price per pair $60.

No. 215.—Groups. Huitre et Plaideurs. Height 22 inches. Price $60.

No. 205.—Groups. Mercure descendant. Pandore represents Mercure descending. Pandore down the side of a mountain, and the forms are superb. Real bronze on marble base. Height 24 inch. Price $100.

Statuette. Psyche and Hebe. Real bronze on marble base, copied from Sevres. Price per pair $120.

No. 253.—Groups. "Retour de Fête." Height 20 inches. Price $60.

Statuettes. Subject: "Village Maidens." Height 20 inches. Price $40.

No. 199.—Statuette. Subject: "Bianca." Stands on a marble base, bronze figure playing guitar. Height 15 inches. Price $100.

No. 179.—Statuettes. Subject: "Eté et Hiver." Summer and Winter. Height 18 inches. Price per pair $120.

No. 246.—Busts. Bufion, Lafontaine, Voltaire, Molière, Rousseau, Corneille, Dante, Demosthenes, Hippocrate, Homere, Guttenberg, Calvin, Luther, Socrate, Shakespeare. Height 21 inches. Price $40.

No. 250.—Don Quichotte and Mephistopheles. Height 9 inches. Price per pair $12.

No. 122.—Aladdi and Steed, or the Arabian Horseman. Height 17 inches. Price $40.

No. 7400.—Card Table, Decorated Porcelain, top gilt and steel finish. Height 30 inches. Price $40.

No. 6900.—Egyptian Card Table. Black marble slab, oxidized gilt, solid tripod. Height 31 inches. Price $120.

No. 6800.—Wine Cooler, "Grand French Virgin." Old silver and gold. Height 18 inches, width of base 6 x 10 inches. Price per pair $70.

No. 6100.—Frying Pan, Solid Silver. Height 7½ inches. Price $15.

No. 6000.—Stars." Height 16 inches; base 14 x 10 inches. Old silver, gold inside. Price $75.

No. 6400.—Indian Chief and Indian Squaw. Height 16 and 13½ inches; base 6 x 7 inches. Per pair $15.

No. 1.—Brooch, sterling silver, from 50 cents up to $3.

No. 1.—Brooch, horse shoe with a horse's head in the centre, $1.50.

No. 3.—Brooch, horse shoe with a horse's head in the centre, $1.50.

No. 4.—Brooch, sterling silver, large and very handsome, with locket back and fine filagree, work, $5.

No. 5.—Brooch, horse shoe in the centre, 50c.

No. 6.—Brooch, horse shoe with gun and rabbit in the centre, $2.

No. 7.—Brooch, bangle, $1.50.

No. 8.—Brooch, scalloped, $1.50.

No. 9.—Brooch, horse shoe and arrow, colored across the centre, $1.50.

No. 10.—Brooch, half moon, $1.50.

No. 11.—Brooch, half moon with star in centre, $1.50.

No. 12.—Brooch, horse shoe with bit in centre, $1.50.

No. 13.—Brooch, deer, $1.50.

No. 14.—Brooch, sterling silver, with whip, bit and two horse shoes attached, $5.

No. 15.—Brooch, beetle with Alaska diamonds in centre, $2.50.

No. 16.—Brooch, sword, scabbard and belt, gilded belt and silver fastner, $2.50.

No. 17.—Brooch, double stirrup, with a horse in the centre, $1.50

No. 18.—Brooch, sterling silver, with one name, $1.

No. 19.—Brooch, sterling silver, with one name, $2.

No. 20.—Locket, sterling silver an inch broad, beautifully engraved, $4.

No. 21.—Bracelet, do., much heavier, $5.

No. 22.—Bracelet, do., much heavier, with diamond in the centre, locket back, $12.

No. 23.—Solid 15 karat gold brooch, with pearl in the centre, locket back, $5.50 and $6.

No. 24.—Solid 15 karat gold brooch. Larger, set with pearls and gems, $8.

No. 25.—Solid 10 karat gold brooch, with diamondcentre, $13.

No. 26.—Solid 15 karat gold horse shoe Brooch, with gate and vine in the centre, set with two rubies, $6.50.

No. 27.—Solid 15 karat gold bar pin, horse shoe, whip and horn, $17.50.

No. 28.—Solid 15 karat gold Bar Pin, horse shoe and whip, $13.50.

No. 29.—Solid 15 karat gold Bar Pin, set with pearls, $6.50.

No. 30.—Solid 14 karat gold bar pin, with horse shoe in the centre, set with pearls, at $15 and $17.50.

No. 31.—Solid 15 karat gold bar pin, set with diamonds and rubies, $18.

No. 32.—Solid 15 karat gold racket brooch, set with 37 pearls, $20.

No. 33.—Solid 15 karat gold Brooch set, with diamond and two gems, very handsome, $15.

No. 34.—Solid 15 karat gold bar pin, set with pearls and rubies, $15.

No. 35.—Solid 15 karat gold Bangle Bracelet, pearl centre setting, $6.

No. 36.—Solid 15 karat gold bangle bracelet, $5.

No. 37.—Solid 15 karat gold bangle bracelet, very heavy, $12.50.

No. 38.—Solid 15 karat gold bracelet, very heavy, with clasp, $25.

No. 40.—Solid 15 karat gold bracelet, fluted curb, beaded centre, $28.

No. 41.—Solid 15 karat gold bracelet, double rope, plain bar setting, $32.50.

No. 42.—Solid 15 karat gold bracelet, double rope, beaded centre, with cross shoe, pearl setting, $40.

No. 43.—Solid 15 karat gold bracelet, plain, with a double row of Pearl settings. Very handsome. $65.

No. 44.—Solid 15 karat gold bracelet. Plain band with 9ct and horseshoe in the centre, $20.

No. 45.—15 karat gold bracelet with large pearl settings, some thing elegant $65.

No. 46.—Leather Dish. Chased satin, engr., quadruple plated. Low, $2.50, $3, $3.50, $4, $5.11.

No. 47.—Leather Dish. Chased and engraved quadruple plated, revolving on stand. Very handsome. $16, $18.50 and $21.

No. 48.—Leather Dish. Very heavy quality, plain glass. At $4, $5, $6, $8, $10 and $12.

No. 49.—Biscuit Jar. Bevelled, with handle. $6.

No. 49.—Biscuit Jar. China, with handle, $7.50.

No. 50.—Biscuit Jar. Best quality China, hand-painted, with handle. $8.

No. 51.—Biscuit Jar. On stand, quadruple plated; colored glass. $12.

No. 52.—Biscuit Jar. On stand, quadruple plated, with Arctic scene engraved on it. $13.

C

No. 1.—Cake Baskets; different styles; handsomely engraved, $4.50, $5, $5.50, $7, $9, $12, $15 and $18.

No. 2.—Card Receiver, with vase attached, $6.

No. 3.—" handsomely engraved, with border, $10.

No. 4.—Cheese Cutter, Genta. Finest quality. Guaranteed to wear 10 years.

No. 5.—Cheese Dish, quadruple, at $3, $3.50, $4, $4.50, $5, $6, $6.50, and $10.

No. 6.—Cheese Dish, open lock, at $2.50, $3, $3.50, $4, $5 and $6.

No. 7.—" fancy patterns, solid gold fronts, $6, $6.50, $7, $7.50, $8.50, $9, $10, $12, $15 and $18.

No. 8.—Chain, double curb, solid gold tips, at $5.50 and $6.

No. 9.—Chain, Genta. Finest quality 7 vein, best quality. Guaranteed to wear 10 years.

No. 10.—Chains, solid silver, curb pattern, at $1.75, $2, $2.50; $3, $3.50; $4, $5, $6, $7, $8, $9, $10 and $12.

No. 11.—Chains, two strand curb, $3.50; $5, $5.50 and $7.

No. 12.—Chains, three strand curb, $5, $6, $7, $8, $9, $10 and $12.

No. 13.—Chains, fine gilt, 7 strands, $1.50 and $2.

No. 14.—Chains, fine gilt, 7 strands, $2.

No. 15.—Ribbon Vest Chains, at 50c., $1, $1.25, $1.50, $2 and $2.50.

No. 16.—Chains, three strand curb, $3, $4, $5, $6, $7, $8 and $9.

No. 17.—Chains, solid 16 karat, vests, $12.50 up to $50.

No. 18.—Chains, solid 18 karat, vests, from $25 to $75.

No. 19.—Collar Buttons, fine, some, 25c. and 50c.

No. 20.—Collar Buttons, with solid gold fronts, Acme lever, plain engraved, 50c.

No. 21.—Collar Buttons, with brilliant in centre, Acme lever, 50c.

No. 22.—Collar Buttons, Acme lever, $1.

No. 23.—Collar Buttons, with solid gold fronts, Acme lever, $1.

No. 24.—Cuff Buttons, solid gold fronts, quadruple plated, $12.

No. 25.—Caster, salad, fine pressed glass bottles, with pepper and salt the same quality, $14.

No. 26.—Caster, salad, gold lined, from $7 to $9.50.

No. 27.—Cheese, solid gold heads, $4, $4.50, $5, $6, $8, $10, $13.50, $15, $18, $20 and $25.

No. 28.—Cheese, solid silver, at $2.50, $3.50, $5, $6.50, $7, $8 and $9.

No. 29.—Charms, best roll plate, at 50c., 75c., $1, $1.50, $2, $2.50 and $3.

No. 30.—Charms, solid gold, from $3 to $15.

No. 31.—Charms, silver, from 75c. up to $3.

No. 32.—Communion Sets, plain, consisting of 6 pieces—flagon, large dish, 2 plates, 2 goblets, at $20, $30 and $35.

No. 33.—Communion Sets, plain, consisting of 6 pieces—flagon, large dish, 2 plates, 2 goblets, at $25, $30 and $35.

D

No. 1.—Dessert set, consisting of cream jug and sugar bowl, on stand, with ball attachment, $12.

No. 2.—Dessert set, consisting of cream jug, sugar bowl and spoon holder, $15.

E

No. 1.—Epergne, with fine glass vase, $25.

No. 2.—Epergne, plain and gold lined, $50.

No. 3.—Epergne, chased satin and engr., $65.

No. 4.—Epergne, chased satin and fancy cut, $75.

No. 5.—Epergne, fine cut glass vase, $85, $90 and $95.

No. 6.—Epergne, imitation diamonds set in solid gold, $6.50.

No. 7.—Earrings, with genuine diamond set in 18 karat gold, at $50, $60, $65, $75, $100, $150 and $200.

No. 8.—Opera Earrings, with genuine diamonds set in 18 karat gold, at $80, $85, $90, $95 and $175.

F

No. 1.—Fruit dish, revolving $13.

No. 1.—Fruit dishes, colored glass, from $5 to $18.

No. 2.—Fruit dishes, engr., gilt lined, handsome, gilded finish, colored glass, $20.

No. 3.—Fruit knives with pick, $1.25.

No. 3.—Fruit knives without pick, $1.

G

No. 1.—Guards, fine gold, at $4.50, $5, $6.50, $7.50, $8, $9, $10 and $12.

No. 2.—Guards, English, solid gold chains in a large variety of different designs, $15 to $40.

No. 3.—Guards, solid 10 karat, from $12 to $50.

No. 4.—Guards, solid 14 karat, from $25 to $75.

I

No. 1.—Ice stand, $12.

No. 1.—Ice Cream Knives, hand engraved, $2 to $4.

No. 1.—Ice Bowls, $6, $7, $8, and $12.

No. 1.—Ice Pails, $12.

J

No. 1.—Jewel caskets, quadruple plated, at $8.50, $9, $10 and $13.

No. 2.—Jardinieres, with fine decorated jar, height 6½ inches, $7.

K

No. 1.—Knife rest, quadruple plated, $1.25.

No. 1.—Fruit Knives, sterling silver, with pick, $1.25; without pick, $1.

No. 1.—Butter Knives, quadruple silver plate, 60c. to $1.

No. 1.—Butter Knives, sterling silver, $3.

No. 1.—Ditto, with delicate pearl handle, $1.50 to $3.

" Knives and Forks, 2 Spoons & Co.'s make.

No. 6.—Fish Knives, $3 to $6.

No. 7.—Trunk Knives, $1 to $2.

No. 8.—Pie Knives, engraved, $6 to $12.

L

No. 1.—Lockets, gent's silver, from $1 to $2.50.

No. 2.—Lockets, ladies' silver, from $1 to $3.

No. 3.—Lockets, ladies' filled gold, from $1.50 to $3.

No. 4.—Lockets, ladies' solid gold, from $3 to $6.

No. 5.—Lockets, solid 10 karat gold, set with pearls and rubies, $6.

No. 6.—Lockets, solid 10 karat gold, set with diamonds and rubies, one side and beautifully engraved on the other, much larger, for $8.

No. 7.—Lockets, solid 14 karat gold, set with pearls and rubies, $10.

No. 8.—Lockets, solid 18 karat, set with precious stones, very massive, $18 and $21.

No. 9.—Lockets, solid 10 karat gold,set with a genuine diamond, raised filigree work, $16, $18 and $12.50.

No. 10.—Lockets, solid 14 karat gold, $14, $15, $17.50, $21, $25.

No. 11.—Locket, solid 15 karat gold, very handsome, medium size, $18.

No. 12.—Locket, solid 16 karat gold with pearl setting, at $12.50.

No. 13.—Lockets, solid 15 karat gold with genuine diamond, $13.50 and $15.

No. 14.—Locket, solid 15 karat gold, plain, $15.

No. 15.—Locket, solid 15 karat gold, set with pearls, $18.

No. 16.—Locket, solid 18 karat gold, set with genuine diamonds, somewhat massive, $25.

No. 17.—Locket, solid 15 karat gold, set with a very large diamond, $45.

M

No. 1.—Medals, silver, from $3 up to $50.

No. 2.—Medals, gold, from $7.50 to $75.

N

No. 1.—Necklets, fine gilt, $1.50.

No. 2.—Necklets, rolled plated, from $2.50 to $7.50.

No. 3.—Necklets, silver, $2 and $3.

No. 4.—Necklet, same pattern, 15 karat gold, $15.

No. 5.—Necklet, same pattern, heavy link chain, $20.

No. 6.—Necklet, solid 15 karat, same, $18.

No. 7.—Necklet, solid 15 karat, pattern, very pretty, $40.

No. 8.—Necklet, solid 15 karat, heavier, same pattern, $60.

No. 9.—Necklet, solid 15 karat, very heavy, $75, $85 and $95.

No. 10.—Napkin rings, without stand, 15c. and 20c.

No. 11.—Nut Bowls, Nickel Plated and fancy gilt, $20, $22.50 and $25.

No. 12.—Nut Crackers, steel, $12 per doz.

O

OPERA GLASSES.

No. 1.—Leather covered folders, gilt trimmings, $2.50.

No. 2.—Achromatic Morocco leather, gilt trimmings, $6.

No. 3.—Pearl mountings, gilt trimmings, $10.

No. 4.—Lemaire's Oriental pearl, gilt tubes, gilt bars, pearl top, black leather, $15.

No. 4.—Oyster Forks, hand engraved, fine quadruple plate, $10 per dozen.

P

No. 1.—Pens and Holders, gold, from $2 to $13.

No. 1.—Pencils, from 50c. to $2.

No. 1.—Pencils, from $2 to $6.

No. 1.—Pepper Boxes, from $1.50 to $5.00.

No. 1.—Pen Boxes, silver plate, from $4.50 to $6.00.

R

No. 1.—Ring, sapphire, solid 14 karat, something new, will contract or expand to any finger, with seven genuine diamonds, $12.50.

No. 2.—Ring, expansion, solid 15 karat, with one genuine diamond, four pearls and two rubies, $15.

No. 1.—Ring, solid 15 karat, with guilloche diamond, four pearls, two sapphires, $10.

No. 1.—Ring, solid 15 karat, set with emeralds and pearls, $6.50.

No. 2.—Ring, solid 14 karat, set with rubies and pearls, $6.50.

No. 4.—Ring, solid 18 karat, set with a genuine diamond, handsome sapphire, $18.

No. 7.—Ring, solid 18 karat, dot with a large sapphire and two similar pearls, very heavy $25.

No. 1.—Ring, solid 14 karat, with same setting, only smaller and not so heavy, $12.50.

No. 8.—Ring, solid 18 karat, set with pearls and rubies, $12.

No. 10.—Ring, solid 15 karat, set with diamonds and rubies, $14.

No. 11.—Ring, solid 15 karat, buckle, with garnet setting, $6.

No. 12.—Ring, solid 15 karat, with three genuine diamonds, $18 and $12.

No. 13.—Ring, solid 15 karat, buckle, with a diamond setting, $8.

No. 14.—Rings, solid 15 karat, gypsies diamonds, at $20, $25, $30, $40, $45, $50, $60, $75, $100, $125, $150.

No. 15.—Ring, solid 15 karat, with genuine diamonds, $40.

No. 16.—Rings, solid 15 karat, with three genuine diamonds, $21, $22, $25, $30, $35 and $75.

No. 17.—Rings, solid gold, set with precious stones, $5.

No. 18.—Solid 15 karat, set with pearls and rubies, $2.50, $4, $4.50, $5.50 and $7.

No. 19.—Solid 15 karat, set with diamonds and garnets, $7.50.

No. 20.—Rings, child's size, with the words "Pet" or "Baby," enamelled, $1.

No. 21.—Rings, child's size, three genuine diamonds, $6.

No. 22.—Rings, child's size, solid gold, one genuine diamond, ruby and sapphire, $4.

No. 23.—Same ring, ladies' size, $6.

No. 24.—Rings, plain wedding, solid 18 karat, at $7.50, $4, $5 and $6.

No. 25.—Same in 10 karat, at $3, $3, $3.50, $4.

No. 26.—Rings, ladies' size, 15 karat, four garnets and six diamonds, $7.50.

No. 27.—Same in 10 karat, $6.50.

No. 28.—Rings, chased, 14 karat, at $1.50 to $3.

No. 29.—Same ring, 18 karat, $5.

S

No. 1.—Syrup pitcher, quadruple plated, $6.

No. 1.—Same quality, on stand, at $5, $6, $6.50, and $7.

No. 1.—Sets, solid 15 karat gold brooch and earrings, with garnet setting $7.50.

No. 4.—Solid 15 karat set, much heavier, with garnet setting, $35.

No. 5.—Solid 15 karat sets, rose pattern, with garnet settings, $25.

No. 6.—Solid 14 karat gold sets, very massive, with garnet settings, $25.

No. 7.—Solid 15 karat gold sets, rose pattern, $15.

No. 8.—Solid 15 karat gold sets, round or oval, set with precious stones, $18.

No. 9.—Solid 15 karat gold sets, with a diamond centre, $16.50.

No. 10.—Solid 15 karat gold sets, with diamond centre, $26.50.

No. 11.—Solid 15 karat gold sets, with ruby centre, $26.

No. 12.—Solid 10 karat gold sets, at $6, $8.50, $9, and $9.50.

No. 13.—Solid 10 karat gold sets, with pearl centre, $4.

No. 14.—Solid gold set, inlaid with real jet, pearl centre, at $8 and $7.50.

T

No. 1.—Tea Sets, consisting of 6 pieces—tea, coffee and hot water pots, sugar and cream jugs, quadruple plate, at $45, $50, $55 and $60.

No. 2.—Tea Sets, consisting of 10 pieces, with butter dish, syrup pitcher, spoon holder and urn extra, $100.

No. 3.—Tea Sets, at $25, $30, $35 and $12.

No. 4.—Tilting Kettles, at $8.

No. 5.—Trays, at $20, $30, $40, and $50.

U

No. 1.—Urns, at $25, $30, and $40.

V

No. 1.—Vegetable Dishes, $15, $18, and $22.

No. 1.—Vases, at $1.75, $2.50, $3, $5, and $8.

W

No. 1.—Water Pitchers, porcelain, at $10, $12, and $7.

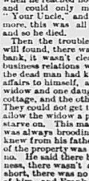
No. 1.—Water Pitchers, beautifully engraved and chased, $15.

No. 1.—Water Sets, consisting of pitcher, goblet, slop bowl and tray, $75, $80, $90, and $95.

No. 1.—Waiters, beautifully finished, quadruple plated, at $6, $10, $12, $22, $25, $27, $30 and $35.

THE TRAMP'S EVIDENCE.

BY MONTAGUE ST. JOHN.



YES, I was lawyer for the defence. I had known young Graham ever since I came to Chicago, and was his uncle, too, and knew all about the quarrel between them. The old man was very close about his money. He was rich, and a kind of miser. He had an ungrateful son, and never could disabuse his mind of the fear that he might be in that condition again. He wasn't; but stinginess, however, that caused the bad blood between them. Frank's father and his bride had been mixed up in business for a number of years, and amongst other property owned a farm and saw mill, which Frank always understood was his father's, and would be his own. An accident happened one day, the old man was thrown from his waggon and Frank was sent for, but when he reached home his father was dying and could only mutter something about "Your Uncle," and "the papers." Nothing more, this was all they could understand, and so he died.

Then the trouble began. There was no will found, there wasn't much money in the bank, it wasn't clearly understood how the business relations with the uncle stood, for he dead man kept all knowledge of his affairs to himself, and so it stood. The widow and one daughter moving into a small cottage, and the elder girl going out to teach. They could not get the uncle to do more than allow the widow a trifle almost enough to starve on. This made Frank angry, and he was always brooding over it. He said he knew from his father's dying words the bulk of the property was theirs, but the uncle said no. He said there had been a lawsuit, business, there wasn't anything to divide. In short, there was no satisfaction to be got out of him, and Frank grew more and more sullen about the matter as he saw his mother and sister struggling on, while, as he said, their own property was kept from them. All the old man would do was in the offer to give Frank a small sum to carry on the transactions between the two old men demanded. So it went on, every interview between the two ending in a serious quarrel, and hard words on the sides. Many of the friends of the family endeavoured to make peace between them, but it was no use, the young man was sullen, accused his uncle of cheating widows and orphans, and uttered threats and said things that had better have been left unsaid. The whole neighbourhood knew of the quarrel, and it was a subject of general comment.

After this had been going on for some months, and people had begun to notice the change in Frank Graham, who, from a bright cheerful young fellow, had become sullen and morose. An event occurred that brought the quarrel to an end. One morning old Mr. Graham was found lying on the floor of his room dead, the marks on his neck showing that he had been strangled, and his desk and box which he always kept under his bed broken open and rifled. The same night Frank Graham left the country. He was seen entering his uncle's house late that evening, and an acquaintance recognised him in the station getting aboard the west-bound train at midnight. A warrant was issued for his arrest, search was made for him at New York, Chicago, and other points, but in vain. The detectives said that the murder had been very cleverly planned, and that Frank Graham, taking advantage of his tender habits, had stolen the old man to his death, had then secured his papers, of which it was known he kept a good sum in his room, and then made off, probably intending to meet the accomplice at the station. The detectives said that the murder had been carefully planned, and that Frank Graham, taking advantage of his tender habits, had stolen the old man to his death, had then secured his papers, of which it was known he kept a good sum in his room, and then made off, probably intending to meet the accomplice at the station. The widow and her daughters were broken hearted at the fatal feud deeply the degradation of being watched, as they knew they were, by the police, in hopes that through them some clue to the fugitive's whereabouts might be found. However, nothing was heard of him, and the Graham murder sensation was beginning to fade, when news came in a private letter to the Mayor of Kingston from a small mining town in British Columbia to the effect that the notorious Graham, who had so basely murdered the name of White, and was running a small general store. A warrant was issued of course, he was arrested, brought to Kingston, indicted for murder, and I was retained to defend him.

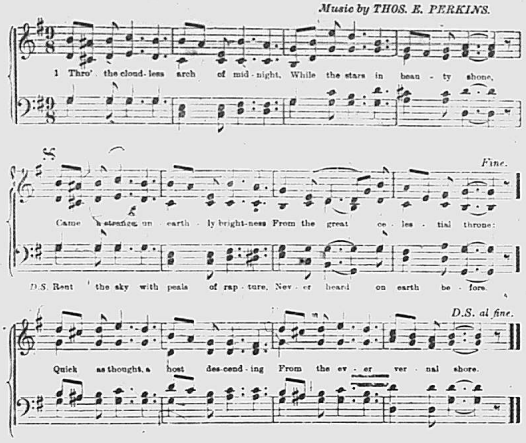
As I expected, he denied having committed the crime, and declared that having made up his mind that his uncle was a miser, he thought he had resolved to take the money his uncle had scraped together, and fell

TWO CHRISTMAS CAROLS,

FOR THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.

"THROUGH THE CLOUDLESS ARCH OF MIDNIGHT."

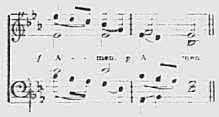
Music by THOS. E. PERKINS.



2. "Fear not, for a Saviour holy
Unto you is born to-day,
Changing, for man's nature lowly,
All His Heavenly array;
Hasten, Shepherds, fall before Him,
And your grateful offrings spread.
Hasten, Shepherds, to adore Him,
Lying in His manger bed."

3. Now the Choir of Seraph voices,
Gospel tidings roll along;
Heaven, o'er ransom'd earth, rejoices;
Listen to th' angelic song!
Glory in the highest Heaven,
Unto God, our Saviour King!
To mankind good-will be given,
Jesus cometh peace to bring.

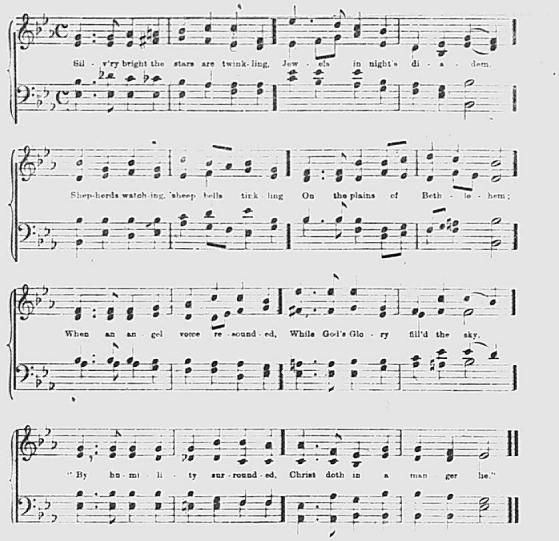
4. Come ye then with offrings laden,
Young and old draw near to-day;
Husband, father, youth, and maiden,
In His House to praise and pray;
Bring the heart's sincere oblation,
Spend this day with holy joy,
May, for this His great Salvation,
Praise and prayer your tongues employ.



"SILVERY BRIGHT THE STARS ARE TWINKLING."

Words by P. H. PHILLIPS. *Music by E. W. PHILLIPS.*

Organist, St. George's Church, Toronto.

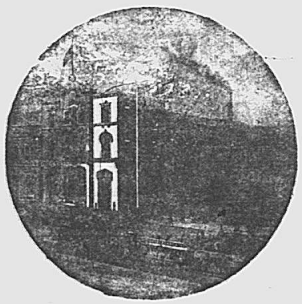


2 Let us turn by faith a moment
Where the morning beams are shining,
On an infant calmly sleeping,
In a lowly manger bed;
'Tis the blessed child of promise,
'Tis the mighty King of peace,
He, whose love redeems his people,
He whose arm salvation brings.

3 Though the angel song that hailed you
First on Judah's plain began,
Onward now its tones are bearing
God's eternal love to man.
Blessed Saviour, we adore thee,
Not with gold or odours sweet,
Loving hearts we gladly bring thee,
While we worship at thy feet.

TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING COMP'Y.

The only firm in Canada making a specialty of



FINE COLOUR WORK.

Advertising Cards and Novelties in Great Variety.

GLOBE BUILDINGS,

26 and 28 King-street East, Toronto.

The Globe's Prize Story Competition.

See Balloting Paper at Foot of Page 6.

THE LADY OF THE FLOATING PALACE.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.



ARTHUR WYCOMB and his servant Sam had been spending a few weeks in the spring, shooting around the desolate Coast of Anticosti. Three days after a great fleet of Northern ice had invaded the Island, the two were returning from a tramp around the Coast. When the sun set they were yet two miles from the cottage of their fisherman host. A flock of cranes arose from the peat swamp, and alighted upon a hill a few hundred yards distant. Eager to secure the skin of one of these birds Sam set off in the direction where they had perched, and his master proceeded homeward. Half an hour passed during which he paced along buried in his thoughts; there came to him the voice of Sam crying in startled accents.

"Hullo, master! come this way."

"Why, what is the matter, Sam?" and he could perceive even in the dark that his servant was the colour of a ghost.

"Five minutes ago as I came along a tall lady dressed in white crossed me, not twenty paces distant, on her way toward the sea."

"Nonsense, Sam; it is your imagination."

"But it was not, sir. And she saw me too; for as I approached her she quickened her pace, turned and somehow escaped my sight. But I shall go back and follow her if you will come with me."

"I have no taste for chasing apparitions, Sam. But suppose it was a woman. May she not have been one of the fisher girls?"

"O no; she was tall and walked like a fine lady. Besides she was taking a direction away from the settlement." Sam told his story when he reached the cottage, and in a few minutes every soul upon Anticosti was discussing the apparition. Rodger was the only one who paid no attention to the matter.

Two days afterwards he was out with his dogs alone, and he had followed the alluring whistle of the snipe for miles through the level waste of peat. When he turned his face homeward the sun was not half an hour from the water, and several miles lay between him and the coast. Over the greater part of the marsh lay a veil of thick mist, but his way led through the higher ground; and in the distance he could see the twinkle of cottage lights. There was no moon, and the light shed by the stars revealed objects only to disfigure them. He was swerving from his course to avoid one of the numerous fir-tangles which form a sort of matted hair upon the uplands, when, to his amazement, he found himself almost face to face with a lady clothed in a garment of spotless white. He stopped and called out, "Who are you?" Immediately on the words being uttered the lady altered her course, and moved swiftly towards the cloud of mist which towered up from the level like a dark wall only fifty paces distant. Rodger believed that he saw a dark figure close to the first; but he had eyes only for the mysterious lady in white, who he was instantly convinced was the person Sam had seen two evenings before. Again he called,

"Before you go, speak!" and quickening his pace followed. But before he had made many steps the figure of the lady disappeared through the wall of mist. Standing upon the naked marsh he could hear no sound save the lonesome piping of a plover separated from its companions.

"There is some mystery here," he cried, and he began to upbraid himself for not having run up and seen the mysterious stranger face to face. "Sam was right," he went on ejaculating; "she is not alone a reality, but very beautiful, and evidently a born lady." His dogs now began to roll and whine at his feet, as if beseeching him to come home from the lonesome moor out of the cold. Smiting the ground with his heel in disappointment he resumed his homeward course, resolved now not to depart from the island till he had fathomed the mystery.

When he reached the peat-lands on the morrow, the struggle between the sun and the fog was not yet ended. But in a little while bright rifts began to appear in the veil, and then masses of white mist, shining like vapour from a cauldron of silver rolled upward and was dissipated to the west and the east till nothing was to be seen but blue sky and the illimitable brown plain. Sam was with his master, and both bent their steps to the spot where Rodger had seen the lady. The marsh was covered with many season's growth of sedge, wire grass, stoneberry leaves, and Indian pipe; but here and there the raw peat appeared in dark brown patches, so soft and so fine upon the surface that the snipe could not pass it without leaving his footprints.

They must have crossed yonder bog," Rodger said, pointing to a raw peat-pot like that described; and the two bent their steps in the direction.

"Footprints! Here! look you here, Sam; two footprints. Yes! a man and a woman's. Ah, what a dainty little foot, too." Never did hound upon the red deer's track follow with more eager care than did those two the new found trail. But alas! when they reached the marsh again they lost the prints among the decayed and disheveled foliage. For hours did they search to regain the lost trail; then Wycombe set out around the coast many miles, returning only with the set of sun. But no other trace did he see.

When night fell he went out again from the fisherman's cottage, and followed by Sam, who now wielded the White Lady at the bottom of the Gulf, went to the top of a high peak with his night-glass in his hand. A young moon had arisen in the South, but a long cloud smothered the shining semicircle, and there was only the feeble illumination of the stars. Not a stir was there any where upon the earth or in the heavens, save that now and again there came from the hurrying wings of birds a noise resembling the little cry in the throat of a drowning man.

"There is no use in staying here, Sam; I could see nothing about that dark plain." But while he was yet speaking the whole heavens burst into a soft, white flame, and masses of shining, fluffy clouds swayed violently, as if unseen hands were shaking a mighty tangle of gossamer from end to end of the sky. The plains, and the shore, and the stretches of ridge and struggling copse, were bathed in the wizard glow; and, beyond, every berg stood up from the ice-field like an awful ghost in the unreal light.

"What is this?" and Rodger seized Sam's arm. "See yonder berg!"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, midway between it and the shore I see three pale figures moving upon the ice. See! there they go. Two are dark; the other I can see only at intervals. It is; yes, it is—the White Lady."

Sam took the glass from the trembling hand of his master, and after a moment it was claimed:—

"The very same lady, sir; as true as heaven. The same walk; the same tall, graceful figure."

"They have evidently been abroad for a ramble upon the ice. Let us away. This time, Sam, I shall penetrate the mystery." And so saying he put the glass into its case and made rapidly down the hill side. Just as he reached the bottom there was a sudden flash in the sky, so bright that the two gave an involuntary cry of awe; then followed universal darkness. God had blown out his wonderful light! Shore and ice-plain, hill and swamp, were all again one wide, dusky blur. A cry of disappointment, like pain, escaped from his lips.

"Ah, would that the kind God had permitted His light to remain." It availed nothing that he went down to the beach, upon which the waves had shouldered the enormous cubes of ice, or that he sighed up and down the strand till the Great Bear turned its nightly somersault in the north-western heavens. No voice or footfall did he hear, though there was the stillness of death everywhere.

Two days later they left the island for a day's shooting upon the ice-floe. They were tempted further and further outward by the glory of the shining plain, by the wholesome air, and the clang of sea-fowl wheeling about the icy pinnacles.

"The ice I fear will soon begin to spread, sir," and listening they heard, at intervals, a sound like a long drawn sigh, yet somewhat resembling a sob passing along the floe. This, Sam knew, was produced by the lifting of the great mass as the ocean swell rolled under towards the island. "And, sir, look at you, and at you"; and behold there were seen many white creatures, light of foot, skurrying rapidly towards the land.

"Ice foxes, sir, and they are getting ashore while there is time. I think that we should go too."

"Not yet, Sam, there is no danger for an hour or two. I want to shoot some of those birds upon yonder ice-castle before I return." So they started briskly for the green glittering berg; and as they drew near its spikes and majestic towers shone glorious in the sun. The ice was becoming slacker each moment, and the lesser pinnacles began to lift more freely upon the under-swell, and to fall as if making proud bows to the adventurers. They coasted along the side of a shining pool upon swaying ice-cakes, but they soon perceived that the floe had divided between the island and the berg, and cut off their retreat from the shore.

"We are adrift!" and they looked at each other with horror-stricken faces. As suddenly almost as the thunderbolt a storm had come out of a sky peaceful and blue a few minutes before. It passed in the form of a driving cloud, dark as night, over the face of the island. Then it smote the ice level with all its tremendous wrath.

Grandly, but solemnly, as a vast congregation of the dead, the floe continued to move from the island toward the Gulf, where now the billows began to race and foam. The adventurers knew that in the mad turmoil beyond the shelter of the land those pans upon which they stood would be tossed as wreck, so they resolved to return to the berg. It lay only a little way off, somber and majestic in the sea, and undisturbed by the rolling billows. In the darkness of the tempest it seemed to scowl as if it defied all evil weather; and its score of spikes and towers held up their heads triumphant in the bellowing storm. The base of the berg covered an area of not less than three acres, and when the two had got upon the plateau which formed the foundation, it seemed steady as the solid earth. They perceived that the main tower arose solidly from the centre of the great platform, that its diameter at the base could not be less than one hundred and fifty feet, and that it sloped gradually upward till it terminated in a sharp spike. Upon either side arose a number of lesser pinnacles of different sizes and shapes, and the whole resembled a mighty structure of Italian architecture, with the one sturdy, Gothic tower in the midst. But the greatest wonder yet remained. As they walked to the lee side of the tower to find shelter from the storm, they saw the mouth of a passage-way leading directly through the solid wall. Entering here, they lighted a paper, and discovered that the passage was as regular as if hollowed out by human hands. It was about four feet wide and seven feet high, and the walls, floor, and roof were smooth as hewn marble. When they had traversed about fifteen paces Rodger said, "We must be careful; the gallery may be through to the sheer edge of the berg." But this opinion was contradicted by the absence of rushing air. A few slow, cautious paces more were made, and then Sam uttered a cry of surprise.

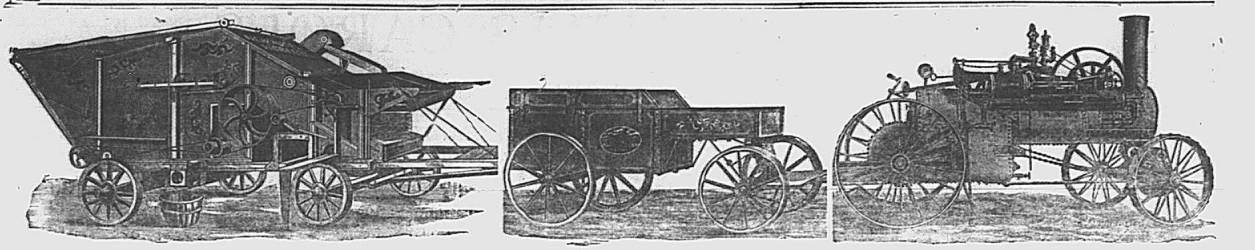
"Why, here is a cavern, master;" and a newly lighted paper revealed an apartment about eight feet square and as many feet high. Upon the floor were strewn pieces of wood, walrus bones, and fresh blubber. Both were struck dumb with surprise. But there was now revealed another passage way, leading upward. Into this Rodger entered, and he had no sooner done so than he cried out:—

"As I live, a door;" and there, swinging upon a solid wooden port was a door half ajar. Beyond was a room appointed with all the comforts of a northern dwelling. A rifle and several spears hung upon the walls, and skins of walrus, bear, seal, and reindeer lay strewn about the floor. But in one corner was a stove or "bogey," and above this a small black flue pierced its way. In each wall was a small door leading, doubtless, to a private apartment. All this was seen at a glance, but the appearance of the two men was so great that neither spoke a syllable. While they stood looking at each other, a sound of voices came through the passage by which they had entered. They started and turned, and the next moment found themselves face to face with three persons, one of whom was the White Lady.

Both parties stood mutely regarding each other for a moment, and then Rodger, taking off his hat, bowed to the lady. A tall man with a long snowy beard, whom Wycombe surmised to be her father, raised his hand, and in English words, with a strong Norwegian accent, said,

"To what circumstances am I indebted for a visit to my abode by unbidden guests?"

"I pray your pardon, sire," Rodger replied, with a tone and gesture of respect. "My servant here and myself came abroad to-day from yonder island to shoot seal. We unfortunately remained upon the ice too long, for when we set out for land we found that the floe had moved off. We then thought it



THE RUBICON TRACTION ENGINE is the only Traction Engine ever introduced with the Traction Machinery applied to all four of the road-wheels. It is therefore the only Traction Engine of any value for hauling heavy loads on the ordinary highway. Our 12 horse-power Rubicon Traction Engine will *Haul* its coal and water tender and our largest New Model Thresher up and down any hill in Canada where a team of horses can safely haul an ordinary 12 H.-P. Portable Engine. It will drive one largest sized New Model Thresher to its full capacity; can be run with either wood or coal; can be used to haul heavy loads of freight on ordinary highways at less than one half the cost of horse-power.

It can *Haul Seven* or *Eight* ploughs in one gang, cutting half a rod on fairly firm stubble ground or turf at the rate 2 1-2 miles per hour, equal to *Thirty* acres in *Twelve Hours*. *Our Combined Coal and Water Tender* is the best yet introduced. *Our New Model Vibrating Thresher* is the most rapid *Thresher* known, the most perfect *Separator* and *Cleaner* and the only true *Grain Saver* offered to the Farmers of America.

For further information address—

The Joseph Hall Machine Co., Oshawa, Ont., Can.

New Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue Sent Free to all Applicants.

The Globe's Prize Story Competition.

See Balloting Paper at Foot of Page 6.

THE LADY OF THE FLOATING PALACE.

(CONTINUED.)

best to get upon this berg till the hurricane abated. Naturally enough we discovered the passage to your abode, never dreaming that there were dwellers here.

"You, however, sir," he replied, bending stiffly, "are now sensible that the passage did lead to a private abode."

Rodger bowed, and was about to reply, when they were met with a nervous, yet sweetly graceful motion of her hand prevented him.

"Father," in a soft yet appealing voice, "You would not ask these strangers to leave the shelter of our abode on such a night. Their departure now would imperil their lives, for already the floe must be breaking up."

And we, too, almost screamed the old man, a full realization of the danger that came to him. "may fare as ill should the sea get loose play at the iceberg." And he looked around the walls, upon the floor, and into the ceiling in a paroxysm of terror.

As for the lady, Rodger had perceived from his first glance that she was almost divinely beautiful. Her brow was broad and white, and crowned low down with hair, that was

darker than night, more soft than sleep or fears.

Once only did he see her eyes, and then he noticed that they were a blending of dusk violet and the green of the sea.

As he noticed that night Rodger put a morsel of paper into her hand, whereon were written these words:—

"Fair lady, I pray you to give me a word of private conversation before I leave this place."

She bade her father good night, kissing his forehead; but in a little while returned from her room on the pretence of fetching a wrap. A tiny waif of paper fluttered from her hand picking it up, he found written upon it

"When the bell strikes 12 be at the mouth of the passage outside.

ASTER NEILSON.

With a wildly throbbing heart Rodger arose from his couch of skins at the last stroke of the hour. He found her there, and heard a story almost past believing.

She was born in Iceland; a man of great power whose father Rodger dreaded, had sought for in their own chateau. But her father fled with her one night, travelling till he reached a distant part. Here he took a ship, and the vessel spread her wings and did not fold them till she came to a far and lonesome shore in the north. The freight was landed, the ship sailed away, and some months later her father and three servants took her to the centre of a great iceberg. It had all come to her like a succession of terrible dreams, and the worst of it all was that she knew her father had lost his reason. He had made no explanations, and only said when they were housed in the deathlike vaults of the berg, "He cannot find you here, darling." Here they lived for many months, but in a heavy gale the floe in which the island of ice was fast began to move before the storm. League on league it drifted till it was beyond the mouth of Smith's Bay. The rest is known to the reader.

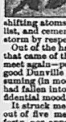
Then in the shadow of the ice tower Rodger pledged her his heart and hand, and through the thunder of the tempest he heard her soft, sweet, consenting response.

* * * * *

When the storm was over they were all picked up by a gulf craft and put upon the mainland. In a little while Rodger wedded the beautiful northern girl and took her to his home in England.

ON THE WORD OF A GENTLEMAN.

BY MAURICE ORMOND



It were a group of five in the smoking room of the Allan Steamship Sarmatian, far on in the small hours of an Autumn night, some few years ago. We expected to make the Irish Coast early in the morning, and at Derry begin the disintegration of our compact little party. first shaken together somehow out of the shifting atoms of a rather large passenger list, and cemented during a thirty-six hours storm in the same saloon.

Out of the half melancholy good-fellowship that came of the feeling that we might never meet again—and too, a little spring in the good Dunville & Stewart we had been consuming (in moderation be it understood)—we had fallen into a retrospective and semi-confidential mood.

It struck me then as a singular fact that out of five men—none of them much over forty, nor apparently in any way removed from the commonplace—four should have had such singular personal experiences.

I was the youngest of the party, and at that time a very tyro in literature. I have since discovered, guided I think a good deal by the insight then gained, that there are few human lives which, if their every inchfeat and to-incidence were revealed, would not go far to prove the wisdom of the witty Frenchman's *mot*: "It is only the true that is incredible."

The story I am about to write was told that night by a gentleman whose intelligence and integrity have placed him in the front rank of Montreal's great merchant princes. I give it with almost stenographical fidelity, and as submitted to his revision on the following day.

I have to gratefully acknowledge that I believe it was his kindly desire to help a begin that induced him to consent to my pub lishing it.

I was about twenty-two, said Mr. H. when I went into my father's office. Although it had always been his intention, and my own desire, that I should continue the business, he wished me to have a University education, and it was not till I had passed at Magill that I went to work. I used to think is a rather foolish proceeding on the part of the sage old Dad, but I found out his wisdom in that, as in most things, after a time, and I'm going to do the same thing in this.

If I went into the place rather bumptious and inclined to think I should be able to run the whole business before the week was out. I soon found my level, and within a few months had recognized the fact that I was little more use about the place than the errand boy.

I think that Dad was a bit mortified that I did not pick up faster; but, you see, it was pretty hard to settle to office work after the sort of life I had been leading.

Some time in November of 18— my father proposed I should go up west to look after a lot of customers who were very slow in their payments, and I can tell you I jumped at the chance, for I was getting ashamed of my position in the office; but it was so deuced hard to get away from the old jolly set that I could not make a change.

I had pretty good success in Ontario, for I put my whole heart into it, determined to show I had some stuff in me.

One wretched December evening I reached a little hole of a place on the Great Western, and found the man I wanted away, but would be home next day. There was only a miserable frame shanty to do duty for a hotel, but as the fellow was a shifty customer and owed me a pretty big sum, I determined to wait for him.

It was a pretty cheerless prospect. As it was pouring rain there was no escape from the house and a very uninviting bar-room for, if the latter was dirty, the bed room, and parlour were dirty and cold too.

The usual lot of village loafers were hanging round the bar, and during the evening we had the ordinary village political discussion, with some very extraordinary strategical ideas about the American war, which had just been brought to a close.

In spite of considerable curiosity as to who I was, and what I wanted—which of course I did not satisfy—I was pretty popular, being politically in unison with the majority, and moderately generous in the matter of treats.

About 9 p.m., a stranger with a grip-sack, who it turned out had just got off the Western train came in. He was a rather a lawsized, wiry looking fellow, apparently about twenty-eight or thirty; not a bad looking chap, with a good square jaw on him, and a sharp pair of brown eyes.

He set up the drinks, and by-and-bye one and another began to recognize him. He was a native of the village it seemed, and had cleared out, some four years before, after robbing his old father of quite a large sum; however, it appeared the old chap was an out-and-out miser, and by what the young fellow said, and the others corroborated, had nearly starved his three children, and quite starved his young wife—to death.

This fellow was the youngest of the three, and the most objectionable to the old man. The eldest son, Peter—his namesake—being a chip of the old block, and the poor girl, nearly reduced to imbecility—by terror and starvation.

I further gathered, that the night after the son absconded old Pete Laidlaw hanged himself.

The young chap did not seem greatly grieved at this piece of news, but appeared genuinely affected when told of his sister's death.

Peter, the eldest son, was married, and by all accounts following in his admirable father's footsteps. He was residing in the paternal mansion, but in a shanty on the edge of the bush. Young Laidlaw supposed this was from economical motives and that he had sold or rented the old homestead; but was told "no, he couldn't neither rent, sell, nor live in it himself, as it was haunted." "Haunted!" yes, haunted; the old man "walked."

Of course this was received with roars of laughter from Eddie and myself in which the landlord joined; but in spite of all our laughter and jibing, the others persisted in their assertions.

At last the discussion grew so warm, and they all got so worked up, that Laidlaw offered—if any one would sit up with him in that old purchase that night—to lay a bet of a hundred dollars to ten, they should see nothing; and he said: "if the old boy would appear to any one he surely would to me."

He proposed having a fire, and with chairs and plenty of hot whiskey, and a pack of cards, thought they could have a jolly night. He would sit up willingly, alone but wanted someone to see that all was square.

He had no takers, however. Even the certainty of a hundred dollars being no sufficient compensation for saying how do you do to a ghost.

Well, I offered to sit up with him. I did not anticipate any very balmy slumber in the chamber above, and it promised to be jolly enough with this chap chatting about the war he had been engaged in, in the famous march—and with a game of euchre if time flagged. I suppose, the cards, any sort of a lark was enough to tempt me.

He accepted my offer, and the others gave me no chance of backing out. The old house was only a few hundred yards off, and in short ten minutes we were ready to start. Taken with a table, chair, fire-wood, a kettle of boiling water, whiskey, etc.

Then came the question of how to get in. Pete, young Pete—of course, having had the the place well bolted, barred, and locked and nailed up. But Laidlaw knew how to manage, and arming himself with a small hatchet and a piece of bent wire we all set off.

Wrenching off a few boards that were nailed across the door (and which he carefully brought inside), Laidlaw easily un locked the door with his knife and bent wire, as it was by no means a pleasant place when we did get in; confoundedly dark, damp, and ill smelling, and I sincerly wished I had stuck to the bar-room, uninviting as it was.

There was no back out possible, however, now, so I must only grin and bear it.

By the time the fire was burning up well, and the kettle beginning to boil, things did not look quite so blue. We made a preliminary visit through the old house, which was a large, four roomed, frame shanty. There was no hall or entry—the first room being entered directly from the street, and the others opening out of it. The house was rather peculiarly divided. There were two rooms across the front, and two in the rear of these. You entered the first front room from the street; on the right hand was a door leading into the second front room, which had no other door; on the left hand was the fireplace to the only chimney in the house; on the third wall, another door leading into the first back room, and a door from this led into the second back room. There was a single window in each room, and all of these had been carefully boarded up. After a good deal of chaffing and larking, and a hot whiskey all round, Pete left us, and Laidlaw nailed up the door with the boards he had brought inside. We then examined the windows thoroughly, to guard against any pranks by means of them, and finally heaped up the fire, and drawing our table and chairs near, prepared to make a night of it.

I don't want you to think we were going in for a jamboree. I never was a hard drinker, and I have a good hard head too—but I never cared for it. I was not the least bit fuddled when was he. If I had come with him, it was only because I thought this a pleasanter way of spending my nights than amongst grimy blankets in a dirty room.

Laidlaw was a decent good company; he had just come from the war, and had any number of incidents and personal anecdotes about Grant, Sherman, and the rest of them, and it was well on to three in the morning when we began at the cards.

By that time the rain was over, and a howling wind was whistling and shrieking round the house in a most uncanny manner, but with our roaring fire and our steaming whiskey we could afford to laugh at the storm.

As we sat at the table Laidlaw had his back towards the outer door, and I mine towards the back room. We had played about a dozen games, and were pretty even. It was my deal. I had a wretched hand, and was debating whether I should take it up or pass for as there would give him the game. I turned it down, and waited for him to make it, but he said nothing, so I looked up. His face was awful, his eyes wild and wide-staring, were fixed on something back of me. I dared not look round; an awful chill crept over me; a sick feeling of terror; my very heart seemed to stop beating. The figure of an old man, with streaming grey hair, and dressed in a blue coat, crept slowly past me. He was ghastly pale and thin, and his sunken eyes were literally blazing with the most hellish malignity and hate. He was bent nearly double, and as he tottered by one hand was raised as if the outstretched finger pointing at Laidlaw. Laidlaw never moved; did not seem to breathe. His eyes were fixed on the terrible eyes of the old man. When the latter touched him with that outstretched finger he gave one dreadful yell, and I lost consciousness.

Between five o'clock and six the next morning—the household came to look for us up, frightened lest Laidlaw should have murdered me. He thought too, his neighbour the shoemaker, who was also village constable. They were awfully alarmed when they found they could neither get in, nor hear any sound, and went off for the doctor who was also coroner.

On his authority they broke in the door.

They found Laidlaw sitting in a chair, his cards in his hand with ghastly face and staring eyes—stone dead.

I was lying like a log on the floor.

It was a long time before they could bring me round, and when they did I was in no state to give evidence. They found my address and telegraphed for my father, and after a couple of days the inquest went on.

Of course all I told about the appearance of the old man went for nothing with the doctor—at that I was not surprised.

But I was disgusted at the beastly inconsistency of the idiots of witnesses and jurymen, any of whom before this had been willing to stake his head on the old man's appearing, and not one of whom even for the sake of a hundred dollars would run the chance of seeing him, now trying to bring me in guilty of murder. As there was no wound, they were certain of poison, and that I had drugged his liquor. However, the analysis, and autopsy, settled that, and under the doctors instructions—and very much against the grain, the jurors—they brought in a verdict of "Died by a visitation of God."

The doctor talked a lot about hallucinations, nervous shocks, and sympathetic alliance, but I don't know what to think, and so try never to think of it at all. I certainly had never heard a description of the old man's dress or appearance, and yet the details I gave were absolutely perfect as corroborated by his relatives at the inquest.

A curious thing is that when I got home my mother—who is one of the Kenmores of Lorn, said the gift of the second sight had always been in her family—a statement which my father treated with undisguised contempt.

He shipped me off immediately to Cuba about some sugar business, and when I reached New York on my way home, I found instructions to sail at once for the wine districts of France and Germany. I was away in all about two years, and when I got home had something else to think of.

I had lost my heart on my travels, and an other couple of years went by in courting and preparing a nest.

By what time the impression of that night's work had pretty well worn off.

My father would never hear me allude to it, always protesting it was something I should be thoroughly ashamed of; that we were both drunk, and that Laidlaw died of heart disease.

But I give you my word of honour, Chaps! I was as sober as I am Hullo! What's that! Eh! for the mate had just put in his head at the door and sung out something. The Irish coast! By Jove!—

Helter skelter, we all rushed for the ship's side to look where we were. A pale grey dawn—a faint dark line indicated land.

Two hours after we were saying good bye over the ship's side to two of our party, and giving them a parting cheer as they steamed away on the dirty little tender for Derry, and the next day at Liverpool the other three parted.

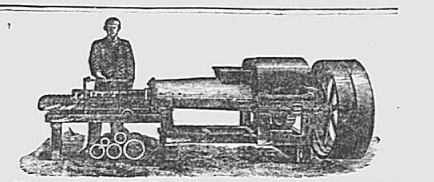
THE RUBICON TRACTION ENGINE.

Unconditional Surrender of the "Cornell."

(Ontario Reformer, Oct. 10th.)

The challenge which we published in our last issue appeared in The Toronto Mail of the 3rd inst. In substance a copy was mailed to Messrs. Haggart Sept. 25th; quite a number of days before Mr. Haggart had have built an engine if they had any desire to have a proper test of the power of the twelve horse Cornell as compared with the ten-horse Rubicon. Up to the hour of going to press no reply has been received by the General Manager of the Jos. Hall Machine Works, has also been published. It is an unconditional surrender on the part of the manufacturers of the Cornell Traction Engine. The fact that Messrs. Haggart have found it necessary to construct a twenty-five horse power Cornell Traction Engine is not of any value as a motive power on the ordinary highway. They boast that their twenty-five horse-power Cornell moved twenty tons on a race course at Brampton. We have it from an eye witness of the trial at Brampton that the twenty-five horse-power Cornell was a failure as a plowing Engine with a gang of only five ploughs behind it. The test of drawing loads with the twelve horse Cornell was also very unsatisfactory, for as soon as a load, that to any extent tested its hauling power was attached to it, the front wheels lifted from the ground and swung from right to left, making it quite impossible to keep it in the road. A twenty-five horse power Engine of the Rubicon model can haul from the town to the station 75 tons. There is not any call for so very powerful an engine. It means a train of fifteen trucks of five tons each too long to turn the street corners. It also means the rebuilding of all the country bridges. The twelve horse power Rubicon weighs only four tons, and can safely cross over the country bridges as they are now built. It has been remarked that Traction Engines would scare horses. The Rubicon has been operated on the Exhibition Grounds at London, Hamilton, Toronto, Guelph, Kingston, Napanee, and Brantford, and no harm has come to anyone. It hauled a portion of the Hall Works exhibit from Kingston to Napanee, 24 miles. It also hauled a load viâ Whitby nearly to Brooklyn. It has been shown on the streets of Oshawa, and the entire damage done by frightening horses was one buggy wheel damaged, and that was the fault of the driver. Besides wheelbarrows, children's carriages, bicycles, umbrellas, and many other things in daily use sometimes frighten horses, but their use has not been prevented or abandoned for that reason. The Rubicon Traction Engine is undoubtedly the greatest labour saving machine of modern times. It is to render an immense service to mankind. It is to play a very important part in transportation which every producer as well as every consumer of the land knows is one of the vital questions of the present age.—Ed.

Miss Cleveland's conversation is said to have the oracular quality of her writing. To one lady she said:—"I wish I could observe Washington life in its political phase, but I suppose I am too near the centre to get an accurate perspective of that. "Those who live on Mount Athos do not see Mount Athos."



I have secured the Right of the Dominion to manufacture KELLS & SONS' IMPROVED BRICK and TILE MACHINE. It took the Bronze Medal for BEST BRICK and Diploma for BEST TILE MACHINE at the Toronto Industrial Fair this Season. Send for Circular and Prize List. H. C. BAIRD, Parkhill, Ont.

SMOKE THE "HIGHLAND LASSIE."

Guaranteed straight havana filled, and the best five-cent cigar in the market. Manufactured exclusively by

H. McKAY & CO., LONDON

SNOW SHOE ATTACHMENT.



BROGEAU & DEMER'S Indian Curio Store,

1,356 Notre Dame st., Montreal.

Wholesale and retail dealers in all kinds of sporting goods, toboggans, snow shoes, moccasins, and lacrosses, &c. Sole agents for Canada for the snow shoe attachment.

MACURQUARHTS'

(London, England.)

CELEBRATED

Worcestershire Sauce.



Gold Medal New Orleans, 1885,) beating all competitors.

For sale to the trade by Jas. Gurner & Co., Lucas, Park, & Co., Brown, Ballard, & Co., John Stewart & Co., Hamilton, and M. Maguet & Co., London, and all principal wholesale grocers in Toronto, Kingston, and Montreal.

Wholesale for the Dominion

C. A. LIFFITON,

Acme Mills, Coffee and Spices, 829 St. James-street, Montreal.



The Inland Revenue Department having recently adopted regulations permitting distillers to bottle "in bond," under the supervision of an officer, the product of their own distilleries, we are now enabled to offer the public our

FINE OLD WHISKIES

bottled in accordance with the above regulations, and each bottle bearing Excise Officer's certificate as to age of contents. This gives the consumer a perfect and indisputable guarantee as to age, which cannot be obtained in any other way. We are now bottling our celebrated

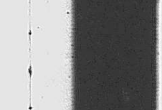
CLUB WHISKEY OF 1879

And our Old Rye Whiskey of 1878, 1880, and 1885, which can be had of all dealers. See that every bottle has our name on capsule and cork, and has Excise Certificate over capsule.

HIRAM WALKER & SONS

DISTILLERS, WALKERVILLE, ONT.

BULLARD REPEATING RIFLE.



14 Different Calibres, including 40-115 Ex[p]. Rifle[t]. 40-90 & 40-75.

Revolvers from 90 cents. Winchester Rifles $18. Breech-loading double-barrelled Shotguns at $12, guaranteed English make.

THE KING OF WEAPONS.

The Bullard is the King of Modern Weapons. Their trajectory is lower, they work more smoothly, and are better value for the money than any other weapon ever before offered to the public.

Sportsmen desiring a first-class and thoroughly reliable weapon should buy a BULLARD.

While irresponsible dealers are flooding the country with cheap imitations of the guns I am still adhering to my old policy of selling only first-class goods (made by reputable makers, whose names are a thorough guarantee of quality).

If you want guns and rifles that will shoot exactly as represented call at

WM. M. COOPER,

69 Bay-street, Toronto.

Write for Catalogue.

PUSH, ENERGY, ENTERPRISE.

Our Western firms display a large amount of energy, and foremost among those may be mentioned the firm of

James A. Kennedy, & Co., Wholesale Druggists,

who have a business that in spite of the Keen competition of the times has increased steadily. Their motto has been

Good Goods at Close Prices

combined with straight dealing and has already won for them a large trade. They offer a complete stock of Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, etc., and are also Wholesale Agents for Kennedy's Herbal Discovery, Kennedy's Herbal Liver Pills, etc., etc.

Send them a trial order or write for quotations, remember the address,

James A. Kennedy & Co., Wholesale Druggists.

THE LEONARD - BALL Automatic Cut-off ENGINES



Embodying in Their System of Regulation, Flexibility and Weight the Latest.

The most perfect Governing and Economical Engine. Send for Circular

Plain slide valve engines and STEEL BOILERS, all styles and sizes. We made a specialty of this line. Established 1856.

E. LEONARD & SONS, London, Ont.

DORAN & WRIGHT CO., (Limited.)

STOCKS, BONDS, GRAIN, PROVISIONS, and Petroleum bought and sold for cash or on margin. Direct private wires to New York and Chicago, and continuous markets received.

Head Offices—1 and 2 Pyne's Block, Rochester, and 18 Wall-street, New York.

Chicago Correspondents—Chas. Counselman & Co., New York: Morris & Son and Henry Clews. London Office: Office 9 Masonic Temple. Telephone Connection.

W. K. KAINS, Manager.

The Globe's Prize Story Competition.

See Ballotting Paper at Foot of Page 5.

THE TWO BROTHERS, BOB AND JIM.

By MEG MILLER, the Bible Woman.

ABOUT forty years ago, in the city of Montreal, and in one of the back streets there, I spent a good deal of time in the exercise of my ministry. The families living in that quarter were chiefly French, as they are to this day, some of them very poor and several very degraded. For example, I may mention the case of Madame Nanis and her daughter. This woman, who lived very much alone, was at the time referred to on her deathbed, and few were they that came to see her; but among the few was a daughter who had come again and again with the view of obtaining forgiveness for some offence committed years before. There had been a long estrangement, but the daughter, it seems, could not think of her mother dying and not absolving her from her offence. I was present on the last occasion of her visit, and never did I see such a spectacle. There was the daughter on her knees, pleading for pardon; and there the mother lay, all but speechless, but the set of the mouth showing how her thoughts were running, showing, indeed, that every appeal was vain. I took the candle and looked into her face, and saw that the end was near. I urged her to forgive her daughter. I reminded her that she needed forgiveness, and that she could not look for forgiveness unless she granted forgiveness. The only answer I could obtain was:—"No; God may forgive, but—." She died that night, but remained relentless, cruel, implacable to the bitter end. I could do no more. I came away, greatly moved, but in descending the ricketty stair, in breathing once more the balmy air of that sweet October eve, and in looking up to the bright sky all aglow with stars I felt still more so. Those stars did seem to me beautiful that night, but not one of them half so beautiful as that which shines in the constellation of Isaiah. *Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget thee.*

Very different was Mrs. Armstrong, the mother of Bob and Jim. But how did I come to get acquainted with her? The answer is that I had noticed again and again, pictures of animals, cocks and hens, and horses, and lions, and cabs with their drivers, sketched in chalk upon the walls, doors, sills in the neighbourhood of her house, wherever, in short, a smooth surface could be found. Those chalk sketches were wonderful. They were so accurate, truthful and commanding, that one could not look upon them without feeling that a master hand had been present. But how could a master hand find time to spread his sketches all around the lane in this fashion? Why should he seek in this obscure way to bring himself into notice? On making inquiry I was led to the very humble abode of Bob and Jim, and found that Bob, the younger, scarcely ten years of age, was the artist whose sketches had filled me with such admiration. Why did he scatter them about in such profusion? Is that what you say? Why does the canary sing and pour forth his song unheeded? Why does the orator love to speak and cannot sit still when the occasion comes? Why does the poet tell out the deeper truths which he sees in those grand elate hours ever and anon vouchsafed to him? You may repress the mountain spring, or chain the eagle's wing that it rise to Heaven no more, but you cannot restrain the deeper thoughts that rise up in the soul,—the thoughts of beauty that flit before the imagination and seek for outness—visible expression.

Bob was a natural painter. It was a matter of great importance to him, but bread and butter was more so, at least his mother thought so. He and Jim were both employed in a neighbouring foundry, and thus, Mrs. Armstrong, with what she could do in the way of chores, made out a living for the little household. Very careful was her training of those boys, and very exemplary her walk before them from day to day; and yet one of them, and that the most promising, fell beneath the power of temptation. It was in this wise:—Pieces of copper and lead, rejected castings and couplings, and such like, were being carried away by the boys that worked at the foundry, and sold for a trifle. Such was a source of income to the little spendthrifts; and Bob seeing this going on with impunity for some time, thought to try his hand at the same game. He did so, and the very first day he was caught. The janitor had been charged to keep a sharp lookout, and Bob's pockets, bulky beyond ordinary, betrayed him. There was nothing for it but to go to prison, and to prison he did go; and who will describe the feelings of that barefooted boy as the jailor handed him to the turnkey, and the turnkey opened and closed the heavy iron door of the cell and withdrew? In that little cell he was to spend thirty weary days and nights, breathe the fetid air of the prison, and hear the loud obscenity, the groans and curses of criminals that neither feared God nor regarded man. There was no sleep for him that night, for his heart was breaking; but the next night he did sleep. Wearied out he laid himself down on the hard bunk and dreamed. It was about his mother. He fancied himself loaded with irons, irons on his hands, irons on his feet, irons on the doors, and that she was by his side, her voice, her touch soft as an angel's, and how that she took the irons off from his feet and his hands, opened doors that he could not open, and threaded passages that he could not thread, and how that at length she brought him forth into the free bright air of heaven. What a blessing this of sleep is. How strangely potent the cordial which it pours into the exhausted frame. What a boon to many the mere bliss of unconsciousness, the periodic escape from self, the flight from care and weariness and shame when we cross the bridge that separates the wakeful world from the shadowy world of dreams. Very pleasant is thy dream, my little boy, but when thou awakest thou shalt be more distressed than ever. Next day was Sunday and the visit of the Protestant Chaplain did something to break his anguish. Bob heard him making his rounds stopping at each cell door as he passed and speaking to each prisoner in some such terms as these:—Well, how is it with you? Oh, said the prisoner, false swearing, quite innocent I assure you Next cell, Well how is it with you? Oh, said the prisoner, the man that did the deed was very like me, but they have taken the wrong man, and so I am here. Next cell, Well, how is it with you? Well, said the prisoner, I got into bad company, and the man that really committed the crime got clear, and so I am here. Next cell, Well, how is it with you? Oh, said the prisoner, my trial comes off next week but but I know they have nothing against me, and I know I'll get clear. Next cell—Bob's. Well, my boy, what is the matter with you? How do you come to be here? Whereupon Bob at once confessed, and, bursting into tears, said:—I stole copper out of the foundry and they put me in here for a month. Oh, minister, I am lost! lost! Can you do anything for me? *Yes, Christ came to seek and to save the lost*, and you are the first I have met to-day that answers this description. All the other prisoners I have spoken to are good men. *They* have nothing to confess and nothing to fear, and so Christ is nothing to them, but He is something to you; and thereupon the chaplain unfolded "the old, old story of Jesus and his love," and succeeded in conveying to him not a little strength and comfort; and much he needed comfort, for the prison was not so comfortable in those days—sometimes very cold, so cold that this poor child had his toes frozen one night.

The day of deliverance came—the day earnestly longed and longed for by the son, and still more by the mother. Both she and Jim were waiting to receive him at the entrance of the dingy old gaol, that has long since disappeared. She still believed in Bob. Her love had not faded; her confidence had not given way. Though that limping boy was only a waif—only a gaolbird in the estimation of the world, he was all in all to her. Was there anything in the house too good for him? The daintiest morsel, the softest place was provided for him with something more than welcome. How different this case from that referred to in the beginning of the story; and yet it is at best but a dim shadow of the great Father's love which shines on and on amid the smoke of all our abominations like the great bright star forever.

But now that Bob has got home what was to be done? His mother could not afford to bring him up in idleness. The trouble was that Bob was so thoroughly ashamed of himself that he courted seclusion, and could not think of going round to seek for employment. He had a fancy that everyone was looking down upon him, and some of his neighbours did. But this was not the case with old Chub, the cobbler. He believed in in Bob in spite of what had occurred, and one day in seeing an advertisement in a Montreal paper, asking for a boy to learn the business of an architect, especially one who had a turn for sketching, concluded that this was the place for Bob. Come, said he to the boy, brush up and look smart, and I'll go with you myself to the office. It took no little urging, both on the part of Mrs. Armstrong and the cobbler, to get Bob to go. But here we have them in the office of D. Brown, the architect, at last. The cobbler introduces Bob to the manager, but Bob can do nothing but look at his feet. What sort of an education has he got, said the manager. Well, not much, only a little reading and writing, and figures. How about the boy's parents? said the manager. Well, not much. His father died when he was but a year old—died of consumption, and his mother is a washerwoman. What put it into your head to bring that boy here; can he sketch? asked the manager. *Try him!* This was said with such an emphasis that Mr. Brown, who had as yet taken no part in the conversation, was induced to hand the boy a figure to copy; but so agitated was he, so utterly bewildered, that he could not even hold the pencil in his hand. This was plain enough to everyone, and so at the request of the cobbler, Bob was allowed to take the work home with him, the promise being that he would bring it in next day to the office, copy and all. Home the two came and bright were their eyes and light their steps for now they saw that the way was opening. Mither, said Bob, in a voice of triumph, give me a caunle I am to copy this to-night. He was early at the office next morning with the work, long before the manager, but as sheepish as ever, keeping his eyes on his feet, as if that was the most important object in the world. Did you do this yourself, said the manager, looking with amazement at the copy. No answer, except a whisper which he understood for *yes*. He saw that the boy was still awe struck and concluded to give him a trial for a week and let him gradually get accustomed to the surroundings; but before the week was over Mr. Brown and his manager found out that they had secured a prize, and every day he rose and rose in their estimation.

It is some years now since I saw Bob, but even then what a transformation had taken place. Instead of the soft, sheepish, limping boy that could not speak in the presence of an employer, or look up when the eye of the scrutineer was upon him, there was the goodly stature of opening manhood, the eye of intelligence, the firm step of conscious power that had been fairly tested, and the enthusiasm of youth, with all its attendant energy. At this time he was about to cross the sea to take an engagement in a great calico establishment—the Creems of Glasgow. His part was to reside on the Continent of Europe—to watch the chintz patterns as they passed through the market—to transmit copies of the same and to furnish such new patterns as he could devise with the view of holding the first place in the European market. His salary was to be £500 sterling besides expenses.

But is this all? Is this the culmination of a genius whose dawn was so promising? By no means; but it is all my limits will allow, nor can I add a word about the mother or Jim who now holds a high situation in this country in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, or old Chub, the cobbler, who played the part of the good Samaratan in the hour of distress. But this I must add that such a narrative is filled to moderate our judgments in regard to the great criminal class, and to bring before us the fact that many of these are the children of misfortune rather than of inherent vice—that many of both sexes, had they only received a little help at a critical period of life, might have been blessings instead of banes to society to-day, and who for the want of that helping hand, like old Chub's are swept away by the remorseless tide of desolation till they are dashed, wrecked upon the eternal shore.

THE ROMANCE OF A CANADIAN STATESMAN.

BY M. G. C.

TO a small but thriving town in Western Canada, that shall, for evident reasons, be nameless, there came not so very many years ago, a couple whose advent was hailed with delight and curiosity by its population. Their name was McGregor—Mr. and Mrs. Gregor McGregor. While the delight at the acquisition of even two who might add to the society of the place, can in those days of slow progression in wealth and population, when every man knew his neighbour and his townsman, easily be understood, I can truthfully say, that had you seen and known as I did, this youthful, recently married couple, had you had an opportunity of observing their appearance, and to the would-be careful, scrutinizing glance, their apparent evident unsuitableness for each other, you would quite easily have understood the curiosity that was aroused by their arrival.

She was a beautiful girl of, I should say, nineteen years of age. A delicately moulded, yet perfectly formed physique, golden hair, large, black, dreaming eyes, that seemed able to fathom the unfathomable, and a countenance that none could look at but admire. Such is but an imperfect description of her, for who can faithfully pourtray perfection?

The contrast was in him. A rough, uncomely exterior, indeed he possessed. Tall, unhandsome, dark complexioned, but with a face that mirrored energy, faith in his own capacity, and the dogged perseverance that betokens success in any and every walk of life. He was about 24 years of age, I should think. She was evidently, to use a much hackneyed expression, of gentle birth. He, it seemed clear, was not framed in so delicate mould, a son of the people whose brain, not his birth, was his fortune.

Soon did he set to work to lay the foundation of his future career of usefulness. Almost immediately after his arrival he articled himself to an Irish solicitor, who had for some years practised his profession in this town of ——. McGregor's great ambition was to become a successful lawyer, and while in his apprenticeship, although he had many difficulties to overcome, not the least of them being his straitened circumstances, he worked so assiduously and proved so apt and careful a student that when he became, as in those days one could in a short time, a full-fledged lawyer, his employer, who was then conducting a large and remunerative business, took him into partnership, and success was at his elbow.

During these days of student life, his home circle was indeed the acme of happiness. What encouragement his wife's bright eyes and cheerful face gave him! In his darkest hours of studentship, when debt seemed to draw him into a whirlpool of despair, one look from that loving face, one kiss from those ruby lips, would drive him from the midnight of despondency to the ecstasy of hope. What an encouragement to a man battling for an honourable position in life is a true and loving wife.

The only shadow that fell across the sunlight of McGregor's life was the sad and cruel truth that his wife was not in robust health. Many a time, noticing it as he did, he consoled himself by saying, "Surely Violet, almost the whole of whose life was spent north of the Tweed, must be strong. Her seeming weakness is but fanciful. She does not complain. My imagination is running riot with my judgment when I think that I detect in that flushed face, that over-bright colour in her cheek, the sign of illness." And so he dismissed, perhaps too eagerly, all thought of danger from his mind.

McGregor's career was brimful of success. Upon the retirement of his partner, who had deservedly been appointed to a judicial position, which he filled until supplanted by a hostile Administration, with great acceptance to the profession and the public, McGregor succeeded to his business, and at once became the leader of the bar in the county. In a few years, from his large and lucrative practice, and the sundry chances for speculation it brings in its train, which he did not fail to take advantage of, McGregor amassed a very considerable fortune.

His acquaintance by reason of his professional duties was an extended one, so that in a short time he became a prominent figure as a politician in his county and made many warm and ardent friends among the party whose interests he had espoused, the Liberal party of Canada. A fluent and eloquent speaker, a hard worker for his political friends, his name was soon mentioned as a probable candidate, and not much more than mentioned, when a vacancy in the representation occurred, and he received the party nomination, and after a vigorous contest was elected by a considerable majority.

He had now, one might well have supposed, reached the zenith of his prosperity. In his business affairs everything he touched seemed to turn to gold, and even looking into the future, it appeared as if fortune, desirous of doubly blessing him, stretched forth her arms and beckoned him onward. His home life was of the most perfect character. Not a jar had interposed to ruffle the evenness of his happiness, not a cloud had appeared in the horizon of his life. Nestling in the affection of his wife, who lavished upon him the most tender, passionate love, and who gloried in his success, he seemed to be, and no doubt was, an exceedingly happy man.

At this juncture in his career, there appeared upon the scene a young and beautiful widow. She had just arrived at the town of —— and from what could be learned of her past, had been married to an English officer named Devereaux, who had but recently fallen in battle in India, from which country she had just come, and by some strange freak had concluded to settle in this little western town.

Sympathizing with her in her grief, pitying her lonely condition, Violet McGregor paid her marked attention, invited her to her house, and endeavoured to chase away the shadows that had gathered around her life. Very soon indeed they became most intimate friends. Florence Devereaux made herself almost indispensable to Violet, whose health was still anything but good, although at times she would appear to have gained her old time strength, but oftener it was apparent to all but the eyes blinded by love, that her time could not be long. While her husband was away attending to his Parliamentary duties, Florence almost lived with her; and having much in common in their thoughts and inclinations, friendship soon developed into love.

Gregor McGregor in the meantime had created a *furore* in the House, almost at the threshold of his political life. His maiden speech won the applause and admiration of both sides. Moderate in tone, bristling with facts, logical in all its parts, and eloquent in many, it was regarded as a masterpiece, and ere the end of his second session, he had taken a most prominent place in the ranks of his political friends, then in opposition.

During the recess he worked hard at his profession, never idling a moment of his precious time. Kindly in his disposition, he vied with his wife in his kindness to Florence, whom he regarded as a sister, and when his wife, owing to her feeble health, was unable to participate in the harmless, and not too numerous gaieties of a country town, Mr. McGregor at her earnest solicitations became the escort of Florence, who did not scruple to admire him, not perhaps so much because of his great ability, as of his generous, expansive nature.

Violet, it must be clearly understood, did not merely desire, but insisted upon her husband taking advantage of whatever means of enjoyment were within his reach. A hard worked man like him, she said to herself, should have his hours of recreation and not be deprived of them because she was unable to enjoy them with him. How often has he objected. How often has she in that sweet, coaxing, convincing way of hers said, "My dear husband, you must accept Mrs. So-and-So's invitation. You know Florence is invited, and has no one to go with her but you. Go dear, for my sake." He would answer, "I will not, I cannot go without you. It is no pleasure for me unless you are there. It is rather positive agony for me to leave you here alone."

But she would not hear of an objection, and would always carry her point when she said,

"My darling, if you love me go. I will be so unhappy unless you do. You know Florence is anxious to go, I can amuse myself in some way while you are gone. I will try and keep awake until you come home. Go my darling go."

And this noble, generous hearted man, much against his inclinations, feeling that he could have no pleasure while harassed by the knowledge that his delicate wife was passing her evening in solitude, would at last consent and go, accompanied by Florence, who was never happier than when surrounded by gaiety, and thus it frequently happened that they were thrown into each others society.

No one but him who can search into the deepest recesses of the human heart, can tell the agony with which Violet urged her husband into the course he took. Loving him as she did, with her whole soul, she would not have felt content had he remained at home, and yet owing perhaps to her delicate, nervous, condition, she was of a timid, and not a jealous disposition, she soon came to the conclusion that Florence and her husband were becoming too fond of each other. Thrown together as they were by her own request, who can wonder, she has often argued.

Not a word of her suspicions would she breathe for worlds. Even the slightest idea that her husband was untrue to her never for an instant crossed her mind. She felt certain of his undying love for her, and was happy in her belief. The only thing that troubled her was, that their intimacy meant something more than mere friendship, and feeling, as she now did, that her disease,—that dread disease consumption, that many have, but few believe they have—was advancing, and that a stranger was at hand ready to take her place in her husband's affections, who can wonder that the familiarity between Florence and her husband that she herself had fostered and encouraged, harmless as it was, should prove a source of deep pain to this dying girl, whose whole life was surrounded by the thought of her husband's welfare, her highest, and all satisfying reward, being his love!

Not a thought of aught but the purest friendship had ever crossed the mind of Florence and Gregor. The former, who was still the loving friend of Violet, would a thousand times rather have thrust her hand—aye, her whole body—into the fire, than cast a blight upon the life of husband or wife. The latter was just as fond of, and true to his wife as he was in the halcyon of their honeymoon days.

But poor Violet did not think so. Weaker, and weaker she grew, until even Gregor seemed to realize that his love was in danger. The recognized leader in his profession in the town, who was McGregor's family physician, was downcast about her case, and told him for the first time, though he must have known long before, that his wife's case was hopeless. McGregor would not believe it. He thought, and in his despair expressed it openly, that the country doctor was not sufficiently experienced, and that he would call in some man of eminence.

A day or two passed by. Violet got no better. Still weaker she became, and could not walk. Gregor carried her when she could bear it, to the drawingroom to pass the afternoon within the reach of the sun. But improvement did not come. Florence at this time was so attentive. Nothing that she could do was left undone. No sacrifice that she could make was left undone. Early in the morning and late at night, did she minister to the wants of Violet.

At last the crisis came. McGregor, feeling that the country physician had got beyond his depth, and seeing that Violet was gradually getting worse, though she always displayed the best of spirits and predicted her early recovery, telegraphed for a city doctor. He came, examined her carefully, McGregor waiting below to hear the result, confident that it would prove that he, poor fellow, too willing to believe so, was right in his supposition that the country physician was wrong.

Soon the critical moment came.

"Well, doctor, what is the matter with her? How long before she is well?"

The doctor hesitated a moment, when McGregor said:—

"Don't conceal anything from me. I want to know, I must know, the truth."

"Mr. McGregor, you really want my candid opinion?"

"Certainly I do, doctor."

"Then, my dear sir," said the doctor, "with sadness I must say that your wife cannot live more than a week. She may not live more than a few hours. She is dying, and she, poor thing, knows it well. She told me so, and asked me not to tell you, though I feel it my duty, unpleasant though it be, to do so."

Gregor's grief was almost uncontrollable. The light seemed in an instant to have gone out of his life, all was dark, not even a faint gleam of brightness or hope to temper his sorrow.

Shortly after the doctor left, Gregor, trying to be as calm and composed as under the circumstances he could be, went to his wife's room, looked in, and to his surprise saw Florence kneeling at her bedside, with her arms around Violet's neck, both sobbing passionately. He hesitated at the door and turned back, when Violet saw him and called out:—

"Gregor, Gregor, my darling, come to me quickly. I am so happy. Can you guess the news I have for you? Oh, I am so glad. Florence is my sister."

A coughing fit prevented her saying anything more for a moment or two.

"I am so ashamed to tell you, Gregor, that I was becoming jealous of Florence and you. It was such a silly idea, but you will forgive me, dear, won't you, because I was so ill, so worn out, but now I can die happy."

"Don't speak of dying Violet, you must not die my darling wife."

"Gregor, it is hard, oh so hard, to part from you who have been all kindness to me. Do you not see how quickly I am sinking?"

Poor Violet was rapidly dying. Her voice was getting weaker, she could only speak in in a whisper now.

"Give me a drink dear" she said to her husband, "I want to tell you about Florence before I die."

At this moment she began to cough violently, and no doubt owing to the excitement she had undergone in discovering Florence's relationship to her, a hemorrhage was the result, and it was apparent to the two watchers at her bedside, that her end was near. For some time she could not speak. Florence and Gregor knelt by her bedside; Gregor bending over until his face touched the forehead of his poor wife, waiting for the slightest sound.

In a moment or two she showed signs of a desire to speak. He bent down his ear, and in a faint whisper, spasmodically, and with an evident painful effort came the words:

"Gregor, my darling, we must part, I cannot speak any more. Be kind to Florence; and it would make me so happy if you would ——." The last words he could not hear. "Kiss me darling, good bye."

With his arms around her neck, and pressing her lovingly to his breast, his hot tears falling upon her, as if to keep warm the blood that had almost ceased to flow, Violet closed her eyes and saw the husband whom she so much loved, no more.

* * * * * * *

The mystery of this story is soon cleared up. Violet and Florence were the only children of a proud, but poor Scottish baronet, whose wife had died when his children were but infants. When but a child, Florence was adopted by a widowed aunt, who took her to her home in France, and Violet never saw her again until they met in the town of ——

Gregor McGregor, as I shall still call him, although that is not his true name, and that I cannot give as you will presently see, was the son of a shepherd on the Baronet's estate. He fell in love with Violet, and as they both knew it was impossible to obtain her father's consent to their marriage, eloped when she was about nineteen years of age, and came to Canada.

Her father soon afterwards died; and as she had no relatives in Scotland, and as her aunt, with whom Florence had been living, had married again and removed to India, where Florence married Charles Devereaux, she knew not her name or her residence. It was only by the purest accident that on the last night of her life, Violet discovered her long lost sister.

* * * * * * *

Need I say that Florence and Gregor were married a year or so after Violet's death! McGregor still worked his way upwards. His party came into power and he with it.

While many of my readers will unreasonably say that what I have written is not truth, but mere fiction, I ask you to believe, because it is a solemn fact, that Gregor McGregor is one of the leaders in this land to-day.

IN THE RUSH OF CHRISTMAS MORN

In the rush of early morning,
When the red burns through the grey,
And the wintry world lies waiting
For the glory of the day,
Then we hear a fitful rustling
Just without upon the stair,
See two small white phantoms coming,
Catch the gleam of sunny hair.
Are they Christian fairies stealing
Rows of little socks to fill?
Are they angels floating hither
With their message of good-will?
What great spells are these elves weaving
As like larks they chirp and sing?
Are these palms of peace from heaven
That the lovely spirits bring?
Rosy feet upon the threshold,
Eager faces peeping through,
With the first red rays of sunshine,
Chanting cherubs come in view;
Mistletoe and gleaming holly,
Symbols of a blessed day,
In their chubby hands they carry,
Streaming all along the way.
Well we know them, never weary
Of this innocent surprise;
Waiting, watching, listening always
With full hearts and tender eyes,
While our little household angels,
White and golden in the sun,
Greet us with the sweet old welcome—
"Merry Christmas, every one!"

—LOUISE M. ALCOTT.

The people of Ontario should one and all visit the stores of Petley & Petley, King-street East, opposite the market, Toronto, as this well-known firm are offering some remarkable bargains in best quality Axminster, Aubusson, Wilton, Brussels and tapestry carpets during their great winter sale now going on. Persons living at a distance of one to two hundred miles can save their railway fare and expenses on a purchase of fifty dollars. We would say to our readers, and we speak from experience, if you want high-class carpets at moderate prices go to Petleys'.

Oh, if I only had her complexion! Why, it is easily obtained. Use Pozzoni's powder. Sold by all druggists.

—The Rev. E. P. Roe's first book, 'Barriers Burned Away,' was written in Chicago and was suggested to him by the great fire of which he was a spectator. He finished nearly the whole book while the ashes were still hot. But to have it published was not quite so easy, and after making numerous unsuccessful efforts he eventually found a publisher in New York more favourably impressed with his work than the others had been, and by a promise of supplying the publisher with some of his most luscious strawberries, of which he was then already a great producer, an arrangement was effected to bring the book out. Mr. Roe got $100 for it, but whether that sum was intended in return for the book or the strawberries, never appeared very clear to him.

THE McCORMICK MFG. Co., London. The above company, of London, Ont., engaged in general confectionery, lemon, orange, and citron preserving, nuts, etc., is the largest in the Dominion. The premises comprise a block 125 x 88 feet, five storeys high, and box factories and other buildings separate. One hundred and sixty-five hands are employed and the goods turned out are of the highest quality. Their stock is bought in immense quantities, and none but the purest is used. A specialty is made of candied lemon, orange, and citron, of which 15,000 boxes per annum are prepared. The best fruit of Sicily is bought, preserved in brine and thus shipped. These goods are all guaranteed and are in direct competition with the best English, which they are rapidly supplanting throughout the Dominion. The company make their own tins for canning and paper and wood boxes for shipping. In the confectionery department nearly two tons of sugar are used each day, power being produced by an 80 h. p. Corliss engine. In order to meet the British Columbia trade a resident agent has been secured there.

Confederation Life Association.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

FOURTEEN YEARS' RECORD TO NOV. 1st, 1885.

Paid for Death claims	$467,095 00
Paid for holders of Endowment Policies	25,848 00
Paid for CASH surrender values	77,118 00
Paid CASH profits to POLICYHOLDERS	170,452 00
Loaned to Policyholders on their Policies	38,012 00
Paid to Holders of Annuity Bonds	11,426 00
Premiums returned	320 00
Total	$790,271 00

In addition to the $170,452 CASH profits already paid to the POLICYHOLDERS, there will have accrued to the close of the present year (estimated) the further large sum of from $190,000 to $200,000; which we expect will be still further increased at the end of the current quinquennium (31st Dec., 1886), to $250,000, and probably more, or about TWICE the amount of the Policyholders' share of surplus at the close of the SECOND quinquennium (Dec. 31st, 1881).

Add to the above the fact that the Association holds ONE AND A QUARTER MILLION DOLLARS as a Policy Reserve Liability, and some idea will be had of what one of OUR OWN INSTITUTIONS has done for its POLICYHOLDERS.

J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director.

WALKERS' WINTER SALE

NOW GOING ON,

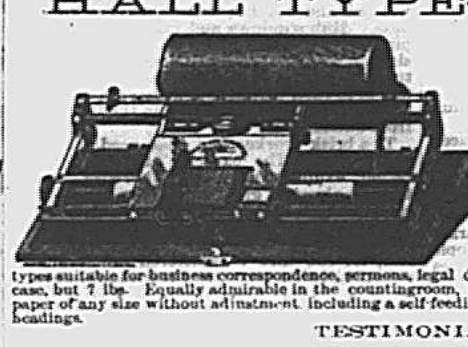
Carrying Joy and Gladness to Thousands. Goods are being sold at prices never before dreamed of.

DRESS GOODS 40 PER CENT. OFF, SATINS FOR 20c A Y'D.

A Lady's Mantle for $2, Cost Nearly $10.

THE GOLDEN LION, 33, 35, & 37 KING-STREET

HALL TYPE-WRITER.



PRICE, $45.

Awarded the Medal of Superiority over all its competitors at the Semi-Centennial Fair of the American Institute in New York. Also the John Scott Medal by the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia. Guaranteed to do better work, and a greater variety, than any other writing machine. It prints directly from the face of the type.

Requiring No Ink-Ribbon.

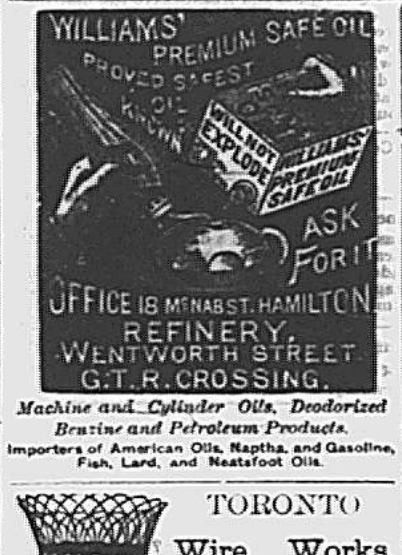
Uses interchangeable types, in all languages, besides a large variety of English types suitable for business correspondence, sermons, legal documents, etc. Weighs, in its neat walnut case, but 7 lbs. Equally admirable in the countingroom, parlour, or railroad train. Accommodates paper of any size without adjustment, including a self-feeding roll of 500 sheets, with or without printed headings.

TESTIMONIAL.

9TH DECEMBER, 1885.

"I beg to state that I use The Hall Type-Writer, and find it a thoroughly useful machine. Its simplicity of structure, the neatness with which it prints, and the rapidity with which it can be used, makes it very valuable. Those clergymen who read their sermons would find its clear type most helpful. HARTLEY CARMICHAEL, M.A., Rector Church of the Ascension, Hamilton, Ont."

Descriptive Pamphlet and Price List mailed upon application to **W. E. BROWN, Agent for Canada, Hamilton, Ont.** N.B.—Ask for Catalogue and Price List of Rubber and Dating Stamps, Seals, &c.



Machine and Cylinder Oils, Deodorized Benzine and Petroleum Products.

Importers of American Oils, Naptha, and Gasoline, Fish, Lard, and Neatsfoot Oils.

R. & J. McKAY,

Wholesale Dealers in

Tapestry Coverings, Plushes,

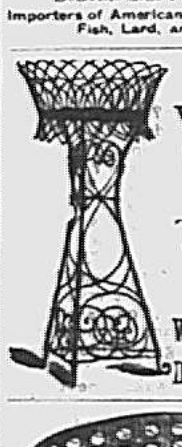
FRINGES, CORDS, GIMPS, UPHOLSTERERS' SUNDRIES.

Tapestry, Brussels, Wool, Union, and Hemp Carpets.

OILCLOTHS, LINOLEUMS, MATTINGS, MATS, RUGS,

Curtains, Curtain Materials, Cornice Poles, Stair Rods, &c.—Prices Very Low.

48 King - St., Hamilton.



TORONTO Wire Works. 116 King-st. West.

T. G. RICE

Manufacturer of Wire Goods of Every Description.

A. WILLIS

53 King-street East, Toronto,

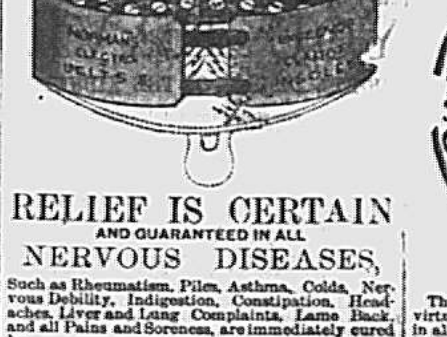
Will sell 100 acres, 90 cultivated, partly fall ploughed, well fenced and watered; brick house, 3 large frame barns and driving-house, 23 miles distant from Toronto, County of York. Price $6,500.

TERMS ASY.
Decided Bargain.

BUSINESS TRAINING.

DAY'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.—ADVANTAGES: Individual instruction by experienced accountant; thorough training; limited attendance.

JAS. E. DAY, Accountant,
94 and 96 King-street West, Toronto.



RELIEF IS CERTAIN

AND GUARANTEED IN ALL

NERVOUS DISEASES,

Such as Rheumatism, Piles, Asthma, Colds, Nervous Debility, Indigestion, Constipation, Headaches, Liver and Lung Complaints, Lame Back, and all Pains and Soreness, are immediately cured by

NORMAN'S ELECTRO-CURATIVE BELTS, ETC.

4 Queen-st. East, Toronto.

Consultation and Circulars Free.



This most exquisite of Toilet Preparations, the virtues of which have caused it to be in demand in all Civilised Countries, stand PRE-EMINENT FOR PRODUCING A

Soft and Beautiful Complexion.

"It is the only article I can use without making my skin smart and rough." "After having tried every article, I consider your Medicated Complexion Powder the best preparation I have ever used, and cannot do without it."

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

GEORGE KEITH,

Seed Merchant, 124 King-st. East, Toronto.

All kinds of clover and grass seeds, seed grains, etc. Also whole and ground oil cake. Correspondence solicited from both buyers and sellers.

My Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue of garden, agricultural and flower seeds, ready about February 1st next. Free by mail on application.

ESTABLISHED 1866.

The MOST ECONOMICAL to buy, and PERFECTLY SAFE to use, the old-time tried, and always reliable,

COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER.

A few words about the COOK'S FRIEND may not be uninteresting. The Cook's Friend was first offered to the general public over a quarter of a century ago. A little later its Name and Trade Mark were registered at Ottawa. For years previously, however, it had been sold in the local business (retail grocer) in which its manufacturer was then engaged, who, being in daily communication with consumers, had excellent opportunities of becoming acquainted with their requirements. These were carefully studied in every detail in the preparation of Cook's Friend, one point being kept steadily in view, namely, to put as much VALUE INSIDE the package, and as LITTLE OUTSIDE as was compatible with neatness.

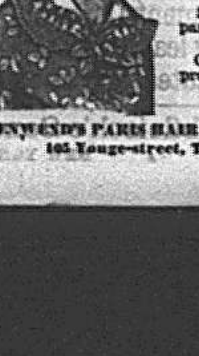
The public taste was so well met that the sale of the goods speedily attained large proportions. The characteristics which achieved such results, have been ever since adhered to, and money spent to-day in the purchase of

COOK'S FRIEND

buys more intrinsic value than if spent on any other baking powder.

Purchasers should be sure they are served with the genuine Cook's Friend, a host of imitators having appeared giving their counterfeits names, of which the following may serve as a sample:—Cook's Favourite, Cook's Best, Cook's French, Cook's Finest, Cook's Choice, Cook's Own, Cook's Aid, and unkindest cut of all to consumers, one man puts the little word "best" between "Cook's" and "Friend," and serves them with a compound of alum. Cook's Friend may be had of any first-class grocer.

New Styles of Bangs, Waves, &c



The largest assortment in the latest designs of Hair Goods in Canada.

Ladies' Bangs, Waves, Switches, Wigs, Gents' Wigs, Toupees, &c.

Send for prices and particulars.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

ADDRESS

DORENWEND'S PARIS HAIR WORKS, 103 and 105 Yonge-street, Toronto.

A TALE OF STRONG THINGS.

How a Mite of Limburger Cheese Caused a Sensation.

Mutual Suspicions on a Railway Car—A Question of Ventilation Attacked—Scientific Data Disputed.

When a citizen of Toronto left Berlin the other day, some kind friend secretly placed a piece of cheese in his valise in case he should get hungry before he got to Toronto—Limburger cheese. He bought a GLOBE, and read an article headed "Ventilation in Railway Cars." This made him nervous and it seemed to him that there was a curious smell somewhere in the car. When the conductor came up the passenger told him that there were 4,344 decimal 83 cubic feet in the car when empty, and that if occupied by 50 passengers it would be reduced to 4,164 decimal 83 feet, and that the air ought to be changed eighteen times an hour, and he didn't believe this was being done, because there was a queer smell around there. The conductor said he did smell a kind of a funny smell—didn't know anything about decimals or cubic feet, but thought may be some of the truck people carried around wanted to be changed instead of the air. As he said this he

GLANCED DARKLY

at the passenger's valise, but the passenger had not the slightest idea that this article was suspected. However, thinking that the smell was, perhaps, localized in his part of the car he moved himself and his savoury valise to another seat. Now, by this time the Limberger had begun to feel it's effect of the heat, and was emitting an entirely new and still more pungent variety of smell. The man who occupied the new seat with him intimated that he was a commercial traveller.

"Travel for a drug store?" asked the Toronto man sharply.

"Well, yes, I do; how did you find out?" said the traveller.

"I don't think drug samples ought to be carried in passenger cars," said the owner of the valise with considerable severity.

"If you are referring to me, sir," said the traveller, "I haven't got any samples on this car. But there are goods that smell worse than drugs." and he left the seat carrying his satchel in one hand and holding his nose with the other.

The puzzled passenger leaned over to the seat in front, and said to a thin man with a long face, "I think there must be a skunk outside."

"I wish it was outside," said the long-faced man, with gloomy emphasis, moving over to the other side of the car.

And now for the first time the owner of

THE FRAGRANT VALISE

noticed that he was surrounded by a quarantine of empty seats, and that people were casting most indignant glances at him. All at once the horrible truth flashed upon him that he was suspected. His face burned so that it seemed to singe his whiskers, and he was the most relieved man on the train when the Union Station was reached.

As he walked up York-street the dreadful smell followed him. Seized by a sudden inspiration, he opened the valise, and turned the contents out on the sidewalk. A small boy, who with great courage stood close by and watched the operation, states that the man did not laugh when he found the cheese; probably his sense of humour was deficient, as there is no doubt the joke was an excellent one. He also is willing to depose that the man left the cheese behind; which is another strange thing, as it is not likely he forgot it.

SWEEPING AND DUSTING.

A Sensible and Practical Way of Dealing With the Dust.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

"But, Monsieur," said a harassed scholar one day, after toiling wearily through the intricacies of a collection of impersonnel French verbs, "what is the good of having all these moods and tenses when they are seldom or never put into use?" The teacher, more frank or less discreet than the majority of his confreres, raised eyebrows and shoulders. "*Eh, Mademoiselle, pour le rendre plus difficile!*" The phrase comes involuntarily to one's lips in reading some of the lengthy and intricate instructions given for performing what to an unprejudiced observer would seem to be among the simplest household tasks.

One is startled sometimes into a vivid realization of the fact that there is nothing new under the sun, by finding a Biblical phrase recorded thousands of years ago that expressed so aptly a state of affairs of to-day that it would seem to have been written for that purpose. When Solomon said that man had been made upright, but had "sought out many inventions," he probably had little thought of the latter clause being applied to the proper methods of sweeping and dusting. But modern thought utilizes all things, and no other word describes so compactly the directions given on these topics by some doubtless excellent housekeepers. One of them enlarges with great diffuseness upon the urgent necessity of dusting every article in a room carefully, then carrying them all into another apartment, sweeping the emptied chamber, and after returning furniture and ornaments to their places, dusting them once more with no less minuteness than if they had been suffered to remain during all the sweeping. Few mistresses have the time to devote to this multiplication of duties, and no servant could be found who would follow such a programme. And indeed, what gain is there in this ultra-nicety? In the natural reaction from superscrupulousness

THE DANGER OF TOO LITTLE TIDINESS

is to be as sedulously avoided.

Like nearly all the duties of life, sweeping may be made either a difficult or a simple matter. In many homes sweeping day holds a place hardly second to blue Monday in horror. The mere word calls up a vision of open windows, draughty halls, flying dust, and general disturbance, with no place of refuge until the domestic whirlwind is past. It seems impossible for some minds to disconnect the idea of thorough cleanliness from proportionate discomfort while the purifying process is being carried on. To quote Sin Saxon in "The Other Girls," "Monday always has to be rather awful. But after that we do expect to live. We couldn't hold our breaths till Thursday."

It is bad enough to have one day in the week that brings more pleasure with its sunset than with its sunrise. To institute a repetition of the misery is to "pile on the agony" beyond patient endurance. There are excuses for Monday being a trying day. Household economists have conscientiously struggled to solve the problem of washing day. Some people on the European Continent settle it to their own satisfaction by letting soiled clothing accumulate for three months and then giving themselves up, body and soul, to a tremendous scrubbing that sets them in order for another quarter year. American housewives have not yet come up or down to this order of affairs. Their laundry work must be done hebdomadally. With the desire so well known to every earnest worker to get a bad piece of business out of the way, they attack it at the beginning of the week and get rid of it as soon as possible. And washing is something that

MUST BE DONE ALL AT ONCE.

No thrifty woman can bear to have wet clothes standing about the house for two and three days at a time. They must be dried, ironed, and returned to their proper places before neatness can be fairly restored.

With sweeping the case is entirely different. There is no adequate reason why there should be a general sweeping day, in which the whole house must be in a state of turmoil. It is far better to have the sweeping done little by little, taking one room to-day, another to-morrow, until by the end of the week the whole house is sweet and clean.

The advisability of giving every apartment a vigorous "broom cleaning" at least once a week has been so strenuously insisted upon by some notable housekeepers that it has by many been converted into an imperative duty. But looking at the matter in an unprejudiced light, one cannot clearly see why a drawing-room, inhabited perhaps for a few hours in the afternoon and evening, or an unoccupied guest chamber, should require the same amount of purification demanded by a sewing, sitting, or dining room. The dust pan and brush are labour-saving machines that do not receive due appreciation. By their aid in removing a little dust here and a little there, the business of sweeping a whole room may be deferred at times, when at the first glance anything less than a complete routing out of furniture and dirt together would seem impossible.

Careful and thorough sweeping, however, is by no means to be underrated.

THE LIVING ROOMS OF A HOUSE

should never be allowed to remain long unswept. Still less should the sleeping rooms be neglected. Accumulations of dust and fluff are not only unclean, but positively unwholesome. They are active agents in receiving and propagating disease germs, and should never be disposed of in any other way save by burning.

In sweeping a room a few simple rules are all that are needed. Let all ornaments, small toilet articles, and the like be placed on the bed, and that entirely covered with a sheet. It is well to have sweeping covers of unbleached cotton sheeting, large enough to drape each piece of furniture as cannot conveniently be moved from the room. All chairs, ottomans, light tables, etc., should be dusted and set in the hall or an adjoining room. Loop up curtains and draperies so that they will clear the floor. Have rugs or mats removed first, and shaken in the open air. Shut the doors and raise the windows, unless the weather should be exceptionally cold. In that case the airing may be deferred until the sweeping is finished. The fresh exercise generally creates a glow that makes cool air desirable. Let the sweeper, attired in an old gown made conveniently short (a wash dress is to be preferred), her head tied up in a good-sized handkerchief or covered with a sweeping cap, attack the work bravely. Sweep from one side of the room, leaving a space into which to push the furniture, as that opposes the progress of the broom.

LEAVE NOTHING UNMOVED

that can be moved, and see that no corner is allowed to harbour dust or fluff. Drive the dust into the middle of the room, gather into a dustpan, and bestow at once in the fire. Let the dust settle thoroughly before the "setting to rights" is begun. Wipe off base board, door panels, and other woodwork first. A square yard of cheesecloth neatly hemmed makes the best duster. It is soft and easily washed, and has the added merit of cheapness. Rub windows and mirrors, brush off picture frames, and wash marble mantels or slabs. Replace the rugs, uncover the furniture, dust it carefully, and restore the ornaments to their places, first observing whether they are clean. Last. bring in the furniture from outside.

To a brisk worker the task need not be a tedious one. The exercise of sweeping is rather exhilarating than otherwise, and there is always a great delight in the fresh, renewed look of a clean room.

Never brush refuse from a room into a hall. Nothing is gained by it, rather something lost, for the dirt is scattered farther. In sweeping halls, too, the litter should never be sent flying down stairs by a vigorous stroke of the broom, but carefully kept from the lower hall or steps. There are always nooks and crannies where dirt will lodge in spite of the most earnest efforts to prevent it. There is no necessity for creating work for the broom or duster.

In rooms which are matted instead of carpeted, it is well after sweeping to go over the floor with a cloth moistened in salt water. It removes dust that has escaped the broom, and gives gloss and freshness to the matting. It should also be borne in mind that in sweeping it is always the part of prudence to closely investigate corners and crevices with a whisk brush. Surprisingly large gleanings of dirt will generally be found even in a room that by the casual observer would be pronounced entirely clean.

Copyrighted, 1885.

—A Buffalo woman has the enviable distinction of being the only American lady who was ever impaled on a deers antlers, and yet escaped alive. She was saved by the magnitude and reliability of her bustle. But the stag was killed before he could disentangle himself.

—A Japanese custom was observed at the launching of the U. S. S. Chicago by liberating an Italian thrush, a Baltimore oriole, and a canary.

HAVE YOU

Hot and dry skin?
Scalding sensations?
Swelling of the ankles?
Vague feelings of unrest?
Frothy or brick-dust fluids?
Acid Stomach? Aching loins?
Cramps, growing nervousness?
Strange soreness of the bowels?
Unaccountable languid feelings?
Short breath and pleuritic pains?
One-side Headache? Backache?
Frequent attacks of the "blues"?
Fluttering and Distress of the heart?
Albumen and tube casts in the water?
Fitful rheumatic pains and neuralgia?
Loss of appetite, flesh and strength?
Constipation alternating with looseness of the bowels?
Drowsiness by day, wakefulness at night?
Abundant pale, or scanty flow of dark water?
Chills and fever? Burning patches of skin? Then

YOU HAVE

BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS.

The above symptoms are not developed in any order, but appear, disappear, and reappear until the disease gradually gets a firm grasp on the constitution, the kidney-poisoned blood breaks down the nervous system, and finally pneumonia, diarrhea, bloodlessness, heart disease, apoplexy, paralysis, or convulsions ensue and then death is inevitable. This fearful disease is not a rare one—it is an every-day disorder, and claims more victims than any other complaint.

It must be treated in time or it will gain the mastery. Don't neglect it. WARNER'S SAFE CURE has cured thousands of cases of the worst type, and it will cure you if you will use it promptly and as directed. It is the only specific for the universal

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

Gold Medal at New Orleans Exposition.

WHEAT



BAKING POWDER.

Approved by United States Indian Commission after analysis by Government Chemists.
Endorsed by leading Hotels in the United States, and Canada

Martin Kalbfleisch's Sons.
Established 1829. NEW YORK



CHALLENGE CYCLES.
Eight Styles, Largest Stock.
OLDEST HOUSE IN THE TRADE.
Catalogues on Application to
WM. PAYNE, Toronto, Ont.

24 IMPORTED
Shorthorn Bulls for Sale,
Just out of quarantine, bred by A. Cruikshank Sittyton.
JAMES J. DAVIDSON,
Balsam, Ont.



SEALS, Rubber Stamps
School Section. Township, County, Lodge & other Seals. Stamps of all Kinds.
Kenyon, Tingley & Stewart Mfg Co.
72 KING ST. WEST.
Toronto.



METAL AND RUBBER STAMPS OF EVERY VARIETY,
Send For Catalogue.

RAILWAYS.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

The Old and Popular Rail Route to
Montreal, Detroit, Chicago
AND ALL PRINCIPAL POINTS IN
CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

It is positively the ONLY LINE from Toronto
Running the Celebrated Pullman Palace Sleeping and Parlour Cars.

Speed! Safety!! Civility!!!

TORONTO TO CHICAGO IN 14 HOURS.

Best and Quickest Route to Manitoba, British Columbia, and the Pacific Coast.

FOR FARES, Time Tables, Tickets and General Information, apply at the Union Depot; City Ticket Offices, corner King and Yonge, and 20 York-st. or to any of the Company's Agents.
WM. EDGAR, Gen. Pass. Agent
J. HICKSON, General Manager

EXCURSIONS.
TO THE
FRUIT AND FARM LANDS
OF
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
TO
BRITISH COLUMBIA
OREGON,
AND ALL POINTS VIA
St. Paul, Omaha, or Kansas City
BY THE
Great Rock Island
OR
ALBERT LEA ROUTES

Sleeping Car accomodation from Chicago reserved on application. Write for fares, rates, and particulars, to
J. FRANCIS LEE
General Agent C., R. I., & P. Ry.
23 York-st., Toronto, Ont.
E. ST. JOHN, G. F. & P. A.,
C., R. I., & P. Ry., Chicago, Ill.

DRINK OAKLANDS KOUMISS FOR DEBILITY INDIGESTION AND CONSUMPTION

KOUMISS, OR DIGESTED MILK

It is retained and assimilated by the stomach when all other solids and fluids are rejected.

CONSUMPTION.

In 1870 the Minister of War for Russia had a regular "Koumiss Establishment" opened at Samara, on the River Volga, for sick soldiers. Dr. Kogioff, Director-General of the Medical Department of the Russian Army, furnished a statement of the number of patients treated for several years. In six years the following patients were treated:—

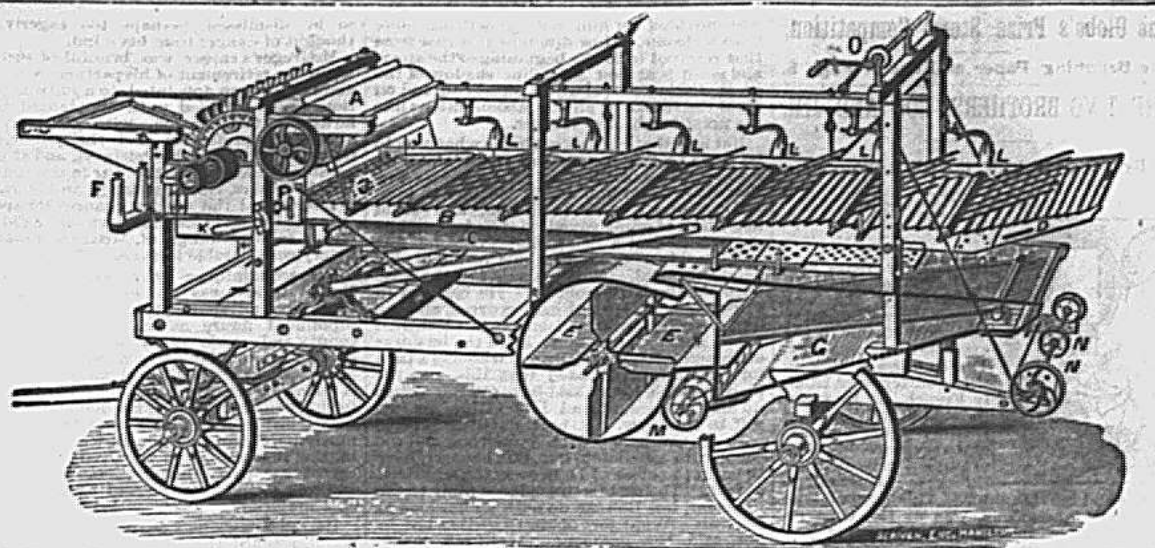
	Number treated.	Cured.
Chronic pulmonary catarrh	529	302
Chronic pneumonia	204	50
Tuberculosis	64	11
Anæmia	122	85
Pleurisy	33	17
Chronic Gastric Catarrh	33	32

Total number of cases treated, 993; of these 551 were cured, 314 improved; in 128 cases there was no change or falling off or death; 886 of these patients suffered from affection of the lungs or respiratory ducts. In 660 cases the correct weight was taken, and the average gain at the end of the cure was 8½ lbs. each. But few drank of the Koumiss for more than six weeks.

"In the treatment of consumptives, Koumiss takes the first place, not in virtue of any specific action, but thanks to its nutritious character and power of lessening the secretion of the mucous membrane."—Ziemssen Therapeutics, vol. 1, page 367.

MANUFACTURED AND FOR SALE BY
THE OAKLANDS JERSEY DAIRY,
HAMILTON.
Send for Pamphlet, "Koumiss, what is it, what does it accomplish?"
Chemists Supplied at Wholesale Rates.

CALENDARS!
LARGE ASSORTMENT.
Toronto Lithographing Co



L. D. S. ENGINE,
Pitt's Powers, Tread Powers, and Small Separators.

L. D. SAWYER & CO.,
HAMILTON, CANADA.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

GRAIN SAVER
AND
PEERLESS SEPARATORS.

North American Life
ASSURANCE COMPANY.
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, ONT.
Incorporated by Special Act of the Dominion Parliament.
GUARANTEE FUND, - - - $300,000.
Full Government Deposit.
Hon. A. MACKENZIE, M.P., President, ex-Prime Minister of Canada.
Hon. A. MORRIS, M.P.P., J. L. BLAIKIE, Esq. } Vice-Presidents.
Those intending to insure will find it advantageous to send for Circulars, &c., explaining this Company's new Commercial Plan of Insurance.
Gentlemen engaged in a General Agency Business will find this a very easy plan to work.
Apply to
WILLIAM McCABE, Managing Director.

DEVELOPMENT OF ART IN CANADA.

Artistic Lithography in Toronto.

THE BIRTH OF MISS CANADA.

Probably few of the subscribers of THE GLOBE are aware of the remarkable progress which Art has made in the Dominion within the past two or three years; but the example in "Miss Canada," presented with this issue to every subscriber, will serve to establish the fact in the public mind that it is no longer necessary to send to Europe or the United States for coloured lithographic work of the highest order. Apart from the patriotic pride which all should feel in the evidence of such a development of culture in the community, those who require to apply Art to commercial purposes will be specially interested to learn of the existence in this city of an establishment capable of producing such beautiful work in the briefest space of time that the perfected, though still elaborate, processes of lithography admit of. When it is explained that the subject of the picture it was proposed to present to every subscriber of THE DAILY and WEEKLY GLOBE, as also the cover, was only decided on about three weeks ago, and that since then the picture and cover as now furnished had had to designed, drawn, and worked off in three different colours in numbers sufficient to meet the requirements of a circulation of nearly 100,000, the advantage of business men of having, in a centre of trade like Toronto, a firm capable of performing such an exceptional undertaking without setting aside work in progress for their ordinary customers is clearly apparent. Indeed, it is obvious that in this line, as in many others, Canadian enterprise has come forward to supply the demand for a special class of productions that must otherwise have been executed in some foreign country. Since the Toronto Lithographing Company went into occupation of their new premises, in the GLOBE building, little more than a year ago, they have built up a business which has satisfactorily solved the question as to whether a concern supplied with plant for the production of work according to modern American ideas, would pay in Canada. The encouragement they have met with has led to their increasing their staff of artists, by additions from the shops of Great Britain, the United States, and Germany, each of whom may be deemed *facile princeps* according to his specialty, besides putting in, at immense expense, new steam presses of the most improved kind, manufactured by Koeing & Bauer, of Wertberg, in Germany, the fatherland of lithography. Further, they have recently opened, as an entirely new branch of their business, a wood engraving department, capable of the highest class of artistic work. The extent of the establishment may best be understood by enumerating the present employees. There are nineteen artists and engravers, and seven hands are steadily employed in the transfer room, while the presses furnish occupation—often lasting far into the night—to about thirty men and boys. The firm take much pride in showing customers and other friends over their premises, which from their central situation on King-street East, are most convenient of access.

D.S. BARCLAY
ENGRAVER EMBOSSER HERALDRY DIE SINKER LITHOGRAPHER
41 KING ST. EAST TORONTO.
SAMPLE ROOM UPSTAIRS.
Engraving, Die Sinking, Embossing, Illuminating, Etc.

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE,

PRICE - - - 15 CENTS.

For Sale by All Newsdealers.

T. Thompson

THIS DAY & Son.

We offer Very Special Value in Black Persian Lamb Caps for Gentlemen's wear.

150 Bright No. 1 Lamb Caps at $6, ordinarily sold at $10.
150 Bright No. 2 Lamb Caps at $4 and $5, ordinarily sold at $7 and $8.
Also 100 Very Choice Skins—Grey Lamb Caps, $2 25 and $2 50; worth $3 50.

Of course we bought these goods very much under the price, and we are selling them at a very small profit, as we are determined to maintain the reputation we made last autumn of selling the cheapest Furs in Toronto.

Also Ladies' Persian Lamb Caps, Muffs, and Capes, very cheap.

OPP. ST. LAWRENCE HALL, KING-ST. EAST

THE GLOBE,

ESTABLISHED 1844.

The Leading Paper of Canada.

DAILY GLOBE:

Morning Edition,	- - -	$7 00 per Annum.
Noon Edition,	- - - -	$4 00 " "
Three o'clock Edition,	- - -	$4 00 " "

WEEKLY GLOBE:

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

The Globe Printing Company.

JOHN MACDONALD & CO.,

21, 23, 25, and 27 Wellington-st East; 30, 32, 34, and 36 Front-st. East.

XMAS GOODS, 1885.

TORONTO, AND MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

We are showing this season a larger and more varied stock of XMAS and FANCY GOODS than we have heretofore shown. The following are a few of the lines:—

PLUSH GOODS.
Glove and Han'k'f Boxes, Work Boxes, Necessaries, Perfume Stands, Perfume Cases, Fan Cases, Photo Frames, Albums, Satchels, Purses, Writing Pads, Mirrors, Triplicate Mirrors.

LEATHER GOODS.
Ladies' Dressing Cases, Gents' Dressing Cases, Hand'k'f Cases, Glove Cases, Necessaries, Albums, Satchels, Purses, etc., etc., French Mirrors, Graphiscopes, Opera Glasses, Watch Stands, Jewel Stands, Pearl Perfume Bottles, Fitted Baskets, Wicker Work Baskets, Wood Work Boxes, Writing Desks, etc.

PLUSH WORK.
Plush Cushions, Ottomans, Slippers, Panels, Table Drapes, Mantle Drapes, Tidies, Lamp Mats, etc., etc.

TASSELS, ETC.
Chenille Tassels, Cushion Tassels, Smoking Cap Tassels, Pom Poms, Chenilles, Arrasenes, Filloselles, Embroidery Silks, Knitting Silks, Chenille Cords, Crape Cords, Silk Cords, Macrame Cords, Tinsels, Crochet hooks, Knitting Pins, etc.

CANVAS.
Wool Java, Tinsel Java, Aida, Penelope, Bahia, Peru, Railroad, Honeycomb, etc., etc.

CLOCKS.
French Clocks, Brass Clocks, China Clocks, Easel Clocks, Placque Clocks, Octagonal Clocks.

JAPANESE AND PAPIER MACHE GOODS.
Cabinets, Trays, Pen Trays, Glove Boxes, Handkerchief Boxes, Jewel Boxes, Match Boxes, Letter Racks, Pen Racks, Pipe Racks, Paper Racks, Wall Pockets, Calendars, Thermometers, Brackets, Blotting Pads, Vases, etc.

JEWELLERY.
Pearl Necklets, Jet Necklets, Pearl Bracelets, Jet Bracelets, Brooches, Ear Rings, Setts, Hair Ornaments, Hair Pins, Hat Pins, Lace Pins, etc.

BRASS GOODS.
Banner Stands, Bannerette Stands, Panel Rods, Brass Crescents.

WOOL WORK, ETC.
Slippers, Ottomans, Cushions, Brackets, Towel Stripes, Foot Rests, Table Drapes, Mantle Drapes, Cozies, Piano Stools, Fender Stools, Chair Stripes, Bannerettes, Fire Screens.

SATIN.
Fire Screens, Ottomans, Cushions, Cushion Backs, etc.

PERFUMES, ETC.
French Perfumes, Lubin's Perfumes, Hair Oils, Soaps, Incense Ribbon, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Nail Brushes, Shaving Brushes.

COMBS.
Dressing Combs, Fine Combs, Pocket Combs, Children's Long Combs, Back Combs, Side Combs.

FANS.
Satin Fans, Painted Fans, Embroidered Fans, Feather Fans.

BERLIN WOOLS.
Full 16 ozs.

We are expecting a shipment containing all the leading shades in 2, 4, and 8 fold in a few days
Pompadour Wools, Ice Wools, Crewel Wools, etc.

BALDWIN'S WOOLS.
Baldwin's Fingerings, Dresden, Berlin Fingerings, Merino, Andalusian Fleecy, Lady Betty 2 and 4 fold.

THE CELEBRATED
J. M. D. FINGERING,
in all the Principal Colours

XMAS CARDS.
We are closing out this line at half price, 50 per cent. off.

JOHN MACDONALD & CO.,
TORONTO.

INTERESTING ANNOUNCEMENT!

TO THE

Millinery, Mantle, and Fancy Dry-Goods Trade of Canada.

SPRING, 1886.

We have pleasure in announcing to the Millinery and Fancy Dry-Goods Trade of Canada that we shall show the largest and best variety of Novelties this Spring we have ever done.

Our Mr. McCall, and Mr. J. D. Smith, have been, during the past few months, in the European Markets, and they have spared no pains or expense in getting the RIGHT GOODS at the RIGHT PRICES, which will, we are satisfied, meet the REQUIREMENTS OF THE TRADE.

We would advise all to inspect our SAMPLES, which will represent to a certain extent our purchases.

Our TRAVELLERS will be on their RESPECTIVE ROUTES EARLY IN JANUARY.

Samples for the Eastern Provinces and Montreal can be seen at 162 ST. JAMES-STREET, MONTREAL, and for the Manitoba Province and North-west Territories at 9 McDERMOTT-STREET, WINNIPEG.

D. M'CALL & CO.,

Importers, Manufacturers, and Wholesale Dealers in

Millinery, Mantles, and Fancy Dry-Goods,

12 and 14 Wellington-street East, Toronto,

162 St. James-street, Montreal,

9 McDermott-st. Winnipeg.

J. H. BONNELL & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF

BLACK & COLOURED PRINTING INKS.

Factory---Long Island City. Office---Tribune Building, New York.

WE FURNISH

PRINTING INKS

Used by the Government and Many of the Leading Dailies and Weeklies
THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

Our Inks we make specially for any press and climate. We received

THE PRIZE AT SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA,

Over All English, French, and American Makers.

WE PAY SPECIAL ATTENTION TO ORDERS FOR EXPORT.

J. H. BONNELL & CO.

TRIBUNE BUILDING, NEW YORK.

THE BARBER & ELLIS COMPANY.

JNO. R. BARBER, *Proprietor of Georgetown Paper Mills, President.*

JAMES BARBER, *Georgetown, Vice-President.*

JOHN F. ELLIS, - - - - - Treasurer and Managing Director.

PAPER DEALERS.

NEWS in Stock and made to Order. Georgetown Paper in Stock and sold at Mill Prices.

BOOK PAPERS.
In all Grades, both Supercalendered and Mill Finish.

FINE WRITING AND NOTE PAPERS

IN STOCK IN GREAT VARIETY.

Envelopes Made for the Million---Prices Right.

ACCOUNT BOOKS.
Having a large Bookbindery, we make these Goods in Every Style and in a First-class Manner.

STATIONERY in Great Variety and Close Prices.

JOHANN FABER'S LEAD PENCILS---The Finest Goods in the Market.

STAFFORD'S WRITING INKS---UNEXCELLED.

BOXMAKERS' GOODS in Great Variety; Glazed Surface Papers, Straw Board, Binders' Board, Binders' Cloth, &c., &c.

Georgetown Paper Mills' Make of Paper Always in Stock. Correspondence Solicited.

No. 15 JORDAN and 10, 12, 14 MELINDA STREETS, TORONTO

DOMINION ORGAN & PIANO Co.

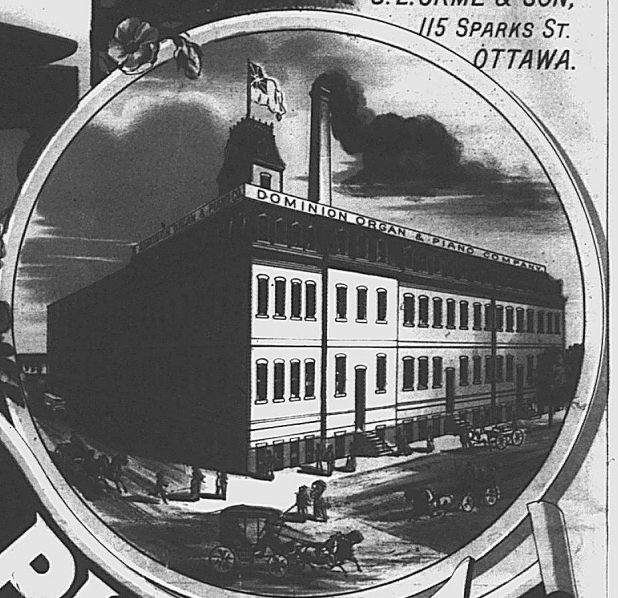
BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

BRANCH OFFICES.
LONDON, ENG. ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA.
MANCHESTER, " SYDNEY, "
HAMBURG, GERMANY. AUCKLAND, N. Z.

AGENCIES.
L. E. N. PRATTE,
1676 NOTRE DAME ST.
MONTREAL.
J. L. ORME & SON,
115 SPARKS ST.
OTTAWA.

JESSE H. FARWELL, PRESIDENT.
JOHN WESLEY, SEC. & TREAS.
GEO. PIGGOTT, MGR. MANUF'G DEPT.
W. S. RUSSELL, SUPT TUNING DEPT.







We present below a few facts for the careful consideration of those contemplating the purchase of Pianos and Organs.

1876--PHILADELPHIA. International Medal and Diploma of Honour.
1876--LONDON. First Prize.
1877--AUSTRALIA. First Prize.
1878--PARIS, FRANCE. International Medal and Diploma of Honour.
1879--Toronto. Two First Prizes.
1880--TORONTO. Medal and Diploma.
1880--MONTREAL. First Prize and Two First Diplomas of Honour.
1881--TORONTO. Medal and Diploma.
1881--HAMILTON. First Prize.
1884--HAMILTON. Three First Prizes.

And in the past three years over 60 First Prizes on Pianos and over 70 First Prizes on Organs. And at the recent INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, ANTWERP, BELGIUM, the highest award given--an INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMA OF HONOUR. The above list of Medals and Diplomas awarded the Dominion Piano and Organ Co. at the Principal Universal Exhibitions is unprecedented in the history of the manufacture of Pianos and Organs.

DAILY MAIL.--The "Dominion" manufacture of pianos is, perhaps, now the most prominent before the public as containing all of the very latest and most valuable improvements.

DAILY GLOBE.--They are to the front in all that pertains to the successful and permanent manufacture of reliable Pianos and Organs.--March 14th, 1885.

EVENING TELEGRAM.--That this firm ("Dominion") have had over fifty first prizes awarded to them on Pianos and over sixty on Organs during the past two years speaks volumes in their praise.

TORONTO DAILY NEWS.--Front seats are the order of the day for the "Dominion."

TORONTO DAILY WORLD.--Their instruments are perfect masterpieces of scientific and musical accuracy.

Extracts from the Addresses of Sir CHARLES TUPPER.--At the London Exhibition, Sept. 10, 1885--"I was surprised to learn that the Dominion Piano and Organ Company had obtained the VERY HIGHEST position at the Antwerp International Exhibition." And Sept. 17th, 1885, at the Toronto Industrial Exhibition--"The instruments of this Company at the Antwerp International Exhibition were pronounced by the ablest and best judges as superior to those of any other country--superior to those from Belgium, France, Germany, and England."



JOSEPH RUSE, 68 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

The Globe

1888



CHRISTMAS NUMBER

TORONTO LITH. CO.

H 49696

TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY JAN 7 1953 REFERENCE

JOHN MACDONALD & CO.

WHOLESALE IMPORTERS

DRY-GOODS, CARPETS, WOOLLENS, GENTS' FURNISHINGS, HABERDASHERY AND FANCY GOODS.

21, 23, 25, and 27 Wellington street, 30, 32, 34 and 36 Front street, Toronto, and Manchester, England.

WITH XMAS GREETING.

Beg to announce to the Trade of the Dominion that, from their departmental system and expert buyers buying for cash, they are enabled to place before the trade goods that for value, texture and design cannot be surpassed. Six of their Toronto buyers have recently arrived from the British, European and American Markets, having made large purchases for the Spring Trade, samples of which can now be seen at their Warehouses in Toronto and with their Travellers now on the road.

THE STAPLE DEPARTMENT

is the largest in the Dominion. Special attention is called in this Department to the selection of PRINTS now forward. They surpass anything heretofore offered. Many of the patterns may be called works of art, and have been reserved, thus giving customers an opportunity of securing patterns not obtainable elsewhere.

DRESS GOODS.

The buyer of this Department has visited France, England and Scotland, giving his undivided attention to the purchasing of Dress Goods in all the newest materials.

IMPORTED WOOLLENS.

The buyer of this Department is thoroughly acquainted in the English and Scotch markets, and has made large purchases from manufacturers direct. These goods, for value and pattern, are unsurpassed.

CARPETS.

This Department is the largest in the Dominion. The buyer is thoroughly acquainted with the blending of colors and manufacturing of carpets, and, placing his orders personally in the best markets, has secured the newest designs and best value.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

This comparatively new Department has grown to be one of the most important in the house. It is under a head who has made a study of the requirements of the Gents' Furnishing Trade. He has just returned from a tour of the American, European and British markets, having made large purchases suitable for every grade of the Gents' Furnishing Trade.

HABERDASHERY AND FANCY GOODS.

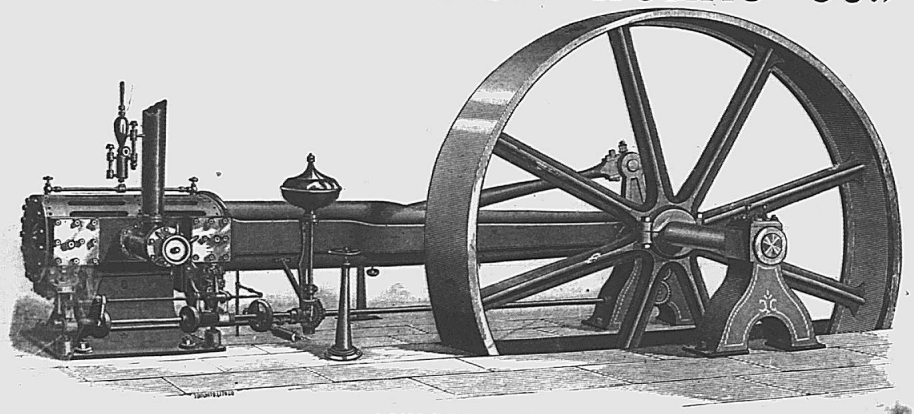
The assortment in this Department is miscellaneous. The buyer, who is an expert, has just returned from the markets, having made a careful selection of the Latest Novelties in Fancy Goods and the very best value in Haberdashery. Silks, Mantles, Muslins, Laces and Embroideries are under the able management of a buyer who has bought these goods for over a quarter of a century and can without doubt place before the trade values unapproachable.

CANADIAN TWEED DEPARTMENT.

The buyer of this Department gives his whole attention to the requirements of these goods. Buying from the best makers on the very best terms at the most favorable time, enables this Department to show standard goods cheaper than can be done under any other circumstances.

INSPECTION INVITED. ORDERS SOLICITED. PERSONAL, LETTER, TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH ORDERS RECEIVE CAREFUL AND PROMPT DESPATCH.

THE POLSON IRON WORKS CO.



—BUILDERS OF—

THE BROWN AUTOMATIC ENGINE,

THE MOST ECONOMICAL ENGINE IN THE MARKET.

Marine Engines and Boilers.

Builders of Iron and Steel Steamships,

STEAM YACHTS AND LAUNCHES. ESTIMATES AND PLANS ON APPLICATION.

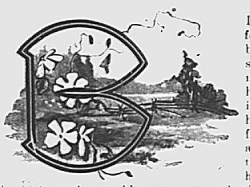
STEEL SHIPYARD: OWEN SOUND, ONTARIO.

HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS—ESPLANADE E. WAREHOUSE 38 YONGE STREET,

TORONTO, ONT.

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE

CHRISTMAS.



BIRTHDAY festivals have been common since ever man had a history, and in all likelihood long before he had any. Joy that a man had been born into the world seems natural, though often and often the record and history of such a birth has simply been that it made the parents a little glad and very sorrowful. But though birthday festivals are kept up, the persons in whose honor they are maintained are continually changing. The Queen and the Emperor die, and, presto, their birthday celebrations disappear almost before their royal clay is cold. The "hero of a hundred fights" is voted a bore before the first centenary of his birth comes round. The child of genius has his coterie of reverential admirers, but how small the company that gathers to "keep the day" a dozen of years after he has been laid in his grave! A Shakespeare celebration there may be now and then, as dull, pedantic and soporific as could well be imagined; a Burns' club, made up of good-hearted, thirsty souls, may have their yearly "splore," where good, whiskey-inflated speeches, and Scotch songs inspired by "bauld John Barleycorn," combine to "make a nicht o't"; a popular local magnate or a belated provincial wonder may waken up something like a temporary enthusiasm, and may be boomed by a banquet tendered by those who fancy that they have the merit of having found out much and modest worth. But what does it all amount to? The very orator who has but just given the "toast of the evening" and dilated on the surpassing merits of their "honored guest" is in danger of winking derisively to his brother managers, and of thus settling beyond all question the rate of discount at which his words are to be taken and understood. The hero-worshipper is troubled with a dearth of idols. Even the professional character-sketcher runs the risk of his finest passages being set down as "chestnuts" and his greatest "cards" as very common clay. The very greatest of our race soon begin to look very small, and their monuments and memoirs very speedily come to be regarded as de trop. Where are the heroes of a hundred years ago? and who cares for the birthdays which set our forefathers into a ferment of factitious enthusiasm and fustian? Gone! all gone! Our race, in short, seems to have no permanent great one, and a perennial birthday celebration is a thing unknown. Unknown except in one case, and even in that the approximation is but a partial one. And yet how wonderfully different from all other heroes is this one hero! How marvellously this one birthday stands out in striking contrast with all others which the sons of men have ever honored or kept! Take this day in any possible light or from any possible point of view, and is it not a miracle and a marvel? Take the child who then was born, and forthwith all others look insignificant and dwarfed. It is like a man who has been toiling from one ridge to another of the heaven-piercing heights and when he has reached the loftiest of all he finds his next resting place is the sky.

Christmas! It is the world's one holiday. Christ! Friends and foes alike acknowledge Him the world's one hero. The world does not war with the dead: and yet that world for nineteen centuries has been warring with this supposedly dead man. The world, like the Athenian, soon gets tired of hearing any one called "the Just," and yet in ever more fully swelling tones—the world's worship in this case rises heavenward—"My Lord and my God." The scoffer's curse as well as the believer's reverence testify to the fact that here is no common impostor; and the joy-bells from far and near proclaim a holiday, the like of which the world has never known. The Christmas and the Christ are alike the world's marvels and the world's puzzles. Take them as one pleases, and what is to be done with the facts to which they testify and with the conclusions to which they point? The one world-fight for ages has been around the Cross. The one great world-moving power has been in the history of the Crucified. What is to be made of the one? Yes, what? How is the other to be explained, and yet the supernatural to be excluded? Yes, how? Away far north within the Frozen Circle men clasp hands in joyful congratulation and children's voices raise the glad acclaim of "Glory to God in the highest" when Christmas day comes around. And far away under the southern cross amid Africa's burning sands, or where the feathery palm tree rises in all its peculiar beauty, similar emotions are awakened and similar songs are heard with the ever-familiar refrain "Christ is born in Bethlehem." Talk of the British drum-beat round the world! It is nothing to this, and its permanence and power are small in comparison. It is all very well to call it a superstition and a myth. Where was there ever any other such superstition? Who would allow himself to be thought so credulous or so ignorant as to believe in myths in the clear historical light of the days of Augustus Cæsar? But superstition or not superstition, myth or no myth, what is to be done with it? How is it to be explained? and better still how is it to be exploded? It has wrought itself into every relationship of the best and most advanced of modern life and modern civilisation. It has touched all art, and has elevated whatever it has touched. It has given painting new ideals. It has inspired the poet with his divinest song, and has imparted to music a power and a pathos of which it never before was capable. It has taken hold of the peasant, and even in his rudeness has made him a new man. It has spoken to the savage; and, clothed and in his right mind, that savage has taken his place with adoring reverence by the Manger and the Cross. It has come to children and has awakened in their young hearts sweeter music than angels ever sang. It has whispered in the ear of the dying, and has stamped His glory even on the face of the dead. It pervades the highest of human literature, and purifies as it pervades. It has written its name on myriads of earth's noblest buildings, and has told its story in the grandest of earth's sacred chants. It is the permanent observance where all else is transitory. It comes with gladness and with its message of peace into the prisoner's cell and into the sovereign's palace. If it is a myth, it is the most marvellous ever humanity dreamed. If it is a lie, it is surpassing strange that it has been so difficult of detection and that its concoctors should have taken so much trouble, as in that case they undoubtedly have, to cheat the world into virtue. Who celebrate Christmas with greatest gusto? Who welcome its return with the greatest joy? Children in their innocence; women in their purity; age in its decrepitude, and manhood in its prime. It is a day of gifts. It is a time of pleasant memories. It is a season of good will, of family gatherings, of joyous music, of heartfelt prayers. What matters it whether or not the 25th of December were the actual natal day? It is very possible that it was not, though from the fourth century it has been all but universally so esteemed. The mere date, however, is not worth fighting over. The wondrous consideration is the fact itself; and that fact stands written as if in capitals on every land and on almost every race the wide earth over. It is a holiday as if there never had been another. It tells of a peasant's birth some nineteen hundred years ago in a way and with a power which the mightiest of earth's sons has never been able to associate with their names. It stands at once as a challenge and a demonstration; and the challenge has never been successfully taken up; the demonstration has never even approximately been refuted.

Abuses no doubt in connection with its celebration have been many, and difficulties not a few have been met with in the details of its story. But there it stands in spite of all abuses and all objections—the world's solitary birthday celebration—the world's one holiday which speaks exclusively of peace and alone points all the sons of men to their common brotherhood and their strange and wondrous destiny. Why cry out that even those who accept its testimony do not live up to its precepts? That may be, for the precepts are very holy and the ideal is very lofty. The very failure, however, in conformity to the one and in the attainment of the other, but makes the marvel only the more marvellous, and the only rational conclusion only the more inevitable and overwhelming.

STANLEY PARK.



BOUT three years ago a speck appeared on the commercial horizon. From out of the depths of primeval forest a city has sprung. In a locality where once naught was heard but the shrill cry of the marauding coyote, one hears now the whistle of the locomotive and of the steamboat. What, it may be asked, has produced this wonderful metamorphosis? There is but one answer: 'Twas the iron horse. Without this symbol of progress the primitive characteristics of Burrard Inlet would to this day have remained inviolate. It is not the purpose, however, to dwell on the history of Vancouver. Already numerous descriptions of the city have found their way into the newspapers. Besides, since the last spike was driven—uniting the east and west with iron bands—a very inundation of tourists have gazed, wondered and departed to tell the tale of its wondrous growth. But while Vancouver has been builded in a day, so to speak, with regard to ornamental phases other than architectural it is likewise becoming distinguished. The reference, of course, is to Stanley Park, Vancouver's latest and best ornamental acquisition. Probably there is not another place on the coast better adapted for the development of a park than the vicinity of Vancouver. There is no need of straining for effect. If anything, art must be called into requisition to tone down the extravagance of nature. Again, climatically, Vancouver is highly favored. The Frost King holds court at Vancouver only about thirty days in the year. Green, not russet, colored grass prevails at Vancouver at all seasons. There are sere and yellow leaves, as must be the case anywhere; but winter on Burrard Inlet has none of the biting characteristics of the East. Spring evolves so unconsciously from winter that spring poets are at a loss where to begin operations. Something—the Japan currents, probably, together with their auxiliary, the chinook—is too powerful for Jack Frost to resist. Stanley Park, so-called after the present Governor-General of Canada, lies to the west and north of Vancouver, and geographically describes a peninsula. It was originally a Government reserve, and for all practical purposes is so still, the city having acquired the loan of it simply for the purpose named. The sum of $25,000 was expended on the park this year for drives and bridges. Next year there will be a similar expenditure. Counting an expenditure of $50,000 on the park for the next two years, and including the grounds which will be prepared by the athletic societies, its attractive qualities will not be excelled by any other park in Canada. The management of the park is intrusted to six commissioners, whose names are as follows:—Messrs. A. G. Ferguson, H. P. McCraney, A. G. Tallow, and Alds. Brighouse, Alexander and Caldwell. The drives were laid out by City Engineer Lawson, and taking in the entire circuit of the park, all exterior points of interest are developed. The park was formally opened, named and dedicated by Mayor Oppenheimer on the 17th of September last with appropriate ceremonies, the Hon. John Robson, Mayor Grant, of Victoria, and other notables delivering speeches on the occasion. When the Royal Standard was run up the flag-pole his Worship the Mayor read a letter from Sir Donald A. Smith, in which that gentleman suggested as a name for the park that of our Governor-General, Lord Stanley. It was so named amidst the cheers and applause of the assemblage, the band playing the National Anthem.

Arrived at the park's entrance, thence proceeding to the left, the first point of interest is English Bay. The interest which centres on this bay is not wholly scenic, but partakes of a commercial and speculative character. English Bay was once, and now is, regarded by some people as the true objective point of the C. P. R. There is no evidence, however, to encourage this belief. No matter how much the C. P. R. might be disposed to abandon Coal Harbor and Burrard Inlet, English Bay is unavailable. It is too exposed to the fury of strong west winds to furnish safe anchorage for shipping. The bay, however, is not deficient of picturesque features, and, indeed, as a marine spectacle, it is doubtful if any one ever saw finer. Point Gray, forming its south-western shore, projects far out into the Gulf of Georgia, while to the westward, forty miles distant, the mountains of Vancouver Island loom up dark and angular. Point Atkinson and lighthouse next attract attention. If the lofty hills which constitute their background fail to meet expectation, let the eye take in the fantastic conformations of the coast range lying further to the north. These sights failing to satisfy the fastidious gaze of the onlooker, let him turn to the right-about and contemplate Mount Baker, clad in perpetual snow. English Bay is spacious, and suggests future yachting contests. It is impossible to do justice to English Bay as it presented itself to the writer. The wind was blowing freshly, even fiercely, from the west, raising a heavy sea, which in the bright sunlight reflected variegated colors; while as to exhibitions of force, the waves dashing themselves in pieces on the beach were awe-inspiring.

At this hour—3 p.m.—there are to be observed several floating palaces, leaving behind them long columns of black smoke as they go onwards ploughing the waters of English Bay, eager, as it were, to blacken the Gulf of Georgia, the Straits of Fuca and the great Pacific Ocean itself. Far out, coming in through Plumper's Pass, is the S. S. Duke of Westminster, the largest merchant steam craft which ever entered these waters. She is sailing to and fro between the mouth of the Fraser River, the North Arm and Burrard Inlet, and scudding through the waters at a great rate before the wind. Just emerging from the Narrows is the S. S. Parthia, once the crack vessel of the Cunard Line. Her gun is fired, and she is off for Yokohama and Hong Kong, carrying a full cargo of merchandise and a full list of first-class and steerage passengers. Close behind her comes the Yosemite, under a full head of steam, with her head towards Vancouver, from China and Japan. Behind her the horizon is dark, darker even than that of the evergreen hills of Vancouver Island. Away to the south-east comes another vessel, the Premier, owned by the P. C. N. Co., and plying between Vancouver and Puget Sound ports; and a very handsome craft she is. Another pillar of smoke is to be observed in the north-west. This is a collier from the Wellington Mines, bound for San Francisco by way of Vancouver. Between these two vessels there is a race as to which shall enter Plumper's Pass first. Innumerable smaller craft, also owned by the C. P. R. Co. are plying daily between Vancouver and Victoria. Now comes a tug having in tow a vessel laden with timber for Melbourne. The procession is brought to an end by a coasting craft under steam with several sloops and small boats in tow. The scene is a beautiful one, and forcibly impresses the beholder with Vancouver's future possibilities.

Following the drive, one hears the thunder of the waves on the one side and the soughing of the lofty trees on the other. The next curiosity is "Klootchman's Rock," tall and isolated. There is a tragic story connected with this sea-beat boulder. Briefly, so the legend runs, a Siwash maiden became enamored of a white man, an employee of the H. B. Co. He, however, failed to reciprocate her love. His mission on Burrard Inlet was one of business, not of love. He was after pelts, and as she, poor creature, lacked this commodity, had nothing, in fact, but a cache of sun-dried salmon, affinity was out of the question. The girl's passion was a hopeless one, and becoming so convinced herself, life lost its charms for her. She no longer took pleasure in paddling the light "canini." The paternal wigwam was cold and unsympathetic; unloved, disappointed and forlorn, she at low tide sought this isolated rock and there awaited the coming of the sea. It was too late to save her when she was discovered. No canoe could have lived a moment on the waters that raged between her and the rock-bound shore. Higher and higher rose the tide, lapping and panting at her feet, when finally a huge roller coming in, she was torn from her pedestal and dashed to death against the beetling rocks.

The park's next attraction is Prospect Point. From this point, which rises sheer from the water 220 feet, not only what has been described, but the Narrows, Coal Harbor and Vancouver are revealed to view. The Narrows at Prospect Point are but 1,200 feet wide. On their bottom, 70 feet down, rests the pipes of the Capilano Water-works, from which the city is to receive her water supply. Here at our feet, stranded, lies the S. S. Beaver. There the wreck has remained for several weeks, and there it is likely to remain until washed to atoms by the tide, the current of which here is at the rate of nine knots an hour. What a contrast between the Beaver and the Duke of Westminster! A positive illustration of the immense progress made in marine and naval architecture within the last half century. Leaving Prospect Point, one still skirts the shore line, crossing en route several rustic bridges. The road-bed on this side of the park is ballasted with clam shells. Finer ballast could not be imagined. Crushed to atoms by the impact of passing vehicles, the result is a road-bed smoother, if anything, than a floor. These shells are obtained from a deposit on the beach. Away back in the misty past, before tradition even, this spot seems to have been a rendezvous for clam banquets. Here the Indians feasted and threw the shells promiscuously about until there was an accumulation an acre in extent, and nobody knows how deep. It is not likely that the deposit will be equal to supplying all the ballast wanted for the park roads. There seems to be a limit to its capacity. It would not be a bad idea for the Park Commissioners to preserve a portion of this curious aggregation of shells for the delectation of visitors.

The circuit of the park is completed. The attention of the reader, however, has only been directed to exterior objects. It may be well, therefore, briefly to allude to some of the curiosities of the interior. Within the circumference of the drive are 1,000 acres of hill and dale, with such features as lakes and enormous trees. As yet the centre of the park is inaccessible, except to pedestrians. Nor is it likely that drives will pierce the central portions for some time to come, inasmuch as "trails" offer an unique feature and are peculiar to the country. Of the trees which attracted our attention for their size, the cedars were the largest, measuring 15 feet in diameter, while maple trees measured half that. But what strikes one as most curious is the ferns, which grew in profusion on both maple and cedar trees. One of the cedar trees had undertaken to raise offspring, not of its own kind in character, of two maple saplings ten feet high. As these trees were all heavily moss-grown, it is probable that these parasites, as they might be termed, were supported and nourished by it. In the matter of timber growth alone the park is well worth the seeing. Only the tropics furnish such masses of vegetable growth as is to be encountered in Stanley Park, Vancouver, Canada's youngest and one of her most promising cities.

The principal illustrated plate accompanying this number is from a drawing by L. R. O'Brien, the President of the Royal Canadian Academy. The plate is somewhat reduced in size from the original, and yet retains to a great extent the strength of the picture with its bold and spirited treatment. The scene is laid in Vancouver Park, and to eyes accustomed to the woods and forests of the east, becomes quite a revelation upon study; the great size of these forest stems, their sweeping branches, richly draped with festoons of moss; and all beneath, the prodigal abundance of fern and plant life, combine to suggest the heart of some tropical forest in southern lands. We are told by the painter of the picture that the color to be found on these western shores is beyond ordinary description, and surpasses anything yet seen by him in other lands; and art lovers in Canada who have watched Mr. O'Brien's upward progress through many years of patient, loving toil with the brush, know well that he has roamed far and wide in search of the beautiful in nature to reset it in art. Face to face with so much beauty in forest and and shore and mountain, the artist has been stimulated to surpass all his former efforts, and this forest scene comes upon us with a vigor and native freshness that is very pleasing; crisply and boldly the subject leaves his hand; the compelling power of the higher walks in nature has been upon him, and he has made us look upon this newness of beauty until the tame and familiar scenes about us fall away, and we are transported to this new world of forest life, to luxuriate in its flora and look with delighted wonder upon these giant stems heaving upward to the sky. The time has gone by when art at second-hand will satisfy the growing taste in Canada, and here we are made familiar with a part of our great Dominion, to which so many are strangers, through the will and energy of one of Canada's most noted painters, whose merits have been so clearly recognised by his publishers. This vision of a land "where sunlight reigns" enters thousands of Canadian homes, and all loyal Canadian hearts will think of their great country with increased pride; proud, too, that they have in their midst men who can create such excellent art and show to great numbers of people, who will never roam among them, these "wonders of the west."

Make Up.

Augustus—I wish you would not use powder, Belle.

Belle—If you ever speak of that again I shall never forgive you—never.

Augustus—It's too bad; you are offended every time I speak of your powdering.

Bell—Well, and isn't it worth while quarrelling for the sake of making up?

Augustus—Yes; but it isn't worth while "making up" for the sake of quarrelling.

The Helpful Robert.

"Bobby," said Mr. Simpkins, "I want to give your sister some nice little present. Do you know of anything she would like?"

"Do I?" returned Bobby, with a strong emphasis on the "do." "Well, I guess."

"What, Robert?" queried Simpkins.

"I heard her tell mother this morning that she wanted a new box of face powder, a bottle of hair restorer and some new back switches, and—"

But before Bobby could finish Mr. Simpkins had fled.

He Met a Man Who Knew Him.

"Wal, 'Zekiel, wuz ye wal received in New York?"

"Ye kin jes' bet yer brindled cow I wuz. But it come high, M'linda. Ye'd better not put any brandy in the mince pies this year."

NIAGARA!



TORONTO being the starting point, not the least pleasureable part of a day at Niagara Falls is the trip across the lake in one of the sister boats, the Chicora and Cibola. On a fine, bright day during the season, the morning steamer takes across six or seven hundred persons; or the occasion of an excursion—a frequent occurrence, for Niagara Falls is one of the most popular excursion points in the neighborhood of Toronto—many more than that number. The company on board is always an eminently respectable one, and is at the same time fairly well representative of the various classes of society. One way and another, the full complement of passengers on any given trip would make an excellent foundation for a colony, supposing the Chicora to be another Mayflower.

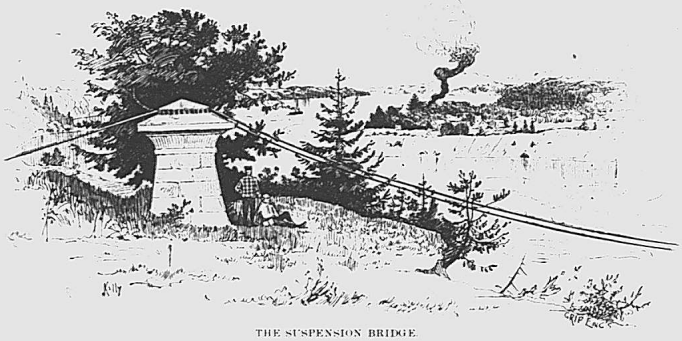
The cool morning air, wafted gently over the decks of the steamer by the soft breezes that blow upon the bosom of Old Ontario, is fresh enough at the hour of 7 a.m. to sharpen the appetite of all those who have left their couches at too late an hour to take breakfast at home, and these are driven below, there to test the oft-proved excellence of the good ship's culinary department. Breakfast over, the cheerfulness of the party, which was considerable enough to begin with, seems to increase, and, with the best of good humor, it divides itself into a hundred or so of sections, the members of which gossip and chat together so pleasantly that the flight of time as they speed swiftly towards the southern shore of the great lake is hardly noticed.

After the conventions begin at Old Niagara the passengers on the morning boat, or the majority of them, wear a more distinctively religious air than before. The annual conference for Bible study, for instance, draws a large contingent of representatives from the evangelical clergy and laity of the city. These form into groups, and on the return trip in the evening you may always meet with half a dozen prominent leaders of evangelical thought in Toronto, each surrounded by his knot of admirers and followers, and generally taking an active part in a free discussion of the particular expositions of Scripture that they have listened to that day. For during this convention evangelists flock to the old town from all parts of the United States and Canada, and occasionally from England, and the annual gathering at the little lakeside town figures prominently in the religious life of many Torontonians. It has also, as has been seen, an important bearing on the character of those who cross to and fro while it lasts. The Chautauqua convention, too, an annual gathering of more recent origin than the Bible conference, plays its part in determining the class of passengers and draws heavily, for a time, on those particularly interested in education.

As may be inferred from these remarks, the majority of the passengers, as a rule, are not bound for the Falls, except on excursion days. The bulk of the passengers are Torontonians, and to them the glorious cataract is not as to the rest of the world. The proverb that familiarity breeds contempt was never more truly illustrated than in this case; for, with the Falls at their doors, so to speak, and confronting them in the windows of their photographers, there are thousands of Torontonians who have never seen them, and probably never will. Some day or other, they think vaguely, they will see them; but they are so near that any time will do, and so the time is never found. No; the stranger passenger will find, somewhat no doubt to his surprise, that the majority of his companions drop off the boat at Old Niagara, either to attend one of the conventions referred to, or to join their friends at one or other of the hotels established there.

The town is a picturesque old place, and with its river and its fort, and its proximity to the American shore, is calculated, conventions aside, to excite a good deal of interest in the most languid pleasure-seeker. The residents have lately taken note of this, and Old Niagara is being rapidly rejuvenated additional hotel accommodation is being provided, and the attractive power of the place generally much increased, with the consequence that the town has the prospect of becoming one of the most popular watering-places of Ontario. Situated as it is, within an hour or two of Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines, Guelph, and numerous smaller places, it had but to turn its natural advantages to account in order to become easily superior to any other equally accessible place in this part of the Province. This having been done, and the present admirable service of steamers between the old town and Toronto still further improved, there is no reason why it should not realise to the full the advantages of being so near its younger but far greater sister, the Queen City.

Wishing, then, au revoir to the greater number of our late fellow-passengers we continue our trip by running up the Niagara River as far as Lewiston. This is really the prettiest part of the trip. The



THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

banks are high and green and thickly-wooded, and the water of the shining river that winds its way between them is itself a deep green in color.

As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
Had given their stain to the wave they drink.

There is a stillness, almost a solemnity, about the trip up this beautiful bit of river that is wanting while the steamer is on the lake, and that makes it particularly charming. This feeling is partly real and partly imaginary, and due, no doubt, entirely to the presence of the high cliffs on either side.



PARADISE GROVE.

Arriving at Lewiston, we debark and catch a train which is waiting to take us to the Falls. It is but a trifling journey by rail, and before it is half over you begin to hear the roar of the cataract. If there are strangers on the train—and there always are—they are by this time craning their necks and straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of this great wonder of the earth. At last we are within sight of them. It is not necessary to cross the river. The best view is to be obtained from the Canadian side. Moreover, since the completion of the Queen Victoria Park (not to give that excellent institution its full cumbrous title of Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park) the Canadian side of the River Niagara has been made so beautiful that were the Falls miles away, instead of being virtually in the park, a walk along the bank and through the well-kept lawns of the long,



slender park, that follows the course of the roaring and leaping Niagara for nearly two miles, would of itself be almost sufficient to repay the traveller for his journey thus far. But he has made up his mind for wonders greater than those wrought by the hands of man; and with the din and dash of the great cataract sounding in his ears, and a great cloud of white mist rising from the river before his eyes, he can hardly be blamed if he gives scarce a second thought to the beauties of the park, at least until the return journey.

The Mowat gateway, which is the chief entrance of the park and lies within easy distance of the station, is a very pretty affair, built after an elaborate rustic fashion, and appropriately named after the famous Ontario statesman who caught up and worked out so admirably and successfully the idea put forward a good many years ago by Lord Dufferin of converting the shores of Niagara River into handsome parks, or, if possible, into one International Park.

Having, then, passed through the Mowat gateway, and being well within the bounds of Queen Victoria Park, we see the famous Horseshoe Falls in the distance their mighty roar we have heard long before we left the train and, abandoning the main footway, or if driving, the carriage-way, we take one of the by-paths plentifully provided and step right down to the river-bank. Some of these paths take us down to within a yard of the waters of the most wonderful river of the world. So near are we here and there, in fact, that as the foaming waters dash by in their eternal torrent, the onlooker is splashed with the spray cast up, and sometimes by holding forth his hand may bring it into contact with the swirling, frothing waves, as they hurry on in their mad career. The wise precaution of an iron fence, skirting the river-edge of the park, prevents such close proximity to the wonderful from becoming dangerous. Meanwhile we are getting nearer and nearer still to the one spectacle at Niagara that overtops all others—that of the Horseshoe Falls, and its roar has become deafening. Your voice, when you speak, can indeed be heard, but it has a far-away, subdued sound, a muffled, half-suppressed tone, as though issuing from a cavern, or having been transmitted through a telephone. And now that we see them, how can we describe them? Who would not hesitate to attempt to write of them? How cold and paltry seem the words into which are shaped the mass of thoughts, partaking of fear and amazement, and wondering admiration and self-abasement, that surge through the brain of the spectator. Dickens, who saw the Falls nearly half a century ago, tried afterwards to depict the scene and his sensations in gazing upon it. It is a beautiful picture that he draws, but who shall say that it does justice to the subject. Yet, if the great master of word-painting come short, how much more so must all others. Dickens' "American Notes" are read so little in these days that there is no harm in reproducing what he wrote so long ago. Here it is

"To stand upon the edge of the great Horseshoe

Fall, marking the hurried water gathering strength as it approached the verge, yet seeming to pause ere it shot into the gulf below; to gaze from the river's level up at the torrent as it came streaming down; to climb the neighboring heights and watch it through the trees, and see the wreathing water in the rapids hurrying on to take its fearful plunge; to linger in the shadow of the solemn rocks three miles below, watching the river as, stirred by no visible cause, it heaved and eddied and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet far down beneath the surface by its giant leap; to have Niagara before me, lighted by the sun and by the moon, red in the day's decline, and gray as evening slowly fell upon it; to look upon it every day and wake up in the night and hear its ceaseless voice; this was enough.

"I think in every quiet season now, still do those waters roll and leap and roar and tumble all day long; still are the rainbows spanning them a hundred feet below. Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold. Still when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like a dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid, which has haunted the places with the same dread solemnity, since darkness brooded on the deep and that first flood before the Deluge—Light—came rushing for creation at the word of God."

Here, too, are his words as he stood upon Table Rock:—"Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect and the enduring out instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle was peace. Peace of mind, calm recollections of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness. Nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty; to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat forever."

These words are as bright and as fresh as when first written; and who is there whose experience is not told in them better than ever before or than by other pen. Who has not experienced the afterthought of Dickens, and, having once seen the Falls, has not afterwards, in the darkness of night, in the noise of the storm, in the depth of winter—when softer, gentler waters than Niagara's are bound in ice-chains—thought of those cloudy masses of spray and mist, of those seas of falling, roaring water: never ceasing, never resting, and so to continue—

> Till all things shall be as they were
> Silent and uncreated save the sky.

And after the Falls, what? A hundred other things might be mentioned, but the greatness of the Falls casts all into insignificance. The old Suspension Bridge, the new Cantilever Bridge; the beautiful Paradise Grove, the ideal spot for a picnic; the American Park on the other side of the river, the mass of pretty islands at the far end of Queen Victoria Park, would each and all charm and captivate the visitor had not his capacity for appreciation of small things been sadly diminished by his glimpse of the one great spectacle of Niagara.

Of one thing visitors of the present day may congratulate themselves, namely, the removal of some of the abuses that existed before the institution of the park, notably that by which travellers were made to pay veritable lawyers' fees for cab hire. Up to last year you made your bargain with cabby to take you around the river for say a couple of dollars, and were fortunate if you escaped by paying ten, owing to the marvellous number of extra charges, of the majority of which, by the way, cabby received a large percentage. But it was the order of things and you had to put up with it. Now the order of things is changed. You agree on your price beforehand with your cabby, and give him just as much more than the figure named as your own generosity may prompt you to, and no more.

A MYSTERIOUS GUEST.

A LANDLORD'S STORY.

BY GEORGE ILES.



HAVING graduated as a boarder, I often recall some notable happenings of my landlord days. A good many of them were disagreeable enough at the time of their occurrence, but they threw curious sidelights on human nature and I am unwilling to forget them. Who knows but that they may be serviceable to me yet for guidance or warning? And, notwithstanding the rough edge of such experiences, does not a man lose some pleasureable quickness of the blood when he quits the boards and takes a seat in the spectators' gallery? Placidity of life is a fine thing, no doubt, but its price is uneventfulness and low temperatures.

Among the various rascals with whom in years past I have had contact and collision I think I may fairly place at the head for ingenuity a young fellow who registered at the Windsor on the last Sunday morning of May, three years ago, as Edward J. Hill, of Boston. He had been in the house a week before I made his acquaintance, the occasion being his bringing me in his bill, for which he desired to give his cheque on the Eighth National Bank, New Haven. He inquired the terms on which he could remain at the hotel for the summer, and expressed himself in a complimentary way as to its accommodations. His remarks, as I afterward remembered, were quite ineffusive and off-hand. When I named a certain moderate abatement from transient charges as the price of his room for the summer, he concurred at once, and I made a note that Mr. Hill was thenceforth to be placed on the red-inked list of our "permanents." As he proceeded to fill up his cheque he said in a cautious tone:

"I wish to tell you something, Mr. Iles, in strict confidence; may I do so?"

"Most certainly, Mr. Hill."

"Well, sir, my name is not Hill; here is my card."

Saying which he handed me a card on which "Chester A. Arthur, jr.," was neatly engraved. The words "Executive Mansion," in the corner, being scored out in pencil. I scanned my visitor attentively. He was about twenty, tall and sallow. His air was much that of a university student, intelligent rather than shrewd. He was neatly dressed and wore neither ring nor breast-pin. There were no "fast" lines on his face, he was evidently well-bred, and might indeed be the son of the ex-President of the United States. He broke the silence with:

"I'm studying law at Yale and I've got behind in my work. I want to pull up here quietly, without being bothered by father's friends. Besides," he continued, with a very genuine blush, "I've had to break off a love affair in New Haven lately, and I'd rather be Mr. Hill than Mr. Arthur at your house until September, if you don't mind."

"Quite so, Mr. Arth—Hill; your wish shall be respected as far as I am concerned."

He thanked me quietly, signed the cheque for his bill "Chester A. Arthur, jr.," and we walked to the office, where, after a word of private explanation, a receipt was handed my guest by Mr. Harlow, the cashier. When Mr. Arthur had left the desk I instructed Mr. Harlow to be sure and send on the cheque for collection that day. He did so, and it was promptly paid. Notwithstanding this piece of good evidence, I distrusted Mr. Arthur. Nobody assumes an alias without having more reason for so doing than he cares to tell. I directed a little interested attention to the comings-in and goings-out of Mr. Arthur. Day by day it leaked out, quite confidentially, of course, that he was Mr. Arthur, and the young man was "taken up" in good houses suffering from the common Canadian defect of a too open door. He often went riding to the park with new-made friends, and not seldom entertained them at dinner by way, doubtless, of returning their hospitalities. One morning an old acquaintance of mine, a New York broker, nodded to Mr. Arthur as they passed each other in the rotunda, and said to me:

"That boy'll be as bright as his father one of these days. He'll take to politics like a duck to water, you'll see."

"Did you know him in Washington?" I asked.

"No, fact is he was a mere youngster running about the White House when I was there two winters ago."

Neither this acquaintance nor anybody else had known Mr. Arthur at home. Was he Mr. Arthur? I questioned it. Next day in going my rounds through the rooms on the second floor, to see that all things were as they should be, I took a careful survey of the contents of No. 231, Mr. Arthur's quarters. His raiment, a glance told me, was good as well as abundant. A well-drawn sketch in pencil of the "Pines" on the westerly slope of Mount Royal, lay almost finished on the table. In one corner of the room stood a handsome guitar; near it, on a mantel beside some pipes were some half-dozen law books and the last Yale College calendar. Whether Mr. Arthur or not, my guest had been very successful in giving his room the air of a student's. I thought the Yale part of his story very probably true. "But why," it kept recurring to me, "should he call himself Hill; and why, if he be a fraud, comes it that his cheque signed 'Arthur' is all right at the New Haven Bank?"

Montreal is a city of refuge to so many people who cross the border under a cloud, that its landlords grow accustomed to aliases. I have known them assumed not only by fugitives from justice, but by detectives and creditors in search of fugitives—by parents endeavoring to trace erring sons and daughters. Mr. Hill or Mr. Arthur, or whoever he was, puzzled me. He did not fit any of the cases shelved and ticketed in my memory of men with an alias. He was too young to be an escaped criminal; he had not the habits of a prodigal or a debauchee; he had too much straightforwardness of eye and bearing for any suspicion of ordinary crookedness to attach to him. But that he was the man he said he was, I doubted. Yet why, if he paid his way, need I bother my head about him? Promptly every Monday he handed Mr. Harlow a cheque for his bill—a cheque always paid. Once, as I was referring to the account, Mr. Harlow—something of a society man himself—volunteered the remark that Mr. Arthur had become quite a favorite in some swell circles of Montreal society, and was paying marked attention to Miss Beaurivage, the Sherbrooke street heiress.

A day or two afterward, Mr. Arthur came up to me at the register, bade me "good morning," and asked if he could see me in my office. When he had taken a chair he handed me from his pocket-book a cheque on Riggs & Co., Washington, for $1,000, signed "Chester A. Arthur," and payable to "Chester A. Arthur, jr."

"How can I have this cashed, Mr. Iles?" was his quietly-delivered question.

It instantly occurred to me that my guest was a confidence man after all. Carefully as he might set his trap, I determined not to walk into it, so I answered:

"That depends, Mr. Arthur, on when you want the money. If you wish it to-day——"

"Oh, dear, no," he interrupted, "I shan't want any of it for a week, and I don't expect to use up the whole amount until after I return to Yale."

"Well, then," I said, "the thing to do is to hand it for collection to the Sterling Bank in St. James' street, where we keep the hotel account. In less than a week the bank will have the cash from Riggs & Co., place it to your credit and you can draw against it as you please."

"Good," said Mr. Arthur; "can you spare time to come to the bank with me now?" His air ingenuousnes itself.

Two important engagements prevented my acquiescence. As ill-luck would have it, I was in the same case next morning when he dropped in to ask me if I could accompany him to the bank then. When, for the second time, I told him I could not, a perceptible and excusable shade flitted across his face, so I said:

"O, what need is there of my going with you at all. Just hand this to Mr. Argent, the manager of the Sterling, and he'll forward your cheque for you to-day."

Taking one of my cards, I wrote across it: "Introducing Mr. C. A. Arthur, jr., to Mr. Argent, Sterling Bank." Mr. Arthur, without the slightest change in his quiet courtesy, thanked me and withdrew. A moment after he had closed the door I felt a misgiving. "What if he were a swindler?" I thought. "Would it be worth while telegraphing to Riggs & Co.?" Still, Mr. Argent was caution itself, and simply on an introduction by a card he would most certainly not cash a cheque I had not endorsed; he would send it to Washington for collection in the ordinary and approved course of banking."

Secure in this reliance, I despatched my engagements for the morning, and nothing occurred that day to bring Mr. Arthur to my mind again. The next day was Dominion Day. Among the few in the city who did not make a holiday of it was myself. I was always very busy anyway on the first of a month. The morning mail was more than usually large with requests for terms, for the return of forgotten night-gowns and slippers, with several requests for rooms—among these last was a note from my old friend Mr. Calhoun, of Webster & Calhoun, the eminent legal firm of New York, stating that on the morning of the 4th he would thank me to have two front rooms for himself and son. As I knew that young Calhoun was a law-student at Yale, it struck me that an opportunity was at hand to ascertain Mr. Arthur's identity. Turning over Mr. Calhoun's note, with Mr. Arthur in my mind, I observed that its back bore the clear imprint of another note. My correspondent had used a heavy ink, and his clerk in copying the two notes had not separated them with the usual sheet of oiled paper. Even in its reversal I could plainly read "forged" on the back of Mr. Calhoun's communication. Another moment, and holding it before a hand-glass, I read:

NEW YORK, June 29th, 1885.

Benj. F. Wardwell, Esq., Springfield, Mass.:

Sir,—It is our painful duty to inform you that a forged cheque for $50, purporting to be signed by Elliott F. Sheppard, drawn on the Lincoln National Bank of this city, and uttered by your son, Wm. T. Wardwell, on the 28th ult., has been handed us by Gilroy & Bro., of New Haven, for collection. We trust——

At that point the imprint came to the end of the page—but I had read enough. Was my youthful guest, Hill or Arthur, really young Wardwell? The suspicion was irresistible. A moment brought me to the cashier's desk.

"Have you seen Mr. Arthur to-day?" I asked Mr. Harlow.

"Not since last night, when I cashed this for him." And Mr. Harlow handed me a cheque for $10 on the Sterling Bank, bearing the carelessly-written signature "Chester A. Arthur, jr." My uneasiness increased when Mr. Harlow informed me that in the evening two or three packets of jewellery had come in for Mr. Arthur; and that when Mr. Wales brought his packet he happened to mention having taken Mr. Arthur's cheque for it. Proceeding in all haste to room 231, I found everything there packed up as if for immediate departure. Three jewellers' boxes, empty, lay on the carpet, with rumpled wrapping paper and shreds of twine. My suspicion became conviction. It instantly flashed upon me that Mr.

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 27)

ESTABLISHED 1815.



Ladies' Seal Skin Garments A Specialty

Fur-Lined Garments

Ladies' Fur Boas

Fine Fur Trimmings

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fur Gloves

Gentlemen's Fur-Lined Overcoats

Gentlemen's Adjustable Fur Collars And Cuffs

Sleigh Robes

SUPERIOR QUALITY. MODERATE PRICES.
LARGE LINES. EXCLUSIVE STYLE.

JAMES H. ROGERS,

IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER,
CORNER KING AND CHURCH STREETS.

J. & J. L. O'MALLEY

Furniture

Warerooms,

166 QUEEN STREET WEST.

Open the Christmas Trade with a very Complete Stock of

FURNITURE

IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.

From now on through the Holidays we will show a line of Small Articles suitable for

WEDDING, BIRTHDAY and HOLIDAY GIFTS

And solicit your personal inspection of them.

THE ROSSIN HOUSE



SITUATED COR. YORK AND KING STS.,
The most central, modern and best equipped hotel in the city. PRICES GRADUATED. Sanitary arrangements perfect. Appointments and cuisine strictly first-class.

A. NELSON, Proprietor.
ALEX. B. CRAIG, Chief Clerk.

1865. 1888.

KENT BROS' WINTER SALE

TEN THOUSAND

HOLIDAY

AND

WEDDING GIFTS.

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF

JEWELLERY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES, Etc.

The Latch-string is always out at the sign of

THE INDIAN CLOCK

And every Torontonian or visitor from outside the city will be cheerfully welcomed.

A Price List furnished everybody on application, and money can be mailed in entire confidence, as every article not as represented may be returned.

REMEMBER THE ADDRESS:

KENT BROS.,

168 Yonge street, Toronto.

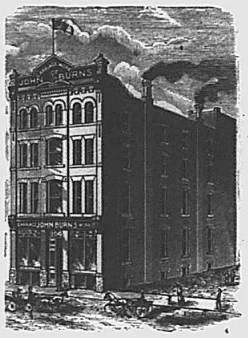
G. & J. MURRAY

HANGING LAMPS, CHANDELIERS, STAND LAMPS, LATEST NOVELTIES.



Lowest Prices.

224 YONGE STREET.



JOHN BURNS & SONS'

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY,

104 JOHN STREET,

TORONTO, ONT.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

BROUGHAMS, LANDAUS, VICTORIAS, PHAETONS, TOP AND OPEN BUGGIES AND GLADSTONE CARRIAGES.

All work made under my own supervision and from the best material the market can afford, and finished with Noble & Hoar's English varnish.

MODEL AMBULENCE BUILDERS.

H. S. MORISON & CO.,

218 Yonge st., cor. Albert,

DIRECT IMPORTERS OF

FINE DRESS GOODS, MANTLES, Etc

SPECIALTIES FOR CHRISTMAS:

500 DRESSES, half price.
300 STREET JACKETS, $2 up.
100 ULSTERS, very choice.
50 ELEGANT PLUSH WRAPS.

250 DOZEN PONGEE SILK HKFS. at 20c. and 25c., just half price.
Couvesiers Guaranteed Kid Gloves, 4 Button, $1, worth $1 50.

FUR MUFFS, BOAS, CAPES,

In Bear, Lynx, Opossum, Seal, Chinchilla and Grey Hare.

Sealette Mantles, Silk Costumes,

AND

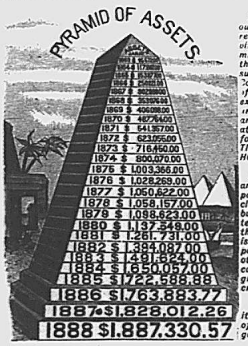
EVENING DRESSES TO ORDER

OUR SPECIALTY.

The Progress of a Successful Company.

(THE AGRICULTURAL) OF WATERTOWN, N. Y.

CAPITAL.	DEPOSIT AT OTTAWA.
$500,000.	$160,000.



The attention of owners of private residences is invited to this Pyramid, which shows the uniform and sure growth of this Company during 23 of its 33 years of existence. The figures represent the amounts set apart at the dates given for the PROTECTION OF ITS POLICY HOLDER.

It is the strongest and largest Company doing an exclusive dwelling business in the United States, if not in the world. It now issues over 70,000 policies a year. No other like Company can show such growth and increase.

From year to year it spreads the base of its Pyramid and gains strength.

J. FLYNN, - - - - Chief Agent,

26 Victoria st., Arcade Building, Toronto, Ont.

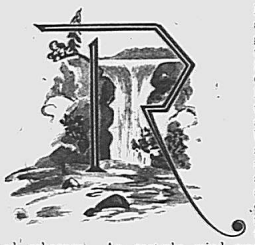
DEWEY & BUCKMAN,

General Agents, Eastern Ontario and Province of Quebec, BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Agents wanted in all unrepresented districts.

THE SAILOR'S DREAM.

BY WILL JOYCE.



RIDING out a November gale under the sheltering lee of Gibraltar Point, about twenty years ago, lay the barque Jessie Drummond (still a staunch vessel, but changed in rig to a three-masted schooner). An easterly wind was whistling through the rigging, having in tow a cold and cutting rain. It was about two bells in the second dog-watch, or seven o'clock. We had a crew of seven men, who were now smoking and yarning in the forecastle, till eight bells, when the anchor watch would be set.

Twenty years ago vessels kept the same crews, as a rule, all the season, so that we were pretty well known to each other, with the single exception of one man who had shipped on the Jessie just before leaving port. This man was very reserved in manner, though evidently a first-class sailor. There was one or two fairly good yarners on board, but their stock was pretty well run out, and we were anxious to test the story-telling powers of the newcomer. He held back for some time, but finally consented to give us the much-desired yarn. Pipes were re-filled and all settled down to listen, as it was evident the man was no greenhorn, even at story-telling:—

"It is now some seven years," said he, "since I sailed on the old schooner Andrews. We were carrying timber from Georgian Bay to Garden Island. It was in the fall, and the weather was miserably wet, cold and foggy. We had a good run down Lake Huron, were picked up by a tug ten miles outside Fort Gratiot, and got through the river and into Lake Erie with good weather. Then the fog came down on us, and the smokestack of the tug, as she turned to leave us, was the last we saw of anything outside our rails except the sickly blue water of Lake Erie.

"The wind was light and variable, the rain drizzling and continuous, the fog dense, impenetrable, enveloping even the upper portion of the schooner's fabric of spars, topsails and rigging, so that next day it was purely guess work as to our whereabouts.

"Glad to escape the sombre surroundings of the deck the watch below gathered round the forecastle stove and beguiled the time spinning yarns. One of us told a yarn about the Niagara Falls. There was nothing very strange about the story itself, but it set me thinking. When a boy I had lived near the famous river and knew every point of interest, every feature of its banks; its eddies, currents, and various depths were as well known to me as a boy as are the lakes to me to-day.

"We kept well over to the south'ard so as to give Long Point a wide berth, but none would hazard a guess as to how far down the lake we had got on the second day. The fog gave no sign of lifting, nor the wind of freshening. If it would only come on to blow, the fog would soon lift. The third day saw no improvement in the weather. The captain reckoned we must be abreast of or below the Point, and so pointed the schooner, as he thought, for Port Colborne.

"The crew were dull and almost sulky; the captain walked the deck incessantly, peering every now and then into the seemingly impenetrable white shroud of mist that surrounded us, or bending his head low to catch some faint, familiar sound. It was evident to us that not only was he anxious, but uncertain of the vessel's whereabouts. The lead was kept going as she moved slowly through the water, giving from twenty to thirty fathoms; but that was no indication of the shore, as Lake Erie's average is not more than that.

"The entrance to Niagara River is broad and of good depth. Many vessels bound to Buffalo have been caught in the current in calm weather, and forced to let go their anchor and wait for either a tug or a breeze. Port Colborne, where we were bound, is only eighteen miles from the river, and would be easily passed in thick weather such as we had.

"At eight bells in the evening of the third day out the watch were told to go below, but to stand by for a call. I turned in 'all standing,' as the saying is, boots and all, for I did not like the looks of things, and could not get Niagara out of my brain. Do what I would I could not get out of my head the picture of the old schooner taking a header oves the Falls.

"I was tired and soon fell asleep, but it seemed only a moment to me when the watch was called and I turned out. I had to take the first 'trick' at the wheel, and when the two hours were up and I was relieved I went forward to talk to the man on look out. Not a sound was heard. I hove the lead. It gave fifteen fathoms—we were shoaling our water at all events. The mate, who had charge of the watch, here ordered her to be kept up half a point. She was now heading northeast by north, looking well in for the land, and making about five knots an hour.

"When half an hour had elapsed I thought I heard a noise on the starboard hand. I mentioned the matter to the mate, who declared the noise heard was astern. The captain was now called and told of the circumstance. We listened intently, but all was again quiet. The wind suddenly fell, and in half an hour it was dead calm.

"At last came a repetition of the sounds, and now they were heard on the larboard hand. All hands were called. The lead was hove and gave nine fathoms! The water was shoaling fast. But as it was now calm, the schooner apparently not moving in the least, except pointing her nose to every quarter of the compass, no more soundings were taken till daybreak.

"In the meantime the noises were heard at irregular intervals, first on one hand and then on the other, now ahead, then astern.

"What noise was it? and where was it?

"Of course it was on shore. But where? It was not the noise of a propeller or steamboat; it was not unlike the rumbling of a train of cars, but there was no locomotive whistle. The fact of it being heard on different hands did not bother us, because we knew the vessel had not steerage way, and turned round as she pleased.

"Just before daylight the mate ordered soundings to be taken. The lead-line showed but five fathoms. Certainly this could not continue long. We were bound to fetch up against something very soon unless we let go the anchor, which had been got ready.

"In ten minutes another cast of the lead was had, which gave but four and a half. In ten minutes more it gave but four fathoms.

"Here was a go! Shoaling her water and apparently not moving!

"The yawl was lowered: the anchor got ready to be let go at a moment's notice; the jibs hauled down, and the men stood waiting they knew not for what.

"In lowering the boat I had slid down the tackle to let go the hooks. While so engaged the captain took hold of the line, mounted the rail by the main rigging, and dropping the lead over the side allowed it to remain on the bottom. At once it was apparent that the vessel was drifting in a current of four or five knots an hour!

"All was excitement on board. Everybody knew at once that we were in the dreaded river, and our only hope now was our anchors. It needed no orders for the men to spring to their places and let them go. They could take to the boat, but in the thick fog they might be carried over the terrible falls ere they could reach shore. And then came the question, How long had we been unknowingly drifting down to certain death?

"Meanwhile I sat in the yawl, totally unconscious of the tumult taking place on deck, till the splash of the anchor and the rattling of the chain in the hawse-pipe told their own story. But that, being expected, did not excite me much.

"However, my unconcern soon left me, for as the old schooner tightened on her chain her stern swung round suddenly and violently, nearly throwing me off my feet as the yawl tightened on her painter."

From the first the men had listened with attention to the story. But as it proceeded, and as it became apparent that the vessel of the story was in the current of the Niagara, the interest was increased ten-fold. The pipe dropped from the jaws of one of the men unheeded; the mate, who had come down to listen, almost unnoticed, grasped the companion-way in his excitement. The yarn-spinner seemed to take but little notice of the interest he had excited, though I fancied there was a strange smile playing over his features. He continued:

"Just at this time one of my watchmates came hurrying to the taffrail, telling me the boat was wanted alongside. He loosened the painter while speaking, and as he did so the schooner surged heavily, the heavy boat took the painter out of his hand, and in a moment I was alone on the deadly current of the Niagara, in a thick fog, without oars or sail, without knowledge as to how near or how far that dreaded cataract was from me. The roar of it I heard, but so dense was the volume of sound that to calculate its distance was to me, in the terrified state I then was, simply impossible. But this I realised, that sound was to me my death-knell.

"The schooner had vanished as a shadow across a path, nothing met the vision but the everlasting white shroud of mist. I aroused me from the stupor into which I had passed when the full extent of my calamity had flashed upon me. I strove to tear out one of the thwarts to use as an oar, but my efforts were of no avail. I sat down in despair, and in despair I shouted for help, but help came not. After what seemed an age to me I heard sounds on the bank of the river. Again I shouted, but no answering sound greeted my ears, save only that sullen roar that grew nearer and nearer. In my frenzy it seemed that my boat was standing still, and that dreadful roar coming towards me.

"I grew calmer. I prayed. My past life seemed to pass before me. My father, mother, the dear ones at home. I seemed to think of all but myself in that dread hour, with the shadow of death coming nearer and nearer.

"All at once the sound seemed to come to me with redoubled force. The boat here rounded a point or headland and was now in direct line for the falls!

"Suddenly the fog lifted. I saw land—the first since leaving Detroit. With the sight of land my hopes revived. My life cried out to me to save it. I at once recognised the shore I looked upon. 'Twas Goat Island. My last hope! I strove again to tear out a seat, but in vain, and flung myself down in the bottom of the boat.

"The frenzy passed off me and I sat up. In a little while I noticed the difference in color and appearance of the water as it nears the edge of the precipice. I determined to meet my death as became a man, in a calm and peaceful manner, commending my soul to the Eternal Father. I had not long to wait.

"Sometimes even yet I think I can see the awful scene. The ever-ascending mist, sweeping and curling higher and higher; the rings of steamlike vapor one sees just on the edge of the falling waters; the swift, gliding current that was carrying me on and on till the supreme moment.

"But why should I delay? Why dwell upon the awful details?

"The boat approached the dreadful edge of waters. I could see 'beyond the swelling flood.'

"In a moment of time the bow of the boat stood out clear of the water. It seemed as the spring of a racer as she jumped into space, and I fell——"

"Fell! Where did you fall?" exclaimed a chorus of excited voices, as every man jumped to his feet.

"Out of my bunk on to the forecastle floor," continued the story-teller. "I had been asleep. I had Niagara on the brain, and the result was the dream I have just told you."

The relief to the over-strained feelings of the listeners by this unexpected denouement found expression in a chorus of exclamations, and by unanimous consent the stranger was voted the champion story-teller, just as eight bells were struck and the anchor watch set for the night.

HOW THEY LOOK.

A GLIMPSE AT THE PRETTY DARLINGS IN THE HAREM.

Through the kindness of the wife of the court physician of Sultan Abdel Aziz, I had a short audience with several of the ladies of the royal harem, and in particular with the then reigning favorite. Her name was really Nazip Hanum, but being one of the seven week ladies, as they are called, she was known as Pazar-Gunuh Hanum, or Lady Monday. The seven prime favorites out of all the women are called Lady Monday, Lady Tuesday, etc., and Monday is the first. Their Monday is our Saturday. This sultana was about sixteen years old and had been his wife about two years and was still the "has cadine Hanum," or first lady and favorite. She was about five feet six inches in height, and had dark, bronze-colored hair, rather long features and high forehead and most beautiful large eyes of clear greenish gray, with thick, long, curling lashes. She was not stout nor slender, and had regular baby hands and feet. Her teeth were the whitest and evenest I ever saw, and she had a dimple in each cheek and in her chin, at her wrists, and every finger and toe was dimpled. Her complexion was an artful blending of red and white, and her eyebrows were darkened and there was at the corners of her mouth the drollest little expression of mockery that I ever saw.

She wore long, full pantaloons of bright yellow satin, with a shalva of purple silk trimmed around the long separate breadths with red ribbon quilted on. Around her waist a cashmere shawl was twisted, making a thick, ungainly wad. A green velvet jacket embroidered with gold and coral beads was buttoned tight at the bottom with diamond buttons and cut out pompadour fashion in front in a manner to leave the entire bust completely exposed, while it was high in the back. There were short sleeves. A Russia silk gauze pembezar or chemise with long sleeves was worn under the jacket, so that the bust was covered with a transparent film. The neck and wrists were loaded with jewellery, a cheap pinchbeck set having as much prominence as the diamond and emerald parures. Her hair was braided in hundreds of little strands and hung down her back, while she wore a fillet of green and gold braid around her head. She wore no stockings and her pretty pink toes were sometimes thrust into the scarlet gold embroidered slippers and sometimes left bare as she reclined on a divan and smoked her cigarette.

She wanted her shoulder scratched and told a slave to do it. I thought that was being pretty lazy, but pretty women can do anything and we only look on and think everything is an added grace. It wouldn't do for ugly folks to do the same thing.

She Has a System.

Philadelphia Girl—I wonder what is the luckiest day to be married on?

Chicago Girl—Oh! Wednesday, by all means.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, indeed. My ma always gets married on Wednesday, and every time she gets a divorce with ever so much alimony."

Some Yule-Tide Don'ts.

Don't put R. S. V. P. on your present to your rich uncle.

Don't misspell the word "presence" in the invitations to your Christmas party.

Don't hang up more than three pairs of stockings if you are visiting friends in the country.

Don't eat two mince pies, a plum pudding, lobster salad and ice cream, and then complain that the climate does not agree with you.

Don't impersonate Santa Claus in a sealskin sacque, rubber boots and auburn side whiskers.

Don't give your guest who has overstaid his welcome a travelling bag.

Don't send the unreceipted bill for her present to your fiancee in mistake for a Christmas card.

Don't decline a present simply because the expressage or postage has not been prepaid.

Don't attribute your bonbon headache to the drum your enemy sent your son.

Don't borrow money from your friend to pay for his present.

Don't present your wife with a handsome mahogany cigar-box.

Don't expect your husband to be pleased if you give him an ivory-backed hand-mirror.

Mr. Gigglesby.

"What is young Gigglesby by profession?"

"He is a poet."

"Oh! Then what is he by compulsion?"

"Clerk in a suspender store."

A Reasonable Voter.

"Who'd you vote for for Congress, Colonel?" asked one citizen of another.

"Jim."

"Jim? Thought you didn't believe in Jim?"

"Neither I do. That's why I voted for him. Got tired o' seein' him hangin' round home."

On 'Change.

"Can you lend me twenty-five dollars this morning, Mr. Williamson?" asked a needy friend, entering the broker's office.

"Sorry, Barrows, but I really can't. Mrs. Williamson went out this morning to buy a little surprise for me, and she took all the money I had."

The Children of Fashion.

"Maud," said her husband, desperately, "look at this monstrous bill sent me for cleaning your dresses!"

"Well," said the wife, "you couldn't expect them to clean my thirty-two dresses for nothing, could you?"

He sighed.

Are you going with me to Mrs. Carty's dinner tomorrow?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I've nothing to wear."

Something Useful.

"Have you decided on your presents for the boys yet, my dear?" asked Mr. Hendricks, after the lads had left the breakfast table for school.

"Not quite all. But I have decided, William, that they shall all be given something useful. There is no use of wasting money on useless toys for them to break—and, by-the-way, we need a new rug for the parlor and a dozen tumblers, William."

"Ah! Well, why not get the rug for George and give the tumblers to John?"

The Perrenial Complaint.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Younghusband to the partner of his joys, who was about to start forth on Christmas shopping bent, "get presents for all the family-in-law, and buy a nice lot of things for the boys; but don't spend more than a hundred dollars. We must live within our income."

"Why, George," replied the lady, in an aggrieved tone, "you told me we had two hundred dollars this month—you know you did."

And Mr. Younghusband only sighed.

A Pleasant Remembrance.

"Ethel," said the landlady to her daughter, "we must make the Christmas season a pleasant one for the boarders. Suppose we ask them all to hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve so that we may put some little remembrance in each?"

"That is a very good idea, mother. We can give Mr. Mouldy a penknife; to Mr. Palette, the artist, we can give a box of paints; young Scribbler would be delighted to have a patent lead-pencil; and for Mr. Slowboy we could get a—well, let me see—what would you suggest for Mr. Slowboy's stocking, ma?"

"Mr. Slowboy's unreceipted bill will do for Mr. Slowboy," replied the old lady, sternly.

SHELLS.

"See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as pearl,
Lying close to my foot.
Frail, but a work divine.
Made so fairly well,
With delicate spire and whorl.
How exquisitely minute.
A miracle of design!

"What is it? A learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same

"The tiny coil is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurled,
A golden foot and a fairy horn
Through his dim water-world?"

THE RELICS OF SAINT TEHGAHKWITA.

BY WILFRID CHATEAUCLAIR.

AUTHOR OF "THE YOUNG SEIGNEUR," ETC.

I.—WANIENTE'S PRAYERS.



PERHAPS the very kernel of the quaintness of Caughnawaga is the old stone presbytere or priest's residence, built in 1725, a perfect specimen of French domestic architecture. Turning its back it hides away from the main street and looks from the river bank across the great St. Lawrence, here just inaugurating his rush for the Lachine Rapids. The steep, chateau-like red-stained roofs of this presbytere, its historic chambers and dusky passages, the portraits, the records, the cupboards of rich vestments and altar furniture, the room, the chair and the desk (all still preserved with scarce a change) where Charlevoix wrote much of his notable "Histoire de la Nouvelle France," are delicious burrowing to antiquarians.

The cure had an Indian boy in the house whose name was Waniente. He was a dreamy youngster, very quick with his letters. "Let him come with me," exclaimed Pere Sauriol, good humoredly to the father, Plover Feather. "I will teach him more than I know myself." (Which was no little.) "He loves to read. Let him be my 'man of confidence.'"

"Niahwen," (it is well) laconically replied Plover Feather, who was a poor man, a good lacrosse-maker, but unenergetic and dreamy as the child, his son.

The boy therefore grew up as acolyte, message boy and desultory scholar in the musty presbytere.

We have intimated that Caughnawaga is quaint. It is in truth the quaintest spot in the Dominion outside of citadelled Quebec. To penetrate for the first time into the street of its Indian village, lined with mossy-roofed houses and paved with well-worn flag stones, a blue-shawled squaw or two scudding quickly across the street; not a horse, not a vehicle, not a white man in sight, nor any faces but Indian ones peering at the window panes, is to feel as if waking from a sleep of a hundred and fifty years, into some startling reality which had slumbered with us throughout our dream of a modern world.

Uncommon conditions of life do continue there. The pasture flats and scrubby woodlands surrounding the town are not divided by any fences, but bear the stamp of common ownership by the whole people. Irregular patches, chiefly of corn, are all that are cultivated, and the fences stray around these little patches in any shape that suits the occupant; others running along in amusing independence of some neighboring fence which straggles in a similar way alongside. The tribe, inheritors of a strong traditional pride as descendants of the Mohawks, have been known to debate in solemn secret council such questions as "What right Queen Victoria may have to rule over our affairs?" The atmosphere of their thoughts, indeed, is of a piece with the French fortress walls which still stand mouldering and fairly intact in the middle of the village, their loopholes and bastions almost as defiant as when they were built by Louis XV's military engineer officers in 1721.

"Pere Sauriol!" young Waniente exclaimed one evening as they were sitting in the little book-oppressed library, "Marie Katchechevo" (the Indian woman who acted as the Pere's cook) "says there is a Saint under the altar in the Little Sanctuary."

"Yes; Catharine Tehgahkwita, my little savage," answered the old gentleman in the most business-like way, as if merely referring to one of his pieces of furniture. "But speak in French; it is the language of civilisation," he suggested.

Waniente made the change.

"Was she really a Saint, my father?"

"Without the slightest doubt. A million saints to one are never canonised."

"Is it true she works miracles?"

"I don't say no, my little fellow. I hold with St. Vincent de Paul that those things are open to many illusions. Yet it is told of her in that antique book of the red edges, which was written by our reverend father the great Charlevoix, whose portrait you may see there in the dining-room, that in his time and ever since her death sixty years before, she had been regarded as the Protectress of Canada. God, who had done so much during their lives by his apostles and m artyrs of New France, having chosen her alone to display all the riches of his power and pity on her tomb. One of the earliest converts, and proselyted out of the midst of Pagans, she earned by her piety, prayers and chaste life of a nun exercised in the open world, well-attested miraculous powers in her remains, and by deference of the Holy See she was honored in Canada by the name of the Good Catherine. Every year, on the day of her death, the parishes of the neighborhood were wont to come to this mission and sing in the church a solemn Mass of the Trinity. A priest of Lachine, newly arrived from France, being notified by his parishioners of this custom, and that his predecessors always conformed to it, answered them that he did not believe he ought to authorise by his presence a public worship which the Church had not yet permitted. The same day he fell dangerously ill and was only cured on making a vow to follow the example of his predecessors."

The Mohawk boy said not a word, but looked with great awe a long time at the volumes of the ancient book with red edges, then a longer time fixedly into the candle-flame and finally creeping off so that he might not disturb the priest, who was busy muttering the last of his day's portion of the breviary, he crept to his bed in an upper room.

He was to be found on his knees on frequent occasions afterwards in the Little Sanctuary—a darkish chamber leading by a half-glass door from the presbytere into the church—there counting his rosary of beads and moving his lips in prayer at the railing before the altar which covered the remains of the Saint. She had in him, though forgotten and neglected by all others, an enthusiastic nineteenth-century believer. He loved to read and re-read her story in the quaint type and delightful style of the missionary historian, to scan his smiling face in the dining-room portrait, or her serene one in a little picture the cure had in his study, and then to return to her altar-rails and pray in the silence again: "Holy Tehgahkwita, my sister—Indian Saint—do some miracle for me, the Indian boy." And at times it almost seemed to him that she was present to succor him in his temptations. But he never felt sure or satisfied, and so only hoped.

II.—THE FIRST APPARITION.

The young man was eighteen. In some ways he was different from the little "man of confidence" of the presbytere, which he had quitted about three years; for Plover Feather had come into a fortune in the shape of a store in the village which he suddenly inherited from a shrewd brother, and Wainente, being re-called to take its management, bloomed into a bright young business man who was soon looked after by mothers as the most desirable catch in Caughnawaga. You should have seen him at a wedding dance. No necktie was ever more brilliant, no hair ever flatter or more glistening on a brown forehead, no dark eyes ever softer, no teeth more white and pleasant, no linen cuffs and collars more shining with will of the hand-iron. Gaiety and independence had come over his manner; a certain knowledge of the world had arrived to him. Yet there was still the lonely streak which had found its expression in the prayer to Tehgahkwita, and that was why, on Christmas day, he crossed in the ferry-chaloupe to Lachine, got down by train to Montreal and now was wandering in leisured curiosity about the snow-paved streets. As far as he had any aim it was to visit the churches (Catholic, of course) and look at their Christmas altars and the people.

Leaving old Notre Dame des Bonsecours, he was stepping briskly along Little St. James street towards the Place d'Armes, quite cheerful and humming the comic song, "Tosa, Ista, takwatteten":—

"Mother, scold me not about the girl!
I shall not marry her;
I can find one younger
Fifteen years of age!"

The girl whose image floated before his inner sight at the moment was by no means regarded by him quite so lightly however, for Angelique Plover-Feather, his second cousin (everyone there was related several times over to the others), had the most singular and allowedly prettiest face in the village. She was also the subtlest of its flirts. Waniente's real reason for leaving in the morning was that Angelique had previously crossed over without saying where she was going to. The other Indian girls were full-faced. She was spare of feature. They were yellow or brown colored. She had the complexion of a delicate French brunette, with red spots on the hollows of her cheeks. Yet her features bore almost more the marks of her race than any of them, so very dark and strange were the narrow eyes, so high the slender cheek bones. Her father was rich Chief Lazare, who had built a fine modern stone villa at the upper end of the place and educated his daughter at the Lachine Convent, where she learned

to dress like a Frenchwoman and become an artiste at the piano. She rather liked Waniente.

At the moment when the young man reached the Place d' Armes and looked up, his thoughts received an entirely new direction, for one of the most striking sights the dreamside of his mind had ever caught upon arrested him.

"The tall, twin towers of the grim eglise," as Seranus puts it, confronted him on the other side of the square, shining up into the sky with a lustre like encrusted pearls, their pinnacles gleaming snowily on high, and the whole face of the stiff, plain Cathedral glorified—the result of one of those successions of rain and frost, which, coating the brick and stone, sometimes transfigures the city. The afternoon sun, moreover, shot a glory upon it which rendered it to his point of view one giant structure of living light.

Yet looking up at it and feeling unaffectedly its full wonder, his feelings were so entirely surface-hidden, that in passing him you would not have discerned the slightest trace of them in his countenance, and would have thought him simply a dark brunette young country fellow taking an ordinary look about him in the city.

"Dwelling of the Holy Ghost," he was secretly saying to the Cathedral. "You are like the Body of God! You strike my heart. You lift me high. That dove's wing color on the towers—beautiful! beautiful!"

A clatter of many voices and steps of a great number of feet behind him broke in upon his stream of admiration, and turning he saw a long procession of lilac-wooded charity children marching up the hill, officered by nuns and directed towards the Cathedral doors, into which they straightway passed. They attracted him and he followed them. When he got within he forgot the charity children and sat down, looking at the great gilt-capitalled pillars and the galleries, the interior dusk, the tremendous and elaborate sculptures and surroundings of the grand altar, the numerous people moving about or silently praying in pews or before this or that of the altars, particularly those decorated for the holiday season with low and colored lights and a wax figure of the Babe lying in real straw, with perhaps a toy ox or ass or two beside it, looking childish to Protestant eyes.

"Home of God! Temple of the Spirit!" he said within himself. "O, Christ, who wast born a babe! O, Tegahkwita, Indian Saint!"

As the influence of the season worked upon him, and the solemn shadows mellowed his imagination, the world of the recondite seemed gradually breaking in to that of objects; the great altar's gloom shook and swam before his eyes, a soft, ample radiance came out of it, his whole being was lifted by an ambient power into one exalted absorption, and Saint Teligahkwita, whom he knew at once by her Indian features, her resemblance to Father Lauriol's picture of her kneeling before the cross and her direct smile towards himself (the angels indeed have no need of names) appeared. The radiance before the great altar became an aureole of brilliant celestial beams, in the midst of which, white-robed and radiant, she smiled upon him, until she gradually departed and was hidden again in the gloom of the altar.

III.—THE DOMAIN OF DEATH.

The Domain of Death! Yes, his home, his manor, his freehold, the broad fields of the playground when he holds wild and beautiful rule in the daily light of men! Acres and miles of life and tossing motion disporting themselves with a never-ceasing laugh at those who dare not accept its challenge. Caughnawaga knew it and him so well that the children almost played with him. He was her smiling shield from the influence of hurrying Montreal and a whited civilisation.

Past the high bank along the top of which the houses straggled, the broad, smooth surface of the river was already slipping with silent swiftness and beginning to boil up very softly in shapes which were hurried along, and here and there bubbles and foam made their appearance from below. As you watched it from its own level you would feel your feet as if slipping away in the same direction.

Further down a little, the current, like a savage, throws off its insidious smoothness in part, and uncloaks its confidence in its own strength by leaping on with a perceptibly more noisy bound forward, while a roaring somewhere breaks upon the ear, a trifling run or so of wavelets spring up, and a flash of white water glitters in the distance.

On and on; and now with a sudden swing you are into it! The dash is a furious leap. The wild beast throws its deception off, turns, and leaps at your throat! God help you if you are not on some redoubted steamer, piloted by a skilful master, for you have entered the portals of Death's playground! A tremor seizes your strong vessel as she plunges down like a racehorse and is caught in the grip of the roaring currents; Titan waves of blue-green grasp her, gather their strength up and smite her, dash her with spray and water that leap high, from stem to stern; great white crests ever and anon seethe up upon them and fall like foam from their gnashing teeth. Far and wide the vista of waters becomes as white as emerald. The boat swerves as if by miracle through a sinuous channel between eager rocks. Everywhere the eye looks is roaring and rushing, swaying, rising, boiling, plunging, except a few lonely islands with wild forests, and a multitude of horrible brown rocks and ridges narrowing the lightning-swift currents. Beautiful are those forests, those rocks and islands beautiful; the sublime, savage waters; beautiful to the raftsmen, the pebble-fields on the bottom resembling masses of glittering diamonds—but nothing lives here.

"The brain grows dizzy with the whirl and hiss
Of the fast-crowding billows as they roll
Like struggling demons, to the vexed abyss,
Lashing the tortured crags with wild, demoniac bliss!"

IV.

The vision of the Saint disappeared in the silence with which it opened on Waniente's sight. He was not astonished at it; on the contrary, his only feelings were of unspeakable bliss. The umbrages of the great altar stood over against him and he could begin to make out in them the shadowy form of the white Saviour lifted high on His cross in the midst of it, surrounded by disciples and saints, while the aisles, in which for a few moments all human sounds and motives had seemed quieted, again appeared to be trodden by ordinary forms moving piously about. But as he turned his eyes to the low lights of the Christmas altar near by, an aspect of the vision suddenly occurred to him which made it rise again to his mind as a very different affair—a shape of dread. It might be an omen of something!

He rose and hurried out of the place into the frosty street, determined to get free of the uneasy presence of strangers as soon as possible, and as he turned along the pavement, by the walls of the old seminary, he started for a moment in actual fright to hear a maiden's soft voice pronounce his name clearly in Iroquois, from behind.

"Waniente, stay Waniente!"

But O, relief! his furtive glance backward met only the form of Angelique. So he exclaimed to her pleasantly: "Seko, seko, Kahnung tahse?—Where are you going, Cousin Angelique?"

"I live in Kaghnawake," replied she, archly, laughing the silvery, low laugh, and enjoying her indirect answer.

"The old women will backbite you for three or four years for this imprudence, miss."

"Then I will marry a Frenchman!" she responded nonchalantly, glancing at him with those narrow, dark eyes of hers, as they hurried along the street.

He was maddened; his Indian blood was fired by the strange thoughts of the day, and now she was there beside him; but he felt he must hold his tongue or be summarily rejected. How could he best conquer—or win—that unique, superior girl of them all? How light was her gauzy grey silken-sheened gossamer waterproof! how delicate and ruddy her cheek! the narrow eyes—they were invincible.

The Lachine train shot with them its nine miles with usual swiftness, and they found themselves on the river-shore looking across towards Kaghnawake the beloved, a mile or more over there. For some distance out there is hard shore-ice, to the edge of which the ferry-boat comes in, and thither they ran to catch it as usual, to take them over to the Reservation.

"But where is it?" exclaimed Angelique.

"Not come yet," answered Waniente.

"Can you see it coming?" she asked him.

"Yes, I can see it over the ice-floes on the water."

"It is not coming, but going," she said, "We are left."

A wild affair is the ferry-boat, and its passage across the river at the Christmas season. It is a large, peaked, red dory, its side heavily marked with traces of battling; the bronzed and taciturn Indian crew encourage each other at times with a grunted ejaculation; high at the stern, a strong old figure of dark wrinkled face, as of a man who had been seasoned like a smoke-dried ham by many weathers, guides her intently with a paddle, and at times speaks a hasty ejaculation which subsides again. All sorts of travellers occupy the boat. The stern seats are filled by squaws hidden in their dark blue shawls. The boat gets out into the current; the rowers labor among the ice-packs floating down; the wind blows fiercely keen and freezes the spray which splashes on the passengers, until one is covered with a coating of ice, and perhaps frozen tight to the seat. They are borne swiftly down by the current, as well as across; the squaws scream a little, the rowers slowly struggle up again to their landing-place, and the Charon of the paddle takes up the fare.

Waniente and Angelique were left; it was quite true, Waniente had to acknowledge. Before them, between the snowy shore of Lachine and that of their own village in the distance, rolled as ever the swift, broad water, its surface all thickened with masses of hurrying, sodden ice, and the fierce, searching wind sweeping across it and cutting them like a knife, a blank lone prospect for scores of miles. It was no temperature to stand there and deliberate. They must move some way or freeze to death.

"We shall have to go back and find some lodging for the night in Lachine," he suggested, "though I hate to stay among the white men."

A determined look passed over Angelique's visage. "I shall not stay," she said.

"But, Angelique, there is no way of crossing."

"If I were a man I would find some way." And the narrow eyes gleamed with a touch of the race-fire. "How shall you be able to meet the Mother of Wassawatomie, that scornful woman?" says the orator to warriors in "The last of the Mohicans," and assuredly Waniente felt his companion's words burn his brain worse than a scalping-wound over it. "I shall not stay at Lachine all night without my mother," she said. "What would the old women say of me?" She looked across the ice-drifting current with the air of a chieftainess, and seemed deciding to make the attempt herself alone.

That was the last blow for Waniente.

"Wait here," he cried, with as much imperiousness in his voice now as hers. "You shall see whether I am a man, and of the blood of chiefs! I will take you over the river," and striding a short distance along the shore to the side of the canal pier, he placed his hand on the side of one or two boats which rested on the ice in its shelter. He gave it a fierce shake free of the ice at its bottom and dragged it over to the edge of the water at her feet, when he launched it and bade her get in.

Flushed hitherto, she now grew deadly pale, and stepping in took tremblingly the stern seat he assigned to her, and he pushed off hard with the oars. For a time he pulled angrily up the shore, beating here and there against a few cakes of the slushy ice which were moving down; then he pulled out actively into mainstream, making upwards as well as across, calculating upon reaching some part of the Reservation shore within the limits of the village. At best he knew it would be a perilous pull, but a certain stolid confidence did not desert him. Neither of them spoke a syllable. She was sitting back, motionless, a picture of abject defeat, with only pride enough left not to voluntarily confess it.

Silently he labored on, with stroke after stroke of his clogged oars, the wind dashing the cold drops over them cruelly at every stroke, the mighty river bearing them down more and more resistlessly, the ice-floes closing with them thicker and thicker, as if crowding to hem them in. Still he struggled on.

In thirty minutes he was at the middle of the stream. He looked to take his bearings. Angelique rose, too, and with unconcealed alarm they saw that they had drifted to opposite the lower end of the village. "To work!" he shouted, addressing himself. "Angelique, wave your waterproof!" Many of the Indian people watch the water from the windows, and it was not yet altogether dusk.

He set to work like a mainac, as a man will do in such circumstances, and for a time he kept his place on the river. Angelique, terrified, frantically swung her waterproof and prayed: "Blessed Virgin, save us; blessed Virgin, save us! O, mother of God! help him! help him! help him!" A cake rose from the bottom and struck the boat. She swooned away and the oars nearly dropped out of the hands of the rower. The dull heavens above him at that moment grew conscious; the Devil of the Wind dashed a shower of spray heartlessly over him, which instantly clung and froze; the great water gathered up its strength and attacked him afresh. For a moment he could see the shore gaining on him; he felt like one falling a mile from some balloon to certain and awful destruction; and, alas, poor fellow, his wilful Angelique lay before him, if not already dead, to be swept to the most awful of fates. Again, he saw the slight dusk increasing, while his eyes swam and darkness crossed them, for it was impossible to keep his efforts up ten minutes longer, and all that he was doing now was beating upward against the current without progress.

* * * * *

His hands fell; current and wind grasped the light boat and slung it stern round, with a slash over the ice-floes, towards Caughnawaga—which met his darkened eyes, with its houses and church spire for the last time. But as the distant thunder of the rapids smote his hearing from behind, what was that which met his eyes. A wide, unearthly light shot above the darkened Indian village and the form of Saint Tegahkwita again appeared, arrayed in celestial peace and pity. She was aureoled once more in the wondrous celestial beams. He had no reason left to ask why he fell back into an unspeakable comfort and confidence. That was all he knew. The world became lost in inky midnight.

* * * * * *

Just as Wainente became unconscious a grim hand behind him grabbed the gunwale of the drifting chaloupe. It was the Charon of the ferry boat, whose keen eye had spied him afar off from the land and had urged his crew down the river unnoticed by the desperate rower with his back towards them. Rapid, low gutturals of command spluttered one into another, attended with a running fire of Iroquois grunts among the crew, who deftly lifted out the insensible pair. Then, as the abandoned chaloupe ran down into the rapids, the four tough oarsmen and the paddle of Charon put in their very best licks for a landing on the shore.

V.—THE CULT REVIVED.

Indian people do not take long to recover from fright. That night the little Sanctuary's chamber saw in it the brilliant beams of twenty tall candles set upon the altar of the neglected Saint. In their light, beaming upon the balustrade around the tomb, Wainente and Angelique, hand in hand, bent their heads; they vowed to her the figure of a chaloupe and oars in silver, and daily prayers together at her shrine for a year, and that she should be the patron saint of a new household to be established in the village of her protection; and further, that her name and powers should by every influence of theirs be again revered among the Mohawk people and the annual pilgrimage be made, by at least themselves, once more on every Christmas to her relics.

A Christmas Wedding
In the country.



Biel Broadcast falls in love with Old Jenkin's daughter Mary Jane.



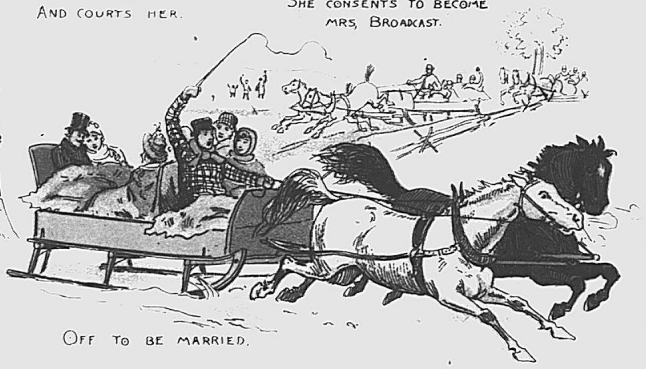
And courts her.



She consents to become Mrs. Broadcast.



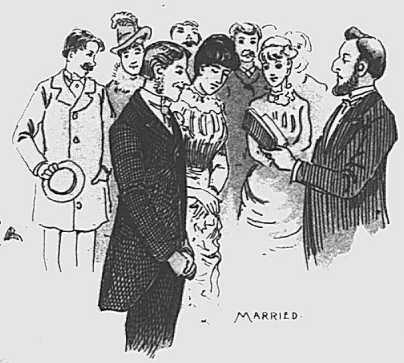
Asking the Old Folks.



Off to be married.



A slight mishap.



Married.



A jolly hoedown.



Serenaded.

Joining a Snowshoe Club.



No. I.—Stubbs, old man! you must join our Snowshoe Club; do you good, take down your fat, etc.



No. II.—As Stubbs appeared at the Club a few days later



No. III.—He is initiated with the usual "Bounce."



No. IV.—One! two!! three!!! let him go.



No. V.—And he went; so did the boys!



No. VI.—Stubbs makes a deep impression on the Club.

A Dandy Appetite.

Tramp—Do you people eat this kind of fodder?

Benevolent Dressmaker—Yes, we do. Ain't it good enough for you?

Tramp—Hardly, mum, hardly. It's good enough, I suppose, for people who have to work for a living, but not for a person like me—travelling merely for recreation.

A Great Truth.

Agnes—Tommy, how old are you?

Tommy—Eight. How old are you?

Agnes—Seven.

Tommy—Come, now! You're older. You women never tell your real ages.

He Misunderstood.

Robinson—How does it come that you are always in the courts?

Lawyer—That's my business.

Robinson—Oh, well, I wouldn't get so touchy about a little thing if I were you.

Taking.

Miss Snappley (in the distance with Hoxie, whom she has met by chance)—Just see those Redingate girls. So disagreeable that they can't walk together. You'd never take them for sisters, would you?

Hoxie—I've proven that I would'nt. I agreed to take Miss Bessie for a wife.

Struck a Snag.

Bunco Canvasser—I can't be mistaken! Are'nt you a son of the Widners, of Richmond?

His prey—No, I'm a son of a Cannon, of Salt Lake City, and you don't want to fool 'round th' muzzle, young fellow.

The Female Labor Difficulty.

She—The banks are so opposed to giving positions of trust to women, Mr. Jones.

The Monster—It is shameful.

She—You believe in employing women in banks, then?

The Monster—I do. Women are born tellers.

Whereabouts Unknown.

Husband—Where's John, the butler?

Wife—I discharged him.

Husband—What for?

Wife—I told him to give the canary a bath, and he let the hose loose on the cage for a quarter of an hour.

Husband—Is the bird dead.

Wife—We don't know where it is.

Literary Cultivation.

"Oh, Mrs. Watts, you should join our literary society!"

"Should I?"

"Yes, indeed! We study and learn so much. Last meeting we took up Carlyle's quarrels with his wife."

"It must have been interesting."

"Very. Next meeting we shall investigate the private life of Goethe and his love affairs."

"How instructive!"

"Yes, and we have found out everything about Poe's dissipation and disreputable conduct, and purpose soon to thoroughly investigate the immoral actions of Voltaire."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, there's nothing like a literary society to increase one's culture. You ought to join."

A Poor Prescription.

Mr. Whiffles—Doctor, I hear you have a sure cure for insomnia. I wish you would treat me for it, as it is almost impossible for me to get to sleep.

Doctor—Certainly. My plan is very simple. As soon as you lie down at night begin to count, and keep on counting until you get to sleep.

Is counting all it is? Why, Doctor, counting is just what I do every night of my life, and it doesn't put me to sleep at all.

Eh? What do you count?

Oh, household expenses, unpaid bills, time left on notes, and all sorts of things.

Altering the Proposition.

"Mr. Doppenheimer, I won a hat on the election. I am to select it, and Speilman is to call and pay for it."

"Ish dot so? Vell, let me told you. You paysh fur dot hat first, den let Spielman coom and pick it oud."

A Small Favor.

He—Darling, I love you!

She—I love you, too.

He—I know it, sweetest, and that is why I want you to do me a great favor.

She—Willingly.

He—Tell your sister Maud that I want to marry her.

An Answer at Last.

Wormley—I've at last discovered the answer to the question: Is marriage a failure?

Wife—Have you, my dear? Why, that's very interesting.

Wormley—When it takes place it's a failure, and when it doesn't it's a success.

CHRISTMAS FUR SALE.

Having made extensive preparations for the HOLIDAY SEASON,

MESSRS. G. & J. ROGERS,

79 YONGE STREET,

Manufacturers and Importers of

High Grade Fur Garments of Every Description,

Are prepared to take orders for Sealskin Mantles, Dolmans and Walking Jackets. We are showing the choicest Boas that can be manufactured in

Cinnamon, Russian, Isabella, Brown and Black Bear, Alaska Sable, Red, Black, Silver and Blue Fox,

Foreign and Domestic Lynx, Squirrel, Opossum, Mink and several other varieties. Gentlemen's fine fur Collars, Cuffs and Caps in Sea Otter, Otter, Beaver, Persian Lamb, Astrachan and Nutria. Fur Coats in great variety.

We invite the public to inspect our stock and compare our prices before purchasing elsewhere. Remember the address, 79 Yonge street.

G. & J. ROGERS.

D. GRANT & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

SILKS, LACES, VELVETS

AND

General Dry-Goods,

MILLINERY AND MANTLES.

167 YONGE STREET,

TORONTO.

WEDDING OUTFITS. FAMILY MOURNING.
PATTERN BONNETS DRESSMAKING.

Telephone No. 878. Established 1857.

JOHN RITCHIE,

PRACTICAL

Plumber, Gas and Steamfitter,

64 Adelaide Street East,

TORONTO, ONT.

A full line of Gas Fixtures, Globes, and First-class Sanitary Goods kept in stock. Remodelling old work a specialty.

Hot Water and Steam Heating on Latest Improved Principles

Personal attention.
Charges moderate and all work warranted.

REID & CO.

AT THE HAY MARKET,

IMPORTERS OF

FINE WINES AND LIQUORS

Ind, Coope & Co.'s Celebrated Burton Ale
(ON DRAUGHT)
George Roe's Dublin Whiskey.
Watson's Fine Old Dundee Whiskey.

THE BEST FIVE CENT CIGAR in THE CITY

Don't forget Reid's at the Hay Market.
TELEPHONE - 495

LYCOMING RUBBER CO.

MANUFACTURE ONLY FIRST-CLASS

RUBBER Boots and Shoes

ALL GOODS GUARANTEED.

FULL ASSORTMENT KEPT AT

45 FRONT ST. EAST.

JAS A. YOUNG, Manager

CUNNINGHAM'S
JEWELLERY STORE.

A CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF

Xmas and Holiday Presents

Comprising Diamond Rings, Reliable Gold and Silver Watches, Fine Gold Jewellery of our own manufacture and best selected patterns from foreign markets. Also choice Assortment of the best Silverware, Marble Clocks, Bronzes, at special close prices.

Courteous attendance on customers and an invitation to examine our stock and prices before buying.

D. H. Cunningham, Practical Watchmaker & Jeweller

77 Yonge st., 2nd door north of King.

THE

CANADIAN MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION

Incorporated August 24, 1880.

REGISTERED UNDER THE DOMINION INSURANCE ACT OF 1885.

The Largest Assessment Insurance Company in Canada.

RELIABLE LIFE INSURANCE AT REASONABLE COST.

Large Reserve Fund, Securing Prompt Payment of Claims.

W. P. PAGE, Manager.

Head Office, 10 King st. east, Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED. GOOD PAY.

J. YOUNG,

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER

AND EMBALMER

347 YONGE STREET.

Telephone 679 Toronto.

Telephone No. 868. Established 1874.

W. H. SMITH,

(WHOLESALE ONLY)

Fruit and Commission Merchant,

110 KING STREET EAST,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

BUTTER, EGGS AND GENERAL PRODUCE

Sole Agent for the Finest Brand of Oysters in the World.

Domestic and Foreign Fruits

REFERENCE, DOMINION BANK

AN EXTRAORDINARILY

Cheap Excursion

TO

CALIFORNIA

WILL LEAVE TORONTO

ABOUT THE

1st, 10th and 20th of each Month

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Best and Favorite Route.
Lowest Rates and Courteous Treatment.

For further particulars, circulars, etc., apply to or address with stamp,

FRANK ADAMS & CO., California Excursion Agents,
24 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

THE FOLLOWING ARE A FEW

OF THE MANY

CLAIMS PAID

BY

The Reserve Fund Accident Association
OF TORONTO

Rev. Dr. Potts, Toronto	$125 00
L. Atkinson, Newmarket	120 00
Wm. Mein, Peterboro'	35 00
E. F. Nickerson, Woodstock	180 00
Edward Ellenor, Roseneath	70 00
James Lockhart, Toronto	500 00
Edward Clark, Orangeville	40 00
Jas. H. O'Neill, Cobourg	30 00

This Association provides accident insurance on the assessment plan, which is recognised to be much cheaper than any other. For further particulars and circulars apply to G. M. Rose, President; J. B. King, Treasurer; or Clark & Robinson, Managers, 10 King Street East, Toronto.

Agents Wanted in Unrepresented Districts.

Hardware.

Fine Cutlery, Carvers and Plated Goods in large variety. Meat Choppers, Kitchen Scales, Cinder Sifters, Stove Pipes, Fire Logs (just the thing for fire-places), Brass and Wood Curtain Poles and Fittings, Stair Rods (Brass and Wood), Stair Buttons, etc., Mechanics' Tools and General Hardware.

Specialties:

Felt and Rubber Weather Strips, Floor and Partition Stones, Sewer Pipes, Cement, Fire Bricks and Clay, Pecova Mortar Stain in Red, Brown, Buff and Black. Builders using this once will use no other.

M. & J. L. VOKES, Hardware Dealers,

111 Yonge st., Cor. Adelaide.

BRANCH STORE

502 Queen st. W., Cor. Hackney.

ESTABLISHED 1841.

1888. XMAS AND HOLIDAY TRADE. 1889.

New Seasonable Goods for the Holiday Trade, comprising among others

XMAS CARDS, Plain, Boxed, etc.
PLUSH PHOTO FRAMES, Assorted Colors.
ANNUALS, First-class Assortment.
ALBUMS, Splendid Variety.

Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymn Books, Leaflets, Boys' Books, Girls' Picture Books, etc., etc.,

Together with Blank Books and a General Stationery stock which may always be found on hand. Orders solicited for Magazines, Periodicals, Newspapers, etc.

M. SHEWAN, Jr.

150 King st. east.

GRAND XMAS NUMBERS.

London Graphic	$0 50	Belgravia Annual	$0 40
Illus London News	50	London Society	40
Sporting and Dramatic News	50	Hood's Comic Annual	40
Pictorial World	50	All Year Round	20
Yule Tide	50	London World	40
Father Christmas	50	London Truth	40
Chatterbox Xmas Box	50	Quiver Annual	20
Le Figaro Illustre	1 00	Illus. London Almanac	40
Montreal Star	35	Cassell's Almanac	20
Globe Xmas Number	25	Whittaker's Almanac	40
Canada's Christmas	50	do complete (cloth)	90
Christmas Judge	35	Punch Almanac	10
Christmas Puck	35	Canadian Almanac	15
Y. L. Journal Xmas	60	Illus. Can. Almanac	25

Each of the above splendid Christmas Publications contain beautiful colored plates and engravings. Free by mail on receipt of price. Also a splendid assortment of Xmas Cards, Children's Books, Office and Pocket Diaries for 1889. Annuals, etc., etc. At the old stand.

WINNIFRITH BROS.,

6 and 8 Toronto street, Toronto.

ESTABLISHED 1842.

HUGH MILLER & CO.

167 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO,

CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS

PROPRIETORS OF

MILLER'S PREPARED GLYCERINE

Will remove and prevent all roughness of the skin, etc. As a remedy for chapped hands, at all seasons of the year, it is invaluable.

Dr. Gregory's Cough Pectoral is a positive cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough and all affections of the lungs and throat.

MEDICAL PILE REMEDY.

Blind, Bleeding and Itching effectually cured by the Medical Pile Remedy. Thousands of sufferers can testify to the permanent relief from these internal and external remedies. $1 per package. Ask your druggist for it, or will be sent by mail postage paid.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND CLEAR CUT

:TYPE:

From which this paper is printed was supplied by the

TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY

Dealers in Type, Presses and Printers' Supplies.

J. T. JOHNSTON

80 and 82 Wellington street west, Toronto, Ont.

FOR ROCK BOTTOM PRICES
—IN—

DIAMONDS.

WATCHES, SILVERWARE

—AND EVERYTHING IN THE LINE OF JEWELLERY—

CALL ON

GEO. E. TROREY,
MANUFACTURING JEWELLER,
61 King street East. Opp. Toronto st.

S. & A. R. HUGHES,

IMPORTERS OF FINE

PAPER HANGINGS,

AND

DECORATIONS

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTERS,

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, ETC.

PAPER HANGERS AND DECORATORS

[illegible] QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO

ARCADE PHARMACY

138 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

J. D. McEACHAM, Proprietor.

A full stock of pure drugs, the newest and most reliable remedies, perfumery and toilet articles, including at this season of the year a choice selection of dressing cases, toilet sets, etc. ARTIFICIAL HUMAN EYES. A choice selection. Guaranteed to fit any size or color. Prescriptions carefully dispensed.

[illegible]

"THE LORNE HOUSE."

ALEXANDER HAY
IMPORTER OF

Staple and Fancy Dry-Goods, Carpets

AND OILCLOTHS.

HOSIERY AND GLOVES A SPECIALTY.

[illegible]

430 & 432 Queen St. West, opp. St. Andrew's Market.



CARBOLIC

SMOKE BALL

AND DEBELLATOR.

The medical profession endorse our treatment. A single trial will convince any doctor that diseases heretofore considered incurable yield quickly under the direct local treatment possible only by the C. S. B. Read the following:

VICTORIA, B. C., Oct. 30th, 1888.

Carbolic Smoke Ball Co., Toronto, Ont.

GENTLEMEN,—In reply to your request for a testimonial as to my professional experience with your Carbolic Smoke Ball and Debellator, I take great pleasure in stating that I used one of the Smoke Balls personally some two years ago for Nasal Catarrh and slight Deafness while practising in San Francisco, at the request of Dr. Spinner, and I frankly confess that my prejudices were removed and my Catarrh completely cured, nor has there been the slightest symptoms of the return of either since the third application. I have recommended its use to hundreds of my patients and in every single case have experienced the most satisfactory results. I am, gentlemen, yours faithfully,

G. HAMILTON GRIFFIN, M.D.



OPEN.

MANTEL FOLDING BEDS



CLOSED.

$15 UPWARDS.

"Blizzard" Toboggans, Snow Shoes, Snow Excluder Moccasins.

BLANKET SUITS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER.

H. P. DAVIES & Co.
22 Church St. TORONTO

—THE—

National Investment Company

OF CANADA, Limited.

CAPITAL $2,000,000

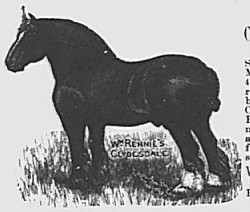
HEAD OFFICE:

Equity Chambers, 20 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

LOANS made on City and Farm Properties. Lowest current rates of interest. Arrangements can be made to repay principal by degrees, interest ceasing on amounts repaid.

DEBENTURES issued in currency or sterling, with half-yearly interest coupons attached.

ANDREW RUTHERFORD,
Manager.



Imported CLYDESDALE HORSES, Stallions and Mares, from 1 to 4 years of age, registered in both Scotch and Canadian Stud Books, of the most fashionable breeding, for sale at reasonable prices.

WM. RENNIE, Toronto, Can.

P.S.—Also Shetland Ponies.

SEEDS

RENNIE'S SEEDS ARE THE BEST.

CATALOGUE for 1889 will be ready early in January and mailed FREE to all intending purchasers upon application. Every Farmer and Gardener should have a copy before ordering a supply of Seeds.

WM. RENNIE, TORONTO.

MANTEL PIECES

A SPECIALTY.

ECCLESIASTICAL FURNITURE

AND

INTERIOR DECORATION IN WOOD.

Designs and Estimates supplied

WRIGHT & Co.

62 and 64 High st., Toronto.

COOPER'S

IS THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

550 Queen West.

NOVELTIES FOR XMAS &c. Established 1874.

GOOD WORK. FAIR PRICES. ALWAYS READY.

W. J. GUY,

PLUMBER AND GAS-FITTER,

527 Queen street west, Toronto.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

Burdock Blood Bitters

CURES
Impure Blood,
Dyspepsia,
Liver Complaints,
Biliousness,
Kidney Troubles,
Scrofula.

DR LOW'S WORM SYRUP

DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR ADULTS SWEET AS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD

TORONTO'S

GREAT TEA STORE,

281 Yonge street.

JOHN McINTOSH,

IMPORTER OF AND DEALER IN

Pure Teas, Coffees, Spices,
Crockery, Glassware,
And Silver-Plated Goods

Christmas Goods, suitable for presents, of all the neatest designs, arriving daily. The trade supplied at wholesale prices. A call solicited.

Remember the address, 281 YONGE STREET, Toronto.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE. By H. W. S. An excellent Xmas present. Paper, 30c; cloth, 50c; cloth, gilt edge, 75c.

ABUNDANT GRACE. By Dr. MACKAY. Paper, 35c; cloth, 75c; cloth, extra, $1.00.

Art Gift Books, Monotint Books, and Booklets in Great Variety. Library and Prize Books.

ARCHER G. WATSON, Manager,
Toronto Willard Tract Depository, Toronto, Canada

RUDGE & COLUMBIA BICYCLES

H. P. DAVIES & Co.
22 Church St. TORONTO

MACDONALD MFG. CO'Y,

MANUFACTURERS OF

GROCERS' TEA CHESTS,
SPICE CANS AND BISCUIT BOXES,
METAL SHOW CARDS, Etc.

OFFICE: 231 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.



XMAS IS COMING

—BUT—

R. BURGER

Is here with one of the Finest Assortments of

FRENCH BONBONS AND CANDIES

that has ever been offered for Christmas before in the city at such a low price. Call and see these goods at

130 YONGE STREET.

LEONARD W. BUTLER,

REAL ESTATE, FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE BROKER,

30 TORONTO STREET.

Properties of all descriptions bought, sold, exchanged and insured. Estates managed. Investments, collections and valuations made. Mortgages purchased.

MONEY TO LOAN.

MARA & CO.,

FAMILY GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS.

280 QUEEN STREET WEST,

make a specialty of shipping family orders to all parts of Ontario. Twenty-dollar orders delivered free at any railroad station within 100 miles from Toronto. Send for their lithographed price catalogue. The most complete grocery price list ever issued in the Dominion.

BERNARD DANVERS TO HIS COMPANIONS IN COLCHESTER CASTLE, 1648.

Out! Out on your Puritan whine!
Be we sons of the Turk or the Pope?
Here is Christmas with Wassail and Wine;
Shall we cringe in our corner and mope,
Brave Boys,
Or sing whiles they're reeving our rope?

No dancing to-night at Whitehall,
No Lord of Misrule and his train;
No tapestry hides this bare wall
To muffle the roll of our strain,
Brave Boys,
"When the King has his own back again."

Here's to Christmas, Sweet Gentlemen all!
Shall we keep it as "Merry" of old,
When the beards wagged in cellar and hall,
When the carols were joyously trolled?
Brave Boys,
Here's to Christmas in Colchester Hold!

Here's to Charles! Royal Charles and his Reign,
God grant him sweet solace and ease!
Here's to eyes we may ne'er see again,
God grant they be safe over seas,
Brave Boys,
Sure and safe from all quarters like these!

Here's to Rupert! Brave Prince of the Rhine!
May he never want trooper or lance
Till he see us a-cumber in line;
While the Roundheads all eye us askance
Brave Boys,
All ready to teach them the dance!

A health to each gallant that Hes
On Marston or Naseby to-night!
A health to each comrade that flies,
May the Heaven direct him aright!
Brave Boys,
And a health to each one in our plight.

One more—to Old Noll and to Pride
And the whole of their psalm-singing crew!
May they dance with their Master astride
On the gallows they're building for you,
Brave Boys,
And the Devil for once get his due!

[WARDER WITHOUT.]

Aye, rustle and flaunt out your hour,
Ye Children of Blood and the Sword!
Where, where is your pomp and your power,
And where is your blaspheming horde?
All gone!
Like mist at the breath of the Lord.

Montreal. William McLennan.

IN THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD.



O you all want a Christmas story? and Bess says it must be true, and Jack prefers something stunning, and Lil would like it to be Canadian, and Peggy wishes it to be different from anything she ever heard before, and Tom must have it right away! Isn't that a rather formidable series of requests to open up on an old man who has hardly an idea in his head, and all the indigestible ingredients of a Christmas dinner in his stomach? Well, well; this isn't the day to deny anybody anything, though if Bess had not stipulated that my story must be true, I would be at a loss where to begin. But everyone has something in his life strange and exciting and different from what anyone else has experienced. You don't agree with me? Wait till you come to forty year or eighty year, which is nearer my figure.

The story I am about to tell you concerns not my own life, but that of my mother—your great-grandmother—whose painted eyes are looking down upon us all from above the chimney-piece. Gentle, modest eyes they are, you observe, set well apart under a broad brow, above cheeks that taper delicately down to the narrow chin. That is the sort of face that Nature turns out when she is doing her very prettiest, and when, as in this case, she wreathes it in hair of the color of ripe corn, she makes a girl look like a heroine of some romantic story, as indeed this one was. The face you see is spirited as well as pretty, and the arched head enclosed a number of ideas not usually indigenous to the mental soil of most young ladies. Don't make a mouth at me, Peggy. Canadian girls of the present day have cultivated minds, and they can paint and play, and all that sort of thing, but they don't take a living interest in the affairs of their country, and that is where they differ from some of the brave girls of old. This one with the gentle eyes and dainty chin has done more for Canada than many a woman who had lived her life within our borders.

Her name was Evelyn, and she was born in Vermont, not very long before the tempestuous times of the Revolutionary War. Her family, of course, were Loyalists of the most inalienable type, and she grew up in an atmosphere of such active and passionate love of the Mother Country as would give some of us slower-blooded latter-day Canadians new ideas of patriotism. To her mind the glorious Republic was simply a small collection of vulgarly discontented little colonies, with no more dignity attaching to them than is found among a parcel of insubordinate school boys, who have determined to fight the teacher. That the teacher is weaker than the pupils does not make his cause any the less righteous. Thus reasoned our loyal ancestors, and this one in particular was an especially strong adherent of King George. Her father was killed in the war, but her mother's home was a place of refuge for maltreated Loyalists, who were secretly helped to escape therefrom to Canada. She had interfered on several occasions when Loyalist houses or barns were about to be burned, or their property confiscated by rebel hordes, and had nursed those who were wounded in the sharp quarrels thereby evolved. She had saved more than one unfortunate from a coat of tar and feathers, and rescued another who was threatened with lynching. All had been done with so much gentleness and adroitness, with so many pathetic little appeals and exercises of feminine tact, that heretofore she had escaped the consequences of her daring deeds. But at last she committed an unpardonable crime. By means of which I haven't time to tell you, she released from prison a party of Loyalists who had made the serious mistake of retaliating on the rebels, who without provocation had attacked them, and for this she was brought up in a court of law. Public feeling ran very high against her, and she could not hope for mercy. A man in her position, found guilty of her crime, would have had to pay for it with his life; for at that time in that remote Yankee town the strongest sentiment of a people, drunk with newly-gained political independence, was intense hatred of the allies of their enemies. The case made out against her was very strong, but she seemed not to hear a word that was said. With eyes and voice full of suppressed excitement, and small, slight form swaying with animation, she, after leave was given her to speak for herself, exclaimed: "The prisoners, my lord, have they made good their escape? Has nothing been heard of them?"

"Nothing," was the grim reply.

"Oh, thank God! thank God!" cried the fervent little Loyalist.

Not a word on her own behalf did she utter, but stood there, a maidenly embodiment of triumph, her eyes shining with exultation, her hair with its own glory. A murmur of angry voices ran through the crowd. There were rough fellows there in plenty who would gladly have crushed out her frail life with one blow from a burly fist. This fact, no doubt, lent additional severity to the sentence of the judge, which was that the youthful criminal, after a short period of imprisonment, should be brought forth to the place where she now stood, stripped to the waist and publicly whipped. There were a few feeble hisses at the sentence, but these were overpowered by ruffianly shouts and jeers. And then your golden-haired little great-grandmother was thrust into a dark cell, and left to the merciless companionship of thoughts that were darker still.

Horrible as the punishment was, it was by no means unknown. One woman suspected of being a witch had been recently whipped in public, and so had a wicked old crone with the evil reputation of a confirmed scandal-monger, and others who were known to lead depraved lives. The punishment was held to be eminently just and proper for the brazen young huzzy who, though making a great outward show of modesty and gentle womanliness, had in the most audacious manner outraged the laws of the new-made Republic, not for the first time—no; and not for the fifteenth time, either. The punishment for her misdeeds should fall with very literal force upon her own pretty shoulders, and good enough for her. Evil was sure to come to a woman who allowed her name to be known outside the precincts of her home, though it sometimes took a severe lesson to instil that truth into her mind.

Meantime, what were the thoughts of the brave little Loyalist? She, the clear-headed, the ready-witted, the foremost in defence of the oppressed, was unable to devise any scheme for her own benefit. To her it seemed weak and cowardly to plead for mercy, and her brain was stupefied and could not act. Her mother, after various ineffectual attempts to have her sentence altered, came to her in despair.

"Nay, now, dear mother," said the girl, kneeling beside her, "be not so utterly cast down. There can be no shame for those who have done no shameful deed, and for the pain, I fear it not. My soul is strong, and has great cause to be glad."

The woman pressed her daughter's face close into her breast. "But this frail body," she moaned, "that I have tended and dressed, and covered with kisses and caresses, that has slept in my bosom and grown up to womanhood under my eyes, how will it bear the weight of brutal blows?"

"Hush, my own mother, you must not give way and tempt me to play the coward. What! shall my father's daughter shrink from spilling a paltry drop or two of blood for the country that he died for? That would be pitiful, indeed. Be comforted, my dear one. No harm can befall those who hide not a craven spirit in their heart."

But, in the nature of things, this exalted mood could not be permanent. There were nights when the lonely little Loyalist was wakened by the tingling and quivering of her own flesh, that felt not so much the cut of the lash, as the scourging of a thousand merciless, mocking eyes. For a woman to brave the gaze of a single pair of eyes that are void of reverence for her is torture enough, but this sensitive girl felt as if the darkness was lurid with countless devilish orbs, full of all coarseness and hate and evil suggestion. She covered her face with her hands, and buried her head in the pillow, but still they haunted her. And then her soul sickened, and she wondered if the million liveried angels who, according to Milton, constantly surround the pure in heart, had failed her at the time when she needed them most.

One good angel, at least, had not forgotten her. This was one of the band of Loyalists, whom she had assisted to escape. He was a fine young fellow, who would have worshipped the ground his golden-haired ladylove walked on, if it had happened to be Canadian ground. As it was, he looked back almost with love to the cheerless prison he had left, because for one moment when Evelyn came to their succor, it had felt the brightness of her presence. Some time after his escape, he learned by accident that she herself, by her chivalrous and daring deed, had been brought to the same grim habitation, from which there was no release save by means of a shameful and barbarous ordeal.

When the young Loyalist heard this, all his blood leaped up, and though it was on the edge of a cold, drizzly December night, he sprang on his horse, and rode without ceasing to the Governor of the State, whom he did not leave until he had secured a free pardon for the offence of which Evelyn had been found guilty. Don't ask me how he managed this very difficult business. When a man is young he can do a great deal; when he is in earnest he can do a great deal more, but when he is in love nothing is impossible to him. This young fellow was all three.

If his journey to the capital had been a fever, that to his old home was a delirium. Perhaps, after all, he would reach there too late to save her. How would her pure soul be bruised and torn by the coarse looks of those brutal men, and her shoulders by the cruel lash. He pictured the scene again and again, and the horror of it grew upon him. And still he could do nothing but groan and pray and urge his horse to greater speed. On the night before Christmas he traversed miles of desolate country, companioned only by the stars and his own anguish. He thought of the rose-wreathed home on the Bay of Quinte that he and Evelyn had so often talked of together. He imagined her dying of her injuries, and tried to think of what his life would be without her. His heart fainted within him. "Oh, God," he moaned, "let not the night pass until I have saved my darling from the foul dogs that wait to mangle her innocent body and feast their brutal eyes upon the sight." And then he fell to cursing Heaven, because, in its eastern side, a streak of light betokened that the terrible Christmas morning was at hand. The sickly face of dawn, if it had been a messenger from the infernal regions, could not have been less welcome. The long night had after all been far too short. In the few hours that remained he could scarcely dare hope to cover the distance before him. And as the dawn grew despair increased with it.

It was the same gray light that wakened Evelyn on this awful Christmas morning. She woke with a smile from a dream of a rose-wreathed cottage, but the smile died in the thought of approaching anguish. She began to shake as with a dumb ague, beneath the bed coverings, and then with a strong effort she rose and knelt, shivering on the bare prison floor, her long, bright hair falling like a radiance all about her.

"Oh, Christ, my elder brother," she prayed, "whose birth this day celebrates, Thou who didst without sin suffer a most shameful and cruel death, clothe me, I pray Thee, in Thy purity, and uplift me by Thy strength in this light!" and here the brave little soul broke into a sob, "this light affliction that has come upon me."

When two kindly women of the neighborhood came in to help the little Loyalist prepare for her approaching trial, they found her fully dressed, but still kneeling at the bedside.

"Alack, poor baby!" said one; "my chubby three-year-old could better shift to take a whipping than could she."

"See, she trembles from head to foot," said the other. "Courage! my lamb, it will soon be over. Courage! courage! poor little one."

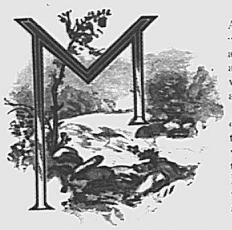
Then Evelyn rose to her feet, and looked at them firmly and compassionately, as though her pitiful heart could not bear that they should endure the pain of her sufferings. Though she trembled, it was with the cold, and partly because her strong soul had not yet obtained complete control over the weak body. A few minutes later she entered the crowded court-room in her plain, black skirts, the two women still uttering lamentation and pity and encouragement at her side. She did not tremble now, though the bosom beneath her crossed white arms rose and fell at every breath. Her shoulders, seen between falling strands of yellow hair, showed the curves of wind-blown snow, but her head was proudly held, and the eyes, wide and pathetic, seemed as if she were listening to far-away comforting words, that no one else might hear. With a composed countenance she took her place; and then in a moment a mist swam before her gaze; she became conscious of the hundreds of ruffianly eyes that scourged her soul, and covering her face with her sheltering hair she uttered a low moan of agony.

That same instant a tumult rose outside, a hoarse voice was crying, "Make way! Make way!" and there was a sound as of some one being knocked down because he refused to make way. And then the little Loyalist almost fainted at the sight of a dearly-loved face and two outstretched hands that would not touch her till they had wrapped her round and round and swathed her from chin to ankles in a coarse, bright-colored cloth, into which she pressed her face with tears and kisses, for it was the proudest costume she had ever worn—it was the flag of her country. The stalwart young fellow took his flag-wrapped little sweetheart close into his arms and turned to face the crowd; and they, with the quickly changing emotions and curious inconsistency characteristic of crowds, broke forth into singing, "God save the King."

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

HOW THE SIX WENT DOWN THE SEVERN.

BY "ISABEL," T.C.C.



"AC remarked—"The Pollywog and the Tomcat are going for a week's cruise after the meet."

"About ten days," corrected the Artist. He was captain of the open canoe Pollywog. "Pass the butter," he added.

"Where are you going, boys?" said Plumjam.

"We are going down the Upper Severn to Sparrow Lake," replied the Artist. "We shall visit the Lower Severn, then return over the same route, traverse Lake Couchiching and go home by train from Orillia. Have you got any more tea there, Plumjam?"

"A little," said Plumjam. "Are you going to take any one with you in the Pollywog? You have plenty of room; she is sixteen by thirty-two."

"What does 16 by 32 mean?" enquired the Novice. "I am going with the Entomologist on this voyage and I want to understand things, you know." The Novice was a young Englishman, a good football player and swimmer, but as innocent as a child in canoeing and sailing matters.

"It means sixteen feet long by thirty-two inches beam at the widest part," explained the Entomologist. "That is the size of the Tomcat, too." Entomologist was master and owner of the open canoe Tomcat.

"That's a magnificent development for a tomcat," murmured Windjam, who had been silent awhile. "I never heard of one that size before." And he plunged a great spoon into the fast-diminishing canned apples. "Oh, shut up, Windjam," said Plumjam, severely. "And don't eat all those canned apples. You'd want a can as big as the Tomcat to satisfy you."

"Who else is going?" asked Windjam, calmly ignoring Plumjam's criticism.

"The Fisherman goes with me and the Novice goes with Entomologist," replied the Artist.

"Say, boys, I'd like to take the Yangdoodle and go with you," said Plumjam.

"Good," said Windjam. "I'll take the Flapjack and come along, too."

"Go with us!" shouted the Entomologist. "Why, man, there are two portages going down the Upper Severn and three coming back. I'd like to see you



two fellows lugging your decked canoes over those six portages. You'd have a sweet time and so would we, helping you. Then Plumjam has got his heavy centreboard here and there isn't time to send to Toronto for his light one."

"I presume," broke in the Novice, "from the derivation that a portage is some place where you have to carry a canoe. But what's a centreboard?"

"Oh, we'll show you," said the Entomologist. "What does your heavy board weigh, Plumjam?"

"Only forty-five pounds," said Plumjam. "Now, look here, Entomologist," he added, rising from his seat at the tea table and slapping his broad chest, "don't you put on so much style about your slow old open canoes. Windjam and I can do our own portaging, centreboards and all; and if we get a good close-hauled sailing breeze, we shall get so far ahead of you that we'll be over the portage before you get there."

"You bet," remarked Windjam, sententiously.

"All right," laughed the Entomologist. "We'll see. We shall be mighty glad to have you with us, anyhow."

"Of course our decked sailing canoes are not exactly the thing for these portaging trips," admitted Windjam. "They are intended more for open water. But it will be a glorious old time and will pay well for the extra work."

"Hurrah for the Severn," said Plumjam.

So it was arranged that the six young men in their four canoes should start next morning. They were members of the American Canoe Association, and were camped on Horseshoe Island, Lake Couchiching, where with many others they had been attending the annual meeting of their division of the A. C. A. They were in high spirits over the good times just passed and just to come.

"Oh the great days, in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air in the rain and the sun."

Next morning the four canoes lay side by side on an extemporised wharf, while their crews loaded them with blankets, tents, cooking kits, provisions, spare clothing and the various oddments required, or supposed to be required, on a cruise.

A consultation took place on the important subject of how the feeding of the party was to be conducted. It was arranged that all should join in one "mess," that a purser should be appointed to make all payments, that the cooking, etc., should be done by every one in rotation, and the expenses divided equally. An examination and organisation of the stores and camp kits was made accordingly. Then the matter of tents was reviewed and the sleeping arrangements settled. Each man had his



own blankets. The Artist rolled his up like a big sausage and thrust them into a long, narrow, canvas bag, waterproofed by a mixture of linseed oil and beeswax. Three others did the same. Gathered in at the mouth and tied there, the bags were entirely watertight. The Novice and the Fisherman wrapped their blankets in rubber sheets and encircled the package with leather straps. "Trust in the Lord and keep your blankets dry," is one of the cruiser's elementary rules.

Some squabbling took place in loading the open canoes. Each man was inclined to think his shipmate was taking needless duffle along. The Artist could not understand why the Fisherman wanted to carry two rods, a large fishing basket, a great case of all manner of piscatorial engines of destruction, a pair of long rubber boots, a gun, two lawn tennis suits of white flannel, a suit of longshore togs, linen shirts, several hats and a large assortment of other clothing. The Artist pointed out that this would bring the Pollywog's load water line one inch and a quarter too low, and involve risk of swamping. The Fisherman thought the Artist's sketch book an unnecessary incumbrance, and objected to a green frog, made of rubber, which the Artist cherished as a deadly fish deluder. He also spoke contemptuously of the Artist's fishing rod. The Entomologist joined in condemnation of the Fisherman's profuse wardrobe and pointed to his own simple outfit, the main features of which were a sleeveless striped jersey, a pair of oilskin trousers rolled up to the knee, and bare feet. This was his almost invariable camp costume. If he had any more clothes, they were carefully hidden in a very small dunnage bag. The Entomologist, however, was attacked for burdening the canoes with a butterfly net, a mysterious large bottle and a square case full of drawers for displaying unfortunate insects which had in some diabolical manner been transformed into "specimens." The Novice rather thought that an umbrella would be a good thing to carry, because the sun was hot and they might have rain. The reception this suggestion met with from his brethren caused him to withdraw it hastily. Some controversy also ensued between the Tomcat and the Pollywog, their crews taking sides as to the share of general camp equipage each vessel was to carry. Meanwhile, Plumjam and Windjam looked on with an air of lofty superiority, occasionally throwing in a malicious gibe to increase the hubbub. Each was captain and crew of his own craft and carried what he pleased—so they said.

Windjam got ready first, launched his canoe, fastened her stern by the painter to a heavy projecting piece of timber and got aboard to wait for the others. Then a forgotten article occurred to him. He is an adept at balancing himself on a canoe, so he walked out on the forward deck, insinuated himself deftly around the main mast—no easy feat—and then made a spring from the bow to the wharf. The painter, insecurely tied, gave way with the shock, the Flapjack shot several yards away and lessened the force of Windjam's jump, so that he barely landed on the edge of the timber. He executed a frantic hornpipe for a few seconds in a vain attempt to recover his balance, then went down with a great splash. A roar of laughter from his comrades; then a shower of chaff greeted the dripping Windjam as he emerged, imperturbable as usual, and protesting that he only wanted to cool off, as the day was hot. The Novice said it was absurd to call a fastening line a "painter," and he didn't wonder it gave way under the strain. Windjam jumped into the water again, swam after his strayed canoe, climbed aboard, paddled her back and extracted some dry clothing from his dunnage bag.

Then they started. Plumjam was unanimously appointed commander of the expedition, not only because he was a club officer, but also because the others had much faith in his judgment and discretion. "We rendezvous at the mouth of the Severn," said he. "It is about ten miles away. The first men there wait for the others. The channel at the mouth is hard to find, but I have a rough map of the route and full information, which I got from an Orillia chap."

A pleasant westerly breeze was blowing. Starting from the east side of the long and narrow Horseshoe Island, the canoes had to paddle nearly half a mile before they got out into the wind. Mizens had been hoisted on the Yangdoodle, the Flapjack and the Pollywog, and on getting out of the lee of the island those three canoes were brought head to wind whilst the skippers pulled up the mainsails, giving an extra tug to the halyards so that the sails should be well flattened for the close-hauled course that lay before them.

"I suppose we can't keep up with the decked canoes," said the Fisherman to his shipmate. "Two men aboard instead of one makes a great difference."

"Besides," said the Artist, "our sails are smaller. But if it blows harder they will have to put in reefs, which will make their sails as small as ours, because we can carry all of our little sails."

"They have smooth plate centreboards," remarked the Fisherman.

"Yes," replied the Artist, "but we have a pretty good folding board and can hang up to windward nearly as close as they can."

The crew of the Tomcat were also talking. "Get your coat off, like me," said the Entomologist, "and settle yourself down for a ten-mile paddle."

"Why can't we sail, like those fellows?" asked the Novice.

"Because we have no centreboard and no rudder," replied the Entomologist, "and only one small sail. It's no good with the wind in this direction. But just wait till we get a wind astern or aft of the beam, and I tell you our little sail will make this old thing run like a scared cat. We steer with the paddle then."

"Why don't you have a centreboard and rudder?"

"I wouldn't be bothered with such a lot of fixings. With them you take longer to get ready, the canoe is heavier, has less stowage room, costs more and doesn't paddle quite so well. This is the correct thing for river cruising and for a man who likes paddling."

By this time the fleet were well under way. The blue water of Couchiching danced and glittered in the sunlight. The three leading canoes bowed gently to the westerly breeze, their white sails standing out with a delicate clearness against the shore background of dark green. The paddlers looked admiringly at the picture and drank in great draughts of the sweet, pure air as they urged their craft along with lusty stokes to catch the sailors.

A great content filled the hearts of the Artist and the Fisherman, as they reclined against the windward side of their canoe, balancing the sail pressure, while the former handled tiller and main-sheet. Neither spoke for a while. Presently the Fisherman called attention to the two decked canoes ahead.

"See," said he. "Those fellows are making a race of it, as usual. It is nip and tuck between them, but Plumjam has got to windward of the Flapjack. Plumjam is a fine sailor."

"Pull down these rags, you lazy Pollywogs, and do some honest paddling," said a loud voice from astern. They turned and saw the two paddlers, who had gained on them rapidly.

"Peace, rude Tomcats," said the Fisherman dreamily. "Trouble us not. We are contemplating the beauties of nature."

"Oh, are you?" said the Entomologist. "Well, I am contemplating the beauty of the Novice's broad back. He's just a-humpin' himself on that bow-paddle. Whoop her up, old man." And with a mighty spurt they shot past the Pollywog, and gave chase to the decked men.

By this time the two leading canoes had reached a point in the lake at which their north-by-west course inclined somewhat to the east. They had run about three miles, and were nearly half a mile ahead of the Pollywog. The crew of the Tomcat had paddled steadily and well, and were not far behind the leaders.

Plumjam and Windjam were seated up on the side-decks of their canoes. The wind was freshening, and they leaned out over the water to meet the increasing pull of the sail. Each of them slackened his main-sheet as he cleared the point and ran a little more free on the easterly course.

The wind continued to strengthen, coming in gusts over the darkening water. The paddlers saw Windjam's mainsail flap a little in the wind and then become suddenly smaller. In twenty seconds more Plumjam's canvas went through the same process.

"They put in those reefs very quickly," said the Novice. "How do they do it?"

The Entomologist replied that the reef line was brought back from the mast to where the skipper sat, and he gave a brief description of the tackle.

The wind now veered a little northward, and the sailormen hauled their sheets close in once more, so as to keep their course. The freshening wind had raised some "sea," and as the little craft sped on, their bows parted the oncoming waves with that "thud, swish, gurgle," which is familiar music to the canoeist's ear. Now and again a larger wave than usual sent a shower of spray over the port bow,

making the glistening decks of the Yangdoodle and Flapjack look as if newly varnished.

The Fisherman, sitting forward in the Pollywog, got the full benefit of the spray. He hunted up his yellow oilskin coat and put it on. "Sometimes these things are good even when it doesn't rain," he observed.

"Yes. And they are fine to keep out a cold, piercing wind," replied his shipmate.

"Has the Pollywog got watertight compartments?" asked the Fisherman.

"She has painted tin ones, one forward and one aft," replied the Artist. "Not as big as those fellows have under their long decks, but enough to hold up you and me, in case of an upset, as long as we liked to hang on to the canoe. They are a great element of safety. Well, I think those racers must have put in reefs by this time, and we shall hold our own now the rest of they way."

So they did.

When the Pollywog reached the mouth of the Severn she found the rest of the fleet waiting for her, in charge of Plumjam and the Entomologist, who were making preparations for a lunch while the other two had gone to Washago for provisions. Presently Windjam and the Novice returned, producing with an air of triumph two pies, which they took great credit to themselves for procuring. It was noticed, however, that they manifested a remarkable lack of appetite, scarcely touched the appetising cold lunch, and would not eat any pie. This aroused the suspicion of their comrades, who bantered and coaxed them alternately till they extracted the following story from Windjam:—

He and the Novice had purchased six pies at Washago and in packing them up they broke one. They couldn t think of insulting the expedition by offering it a broken pie, so they ate it between them, as the simplest method of getting rid of it without waste. Then Windjam, struck with an idea, gravely pointed out to his fellow-pieman that it was an unlucky and improper thing to bring an odd number of pies into a camp. After some discussion, the Novice was brought round to this view, and they proceeded to even up matters by dividing another pie between them. They went on a little further, when the Novice remarked that that last pie was really so good they must have another. They didn't discuss this point as long as the last, but at once sat down and caused another pie to disappear. They walked on a little further, and the third pie had hardly got shaken down when the Novice called the attention of his fellow-gormandizer to the fact that they had violated the rule about not taking odd pies into camp. Windjam looked very serious at this and declared that it must be remedied immediately. It was remedied accordingly, and they proceeded onward. What would have happened if they had had much further to go it is impossible to say, but it is matter of history that the last two pies did reach camp intact.

Before embarking again masts were lowered and laid along the decks of the canoes, preparatory to passing beneath a railway bridge which was near at hand. As the little fleet paddled under it they found themselves gliding rapidly with the quickening current past expanses of wild rice and reeds that were suggestive of toothsome wild fowl. The roar of the first falls was distinctly heard, though the falls could not be seen; and the Novice became uneasy lest on turning the bend ahead, the expedition should be irresistibly drawn over a watery precipice and dashed to destruction amid the foamy uproar below.

The sound of the falls struck loudly on their ears as they turned the bend and saw before them this



"There is the portage," said Plumjam, pointing to a sloping rocky bank about fifteen feet high, crowned with trees. To the right was a gorge, through which the river plunged downward some five feet amongst broken rock. Near the head of the falls three tents were pitched; two girls were fishing from the rocks and two others lying under the trees reading, with an older lady, evidently the chaperone of the party. Two large boats were moored in the river below.

The canoes were laid alongside the bank and the crews jumped ashore. Two of them commenced to unload the canoes, while the other four formed a line of luggage-handlers up the cliff. The articles were passed from one to the other and the canoes were soon emptied. Then the vessels themselves were one by one lifted out of the water and carefully carried up the bank and over the 150 yards which intervened between the head and the foot of the rapids. All hands worked like beavers, and it was not long before everything was collected near a suitable launching place beyond the foot of the rapids.

The expedition held a consultation and decided that this was a good place to stay over night. It was a beautiful spot for a camp. The green sward sloped gently down to the water and was dotted with oak trees and small bushes. Firewood was abundant, and to the beauties of Nature were added the probability of pleasant society.

The tents were rapidly pitched and the camp put in order; then the Fisherman and the Artist jointed their fishing rods and went, one to the front of the rapids and the other to a tempting looking pool above. When they returned each had several fine black bass and rock bass.

"Are there any worms in your fish?" said the Fisherman to the Artist.

"Worms? Nonsense."

"Well, if you don't believe it, look here." He took up one of the black bass, scraped the scales from its back and squeezed out some long, whitish grubs.

"Well, that's nice," said the Artist. "I never saw that before. Wonder how many bass I've eaten with those things in them."

"Oh, they won't hurt you if they are thoroughly cooked," said the Fisherman. "They are found in black bass when the water is warm. You won't find them at all in the rock bass, and many of the black bass are also free from them."

"I see the rest of the boys have gone to the other camp," said the Artist. "I thought it wouldn't be long before Windjam found some way of making the acquaintance of those girls."

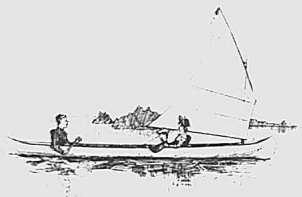
"There are two young fellows with the party, one of whom the Novice knew 'in Orillia,' replied the Fisherman. "Let's go there." They went accordingly.

"Look at that masher, Windjam," said the Artist, as they approached the ladies' camp.

Windjam was seated on the rock beside one of the fair fishers, looking very devoted, and keeping up an animated conversation with her. In a little while she caught a fine bass. The gallant young man took it off the hook for the lady, and then baited the hook again.

The Artist and the Fisherman were duly introduced, and found that the girls shared between them in varying proportions more than the ordinary amount of brightness, intelligence and good looks, whilst the older lady was very pleasant and agreeable.

The two parties took supper together, and the acquaintance progressed rapidly. After supper, Windjam and the young lady whose fishing he had superintended went out together in his canoe. The other fellows took the hint, and the remaining canoes were soon afloat, the Entomologist with two ladies aboard and the rest with one each.



"The Entomologist has captured two specimens," said Plumjam. He and the Fisherman stayed on shore and smoked their pipes while they chatted with the two Orillia fellows.

A pleasant evening was spent, the latter portion of it by a camp-fire.

It turned out that the ladies' party were also going on to Sparrow Lake, but not immediately. Mutual arrangements were accordingly made to renew the acquaintance there.

Early next morning the Artist was wakened by the sun shining into his tent. He dressed quickly, and walked out into the fragrant freshness of the morning. The river lay before him like a sheet of glass, in which forest and sky were mirrored with bright clearness, broken only by the ripple of the current in the centre of the river, down which floated great patches of snow-white foam from the rapids above. Several wild ducks were feeding in the rice beds opposite, and the Artist moved quietly so as not to frighten them away. Squirrels were chattering and birds singing in the trees overhead. The camp was on the northwest bank, and the eastern sun cast the opposite bank into shadow and deepened the reflections in the clear water. To the left a charming vista opened down the river; on the one side the well-wooded points shining vividly green in the bright sunlight, on the other side dark in shadow.

The ducks flew away, and then several blasts on a big tin fog-horn brought out the other canoeists. The first thing was the morning swim. The Entomologist and the Novice were on duty that day as camp cooks. The other four withdrew quietly apart, and a brief conference took place, accompanied by much suppressed chuckling. Presently they moved towards the water together. The Entomologist and the Novice followed them.

"Hallo," called out Windjam. "Where are you individuals coming to?" He spoke with haughty asperity.

"Why, to swim, of course," replied the Entomologist. "What d'ye mean?"

"We certainly shall not allow two common manservants like you to bathe with four gentlemen like us," replied Windjam. "A mere cook and dishwasher and one of you a colored person!" he added, pointing to the Entomologist's arms, neck and face, which were of a beautiful coffee color, from exposure to the sun. "We will allow you to go in a hundred yards further down the stream." The other two made a vigorous attempt to overrule this drawing of class distinctions, and some altercation took place, in which the Fisherman went so far as to call the Entomologist a cranky bug-hooker, and the Entomologist called the Fisherman a "dude." However, the majority, being two to one, had their own way; the Entomologist and the Novice consoling themselves by thinking of the way they would enforce social distinctions on the morrow, when it was the turn of Plumjam and Windjam to act as cooks. Which they did.



Our Artist shows the cook at work preparing that breakfast, the first of the cruise. The fish previously caught formed the piece de resistance. Ham was first cooked in the frying-pans, taken out when done, and the fish then cooked in the hissing hot fat that was left in the pans. The oatmeal porridge was all ready in the enamelled pot, hot tea in a tin pail, and bread and butter galore. Before sitting down, the cooks put on another large pailful of water to heat for the dishwashing.

Breakfast over, they loaded up and started down the river, all paddling. The crews of the open canoes used single paddles, kneeling in their canoes. Plumjam and Windjam each sat on a high seat and swung a double blade nearly nine feet in length, dipping each end alternately in the water.

The scenery on the Upper Severn is very fine. In some places the banks are low and well wooded, in others precipitous and rocky. Here and there huge masses of granite lay around, looking as if freshly broken from their parent rock by some great convulsion. In some places the river narrowed in a rocky gorge with a deep, swift current. There were some large caves in the rock, in the dark depths of which were the abodes of weasels, mink and snakes. Further on, the shores were low, flat and marshy, a good place for trolling, which the Expedition availed themselves of with profit. A fine piece of bush was passed early in the journey, close to the water. The paddlers moved to that side of the river and journeyed on under the grateful shade of the trees. Several rapids of a mild type were passed, and the canoeists enjoyed the delightful exhilaration of rushing adown rapid water, especially at one place where the current was very swift and they had to dodge a large rock near the foot of it. This particular rapid had to be portaged on the return of the party up stream.

They passed the Black River, and noted how curiously the demarcation between its dark waters and the translucent green of the Severn was preserved for scores of yards, then the two rivers gradually blending until the united current becomes a brownish green. Looked at from the canoes on its current, the water of the Black River is the color of strong tea, sans milk; but when you look down on it from the bridge which crosses it, it is black as ink. The color is of course derived from the nature of the soil through which it runs.

The approach to the second portage was marked by a fine tall pine tree, which stood just at the head of the rapids, on a small island, towering like a monarch above the smaller trees. This scene caught the Artist's fancy, and he has reproduced it in the engraving. The portage was a rough one, but very pretty, and a fine view was had from an overhanging bluff.

A little further on an unwelcome sight presented itself. Logs, logs, logs—covering the surface of the river as far as the eye could see, till they were hidden by a bend. There was no getting through

them, and a long and tiresome portage seemed inevitable. Two boys were swimming and diving from the logs, and to them Commander Plumjam applied for information. They told him that about two hundred yards up stream he would find the entrance to a little creek, thro' which the canoes could be paddled, and that its lower end came out beyond the logs. The canoeists returned, found the place easily, and paddled gently through the most delightful little channel one can imagine. It was closely wooded, and so narrow that the boughs of the trees interlaced overhead into a leafy arch of the purest green, through which darted here and there shafts of sunlight. The reflections of the foliage made the water appear like a dark green mirror. Presently the canoes entered a rocky gorge scarcely five feet across, with deep caves on each side. As they approached, half a dozen duck flew out; but as usual the gun was not handy. A turn to the right brought them once more into the main channel of the river. Wild rice beds stretched before them, and a kingfisher darted up ahead of them with a shrill chatter, his white neck and blue body glittering in the sun. Wheeling across the stream, he finally perched on a high branch, and cocked his head knowingly on one side until the Fisherman took up his gun, when Mr. Kingfisher took wing and disappeared, his shrill note resounding through the bush.

Soon a brisk easterly breeze sprang up and all the canoes hoisted sail, running westward along a nearly straight reach of the river. The Entomologist fulfilled his promise of making his canoe "run like a scared cat," much to to the delight of the Novice. Then they rounded a bend at the end of the straight reach and saw Severn Bridge ahead. Here was another boom of logs, but a narrow passage through them enabled the canoes to pass.

Below Severn Bridge the country became more open and better cultivated, with lower banks and frequent farms. Many cattle were feeding in the fields along the river's bank. The scenery below Severn Bridge is markedly different from that above.

But we must pass over the further details of the river journey and hurry on to Sparrow Lake. As the canoeists emerged from the broadening mouth of the river and glided out to the wide expanse of the lake, they saw about two miles ahead, on the western shore, a wooded promontory, which they recognised at once as the place recommended for their camp during the three or four days they intended to remain. Arrived there, they ran into a pretty little natural harbor, containing a sandy beach, the finest kind of a landing for canoes. On the tall bluff, twenty or thirty feet above, was a grassy shelf or plateau, on which some fine oaks grew. This plateau was approached by a romantic-looking pass, and behind it the sheltering rocks towered still higher, crowned with fine timber. As Windjam expressed it, they "laid themselves on the shelf" that night, after a good deal of healthy exercise in bringing up the camp stuff. Before turning in, the Entomologist borrowed a darning needle and some yarn from the Fisherman.

"The Novice and I are going to sew some of our blankets up into bags like the rest of you sybarites," he said. "It makes a fellow look like a pig in a poke to sleep in one of them things, but its a sure cure for the habit of kicking one's blankets off and getting one's feet cold."

"Talk about sybarites," said the Fisherman. "That bloated capitalist, Plumjam, has got an air bed, which cost him fifteen dollars. You should see him blowing it up every night. He looks like a cornet player gone crazy."

"Don't you wish you had one?" said Plumjam. "But I am glad that those two fellows are going to sew up their blankets. Its a great protection against rattlesnakes."

"Rattlesnakes? Get out," said the Fisherman, almost turning pale.

"Rattlesnakes!" echoed the Novice.

"Oh, yes," said Plumjam. "Some Orillia people camped here this summer and killed two rattlesnakes on this very spot where we are now." Which was true.

Dead silence, then an animated discussion on the habits of the rattlesnake, during which it was brought out that that agreeable reptile is an inhabitant of those parts, but that he is afraid of man, and will get out of the way if he has a chance to do so, besides warning intruders by his peculiar rattle. None at all were seen by this Expedition.

The next day was a quite one in camp, being Sunday. The cuisine had been re-inforced by supplies from a neighboring farm-house. Also some prunes and evaporated apples were produced by the Entomologist and stewed in the first style of the art. Windjam and the Fisherman showered much scorn on these homely and common-place articles, but were noticed to partake heartily thereof; whilst Plumbjam observed that campers often made the mistake of not having enough fruit in their diet. Berries were the only fresh fruit they could get now, and not enough of them.

On Monday morning a brisk breeze was blowing from the west, off-shore, and the Novice said to Windjam, "I'd like to try my hand at sailing the Flapjack."

"All right, old man; get aboard," replied Windjam.

The Novice had been closely observant of the sailors' methods, and learned a good deal. He got aboard and went off on the port tack with the wind abeam for some distance along the shore; then "went about" and came back to camp on the starboard track. Here he called out "I'm going to run out with the wind dead astern, and then 'beat' back."

"Mind she doen't jibe," shouted Windjam in reply.

"All right," replied the Novice. "Wonder what he means by 'jibe'," said he to himself. "Don't matter, anyhow." He slackened his main-sheet, put



up his helm, and ran out beyond the lee of the bluff.

Now the Fisherman was something of a poet. He found the next performance of the Novice so interesting that he afterwards threw it into verse. I will let him describe it here——

THE JIBE OF THE NOVICE.

(Air—"I'll Go No More A-roving")

One sunny morn on Sparrow Lake
Watch well your boom, I say.
A fancy did the Novice take
To go a-sailing on the lake;
And he'll go no more a-sailing,
With you, Flapjack.

Chorus:

Since sailing's been too much for him,
He'll go no more a-sailing,
With you, Flapjack.

He took the Flapjack, gallant craft.
Watch well your boom, I say;
Next time he thinks he'll take a raft,
Or stay at home when the wind is aft.
And he'll go no more a-sailing,
With you, Flapjack.

Chorus:

His seamanship was not the best.
Watch well your boom, I say.
Ambitious ignorance fired his breast,
But he got upset by a breeze form the west,
And he'll go no more a-sailing,
With you, Flapjack.

Chorus:

The boom came round with fury dread,
Watch well your boom, I say.
It struck the Novice on the head.
He's getting wet," the Tomcat said.
"And he'll go no more a-sailing,
With you, Flapjack."

Chorus:

He swam ashore with spirits sad,
Watch well your boom, I say.
A wiser and a wetter lad.
The Tomcat says he feels so bad,
That he'll go no more a-sailing,
With you, Flapjack.

Chorus:

In the afternoon the camping party from the first portage arrived in their row boats, and were heartily welcomed by the canoeists. They established a camp a short distance away. Another joint and jovial supper party, then the A.C.A. men took the ladies out again in their canoes. It was a pleasant novelty, as one or two of the girls had never been in a canoe before. There was the usual careful arrangement of piles of cushions, rugs or blankets to make the fair passengers comfortable, and wraps to protect them from the cool evening air. Some of them insisted on handling the bow paddle. Others contented themselves by reclining on the piles of soft cushions in picturesque attitude, whilst their gondoliers dipped each his paddle with slow and measured stroke. Entomologist had the same two passengers as at the portage, both paddling.

"See how well these 'specimens' of Entomologist handle their paddles," remarked Plumjam, as he smoked contentedly on shore. "They're the sort of specimens to have."

Songs came floating over the water as twilight fell and the shadow deepened.

The young moon silvered the gently rippling waters and lighted up the distant shores of the lake, half hidden in a mysterious purple haze. One by one the returning canoes glided in, and soon the red light of the evening camp fire was casting uncertain shadows on the trees and flickering on the faces of the group around it.

Everybody was there, celebrating the re-union of the two parties. Chat and merry laughter was alternated by remarkably good songs and choruses. The ladies' party contained some good musicians, and the canoeists belonged to a club which had held weekly meetings during the preceding winter for the practice of camp songs. So the jolly time went on till the canoeists took their leave, singing "Good Night, Ladies, We're Going to Leave You Now."

* * * * * * *

Some days afterwards, six bronzed and hearty-looking fellows were seen unloading four canoes at the wharf of an Orillia boat-house. They had carried out their programme faithfully and had just landed after ascending the Severn and sailing the whole length of Lake Conchiching. The usual bustling transfer of canoes and dunnage from wharf to train took place; then, seated in the train, they sped homeward, talking over their cruising experiences. The Fisherman sat musing, and his thoughts gradually shaped themselves thus:—

The cool air of morning awakening the flowers,
Rippling the sunshine on river and lake;
Seemed blent with our youth in the long, sunny hours,
When we were young, boys, and lived for life's sake.

When we were young, boys, the morning was brighter,
Clearer the sunshine and sweeter the air;
Muscles were firmer and spirits were lighter,
When we were young, boys, with never a care.

Days for strong paddling and night for sound sleeping,
Lulled by the song that the swift river sung;
Stars in the purple sky silent watch keeping,
When we were young, boys, when we were young.

THE ROYAL GEORGE.

On the table before me lies a little box of oak as black nearly as the Irish bog-oak ornaments. It is made from a fragment of the Royal George, sunk off Spithead in 1782, and blown up in 1839. Fifty-seven years under sea-water has given it this color. When I was a child the shops in Portsmouth sold many little relices made from the timber of the stout man-of-war which sank not from storm or hidden rock, not when riddled by shot, or any of the ordinary accidents of the sea, but on a bright clear Sunday in August, in a perfectly calm sea, when she was on the eve of sailing 106 years ago.

I have but little to tell, but my grandmother, who saw her sink, was never tired of telling what an awful shock it was. She was a young woman at the time, and had been parted from her husband for a little, she being in London and he in Ireland seeking some appointment from Lord Howe, who was his friend, when he wrote to her that he was given a berth on board the Royal George, of 108 guns, the principal vessel of Lord Howe's fleet, and was to sail under Admiral Kempenfeldt, and that if she wished to see him again she must come down to Portsmouth at once.

We who run down to Portsmouth from Waterloo station in two hours and a half do not realise what a journey it seemed then to her by stage coach, but she was only too pleased at his getting the appointment and glad to go and see him off. In those days the art of the hairdresser was in great request, and the young wife, wishing to make a good impression, not only on her husband, but on his fellow-officers, had her hair elaborately dressed and powdered before leaving London, and travelling down the 74 miles was not able to sleep in the corner of the coach for fear of deranging her curls. So she knelt and supported her forehead in her hands on the seat, trying to get what little rest she could. She arrived on the Friday, August 27th, and her husband showed her with great triumph, the noble ship lying off Spithead, and getting on board its complement of men and stores. On the Saturday, suddenly, he announced he was not going to sail in her.

"What do you mean?" she said, bewildered, thinking he must be joking.

"No," he said, "I have changed my mind and given my berth to a friend who wants it." And when she would have remonstrated he said—

"Don't say a word more. I have brought away everything I had on board except a dirk that I value, and that we will fetch away before she sails."

On the Sunday afternoon they stood on a balcony at the inn, looking out on a perfectly calm sea, in lovely weather. Only, as she said, she wondered why the ship was careened so far over, but thought the ship's officers must know best. The tide was rising quietly, quietly, with little lapping wavelets on the beach. Sunday as it was, the deck was thronged with people, and stores were being hoisted on board from a small tender lying by her. The admiral, captain, officers and crew were all on board, and about 300 women and children—1,100 souls in all—when slowly, quietly, like a dream, she sank! And they who watched her disappear rubbed their eyes to see if they were dreaming. But no! the Royal George was gone, and the sea rolled over the place where she had been. Captain Waghorn, who escaped, was subsequently tried by court-martial for negligence, but was acquitted. The admiral was said to be in his cabin at the time writing, and when years after, the ship was visited by those who went down in diving-bells, one of the first questions asked was, "Have they seen Kempenfeldt?" Cowper's "Elegy" shows how much impression the disaster made at the time, and what regret it excited.

Satisfactory.

Smith—I called on Gen. Jones soon after dark the other evening, and if you would believe it, he had gone to bed.

Robinson—Yes, the General goes to bed regularly at 9 o'clock every evening.

Smith—Humph! I don't wonder they put him on the retired list.—Burlington Free Press.

OTTAWA BARRISTERS.

HODGINS, KIDD & RUTHERFORD, BARRISTERS, Solicitors, Notaries, etc., Supreme Court, Parliamentary and Departmental Agents, etc.

WALKER, McLEAN & BLANCHET, BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors, Parliamentary Agents, Notaries, No. 34½ Elgin street, Ottawa. W. H. Walker, D. L. McLean, C. A. Blanchet.

TAYLOR McVEITY, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC., Ottawa.

BISHOP & GREENE, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS AND Supreme Court Agents, 48 Sparks street, Ottawa, Ont. John Bishop, G. M. Greene.

JOHN C. GRANT, SOLICITOR, ETC., SUPREME COURT, Parliamentary and Departmental Agent, 104 Sparks st., Ottawa, Ont.

J. P. FISHER, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC., SUPREME Court, Parliamentary and Departmental Agent, Scottish Ontario Chambers, Ottawa, Ont.

HORACE PHATT, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC., Supreme Court and Departmental Agent, Masonic Chambers, Ottawa, Ont

M. McLEOD, QC., FEDERAL AND QUEBEC COURTS, Parliament, etc.

W. H. BARRY, BARRISTER, SUPREME COURT AND Parliamentary Solicitor, Notary Public, etc., Ottawa, Ont.

GEORGE McLAURIN, LL.B., BARRISTER, OTTAWA, Ont. Office, 19 Elgin street.

CORNWALL BARRISTERS.

MACLENNAN, LIDDELL & CLINE, BARRISTERS, ETC., Cornwall, Ont.

LEITCH & PRINGLE, BARRISTERS, CORNWALL, ONT. Solicitors for Ontario Bank. Jas. Leitch, R. A. Pringle.

R. SMITH, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, Conveyancer, etc., Cornwall, Ont.

THE GOLDEN LION,

GUELPH AND GLASGOW.

THE GREAT

CLOTHING, DRESSMAKING AND MILLINERY

Establishment of Western Ontario.

Splendid Assortment of the Latest Novelties for New Year Presents. Warerooms in all leading cities.

J. D. WILLIAMSON & CO.

ESTABLISHED 1844.

THOROLD HYDRAULIC CEMENT MILLS,

THOROLD, ONTARIO.

JOHN BATTLE

Manufacturer of Hydraulic Cement of the best quality for

BRIDGES, CULVERTS, AQUEDUCTS, TANKS, CISTERNS

And every species of Stone or Brick Work under water or exposed to dampness, Stuccoing Walls, etc., etc.

RECEIVED THE FIRST PRIZE MEDALS

At the Exhibition, Paris, France, 1855, and at the World's Fair, London, England, 1862.

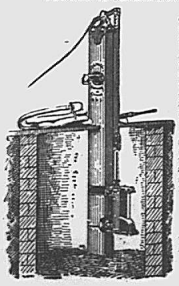
It has been used in the construction of the Victoria Bridge, Montreal; the Suspension and Cantilever Bridges, Niagara Falls; the International Bridge, on the enlargement of the Welland Canal and on the C. P. R. as well as all important works in the Dominion of Canada, with satisfaction.

CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE, ARCADE BUILDING, HAMILTON, CANADA. Established 1862

Best equipped and most successful business college in the Dominion. Over a thousand graduates in business. 430 students past year. For catalogue and full particulars apply to R. E. GALLAGHER, Principal.

Double-Acting, Non-Freezing Force Pump.

Patented in Canada and the United States



The cheapest force pump ever sold, and have been pronounced by practical mechanics as being the best general purpose pump ever put in the market and is offered solely on its merits. The superior merits of these pumps over all others now in use is making a reputation that cannot be gainsaid. Agents wanted to sell on commission, or exclusive agencies given and reasonable terms made with manufacturers to make the goods on royalty or manufacturers' rights granted in the United States and Canada. Address

THE FARMERS' SUPPLY CO., Prescott, Ont.

THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE

Dominion Deposit,	$ 100,000 00
Assurances in force,	11,081,000 00
Assets, January 1, 1888,	1,089,448 27
Daily Cash Income exceeds	1,200 00

W. H. Riddell, SECRETARY. Wm. Hendry, MANAGER.

Dunn's Mustard

CANDY Sent etc. 75c. or $1 for 1 lb. 2 lb. or 3 lb. box of the best Candy to be had in Canada. Express paid. Suitable for presents. Purity guaranteed and prompt delivery. Sample orders solicited.

LONDON, Ont.

New Improvements

KNITTING MACHINES

THE KING OF THE WORLD'S STAR.

Our Family Machine is King in the art of Stock and Stocking Making and makes the whole household glad and comfortable with Shirts, Drawers, Boys' Suits, Teques Caps, Mits, Cuffs etc. Our system of narrowing is perfection. Any size of stocking from a glove finger up wards can be made. Farmers' coarse yarn and silk can be knit.

53 SIZES FOR

Our system has been Tested, Tried

For Family Use

Repairs Reliable

The only system perfect for All Sizes of Ribbed Hosiery.

ADDRESS CREELMAN BROS., Mfrs. Georgetown, Ont., Canada

BRANTFORD BUSINESS COLLEGE

FOR BUSINESS EDUCATION.

Brantford, Ont. Catalogue Free

BROCKVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE

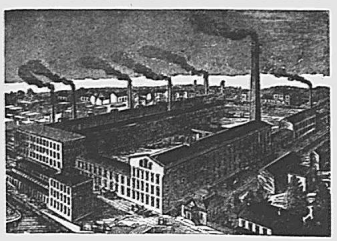
BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Over two hundred students last year. Thirteen States and Provinces have been represented by its students. The new College building is heated with hot water and provided with lavatories and all modern conveniences. This College gives more in return for the money expended than any other first-class college in Canada. THOROUGH WORK IS DONE. Teachers are experienced accountants and auditors and members of the Institute of Chartered Accountants. LARGE SHORTHAND INSTITUTE in connection with the College. DO YOU NEED A BUSINESS EDUCATION? Write for free announcement. AUSTIN & BREZEE, Principals.

WESLEYAN LADIES' COLLEGE, HAMILTON, CANADA.

This is the 28th year. Over 230 students have completed the course of study. Young ladies will find here every subject taught in any ladies' college in the Dominion.

PLEASE NOTE THE FOLLOWING:—Our Art Director is our Art Teacher. Every Art Pupil receives her lessons from Professor Martin. Our Music Director is present every day and constantly teaching. Each piano has a room to itself; no pianos in the hall. Specialists in Art and Music provided for. Modern Languages taught in the "Natural Method." We have over 150 rooms; no crowding. Rational methods of instruction. Refining surroundings. Educational advantages found only in cities. Pupils need bring nothing of bedding, cutlery, etc.; everything is furnished. The complete expense runs from $170 to $200 per annum. For full information address the Principal, A. BURNS, D.D., LL.D.



GOLDIE & McCULLOCH.

Steam Engines, Boilers, Mill Furnishings, Wood and Wood Machinery, Water Wheels, Fire and Burglar Proof Safes, etc.

GALT, - - - - ONT.



THE WINDSOR HOUSE

STRATFORD, ONT.

Thoroughly renovated and under careful management. Centrally located. Well heated. Dining-room well served. Capacious Commercial Room. Livery in connection.

J. W. DOYLE, Proprietor.

THE ALBION

GODERICH.

JONATHAN MILLER,

Has meets all trains.

BRANTFORD

YOUNG LADIES' COLLEGE.

In connection with the Presbyterian Church.

The staff is composed of experienced teachers and masters only. The work is thorough, and a successful record has been gained in every department.

1 Candidates successful at the Toronto University Matriculation.

2 Students trained in advanced and original work in Water Colors and Oil Painting. HENRY MARTIN, A.R.C.A., Art Master.

3 Students trained to render with skill and effect the productions of the Masters. CHAS. A. GARRATT, Professor.

Elementary work in all departments under same staff.

No pupil teachers. Apply for calendar.

T. M. MACINTYRE, Ph.D.

THE BEST GUARANTEE.

The managers of the ST. CATHARINES BUSINESS COLLEGE will give $100 to any charitable institution named by any person or rival college who can furnish the name of a student who has taken a full course in Shorthand and who has failed to secure a position, or the name of a student who has taken a full course in any department and who has lost his position through incompetency.

Young men contemplating a course this winter in Bookkeeping, Shorthand or Telegraphy should obtain the catalogue of this institution before making their choice of a college.

W. H. ANGER, B.A., Principal, St. Catharines, Ont.

ESTABLISHED 1876.

JOLLIFFE & CO.

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS

Furniture,

Carpets

AND

Upholstery.

407, 409 and 471 Queen st. West

TORONTO.

Business Hours, 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. Saturday 10 p.m.

124 Farley ave. No. 1195.

McKEOWN & CO'Y.

182 YONGE STREET,

Have now one of the Finest Dry-Good Stores on Yonge Street. The recent alterations to the front and exterior have not only made the store by far more attractive, but more roomy and convenient for Customers.

All the Latest Fall and Winter Styles and Designs of

Mantles, Jackets, Ulsters, Dolmans, Black and Colored Dress Goods, Black and Colored Silks.

Duchesse Satins, Marveilleux Faille, Francaisse Luxors, Satin Classique, Mantle Plushes.

Sealettes, Kid Gloves, Cashmere Hosiery, Ladies' and Children's Underwear.

CORSETS, RIBBONS AND LACE GOODS.

Every Attention is Given to

DRESS AND MANTLE-MAKING.

Ladies are Invited to Inspect and Compare our Styles.

HOUSE FURNISHINGS—

Blankets, Comforters, Lace Curtains, Table Linens, Sheetings, Napkins, Towellings, Flannels, Cottons, Etc.

McKEOWN & CO.

182 Yonge Street, Toronto.

"Manufacturers understand when they go to the Toronto Lithographing Company to have work done they get satisfaction."
CANADIAN MANUFACTURER.

"To-day it is the finest and by far the largest establishment of its character in Canada, and equals anything in America."
TORONTO MAIL.

"This Company are acknowledged as being the finest artists in their line in Canada." LONDON ADVERTISER.

[illegible] THE BUDGET.

[illegible] OTTAWA CITIZEN.

[illegible] TORONTO GLOBE.

[illegible] WOODSTOCK TIMES.

FOR

FINE COLOR WORK

WOOD ENGRAVING

OR

ADVERTISING NOVELTIES

ADDRESS

Toronto Lith: Co
Globe Building
Toronto

AN ANCIENT AND HONORED CUSTOM

IS THE PRESENTING OF

CHRISTMAS

—AND—

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

Nothing can be more appropriate or useful from the husband to the wife, from the father to the son or daughter, from the newly-made bridegroom to the blushing young bride, than an Instalment Bond in

The Temperance and General Life Assurance Company

TAKE THE HINT!!

The Bond is negotiable after three annual premiums are paid, a definite cash surrender value being contracted for, [illegible] prospectus.

Hon. Geo. W. Ross, *President.* H. O'Hara, *Managing Director.*

HEAD OEFICE: Manning Arcade, Toronto.

THE CANADA ACCIDENT ASSURANCE COMPANY

[illegible] from accidents of all kinds at the lowest rate consistent with safety and ability to meet its engagements.

[illegible] about your ordinary business [illegible] THE CANADA ACCIDENT COMPANY.

Hon. Geo. W. Ross, *President.* H. O'Hara, *Managing Director.*

Head Offices: 22 to 28 King st. W., Toronto.

Shake!

A MERRY XMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

And Monny on 'em.

We [illegible] friends for their kind patronage during the past year, and wish to state that [illegible] satisfaction to our customers. [illegible] the best goods at the lowest price, and [illegible] the standard of our importations that [illegible] good name, which has become a household word. Go to

PHŒNIX HALL

If you want something good and reliable.

DRESS GOODS

A specialty. All Latest Novelties.

In Cashmeres and Henriettas we are invincible. Send for samples.

Table Linen imported direct and unsurpassed.

Our stock of Cashmere Hose is unequalled.

'NUFF SAID. All that your heart can desire can be found at

W. J. SOMERVILLE & CO.'S,

459 QUEEN STREET WEST,

2nd store from Portland.



FATHER GRUBB'S CHRISTMAS.

BY THE OBSERVER.



WAS Christmas Eve at Wilkin's Corners and Father Grubb sat at the remote end of one of the counters in Job Barter's store with his back propped against a tea box and his feet planted on a keg of nails and his cap shoved back on his head with the ear-laps tied across the top, and looked along the counters, manned from end to end with boisterous youths, alert of tongue and limb, and keen, jovial, royal, gossiping veterans battling for supremacy in native wit, and plundering memory's very inner temple for some yarn or incident that was not the common property of all the neighborhood. Job Barter was busy tending the post-office and putting up packages of nuts and sugar sticks, and candy dogs, and selling handkerchiefs for five cents, and spool tops for ten and dolls for a quarter, all for the children on the blessed Christmas morning; and shawls for the weary old mothers and tobacco for the fathers, jack-knives for the grown-up boys and brooches for the girls; and as Job rattled up parcel after parcel, and dropped coin after coin into the wooden till, or scratched entry after entry in his day-book, Father Grubb winked down the counter and turned his keen old eye on the storekeeper and said:

"Havin' a good run of business, Job? 'Spose you'll give us all Christmas boxes to-morrow? There's Jake Jimson moonin' over there by the door that just as likely as not'll expect you to do him up a wad of conversation lossengers for Mary Ann Dobbins, that they do say he's follerin', with the legs of his pants rolled up and his vest unbid, at a rate of speed that would outsweat a fellow at the tail of a straw-carrier.

"There's Lem Baker, too, grinnin' as if he had nestlin' in his inside a joke that would bust up a meetin'. 'Spose you notice that Lem's growin' style. He's steppin' brisk and wearin' his head as high as a two-year-old. Fact is they say Lem's huntin' the school marm out to Section 4 every Sunday regular, and singin' and night school besides. Lem spells Julier now with a big G, an's got far enough in 'rithmetic to count that him and the school marm makes one, or, puttin' the sum into vulgar fracshuns, gives Baker for the common denominator. Job oughter giv Lem a cookin' book and a washin' masheen, for they say over where the school marm was raised that she can't neither cook nor wash, and Lem's soon got to start breakin' her in if she's to be fit for double harness and go steady and quiet on the off side of the tongue.

"An' Job's got to send out somethin' to old Steve Hardscrabble. Steve's needin' Christmas givin's bad. Jane says she saw the old skinflint day afore yesterday and that he was still wearin' his straw



FATHER GRUBB.

hat and hadn't no mitts and had on to him a pair of boots of winter afore last, yaller as his daughter Sal's hair and with holes cut into the insteps so's they wouldn't spile his slinkin' old feet. Steve's just that blessed poor he's got to be lifted. He don't own more'n three hundred acres an' he's only two seasons' crops in his barn waitin' for a raise in prices, an' mortgages on Hank Slinker's and Pete Slocum's farms that's eatin' up their places faster'n Hank and Pete's raisin' young ones, and that's sayin' a hull chapter. It's hard on a fellow as old as 'Scrab,' and only two grown-up children. If Job's what he perfesses at meetin' he'll send the sufferin' old villin a hunk of bread and molasses and a quarter of a pound of his best forty cent tea, and mebbe a stamp for a letter to his friends in the Old Country tellin' them he's vergin' on to the end and hain't got no one to take him to the poorhouse without chargin'.

"Then there's Betsy Snivel, that Job oughter giv' the blamedest, biggest doll in his hull stock. But mind, no flounces onto it, nor red cheeks, nor yaller hair, nor high-heeled boots. Jest a common doll with its hair parted in the middle and a flannen' dress, without no checks, and as straight down the back and front as a sawed gate post. Poor old Bet'll never have nothin' of her own to nurse. She's been crazy to get hitched to for thirty year. That's ever sence she was fourteen. But you couldn't get no man nigh her with a loggin' chain and two yokes of oxen. Bet ain't as purty as some women folks. Her hair's as red as old Swiller's nose, and one of her eyes looks down the concession while the other's lookin' across to Deacon Short's woods, and her feet can't get into tens without crowdin', and Job's scales ain't never gone right sence he weighed her once last summer. All the same the scales ain't runnin' against Job.

"There, I jest knowed that Missus Deacon Short wanted one of them there wooden pipes. The Deacon has a nephew workin' down onto the blind line that always comes to the Shortses for Christmas and fetches the deacon a pound of smokin', and Short gives the nephew a pipe, but he don't smoke, and so he gives it back to Short and the Deacon gets a hull outfit. Short's got a head longer'n a churn. There's Rube Slasher chopped wood for him all one blessed winter, gettin' half a dollar a cord and payin' the Deacon two dollars and a half a week for his board, and in the spring hanged if Rube didn't owe the Deacon five dollars.

"But that ain't no worse nor Job. The folks do say, you know, that last Christmas this blessed old villin behind the counter give Squire Hopper's that



BARTER BUSY.

big yaller muffler he wore all last winter and then charged the Squire's missus with a dollar's worth of sugar and two pounds of tea that wasn't got and made as much as a quarter out of the operation. One of these days Job'll go to chargin' his wife with her own keepin'. They do say that Job giv' that Miss Uptown that was visitin' his missus all summer a bill for fourteen weeks' board at a dollar and a half a week, amountin' to morn'n twenty dollars, when she was startin' for home, and made her pay every blamed cent of it 'fore he'd drive her boxes to the station. Job ain't bein' farmed by no visitors.

"'Spose Job'll give us a clay pipe apiece for Christmas boxes. He's been doin' that for thirty year to my dead certin knowledge. He ain't never giv' us nothin' else 'cept one time dividin' up a lot of papers that was sent for givin' to the folks as cum to the postoffice. Mebbe this time Job'll throw in buttons and thread. Job always does that when the women buys stuff, and I guess he ain't charged for a clay pipe in all his born days and it ain't jest right for Job to be particular close on Christmas.

"What's that you're sayin', Sol Grabbit? You ain't never giv' no Christmas boxes? Not to your own young ones? Then the Lord help you, Sol. You don't deserve to feel the children's caressin' hands, and the blessed sunshine of their smiles, and their soft and tender voices layin' love against your heart. One time me and Jane settled we wouldn't giv' the babies no Christmas boxes. It was when William George was just toddlin', and Hannah Maria was creepin' and cooin' all about the house, and the blessed baby that the Lord took from us was nestlin' still and lovin' in its mother's arms. Me and Jane wasn't so hard up but we could have giv' the little ones somethin' without hurtin', but we was greedy and graspin' and niggerin' ourselves nigh to death to get that fifty acres that jined onto Squire Green's. We knowed Deacon Short had his eye onto it, but we didn't believe he could be ready as soon as we could if we stinted ourselves and lived close and hard, and jest two days afore Christmas we scraped ourselves jest clean to the bone and paid over to the executors every blessed cent we could raise and cut the Deacon out of that fifty acres.

"Then jest as we was goin' to bed that night the baby wasn't seemin' well and we was late. Jane asked what we was goin' to get for Christmas boxes for the young ones. An' I said I guessed we was too hard up and wouldn't get nothin'. Maw seemed hurt and sorry like and kept sayin' that we'd always given them somethin', and I kept arguin' that they could do without it then for this once, and so it was settled, but much against maw's will, that we wouldn't giv' no boxes that Christmas.

"But we didn't know.

"Next mornin' the baby wasn't no better. It laid very still and white in its rough cradle smilin' the Lord's tenderness on me and mother. It was always a wise, curious, distant-like baby. Maw can't mind



LEM AND THE SCHOOL MA'EM.

that she ever knowed it to cry more'n jest quiet sobbin'. It seemed jest to be thinkin' and pityin' and loy . . . Its face was small and white and soft, and it was born with God's smile of beauty on it. Its eyes was soft blue and large and tender and solemn, and they seemed to be lookin' away into some other country where the children of this earth was the rulers, and all the law was love, and the fields was radiant with abidin' sunshine and gladness was forever and ever. Its hands was weak and white and stayed always where they was put. Maw has said since that it was jest restin' always in the dear Lord's own blessed arms and was smilin' all the time in its own wise, tender, solemn way over her tryin' to nurse it and keep it for a world where it was jest spendin' an afternoon. You couldn't tell hardly that it was sick. It just breathed slower and softer. The tenderness deepened in its eyes. The soft light of mornin' about the Throne come slowly on its face. All night we watched beside its cradle, and all the day after Christmas, and on Christmas Eve some of the neighbors come in and sat still and solemn and feelin' strange and curious about the baby's last. It



A CHRISTMAS BOX TO GOD.

seemed older and wiser than any of us that was about its cradle. We called it no baby names nor used any baby talk. When it smiled fainter and fainter we felt that it was goin' from us and pityin' us that we wasn't goin' along, and when we kissed it we felt almost that we was kissin' Christ Himself and we nearly dropped on our knees in worship. An' the night wore on and on, and the moon throwed wide streams of glory across the snow away over fields and hills and glintin' bright on the frozen river, and the wind rode soft on the winter air, and then only the stars was left, and after a while the darkness dulled and deepened, and a bit later the light freshened along the woods to the west, and the pale mornin' started across the hills, and the candle was put out and just as the first red flush of the sunlight stole above the tree tops the Lord folded

the baby to His bosom and took it away and put it to sleep among the angels. An' we had give a Christmas box, Sol, a Christmas box to God."

And old Father Grubb wiped his eyes with his sleeve and got quietly down off the counter and buttoned up his smock and tied the laps of his cap down over his ears and drew on his mitts and went out into the cold, clear, brilliant night, and Sol Grabbitt and the rest of the crowd followed him without a word, and Job crept out after them and put up the shutters and put a big stick into the box stove so that the fire would keep on till morning, and put out the lights just as the old wooden clock up stairs struck twelve; and once more it was Christ's birthday and the glorious message of peace and good-will was ringing out anew to all the nations of the earth that know the Lord and look out across the hills of time for the coming of His Kingdom.

WALTER BROWN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY LUKE SHARP.



HEN John Armstrong stepped off the train at the Union Station in Toronto, and walked outside, a small boy accosted him.

"Carry your valise up for you, sir?"

"No, thank you," said Mr. Armstrong.

"Carry it up for ten cents, sir."

"No."

"Take it up for five cents, sir."

"Get out of my way, will you."

The boy got out of the way, and John Armstrong carried up his own valise.

There was nearly half a million dollars in it, so Mr. Armstrong thought it best to carry it up himself.

* * * * * * *

In the bay window of one of the handsomest residences in Rochester, New York, sat Miss Alma Temple, waiting for her father to come home from the bank. Mr. Horace Temple was one of the solid men of Rochester and was president of the Temple National Bank. Although still early in December, the winter promised to be one of the hardest for many years, and the snow lay crisp and hard on the streets, but not enough for sleighing. It was too cold for snow, the weatherwise said. Suddenly Miss Alma drew back from the window with a quick flush on her face that certainly was not caused by the coming of her father. A dapper young man sprang lightly up the steps and pressed the electric button at the door. When the young man entered the room a moment later Miss Alma was sitting demurely by the open fire. He advanced quickly towards her, and took both her outstretched hands in his. Then furtively looking around the room he greeted her still more affectionately, in a manner that I, the chronicler of these incidents, am not bound to particularise. I only set down the fact that whatever resistance the young lady offered was of the faintest and most futile kind, and so it may be understood at the beginning that these two young persons had a very good understanding with each other.

"You seem surprised to see me," he began.

"Well, Walter, I understood that you left last time with some energetically expressed resolutions never to darken our doors again."

"Well, you see, my dear, I am sometimes a little hasty, and, in fact, the weather is so dark now-a-days, anyhow, that a little extra darkness does not amount to much and so I thought I would take the risk of darkening them once more."

"But I also understood that my father made you promise, or that you promised voluntarily, not to see me again without his permission."

"Not voluntarily. Far from it. Under compulsion, I assure you. But I didn't come to see you at all. That's where you are mistaken. The seeing you is merely an accident which I have done my best to avoid. Fact! The girl said, 'Won't you walk into the parlor,' and naturally I did so. Never expected to find you here. I thought I saw a young lady at the window as I came up, but I got such a momentary glimpse that I might have been mistaken."

"Then I will leave you and not interrupt——"

"Not at all. Now I beg you not to leave on my account, Alma. You know I would not put you to the least trouble in the world."

"You are very kind I am sure, Mr. Brown."

"I am indeed, Miss Temple. All my friends admit that. But now that you are here——by the way, I came to see Mr. Temple, is he home?"

"I am expecting him every moment."

"Oh, well, I'm disappointed; but I guess I will bear up for a while—until he comes, you know."

"I thought your last interview with him was not so pleasant that you would so soon seek another."

"The fact is, Alma, we both lost our tempers a bit and no good ever comes of that. You can't conduct business in a heat, you know."

"Oh, then the asking of his daughter's hand was business—a mere business proposition, was it?"

"Well, I confess he put it that way—very strongly too. Of course, with me there would have been pleasure mixed with it if he had—but he didn't. See here Alma—tell me frankly—of course he talked with you about it—what objection he has to me anyhow."

"I presume you consider yourself such a desirable young man that it astonishes you greatly that any person should have any possible objection to you?"

"Oh, come now, Alma; don't hit a fellow when he's down, you know. I don't suppose I have more conceit than the average young man, but then, on the other hand, I am not such a fool, despite appearances, as you would say, as not to know that I am considered by some people as quite an eligible individual. I am not a pauper exactly, and your father knows that. I don't think I have many very bad qualities. I don't get drunk; I don't—oh, I could give you quite a list of the things I don't do."

"You are certainly frank enough, my eligible young man. Still you must not forget that my papa is considered quite an eligible father-in-law, if it comes to that."

"Why, of course, I admit it. How could it be otherwise when he has such a charming daughter?"

"You know I don't mean that, Walter. You were speaking of wealth and so was I. Perhaps we had better change the subject."

"By the way, that reminds me of what I came to see you about. What do——"

"To see me? I thought you came to see my father."

"Oh, yes—certainly—I did come to see him, of course, but in case I saw you, I thought I would ask you what you thought of swearing off at New Year's—the custom, you know."

"Swearing off! Doesn't that sound a little like slang?"

"Well, the making of good resolutions, then."

"What do I think of them? I think good resolutions are admirable any day of the year that is, if they are kept. Why? Were you thinking of making some?"

"One. Only one. I was going to swear off that is I was thinking of making a good resolution to quit the bad habit of being a bachelor, next New Year's. What do you think of the scheme?"

"I fear I am not a competent adviser. You had better consult some one who knows more about the matter than I do."

"That's just why I came. I am going to consult again with your father. By the way, you did not tell me why he is so prejudiced against me. Why did he receive me in such a gruff manner when I spoke to him about it. It is not a criminal act to ask a man for his daughter. It is not, I assure you. I looked up the statutes and a young friend of mine who is a lawyer says there is no statute in the case made and provided. The law of the State of New York does not recognise my action as against the peace and prosperity of the commonwealth Well, he received me as if I had been caught robbing the bank. Now I propose to know what the objection is. I am going to hear——"

"Hush! Here is papa now."

Miss Alma quickly left the room and met her father in the hall. Mr. Brown stood with his hands in his pockets and his back to the fire. He heard the gruff voice of Mr. Temple say, apparently in answer to some information given him by his daughter—"Is he? What does he want?"

There was a moment's pause and then the same voice said

"Very well, I will see him in the library in a few minutes."

Somehow the courage of young Mr. Brown sank as he heard the banker's voice, and the information he had made up his mind to demand with some hauteur he thought he would ask, perhaps, in a milder manner.

Mr. Brown brightened up as the door opened, but it was not Miss Alma who came in. The servant said to him—

"Mr. Temple is in the library, sir. Will you come this way?"

He followed and found the banker seated at his library table, on which he had just placed some legal looking papers bound together with a thick rubber band. It was evident that his work did not stop when he left the bank. Mr. Brown noticed that Mr. Temple looked careworn and haggard and that his manner was very different from what it was on the occasion of the last interview.

"Good evening, Mr. Brown. I am glad you called. I was on the point of writing to you, but the subject of our talk the other night was crowded from my mind by more important matters."

Young Mr. Brown thought bitterly that there ought not to be matters more important to a father than his daughter's happiness, but he had the good sense not to say so.

"I spoke to you on that occasion with a—in a manner that was—well, hardly excusable, and I wish to say that I am sorry I did so. What I had to state might have been stated with more regard for your feelings."

"Then may I hope, Mr. Temple, that you have changed your mind with——"

"No, sir. What I said then—that is, the substance of what I said, not the manner of saying it—I still adhere to."

"Might I ask what objection you have to me?"

"Certainly. I have the same objection that I have to the majority of the society young men of the present day. If I make inquiries about you, what do I find? That you are a noted oarsman—that you have no profession—that your honors at college consisted in being captain of the football team and——"

"No, no, the baseball club."

"Same thing, I suppose."

"Quite different, I assure you, Mr. Temple."

"Well, it is the same to me at any rate. Now, in my time young men had a harder row to hoe, and they hoed it. I am what they call a self-made man and probably I have a harsher opinion of the young men of the present day than I should have. But if I had a son I would endeavor to have him know how to do something and then I would see that he did it."

"I am obliged to you for stating your objection, Mr. Temple. I have taken my degree in Harvard Law school, but I have never practised, because, as the little boy said, I didn't have to. Perhaps if some one had spoken to me as you have done I would have pitched in and gone to work. It is not too late yet. Will you give me a chance. The position of cashier in your bank, for instance?"

The effect of these apparently innocent words on Mr. Temple was startling. He sprang to his feet and brought down his clenched fist on the table with a vehemence that made young Mr. Brown jump. "What do you mean, sir?" he cried, sternly. "What do you mean by saying such a thing?" "Why, I—I—I mean——" stammered Brown, but he could get no further. He thought the old man had suddenly gone crazy. He glared across the library table at Brown as if the next instant he would spring at his throat. Then the haggard look came into his face again, he passed his hand across his brow and sank into his chair with a groan.

"My dear sir," said Brown, approaching him, "what is the matter? Is there anything I can——"

"Sit down, please," answered the banker, melancholy. "You may excuse me. I am very much troubled. I did not intend to speak of it, but some explanation is due to you. A month from now, if you are the kind of man that most of your fellows are, you will not wish to marry my daughter. There is every chance that at that time the doors of my bank will be closed."

"You astonish me, sir. I thought——"

"Yes, and so every one thinks. I have seldom in my life trusted the wrong man, but this time I have done so and the one mistake seems likely to obliterate all that I have succeeded in doing in a life of hard work."

"If I can be of any financial assistance I will be glad to help you."

"How much?"

"Well, I don't know—$50,000 perhaps, or——"

"I must have $250,000 before the end of this month."

"Two hundred and fifty thousand!"

"Yes, sir. William L. Staples, the cashier of our bank, is now in Canada with half a million of the bank funds. No one knows it but myself and one or two of the directors. It is generally supposed that he has gone to Washington on a vacation."

"But can't you put detectives on his track?"

"Certainly. Then the thing would be public at once. The papers would be full of it. There would be a run on the bank. We would have to close down the next day. Besides that, he is quite safe, and he knows it. Thanks to an idiotic international arrangement he is as safe there as you are here."

"But I think there is a law against bringing stolen money into Canada."

"Perhaps there is. It would not help us at the present moment. We must compromise with him if we can find him in time. Of course, even if the bank closed, we would pay everything when there was time to realise. But that is not the point. It would mean trouble and disaster, and would probably result in other failures, all through one man's rascality."

"Then it all resolves itself to this. Staples must be quietly found and negotiated with. Mr. Temple let me undertake the finding of him and the negotiating, also, if you will trust me."

"Do you know him?"

"Never saw him that I know of."

"Here is his portrait. He is easily recognised from that. You couldn't mistake him. He is probably living at Montreal under an assumed name. He may have sailed for Europe. You will say nothing of this to anybody?"

"Certainly not. I will leave on to-night's train for Montreal, or on the first train that goes."

Young Mr. Brown slipped the photograph into his pocket and shook hands with the banker. Somehow his confident, alert bearing inspired the old man with more hope than he would have liked to admit, for as a general thing he despised the average young man.

"How long can you hold out if this does not become public?"

"Until January 1st."

"Well don't expect to hear from me too soon. I shall not risk writing. If there is anything to communicate I will come myself."

"It is very good of you to take my trouble on your shoulders like this. I am very much obliged to you."

Ontario Archives copy bound out of sequence
McLAREN MICROFILMING LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

"I am not a philanthropist, Mr. Temple," replied young Mr. Brown.

* * * * * *

When young Mr. Brown stepped off the train at the Central station in Toronto and walked outside, a small boy accosted him.

"Carry your valise up for you, sir?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Brown, handing it to him.

"How much do I owe you?" he asked at the lobby of the hotel.

"Twenty-five cents," said the boy, and he got it.

Mr. Brown registered as John A. Walker, of Montreal.

* * * * * *

Mr. Walter Brown, of Rochester, was never more discouraged in his life than at the moment he wrote on the register the words, "John A. Walker, Montreal." He had searched Montreal from one end to the other, but had found no trace of the man he was looking for. Yet, strange to say, when he raised his eyes from writing they met the face of William L. Staples, ex-cashier. It was lucky for Brown that Staples was looking at the words he had written and not at himself or he would have noticed Brown's involuntary start of surprise and flush of pleasure. It was also rather curious that Mr. Brown had had a dozen schemes in his mind for getting acquainted with Staples when he met him, and yet that the first advance should be made by Staples himself.

"You are from Montreal," said Mr. Staples.

"That's my town," said Mr. Brown.

"What sort of a place is it in winter? Pretty lively?"

"Oh, yes. Good deal of a winter city, Montreal is. How do you mean, business or sport?"

"Well, both. Generally where there's lots of business there's lots of fun."

"Yes, that's so," assented Brown. He did not wish to prolong the conversation. He had some plans to make, so he followed his valise up to his room. It was evident to him that he would have to act quickly. Staples was getting tired of Toronto.

Two days after Brown had his plans completed. He met Staples one evening in the smoking-room of the hotel.

"Think of going to Montreal?" asked Brown.

"I did think of it. I don't know, though. Are you in business there?" "Yes. If you go, I could give you some letters of introduction to a lot of fellows that would show you some sport, that is if you care for snow-shoeing, tobogganing and the like of that."

"I never went in much for athletics," said Staples.

"I don't care much for exertion myself," answered Brown. "I come up here every winter for some ice yachting. That's my idea of sport. I own one of the fastest ice boats on the bay. Ever been out?"

"No, I haven't. I've seen them at it a good deal. Pretty cold work such weather as we've been having, isn't it?"

"I don't think so. Better come out with me to-morrow?"

"Well, I don't care if I do."

The next day and the next they spun around the bay on the iceboat. Even Staples, who seemed to be tired of almost everything, liked the swiftness and exhilaration of the iceboat.

A couple of days before Christmas, Brown walked in to the bar of the hotel where he found Staples standing.

"See here, Armstrong," he cried, slapping that gentleman on the shoulder. "Are you in for a bit of sport? Its a nice moonlight night and I'm going to take a spin down to Hamilton to meet some chaps, and we can come back on the iceboat, or if you think it too late you can stay over and come back on the train."

"Hamilton? That's up the lake, isn't it?"

"Yes, just a nice run from here. Come along. I counted on you."

An hour later they were skimming along the frozen surface of the lake.

"Make yourself comfortable," said Brown. "That's what the buffalo robes are for. I have to steer, so I have to keep in the open. If I were you I'd wrap up in those robes and go to sleep. I'll wake you up when we're there."

"All right," answered Staples. "That's not a bad idea."

"General George Washington!" said young Mr. Brown to himself. "This is too soft a snap altogether. I'm going to run him across the lake like a lamb. The only thing now to avoid are the air-holes and ice-hills, and I'm all right."

He had been over the course before and knew pretty well what was ahead of him. The wind was blowing stiffly straight up the lake and the boat silently and swifter than the fastest Express was lessening the distance to the American shore.

"How are you getting along, Walker," cried Straples, rousing himself up. "First rate," answered Brown. We'll soon be there, Staples."

That unfortunate slip of the tongue almost cost young Mr. Brown his life. He had been thinking of the man under his own name and the name had come out unconsciously. He did not even notice it himself in time to prepare, and the next instant the thief flung himself upon him and jammed his head against the iron rod that came from the rudder with such force that the rudder stayed in its place and the boat flew along the ice without a swerve.

"You scoundrel!" roared the bank robber. "That's your game, is it! By the Gods I'll teach you a lesson in the detective business!"

Athlete as young Brown was, the suddenness of the attack, and the fact that Staples clutched both hands round his neck and had his knee on his breast, left him as powerless as a child. Even then he did not realise what had caused the robber to guess his position.

"For God's sake, let me up!" gasped Brown. "We'll be into an air-hole and drowned in a moment."

"I'll risk it, you dog! till I've choked the breath out of your body." Brown wriggled his head away from the rudder iron, hoping that the boat would slew around, but it kept its course. He realised that his mind and life were giving way. He seemed to feel his tongue swell in his parched mouth. His strength was gone and his throat was in an iron vise. He struck out wildly with his feet and one fortunate kick sent round the rudder almost at right angles.

Instantly the boat flashed around into the wind. Even if a man is prepared for such a thing it takes all his nerve and strength to keep him on an iceboat. Staples was not prepared. He launched head first into space and slid for a long distance on the rough ice. Brown was also flung on the ice and lay for a moment gasping for breath. Then he gathered himself together, and slipping his hand under his coat, pulled out his revolver. He thought at first that Staples was shaming, but a closer examination of him showed that the fall on the ice had knocked him senseless.

There was only one thing that young Mr. Brown was very anxious to know. He wanted to know where the money was. He had played the part of private detective well in Toronto, after the very best French style, and had searched the room of Staples in his absence, but he knew the money was not there nor in his valise. He knew equally well that the funds were in some safe deposit establishment in the city, but where he could not find out. He had intended to work on Staples' fears of imprisonment when once he had him safe on the other side of the line. But now that the man was insensible, he argued that it was a good time to find whether or not he had a record of the place of deposit in his pocketbook. He found no such book in his pockets. In searching, however, he heard the rustling of paper apparently in the lining of his coat. Then he noticed how thickly it was padded. The next moment he had it ripped open and a glance showed him that it was lined with bonds. Both coat and vest were padded in this way the vest being filled with bills. The trousers, he satisfied himself, were only provided with the usual lining. The over-coat he had not time to examine. He flung the thief over on his face, after having unbuttoned coats and vest, doubled back his arms and pulled off these garments. His own, Mr. Brown next discarded, and with some difficulty got them on the fallen man and then put on the clothes of mammon.

"This is what I call rolling in wealth," said young Mr. Brown to himself. He admitted that he felt decidedly better after the change of clothing, cold as it was.

Buttoning up the boodler he put a flask of liquor to his lips and speedily revived him. Staples sat on the ice in a dazed manner and passed his hand across his brow. In the cold gleam of the moonlight he saw the shining barrel of Brown's revolver "covering" him.

"It's all up, Mr. Staples. Get on board the iceboat."

"Where are you going to take me to?"

"I'll let you go when we come to the coast if you tell me where the money is."

"You know you are guilty of the crime of kidnapping," said Mr. Staples, apparently for the object of gaining time. "So you are in some danger yourself of the law."

"That is a question. You came voluntarily. Where's the money?"

"It is on deposit in the Bank of Commerce."

"Well, here's paper and a stylographic pen, if the ink isn't frozen—no its all right—write a cheque quickly for the amount payable to bearer. Hurry up, or the ink will freeze."

There was a smile of satisfaction on the boodler's face as he wrote the cheque.

"There," he said, with a counterfeited sigh. That is the amount."

The cheque was for $180,000.

When they came under the shadow of the American coast, Brown ordered his passenger off.

"You can easily reach land from here, and the walk will do you good. I'm going further up the lake."

When Staples was almost at the land he shouted back through the clear night air—"Don't spend the money recklessly when you get it, Walker."

"I'll take care of it, Staples," shouted back young Mr. Brown.

* * * * * *

Young Mr. Brown sprang lightly up the steps of the Temple mansion in Rochester and pressed the electric button.

"Has Mr. Temple gone to the bank yet?" he asked the servant.

"No, sir, he is in the library."

"Thank you. Don't trouble. I know the way."

Mr. Temple looked around as the young man entered, and, seeing who it was, sprang to his feet with a look of painful expectancy on his face. "There's a little Christmas present for you," said Mr. Brown, placing a package on the table. "Four seventy-eight thousand; bills and bonds." The old man grasped his hand, strove to speak, but said nothing.

* * * * * * *

People wondered why the young couple went to Toronto on their wedding tour in the depth of winter. It was so very unusual, don't you know.

Inspiration.

For a bit of bright verse, the editor said,
He'd pay me five dollars or more;
I wanted five dollars just then; so I fled
To my sanctum, and let genius soar

I wrote the bright verse, and that editor rare
Sent his cheque like a man for my wit,
You can see the result in the bonnet I wear:
And as for the verse—this is it.

Coincided with Papa.

It is related of a clergyman, who was the happy father of a charming and beautiful daughter, that one day while preparing his Sunday discourse he was suddenly called away from his desk on a mission of mercy. So imperative was the summons that he left unfinished this sentence:

"I never see a young man of splendid physique and the promise of a glorious manhood almost realised but my heart is filled with rapture and delight."

His daughter, happening in the study, saw the sermon and read the words. Sitting down, she wrote underneath:

"Them's my sentiments, papa, exactly."

A Philosophical Youth.

Bobby had been kept indoors all day and had found it pretty dull work. Toward evening he looked up with a thoughtful face and said:

"Mamma, I wish we lived in a flat."

"Why, what on earth could make you wish such a thing as that?"

"Because, mamma, men who own flats don't allow children in their houses."—Boston Transcript.

Two Lessons on Due Allowance.

Father—Hello! Where did you get all those toys?

Son—I bought 'em with the money you gave me.

But I gave you that money to learn you how to save.

Yes, pa, I kept it for three weeks until I learned all about saving, and now I'm learning how to shop.—Philadelphia Record.

Something to be Proud of.

Minister—to Bobby—So yesterday was your sixth birthday, was it, Bobby?

Bobby—with pride—Yes, sir.

Minister—You seem to be proud about it, Bobby.

Bobby—I am; pa's got to pay fare for me on the street cars now.

Poor Fuel for Winter.

Sturdy Farmer—Want ter marry my darter, eh? Waall, what hev ye got ter support her with?

Impecunious Youth—I admit, sir, that I am meagrely supplied with this world's goods; but think of my family connections. We have one of the finest genealogical trees in the country.

Sturdy Farmer—Huh! Won't keep a family in firewood mor'n three weeks.

A Question of Locality.

This is a very grave case, my man, said a doctor, leaning over a wounded man in a hospital.

Is it really dangerous, doctor?

Very; you have been injured in the lumbar region.

Now, that's just where you're off. I was never in Maine in my life. I got this wound in the Blue Mountain region.—Harper's.

Came Out Ahead.

Well, Tompkins, how did you come out at the last race meeting? asked a travelling man of a friend.

As nearly as I can figure it, I came out about $1,500 ahead.

Fifteen hundred! That's not bad. What horses did you back?

None. I had about $1,500 with me that I did not bet.—Merchant Traveller.

A Question that Baffles the World.

Little Ruth was told that she must not do something that she was doing.

Dear, dear! she exclaimed with a sigh, What's the reason the mustn'tdos are so much nicer than the mustdos.—The Judge.

Ontario Archives copy
bound out of sequence
McLAREN MICROPUBLISHING LIMIT

BEN WILSON'S BIG HAUL.

BY T. G. MARQUIS.



"CHRISTMAS Eve!" exclaimed a delicate little woman to her husband. "This is Christmas Eve, Ben, and perhaps you'll have better luck to-night.' Her husband laid down a piece of dry bread he had in his hand, and glanced about the poor, desolate little room—at once sitting-room and dining-room, and indeed bed-room, for a temporary wooden partition was all that concealed their only bed. "I have no hope, Jane. I've held up as long as I can. Everything has been against me, and I fear we'll have to shift our net to-morrow; the fish are farther out. There's not a fisherman on the Miramichi has had such a hard streak of luck as I've had! It's mighty tough, too, to have to face Christmas with nothin' but smelts and bread in the house. I had hoped to have had some tea to-morrow, but I was refused credit at the store, and I can't let the boys know my fix. Although many of them are not much better off; still, what little they have they'll share."

"Ben," answered his wife, "we have never really been out of food yet! And if you have not seen it, I have; just when things looked blackest something turned up to help us out."

"Providence interfered!" sneered her husband.

"I believe so, though you may not; and, dear, everything will come round all right yet. Last night, after you went out, I prayed that our boy might come back to us. When I lay down, his old, loving kiss seemed to fall upon my lips. He'll be back soon, Ben!"

"I hope not," was the angry reply. "The young brute, after all your love and care, to take my little savings and go as he did, leaving me a beggar! I've never had a day's good fortune since then, and I hope he hasn't either! If he comes back he will find no shelter here. Ha! ha!" he laughed bitterly, "the only place we could stow him would be in the cellar. No, Jane! he was torn out of my life that night ten years ago. I had a little faith before that, but that ended it. It was no use prayin', and very little use workin'. I had prayed with you night and day for that boy; but what's the use o' talkin' about it now? I haven't prayed since, and it hasn't made any difference in my life."

"But I know it has," said his wife. "I could never have held up, hadn't it been that I knew my prayer would some time be answered—and I can wait."

"Well, it's none of my business. If your prayer for fish," said he cynically, "is not answered to-night I suppose I'll have to cut a hole farther out. I must go down to the river now. It'll soon be time to haul the net. We are pretty sure of some tommy-cods anyway." He hurriedly rose from the table, put on his overcoat, hat and rubber boots, and went out into the bracing winter air.

When he was gone his wife sat for a few minutes with tear-dimmed eyes. She never showed signs of grief before him, but her spirit was so full of sadness over his hopelessness, which often made him seem heartless, that, had she not sometimes found relief in tears, her heart would have broken. It was so long to have to wait! She knew while he thought as he did her boy would never have a welcome from him; and, oh! if he only understood the love that she lived in, how easily he could forgive the youthful sin. She soon rose, brushed aside her tears, and opening a little chest, took out some clothes and books it contained, examining each article carefully. They were relics of her boy. It was a great source of happiness to have them still to keep him before her. The tears flowed afresh, as she handled, nay, kissed them with a mother's love. But they were tears of longing. She took his Bible—her present to him as soon as he was old enough to understand it—and read some of her favorite passages. As her tallow candle burned low, a dizziness came over her and she fell sound asleep resting on the box.

Ben Wilson went straight to the river, unmindful of the still beauty of the moonlight night. What was beauty to a hungry man? However, he paused on the bank of the river for a moment to take in the view. Far and near stretched the great, level, crystal plain. Here and there, a little cluster of smelt-houses relieved the monotony of the scene. The great, gaunt poles, casting giant shadows, the grey smoke curling from the shanties, the lights of the busy fishermen moving hither and thither, made an exceedingly picturesque appearance; while now and then the jolly song of some jubilant fisherman broke in upon the oppressive silence. This beautiful scene was a familiar one to Wilson, and although in his youth he had had a good deal of the ideal in his composition, the rough school of hardship had knocked it nearly all out of him, so that he could now gaze on this beauty with but a passing thought. The sight of the shanties and smelt-poles were a greater satisfaction to him than the moonlight, and—hopeless as he was—his legs swiftly moved in their direction.

He soon reached the shanty he had on shares with several others; and his partner, Bill Larkin, announced that it would be time to haul the net in about half an hour.

"Come on inside," said Larkin, "and make the best you can of Christmas Eve under the circumstances." On entering he was cheerfully greeted by half a dozen voices. "Hullo! Wilson, old fellow, it'll be your turn to-night. You had better try a swig of this. Mighty good Christmas cheer," said a voice evidently thickening under the influence of the "cheer."

"No, thank you, Ferguson, I never take anything."

"Well, but Christmas Eve?"

For a moment Wilson paused. After his son's baseness he had lost heart and taken to the bottle, adding ill to ill. The old appetite was still strong within him. Why not enjoy himself for once? He stretched out his hand for the bottle, when a sudden impulse changed his intention. He quickly rose with the words, "Boys, I feel the air a little close in here. I'm goin' out to take a walk about the ice." Without another word he left the silenced company. All knew why he wanted to take the walk.

"Ben never was any good," said one of the men, after he had gone. "I remember, some years ago, when he took liquor he never could drink with decency."

"Well," answered one quieter than the others, "I'm glad he has strength enough to say 'No.' He's the sort of a man that should never touch liquor."

The object of their conversation walked a short distance from the shanties happy in the thought that he had overcome temptation. The moon was now almost directly overhead and cast a silvery lustre over the whole atmosphere. Wilson turned his eyes to Heaven as the beauty of the night took hold of him, and, in his enjoyment, his thoughts went back to his poor, hopeful wife. These thoughts and the sense of exquisite beauty so possessed him that the old better self that he had been so long smothering rose within him, and with an impulsive cry he fell on his knees on the glittering snow. With upturned face he poured out his heart to the unseen power that gave all this light and loveliness. As he closed his brief prayer, he gasped out, "Lord, as I wish to be forgiven, I forgive my boy! Send him back to me." He rose from his knees, and with a light heart—light for the first time in many long years—walked to the shanty.

"Larkin," he said, "I think we'd better haul the net now."

"Better wait the half-hour," replied Larkin.

"No! I think we'd better lift her now."

"Well," returned his comrade, smiling, "as I don't expect more'n a basket full, it won't make much difference."

In a few minutes they were working might and main at the net, and they had such a large catch that it was necessary to call for help. Soon many willing hands had the bag-net on the ice. When the contents were turned out, it was found to be one of the largest catches of the year. Fully a ton of fish lay wriggling on the ice. Nearly all were smelts, but here and there a tommy-cod or "flounder" (flat-fish) could be seen. Wilson and Larkin danced about their treasure with delight. Larkin, when he got a chance, said, "Say, Ben, how did you know the fish were there?"

"I prayed for them," quietly answered Wilson.

Larkin, who with Wilson had been accustomed to sneer at all things of a religious character, meekly replied, "Well, it does seem strange that they should have come just now."

Their run of luck continued, and by morning they had done the biggest night's work that had been known that winter on the Miramichi.

Mrs. Wilson was so tired and worn that she did not awaken for several hours, and what a surprise met her. A warm shawl was about her shoulders. She rubbed her eyes to make sure that she was not dreaming. She looked at the shawl; she knew at a glance it was not her poor, threadbare one. She turned her eyes to the table. It was loaded with Christmas cheer; over a chair hung a heavy overcoat, evidently intended for her husband. Could he have by any chance placed these things there while she slept? That was impossible. The truth flashed upon her in an instant. "My boy! My boy has come back to me!" Scarcely had the cry died on her lips when from behind the screen that hid their bed a stalwart young man stepped with the words, "Yes, mother, I have come back to try to make some amends for the cruel blow I struck you ten years ago."

"Don't say a word about it, my boy! I know father'll forgive you when he sees you."

"So father has not yet forgotten my wickedness. I don't wonder! I suppose my theft was what brought you to this poverty. Now you and father need toil no more. I have been waiting till I should be able to make everything right. I squandered your hard-earned money, and when it was all gone I realised what a horrible crime I had committed. I could get nothing to do ashore and so went to sea. My every thought has been to redeem the past; and I have worked so hard and well that I am now captain of as fine a ship as crosses the Atlantic Ocean. My vessel reached Boston last week and I hurried here to spend Christmas with you and father."

"My little Charlie a captain!" said the admiring mother, holding her stalwart six-foot son at arms-length.

"Yes, mother," he replied, bending over and kissing her. "I only wish I had known sooner of your poverty. I had the money saved long ago but wanted to bring it to you myself."

"Don't say another word about it, my boy! Father'll be back at daylight; he's attending to his smelt-net. I know he'll be glad to see you. But tell me how you got all these things here without awakening me."

"Well, mother, I was afraid to come in at first, and so I looked through the back window and saw you asleep on the floor. I gently opened the door, and as I gazed at your dear face I saw the tears staining my Bible. As I noticed my old, boyish traps, I knew they were for me. I could not stand it. I went out as quietly as I came in. The thought struck me that I could return with some things to make your Christmas morning a little brighter. I hurried up town and found many of the stores still open. After getting these little things, I bought that coat and shawl and hurried home. You were still asleep. As quietly as I could I stole in and covered you with the shawl. I went behind the screen to see what sort of a welcome I would have. I knew you would think I had returned."

"My dear, dear boy!" joyfully exclaimed his mother, "what a happy day ours will be to-morrow. I wish I had some place to offer you to lie on for the night. We have only had the one bed in the house since we moved here."

"Never mind, mother! A sailor can take good comfort out of the soft side of a plank. Many's the time I've slept on the deck, and been as rested as if sleepin' in a feather bed. Now, mother, you must lie down. I will just fold my overcoat under my head and lie here. I would go back to the hotel, but I want to see father on his return."

The mother went into her chamber and lay down with her clothes on. It was now long after midnight, and her husband would be back at the first signs of daylight. However, she was too happy to sleep. She lay awake full of gratitude that at last her longing had been realised. Her boy was back, a noble and true-hearted man, as she always knew he would turn out. The captain had as little sleep as his mother. The past was before him like a sad dream. The poverty of his parents and their struggles to keep body and soul together weighed heavily upon his spirit. Again he was filled with doubts as to the welcome he would receive from his father. He knew his father, once set, had an unchangeable will. It would take a strong power to change him. Even while he was thinking this the strong power was at work.

As the first faint traces of morning light began to steal into the room, Mrs. Wilson rose and found her son seated at the table in a very gloomy mood. "What is the matter, Charlie?" she exclaimed.

"I've just been wondering what kind of a welcome I'll get from father; he's not like you!"

"Never mind, dear; I knew you would came back, and I know he'll welcome you with open arms. Now I must hurry and make him a cup of tea. It was strange you should have thought to get that pound. There wasn't a spoonful in the house, and he was very much depressed last night to think he had to face Christmas without it."

Soon a steaming cup of tea was ready and a cosy-looking table set. While she was putting down the cups a heavy step was heard approaching over the crisp snow.

"Charlie!" she cried, "that's father! Step behind the partition, and I'll break the good news to him."

Charlie vanished in an instant, and his mother with a trembling heart opened the door to admit her husband.

"Did you have any success, Ben?" she said

"Ah! Jane, girl," he answered, kissing her in a way he had not for many a day. "Bill and me had great hauls last night. All the boys are talking about our big haul—over a ton in one net. But where," said he with a look of amazement, "did you get the tea, and all this cake and fruit." A strange look of intelligence came into his face. "Jane," he said, straining his wife to his breast, "he's come back I know."

"There's a ship captain called to see you," said his wife playfully.

Just then his son appeared with the words, "Father, forgive me." Ben looked at him for a moment and stretching out his hand, said, "I forgave you last night. When I was coming along I said to myself, wouldn't it be wonderful if our boy was to come home to-day? I prayed for fish and they came; I prayed that you might be sent back. It's all all very strange."

Up in Arithmetic.

Teacher—(of arithmetic class) "Tommy Twaddle may tell us what a league is."

Tommy—(promptly)—"A league is eight baseball teams."

WHY YOU SHOULD BUY A

HARDMAN PIANO

BECAUSE:

1. It is the most durable piano made.
2. It improves under usage.
3. It has more volumn of tone than any other instrument.
4. It stands in tune longer than any other piano.
5. It is the only piano with the new patent harp-stop.
6. It is the only piano with the new metal key support.
7. It leads all others among the best people.
8. And, most important of all, it is sold at

AN HONEST PRICE.

C. H. BIGGER, 89 Yonge street.

TAYLOR BROTHERS

MANUFACTURERS OF

Paper and Paper Bags,

MOTH-PROOF CARPET FELT,

ROOFING and SHEATHING PAPERS,

BUTCHERS' SKEWERS.

TWINE IMPORTERS.

Market Square, Toronto.

MILLS, DON RIVER.

CIDER.

REFINED AND CURED TO KEEP.

MADE FROM SELECTED FRUIT.

A FINE STOCK OF

Cider Champagne PUT UP IN BOTTLES. EXTRA FOR XMAS USE.

Best Quality of Cider Vinegar Always on Hand.

Dealers or Private Customers Supplied on Short Notice. Free Delivery in City.

Orders by Mail or Telephone promptly filled. Address

TORONTO CIDER CO.,

Telephone No. 1787. 952-4-6 Queen st. West, Toronto.

Gordon, Mackay & Co'y,

IMPORTERS OF

Woollens

AND

GENERAL DRY-GOODS.

AGENCY OF THE LYBSTER COTTON MFG. CO.

Sheetings, Shirtings.

Tickings, Yarns, Etc.

48 FRONT ST. WEST, Toronto.

WHITE & WHITE

Late White, Joselin & Co.

LACES, EMBROIDERIES,

LACE CURTAINS,

SILK and KID GLOVES.

NOVELTIES.

WHITE&WHITE

7 WELLINGTON STREET WEST.

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

MEN'S AND BOYS'

FINE READY-MADE

CLOTHING

Prices 25 per cent. lower than any other clothing house in the city. If you don't believe it, come and see

Oak Hall,

115, 117, 119, 121 King street East, Toronto.

Strictly One Price. W. RUTHERFORD, Manager.

JOHN B. THOMPSON,

142 KING STREET EAST,

Opposite the Market, successor to the late Thomas Thompson, Sen.,

Boots, Shoes, Slippers,

Felt Boots, Overshoes, Galoshes

TRUNKS,

Bags, Satchels, Valises,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Established 55 Years, being older than the municipality of Toronto, the magnificent Metropolis of British America.

God Bless the Queen and Our Dominion. John Baker Thompson, born in muddy York, 1830, now Toronto.

Totem of Health.

Medical Lake Salts is obtained by evaporating the water of the wonderful Medical Lake Mineral Spring of Spokane County, Washington Territory, U. S. The curative properties of this wonderful lake were known to the Indians of the Northwest Pacific coast as far back as they have any tribal history, and the salts which have been appropriately named The Totem of Health, i. e., "All there is of it," have cured more people of more varied forms of human ailments in the short time they have been in use than any other remedy ever offered to the public. Their genuineness and merit are vouched for by many of the most eminent people in the United States, from the White House to the thousands in every walk of life who rejoice in health from their use. Miss Frances E. Willard, President W. N. C. T. U., says: "I consider the enterprise of evaporating the water and shipping the salts over the country one of beneficence." Over four thousand packages have been sold in London, Ont., within six months, and we have hundreds of testimonials of remarkable cures. One dollar box, sufficient to medicate 20 gallons of water, sent by mail on receipt of price, and directions. We have agents who have cleared $1,000 in 3 months. We want an agent in every city and town in Canada. Address

TOTEM OF HEALTH CO. OF CANADA,

20 Arcade, Yonge st., Toronto.

SMITH BROS.,

NEW YORK FRUIT AND OYSTER DEPOT

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in the Most Renowned Baltimore Oysters.

We always have the best for Christmas, and this year it is larger and better than before. We have a fine stock for the holiday season of

Fish, Game, Malaga Grapes, Valencia Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates, Nuts, and Green, Dried and Foreign Fruits, Confectioneries.

The above stock is all fresh and new. Call and look at our fine Christmas goods.

130 Queen street West.

TEA CONSUMERS.

Why drink inferior, adulterated, cheap, trashy teas when you can get at wholesale prices the Finest Teas on Earth from THE ONTARIO TEA CORPORATION, TORONTO. Our lines are ASSAMS, CONGOUS, JAPANS, CEYLONS, JAVAS, GUNPOWDERS, Y. HYSONS and PEKOES, put up in caddies of 5 lbs., 10 lbs. and 20 lbs. and half chests of 50 lbs. Prices range from 25c. to 65c. per pound and guaranteed to please or money refunded. We recommend as a good tea our 50c. per pound, better 55c. and best 65c. per pound. Will ship to any address in Canada per express on receipt of order.

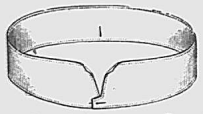
AGENTS WANTED

in every Town, Village and Township in Canada. Big inducements to live, pushing canvassers. Farmers' Sons and Schoolteachers make good agents and find the work pleasant and profitable during their spare time. Write for particulars, mailed free to any address.

THE ONTARIO TEA CORPORATION

125 Bay st., Toronto.

J. A. McMURTRY & CO., Managers.



WHEATON & CO.,

17 King st. W., Cor. Jordan.

NEW SCARFS,

NEW COLLARS.

Just to hand for the Holiday Season.

We have a very fine assortment of new goods and styles in our line for this season and claim to be always ahead.

WHEATON & CO., 17 KING ST. W., COR. JORDAN.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE

DEPARTMENT.

Largest Assortment of Bronze Goods in Canada.

Iron Stable Fittings,
Norton Door Check and Spring,
Valentine's Felt Weather Strip,
Kasper's Oil Cleaner,
Chicago Spring Hinges.

Architects, Builders and those contemplating the erection of residences should see us first.

AIKENHEAD & CROMBIE

Cor. King and Yonge sts., Toronto.

THE MOST COMPLETE ASSORTMENT

OF GOODS SUITABLE FOR

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

ARE TO BE FOUND AT

ICHIBAN

81 YONGE STREET.

Silk Embroidered Dressing Gowns, Smoking Jackets, Handkerchiefs, Screens, Kakamonos, Tidies, Tea Cosies, Work Bags, etc. All magnificent specimens of needlework. Very fine artistic Bronze Jewellery, fine Satsuma, Imari, Kaya and Cloisonne Vases, Ornamental Porcelain, Porcelains for table use in large variety. Bric-a-Brac in large variety. Lacquered Ware in large variety. All goods are hand made, hand decorated and in the highest degree decorative and artistic.

ICHI BAN, DIRECT IMPORTERS OF JAPANESE GOODS, Montreal and Toronto.

E. LAKE & CO.,

Real Estate and Financial Agents, Valuators, Etc.

ESTABLISHED 1870.

Collect Rents, Pay Taxes, Negotiate Loans, Buy, Sell and Manage Property, as Commission.

Farms for Sale and Exchange.

"Lake's Land List," No. 18, with Provincial and County Maps, is now ready. This is the most extensive list of farms for sale and exchange published in the Dominion of Canada. Sent free to intending PURCHASERS.

Toronto City Property.

A large amount of all descriptions of Toronto City and Suburban Properties for sale and exchange.
Money to loan at 6 per cent. on farm and city property.

E. LAKE & CO.,

Telephone 1004. Offices, 76 King st. east, Toronto.



STAR

LIFE ASSURANCE

SOCIETY.

ESTABLISHED 1843.

25,044 Policies in force for	$44,000,000
Assurance and Annuity Fund	12,000,000
Premium Income	2,000,000

Canadian rates recently reduced.

For rates, etc., apply to any of the agents or at the Canadian office,

32 WELLINGTON ST. EAST, TORONTO.

A. D. PERRY, Chief Agent.

Ontario Archives copy
bound out of sequence
McLAREN MICROPUBLISHING CO. LIMIT

A. E. PAVEY & CO.

WHOLESALE IMPORTERS

—OF—

FINE WOOLLENS

CLOTHIERS' TRIMMINGS

—AND—

GENTLEMENS' FURNISHINGS.

LONDON, ONTARIO.

FOR THE HOLIDAY TRADE

We are showing the Latest Productions in

Small Children's Dresses and Costumes,
Children's Cloth Coats and Jackets,
Children's Cashmir Suits, Tuques, Stokes, Mitts, Etc.
Infants' Robes and Dresses,
Infants' Mitts, and Bonnets,
Infants' Crochet Bonnets for House and Street Wear

Every article of Infants' Wear always in stock.
Full Lines of

LADIES' and CHILDREN'S UNDERCLOTHING, CORSETS,

HOSIERY, Etc.

Ladies' Cashmir Hose, Merino Hose, Cashmir Hose, Lisle Thread Hose, Balbriggan Hose, Lambs' Wool Hose, Silk Hose, Fancy Hose, Gloves, Lisle Thread Gloves, Kid Gloves, Cashmir Gloves, Mitts, Etc.

Our aim is to give our customers better value than they can procure elsewhere

PAGE & PAGE.

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS

206 and 208 YONGE STREET.

WINTER STYLES



IN HAIR GOODS



A. DORENWEND,

Paris Hair Works, Toronto.

is now offering the most complete stock in America of all kinds of Ladies' Bangs, Frontpieces, Waves, Wigs, Switches, etc. Gents' Wigs, Toupees, etc. Write for circulars and prices. You can get the goods as well by mail as by personal selection.

A. DORENWEND'S

Paris Hair Works and Beautifying Bazaar, 103 and 105 Yonge street, Toronto, Can.

Superfluous Hair, Moles, etc., permanently removed by our new system of "Electrolysis." Positive cures guaranteed. Send for particulars.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

BUNTIN, REID AND CO.

61, 63 Yonge street.

Alexander Buntin. John Young Reid.

PAPER MANUFACTURERS,

WHOLESALE,

—AND—

MANUFACTURING STATIONERS

Mills at Valleyfield, on River St Lawrence.

WHOLESALE ONLY. - - - NO RETAIL.

We beg to inform our numerous customers all over the Dominion that about the 1st of January we will remove from the old stand to our new and commodious premises,

Nos. 29 and 31 Wellington street West,

where, having more than double the room we have in our present warehouse, we shall be able to give our friends so much the better attention and also have, if it were possible, a more extensive assortment of goods, comprising all grades of

WRITING PAPERS, HAND-MADE PAPERS,
Nos. 1, 2 and 3 PRINTING PAPERS (Unequalled),
MILL FINISH, SUPER CALENDERED
And COATED BOOK PAPERS,
LITHOGRAPHING PAPERS,
POSTER and COVER PAPERS, BLOTTING PAPERS,
SURFACE PAPERS, GLAZED PAPERS,
FANCY PAPERS FOR BOX MAKERS,
STRAW BOARDS, MILL BOARDS,
BINDERS' CLOTH, BOOKBINDERS' BOARDS,
ENVELOPES, SCHOOL BOOKS,
LETTER PRESSES, PRINTERS' INKS,
CARD BOARDS, TWINES,
AND ALL STAPLE ARTICLES IN GENERAL STATIONERY.

Of Stephens' Writing and Copying Inks we have full assortment and all FRESH. We call special attention to the new sizes and colors in assorted cases to retail at 5c. to 10c. per bottle.

We also carry a large assortment of Goodal's Playing Cards.

In all the above lines our stock is unequalled in the Dominion.

To our many friends we tender our best thanks for their generous support, and we assure them that the same liberal treatment that has characterised the House during the last 34 years will be continued.

THE HIBBARD ELECTRIC MFG. & SUPPLY CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Water-proof Electric Light Line Wire,
Submarine and Aerial Cables,
Cotton and Silk Covered Magnet Wire,
Silk and Cotton Covered Incandescent Lamp Cord,
Telephone and all other Electric Cordage

—ALSO—

ANNUNCIATORS, TELEPHONES,
ELECTRIC BELLS, GAS LIGHTING APPARATUS,
BATTERIES and Other Supplies.

OFFICE AND FACTORY:

36 and 38 ST. DIZIER STREET

MONTREAL.

339 YONGE STREET.

P. F. CAREY.

Merchant Tailor.

New and Fashionable Goods always on hand

A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED. PRICES MODERATE

—AND—

THOMAS' EUROPEAN HOTEL

THE ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE

50 Splendid Rooms at Graduated Prices.
Ladies' Cafe and Family Restaurant.
Open on Sundays.

KEACHIE & CO., Proprietors.

HOOPER & CO.

HOOPER'S LAVENDER WATER

A Delightful Perfume.

Hooper's Meloderma

For chapped hands, rough skin, etc

45 King street West.

ESTABLISHED 1856

—THE LATE—

MR. DUNCAN FORBES'

Excellent System of

FELT AND GRAVEL ROOFING,

So thoroughly well established, is being conducted for the estate by his son, WM. FORBES, who has had entire charge of the work for years.

We have just pride in inviting you to inspect the work you have intrusted to us, noticeably some of which has been on twenty years:—Osgoode Hall, Bank of Toronto, New Bank of Montreal, Masonic Buildings, Union Depot, Old Parkdale Town Hall, Divinity School, Hon. Frank Smith's Buildings, Massey Manufacturing Co., Gurney's Foundry, Exhibition Buildings, Christie, Brown & Co's Buildings, U. E. Club, H. E. Clarke & Co's Buildings; Toronto Arcade, Yonge street; Mail Buildings, Rodgers & Son's Large Cabinet Factory, R. S. Williams' Piano Factory, Toronto Street Railway Stables.

All Work Guaranteed from Five to Fifteen Years.

MY FIRST LIE.

"WHO was that I saw you on the street with yesterday?"

"Pemberton," I replied.

"What Pemberton is that?"

"George William Pemberton."

"What does he do?"

"Nothing—lives on his money."

Now, what possessed me to answer this I have no idea. As a matter of fact, I had forgotten who I had been on the street with, or had been with so many that I had no recollection of any special one. Or it might be that I felt instinctively that the questions my friend asked were impertinent, and while I did not care to tell him so I took that method of baffling his curiosity. Let it be as it may, the fact remains that I had never in my life known a man named Pemberton, nor any individual with the grotesque combination of George William as a distinguisher.

I had about forgotten the circumstance when a few days afterward, debating with my friend, he said:

"I have not seen your chum Pemberton lately."

"No," I replied; "he's sick—got a sore throat. Pity, too, he's such a fine singer."

There the matter dropped, and I heard no more of it for a couple of weeks, when I was surprised by being waited on by "Billy" Williams, chief of the Brampton Fire Brigade, who said he had heard I was acquainted with Mr. George William Pemberton, who was a good singer, and could I enlist his services for a concert to be given shortly in the Town Hall for the benefit of the brigade?

Why not?

From my earliest recollection it has thrilled me with pleasure to see a crowd of people humbugged, perplexed, bedevilled. Here was a rare opportunity to befool a crowd and I set to work to do it in the most elaborate manner. In the first place, I assured the chief that there would not be the least difficulty in the world; that Pemberton was one of the best-natured men in Canada; that I could promise that he would be only too glad to assist, and finally that, as I was to meet him at a party that evening I would broach the matter and get his promise.

Next day I saw the chief and assured him that all was right. Pemberton would be only too happy to sing for him, but in the meantime he had been called to Toronto for a day or so and had left with me a few press notices that he had received while singing abroad.

My first lie was beginning to bloom famously, and I began to feel the glow of the hunter in anticipation, as I reflected on the disappointment that was sure to ensue, but without the slightest idea of how the affair would end.

George Wright, who did reporting, collecting and general hustling for The Standard, is next laid seige to, and I poured into his ears a glowing account of Pemberton's wealth, wit and handsome appearance, all of which was reproduced in the next issue.

It is not necessary to describe the thousand-and-one little artifices to which I resorted in order to create public interest in Pemberton. It is sufficient to say that in a few days the whole of Brampton were talking of and expressing a wild desire to see and hear a man who existed only in my imagination.

The peculiar part of it—and this is what it fairly revelled in—no one asked the others if they knew the man. Everybody took it for granted that all others but themselves knew him, and I fairly believe that many came to the conclusion that they did so, and that I should have been disbelieved if I had suddenly told the truth about the matter. Did you ever, uproarious reader—I assume that you are tired of being called "gentle"—undertake to humbug a crowd? No. Then let me tell you a secret. The man who does so will be implicitly believed when he is lying worse than a log and utterly disbelieved when he is telling the truth. I don't know why, but it's human nature. But this is out of the way of the story. Well, time slipped on. It is the habit of time to be slippery.

The night of the concert arrived and the people swarmed in droves to the old Town Hall—that old hall with its cobwebs in the corners, its meat market sending up odors none too pleasant from below. The place was crowded, as also was the verandah outside. This section of the audience were not regarded as very aristocratic, but they had the economical habit well developed. The next issue of The Standard contained the following:—

COWARDLY OUTRAGE.

A WELL-KNOWN AND POPULAR CITIZEN BEATEN INSENSIBLE AND ROBBED.

"Our readers will be surprised and pained to learn the cause of the failure of our well-known and universally esteemed citizen, Mr. George William Pemberton, to appear at the concert (particulars of which are given in another column) given under the auspices of the fire brigade in the Town Hall last evening. The particulars of the sad and dastardly affair are as follows:—Mr. Pemberton had partaken of a light supper, for first-class singers do not eat heartily when they are to sing in the evening, after which he proceeded to dress for the concert, little recking of what was in store for him. Passing down Main street, and when nearly opposite Graham's hotel, he was set upon by a couple of ruffians who rushed from an alley-way in the neighborhood of Stewart's Mill and beaten unmercifully, and his scalp was laid open by a blow from some dull instrument, and at first it was supposed that the skull had been crushed, and his face was badly cut, and although there was evidence that he made a gallant and determined struggle, the odds were too much for him and he was overpowered, his clothing being badly torn, his watch taken from his pocket and his valuable diamond ring torn from his finger. A couple of boys found him lying insensible on the sidewalk and gave the alarm, when the wounded gentleman was removed to the office of his friend, Dr. Pringle, at whose house he now remains under treatment. It will be some weeks before he will be able to see any of his many friends, if, indeed, we may not be prepared for the worst. Constable Hardy Baskerville is on the track of a couple of suspicious-looking characters who had been seen loitering about in the neighborhood of Lewis' orchard during the day and we expect soon to hear of their arrest."

It was getting on famously. In the first place I had only invented a man, but the callow reporter had invested him with the honor of being well-known and very estimable. Of course, it was at my prompting that he had published the rather roundabout report of the imaginary encounter. Something had to be done to save my friend Pemberton's reputation for veracity, so I argued, and it was better that I should be a trifle mendacious than to have the whole place anathematising an imaginary man as a liar. I regarded this as a heroic piece of self-sacrifice on my part, and my conscience applauded me accordingly. I had now the wounded man safe in bed at my own house, and free from intrusion till I should pronounce him out of danger.

The situation was wholly satisfactory.

Now, the reader will ask, what was the object of all this mendacity? I will be plain. It will be gathered from the newspaper report of the assault and robbery that I am a physician. In that capacity I endeavor to study human nature more than human ills, for I believe that half the ills to which flesh is heir are the results of imagination, and that man is the most credulous animal on the face of the earth, barring woman. I wished to test the extent of this credulity, and what had been at first a simple evasion gave me the opportunity. Mixed with this desire I will acknowledge a spirit of mischief, which had been the impelling motive in the earliest stages of the affair. But this was now overshadowded by the desire to test human credulity to the full. Mark how well I succeded. The constable had never heard of the supposed attack and robbery till he read of it in the paper, when he is beseiged by so many for particulars of what the suspected parties looked like, what clues he had, and so on, that he became fully convinced that he could accurately describe them. "Did they wear rowdy hats?" one would ask, and an open-mouthed listener would straight repeat to the the next group that Mr. So-and-So had said they wore rowdy hats.

This went on till full and accurate descriptions of the ruffians had been had, I of course putting in a suggestion here and there to help the thing along, and it was a rare day that I did not continue to put into the head of some one an idea that I could repeat the next day as coming from him to me, and to do it in such a way that the party represented as saying it would not only not resent it, but would regard it as a compliment to his own shrewdness.

After a week or so my patient was threatened with brain fever and had, of course, to be denied to every one. In order that he might not be disturbed by passing vehicles I had two or three loads of straw placed on the road to deaden the sound, and was, of course, loudly praised for my wisdom. And when I further explained that I preferred going to this expense rather than to request the Council to close up the block, I was loudly applauded. I noticed, however, and my mutinous spirit of mischief fairly yelled with joy, that the young men of the town carefully avoided the straw and drove around the block rather than do anything to disturb their friend Pemberton, of whose condition I kept the village informed from day to day by means of bulletins.

Thus matters went on for about four weeks, when I was gratified to be able to announce to the many friends of Mr. George William Pemberton that that gentleman was so far recovered that he could see a few of his intimate friends daily, but that none but those who were familiar with him would be admitted. This, of course, kept everybody out, as no one could claim terms of familiarity. I had always noticed that Pemberton never had many familiar friends. He was a very reticent and retiring sort of a fellow. It ran in the family. The announcement, however, was not without its fruit—or its flowers either. The ladies of the village sent both in such profusion that my rooms fairly bloomed like a conservatory and I had more fruit than I knew what to do with, so much so that I used to surreptitiously drop a good deal of it over the back fence, where I knew it would be safe in the hands, or rather stomachs, of my neighbor's hog. All the leading authorities are agreed that fruit of various kinds is good for the hog family—else I should not have taken the liberty.

But now it is time to think of ending the game. How? I had not the least idea, nor did I see how I could come out of the affair very brilliantly, no matter how it ended. Not that I cared particularly. It does not pay to borrow trouble, and so I gave myself no concern about the matter save that I knew the end must come, let it be what it might. I could certainly gain a respite by removing my patient to the Toronto Hospital for final treatment or to some quiet rural neighborhood to recuperate, and I finally decided that he should spend the days of his convalescence in the Caledon Mountains, and having got him there I gave but little further concern to the matter, save that I occasionally chuckled and philosophised in time over the gullibility and credulity of mankind as I put on my slippers for my evening pipe.

Inquiries were made from time to time, but I had by this time become an accomplished artist in the fabrication industry, and generally managed to give all the needed information without losing my temper or dishonestly betraying my friend, for of course it was his secret I was guarding, not mine. I had fully argued myself into that frame of mind, and would, if the secret had been divulged, readily have taken up the cudgels to argue that Pemberton, and not I, should bear the blame of the deception. And I could make out a very good case if I chose to follow the line of argument that I have frequently seen adopted to maintain a political thesis. But this by the way, as some clever literateur has sagely said.

Extract from Brampton Standard.

A MYSTERY.

A MAN FOUND HANGING IN ELLIOTT'S BUSH.

As some boys were yesterday shooting squirrels in Elliott's bush they were horrified to discover the body of a man hanging to a limb of a tree, quite dead. They at once ran and gave the alarm, when a large body of men proceeded to the spot and cut down the body and had it removed to the undertaking establishment near by on John street. Coroner Harvey was notified and a jury consisting of Messrs. C. Ellison, A. Black, Thos. Elliott, Geo. Golding, L. Stork, H. Thistle, T. H. Tye, Henry Clark, S. Broily, R. Dawson, S. Woodcock, John Manning and W. H. Todd were at once empanelled. They viewed the body and adjourned till evening to meet in the Town Hall. At the subsequent meeting the evidence of the boys who found the body, James Leonard and Arthur Neeland, was taken, but it was simply a joint statement of what is told informally at the opening of this paragraph. There was nothing on the body by which it could be identified and a verdict of death by his own hand was at length returned. The body will be buried at the expense of the village.

I had not gone to the inquest. I felt no interest in the matter. I did not deem it at all probable that any friend of mine would hang himself, however much some of them might deserve hanging. But on learning the verdict I resolved to have a finger in the pie, and so hastened to the undertaker's shop on John street, formally identified the body as that of my friend, George William Pemberton arranged for a fitting funeral from my own residence, and the remains of the unknown tramp if he were a tramp, as I suppose he was, though it is not customary for tramps to hang themselves were followed to the grave by as large a concourse as ever appeared in a funeral procession in the streets of Brampton.

Why this tide of depravity? Reader, if you cannot see the word underlying it I shall have to be blunt. Do you not see that all my mendacity arose from the idle curiosity of a person who asked a question that was none of his business?

One Last Request.

My dear friend, said the minister to the dying man, it must be a source of great consolation to you as your end approaches to feel that you have always led a correct Christian life.

It is, sir, was the weak reply.

And now, went on the minister gently, is there anything more I can say to you; have you any last request to make?

Yes, responded the dying man, feebly, will you please see that my diary is burned?

Diplomacy.

Mrs. O'Kay—I'm going to Cutlet's, Horace. Shall I order the Sunday dinner?

Mr. O'Kay—By all means, no! Just ask for it. Last month's bill is still due.

Appropriate Music.

Emma—What are you crying about, Tom?

Tom—Ma slapped me because I wouldn't stop singing.

Emma—What were you singing?

Tom—"Always take mother's advice."

WITHIN SOUND OF THE FALLS.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.



A GIRL was sitting on the grass that borders the road near the Falls. She was making a wreath of wild asters and golden rod, and as she twisted the bright purple and yellow blossoms in and out with her slim brown fingers she sang a strangely impassioned song, deeply mournful, yet full of fervid fire, in a voice of wonderful power and sweetness, and with the skill of a finished artist. Sometimes the clear, thrilling notes rose to the highest alto, sometimes sank to the lowest minor, always with perfect ease and unbroken harmony. The words were not English, but she filled them with a penetrating pathos that all who had a soul for music must have felt and understood. The month was September, but the day was as hot as if it had been August. The tourists had all sought shelter from the scorching sun indoors; even the hackmen had taken their horses into the shade. No one was in sight, and no sounds were heard but the thrilling melody of the girl's voice and the solemn cadence of the great cataract. But she had a listener. A slight, active young man, carrying some brilliant autumn leaves in his hand, sprang over the rail-fence that enclosed the wood close by, and catching the full, rich tones as they floated towards him, remained motionless, as if spellbound, till the song was ended. Then he walked quickly to the spot where she sat, eager to see the possessor of so wonderful a voice. She heard his step, and rising lightly as a linnet and still holding the wreath, looked at him tranquilly. He was even more surprised at her appearance than he had been at her singing. Her figure was slight and uniformed; her features small and delicate. Her face would have been colorless but for rose-red lips, her dark, pencilled eyebrows, and the long, black lashes that fringed her eyes. Those eyes, though their glance was as simple and natural as that of a little child, thrilled the young man's heart. They were dark as the darkest pansies, and shining with the light of a soul as pure and impassioned as that which inspired the music of her voice. Her hair was black and hung in thick, soft braids far below her waist. Her hands were slight and small, with long, rounded fingers and perfect filbert nails; they were browned by sun and wind, but had evidently never done any menial work. Her clumsy boots could not hide the slender shape and high instep of her foot. Her dress was poor and much worn; a shabby little black straw hat; a faded black woollen frock; but they were scrupulously clean, and so were her face and hands and her long, silken plaits of hair. She could hardly have been more than thirteen, but the union of childlike innocence and womanly depth of feeling in her face made her age at the first glance seem uncertain. The young man looked at her silently, touched as well as surprised at the contrast her mean dress and grave, unsmiling aspect made with her youthful beauty and rare gift of song. He was a handsome young fellow; his face full of vivid intelligence, with grey eyes, bright and piercing, and a singularly pleasant smile. He wore a well-cut, easily fitting travelling suit of grey flannel and showed in every look and movement the unmistakeable signs of culture and refinement. His name was Lancelot Trevor, called Lance by his intimates; his home was at Montreal, where he was well known as an extremely clever, but somewhat quixotic young man. He had a chivalrous respect for pure womanhood, and he raised his hat with instinctive homage to this girl's beauty and genius, as he said: "Pardon me; I have listened to your singing, and I think you have the finest voice I ever heard, though I have known many famous singers." A slight, scarcely perceptible tinge of color came into her face at his words, but she answered calmly, "I don't know. I have never heard any famous singers." She spoke English perfectly, but with a foreign accent. Her words were uttered clearly and distinctly, and in a slightly rhythmical tone, like the slow notes of a fine musical instrument, very different from the half inarticulate mutterings or the confused gabble with which so many of her sex murder the divine vox humana, and inflict untold agonies on sensitive ears. "But you certainly have been well taught," said Lance. "You have skill and science as well as genius." "I was taught by a great musician." "So I concluded. Who was it?" Light seemed to flash from her eyes as she answered, "The Master: Master Sebastian." "I have never heard of him," said Lance. "Where does he live?" The faint color faded from her face; her long lashes veiled her eyes. "I cannot tell," she said; "I do not know." "And the song you sang, whose music is it?" "It is his. It is a sacred song. He called it "The Exiled Patriot's Hymn." "The words were in a language unknown to me," said Lance; "what is the language?" "Russian." "And is Master Sebastian a Russian?" "Yes, a Russian and a patriot." "A Nihihist!" Lance conjectured. "And are you also a Russian?" he asked. "I have no country." "But your parents?" "I never knew them." "And have you no relations? No friends?" "I have no relations, and I have no friend but Father Michael—that man asleep under the maple." And she pointed to a man stretched on the ground a few yards away, with his hat pulled over his face. "Do you live with him?" asked Lance. "Yes. He takes photographs and I help him." "Why do you call him father?" Lance inquired. "He told me to call him father; he is old and has white hair, but he is strong and can carry the camera all day. He will take your photograph with a view of the Falls, if you like." "Not just now," said Lance. "I must first go for a lady who is at the hotel. Can you wait here till I come back?" "Yes. Father Michael will not waken till the tourists come out." "I'll not keep you waiting long," said Lance, as he walked away. A few minutes' rapid walk took him to the hotel, and running up a flight of stairs, he entered a parlor looking straight on the American Fall. A lady was sitting at one of the windows, a table beside her, on which all the materials for painting in water-colors were arranged. She was a sweet-looking woman, with a fair complexion, sunny brown hair and soft, brown eyes. She was Lance's sister, a widow without children, ten years older than her brother, but still looking like a girl. This brother and sister had no other near ties and were deeply attached to each other; not only from affection, but from chosen companionship and the sympathy of congenial friends and comrades. They were both rich and unusually cultivated and accomplished; loving nature, art and literature passionately, but at the same time profoundly impressed with the duty and happiness of using their wealth and unfettered lives to help their less fortunate fellow-creatures. Mrs. Chester was a clever artist in water-colors, and had fallen so completely under the fascination of Niagara Falls that she came there every year to make sketches, which she usually threw away in disgust. The awful grandeur of the great Horse-shoe she knew to be far beyond her powers, but the brilliant beauty of the American Fall, its fleecy folds and coils of glistening foam, its reflected rainbows gleaming through their misty veils, still lured her on, and kept her vainly attempting to catch the tantalising charm that surrounded that "laughing water." She now held in her hand her last effort; but she was not looking at it; she was gazing at the cataract itself with wistful intensity. "Margaret," said Lance, "I want you. Can you give up your painting for a while?" "Oh, yes," she replied, trying to laugh off her sense that her work was a miserable failure, "for ever, if you like." "Why, what's the matter?" said Lance, taking the picture out of her hand; "this is not bad; I think it is the best yet." "Oh, it is a poor, dead thing. Strive as I may, the life and soul escape me." "I have never yet seen any painting of the Falls that had captured them," said Lance. "Niagara is the despair of art. But this is really a good picture. We shall both like to look at it by-and-bye, when the reality is not present to mock us with its living, laughing loveliness. Let me put it away now, and your color-boxes and brushes, while you get your hat and sunshade. I want you to come out with me." "This minute, do you mean? The sun is scorching." "We shall be in the shade. I have found something wonderful, and, if you don't make haste, it may vanish." "I daresay it is no great wonder, after all," said Margaret, laughing, "but I will come." As they went down the steps of the verandah, Margaret inquired what the wonder that Lance had found was. "It is a voice," Lance told her; "a girl's voice, 'half angel's and half bird's.'" "Oh," said Margaret, "if you begin to quote, or misquote, Browning——" "Don't say any more till you hear what you shall hear, if she has not flown away." No, she had not flown. She was sitting where Lance had left her. She had not finished her wreath; it lay with the rest of her flowers, apparently unheeded, on the grass. She rose as Lance and his sister came near. Her delicate beauty and the innocence and purity in her face made almost as great an impression on Mrs. Chester as on Lance. "Una!" she said softly, "but where is her lion or her lamb?" Lance smiled, well pleased. "I will be her lion," he whispered, "and you shall be her lamb." Then turning to the waiting girl, "Will you sing that beautiful hymn of freedom for this lady?" he asked. "Willingly," she answered; and clasping her hands lightly and looking straight before her, she sang it as Lance had heard her sing it before. "What beautiful music and how wonderfully you sing it!" said Margaret. "But the words are in a strange language." "It is Russian, but they have been set to the music in many languages. I can sing it in English if you like." "Yes, I should like it very much," said Margaret. And the girl sang to the same thrilling music the English version of the well-known Hebrew psalm

> "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept.
> When we remembered thee, O Zion!"

The intense, fervid passion that pervaded this music, ranging from the deepest and saddest pathos to the tragic exaltation of despair, interpreted by the singer's clear, melodious voice as she sang the familiar words, so old, but forever immortal, moved the listeners deeply. Tears filled Margaret's eyes, and Lance gazed at her pale, illumined face with sympathetic emotion. "I never heard such magnificent music," said Margaret, "or perhaps it is only that I never heard music so beautifully interpreted. Who is the composer?" "Master Sebastian," said the girl. "But what is his other name?" "I do not know, I never heard him called anything else." "And your own name—what is it?" "Veva," said the singer, adding quickly, "I have no other name." "And have you no one to take care of you?" "No one but old Father Michael now. Cassy took care of me once, but she is dead. Master Sebastian was my friend, but he is gone away." "And where do you live?" "I travel about with Father Michael. He takes photographs, and I help him." "Come here and sit beside me," Margaret said, seating herself on a piece of lumber that lay near, "and tell me everything you can remember about yourself." Of shy and reticent nature, which hitherto had found its only expression in music, Veva's speech was always slow and somewhat difficult, but her recollections were vivid and clear, and helped by the sympathetic interest of her hearers, she told all she knew of her strange and pathetic history. As Lance and Margaret understood it, and as Veva herself saw it in later years, the story was as follows: Her first remembrance was of an old colored woman called Cassy, who kept a boarding-house for sailors in some street near the docks at New York. Veva had been brought to this house by a woman who said she was the child's nurse. She spoke very little English, but by degrees she made Cassy understand that her master and mistress, Veva's parents, had been people of high rank in their own country. They were patriots, she said, and having joined the revolutionists were arrested and condemned to death. Her master was executed, but her mistress had before died in prison. Before their arrest they had intended sending their only child to America, and after their death, Ilma—for that, she said, was her name—contrived in some way, which Cassy considered miraculous, to reach New York. She arrived there ill from the hardships of her voyage in a little trading vessel, and almost penniless, but a compassionate sailor took her to Cassy's boarding-house. Cassy, as it chanced, was an escaped slave, and had known all the agony and terror of running away. She was full of pity and sympathy for the poor fugitive and her pale, large-eyed little nursling; but in spite of all her kindness and care, Ilma only lingered a few weeks, and died without leaving any further clue to Veva's parentage. But Veva found a faithful protector in Cassy, who had fallen in love with the pale, large-eyed little creature at first sight, and showed her devotion in a manner which, however beautiful, is perhaps only possible to a servile race. The child was to her an exiled princess, and though she petted and caressed her with lavish fondness, it was only as she might have petted the child of her master in "Old Virginny," and not as if she were "a common little nigger of her own." She dressed her in pretty frocks, never let her soil her fingers, always called her Missy, and carefully guarded her from all evil sights and sounds. Though very healthy, Veva was a singularly quiet and silent child, except when music stirred her into more vivid life. She imitated Cassy's negro melodies before she could speak, and the sound of a banjo in the street thrilled her with ecstacy. When she was about seven years old, the man she called Master Sebastian came to board at Cassy's, brought thither, like Ilma, by some sailor. He had been famous as a musician in his own country, but was suspected of revolutionary tendencies, and had only escaped arrest by a hurried flight. He was a handsome man, of distinguished appearance and a power of personal influence which the roughest men felt, and gained great respect from Cassy. He spoke excellent English, but something in his voice reminded Cassy of Ilma, and thinking that he might have known Veva's parents she showed him the child. He had never heard of them and was inclined to think they could not have been Russians; possibly they might have been Poles or Hungarians. He was charmed with Veva's beauty and delighted with her wonderful voice and her passion for music. He began to teach her at once, and the ease and rapidity with which she mastered the mysteries of tone seemed as marvellous as the power and sweetness of her voice. He saw in her all the elements of a perfect artist, and in developing and cultivating her genius he found the interest and consolation of his life. As for Veva, the food for which she had been ignorantly hungering was now given to her; she feasted on it with rapture, and a new soul was born within her. No wonder that she worshipped her master. Besides her lessons in music, he taught her to speak and read English correctly; and he also taught her his own language, which was Russian. For five years Veva led a supremely happy life, while good old Cassy wove romances about the time when her princess should come into her kingdom, but he as fond of old Cassy as ever. Then came a day when Sebastian received a message from the Revolutionary Brotherhood which he had been waiting for all those years. A new plot had been formed, a dangerous enterprise was to be entrusted to Sebastian, and means for his safe return to Russia had been found. The parting was a terrible grief to Veva, but the master encouraged her with hopes that he would soon come back, though probably he had no such hopes himself. In the meantime she must go on with her studies and live the same retired life that had always been hers. Working hard at her music that the master might be pleased at her progress when he returned, another year passed peacefully over

Veva, when a blow of which she had never dreamed fell upon her. Cassy was taken suddenly ill, and died before Veva knew that she was in danger. The owner of the house took possession after the funeral and seized the furniture in payment of rent that was due. Veva, poor child, stupefied with grief and weak from want of food, would have been turned into the street and might have died there but for Father Michael. He was a foreigner, but had lived so long in America that he spoke English readily; from his long white hair and beard the sailors called him Father Michael. In summer he travelled about the country, taking photographs when he could get a customer; in winter he paid for his board at Cassy's by cutting wood and keeping up the fires. Master Sebastian was his countryman and had been kind to him, and partly because he knew that Veva was a favorite pupil of Sebastian's, and partly from the pity he felt for the desolate child, he told her that if she would come with him he would take care of her for the master's sake. Veva was accustomed to his presence in the house and always answered his "Good-day, Missy," with a gentle "Good-day, Father Michael." His kindness and the mention of the master's name soothed her sorrow, and she followed him with childlike trust. He found a decent lodging for her and himself, soon taught her how to help him with his photographs, and when summer came he took her with him in his country rambles. Sometimes she sang in some restaurant or tavern to pay for their food and lodging, and the listeners often made up a little purse for her, which she always gave to Father Michael. They had been travelling through the State of New York all the summer and had only crossed the bridge to Canada that morning. "Father Michael is very good to me," Veva said. "He never lets me sing where there are any rough men, and he is so careful of me that people think I am his daughter. But I think my own father must have been different. Cassy said my father was among the highest in his own land, and Master Sebastian thought so, too." "I am sure of it!" said Lance, decisively. The faint flush that sometimes came into Veva's face quivered there for a moment, but she said nothing. Hers was indeed a strange story, but stranger still was the beauty, the sweetness, the purity of the girl's face. Lance looked at Margaret and saw that her thoughts answered his. "May I speak for you?" he asked, and Margaret answered, "Yes." Then he turned to Veva. "Should you like to give up wandering and live always with this lady?" he asked. "Oh, yes!" exclaimed Veva, with shining eyes. "I think it would be like Heaven!" Then her look changed and there was a pathetic appeal in her voice as she said, "But if the Master was to come back and ask me to go with him, I should have to go." A vehement protest rose to Lance's lips, but he checked it. Margaret looked kindly at the faithful girl. "If it is right for you to go with him," she said, "I shall not try to prevent you." "Right!" said Veva. "Oh, he would not ask me to do anything that was not right. I must do as he tells me." "Is it because you love him so much?" asked Lance. "How could I help loving him? I was like one lying dead in a grave till he raised me to life. I love him and I worship him, he is so good and great." "You have my promise," said Margaret; "will not that satisfy you?" "It ought," said Veva, ingenuously; "but if I do not go back to New York how will he know where I am?" "Father Michael shall have our address; will that do?" "Oh, yes. Father Michael will be sure to see him when he comes back." "Then you will come with us and be happy?" said Margaret, smiling. Veva could not smile; her emotion was too deep. In spite of her long habit of self-repression, tears sprang to her eyes and fell down her cheeks. But she dashed them away, and controlling herself, said, "Oh, I am happy now; you are so good. If you will let me, I will love you with all my heart." "That is just what I want you to do," said Margaret, as she stooped and kissed the sweet, trembling lips. "Now let us speak to Father Michael," Lance said to his sister. "Veva had better wait for us here." "But may'n't I see Father Michael before you take me away?" asked Veva, starting up from her seat as Margaret rose. "I must not leave him without saying good-bye." "No, indeed, you must not," said Margaret. "I am glad you thought of him." "I should be a wicked girl if I did not think of him," said Veva. "Only for him I might have died." Lance looked back after he and Margaret had walked a few steps away. Veva was leaning against a young pine, round which the climbing stems and golden and crimson leaves of the Virginian creeper had twisted themselves. To Lance's fancy she seemed like some lovely Dryad that had just stepped out of the tree in which she dwelt. "Margaret," he said, "is it not wonderful that this child has been kept from all evil and brought to us that we may save her from the temptations and dangers her beauty and genius must have surely brought upon her?" "It was certainly her good angel guided you to her," said Margaret. "And mine, too," said Lance. At the sound of their voices Father Michael raised himself, and seeing a lady and gentleman coming towards him, got up. Though his features were ugly, he looked kind and honest, and his long white hair and beard gave him an almost patriarchal appearance. He was thickly and strongly made, and seemed well able to carry on his back the camera that lay beside him a day's march without feeling it much of an incumbrance. He confirmed Veva's story in every particular. "She was always out of the common," he said, "in every thing as well as in music, and it was not fit she should go tramping round the country as she had to do now." He had intended to try and get her a singing engagement at some theatre or music hall when they went back to New York, but the lady's offer was better for the child, he knew, only he thought he ought to know something more about the lady and gentleman, that he might be sure they would do right by little Missy. He would have to tell the Master what he had done with her if he ever saw him again. "I respect your caution," said Lance, "but that can be easily settled. Our home is at Montreal, but we come here every summer. The manager of the hotel here knows all about us and will answer for our respectability. But do you think Master Sebastian will ever come back?" "No," said Father Michael, shaking his head, "I don't think he will. He escaped once, but I don't think he will ever escape again."

It need scarcely be said that the manager's report was satisfactory to Father Michael. Lance rewarded him for his kindness to Veva by giving him more dollars than he had earned in his whole life before, and promised that he should have the same sum every year. Veva bade him a grateful farewell, and with Margaret's permission, invited him to come and see her at Montreal the following summer. "God bless you, Missy," said Father Michael, "I hope now you are going to be a lady you will be as good as when you were a poor stroller."

That evening, when Veva and Margaret were alone, Veva took from her neck a strong cord to which a Greek cross of agate was securely fastened and gave it to Margaret. A band of gold was let into the upper arms, and on it, in letters formed of costly brilliants was the name "Genoveva." "Ilma put that cross round my neck when she was dying," Veva said. "She told Cassy the name on it was my christened name. It is all the name I have except Veva." "You shall have mine now," said Margaret. "Perhaps she will accept mine some day," said Lance, when Margaret showed him the cross.

A MYSTERIOUS GUEST.

A LANDLORD'S STORY.

BY GEORGE ILES.

(Continued from Page 2.)

Argent had paid my reputation for caution a somewhat expensive compliment: that on the strength of the card I had imprudently given Mr. Arthur, he had cashed the $1,000 cheque.

My experience has taught me, among other things, that it is sound policy to act fearlessly on a well-grounded suspicion. I telephoned at once to City Hall for two detectives and then rang up Mr. Argent's private house, only to learn that he was the guest for the day of Mr. McCallum at Ste. Rose. Thanks to long-distance telephony, in three minutes (they seemed thirty) I was conversing with Mr. Argent, just as he was about to embark with a fishing party.

"Did you cash that cheque yesterday for Mr. Arthur for $1,000?" I inquired.

"Certainly. I did; wasn't that your card he brought as an introduction? Is there anything wrong?"

"Yes," I said, "a good deal wrong I fear, but I can't tell definitely for an hour or two yet."

"Then I'll not join this fishing party, but await news," was the response.

Just then the two detectives arrived from City Hall. I stated the case to them, and sending one of them to Bonaventure Station with Mr. Harlow to arrest Mr. Arthur in case he took the 4.20 or 4.30 south-bound train, I left word at the office that the luggage in 231 was not to be removed. Then taking a cab with the second detective, Mr. Webb, I spent an hour in driving to the Dorchester and Hochelaga Clubs, to the Maison Doree and to the house of every acquaintance of Mr. Arthur's I could remember. In vain. Nobody had seen him that day. It was a holiday, I was reminded, and he was very probably out of town and so on. By the time I reached the Windsor it was a quarter past four. There, sure enough, was my man, Mr. Harlow and Detective Ketchum. When he had entered my office Mr. Arthur burst out with:

"I demand an explanation, sir, of your outrageous arrest! I have been called home to-day on an urgent telegram, and when I ask for my trunks I am refused them, although I have paid you every dollar due you. The moment I reach the railroad station I am taken in custody. I shall telegraph my father this instant, and he will show the Windsor Hotel Company whether it pays them to subject a guest to such an infernal outrage as this."

He stopped from sheer want of breath. I never happen to have heard a remonstrance from deeply injured innocence; if I ever do I expect much the tone of Mr. Arthur on that July afternoon. I said simply:

"Wardwell, you're a swindler and a forger, and you know it."

For the fraction of a second his face told me I was right. But I had no ordinary rascal before me. In an instant the look of outraged honesty was upon him again and he cried: "Can I have a telegraph blank?"

It was brought at once and a pen handed him. He seized it only to let it fall, with the words: "I don't know where father is to-day; he may be in Binghamton or Utica or Syracuse or somewhere else in Central New York."

All of which went to confirm my conviction regarding him

"Well, Mr. Hill or Arthur, or Wardwell, as the case may be," I said, "I mean to take you to the Central Police Office and there make formal accusation against you as a forger."

Within a few minutes a new and somewhat hysterical lodger had entered the cells at City Hall. About nine o'clock that evening Detective Ketchum, who had arrested Mr. Arthur, paid me a visit. When he had gently closed the door of my office he grimly whispered:

"That young cove's give the whole snap away. He ain't any Mr. Arthur, his father's just a tailor by the name of Wardwell in Springfield, in Massachusetts somewhere. He wants to see you to-night the worst kind. By the way, Mr. Iles, did I tell you I noticed somebody in the Central Vermont train this afternoon?"

"No; who was he?"

"It wasn't a 'he,'" replied Mr. Ketchum, winking. "'twas a 'she.' That Miss Beaurivage of Sherbrooke street. She was all veiled up, but I knew her the minute I laid eyes on her. I've seen her and his nibs—young What-d'ye-call-'im—riding along the Park road lately, quite affectionate like." Mr. Ketchum winked again. "When I walked off with the young scamp this afternoon, I could see her inside the car-window beckoning, and making as if she was stamping her foot. Impatient, I don't doubt."

Scarcely had Mr Ketchum's words left his lips when a rap came to the door. I opened it, and admitted an old gentleman whose mobile Gallic features were writhed in fury. It was Mr. Beaurivage, uncle and ward of the lady that moment in our minds.

"May I have a word with you, Mr. Iles?"

"Certainly, sir." Mr. Ketchum withdrew.

"I have just learned that you have arrested a scoundrel to-day who has endeavored to ruin an innocent girl. Read this."

I took from his trembling hand a half-sheet of scented note-paper, on which which was scrawled in pencil:

Dear Uncle.—Forgive me. Chester will telegraph you all from St. Albans. I cannot be happy without him. I knew you would say "No." MABEL.

Reducing Mr. Beaurivage's broken, prolix story to connectedness, it appears that his niece had intended to elope with Wardwell. Most fortunately her note had fallen into her uncle's hands within half an hour of her flight. Trusting her lover implicitly she had left on the St. Albans train without him, doubtless looking for him to follow after an inexplicable detention, by the next express. The miserable girl had been intercepted at St. Johns and there awaited her uncle, who meant to take the first train for that town.

Wardwell fully confessed his guilt, and in due process of law was arraigned as a forger before the Court of Queen's Bench, and sentenced to fourteen years at St. Vincent de Paul. His father's tearful efforts at mitigation of sentence proved unavailing. Money and jewellery found on the culprit's person, together with his effects in room 231, made up an amount only forty odd dollars short of the thousand. Young Calhoun, when he came to the Windsor, told me that Wardwell had been a student in the Law School at Yale, and had there been under suspicion of cheating at cards.

I was curious to know how "Mr. Arthur" had managed to have his cheques on the Eighth National Bank of New Haven invariably paid. This had given him all the credit he had ever had in his name. To my inquiry the bank-cashier replied:

NEW HAVEN, July 8th, 1885.

Dear Sir,—The cheques mentioned in yours of 6th inst. were debited against a remittance received by us from Mr. Arthur, and mailed in Washington June 3rd. When he opened the account he stated that he would enter in law at Yale next session. $4.25 remains at his credit. Please send me newspaper report when trial takes place.

Yours truly,
T. JEFFERSON PHIPPEN,
Cashier.

By hook or crook, "Mr. Arthur" had managed to mail his correspondence for New Haven in Washington. The young lady he so heartlessly deceived is now in the novitiate of the Sisters of Mary Immaculate, Mount Royal.

Master of His Trade.

Jeweller—Yes, sir; I will engrave anything you wish on this ring without extra charge.

Young Man—Well, inscribe on it, "From George to Alice."

Jeweller—Hem! The lady is your sister, maybe?

Young Man—The fact is, this is an engagement ring.

Jeweller—Ah! My young friend, I have had considerable experience in engagement rings, and I would suggest that the inscription be simply, "From George." Then it will do for anybody.

HOLIDAYS ON THE FARM.

HOW THE CITY COUSIN ENJOYED THEM.



AUGUSTUS RECEIVES AN INVITATION FROM HIS UNCLE IN THE COUNTRY, TO SPEND A FEW DAYS ON THE FARM.



HIS UNCLE MEETS HIM AT THE STATION.



WHY GUS. HOW YOUV GROWN! & ETC.



HE TALKS OF ART & CULCHAW.



THE YOUTH SUGGESTS PARTRIDGE SHOOTING WITH THE OLD MUSKET, (WHICH HAS NOT BEEN FIRED OFF FOR TWO YEARS)



A CAPITAL CHANCE

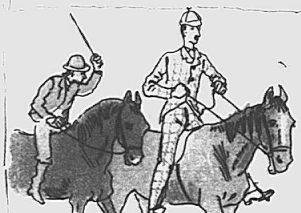


USUAL RESULT.



HE VISITS THE BARNYARD.





HORSEBACK RIDING, THE YOUTH AROUSES THE OLD MARE



EFFECT UPON AUGUSTUS NO 1



2



3



HE MAKES A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO SETTLE THE YOUTH.

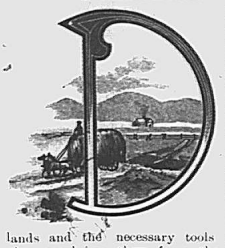


BUT GETS THE WORST OF IT HIMSELF, RETURNS HOME WITH THE USUAL RURAL PRESENTS & RESOLVES TO SPEND HIS HOLIDAYS IN THE CITY IN FUTURE.

TORONTO LITH. CO

ARCHANGE AND MARIE.

I.—THEIR DISAPPEARANCE.



URING the revolutionary war a number of Acadians left the New England States for Canada, preferring monarchic to republican rule. The British authorities provided for these twice-exiled refugees with liberality, giving them free grants of lands and the necessary tools and implements, also supplying them from the nearest military posts with provisions for three years, by which time they would be self-sustaining. Some half dozen families asked for and received lots in the County of Huntingdon and settled together on the shore of the St. Lawrence. Accustomed to boating and lumbering in their old Acadian homes, they found profitable exercise in both pursuits in their new, and after making small clearances left their cultivation to the women, while they floated rafts to Montreal or manned the bateaux which carried on the traffic between that city and Upper Canada. The shanty of one of these Acadians, that of Joseph Caza, occupied a point that ran into the great river near the mouth of the La Guerre.

It was a sunny afternoon towards the end of September and the lake-like expanse of the river, an unruffled sheet of glassy blue, was set in a frame of forest already showing the rich dyes of autumn. It was a scene of intense solitude, for, save the clearance of the hardy settler, no indication of human life met the gaze. There was the lonely stretch of water and the all-embracing forest, and that was all. Playing around the shanty were two sisters, whose gleeful shouts evoked solemn echoes from the depths of the forest, for they were engaged in a game of hide-and-seek amid the rows of tall corn fast ripening in the sunshine. They were alone, for their father and brothers were away boating and their mother had gone to the beaver meadow where the cows pastured. Breathless with their play the children sat down to rest, the head of the younger falling naturally into the lap of the older.

"Archange, I know something you don't."

"What is it?"

"What we are to have for supper. Mother whispered it to me when she went to milk. Guess?"

"Oh, tell me; I won't guess."

"Wheat flour pancakes. I wish she would come; I'm hungry."

"Let us go and meet her."

The children skipped along the footpath that led through the forest from the clearance to the pasture and had gone a considerable distance before their mother came in sight, bearing a pail.

"Come to meet your mother, my doves! Ah, I have been long. The calves have broken the fence and I looked for them but did not find them. Archange, you will have to go or they may be lost. Marie, my love, you will go home with me."

"No, mother, do let me go with sister."

"No, you will get tired; take my hand. Remember the pancakes."

"I won't be tired; I want to go with Archange."

"Ah, well; the calves may not have strayed far; you may go. But haste, Archange, and find them, for the sun will soon set."

The children danced onwards and the mother listened with a smile to their shouts and chatter until the sounds were lost in the distance. On entering the house she stirred up the fire and set about preparing supper.

The sun set, leaving a trail of golden glory on the water, and she was still alone. The day's work was done and the simple meal was ready. The mother walked to the end of the clearance and gazed and listened; neither sight nor sound rewarded her. She shouted their names at the highest pitch of her voice. There was no response, save that a heron, scared from its roost, flapped its great wings above her head and sailed over the darkening waters for a quieter place of refuge.

"It is impossible anything can have befallen them," she said to herself; "the calves could not have gone far and the path is plain. No, they must be safe, and I am foolish to be the least anxious. Holy mother, shield them from evil!" and she made the sign of the cross.

Returning to the house, she threw a fresh log on the fire, and placing the food where it would keep warm she closed the door, casting one disconsolate look across the dark water at the western sky, from which the faintest glow had departed. Taking the path that led to the pasture, she hastened with hurried step to seek her children. She gained the pasture. The cows were quietly grazing; there was no other sign of life. Her heart sank within her. She shouted, and her cries pierced the dew-laden air. There was no response. She sank upon her knees and her prayer, oft repeated, was, "Mother of pity, have compassion on a mother's sorrow and give me back my little ones!"

The thought suddenly seized her that the children had failed to find the calves and, in returning, had not taken the path, but sought the house by a nigh cut through the woods. She sprang to her feet and hastened back. Alas! the door had not been opened, and everything was as she had left it.

"My God!" she cried, in the bitterness of her disappointment, "I fear me the wolf garou has met and devoured my children. What shall I do? Marie, my pretty one, wilt thou not again nestle in thy mother's bosom nor press thy cheek to mine? Holy Virgin, thou who hadst a babe of thine own, look on me with compassion and give back to me my innocent lambs."

Again she sought the pasture, and even ventured, at her peril, to thread in the darkness the woods that surrounded it, shouting, in a voice shrill with agony, the names of the missing ones, but no answering sound came. Heedless of her garments, wet with dew, of her weariness, her need of food and sleep, she spent the night wandering back and forth between house and pasture, hoping to find them at either place, and always disappointed. The stars melted away one by one, the twitter of birds was heard, the tree-tops reddened, and the sun again looked down upon her. She resumed the search with renewed hope, for now she could see. With the native confidence of one born in the bush she traversed the leafy aisles, but her search was in vain. There was only a strip of bush to be examined, for a great swamp bounded it on one side as the St. Lawrence did on the other, and into the swamp she deemed it impossible the children could have gone. She was more convinced than before that a wild beast had killed them and dragged their bodies to its lair in the swamp. Stunned by this awful conjecture, to which all the circumstances pointed, her strength left her, and in deep anguish of spirit she tottered homewards. On coming in sight of the shanty she marked with surprise smoke rising from the chimney. Her heart gave a great leap. "They have returned!" she said joyfully. She hastened to the door. A glance brought back her sorrow. She saw only her husband and her eldest son.

"What ails thee? Your face is white as Christmas snow. We came from Cotean this morning and found nobody here. What is wrong?"

"Joseph," she replied in a hollow voice, "the wolf garou hath devoured our children."

"Never! Thou art mad. There is no wolf garou."

"I leave it all with the good God; I wish there was no wolf garou." Then she told him of the disappearance of the children and of her vain search. Husband and son listened attentively.

"Pooh!" exclaimed Caza, "they are not lost forever to us. Get us breakfast and Jean and I will track them and have them back to thee before long. You do not know how to find and follow a trail."

An hour later, shouldering their rifles, they set forth. The day passed painfully for the poor mother, and it was long after sunset when they returned. They had found no trace of the wanderers. They had met the calves, which, from the mud that covered them, had evidently been in the swamp and floundered there long before they got back to solid land at a point distant from the pasture. The father's idea was that the children had been stolen by Indians. Next day the search was resumed, the neighbors joining in it. At nightfall all returned baffled, perplexed and disheartened; Caza more confident than before that the Indians were to blame. After a night's rest, he set off early for St. Regis, where he got no information. Leaving there, he scoured the forest along the Trout River and of the Chateaugay, finding a few hunting-camps, whose dusky inmates denied all knowledge of the missing girls. He pursued his toilsome way to Caughnawaga and came back by the River St. Louis without discovering anything to throw light on the fate of his children. The grief of the mother, who had been hoaxing herself with the expectation that he would bring back the truants, is not to be described, and she declared it would be a satisfaction to her to be assured of their death rather than longer endure the burden of suspense. Again the father left to scour the wilderness that lies between the St. Lawrence and the foot-hills of the Adirondacks, hoping to find in some wigwam buried in forest-depths the objects of his eager quest. On reaching Lake Champlain he became convinced that the captors were beyond his reach, and, footsore and broken-hearted, he sought his home, to make the doleful report that he had not found the slightest trace.

The leaves fluttered from the trees, the snow came in flurries from the north, the nights grew longer and colder, and, at last, winter set in. When the wind came howling across the icy plain into which the St. Lawrence had been transformed, and the trees around their shanty groaned and wailed, the simple couple drew closer to the blazing logs and thought sadly of their loved ones, pinched with cold and hunger, in the far-away wigwams of their heartless captors.

"They will grow up heathens," murmured the mother.

"Nay, they were baptised," suggested the father, "and that saves their souls. I hope they are dead rather than living to be abused by the savages."

"Say not that, my husband; they can never forget us, and will watch a chance to come back. Archange will sit on thy knee again, and I will once more clasp my Marie to my bosom."

When bedtime came they knelt side by side, and in their devotions the wanderers were not forgotten.

Time rolled on, and Caza and his wife became old people. Each year added some frailty, until, at a good old age, the eyes of the mother were closed without having seen what she so longed for—the return of her children. The husband tarried a while longer, and when he was laid to rest the sad and strange trial of their lives grew fainter and fainter in the memories of those who succeeded them, until it became a tradition known to few as a mystery that had never been solved.

II. THEIR FATE.

Archange, holding Marie by hand, on reaching the pasture, followed the fence to find where the calves had broken out, and then traced their footprints, which led to the edge of the swamp. Here she hesitated. "Marie, you stay here until I come back."

"No, no; I will go with you; I can jump the wet places, you know."

"Yes, and get tired before you go far. Wait; I'll not be long in turning the calves back."

Marie, however, would not part from her sister, and followed her steps as she picked her way over the swamp, now walking a fallen tree and anon leaping from one mossy tussock to another. The calves were soon sighted, but the silly creatures, after the manner of their kind, half in play and half in fright, waited until the children drew near, when they tossed up their heels and ran. In vain Archange tried to head them. Cumbered by Marie, who cried when she attempted to leave her, she could not go fast enough, and when it became so dark that it was difficult to see the spotted animals, she awakened to the fact that she must desist.

"Marie, we will go home and leave the calves until morning."

"But if we don't get them they will have no supper."

"Neither will you; let us haste home or we will not see to get out of the swamp."

"There is no hurry; I am tired," and with these words Marie sat down on a log, and, pouting at her sister's remonstrances, waited until the deepening gloom alarmed Archange, who, grasping the little hand, began, as she supposed, to retrace the way they had come. Marie was tired and it now being dark, she slipped repeatedly into the water, until exhausted and fretful, she flung herself on the broad trunk of a fallen hemlock and burst into tears. Archange was now dreadfully alarmed at their situation, yet it was some time before she was able to persuade her sister to resume their journey. They moved on with difficulty, and, after a while, the sight of solid green bush rising before them gladdened their straining eyes. "We have passed the swamp!" joyfully exclaimed Archange. They reached the ridge and scrambled up its side. The heart of the elder sister sank within her for she failed to recognize, in the starlight, a single familiar landmark. Could it be that, in the darkness, she had pursued the reverse way, and, instead of going towards home, had wandered farther away and had crossed an arm of the swamp?

"Are we near home, Archange? I'm hungry."

"My darling, I fear we will have to stay here until daylight. We've lost our way."

"No, no; mother is waiting for us and supper is ready; let us go."

"I wish I knew where to go, but I don't. We are lost, Marie."

"Will we have no supper?"

"Not to-night, but a nice breakfast in the morning."

"And sleep here?"

"Yes, I will clasp you and keep you warm."

"I want my own bed, Archange," and the child broke down and softly wept.

Finding a dry hemlock knoll, Archange plucked some cedar-brush and lying down upon it folded Marie in her arms, who wearied and tired fell asleep. It was broad daylight when they awoke, chilled and hungry. Comforting her sister as best she could, Archange descended to the swamp, confident that they would soon be home. She had not gone far until she was bewildered. The treacherous morass retained no mark of their footprints of the night before, and she knew not whither to go. Long and painfully they struggled without meeting an indication of home, and the fear grew in Archange's breast that they were going farther and farther away from it. Noon had passed when they struck another long, narrow, strong ridge, which rose in the swamp like an island. Gladly they made for it, and seeking an open space, where the sunshine streamed through the interlacing foliage exposed the heat, as it dried their wet garments and soothed their wearied limbs.

"If we only had something to eat," said Marie wistfully.

"Oh, we will get plenty of nuts here. See yonder is a butternut tree," and running to it Archange returned with a lapful, which she broke with a stone as Marie ate them. They satisfied her craving, and laying her little head on the sunny bank she fell asleep from fatigue. As soon as her breathing showed that she was sleeping soundly her sister stole from her side to explore the ridge and try to discover some trace of the way home. She found everything strange, and the conviction settled upon her mind that they were lost and that their sole hope of escape was in the searching-party, which she knew must be out, finding them. Little did she

know that the morass their light steps had crossed would not bear the weight of a man, and that they were hopelessly lost and doomed to perish in the wilderness. Had she been alone she would have broken down; the care of her sister sustained her. For her she would bear up. On returning, she found her still asleep, and as she bent over her tear-stained face and lightly kissed it, she murmured, "I will take care of Marie and be her little mother."

The thought of home and mother nigh overcame her. Repressing the rising lump in her throat, she busied herself against her sister's waking. She increased her store of butternuts, adding beechnuts and acorns as well, and broke them and arrayed the kernels on basswood leaves, as so many plates. She drew several big branches together and covered them with boughs which she tore from the surrounding cedars, and when the bower was complete she strewed its floor with dried ferns. She had finished and was sitting beside Marie when the little eyes opened and were greeted with a smile.

"Oh, I have been waiting ever so long for you, Marie. We are going to have a party. I have built a bower and laid out such a nice supper. We will play at keeping house."

The child laughed gleefully on seeing the arrangements, and the forest rang with their mirth as the hours sped on. When evening approached Marie grew wistful; she wanted her mother; she wanted to go home, and Archange soothed her with patient care.

"Look at the bower, Marie! See what a nice bed; won't you lie down on it? And what stories you will have to tell mother of our happy times here!"

The child, charmed by the novelty, crept in, and laying down her curly head fell asleep to the crooning of her sister. The stars as they hung over the tree-tops gazed downwards in pity on the little girls clasped in each others' arms in the sleep of innocence, and the soft south wind sighed as it swept by, sorrowing that it could not save them. A murmuring was heard in the pine-tops.

"Must they perish?" asked the guardian angel.

"They must; no help can reach them," answered Nature with a sigh. "Unwittingly they have strayed from the fold into the wilderness, these poor, helpless lambs, and must suffer. Only to man is given the power to help in such extremity."

"Can you do nothing?" pleaded the angel.

"Yes; I shall lighten their last hours, give them a speedy death, and prevent the tooth of ravenous beast or crawling worm touching their pure bodies. Think me not cruel. I cannot perform the acts allotted to mankind, but am not, therefore, as some deem me, cruel and stolid; my spirit is tender, and what is in my power I'll do."

Sad of countenance the angel turned and glided to the side of the sleeping children. Stooping over them, he whispered in their ears, and they smiled in their sleep and dreamt of home, of dancing on their father's knee, of being tossed to the rafters by their brothers, and they felt the touch of their mother's hand and heard the sound of her voice, and they were very happy.

* * * * * *

When they awoke the song of a belated greybird perched overhead greeted them, and they lay and listened and watched the movements of a brilliantly colored woodpecker, as it circled the trunk of a spruce. Looking into the face of her sister, Archange saw that it was pale and pinched and that her smile was wan and feeble.

"Will father be here to-day?"

"I hope so, Marie; are you tired of me?"

"Oh, no! I love you so, but I want mother and ... a drink of warm milk and a piece of bread."

"Well, perhaps you will get them soon, and we will be happy until they come."

They rose and Archange busied herself in setting forth breakfast, but both, though very hungry, now loathed the sight of nuts. Wandering, hand in hand, to find something more acceptable, they found in a raspberry thicket a bush with a scant crop of second growth berries. Making a little basket of the bark of the white birch, they nearly filled it and returning to their bower, sat down to enjoy them, fashioning out of reeds make believe spoons and asking each other if they would have cream and sugar. The play went on and faint laughter was heard. When the last berry was gone, the gnawing hunger re-awoke and the feverish heat of tongue and palate, which the acid juice had allayed, returned. Marie would not be comforted. She wanted to go home; she wanted her mother; she wanted food and burying her face in her sister's lap sobbed as if her heart would break and would not be comforted. Archange felt as if she must give way to despair, but she repressed the feeling and bore up bravely. The trials and responsibilities of the past thirty-six hours had aged her, and, child as she was in years, she acted like a woman towards her sister, whom she alternately soothed and tried to divert. While leaning over her, in affected sportive mood, something soft brushed past her face and crept between them. It was a grey squirrel. Marie opened her weeping eyes, looked wonderingly for a moment, and then, with delighted gesture, grasped the little creature, beaming with joy, to her lips.

"It is Mignon; my own dear little Mignon! What caused you to run away from me, you naughty boy?"

It was a tame squirrel, Marie's pet, which, a week before, had scampered off to the woods. There was no doubt as to his identity, for beside its evident recognition of Marie, it retained the collar of colored yarn she had braided and tied round his neck. Hunger, home and mother were forgotten in the delight of recovering her pet, for whom she busied herself in getting breakfast, and he was soon sitting before her gravely disposing of the nuts she handed him, one by one.

"Cannot Mignon guide us home?" she suddenly asked.

"Oh, yes; Mignon knows the way, but we would have to follow him over the trees. I am afraid you could not jump from branch to branch; I know I could not."

"Oh, I will tie a string to him and make him walk before us," and with pretty prattle she entered into a conversation with the squirrel, telling him how they were lost and he was to guide them home, for she wanted to take dinner with mother. Mignon gravely listened and nodded his head as if he understood it all. Then he ran up a tree or two by way of exercise, frisked with another squirrel, peeped at Marie from all sorts of unexpected places, and ended his capers by jumping on to her shoulder when she was not expecting him, and pretended he was going to nibble her chin. Marie was delighted; Mignon had diverted her mind from her sufferings and Archange assisted by suggesting they should make a little house for him. Of sticks and reeds they framed it and plucking from the swamp lapfuls of ripe cat-tails they lined it with them, making a nest soft as velvet. This done, they had to fill a larder for him, and had a great hunting for all manner of nuts, and in this part of their work Mignon took great interest and pretended to assist, though, despite all warnings from Marie, he persisted in clasping in his forepaws the biggest butternuts and running away to bury them in out-of-the-way places. When she became tired with her exertions, Marie took a nap and Mignon curled himself up on her breast and snoozed with one eye open.

Weak in strength and sick from hunger, Archange, no longer requiring to keep up appearances, flung herself down near by and wept bitterly. Why did not father come? Were they to die there alone and from want of food? Should she not try again to find the way home? She stood up, as if to consider which way to try, when her head grew dizzy and she sank down and knew no more until she was aroused by Marie climbing over her and kissing her. She knew by the sun that it was late in the day, and rising, the sisters walked slowly and unsteadily seeking berries. They found a few only and they again tried to eat nuts. They could not. Tracing the edge of the swamp they looked for blueberries, but their season was past. Suddenly a low bush, dotted with red berries, caught their sight. They found the berries small and of so peculiar a taste that, had they not been ravenous for food, they could not have eaten them. They picked the bush bare and went to their bower, where they ate them. A feeling of satisfaction followed, and Marie grew quiet and contented.

"Sing to me, Archange; do?" and the little maid laid her down to rest and listen. Her sister sang one after another the chansons her parents had brought with them from Acadia. She ceased and marked the satisfied expression that had overspread Marie's countenance. Her eyes were closed and her hands folded. "Sing the Cedars' song?" she whispered, in the voice of one about to sleep. By that name was meant a hymn Archange had heard at Christmas tide, when for the first time to her knowledge she had been in a church, having accompanied her father to the small village of the Cedars. She knew not the words of the hymn, but had carried away the tune. High and clear rose in the air and floated far away across the desolate swamp the song in which so many generations of believers have expressed their love for the Holy Babe—the ancient Latin hymn, Adeste Fidelis. She sang the strain over and over again until a strange torpor crept over her, and her voice grew fainter until it ceased and her head sank beside that of Marie's.

All nature was hushed. The remains of trees, long since burned, now gaunt and white, stood in the swamp as sentinels to guard the sleeping babes, and the giant pines, beneath whose cover they rested, seemed to lift up their hands to Heaven in silent pleading. Slowly yet surely the berries of the dread ground-hemlock did their work, stealthily as juice of mandrake or of poppy. The leaden hours of the long September night passed and inky clouds blotted out the stars, and when the sun rose he shot out a shaft of purplish light, which revealed the faces of the sisters, calm and cold in death, with Mignon whisking his head against the whitened cheek of his sweet mistress.

There was a roll of distant thunder; nearer and nearer it came; it grew darker and the air was hot and stifling. The forest groaned, and then there was an appalling crash and a blaze of lightning clad the scene in dazzling sheen. There was the red glow of fire; the bolt had struck a dead pine and instantly the surrounding trees, covered with withered leaves that caught like tinder, were in a blaze. The storm shrieked, the thunder made the earth tremble, the rain fell in torrents, but higher and higher mounted the flames. It was the funeral-pyre of Archange and Marie, and when it died out not a vestige of them was to be found.

THE DANCE AT THE OLD FRENCH LOCK.

BY SERANUS

AUTHOR OF "CROWDED OUT," "THE CANADIAN BIRTH-DAY BOOK," "SONG OF WELCOME," ETC., ETC.



O! for the dance. It had been on for six hours and still it was unabated. At five in the afternoon it had commenced on board the barge Cecile, and now in a few moments it would be ten o'clock of a fair and starlit September night. It was easy to know when a dance was on at the old French lock. Gabriel Franchere, the lock-keeper, was an absent-minded official of the Government, who for many a long year had held his present post, cultivating his cabbage and lettuce plot and playing an execrable violin with far more assiduity and regularity than he gave to his immediate business. What did it matter to him that the barges toiled up slowly from La Prairie and their owners whistled to him, shouted at him, raved at him, swore at him? Nothing whatever while that new tune was in his old head and had to be got out somehow. Just nothing at all did barges and business men, women and children, swarming up on deck to execrate him, dogs yelping, bells ringing, the entire floating colony jabbering and shrieking away in rage and consternation, matter to Gabriel when he had a fit of improvisation. He would sit with his back to the canal, most likely out in the cabbage-garden, fiddling, fiddling, fiddling away! the claims of this busy century forgotten. Many a time had the old virtuoso to be recalled to its pressing needs by Virginie Mdme. Virgine Lacroix, his widowed granddaughter, gentle, slender, dark-eyed and patient—who lived a couple of hundred yards away, but who was generally at hand to correct the vagaries of the aged minstrel. Sometimes, when he played and lost himself in his playing with his thin white hair falling over a wrinkled but prominent brow, and his keen dark eyes showing orange flashes in their gloomy depths, the music he made might even have interested a connoisseur and his instrument deemed tolerable. Dimly old Gabriel felt the truth that in him was lost a musician, an executant, nay, perhaps, a composer, of whom France had one day been proud, had circumstance been kind. For all he played had some vague original character of its own; having overheard anything he could not imitate anything, and so he put into his tunes what he saw and what he felt, and what he thought, and not, as many old-world composers do, what they have already learnt, a bit of Gounod and a bar of Bach, a cadence of Chopin and a passage of Mendelssohn, a phrase of Schumann and a modulation of Wagner all bound together and exhibited as this year's sheaf and the latest product of the divine afflatus. His martial tunes were no tame modern products of the Parisian market of to-day, echoes of vaudeville and music hall, airs of ballet and opera bouffe put into common time and so turned out as "marches," but stirring, tumultuous measures full of the thews and sinews of war, restless, uncontrollable, untamed, savage. His softer tunes fit for passages of love, of sympathy, of attachment again, no milk and water themes redolent of an artificial age, nor yet the strained and labored phrases of the unhealthy sentimental modern school, but tunes or melodies of perfect form, abundant life and joyous refrain, speaking of a love as strong as death, as innocent as childhood, as lasting as its maker. Here the savage was slain by the sacred—but in his dance tunes it re-appeared the savage element. Dance! Dance indeed a whirlwind sometimes a caracole, a revel; a stimulating, fascinating, all-absorbing strain fraught with the ozone of the fresh outer airs, strong with the resinous odors of the pine and tamarack, with the rushing whiteness of the rapid river and with the circling orbs of autumn fire that sweep through the forest, when wheeled in rings of crimson and gold, leaves of maple and oak cover the ground. Dance indeed the whole valley knew the kind of magic impulsion contained in that bow of Old Gabriel. Dance! Alphonse and Alexis and Jean and Gaspard and Moise and Francois and Valentin young men all of you, gay and straight and supple and strong! Dance! Rosalie and Julie, Angelique and Christine, Aurielie and Marie, Josephe young girls all of you, handsome and bright, not too plump, nor too thin! Dance away—Rosalie with Jean, Alphonse with her sister, Moise with her cousin they are a wonderful family for pretty girls, those Ducharmel! Dance, too, Delle Madeleine the aunt, and Obide the uncle! Swing her around twice, Obide! that's the way! To and fro, up and down! Well done, Obide! Who says you are getting stiff at the threshings or dull at the kitchen fire? A lie, Obide, a pernicious lie, or else it is the fault of that magical bow of Gabriel's. Dance Mother Amable, mother of nineteen children, brown-skinned, white-teethed, fat and merry! Dance—Father Gagne, wrinkled but firm, keen-witted and wiry dance, you with the prettiest there. Suzanne, Antoinette the

daughter of your old flame la veuve Blondeau! Dance, all of you, till the cure joins, who is travelling up for the laying on of hands and the blessing of the new peal of bells at St. Mathieu's!

For such was the power of this rural Orpheus, charming the dullest, most stolid, most unimpressionable hearers, as well as those given to the systematic exercise of heel and toe. To it, Chaussegros! the saddler of Bonne Fortune, than whom a bigger, fatter, slower, stupider, clumsier hobbledehoy never stepped! To him, Josephine! bright little widow of the former saddler, Boucher, who died and left the business to her and his bulky assistant! And Josephine trips up to him, while the fiddle twangs away to some wild, Valkyrian measure, the whole world looking on, the music growing faster and wilder, and faster and wilder, till, bravo! she has got Chaussegros on his feet—one, two, three, there they are spinning away down the deck. The deck!!

Yes, the deck of the Cecile. Where were all these people going, then, that they could so easily forget their destination and their ends to fall a-dancing at five o'clock in the bright September afternoon and dance on till ten at night? They would have told you, stopping breathlessly in the giddy revolution that held them enthralled so long as the fiddle willed it—they would have told you that it was true. The barge was on her way up the canal from La Prairie to Lauzon with flour and eels and late blueberries. Fifty barrels of flour the Cecile was well loaded. They were in a hurry—yes—oh! yes, sure, they were in a hurry, for at quickest the canal was so slow; but then, the days were long yet—see the soft amber film that floated over the trees on the shore—see the leaves still secure on the branch—the red fruit of the wild thorn still on the twig—the golden fruit of the gourd still prostrate on the ground—the bluish berries of the crimson creeper still black against its glowing canopy—the purple and orange of the last wild blossoms still untarnished—the ferns still erect and undraggled—the apples, Siberian scarlet crab, Fameuse and Vin d'Or—still on the tree and not yet shaken in gracious plenty to the laps of grateful gatherers. So, while the days are yet long, voyez-vous, let us make all we can of them. Soon come the winter days and nights, merry enough, too, in their own way, with the glory of the stars unsurpassed; with the mystic colored glares of torch and bonfire, with the happiness of arm close in arm, of hand warm within hand. But now—while the world is still green and the skies are still gold, and the stars are pearl, not steel, and the waters are alive and opalescent, not black and stiff and frozen, while Gabriel plays and the widow stands helpless in the middle of his kitchen floor waiting for him to stop. We dance, Obide, Madeleine, old and young, Rosalie, Valentin, young and old; Father Gagne and Mother Amable, the cure, the widow; the bulky Chaussegros!

At seven o'clock another barge, the Plon-Plon, coming laboriously up behind the Cecile, stopped in bewilderment, listened, looked, caught the infection, and began dancing too. At half-past seven the cook of the Cecile flourished his knife and apron high in the air and with wonderful alertness and skill improvised a capital supper—stewed and fried eels, blueberry pie, roast potatoes and green tea. The widow Virginie Lacroix waited, still in the kitchen, watching the unparalleled improvisatory seizure of the gifted Franchere. At eight, a third barge, the Veuve Favart, took its place behind the Plon-Plon, and began dancing too. At half-past eight came along the Hirondelle, and at a quarter to nine, the entire shore population, consisting of three families, their servants, dogs and chickens, came alongside too and the dance waxed wilder and wilder. The air was soft and wheedling, the stars shone like distant bunches of golden fruit, the moon was just showing the tip of her orange sickle, the dark was only kindly, protectingly, soothingly dark. Valentin could see into Rosalie's eyes, and yet take her hand and kiss it unperceived. The very night of nights for a dance! Behold then the carnival in its full swing, at its giddiest height! The Cecile leads the way, then follows Plon-Plon, then Veuve Favart, last the Hirondelle. Sometimes the measure is a stately one, bow, chassez, ladies and gentlemen! Your ancestors in France are looking down at you. Do them full justice. Bow, curtsey, mesdames; salute, messieurs! Lift the hands high. Bring them to the ground almost with a sweep! Well done, Obide! Now a long sliding step back very good. Valentin, your lady's hand, ah! you have it already. Salute once more. Hey! Presto, for the measure changes! Farewell Versailles and Fontainebleau, chateau and fountain, maze and terrace, farewell! A scherzo now—the orchards of the Cote d'Or, the harvest, the vineyard, the farmyard, the fete, the procession, the return from the war! And now a mellow, molten, melting strain succeeds, and Valentin drops the hand of Rose. Back again, back again his spirit floats, seven years back. Night of June, where art thou now, so warm and golden, so full of mystic melody, as like this night as June can be like September? Night of June, in Valentin's memory lingerest thou, with thy starry skirts and the distant murmur of the fall, and the pathetic face so near his shoulder—a thinner, gentler, finer face than that of Rosalie Ducharme—plump, brown, matronly Rosalie Ducharme. Night of June! Ah! night of June! In every one's life is some such night of June.

Mdme. Virginie Lacroix grew troubled. The hour was ten. The dancing was as ardent as ever. The infection had spread and the disease showed no signs of abating. But the air had changed. It had grown cool and damp and a heavy dew hung about her own shoulders as she stood on the little balcony at the side of the lock-house. Before coming out she had essayed to stop Gabriel—an impossible task. Then she thought of wresting the attention of the Cecile. She stood—a thin, faded figure, clad in black of the poorest and rustiest description—on the balcony and raised her voice twice or thrice in appeal to the inhabitants of the barge. But this was also of no avail. Next she took up a coarse, red shawl that had been hanging over the balcony and went down the path, recklessly, to the very side of the canal. She was a timid, irresolute kind of woman and lived much alone. Think how small and sad and strange she must have looked as she stood there, with the wild light of the barge and the mild light of the moon both shining upon her, while the breathless forms of the infatuated dancers flew by from moment to moment. Couple after couple sauntered past, or rushed past, or whirled past in various phases of interest, sentiment and enjoyment of the hour, the exercise, the music, the unwonted exhilaration. A slight pause was effected when some of them noticed her pale, strained little face, and heard, or rather just caught and barely heeded her few timid little words through and across the noise of fiddle, slipping and sliding, waltzing and whirling feet, exclamations, good-humored oaths and peals of merry laughter; but as long as the fiddle kept on, so long would the dance keep on, of that there could be no doubt. The yellow stars and the weird light of the moon lit up the colored shawls of the women. Rosalie was in dark red, with a purplish scarf round her neck and dark red, with a purplish scarf round her neck and waist; her hair escaped from its coil and flowed straight down her back. A necklace of cheap pearls snatched from her pocket, where she usually kept it in a piece of soft paper, gleamed on her brown neck, in a piece of soft paper, gleamed on her brown neck, satisfying the artistic sense as much as if it had been real and costly—some heirloom of the time when the Ducharmes held tenure under a Louis or a Francis. Suddenly Mdme. Virginie started, peered down into the mass of forms and faces opposite holding high carnival on the barge, and a great light came into her pinched and furrowed, but pleasant and delicate little face.

"It was Valentin!" she said aloud, shaking terribly from head to foot. "Ma foi, sure but it was Valentin!"

She spoke in the imperfect English that predominated in the valley. Franchere, as a general thing, expressed himself in French, but Virginie, who had been educated at a mixed school in Berthier and whose own people were English, relapsed, when most excited, into the latter tongue. Her hands were stretched out as if in welcome, her mouth curved in a gracious and happy smile, her figure seemed to dilate, her miserable mourning and her premature air of sadness and preoccupation to be caught away by the magic of a presence. She leaned forward.

"Ma foi," she said again. "It was Valentin Despard, sure!"

Night of June, you are not forgotten. Virginie has recognised her lover. Night of June, ah! night of June, dost thou linger, too, in his brain, this gay Valentin, straight and strong and younger than the widow in looks, though she is in reality his junior.

He stood alone for a moment, watching with moody brows the plump figure of Rosalie Ducharme. She was a woman to hurt, hurt! These thick-skinned, impenetrable, liberal, easy-going women are the ones to hurt after all. See, all men are the same to her. Now she smiles at Moise; now she gives her hand to Alphonse; now she dances with Alexis Peste! Valentin strode away from the distracting sight; strode through the crowd of dancing, laughing, jostling triflers under the September stars; strode up to the very spot above which Virginie was gazing down upon him. He looked aloft and saw her. Saw her—and did not at first recognise her. Night of June, how very bitterly now thou soporifest in the broken heart of Virginie! Then, of a sudden, he remembered. He remembered, though late. Though around them surged the amazingly constant stream of merry girls and half-mad men, and all was noise, distraction and confusion, he remembered much, though not all. "Virginie!" he said. "Virginie Prattle!"

Her face fell.

"No!" she said. "Virginie Lacroix. I married old Lacroix. I am his widow." She was still trembling violently in every limb. The coarse, woollen shawl fell from her shoulders and dropped into the canal.

"Take care," said Valentin, in English. "I don't want you to fall." She was leaning over certainly too far, but when he spoke she waved her hand impatiently and knelt down that she might hear and see him better. Valentin hated her as she knelt there. Despite the memories engendered by Gabriel's fiddle and the magic beauty of the night, despite all the higher feelings of his nature, the rounded figure of Rosalie Ducharme held him captive. Rose would see this woman. All the others would see her. They would laugh, laugh, and at him, Valentin! A spectre of seven years back—pshaw! what was she to Rosalie: fresh, young, warm, a coquette, a siren, yet a good housekeeper and certain of a neat dowry as well. Virginie still knelt. Her manner was very anxious.

"See, Valentin," she was saying. "Yes, I was married to old Lacroix. Well, he was not so very old, but there—we called him so. One speaks yet always of him as the old Lacroix. And it was because you did not come back, as you promised, Valentin, and Gabriel makes no money and we should have starved, Valentin. Where were you all that long time, and now—oh! Valentin, I am his widow—there is no harm in my saying that—and Gabriel grows very old."

Valentine frowned and looked around for Rose.

"I—I was away—I was—oh! I was to the States long time—four year. I like dat. I don't like here. I have money, plenty friend, good time there. I go back there again—after a while."

Virginie clasped her thin hands around her knees. "You are going back to this place? But not now—this barge does not take you there—you are not going there straight now?" Her voice rose till Valentine could have struck her. "Yes—no—I don't know just when I go back."

"You have friends there, you say, in the States. Perhaps—oh! Valentin, I never thought of that—perhaps you have a wife there. Valentin, tell me!" She had risen and was straining her ears and eyes to catch his words or expression.

Valentin was amused. He laughed, then he blushed, ran his brown fingers through his hair and laughed again. How young he looked! How happy, how boyish, how gleeful, open-hearted and frank he seemed!

"No," he said, half sheepishly. "But you guess well, Mdme. Lacroix. I'm going to take a wife back with me. French girl—eh! pretty French girl; show them in that country how they look here." Virginie had ceased trembling and had grown very cold. Now great rings of heat seemed to be encircling her, drawing nearer and nearer with every breath she drew and every beat of her surging heart. Night of June, how far away now thy mystic melody, thy starry sky, thy murmuring waters, thy forest spells!

She stood erect, pallid, yet consumed by fever. "You are fiancee?" she said.

At that moment a shiver, a tingle, a scratch, a whirr, and Gabriel's fiddle stopped. The dance was over at the old French lock. Rosalie Ducharme, in her gleaming pearl necklace, cheap garnet ear-rings, crimson gown and flowing hair, raced up to Valentin and stuck her arm through his. Her eyes were lovely in the yellow starlight; her neck, though olive as a Creole's in daytime, showed white against the rich red of her gown, and her whole person was transfigured by love, by the solitude and majesty of the overarching sky, by the exhilaration of the varied measures of the dance in the open air.

"Oua!" said Valentin, half to himself and half to Virginie. He yearned towards Rosalie with the whole force of his manhood and putting his arm around her, pressed her nervously to his side. Rosalie stared at the pale figure clad in its rusty black, and clung closer to Valentin. Night of June—slipping away further and further still—farewell forever, mystic Night of June!

For now, with old Gabriel at his post, the waters are steadily resting, the spell of the dance is over, the night grows darker and colder, and the Cecile, the Plon-Plon, the Veuve Favart and the Hirondelle will soon be through the locks on their way to Lauzon.

Suzanne Antoinette hangs still on the arm of Father Gagne. Pshaw! she is nothing to-night beside Rosalie. She is too fair, too colorless, too delicate, too quiet—that is to suit Valentin, and of course Valentin is a great catch. He has started in business in the Western States, and Rosalie will be considered a very fortunate girl. Josephine Boucher, the gay little widow, is still chasing the bulky Chaussegros up and down the deck. Rosalie is half jealous of her—she is something her own style. But then Valentin is safe. She has often heard him say that he hates widows.

The machinery has stopped. The cook is through. All is quiet and decorous once more on deck. The Dance at the Old French Lock is over.

THE WATERLOO MUTUAL

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1864



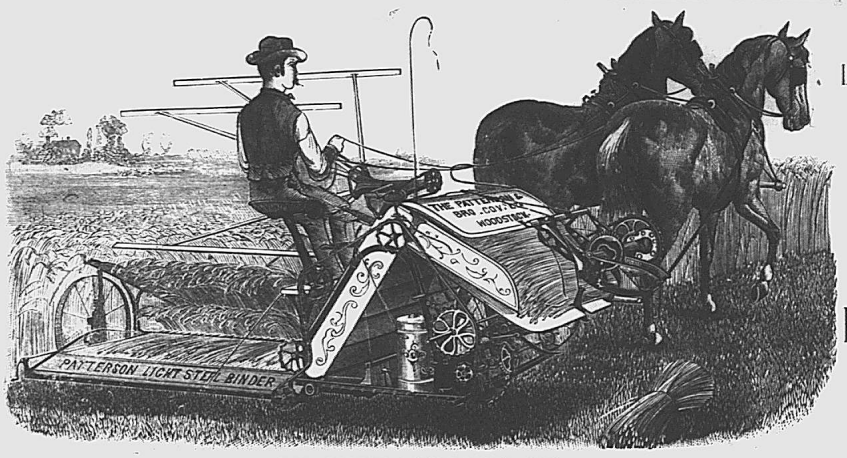
HEAD OFFICE: WATERLOO, ONT.

ASSETS	$262,076 00
POLICIES IN FORCE	12,627 00
RECEIPTS, 1887	114,650 75
LOSS PAID, 1887	75,784 46

Intending insurers of all classes of insurable property have the option of insuring at Stock Rates or on the Mutual System.

CHARLES HENDRY, President. C. M. TAYLOR, Secretary.

GEO. RANDALL, Vice-President. J. B. HUGHES, Inspector.



THE LARGE SALES OF 1888 PROCLAIM THE EXCELLENCE THE SUPERIORITY AND THE RELIABILITY OF THE PATTERSON IMPLEMENTS.

THEY ARE THE LIGHTEST
THEY ARE THE NEATEST
THEY ARE THE HANDIEST
THEY ARE THE STRONGEST
THEY ARE THE SIMPLEST
THEY ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

IN THE FRAME OF

OUR LIGHT-RUNNING STEEL BINDER

there is absolutely nothing used but a high grade of refined steel and malleable iron. No gas pipe enters into its construction, as in other so-called Steel Frames. It is thoroughly braced, and every care is exercised to secure strength, durability and symmetry. The knotter is simple, positive and compact. It is light of weight and draught, and will cut, elevate and bind anything from six inch barley to six foot corn.

We also manufacture a Full Line of Standard Front-Cut and Changeable Speed Rear-Cut MOWER$, RAKES, GRAIN DRILLS, GRAIN CRUSHERS, SPRING TOOTH HARROWS, Cultivators, Ploughs, Gang Ploughs, Cutting Boxes, etc.

OUR HANDSOME NEW CATALOGUE AND BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS WILL BE MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION.

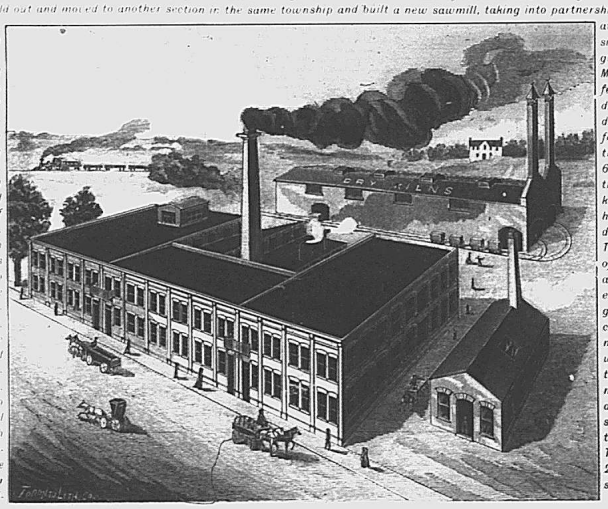
THE PATTERSON & BRO. CO. - - - WOODSTOCK, ONT.

THE WM. CANE & SONS' MFG. CO OF NEWMARKET, LIMITED,

MANUFACTURERS OF

LUMBER, WOODENWARE, ETC.,

Since 1885, the Sons of Wm. Cane & Sons, in 1885, when the present works were built. The business was originally established by the President of the Company, Wm. Cane, Esq., who commenced the manufacture of Lumber in the Township of East Gwillimbury, about 8 miles northeast of Newmarket, in the year 1857, where he continued the business until the year 1863, when he sold out and moved to another section in the same township and built a new sawmill, taking into partnership with him his sons, doing business under the name of Wm. Cane & Sons, Manufacturing Lumber, Lath and Shingles. They continued the business there with marked success until 1875, when they moved their mills to Newmarket, where they also built a large Planing, Sash and Door Factory, manufacturing in addition to Lumber, all kinds of House Building Material, such as Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, etc., and in 1877 they built the Woodenware Factory and commenced the manufacture of Woodenware in all its branches. This branch, although commenced in a small way, has been increased as the demand required from time to time, until now they have one of the most complete and extensive factories of the kind on the continent, manufacturing, in addition to the usual lines of woodenware, a full line of Improved Packages for holding Coal Oil, Benzine, Turpentine, Varnish and all kindred spirits; also Packages for holding Pickles and all things of that nature. In the month of April, 1885, they were unfortunate enough to lose by fire the whole of their works, including their dry kilns and office. They immediately set to work to rebuild on the site of the old factory. We here give the size of the present works: Main Building, 184 feet long by 84 feet wide, is built of brick and is divided by brick fire walls in three departments. The dry-kilns are 140 feet long by 40 feet wide, have three tracks running the full length, with 60 cars for carrying materials through the kilns to be dried. The kilns have 14,000 feet of 1 1-2 inch heating pipes in them, having a drying capacity of 5 cars per day. The factory is fully equipped with all of the latest improved machinery in all of the different branches. They employ the best skilled labor and guarantee their goods to be first-class in every particular. The Saw-mills are 100 feet long by 70 feet wide, and are equipped with all of the latest improved machinery for manufacturing lumber, lath, etc. In addition to the above they have large storehouses and sheds for storing the raw and manufactured stock. The buildings and yards cover over 20 acres of ground. They carry in stock at all times a full line of



SASH, DOORS, SASH BLINDS, MOULDINGS AND WOODENWARE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Situated as they are in the centre of the Province of Ontario, having good shipping facilities and being connected with the Telephone and Telegraph system, they are in a position to fill all orders on short notice.



SCENE ON A COFFEE PLANTATION CONTROLLED BY **CHASE & SANBORN.**

OUR COFFEES HAVE A NATIONAL REPUTATION REPRESENTING THE FINEST CROWN.

OUR SPECIALTIES.

STANDARD JAVA

In 5 and 2½ lbs. tins

SEAL BRAND

Java and Mocha

In 2 lb. tins

MALTAVA

Malt and Java

In 1 lb. tins

CHASE & SANBORN

Montreal. Boston

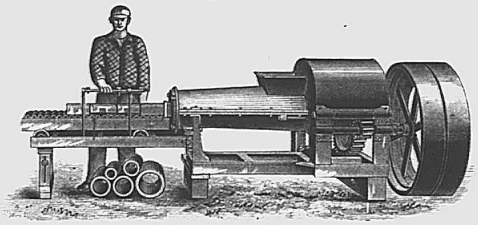
Chicago

BAIRD & SON, PARKHILL, ONT.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

KELL'S IMPROVED PATENTED BRICK AND TILE MACHINE

In use throughout the Dominion.



These machines have gained all the highest awards at Toronto Industrial, Sherbrooke and London Exhibitions since first exhibited in 1886, namely, ONE MEDAL AND FIVE DIPLOMAS. A full line of Brick and Tile Machinery, also Engines and Boilers. Send for illustrated catalogue.

SOLD BY THE TRADE AS STRICTLY

FIRST-CLASS.

Catalogues on Application

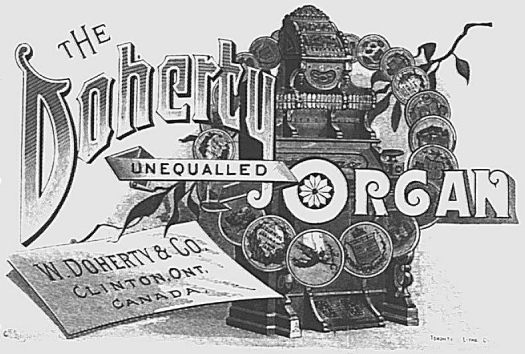
Latest Award

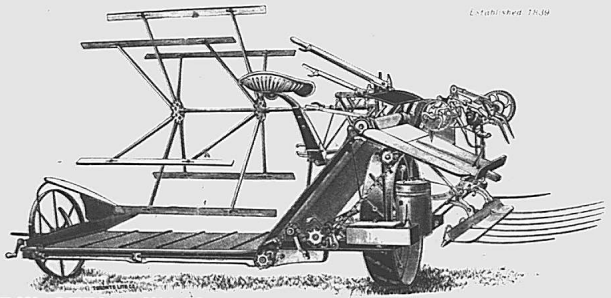
GOLD MEDAL

BY

Society of Science,

LONDON, ENG.





Established 1839

THE WALTER A. WOOD STEEL FRAME SINGLE APRON BINDER

THE NEWEST, THE BEST.

For the Season of 1889--Our Jubilee Year--We shall offer to the farmers of Canada: The Wood Binder, wood or steel frame; the Daisy Reaper, one or two horse; the Model Mower, one or two horse; the Tiger and Ithaca Horse Rakes, Steel Ploughs, Manitoba Ploughs, Side Hill and Sulky Ploughs, and Spring Tooth Harrows.

FROST & WOOD, Smith's Falls, Ont.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

THE ROYAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

OFFICE, FACTORY and LIGHTING STATION,

Nos. 54, 56, 58, 60 and 62 Wellington st., Montreal, Que

SOLE OWNERS OF

THE THOMSON-HOUSTON SYSTEMS

OF

ARC AND INCANDESCENT ELECTRIC LIGHTING

FOR THE DOMINION

MANUFACTURERS OF DYNAMO MACHINES and LAMPS

Contractors and Builders of Electric Arc and Incandescent Light Plants throughout the Dominion. Also Incandescent Lights from the Arc Circuit.

THE ONLY PERFECT AUTOMATIC OR SELF-REGULATING SYSTEMS OF ELECTRIC LIGHTING IN THE WORLD

In all desirable qualities of Electric Lighting the THOMSON-HOUSTON SYSTEMS have no equal. The lights are superior in color and steadiness, and the entire apparatus is more ECONOMICAL, EFFICIENT AND SAFE, more easily managed and less liable to derangement than any other. This system was awarded the FIRST PRIZE for the best System of ARC LIGHTING and BEST ARC LAMP at the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition of 1888, and the ONLY GOLD MEDAL at the International Inventors Exhibition at London, Eng., August 17th, 1885. This system has been awarded superiority in all the competitive tests to which it has been subjected.

LIST OF CITIES IN THE DOMINION ILLUMINATED BY THE THOMSON-HOUSTON SYSTEMS, MANUFACTURED BY THE ROYAL ELECTRIC COMPANY OF MONTREAL. Montreal, Que., Quebec, Que., St. Hyacinthe, Que., Joliette, Que., Ottawa, Ont., St. Catharines, Ont., Peterborough, Ont., Hamilton, Ont., Toronto, Ont., Dunnville, Ont., Owen Sound, Ont., Napanee, Ont., Kingston, Ont., London, Ont., Brampton, Ont., Galt, Ont., St. Thomas, Ont., Windsor, Ont., Chatham, Ont., Orangeville, Ont., Winnipeg, Man., St. John, N.B., Chatham, N.B., P.E.I., Truro, N.S., Moncton, N.B., New Glasgow, N.S., Stewiacke, N.S., Westville, N.S.

ISOLATED PLANTS. Rolling Mills Co., Montreal, Que., Harbor Commissioners, Montreal, Exhibition Palace, Kennedy Depot, Montreal, Que., and Workshops, St. Catharine Sugar Refinery, Montreal, Gazette Printing Co., Montreal, Herald Printing Co., Montreal, Montreal Woollen Mills, Montreal, Hosiery Mills, St. Hyacinthe, Que., St. Croix Cotton Mill, Milltown, N.B., Maxwell Mill, N. Lumber Co., Muskoka, Ont., Granby Rubber Co., Granby, Que., St. James's Furniture Co., St. John's, Nfld., Steamer Company, Owen Sound, Ont., Massey Manfg. Co., Toronto, Ont., J. R. Booth, Lumber M., Ottawa, Ont., Perley & Pattie, Lumber Mill, Ottawa, Ont., J. Filiatrault, Quebec, Que., Carriet, Laine & Cie, Levis, Que., and many others.



THE LEADING HATTERS AND FURRIERS,

101 YONGE STREET.

Use only the

Cook's Friend

BAKING POWDER.

GUARANTEED FREE FROM ALUM

Much richer in raising power, in proportion to cost, than any high-priced powder.

Pure Grape Cream Tartar and finest specially prepared Bi-Carbonate of Soda. No deleterious drug. Safe for the most delicate to use.

See that the trade mark and maker's name "W. D. McLaren" are on every package. None other is genuine.



THE

MANUFACTURERS' LIFE

INSURANCE CO.

AND

THE MANUFACTURERS' ACCIDENT

INSURANCE CO.

Are Two Separate and Distinct Companies, with full Government Deposits. The Authorised Capital and other Assets are respectively $2,000,000 and $1,000,000.

PRESIDENT, Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, P.C., G.C.B. VICE-PRESIDENTS, George Gooderham, Esq., President of the Bank of Toronto; William Bell, Esq., Manufacturer, Guelph.

Actuary, H. J. Hill. Secretary of the Industrial Exhibition Association, Toronto; Edgar A. Wills, Secretary Board of Trade, Toronto; J. B. Carlile, Managing Director, Toronto, Ont.

Policies issued on all the approved plans.

Life interests purchased and annuities granted. Pioneers of liberal Accident Insurance.

Issue policies of all kinds at moderate rates. Policies covering Employers' liability for accidents to their workmen under the Workmen's Compensation for Injuries Act, 1886.

Best and most liberal form of Workmen's Accident Policies. Premium payable by easy instalments, which meets a long-felt want.

Agents wanted in unrepresented districts.

ALABASTINE.

The great success of Alabastine has led to many spurious imitations of it being placed on the market and which are worthless compared with it.

Don't be deceived. Buy nothing but Alabastine.

For sale by all first-class dealers and manufactured only by

THE ALABASTINE COMPANY, Limited,

PARIS, ONT.

BROWN BROS.,

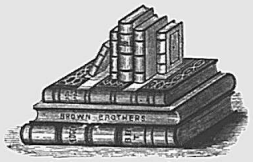
STATIONERS, BOOKBINDERS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

ACCOUNT BOOKS,

FANCY LEATHER GOODS, ETC.

PUBLISHERS OF THE CANADIAN DIARIES.



Our stock is very complete in every department.

STATIONERY and OFFICE SUPPLIES.
ACCOUNT BOOK, unsurpassed for genuine excellence.
POCKET BOOKS, MEMO BOOKS, PORTFOLIOS.
FANCY LEATHER GOODS, WALLETS, LETTER CASES.
DIARIES, Office and Pocket. Large Variety, New and Improved Styles.
BINDERS' and PRINTERS' SUPPLIES.
BOOKBINDING in every style of theart. Cannot be excelled.

On hand a most Extensive Line of

HOLIDAY SPECIALTIES AND NOVELTIES.

ALBUMS, DESKS, INKSTANDS, CABINETS, MUSIC ROLLS AND FOLIOS, WRITING CASES, STYLO AND FOUNTAIN PENS, GOLD PENS, PENCIL CASES, ETC.

Perfect Goods. Excellent Value. Established 32 years.

BROWN BROS.,

64-68 King street east, TORONTO.

J. C. JENKINS

DIRECT IMPORTER OF

JAPANESE

AND

CHINESE FANCY GOODS

PORCELAIN,

SILKS AND CURIOS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

109 QUEEN STREET EAST.

3 Doors East of Jarvis.

TORONTO, ONT.

NEW FRUITS.

FINEST ASSORTMENT OF

FANCY FRUITS FOR CHRISTMAS TRADE

IN CANADA.

EBY, BLAIN & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

COR. FRONT and SCOTT STREETS, TORONTO.

THE BREAD MAKERS'

Baking Powder.



In putting this Powder on the market the successful effort has been made to combine the lowest price with the highest qualities possible in a baking powder—strength, purity and healthfulness; containing no lime, plaster Paris, ammonia or alum, all condemned by science as harmful. It is put up in 5, 10 and 25 cent tins, and is now to be had in nearly every grocer's and general store in Canada.

AS A PROOF of its just claims we state the fact that cakes made with it have taken over 300 prizes at Ontario Fall Shows, and we have in our possession over 1,000 testimonials saying that it is the best and most economic Baking Powder ever used by the writers. Buy either sized tin, try it, cut out the red circle and send with honest opinion and you will receive a valuable present.

CHURCHILL & CO., TORONTO.

THE

London & Ontario Investment Company,

Limited.

HEAD OFFICE: 84 KING STREET EAST.

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED - - - - - - - - $2,500,000
CAPITAL PAID UP - - - - - - - - 600,000

HON. FRANK SMITH, President. WILLIAM H. BEATTY, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—William Ramsay, Esq.; Arthur B. Lee, Esq.; George Taylor, Esq.; W. B. Hamilton, Esq.; Alex. Nairn, Esq.; Frederick Wyld, Esq.; Henry Gooderham, Esq.

This Company is prepared to advance money at current rates and on favorable terms on the security of improved farm, city and town property.

The Company also receives money on the security of its Debentures, which rank as a first charge upon the whole assets, including the mortgages and uncalled capital. The terms made with investors for Debenture loans are such as will best suit their convenience, and interest will be paid half-yearly thereon.

Executors, trustees and others who want a safe and desirable mode of investing funds at their disposal with regular payment of income are invited to apply to the undersigned.

A. M. COSBY, Manager.

IMPERIAL BANK

OF CANADA.

CAPITAL PAID UP - - - - - $1,500,000
RESERVE FUND - - - - - - 600,000

DIRECTORS.

H. S. HOWLAND, President.
T. R. MERRITT, Vice-President.
William Ramsay, Hon. Alex. Morris, T. R. Wadsworth, Robert Jaffray, Hugh Ryan.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

D. R. WILKIE, Cashier. B. JENNINGS, Inspector.

Branches in Ontario: Essex Centre, Fergus, Galt, Ingersoll, Niagara Falls, Port Colborne, St. Catharines, St Thomas, Welland, Woodstock, Toronto, Yonge street cor. Queen.

Branches in Northwest: Winnipeg, Brandon, Portage la Prairie, Calgary.

Drafts on New York and Sterling Exchange bought and sold.

Deposits received and interest allowed.

Prompt attention paid to collections.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

PAID-UP CAPITAL - - - - - $6,000,000
REST - - - - - - - - - - 600,000

DIRECTORS—Henry W. Darling, Esq., President; Geo. A. Cox, Esq., Vice-President; George Taylor, Esq.; Jas. Crathern, Esq.; John I. Davidson, Esq.; Wm. Gooderham, Esq.; W. B. Hamilton, Esq.; Matthew Leggat, Esq. B. E. Walker, General Manager. J. H. Plummer, Assistant General Manager. A. H. Ireland, Inspector.

New York—Alex. Laird & Wm. Gray, Agents.

BRANCHES—Ayr, Barrie, Belleville, Berlin, Blenheim, Brantford, Chatham, Collingwood, Dundas, Dunnville, Galt, Goderich, Guelph, Hamilton, Jarvis, London, Montreal, Orangeville, Ottawa, Paris, Parkhill, Peterboro', St. Catharines, Sarnia, Seaforth, Simcoe, Stratford, Strathroy, Thorold, Toronto, Walkerton, Windsor, Woodstock.

*East Toronto—Cor. Queen street and Bolton avenue. North Toronto—763 Yonge street. Northwest Toronto—111 College street.

Commercial Credits issued for use in Europe, the East and West Indies, China, Japan and South America. Sterling and American exchange bought and sold. Collections made on the most favorable terms. Interest allowed on deposits.

BANKERS AND CORRESPONDENTS—London, England—The Bank of Scotland. New York—The American Exchange National Bank. Chicago—The American Exchange National Bank. San Francisco and British Columbia—The Bank of British Columbia.

"BELL"

Upright **Pianos**

Contain a new and improved Plate and Scale, giving them a Purity of Tone and Durability unequalled by other makers.

Gabinet **Organs**

Are made in 80 Different Styles, suitable to all classes and climates. Material and workmanship strictly first-class.

EVERY :: INSTRUMENT :: GUARANTEED.

CATALOGUES FREE

W. Bell & Co., Guelph, Ont.

Toronto Warerooms

KING STREET EAST

ECKARDT, KYLE & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

NOW IN STORE

NEW SEASON MALAGA FRUITS,

ELEINE AND NATURAL FIGS.

ALSO COMPLETE STOCK OF ALL

[illegible]

Correspondence for samples and quotations solicited

ECKARDT, KYLE & CO.

No. 3 Front street East, Toronto.



PENNINGTON & BAKER,

MANUFACTURERS OF

OPERA AND ASSEMBLY CHAIRS.

Also School, Church and Lodge Furniture of all descriptions

HAMILTON, CANADA

Send for circulars

TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY.

SPECIAL AGENCY

MARDEN, LUSE & CO.

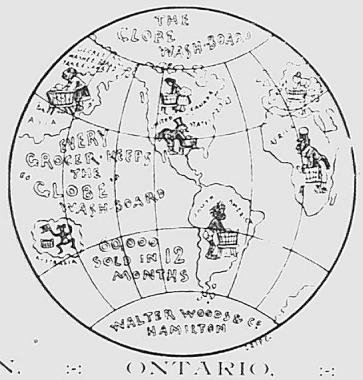
WALTER WOODS & CO.

Manufacturers

And

WOODEN WARE, BROOMS, BRUSHES,

Etc.



Importers

Dealers in

WILLOW WARE, GROCERS' SUNDRIES,

Etc.

HAMILTON, :: ONTARIO, :: CANADA.

EXCLUSIVE AGENCY CAMPBELL PRINTING PRESS & MFG. CO.

J. T. JOHNSTON

80-82 Wellington st. west, Toronto.

N.B. The outfit for this paper was supplied by the Toronto Type Foundry.

JAS. L. GRANT & CO.,

Cheese Exporters, Pork Packers, and Egg Dealers,

INGERSOLL, ONTARIO.

Begs to call the attention of dealers to their stock of choice

[illegible]

ALSO

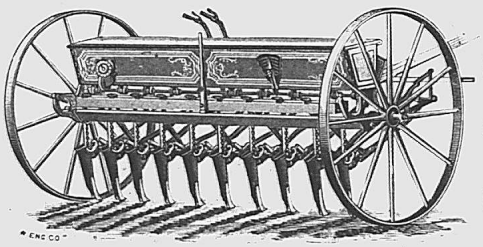
DRY SALTED, LONG CLEAR and CUMBERLAND BACON

for which they have an established reputation which cannot be excelled for quality in every particular. They also keep in stock a Choice Selection of

CHEDDAR AND STILTON SHAPED CHEESE.

With prices to suit all customers.

"ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO"



Hoosier

Steel Frame Grain Drill.

Only Drill which can be instantly changed to run deep or shallow while team is in motion.

Only positive force feed in use.

Cannot be surpassed as a Cultivator.

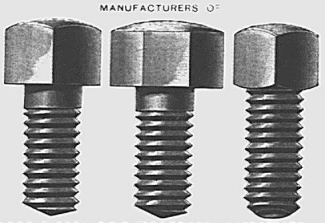
NOXON BROS' MFG. CO.,

Ingersoll, Ontario.

Send for catalogue.

JOHN MORROW & COMPANY.

MANUFACTURERS OF



MILLED MACHINE SCREWS.

STUDS, ROLLS, ETC., OF ALL KINDS.

Send for price list and discount sheet.

INGERSOLL, ONTARIO.

MUCILAGE.



MUCILAGE.

In use by Dominion and Provincial Governments, Railways, Banks, etc.

Put up in all sizes. Manufactured by

E. AULD, 759 Craig street, Montreal.

Wholesale Agents for Toronto, BROWN BROS. Also, Lithogram Composition in 2 and 3 lb. tins. Note, Letter and Foolscap size.

E. AULD,

759 Craig street,

MONTREAL.



ACME WHITE LEAD

AND COLOR WORKS.

Dry Color Makers, Paint and Varnish Manufacturers.

A full general line of Paints, including

PURE WHITE LEAD,

BEST LINSEED OIL

And HIGH CLASS VARNISHES.

Walnut and Mahogany Stains, Etc.

For sale by all first-class dealers.

A. D. HOAGG,

INGERSOLL, ONT.,

Manager for Dominion of Canada.

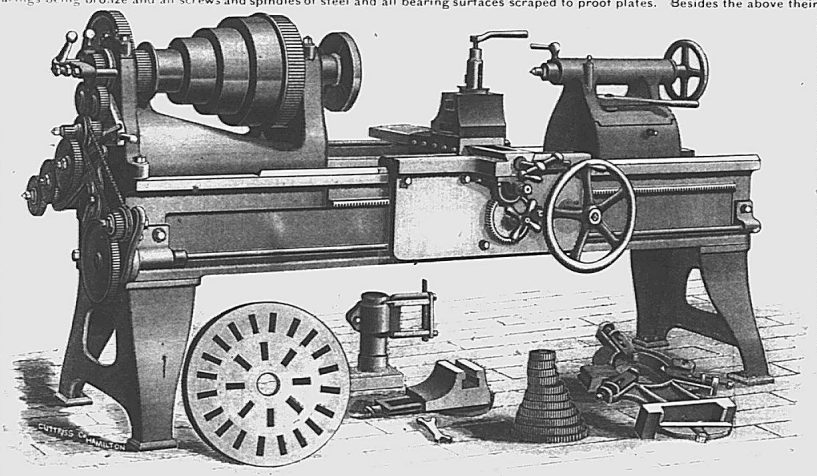
JOHN BERTRAM & SONS,

DUNDAS, ONT., CANADA.

The annexed cut of a 24-inch lathe represents one of the latest patterns designed by this firm, and the popularity of their new tools is endorsed by the fact that forty of this size alone have been sold in eighteen months. They have now all their self-acting lathes remodelled up to 44-inch swing and made in the most approved style, with inverted V shears, heavy steel spindles, wide cones and gear and long saddle bearings, and though the standard length of their lathes are 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 feet, they can be made any length to suit customers. Following the success attained on their lathes, the standard iron planers have engaged their attention and they now have introduced a new iron planer with the tangent driving gear to work absolutely without noise, and the automatics feed positive and without friction, double-belted and having a back motion of 3 to 1. The general design of this planer is of the most approved type and will undoubtedly find a ready sale in Canada. In vertical drills several new designs have been added, embodying the best features in this tool prevalent in the States, as also a very heavy drill, English pattern, and a number of radial and multiple drills of different sizes. There has lately been added to their stock of machine tools a large variety of brass finishers' lathes, turret and speed lathes, from 12-inch up to 20-inch swing. In bolt cutters they have adopted the Acme style. This excellent machine is allowed to be the best made, being worked with 4 dies in the revolving head, and all the parts being made with special appliances, the dies can be renewed any time. The frame forms an oil tank in which is a force pump for sending the oil to the dies. In milling machines they make four sizes, from 12-inch up to 6-feet stroke, for the lighest to the heaviest class of work. In punching and shearing machines their patterns comprise all sizes to punch or shear from 1-4 inch up to 1 1-2 inch steel plate. In the composition of Bertram & Sons' machinery this firm use the best grades of Scotch and charcoal iron, all the important bearings being bronze and all screws and spindles of steel and all bearing surfaces scraped to proof plates. Besides the above their stock comprises they make a full list of Planers and Matchers, Moulding Machines, Mortisers, Band Saws, etc., and a complete outfit of Car Machinery, consisting of Car Timber Dressers, Gaining Machines, Tenoners, Dimension Planers, Heavy Cut-off, Rip and Cross-cut Saws, Boring Machines and Axle Lathes.

IN IRON MACHINE TOOLS.

Upright Turret Boring, Car Wheel Boring, Bridge Thread Boring and Link Boring, Horizontal Boring, Cabinet Boring, Boiler Plate Planers, Rotary Planers for Bridge Work, Locomotive Wheel Lathes, Car Wheel Lathes, Pulley Turning Machines, Upright Boring and Turning Mills, Four Sizes of Shapers, Four Sizes of Shearing Machines, Two Sizes of Hydraulic Presses, Plate Bending Rolls



IN WOOD-WORKING MACHINERY

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

Spragg Automatic Brake Hoist.



SIZES. Used by Manufacturers, Builders, Farmers

FOR SALE BY HARDWARE DEALERS

MANUFACTURED IN CANADA ONLY BY HAMILTON SCALE COMPANY

The Best Selling Article Made

OSBORNE & CO.

HAMILTON.

SCALES, COFFEE MILLS, TRUCKS.

The Federal Life

Assurance Co.

HEAD OFFICE HAMILTON CANADA

Guarantee Capital, - - $700,000 00

FULL GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT

New Insurance in 1885	$2,304,500
New Insurance in 1886	3,258,000
New Insurance in 1887	4,226,000

Vide Government Report for Canada

The aggregate of increase of insurance in force in 1887 was greater in the Federal than in any other Company in Canada

The ratio of lapses to insurance written in that year was less than in any other Company

The aggregate amount of new insurance written was greater than by any other Company, except one.

PURE INSURANCE ON THE

HOMAN'S PLAN.

Policies are issued on other equitable plans to meet the circumstances and requirements of those applying.



J. S. HOSSACK, - President.
W. A. FREEMAN, Sec'y-Treas.
T. J. CARROLL, Gen'l Manager

HAMILTON

BRASS MFG. CO.

(Limited).

MANUFACTURERS OF

Engineers' and Plumbers'

Brass Goods,

and all kinds of

BRASS CASTINGS

Patent Boiler Purger,

Vacuum Lubricators,

FLUE CLEANERS

and

Portable Lawn Fountains

Window Fixtures

and

Bank Rails.

173 to 175 James st. north,

HAMILTON,

CANADA.

Established 1872. Cash Basis Introduced in 1883.

LUMSDEN BROS.,

Importers of Teas direct from China, Japan, India, Ceylon, Java, and

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Terms Cash - - - 64 McNab st. north, Hamilton, Canada.



WESTERN CANADA

LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY

NO. 70 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

ESTABLISHED 1863.

PAID-UP CAPITAL STOCK - - -	*$1,400,000*
RESERVE AND CONTINGENT FUNDS - -	*800,000*

DEPOSITS RECEIVED AND INTEREST ALLOWED.

Debentures issued to Municipalities and other investors, bearing half-yearly interest coupons at favorable rates.

MONEY TO LEND ON FARM AND CITY PROPERTY.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.

WALTER S. LEE,
Managing Director.

BOOTH & LANGAN

MONTREAL.



Trade Mark Registered.

THE EAGLE BRAND
—OF—
FINE BOOTS AND SHOES

Is unrivalled for Beauty of Design and Finish.

OUR RECORD.

The RELIANCE ELECTRIC MFG. CO., Ltd., Waterford, Ont., ommenced manufacturing the Reliance apparatus for electric lighting purposes in January, 1888, and to-day have a

RECORD NEVER ACHIEVED
BY ANY OTHER COMPANY.

The Reliance system has overcome the stern and fierce opposition of rival companies and the natural prejudice existing against a new system of electric lighting, and to-day ENJOYS THE CONFIDENCE of the public wherever operated. The Reliance apparatus stands UNRIVALLED in the SIMPLICITY and DURABILITY of its construction, and for the STEADINESS and PURITY of its light. The first machine built gave perfect satisfaction from the outset and to-day is running in the Town of Perth, where it displaced another system last February. The following plants have been sold during the first ten months of the Company's existence: Perth, Gananoque, Oshawa, Brantford, Niagara Assembly, Port Dover, Ingersoll, Goderich, Waterford, Aurora, Essex Centre, Petrolea, Brantford Cordage Co., Skinner & Co., Gananoque; Wingham, Brockville.

Apparatus unrivalled. Prices lowest. Terms easiest.

THE RELIANCE ELECTRIC MFG. CO., Ltd.
WATERFORD, ONT.

HAPPY THOUGHT RANGE.



Over 25,000 Families now in Canada enjoying the comforts of the Happy Thought Range, which is manufactured in 12 different styles. They have no equal in Economy of Fuel, Perfection in Baking or Hot Water Heating. They are also fitted with the Unobstructable Damper which enables you to control the draft from the fire to the chimney.

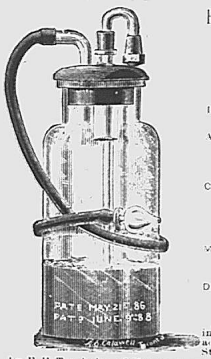
BUCK'S WROUGHT IRON DOUBLE OVEN RANGE

Supplies a long-felt want for Large Families, Hotels, Restaurants or Boats. This Range has fire-pot in centre, with wrought iron ovens on both sides. The flues are so constructed that the heat is equally distributed over both ovens, thus ensuring perfect baking, boiling and hot water heating. Those Ranges are manufactured by that celebrated manufacturer, MR. WILLIAM BUCK, of Brantford.

Call and see a Full Assorted Stock of Ranges, Stoves, etc., at

R. BIGLEY'S, 92 and 94 QUEEN STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Repairing of Buck's Stoves a Specialty.



BUTCHER'S ANTISEPTIC INHALER AND INHALATIONS

An Unrivalled Remedy for the Treatment and Actual Cure of

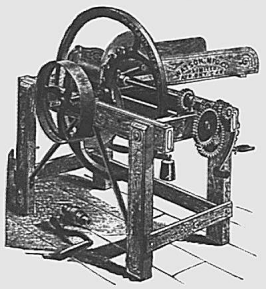
Catarrh,
Catarrhal Deafness,
Hay Fever,
Asthma,
Bronchitis,
Singers' Sore Throat,
Relaxed Throat,
Hoarseness,
Difficult and Fetid Expectoration.

Endorsed by the leading physicians of Canada and the United States.

Dr. E. H. Trenholm, of Montreal, says: "I have used the Inhaler in very many cases and with uniform success, and believe it the best yet invented for diseases of the Nose and Throat." Dr. Barnaby, of Bridgetown, in a letter to the Company, says: "In my opinion it is just what is required in this Province in the treatment of Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption, in fact in all diseases of the respiratory organs." The principle involved is sound, and this system of treatment is bound to come into universal use in the near future." Dr. Fitzhenry Campbell, ex-Surgeon of the British Army, says: "I feel confident the Inhaler possesses the true principle by which medication can be carried directly to a diseased membrane of the respiratory tract." Send for particulars to

ANTISEPTIC INHALER CO., 12 King street east, Toronto.

WATSON'S



Stock Raisers' Implements.

The Finest Assortment in America.

HAND-POWER FEED CUTTERS.
HORSE-POWER FEED CUTTERS,
ENSILAGE CUTTERS
(with latest improved Chain-Carrier Attachments, can be stopped, started or reversed with one lever).

TOOTHED ROLLERS AND STEEL MOUTHPIECE, DOUBLE-ACTION ROOT CUTTERS, ROOT PULPERS, GRAIN CHOPPERS, HORSE POWERS, JACKS, BAG BARROWS, BINDERS, REAPERS, MOWERS, RAKES.

Write for catalogue with full description of above goods.

WATSON MFG. Co., Ltd., Ayr, Ontario.

Good Agents Wanted.

Link-Belt Machinery
Sawmills
Boilers
Engines

Waterous Engine Works Co.
Brantford, Canada.

— THE —

PRESS

THE TYPE

Used in Printing this Edition were supplied by the

TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY

OUR GOODS ARE THE NEATEST AND EQUAL TO THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

J. T. JOHNSTON

80 and 82 Wellington street west,
Toronto, Ont.



H. HIPKIN, L.D.S.

PORCELAIN DENTAL ART.

TEETH PERFECTLY NATURAL AND INDESTRUCTIBLE.

G. BOOTH TELEPHONE 1567 W. E. BOOTH

ESTABLISHED 1853 PLATE GLASS

George Booth & Son,

DEALERS IN

WALL PAPERS AND DECORATIONS.

HOUSE, SIGN AND FRESCO PAINTERS,

GRAINERS, PAPER-HANGERS, GLAZIERS, KALSOMINERS, Etc.

Linen Window Shades, Warehouse Tinting, Wire Signs.

21 ADELAIDE STREET WEST, TORONTO.

AMERICAN HOTEL.

Cor. King and Charles streets,

HAMILTON, CANADA.

F. W. HEARMAN, Proprietor.

General Stage Office. This hotel has been under its present management over a quarter of a century.

OVER 6,000,000,000 GALLONS USED



35 YEARS

NO ACCIDENTS

HAMILTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

AND SHORTHAND INSTITUTE,

CORNER KING AND JAMES STREETS, HAMILTON.

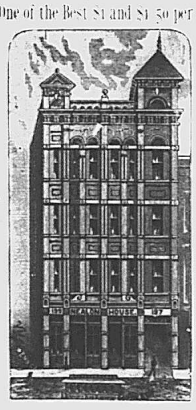
Send for announcements, free.

F. SPENCER, Principals. C. R. McCULLOUGH

One of the Best $1 and $1.50 per day Hotels in Canada

107 and 109

KING STREET EAST.



JAMES NEALON

PROPRIETOR

NEALON HOUSE

(Formerly Thos. O'Connor's)

This Hotel has just recently been built by the Proprietor and Handsomely Furnished throughout. No expense has been spared to make this one of the most comfortable and complete hotels in the city.

WANZER LAMP

50 CANDLE POWER

NON-EXPLOSIVE

NO CHIMNEYS,
NO SMOKE,
NO ODOR.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS OF Lamps, Gas Heaters, SAD IRONS AND

R. M. WANZER & Co.,

Mfgs., HAMILTON, CANADA.

SOCIETY STATIONERY.

At Home Cards, Invitation Cards,
Ball Programmes, Guest Cards,

Crests, Monograms, Address Dies, Card Plates, Visiting Cards engraved in all the best and most fashionable styles.

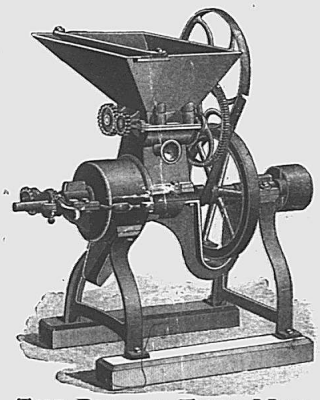
SPECIAL XMAS CARDS

Printed to order, with Special Wording, with Crest or Monogram. Send for Samples and Prices.

HART & COMPANY,

FINE STATIONERS, ENGRAVERS, EMBOSSERS, Etc.,

31 and 33 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.



THE DUPLEX FEED MILL.

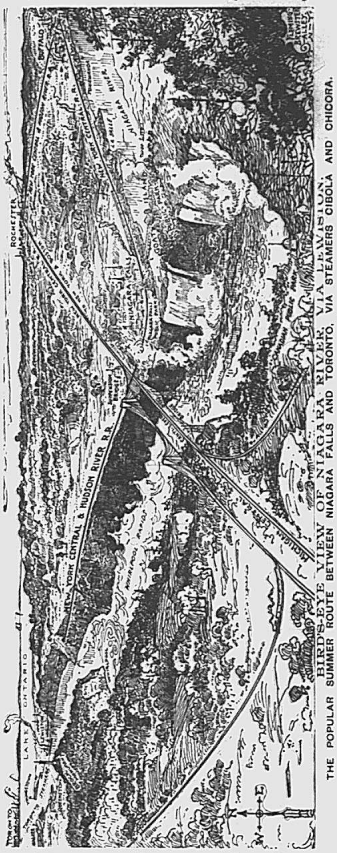
The best mill in the world. Will grind any kind of grain or corn and cob together equally well, and produce meal of any desired quality—coarse, medium or fine. It is the only mill manufactured which has Double or Duplex Grinders.

Send for catalogue.

JOHN ABELL, Engine and Machine Works, Toronto.

THE Niagara River LINE IS THE SHORT ROUTE —TO— THE FALLS, BUFFALO, NEW YORK AND ALL POINTS ON New York Central and Michigan Central Railways.

JOHN FOY, Manager, TORONTO.



BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF NIAGARA RIVER, VIA LEWISTON, THE POPULAR SUMMER ROUTE BETWEEN NIAGARA FALLS AND TORONTO, VIA STEAMERS CIBOLA AND CHICORA.

THE Niagara River LINE.

This cut gives bird's-eye view of the

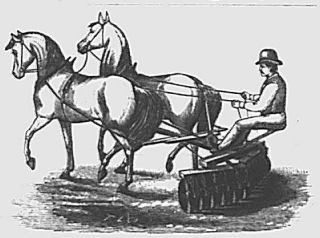
ROUTE OF THE

CHICORA and CIBOLA,

Palace Steamers.

PLYING BETWEEN

TORONTO and NIAGARA RIVER



BROCKVILLE AGRICULTURAL WORKS.

G. M. COSSITT & BRO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE NEW AND IMPROVED

MODEL BUCKEYE MOWERS,

SINGLE REAPERS,

"ITHICA" AND "TIGER" HORSE RAKES, ROTARY DISC AND SPRING TOOTH HARROWS.

MANUFACTORY AND HEAD OFFICE:

BROCKVILLE, ONT.

WM. BARBER & BROS.

PAPER MAKERS

GEORGETOWN, ONT.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

No. 2 and No. 3 Machine Finished

BOOK PAPERS

WRITING MANILLAS.

COLORED COVER

—AND—

POSTER PAPERS.

MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.

JOHN R. BARBER,

PROPRIETOR.

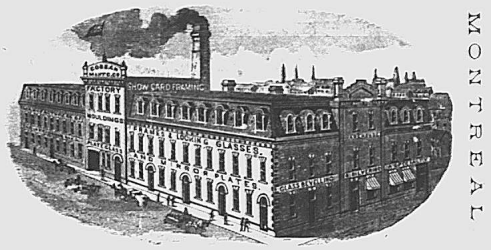
Gobban Manufacturing Company,

MANUFACTURERS OF

MANTELS, OVERMANTELS AND MIRRORS

IN FINEST HARDWOODS.

TORONTO.



MONTREAL

Mouldings, Picture Frames and Looking-Glasses,

PLATE GLASS. SHEET GLASS.

MIRROR PLATES: BRITISH, FRENCH, GERMAN AND SHOCKS. BEVELLING AND SILVERING A SPECIALTY

CLOSE PRICES. LIBERAL TERMS.

FACTORY AND HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO.

BRANCH: 148 McGILL STREET, MONTREAL.

G. GOULDING & SONS,

WHOLESALE IMPORTERS OF

MILLINERY AND STRAW GOODS,

Ribbons, trimming Silks,

Feathers, Flowers & General Requisites.

55 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

ENGLAND: 27 CASTLE GATE NOTTINGHAM.

PARIS: 13 RUE DE L'ECHIQUIER.

AGENTS WANTED FOR AUSTRALIA.

Fortunes have been made, are being made, and can be made. During past 3 years we have sold over five million dollars worth of books and cards by subscription in Australia. We have over hundreds of Canadian agents there who have made large amounts of money, at least three of them have cleared over one hundred thousand dollars each, scores of them from five thousand to thirty thousand dollars each. We have handled nearly per cent. of the subscription goods sold in Australia and have given about one hundred gold watches as presents to our agents. We pay no salaries, all our men work on commission. Three of our partners reside in Sydney, Australia. We know the goods to sell and how to sell them. Send for printed circulars, giving names and addresses of agents with the success that has attended them. Apply to THE OCEANIC PUB. CO. Guelph, Ont.

— THE —

OUTFIT

— FOR —

THIS PAPER.

INCLUDING

TYPE AND PRESS

SUPPLIED BY THE

TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY

SPECIAL TERMS ON NEW OUTFITS.

J. T. JOHNSTON,

80-82 Wellington st. west, Toronto.

OAKLANDS FANCY CHEESE!

At large expense we sent a successful Canadian cheesemaker across the Atlantic to be thoroughly instructed in the making of all these brands of cheese. We have erected at Oaklands a cheese-house, perfect in its appointments, with "caves" and every facility for ripening. We can control the temperature of our various rooms at all times. We have placed our cheese on the New York and Boston markets, and they have been pronounced

EQUAL TO ANY IMPORTED CHEESE!

And owing to our proximity to the market our

Camembert, Brie and Coulommiers

Have been pronounced by competent judges as reaching them in a condition

Superior to any in those Critical Markets,

NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

Address only:

OAKLANDS JERSEY DAIRY CO., Limited,

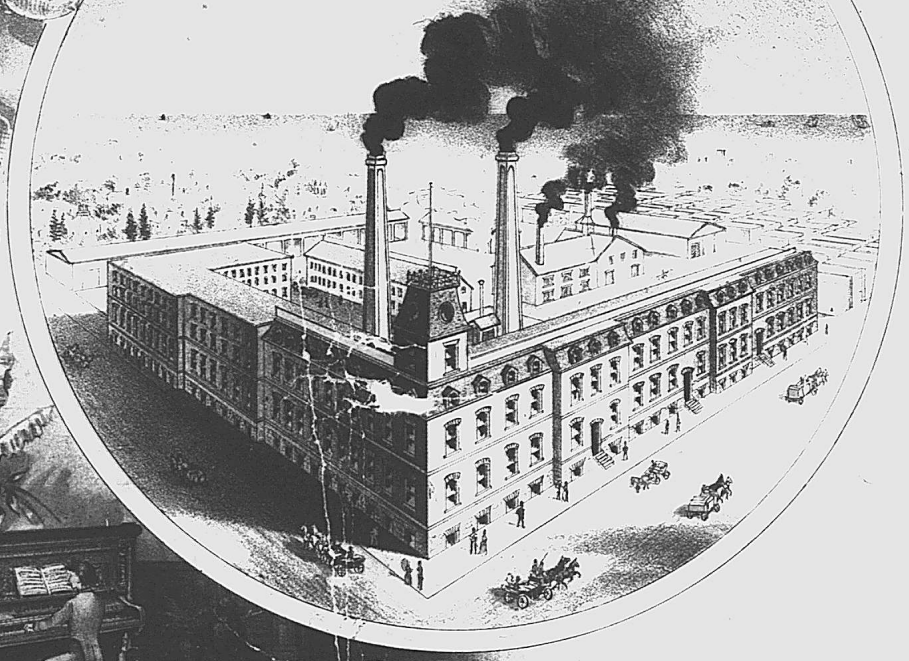
HAMILTON, ONT.

DOMINION

ORGAN & PIANO CO.

BOWMANVILLE,

ONT. CAN.





FACTORY & GENERAL OFFICES,
BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

BRANCH OFFICES.
LONDON, ENG. ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA.
MANCHESTER. SYDNEY.
HAMBURG, GERMANY. AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

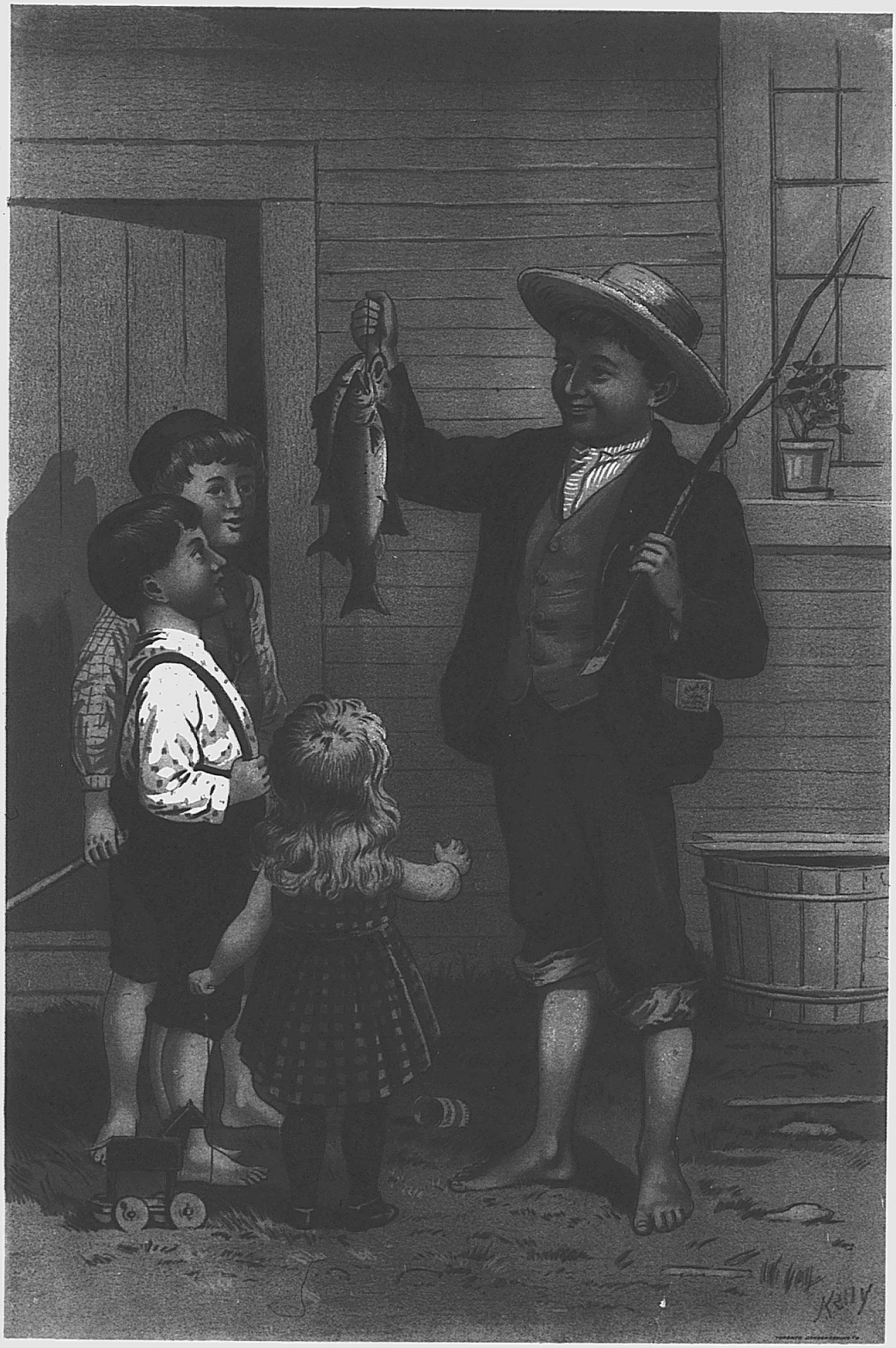
PRINCIPAL CANADIAN AGENCIES.

J. S. ROWLEY & Co.	54 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.
L. E. N. DRATTE	1676 NOTRE DAME ST. MONTREAL, QUE.
J. L. DOME & SON	113 & 115 SPARKS ST. OTTAWA, ONT.
GERVAIS & RUBAN	218 RUE ST. JOSEPH. QUEBEC, QUE.
MILLER BROS.	219 QUEEN ST. CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.
WM. JOHNSON	121 & 123 HOLLIS ST. HALIFAX, N.S.
C. F. LOOD & SONS	31 & 33 KING ST. ST. JOHNS, N.B.



STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER, B.C.

GIVEN WITH XMAS GLOBE 1888



A GOOD CATCH.

GIVEN WITH XMAS GLOBE 1888.

THE GLOBE

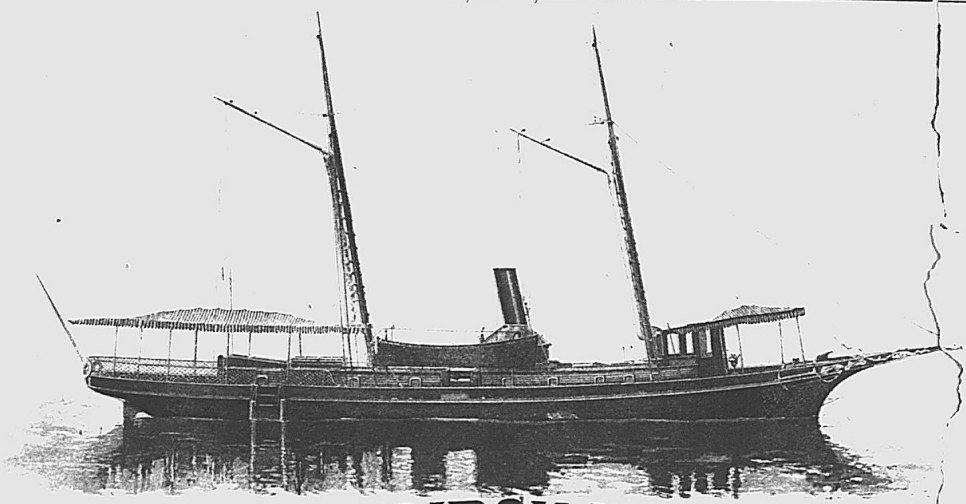




CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1889.



74017



THE POLSON IRON WORKS CO.

TORONTO & OWEN SOUND.

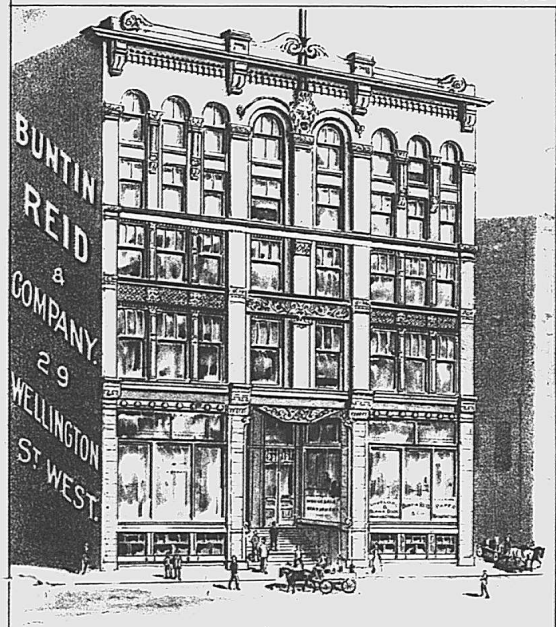
ENGINEERS & SHIPBUILDERS

STEEL, COMPOSITE, AND WOODEN VESSELS.

STEAM YACHTS.

MARINE ENGINES AND BOILERS A SPECIALTY.

BUILDERS OF THE CELEBRATED BROWN AUTOMATIC ENGINES,
FOR ELECTRIC LIGHT & FACTORY USE.



WHOLESALE STATIONERS

Paper, Envelope & Blank Book Manufacturers.

MILLS AT VALLEYFIELD.

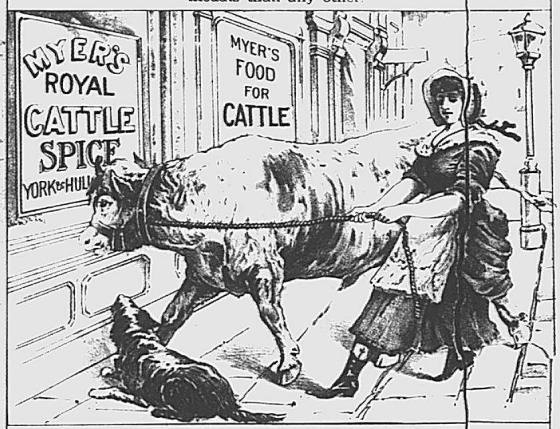
Nos. 1, 2 and 3 Printing Papers, Coated Book Papers, Lithographing Papers. Everything a Printer or Stationer needs. This year's "Christmas Globe" and "Saturday Night" are printed on paper supplied by us. Get our prices and terms before ordering elsewhere.

USE MYERS' ROYAL SPICE

FOR YOUR

HORSES, CATTLE & POULTRY.

It is positively the best condiment in the market, and has taken more medals than any other.



ONCE USED, ALWAYS USED.

It will add Flesh to your Stock. Price $8.00 per 100 lbs., or $4.00 for 50 lbs. in bags for Live Stock. $10.00 per 100 lbs., or $5.00 for 50 lbs., in boxes or bags, for Poultry. The Prince of Wales Steward will use no other. Money made by large or small owners of Stock or Poultry by using MYERS' ROYAL SPICE. For particulars, address

HEAD OFFICE, 18 KING ST. EAST. TORONTO, ONT.

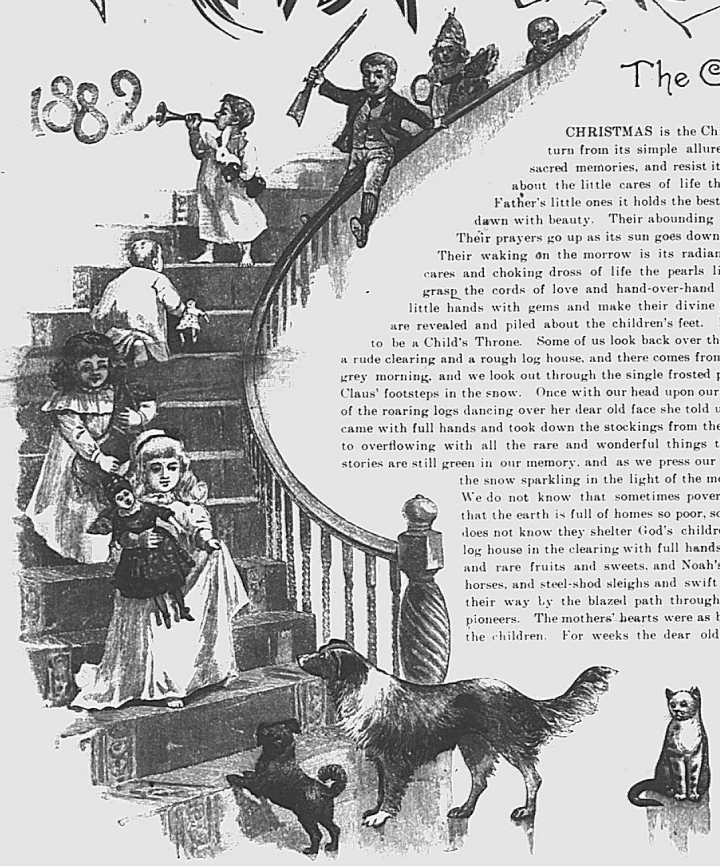
B 5-1615

TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY REFERENCE

JUN 11 1940

The Christmas Globe

1882



The Children's Day.

CHRISTMAS is the Children's Festival. The world-worn may turn from its simple allurements, and press rude fingers upon its sacred memories, and resist its Divine sentiment, and go cold and hard about the little cares of life through all its Royal hours. But for the Father's little ones it holds the best romance of life. Their smiles fringe its dawn with beauty. Their abounding laughter fills its morning with jubilee. Their prayers go up as its sun goes down. It is buried in the children's hearts. Their waking on the morrow is its radiant resurrection. Beneath the cumbering cares and choking dross of life the pearls lie scattered all about, and the children grasp the cords of love and hand-over-hand swing down into our hearts and fill their little hands with gems and make their divine playground. The treasures of our hearts are revealed and piled about the children's feet. It is a poor heart that is not fashioned to be a Child's Throne. Some of us look back over the years, and there rises before our vision a rude clearing and a rough log house, and there comes from out the deep gloom of the woods a keen grey morning, and we look out through the single frosted pane and vainly seek the print of Santa Claus' footsteps in the snow. Once with our head upon our mother's knee and the sheen of the light of the roaring logs dancing over her dear old face she told us marvellous stories of the Prince who came with full hands and took down the stockings from the pole above the fireplace and filled them to overflowing with all the rare and wonderful things that children love: and all those bright stories are still green in our memory, and as we press our face against the pane and look out across the snow sparkling in the light of the morning we mourn that the Prince is dead. We do not know that sometimes poverty bars the door against the Prince, and that the earth is full of homes so poor, so naked, and so wretched that Santa Claus does not know they shelter God's children. But if the Prince did not come to the log house in the clearing with full hands and royal equipage, with cunning toys, and rare fruits and sweets, and Noah's arks, and railway trains, and rocking horses, and steel-shod sleighs and swift toboggans, his humbler messengers found their way by the blazed path through the woods to many of the huts of the pioneers. The mothers' hearts were as big with love and their hands as busy for the children. For weeks the dear old mother had sat up late into the night plying her busy needles and bending her weary eyes to the dim light of the candle or perhaps to the open fireplace, and now on Christmas morning the children rejoice in warm woollen mitts as many-colored and more wonderfully patterned than Joseph's coat; and socks, genuine woollen socks—impervious to the most desperate efforts of rebellious toes to escape into the open; or new "full cloth" jackets, with belts about the waist; or caps with broad, thick ear-laps: or great, heavy comforters with the warmth of a score of back logs knitted into their great warm folds; all supreme against the wildest storm that ever raced and raged through a Canadian forest. Mother's strength and mother's sight and mother's heart worked and woven into Christmas offerings for the children. And what uproarious joy there was in the old log house when the father brought in the rough, home-made sleigh, with runners fashioned out of the crooked maple, and tongue of tough, sinewy elm. Perhaps there was a dear old aunt, grim and garrulous, but with a heart that always melted in the crisp sunlight of Christmas morning and a face subdued to a softness new to the children as she distributed pencils and handkerchiefs among the family. Wonderful pencils concealed in a wonderful case that you could pull out or shove in at either end, and marvellous handkerchiefs with blue and yellow and scarlet animals rampant in the centre, and flaming borders that signalled danger to the worst cold that ever trifled with a boy's nose. Dear, severe, solemn old aunts, your Christmas offerings rarely got out of the region of pencils and handkerchiefs! But in the pioneer days the pockets were searched in vain for the silver that flows in streams into the shop tills on these later Christmas eves, and the homelier gifts of the earlier time were as eloquent of love and self-sacrifice as the richer offerings that gladden the hearts of the children of this more refined and luxurious generation. It does seem that the world always grows better and brighter for the children. Better and brighter, too, for the children's mothers. As the years go on and on the road to our hearts grows softer for the tender feet of the little ones. There are purer springs of love along the way. There is fairer sunshine and softer shadow. It is more and more the children's world and the Father's Kingdom. All over this broad earth to-day where the light of God's Gospel shines the laughing voices of the children ring out from happy homes, and gifts are showered into their laps, and their free tongues and smiling eyes chatter their gladness and flash their delight. Without the children the world would not know its Christmas. And yet there are alleyways running out from palatial squares, there are dark and narrow lanes going out from the great thronged streets along which commerce makes her royal progress, where hovel leans against hovel and crime and want touch hands in the darkness, and the children cower in rags and weep out their young lives in infinite wretchedness. One seems to see the Cherubim and the flame of the sword turning every way to keep light and joy and gladness out of these awful retreats. Santa Claus' radiant equipage stops not at the doors of these hovels. Christmas brings no gifts to these children. There is no Christ here. Oh, blessed little ones in happy homes, with arms full of gifts and hearts full of joy, may the good God keep you always in the garden of His love: and if it be His will to uncover to you the knowledge of Good and Evil, it may be He will put it into your hearts to spare of your abounding plenty and be His radiant messengers to the little ones shut out from love and light in these dark and forbidding retreats where Want is King and Christ is dethroned.

J. S. Willison (Observer).



A Summer Resort.

IN peace we prepare for war. In the short days of Christmas we think of the long days of July. What better excuse can there be for talking about one of our summer resorts though the snow is on the ground and the ice on the lakes?

Our winter months are the busy time of one class and the idle time of another. Not that our farmers do nothing when the ground is frozen, or that our merchants and students are ever idle, but the farmer must work when the heat is fiercest, and an ever-increasing class in our cities must have summer holidays.

Last year, under the Southern Cross, I was asked more than once, "How can men be content to live in Canada when there is room for them in Australia?" It is only fair to say that I brought the question on myself in nine cases out of ten. I used to take delight in giving to inquirers realistic descriptions of Canadian winters. I told them of the mercury freezing in our glorious Northwest, and of the frost in the ground at midsummer if only you went deep enough in your search for it, of course invariably adding, "No one ever feels the cold in Manitoba"; of men lost in blinding blizzards and trains stuck in snowdrifts; of icy fetters holding fast the mighty St. Lawrence for months; and many a tale gathered from books or real life that sounded pleasant to myself under the ceaselessly blazing sun of New South Wales or Queensland. "How can anything but bears or Esquimaux live in such a country?" my hearers would ask. Then I opened the flood-gates of patriotic eloquence: "These long winters are our best friends. We could not do without them if we would, and we would not if we could. Our boys and girls run merrily to school, their brains sharp as the frost, and of necessity most of them spend the long evenings at home. Every one who knows anything of the hidden sources of national strength understands that the fireside is more important than school or college. The influence of father and mother counts for more than that of minister, schoolmaster and professor. Things are different here. You crowd into cities. All the year round the weather is so dry and warm that your children spend their evenings till far on into the night in the streets or parks. By the time they get home their parents are in bed. There is no fireside instruction, no home school, scant filial obedience, scantier Sabbath observance, little respect for the aged and no regard for the past. In consequence, you have less veneration in you than the traditional Yankee. Newspapers such as two or three I could name would be impossible in any part of Canada. Our winters have much to do with our home life, and by so much the more home life a people has, by so much the more is it likely to grow strong, temperate and God-fearing. Besides, our winter atmosphere braces the nerves and hardens the muscles. We work with our might, and a man working at his best does more in a day than a dawdler in a week. By the time that our hot weather begins we have earned a holiday, and everything invites us to its full enjoyment. 'Buds are blowing, waters flowing.' Everywhere there is a wealth of such exquisite, tender green as is not to be beheld on any one of your sombre trees, including your hundred and fifty varieties of the eucalyptus. Everyone knows that the characteristic of evergreen trees is that they are never green. Our city young men throw themselves into the joys of camp and canoe life. They catch fish and land on the nearest island to cook and eat them. Every day they are learning something of river and lake and woodcraft, renewing health, browning their skins and freshening and toughening themselves for the drain of winter work. And the winter that brings work for them brings rest for the tired earth and the tired farmer." Thus I discoursed, believing every word, and convincing some that there are worse places than Canada. Is it not true that just because of the rather sharp extremes of heat and cold in Northern countries the inhabitants get the greatest amount of enjoyment out of both summer and winter? And speaking more particularly of the summer holiday, the only condition indispensably necessary to its enjoyment is that we carry with us a determination never to grumble, but to make the best of everything, and to find a pleasure even in the absence of home comforts. Of course if we go to Saratoga, Long Branch or other resorts of the kind, where life is more luxurious and fashion more rigorous than in West Ends, something else is needed. The one condition there is an exhaustless purse. But I am speaking of people who have neither the money nor the taste for such places.

"Did you ever breathe such air as the Bras d'Or always gives us? It is better than Brown-Sequard's elixir of life." "I suppose so," was the reluctant response, "but I cannot get that stuffy bedroom out of my mind, and a mosquito kept me from falling asleep for such a time I thought I would just go crazy." So saying, my friend buried his head in the pages of the last novel of the "Duchess." "Look at those grand shadows chasing each other across the hillsides. Don't they look like living things—ghosts of great giants who scooped out this lake and threw up its ramparts? Is it any wonder that such forms awakened fancies in the minds of Indians, and became the basis of a good deal of their legendary lore?" "My dear fellow, why will you talk nonsense about shadows? I am thinking of substantials. Didn't you notice how sour the bread was this morning? And before starting I asked for a glass of beer and was offered buttermilk. Catch me in these quarters another summer!" Choose your companions, my friends. From men and women swift to see the fly in the ointment or slow to see the soul of beauty in the goodliest land, the good Lord deliver us!

Canada is full of pleasant summer resorts near Toronto and far away; at Niagara-on-the-Lake and Muskoka; from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and to judge by Lord Lonsdale's wanderings—to the Arctic. One of the best the Island of Cape Breton, where last century the wars for the mastery of the New World raged most fiercely between France on one side and England and New England on the other will hereafter be accessible by rail as well as boat. The Eastern Extension of the Intercolonial Railway, which formerly stopped at the Gulf of Canso, has been extended to the ports of North Sydney and Sydney, and will probably be pushed on to Louisburg before long, on the plea that the harbor there is generally open all the year round. In the days before Confederation "Justice to Cape Breton" was the war cry with which its members in the Legislature wring the St. Peter's Canal, or rather the beginning of it, from a presumably reluctant Nova Scotia, to which the Island had been joined against the will of the people or of those who thought themselves the people's representatives. The same cry has now secured from the Parliament of Canada railway extension through the heart of the Island, with a magnificent bridge across the Grand Narrows. A good deal of virtue is supposed to dwell in the old slogan still, and subsidies are expected for at least half a dozen local railways on the strength of it. Be this as it may, any one who has ever had to travel in sleighs or on wheels in the late autumn or long-delayed spring months for the more than hundred miles between Sydney and the mainland, will be thankful to know that the good old times have passed away, and will be likely to see a meaning in the Cape Breton Railway that he may be quite unable to detect, even with Mr. Weller's supposed microscope, in the Chignecto Ship Canal, or in short lines subsidised by ourselves to compete with a slightly longer line built and owned by the same persons. Parliament is, of course, the condensed wisdom of the people, and we, the sovereign people, sometimes do strange things, loftily regardless of expense, especially if we believe that other people have to bear the greater part of it, taking comfort, too, from the happy thought that the debt of Australia is larger than ours. It matters nothing to the argument that Australia is the richest country in the world per capita, and that the greater part of its debt was contracted for railways which each Colony owns and which are valuable assets, inasmuch as they pay not only all working expenses, but interest on the money borrowed to construct them, and sometimes a little more or a good deal more.

This is a digression for which I do not ask pardon, for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. But let us get back to our subject. "Go to Halifax" used to be a form of speech almost equivalent to profane swearing. Now it is simply the best advice one man can give to another who wishes to spend his summer holidays in a Canadian city. Go farther, I say, for why should any one who can help himself live in a city between strawberry and blueberry time? Go to Cape Breton. To what glens, trout brooks, salmon rivers, lakes, islands or capes, do you ask? Alas! there is no guide-book known to me. Trust to falling on your feet. Every one is willing to oblige, and your mistakes believe me, who have tried again and again turn out to your advantage. Life in a farm-house is a pleasant change, and all the while, too, you have the joy of feeling yourself an explorer and discoverer. Remember, however, the condition of enjoyment already insisted on.

"The people of Cape Breton are remarkable for their strict piety and the punctuality with which they speak the Gaelic language!" Thus did my student friend Tavish McTavish begin the essay prescribed to him by the learned professor on the first day that he appeared in class, in order that his proficiency in English composition might be gauged. That first sentence of honest Tavish's essay rather brought down the gods. It had merits of its own, none the less. So far as form is concerned, the piety of the people of Cape Breton Presbyterian and Roman Catholic alike—is indeed unassailable. At the annual sacraments, farmers in the very thick of haying or harvesting let everything go to the dogs rather than abridge the five days traditionally devoted to the "occasion," and numbers of people make the rounds of the neighboring congregations and attend similar series of services over and over again, some of them spending half the summer in this kind of religious dissipation. They have a righteous horror of works of supererogation; but none the less they act as if it were possible to lay up a stock of spiritual nutriment, devout ceremonial or good works to atone for past neglect or sumes for future need. Thousands used to sit on the grass, exposed to a steady rain, with the weeping birches or maples all round, while the ministers preached and administered the communion, without subtracting a single head from the sermon or a verse from the number usually sung. No one was wicked enough to suggest the likelihood of rheumatism or even toothache following in the case of the feeblest old woman present. At one time, in the Highlands of Scotland and in parts of Canada, these extraordinary gatherings were required, and they served incidentally various good purposes. They were beautiful then, and a certain halo lingers round them still. But the necessity has departed, and this year the Presbytery in one part of Cape Breton decided that the sacrament should be dispensed on the same Sunday in a number of contiguous parishes. The decree was a shock to some of the people. It seemed a concession to the worldly spirit of the times. Good men who had seen the glory of former communions lamented the comparatively meagre attendance, though the fact was that far more from each congregation were able to attend than formerly. The innovation has been a success, and success in this case may lead to a further conning of the lesson always needed by religionists, that

> New occasions teach new duties,
> Time makes ancient good uncouth.

and that

> God reveals himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

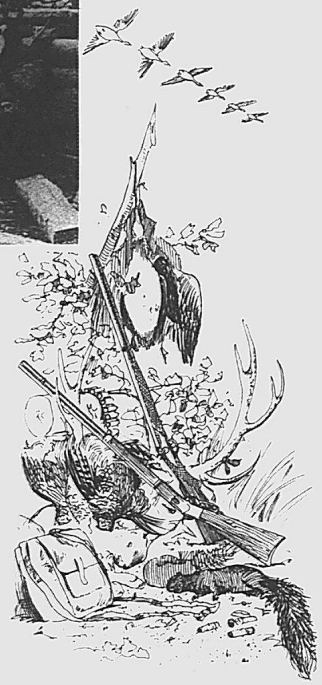
It is necessary to revise our religious services from time to time to make them correspond with the facts of life and the feelings of new generations. Otherwise we fall into the old pagan delusion of fancying that there is something peculiarly acceptable to the Almighty in one ceremonial rather than another, and that we do Him service or that He gets some benefit by our fasts and prayers. On this subject let my readers who wish to follow it up study the 7th and 8th chapters of the Book of the Prophet Zechariah.

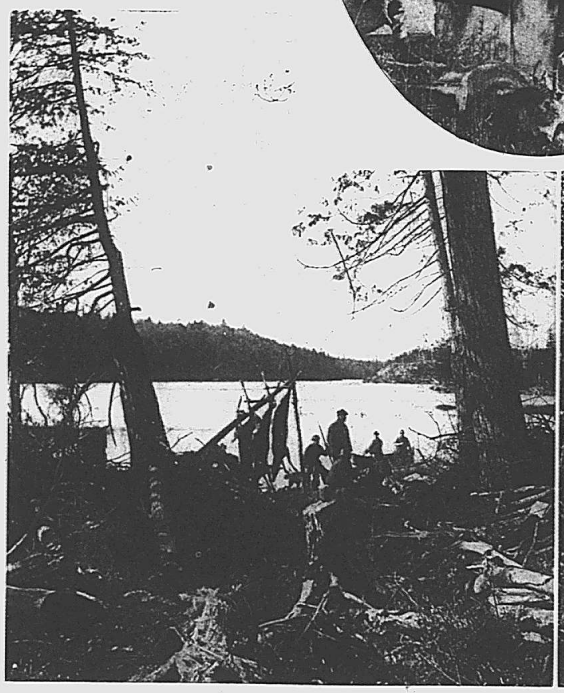
In many ways is the strict piety of the people of Cape Breton manifested. In a congregation of a hundred and fifty families there is not one in which domestic worship is not observed night and morning. How much of this is due to the sense of God as ever present, and how much is merely conventional, it would ill become any one to judge. It is a mournful fact that, notwithstanding this, local merchants complain of an undue quantity of salt being put into the butter to make it weigh more, while the customers complain of corresponding tricks of trade on the part of the merchants. Keen observers tell of promises not kept, of debts not regarded when legally outlawed, of public duties lightly done or left undone, of subscriptions to the minister's stipend

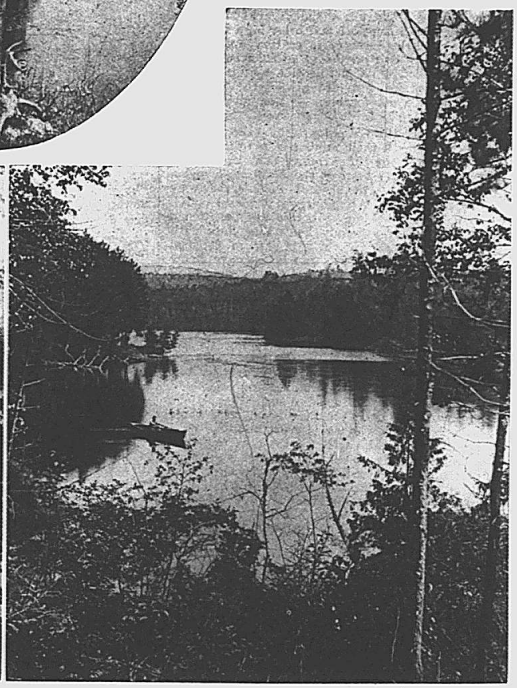












CANADIAN SPORTING SCENES.

From Photographs by Geo. S. C. Bethune, Toronto.



dishonored, and other evidences of lack of truth between man and man and a disregard of elementary righteousness. Such things are classed under the head of morality, or, I should say, of immorality. There is a tendency in some circles to agree with Amsdorf and other high Lutherans divines of the seventeenth century, and regard good works as "*perniciosa ad salutem*." Their favorite doctrine is justification by faith, an excellent doctrine, provided always that Hobbes' comment be not forgotten "Yes, but it is the *just* who live by faith."

Great was the reverence paid by the people of Cape Breton to their ministers in former days. They were something more than men—holy priests standing between the Most High and a sinful people. In the absence of chiefs, they were obeyed more or less implicitly in temporal as well as in spiritual things. To this day the Roman Catholic priest generally holds this place with his parishioners. His will is law in political and civil matters. His people desire to know his good pleasure with regard to the exercise of the franchise, all the more eagerly the less he interests himself in politics. He does not need to speak from the altar or exercise spiritual intimidation. His choice of a candidate may be ascertained by means of a trusted lay intermediary or in some other indirect way. To know is to obey. Not long ago in one locality two men were bold enough to vote on the other side. It so happened that one died soon after, and an unexpected calamity befell the second. He would be a bold man who would venture to vote independently in that parish for the next quarter of a century. It is useless to fight against influence of that kind. There is no escape from it, save through development. A healthy change is taking place among the Presbyterians, and a like evolution will follow in the case of their neighbors. Both are learning to think for themselves and to accept the guidance of their ministers only in as far as they are wiser, more discreet, more unselfish, greater men than any others in the parish. The office is still something, but the man is more than the office. Tens of thousands of the people still speak Gaelic, and Gaelic only. Even the children who read nothing but English in the Public Schools love best the language they have learned at their mother's knee—the language of home, of legend and song, of courtship and frolic, and, above all, of religion. In Gaelic they sing the psalms of David to the plaintive minor tunes, wailing now like a coronach, and then screaming like the high notes of the pipes—dear to their hearts, it may be, because of old associations of persecution and trial, or because the sounds are woven into the deepest strands of their beings with the mournful sighing of the breeze through forest and glen, or the shriek of the blast that scattered the crest of the waves on the dim shielings that were their fathers' homes in the Hebrides. In that language the white-haired grandsire still lines out the psalm preparatory to young and old taking up the mournful chant, reads the big Bible, and prays in their hearing morning and night. Little wonder that English sounds cold and formal, merely language for the market, where a little cheating is necessary in self-defence. But though they associate the religious life with Gaelic, they make large allowance for those that are ignorant of it, on the score of what theologians call invincible ignorance. "And do you not know any of the Gaelic?" asked an old lady who had come to the manse to visit the wife her beloved young minister had just brought home. The answer being a prompt No, the next question had in it a tone of suspicion that needed little to kindle it into resentment. "Did your father or your mother not speak the Gaelic?" When that, too, was answered, and this time rather sorrowfully, in the negative, then came the comforting words from the kind old soul. "Och! indeed, then, I have heard of some that did not know the Gaelic that were ferry good people," and among that select class she included in her big, warm heart all the house into which her minister had married.

Artemus Ward lectured on the babes in the wood without saying anything concerning those historic characters. It may be thought that I have followed his example in writing about "A Summer Resort." If so, I advise my readers to go to Cape Breton and judge for themselves. They will not be disappointed with the reality, though they may be with the description.

G. M. GRANT.

Queen's University, Kingston

THE MAN WITH BUT A COUNTRY.



THE great New York house of John London & Company bore across its front, in large letters under the firm name, "American Cotton Goods," which were the sole article of its immense trade. It was yet early, and the hum and bustle of business had not set in. Hugh Dalkeith stood looking at a folded newspaper, when he suddenly raised his eyes and saw John London standing before him with his impenetrable face.

"Well, sir," the great merchant asked, "what is the news?"

Dalkeith was an elderly man with a grey beard and gentle face. He flushed a little, but answered quietly:

"I was reading about this dispute with Canada over the fisheries."

"Well, what do you think of it?" London asked with a perceptible sneer.

"I think," Dalkeith replied gravely, "that some of these politicians and editors on both sides are too foolish to know what wickedness they are fomenting. This is a matter for investigation by experts and settlement by mutual agreement and good-will, and these men seem not to know that the logical outcome of their wild talk would be war."

"You seem to be giving it careful attention anyway," London retorted, "and it would be a pity to have our business interfere with your settlement of the matter."

Dalkeith flushed again and stood quiet, then looked up and replied:

"I have served this house for twenty-six years and have never before had it implied that I neglected my duty to the firm."

"And I should think that long enough for you to have learned the rules of the house," London returned, and then spoke to the cashier:

"Mr. Noble, pay Mr. Dalkeith what we owe him, and allow him to go at once and attend to his international affairs."

Dalkeith turned pale and stood still a while, then got his hat and went away without a word.

He began at once to look for other employment, but in vain. After a month or two of fruitless seeking, he was almost in despair. He had three daughters and their mother to support. His old friend and minister, Dr. Lancaster, saw his downcast look in church, and called on him next day. He could hardly believe that Dalkeith could have been discharged for so slight an offence, and he went straight to John London and spoke for his friend:

"I have known Hugh Dalkeith for many years, and he is one of the finest of men. There must be some mistake; you could not let such a trifle outweigh the faithful service of long years. He says there was nothing for him to do at the time, and he is deeply concerned in anything that affects the friendly relations between this country and Canada or Great Britain. He was born and brought up in Scotland, and lived in Canada for some time before coming here, and he has relatives and friends in both those countries."

"You may call the rules of this house trifles," London answered haughtily, "but they are the trifles that have made its success; and that, you will admit, is no trifle. As for his concern about Canada and Britain, that is fudge. I was born in England myself and have lived in Canada, but when I came here I put all that behind. I am an American. We've got the best country on the planet; and let the others look out for themselves, I say. We've got all the climates, and can produce everything we want if we only protect ourselves from foreign interlopping. 'America for the Americans,' that's what I say."

The clergyman stood straight before him, with color in his face and fire in his eyes, and he said proudly:

"I am an American. My blood has run in New England veins for two hundred years, as it ran in English ones for eight hundred before that. I love my country, and I say the earth for the people whom God made to dwell in it, and the best laws those which are good for all mankind.' It passes my understanding how a grown man can forget that all the English-speaking peoples on either side of the Atlantic are children of one house, with a common heritage of civilisation and liberty wrought out through centuries of struggle and rivers of blood and tears. Our language, our laws and literature are nearly all products of English life and character; our very names are parts of English history. The rules of your house and the laws made in the same spirit may pile up money for a few at the cost of the many, but that is a poor kind of success if they harden your hearts and narrow your minds and blind you to the fact that if you could have your country all to yourselves and shut out all that comes from abroad you would quickly sink to the level of the Red Indians, the only real and original Americans."

Before this scorn London's hard face grew harder still, and he answered with a set and defiant look:

"That's all very fine, and I'll tell you what I think about it: I wish to God I might never see or hear another word about Britain or Canada again!"

"Take care! take care!" the clergyman commented warningly. "God has sometimes taken men at their word when they made such impious wishes."

"Well, I say it again," the excited man retorted. "I call God to witness that I hope I may never hear of any foreign country again!"

"And if your prayer were answered," Dr. Lancaster rejoined, "your punishment would be like Cain's—greater than you could bear."

The indignant clergyman stalked straight away and left London standing alone in his office. The heat went out of him suddenly, and he stood with his head bent. He did not know what ailed him, but something made him afraid. Suppose he should be taken at his word, he thought, as the preacher had said. He shook it off and applied himself to business, but it came back again and again. He asked himself, what if he should? Was it not his wish, his true feeling?

But the thought of dread came back all the afternoon and made him forget to buy his evening paper on his way home. He was waspish and absent all the evening, and in the night found himself lying awake wondering how it would seem if his wish had come true. In the morning

he came down and took up the paper as usual, and felt as if someone had struck him in the face. Several columns on the first page were entirely blank. He went out without his hat and hurried, with the paper in his hand, round the block to the newsman who served him with papers, and demanded:

"What do you mean by leaving me a paper with half a page blank?"

"Faix, blank is it, sir?" the Irishman asked. "I see no blank. You can take your pick, sir; they're all the same."

Sure enough London turned them over, and part of the first page of each was plain white paper. He went back to the house and met his daughter in the hall.

"Come in here," he said to her. "What do you see there?"

He put his hand on the blank space, and the girl looked and answered:

"Why, that is the foreign news."

He dropped into a chair and told her to read, and as she went on his face turned white as the wall. He heard his daughter's pleasant voice, but could not understand a word; it was nothing to him but idle gabble.

He took the paper from her and looked through it. Here and there on the inside pages were other blank spaces; he pointed them out to the girl.

"Our Paris Letter," she read; "Gossip from London"—"Canadian Rights and Wrongs"—"John Bull in a China Shop!"

London tore the paper slowly across, and his look frightened the girl so that she broke out crying. London was fond of her, and he dropped the paper, put on a gay air, drew her to him and made her laugh. At breakfast he made a brave show of cheerfulness, but it was ghastly and fitful merriment.

Out in the street the sun was bright and the pavements rang to a thousand hoofs and wheels. He shook himself free and tramped down Broadway through the throng and sunlight; and he vowed to himself that a man with such a city and country needed nothing more. At his office he was over head and ears in business, and forgot everything else. But by-and-bye he was left with a little time on his hands, and his eye fell on a book that lay on his desk. It was "Vanity Fair."

—Now, London was no novel reader: he despised sentiment and all moonshine. But the other day he had found his son Tom buried in a book and taken it from him with a growl of disapproval. Then he began to read where it was open, and kept on.

"Tom," he said finally, "this man's head is level. There's no nonsense about him."

He carried the book away and read it in all his spare moments. He took it up eagerly now and opened it where it was marked. The two pages were blank. He turned the leaves over slowly: they were all blank paper. He grew black in the face, wheeled round and flung the book away with such violence that it crashed through the glass door. A startled clerk looked in, and London swore at him and told him to go back and mind his business, if he had any.

In the afternoon a friend in the wholesale fish and fruit business dropped in and chatted about Canada and the fishery troubles. London sat grim and answered yes and no. Finally Codman stared and remarked:

"London, you don't know a word I've said. You look bad; you'd better go home."

He did go home. He got his trotting horse and drove up the road. He enjoyed it after a while, fell in with a friend of kindred spirit and brought him home. He laughed and talked loud about the greatness of the country. In the evening they went to see Booth in Hamlet. London was no great reader, even of Shakespeare, but he was very fond of his plays on the stage. He chatted and was full of spirit till the curtain went up, then he sat blank and unmoved to the end. There was no more Shakespeare for him.

London's firm had a dispute with an express company, and he went the next day to his lawyer to talk it over. The counsellor explained that the matter turned upon the responsibility of carriers under the Common Law of England. He went into it at length, and London sat still and did not understand a word. He came away looking older. This touched him more nearly than anything yet. He made inquiries for the best specialist in the treatment of the eye and ear, and in the morning called on him and told his trouble without explanation. The doctor questioned him, tested his sight and hearing, questioned him further, and gave him a letter to another physician. The doctor addressed was a well-known expert in insanity and diseases of the



nervous system. He examined London, sat down and talked with him on general topics, and then said:

"Mr. London, there is nothing the matter with your eyes or ears. You're the victim of a hallucination."

London did not find that it made much difference. About that time two nephews of his came to town; and Tom being absent, London took them to hear Thomas' orchestra. He was talking with the young fellows before the performance, and kept right on after it began. His head was turned aside, and he did not know till the hush and glances of the people attracted his attention, and he looked up and saw the musicians in full swing. He did not hear a sound. He put down his head a moment, then turned and muttered harshly:

"Come out of this, boys; they're all confounded Dutchmen. Let's go and see something American."

He took them to the Cyclorama of the Battle of Gettysburg. That was American anyway, he declared to himself. The boys were delighted with the spectacle, but London was not: he could see nothing but a lot of trumpery and lumber. He could not understand till he went down to the office and asked who arranged the scenes, and they told him they were prepared and painted by a Frenchman. The boys found him cross and glum after that, and he went straight home and to bed.

At breakfast Thursday morning he turned over some letters that had just come in, and remarked:

"Why, here is one without an address."

His wife came to look and exclaimed:

"Why, John, it's for you, from Susan."

He looked at it a while and put it in his pocket. Susan was his sister, who lived in Ontario. He did not want any breakfast, and soon left the table. His wife followed him presently, and found him sitting with the letter on his lap. He had opened it and taken out two sheets of blank paper. He gave it to her to read, and she thought there must be death in it by his look. But there was no bad news, and she read it aloud. He was none the wiser when she finished, and he went away sorrowful.

He was glad when Sunday came. A quiet day at home and church and a turn in the park would surely bring him no annoyance. He had an inbred veneration for the faith of his fathers, and when seated in his high-priced pew he leaned back with a sigh of satisfaction. Presently a hymn was given out, one which he knew by the number. He had heard his father repeat it a hundred times:

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed!

He looked up the place, but there was no hymn there. He turned the book over slowly and saw many a blank page. "Old Hundred," "Rock of Ages," "Greenland's Icy Mountains" and most of the other old favorites were gone. He heard his mother's voice as she sung them long ago, and the book and the church faded out of his blurring sight.

He forgot what was going on till the text was given out, and he mechanically took up the book to find it. It was the common English Bible, and he could not see a word in it from beginning to end. His very Bible had been blotted out. His jaw dropped and the book fell to the floor; and the people who turned to look saw a man with a haggard and ghastly face. He got up and went out, and he looked like an old man from that day.

The weeks that followed were repetitions of this one and something more. Not a day passed without some new reminder of his deprivation. Every newspaper was striped with those blanks that came to be hideous to him; every magazine and book he took up had more or less of them, and almost every one he talked with made allusions to foreign things that were Greek to him. His imagination magnified all the commonplace of British and Colonial events, and his interest in them became eager from the very fact of their being unknown. He snuffed war in every breeze; the sound of martial music, the tramp of marching men filled him with terror, and he looked in men's faces to learn what no one could tell him.

Crossing the ferry one day he saw a warship swinging out from the Navy Yard into the stream and steaming off to sea, and he was seized with panic whose doubt and fear only time could allay. And time was always bringing fresh doubts and fears. He felt as if a great wall shut him in alone, and worried himself night and day with vainly fancying what was going on behind it.

Though his business was mostly domestic, few men knew better that the modern commercial world is one vast organism, whose heart is in London; that a serious disturbance in any branch of trade affects all others; that war or famine at the world's end may disturb all trade; and it is the instinctive grasp of far-away contingencies that makes the successful man in a great business like his. Now he was cut off from many of the factors of the problem, and his house blundered along like a ship in murky weather. In this emergency he looked about for some shrewd man who might supply his defect; and in default of a better he employed one named Blague, who was shrewd enough, but not too trusty. He counted upon keeping him in hand by close watching, but found it hard and anxious watching where the man's special province lay outside his ken.

His wife and daughter were troubled by his strange aspect and behavior, and this troubled him in turn. He was constantly annoyed at home and in constant dread of unseen disaster in his trade. He began that year straight and alert as an Indian, and at its end he was a bowed and grey-haired man with a hunted look in his face. Then the disaster came.

He went down to the office one morning and found fear and confusion. Blague had been shrewd enough to surmise London's disability and had traded on it, and now he had started for Montreal and left a big deficit in the balance sheet.

London was at his wits' end. After a day and night of distraction, he got up early and sought ought Dr. Lancaster, who had not seen him since their hot talk, and was shocked at the change in him.

"Well," London said, "I've had my wish, and what you said was true; it's more than I can bear."

The preacher was moved with compassion at the man's despair. He went down on his knees, drawing London down with him, and fervently besought Heaven to release him from his self-invoked curse.

The next day he came back, still with a dark, distraught face.

"I must have someone I can trust," he said. "Where is Hugh Dalkeith?"

Dalkeith had started a little business of his own, but had not thriven. The clergyman went with London to the place.

"Dalkeith," he said, "your old employer wants you to come back."

Dalkeith looked at London, hardly knowing him, but showed no mind to go.

"I'll take this place at your own price," London said eagerly, "and give you five thousand a year or a share in the business. I want you."

Those two had a long talk in London's office the next morning, and a little later London burst in upon Dr. Lancaster with a newspaper in his hand and a great light in his face. He stood up and read out the common foreign news as if it were a message from Heaven. He exulted; he laughed and cried. These very columns were blank to him that morning, but then Dalkeith came to the office and as soon as he began to talk of foreign markets London understood him.

All that week he could not hear enough of England, Canada and the rest. On Saturday he said to Dalkeith that they should be better acquainted, and after dinner on Sunday called on him and his family, who were quietly happy, prospering again after a hard year. They kept him to tea, and he went with Dalkeith to the evening service.

Dr. Lancaster startled them by his text: "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar." He dwelt vehemently on the brotherhood of men, the weak, blind children of God, who "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." He reminded them that when the Jewish lawyer asked, "Who is my neighbor?" the answer was, Not the priest or Levite of his own race, but a man of a despised alien people, the good Samaritan. He condemned the folly and shame of hating brother men for no better reason than that they live across a river or across the sea.

Then a strange thing happened. He now first perceived that London sat before him, flushed and intent, as may be supposed, and he paused, fearing to wound a broken man. Then London rose up slowly, looked round a moment and spoke with a strong, passionate utterance:

"Go on, sir; it's all true. No man knows it better than I. If any man thinks his country sufficient to itself, I was once as foolish, but, God helping me, will never be again."

The preacher said "Amen," and closed the service with the fervent prayer that they might have grace to love the Lord with all their hearts and their neighbor as themselves, and so to bring in, through the New Year, and all the years to come, the reign of Peace on Earth and Good-will to Men.

JAMES T. McKAY.

Huntington, Long Island, New York

MEETING TROUBLE MORE THAN HALF-WAY.



ONCE upon a time, as the story goes, an aged and childless married pair were sitting by the kitchen fire. Tears suddenly started in the good woman's eyes and chased each other down her cheeks. The good man anxiously asked the cause of her grief. "Oh," said she, "I was just thinking if we had a nice little boy, and he was playing here by the fire, and if a ham of meat should fall from the ceiling and kill the dear little fellow, what a terrible thing it would be."

That woman met her troubles more than half way. The chances were a million to one that the boy might never appear. If he did put in an appearance the ham might never fall, and if the ham did fall it might not strike him. It is easy to say that the woman acted foolishly, but thousands of people do the same thing, though they do it in different ways. Borrowing trouble is almost as common as breathing. The number of people who take all the enjoyment out of the present that the present can afford is small. The number who give their whole strength to present duty and expend none in fighting evils that may never come is perhaps smaller.

The causes that lead people to meet trouble more than half way are various. Dyspepsia is one cause. A dyspeptic man always sees trouble ahead. Too often it is about the only thing he does see. A vigorous attack of nervous dyspepsia can make almost anybody believe that the sky is going to fall, or some other terrible thing is about to happen. A torpid liver sends a man out to meet his troubles in lively style. Running to meet trouble is the only lively thing he does while his liver is on strike. His limbs may be as stiff as the limbs of a foundered horse; his mind may be so dull that he has hard work to remember what day of the week it is; but he can meet his troubles at a rate of speed that might make chain lightning green with envy.

Some people are so constructed that they naturally take their troubles in advance. They are built that way. They cannot help it, and, truth to say, some of them don't try very hard to conquer their constitutional tendency. A typical Englishman, it is said, is never so happy as when he has something to complain about. People who are constructed for brooding over imaginary evils may perhaps find some kind of pleasure in exercises of that kind. The fable of the frogs would come in here nicely. Groaning over borrowed trouble may be fun for those who groan, but it is a lingering death for those who have to listen to the groaning. If a man must run miles to meet his troubles, he should not insist that all his able-bodied relations run with him. They may have more important business to attend to, and meeting troubles half way may interfere with their capacity to attend to business.

And here is the place where one of the worst evils of meeting trouble more than half way always comes in. To most of us each day brings duties enough of its own. These duties are often difficult, and sometimes delicate and irksome. For the proper discharge of them we need all our present strength and tact. If we load ourselves down with coming difficulties, real or imaginary, present duty cannot be properly discharged. The work of any one day is enough for that day, without dragging in trouble that may or may not come during the next century. The Country Parson tells us about a clergyman who was overwhelmed with grief at a tea meeting when he thought that all the dishes used at the meeting would be broken within the next hundred years. Now, that good man could not make a suitable speech under these circumstances. The sight of the broken cups and saucers would haunt him and spoil his best sentences. His duty was to say something pleasant and instructive to the people; but what orator could say anything good with the sound of breaking crockery ringing in his ample ears, even though the sound came from his own imagination? That clergyman went a hundred years ahead for his trouble. When he found it the trouble was nothing more serious than a little broken crockery, but the calamity was great enough to spoil his speech, and perhaps spoil the meeting too.

Imagine a lawyer trying to address a jury effectively while he is oppressed with the thought that next year he will not have a single client to appear for. Fancy a doctor trying to help a patient while he is inwardly consuming with the fear that in a short time there will not be one sick person within a radius of one hundred miles. Think of an editor trying to write an interesting, cheery, helpful article when he sees by his mind's disordered eye visions of irate subscribers coming in with pistols and clubs. Dragging forward future troubles would paralyse these men and unfit them for present duty. The lawyer needs all his present strength and skill to manage his client's case and withstand the bad air of the court room. The doctor needs all his skill and nerve to pull his patient through. The editor requires the use of all his faculties and powers to work up a good, lively editorial for his readers, intelligent or otherwise. In fact, any man needs all the wit, wisdom and ability he has for his present work, and if he loads himself down with borrowed trouble he cannot do his work well. The right way is to do each day's work as the day comes. To-morrow's work can be done to-morrow. Next week's work can be done next week. This is a fine theory. In fact, it is such a fine theory that few people can practise it. As the old lady said about the doctrine of human depravity, "It is a fine doctrine if we could only live up to it."

There is not any too much innocent pleasure in this world. In fact most of us find this world a rather matter-of-fact place to live in. All the more pity, then, to mar its innocent pleasures by meeting trouble more than half way. And that is just what many people do. Sailing over a fine sheet of water on a lovely summer day is intensely enjoyable, but the pleasure is slightly marred if you sit on deck anxiously waiting for the boiler to burst, and imagining yourself going up with the smoke-stack. Riding in a Pullman car through charming scenery is pleasant, but the charm may be broken if you are haunted with the fear that the engineer does not know his business, or that a draw-bridge ahead is open. Listening to a really good sermon or lecture is pleasant enough, but you cannot enjoy it if an unruly imagination constantly reminds you that the galleries are about to fall or that the roof of the building may cave in. Borrowed trouble mars any kind of enjoyment, and for that reason borrowed trouble is a bad thing.

A marriage is usually an enjoyable event, and so it ought to be. The groom should be glad because he is getting a good wife, and the bride because she is getting a good husband. If the parson is not glad, he may, perhaps, be made to feel that way by a good fee. Try him. The parents of the happy couple should not feel so very bad, because marriage is a Divine institution, and in marrying the young people merely act on the principle that it is not good for the man to be alone—or the woman either. Anyway, they cannot blame the young people for following the example of their parents. A marriage should be a joyful kind of event, but sometimes you do see an elderly unmarried lady rather mar the enjoyment by looking sadly at the youthful pair and saying in tones loud enough to be heard over all the room, and lugubrious enough to make all feel bad, "*Poor things, they little know what's before them.*" Of course the elderly single lady knows all that is before her. She knows that she is going to get the offer of a solid old widower with a small number of "responsibilities" and a large balance at the bank, and that she won't take him. She also knows that some nice young man may come along, and that she won't take him either. Of course she knows all that, and a great many more likely events, but even supposing she knows all the future, that is no reason why she should mar the marriage festivities by grimly saying, "Ah, poor things, they little know what's before them."

As the old year is ending business people look back and count up the gains and losses. They might do a less useful thing than try to reckon how much they ever gained by meeting trouble more than half way.

Standing once more on one of Father Time's watersheds, readers of THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE may be anxiously asking what the year 1890 has in store for them. Our advice is, Meet no troubles half way. Make the most of the days as they come, and mar not present pleasures or enfeeble the discharge of present duties by anticipating evils that may never come. The troubles from which we suffer most are rarely the troubles we expected.

KNOXONIAN.

EVERGREENS.

A jovial lot are they
Who fill the lumber sleigh,
And by their merriment the woodman gleans
That through the storm and cold,
With boyish hearts and bold,
The little choristers have come to haul the Christmas greens.

And quickly, too, they heap
The boughs where, soft asleep,
A subtle perfume loves to long abide;
So wild and sweet and free,
It always seems to be
Twin sister of the music that we hear at Christmas-tide.

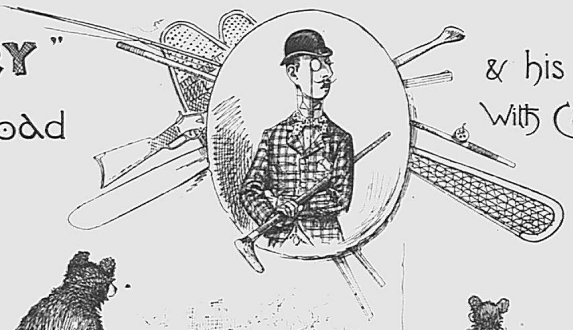
Adown the long white road
The axeman drives his load
Of fragrant greens through puffs and drifts of snow,
Until his happy eyes
See in the twilight skies
The village spire, and well he knows who waits for him below.

Anon he halts before
The church's open door,
And pretty faces greet him with a smile.
Is it the light and heat
That make his pulses beat,
Or but a pair of laughing eyes he meets across the aisle?

Brantford. *E. Pauline Johnson.*

BEST COPY AVAILABLE
McLaren Micropublishing Limited

"ARRY" Abroad & his experience with Canadian SPORTS





HUNTING



HE WONDERS WILL HE STUFF THEM



HERHURST HE WILL STUFF THEM



HE LOST HIS PANTS-SKIN AFTER ALL



FISHING



ARRY DECIDES TO TRY A MILDER KIND OF SPORT & IS ENJOYING HIMSELF IN TRUE ENGLISH STYLE WHEN HE GETS



A ROUSING BITE



BUT HE STICKS TO HIS FISH & FINALLY LANDS HIM (TWO A TRIFLE MIXED)



LACROSSE



HE GETS INTO A SCUFFLE AND THINKS THE GAME RATHER ROUGH.



HE WAS TOLD TO CHECK HIM CLOSE.



AND HE DID



HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE OF THE BODY-CHECK.



SNOWSHOEING



TRYING TO RUN





HE JUMPS A FENCE, & IS FOUND IN THE ABOVE POSITION BY THE BOYS WHO TAKE HIM TO THE CLUB HOUSE



AND LEAVE HIM IN A GOOD POSITION TO THAW OUT.



TOBOGGANING THE START



ON THE HOMESTRETCH



A SLIGHT OBSTRUCTION



FINISH







A NOTARY'S

NOEL

T. GREGORIE du Petit Mont was one of those tranquil, long-streeted villages which doze from year to year by some solitary mountain on the alluvial plains of Lower Canada. A parish church, of course, mothered it. There was also a dash of trees and stone wall which contained a manor-house. Opposite the manor-house, whose cornices and tree-boughs were now dressed in spotless tulle-folds of winter, was a notary's office, with the snow cleared comfortably away before its door. It was the day after Christmas, sunny and snowy, and very leisurely and St. Gregoirian all the scene. Through the panes of the little office you might see E. Q. de la Pigeonniere, Ecrg., N.P., standing upright, reading, with his specs on, from the ancient little manual entitled "Le Parfaict Notaire," to his son Quentin, who sat cutting a quill for that office still stuck to quills at a table covered with the document titles of all the parish. De la Pigeonniere was reading to his son:

"The honor of the notary is the safeguard of the family. The notariat is one of those institutions which do credit to modern society, and which has contributed, among the most, to polish and soften manners and to hasten the progress of European civilisation. It is in the shadow of this tutelary institution that peace sleeps in the bosom of families and of the individual, that agriculture delivers itself with confidence to its labors, and that the arts, freed from business cares, pursue without disturbance their ingenious creations."

As the little notary read, his heart swelled with satisfaction at his own long, diligent and stainless record as a guildsman of "la profession."

"Monsieur is a notary, is he not?" would some stranger client from a distance perhaps ask, and very respectfully. His reply was always:

"I have the *honor*, sir."

The little man's surroundings reflected this pride of conscientiousness. His office floor shone with immaculate ochre-yellow paint; his books many of them those elegant Paris bindings of the last century which the Napoleonic change of laws drove in numbers to Canada glistened in trimmest rows exactly according to size, in the dark book-cases around, through antique glass panes; his collar linen, cut of an elderly style, was very white, if a little coarse-grained; a black satin cravat was tied about it into a bow; he wore broadcloth; and he never went out in summer without a stovepipe hat specially imported by him from a maker in the city whom he had patronised for forty years.

The face which looked into the volume was mild, ruddy and precise, and his white, curly hair was clipped short.

He replaced "The Perfect Notary" carefully in its book-case, and rubbed his hands.

"Affairs are advancing, son Quentin. You will soon have your profession. And Ubalde"

"What of Ubalde?" Quentin queried.

"Yes, I shall tell him," he said aside. "Listen, you shall be told. Well, Ubalde, the eldest, will live over *there!*" De la Pigeonniere pointed across to the manor-house with an expression of overflowing, child-like joy. "Quentin, my son, you know that the de la Pigeonnieres were originally the seigneurs of St. Gregoire."

"Once," said Quentin quietly. "The seigniory is now Mr. Fatt's, I thought."

This very dutifully. He insinuated no criticism. He always waited for his father.

"By purchase only. Quentin, my son, the aim, the felicity of my existence has been to see a de la Pigeonniere once more lord of St. Gregoire! The seignieury means to this Mr. Fatt simply an investment of twenty thousand dollars. It is but a sum of arithmetic how much he will take for it, foi, hommage, old parchments, history, everything! In twelve months more I shall have bought it, if God be willing; for have I not the Simoneau property, the houses at Coteau, the place in the village, the farms and the mills? This rumor of the railway doubles their value. Quentin, do you realise how happy I shall be?"

"You owe some mortgages, father."

"It is true I owe mortgages; but the Cadieux brothers are only payable on their deaths. Mr. Fatt's loan can be paid as I wish it, for is not Advocate Ecrement our friend, and is he not Mr. Fatt's agent? No, no; in a year Ubalde shall be lord."

Quentin dropped his pen and smiled in full, simple-minded sympathy.

Their gladness seemed to make a man who came in feel very uncomfortable. He entered reluctantly, thumping the snow off his long moccasins on the step.

"Mr. Boieldieu" the notary exclaimed genially, "our bird of peace! Sit close to the stove there and tell us the news."

"I hope Mr. de la Pigeonniere is fortified against the troubles of life," said he, with a kind of religious soberness. This man frequently acted as bailiff in the place.

"You are not happy, Boieldieu, my friend!"

"Monsieur, I would greatly wish not to have a thing on my mind. See here, Monsieur de la Pigeonniere, what I would rather hand to any other person in the parish."

The document thus suddenly served was a writ of summons in the new case of Fatt v. de la Pigeonniere, instituted for the whole amount of the loan by Attorney Ecrement. This struck the notary as somewhat unfriendly, for Ecrement had been his close acquaintance ever since the advocate had settled in the village, six years before.

"That will be very inconvenient," commented the old gentleman. "I shall have to mortgage the rest of the properties for the present if he insists. It will postpone my plans."

"What is this, too?" asked Quentin, picking up a letter from the floor.

"From Ecrement! It will explain."

As he read the letter the Maitre's face paled, and at its close he sank into his chair with a groan. Quentin rushed up to him, crying "What is the matter, my father?"

"The Cadieux Brothers. They have both died together! The heirs, through Ecrement, demand their moneys at once. Surely— But Ecrement is our friend. It is only time we need to turn these properties into money."

He rushed over to the office of the advocate. The latter was a solemn-looking man with a retreating forehead, who received de la Pigeonniere with obsequious friendliness.

"What would you have? I am only the attorney of these people."

"But you know my position. Advise them delay, and I can pay them."

The lawyer's face became simply impassive. His petitioner pleaded for hours and hours. Then he turned away, his head bursting with rush of blood, and for two days he lay at home exclaiming, "It will kill me!" Look this way or that, how could he raise large sums on remote country properties? No one knew that difficulty better than himself professionally. Quentin was helpless. "Why should Fatt, the Englishman, be so hard?"

Ubalde, who was "taking his course in philosophy" in the city to fit him for a gentleman, came home for the holidays. He was more practical.

"Why don't you go and see some of your city confreres, mon pere? Go and see people who live where Fatt lives."

The old man, bethinking himself of his life-long friend, Mittson, was persuaded to put on his great wolf-coat, the serving-man harnessed the cariole, put in a hot brick and provisions, and Quentin drove him off the forty miles over the snow to the city, trembling and excited all the way.

Out of the goodness of his heart towards Mittson, he secured from the barnyard of a farmer client on the road a pair of magnificent turkeys. There was one thing to which he held firmly in the midst of his trouble, and that was the fraternal tradition of "the profession." Had not that Freemasonry of kindness insured him a friend in every village? Had it not given him an ally in every assembly?

They stabled the horse at the little French hotel and made their way to the magnificent office labelled "Wetherby Mittson, N.P.," where their successful confrere sat cut off by a partition from his two typewriters, his five students, and his steady, old English clerk. A merry, keen-featured man received them with a cordiality which instantly chased away their sorrows.

"Hallo, you old habitant from St. Laurent! Good luck to you!"

They related the urgent and ruinous instructions of Fatt's lawyer, Ecrement. "It will kill me," added the maitre.

"Ecrement—Ecrement! A tarred stick," Mittson reflected. "He left here under a cloud half a dozen years back. Goliah, de la Pigeonniere, don't you see that if your properties are sold at forced sale the hound could make his fortune? We must see Fatt this evening. Dine with me."

When they arrived at Fatt's, Mittson seemed to have brought the turkeys, for he took a pair out of the cariole. He sent up his card, and placing the fowls in the two hands of his wondering friend, he took their documents and left the two standing dazed in the brilliant parlors. They heard sounds of festivity and children's laughter in another part of the house, and decorations of flowers and evergreens were profusely dispersed about. There was no doubt of the observance of the holidays there.

Mittson soon came back to them, and as he threw open the door in walked Fatt, the great merchant, and stood face to face with the tearful little figure in the big wolfskin coat, holding two mighty turkeys!

"Had you ever a dinner better than your next one, Fatt?" exclaimed Mittson. "Here's the tribute of your vassals from St. Gregoire. Mr. de la Pigeonniere, N.P., Mr. Fatt, the seigneur."

The smiling merchant burst into jocundity. He was charmed by the noble birds. Of course Mr. de la Pigeonniere could have the extension of time. He did not want the money.

Just then children's voices and a noise of feet rushing in the passage mingled in a chorus of "Father, father, we've lit the tree again!" The merchant hastily rose.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Pigeonniere. "Buy the seigniory now; pay me when you please; go into that house out there, and arrange it all with my friend and notary here. Don't trouble yourself about this limb of the law, for I'll fix him. Good-bye, and a Happy New Year to you."

"It's very little I've done for you, old boy," protested Mittson on the way back; "but didn't we work in the turkeys?"

"My father," Quentin observed on the way homewards over the leagues upon leagues of white country roads, "I had believed that the English were all rough and unmannered, but we have met here two gentlemen everyway equal to our own."

"Son," the notary answered, in the patriarchal manner of an old French Canadian, "let this teach you that it is a mistake to think others worse than ourselves, that among every nation there are the gentle as well as the rude, and that when there is added a bond like that of the great notarial profession, the memory becomes a vault when friendships are stored securely, like deeds in a safe, to be produced and acknowledged at their value in all languages, at every call."

Montreal. W. Douw Lighthall.











THE LITTLE FOLK.

AN EXPERIENCE OF MR. BATTERPOLE.



ONE February afternoon a tremendous snowstorm was raging about the camp on the Upper Keswick. The air was so thick with driving flakes that one could scarcely see five feet ahead of him. It fell dark in the woods by the middle of the afternoon, and the chopping and the hauling came to an end. Lamps were soon lighted in camp, and the lumbermen, in their steaming homespuns, gathered about the roaring stove to sing, smoke, swap yarns and munch gingerbread. The wind screamed round the gables of the camp, rattled at the door and windows, and roared among the tree-tops like the breaking of great waves on an angry coast. From the stables close by came ever and anon the neighing of a nervous horse.

Andy Mitchell had been detailing with tireless minuteness the virtues of his magnificent team of stallions, Tom and Jerry, and had described as was his wont on all possible occasions the manner in which they had once saved his life when he was attacked by a tremendous Indian Devil. This Indian Devil as the Northern Panther is called in Canada had been literally pounded to pieces under the hoofs of the angry stallions. As Mitchell concluded there came a voice from the other side of the stove, and a tall Woodstocker spoke up. This was a chopper very popular in the camp, and known by the name of Jabe. His real name, seldom used except on Sundays, was Jabez Ephraim Batterpole.

"*I'll* tell yez a leetle yarn, boys," said Jabe, "about a chap ez warn't *exackly* an Injun Devil, but he was half Injun, an' I'm a-thinkin' t'other half must a' ben devil. I run agin him las' June three year gone, an' he come blame near a-doin' fur me. I haint sot eyes on him sence, fur which the same I aint agoin' to complain.

"I'd ben up to the Falls, an' was a-takin' a raft down the river fur Gibson. Sandy Beale was along o' me, an' I dunno ez ever I enjoyed raftin' more'n on the first o' thet trip. Doubtless yez all knows what purty raftin' it is in them parts. By gum, it kinder makes a chap lick his lips when he rickolecks it, a slidin' along there in the sun, not too hot an' not too cold, a smokin' very comfortable, with one's back braced agin a saft spruce log, an' smellin' the leetle catspaws what comes blowin' off the shores jest ez sweet an' saft ez a gal's currls a brushin' of a feller's face."

"*What* gal's currls be you referrin' to, Jabe?" interrupted Andy Mitchell.

"Suthin' finer'n horse-hair, anyways!" was the prompt retort; and a laugh went round the camp at Andy's expense. Then Mr. Batterpole continued:

"When we come to Hardscrabble it was sundown, so we tied up the raft an' teetered up the hill to Old Man Peters's fur the night. Yez all knows Old Man Peters's gal Nellie, ez there aint no'tidier an' honester slip on the hull river. Nellie was purty glad to see Sandy an' me, ef I does say it that shouldn't; an' she chinned with us so ez she didn't hev no time to talk to some other chaps ez was puttin' up there that night. An' this, ez I mighty soon ketched onter, didn't seem nohow to suit one of the fellers. He was a likely-lookin' chap enough, but very dark-complected an' sallow-like, with a bad eye, showin' a lot o' the white. An eye like that's a bad thing in a horse, an' I reckon 'taint a heap better in a man.

"Sez I to Nellie, sez I: 'Nellie, who's yer yaller friend over there by the windy, which looks like he'd like to make sassage-meat o' my head?'

"Nellie's eyes flashed, an' she answered up right sharp: 'Taint no friend of mine. 'Taint no sort of a *man* at all. It's only somethin' the freshet left on the shore, an' the pigs wouldn't eat nohow.'

"You bet I laffed, an' so did Sandy. Ez I heern later on, the chap had ben a botherin' roun' Nellie all winter, fur all she'd gin him the mitten straight an' sent him about his bizness heaps o' times. I reckon the feller suspicioned we was a-laffin at him, fur he squinted at me blacker'n ever.

"Purty soon Nellie got fussin' roun' the room.



over nigh to where the yaller chap was a-settin', an' he spoke to her, saft-like, so ez we couldn't hear what he was a-gittin' at. Nellie she jest sniffed kinder scornful; an' then, *what* would yez suppose that chap done? He reached out sudden, grabbed her leetle wrist so hard 'at she



cried out, an' *slapped* her—yes, slapped her right across the mouth. Nellie jest stood there white, like a image, an' never said one word; an' I seed the red 'marks' o' the blackguard's fingers come out acrosst her cheek. Next minit yaller face



jumped fur the door—an' me arter him, you kin bet yer life! He was a-makin' tracks purty lively, but I kin run a leetle myself, an' I was onter him 'gin Sandy an' the rest was outer the door. An' didn't I whale him, now? I twisted his knife outer his hand, an' I laced him till I was clean tuckered out. But the feller was grit, an' never hollered oncet. When I quit he laid still a bit. Then he riz up slowly, started to walk away, turned half round, an' hissed at me jest like a big snake er 'n old sassy gander:

"'I'll—pay—*you!*"

"'Git!" sez I, an' he purceeded to git, joggin' along towards Woodstock.

"Well, now, how thet Nellie did look at me, proud an' grateful like, when I come back to the house; an' sez I to myself, 'Jabez Ephraim, you've ben an' gone an' put in the big licks there, old feller!' But I never sed nuthin' about it at all to Nellie, nor Nellie didn't to me. Now yer a smilin', boys, so I may remark jest here, to save yez from interruptin' hereafter, thet I've ben to Old Man Peters's sence, on several occasions; an' nex' summer I hope to see yez all acceptin' the hospitality of Mrs. Jabez E. Batterpole! But *thet* aint no part o' this here story!

"Nex' day Sandy an' me hed a fine run down by Woodstock. The old raft rid kinder loose, however, an' we blamed up *an'* down the fellers ez had pinned her together to the Falls. Howsumever, we tightened her up a bit, an' calc'lated she'd hold through.

"Ez we come in hearin' of the Meductic, Sandy sez to me, sez he: 'Jabe, old 'Ductic is a-hoopin' her up to-day. There's a big head o' water on, an' I'm thinkin' we'll hev to keep our eyes peeled. It'll take some skittish steerin', fur ef the old raft jest teches the rocks she'll go all to slivers.'

"'Right you be!" sez I. An' we braced up.

"Now, ez we soon seen, old 'Ductic *was* jest a rearin'. The big raft shivered like a skeered filly ez she ketched the first nip of them cross-currents; an' she commenced ter bulge an' sag like a nonsense. Sandy was on the forrard sweep, but obsarvin' thet, ez the currents was a-settin', he warn't no use forrard, I called him aft to help me. Ez I turned my head a leetle mite to holler to him I ketched a squint o' that yaller chap a-steppin' in behind a tree on the bluff.

"There warn't no time to be a-considerin' of yaller chaps, fur the raft was settin' dead onter the big rocks in the middle o' the rapid, an' Sandy an' me was a-heavin' an' a-gruntin' on them sweeps to swing her cl'ar. 'She'll make it,' sez Sandy, 't last—an' that very minit there comes a ringin' shot from the bluff, an' I feels like it was a dash o' scaldin' water 'long the tip o' my shoulder-blade. Yez'll notice, I was leanin' forrard at the time.

"'I'm shot!" sez I; an' then I sees Sandy's sweep swing round, an' Sandy drops on the logs.

"I jumped cl'ar over to where he laid, but straightways he hops up an' yells, 'It's only me arm! Look out for the raft, Jabe!'

"*I* looked *out*, boys, you bet! But she was jest sheerin' roun' onter them rocks, an' no man's arm could a' stopped her. I looked up at the bluff, an' ketched a sight o' the yaller blackguard standin' there ez cool ez ye please, mind yez, a-loadin' up fur a fresh shot.

"I hadn't no time fur another squint at him, fur next minit the old raft struck the rocks. She jest tumbled to pieces like a box o' matches. I hustled Sandy out to the tail o' the raft jest in time, an' told him to jump an' stroke out fur all was in him, an' I'd see him through er else we'd kinder shuffle off together.

"'Correct" sez Sandy, chipper ez ye please; an' then we both jumped, me with a grip like grim death onter Sandy's belt.

"*Boys*, but it was a caution to see them waves, an' cross-currents, an' chutes, an' big ripples,

an' eddies, an' whirlpools, how they jest sucked us down an' slapped us up an' smothered us an' chucked us roun' like chips. I jest kep' my mouth shet an' said my pray'rs fur all was in me. An' ez for swallerin' water—I must a tuk in half a bar'l. How we was kep' cl'ar of the rocks was a miracle, *out* an' out. A queer light got ter dancin' an' shiftin' front o' my eyes, an' the singin' in my ears was gittin' kind o' pleasant like, an' I calc'late that yaller chap must a' gone away purty well satisfied; when, on the suddent, a sorter shock brung me to, an' I felt my feet tech bottom. There was a sight o' life left in Jabez Ephraim yet, ye can bet yer pile.

"I straightened up an' found 'at we was in a quiet eddy, at the foot o' the rapids, on the furder side o' the stream. The water warn't up to me arm-pits, neether. Ez for Sandy, the starch was clean knocked out o' *him*, so I jest hauled him ashore an' spread him out on the rocks to dry while I hev a leetle o' thet water off my stummick. In half a minit I felt better, an' then I went an' tumbled Sandy roun' till he was considerable lighter in the hold. Presently he come to an' opened his eyes.

"I swan, boys, we didn't hurry noane. We jest laid there in the sun a matter of an hour er so, kinder recooperatin'. Then we pinted up river. When the folks heerd what had tuk place, yez'll allow there was lots o' the boys out lookin' for the yaller chap. But he'd got scarce, an' what's more, he's stayed scarce. Any of yez fellers ever seen him?"

"Ef ever *I* runs agin him," exclaimed Andy Mitchell, in a burst of generous enthusiasm, "I'll feed him to my team fur Injun Devil."

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

King's College, Windsor, N.S.

THE SHY COUSINS

AND HOW THEY WERE CURED.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

I.

GRAVELY and with graceful dignity, not unmixed with a certain girlish light-heartedness, she had put out her hand to say good-night. He had taken it equally gravely.

It was a hand so pleasant to touch that the Doctor held it in his for perhaps a moment longer than (as he thought) a grave cousin should hold a girl's hand. Affrighted at his own unwonted temerity, he raised his eyes to hers. They were beautiful eyes—that he saw at once; but what was the expression in them he had not time to read, for Julia (this was her name), with head poised archly to one side, turned and tripped lightly upstairs.

"Is that the way you two cousins bid each other good-night?" said a soft, bantering voice near-by. "It was different in my day; it was often done with the help of some mistletoe at this merry season of the year. At all events *I* shall kiss you, John—for your mother!" she added with a laugh.

"What an absurd hour to go to bed at," he remarked to himself. "Half-past ten only, and here is the whole first floor of this big house left 'to darkness and to me,' I verily believe."

In this he was mistaken, for a footman appeared and asked whether he should light the candles in the smoking room.

"If you please," said the Doctor, and wondered at the strange conservatism of his aunt, his hostess, who would allow nothing but wax candles even in the smoking room.

Drawing a large arm-chair before the already expiring fire, he opened a medical journal and began an article on "Pathognomonic Prodromes of Poliomyelitis," but before he had read many lines he found that between his eyes and the printed page there was constantly appearing a fair, fresh, young face, with lips red and cheeks of glowing health, with eyes—Ah! here he was puzzled. What *was* the expression in those eyes? And the problem was so interesting a one that he laid down the magazine, and, extinguishing the candles, gave himself up to musing by the flickering light of the fire.

A deep-toned clock struck in some far-off hall. The Doctor wondered at the distinctness with which he heard it until he remembered having left the door of the smoking-room open. Glancing towards it, he noticed for the first time in a niche in the dark-panelled wall a statuette of Apollo in pursuit of Daphne. By the fitful light of the fire it was difficult to see what was the statuary's conception of the myth, and the Doctor, becoming interested, wheeled his chair round and close to the group. The god, with ecstatic gesture, was about to clasp the fleeing nymph in his arms; she, slim-limbed and agile, smiled as if seemingly knowing she would elude his grasp.

The Doctor was tired. He had travelled far that day, having come some hundreds of miles to accept his aunt's invitation to spend Christmas with herself and her only daughter, neither of whom he had seen since he was a mere child.

On that previous visit long ago, even as a boy he had won his aunt's affection, and she had long cherished a hope that some day he might be more to her than a nephew (he was hardly this), for Julia, his little playmate of those days, was but four years younger than himself. But he had never before this time repeated his visit. His mind was absorbed in his profession, and he saw less and less of society and of his relatives as he grew older. This seclusion, too, had the effect of making still more shy and retiring one by temperament already sensitive and studious, so that his aunt's hopes seemed doubly doomed to disappointment.

As the fire burned itself out fatigue overcame him, and, leaning back in his chair just as it was, facing the open door, he fell asleep and dreamed a confused dream, in which Julia, himself, Apollo and Daphne were inextricably confused.

II.

"Julia, are you awake? Julia!"

"Yes, mamma," said a sleepy voice; "what is it you want?"

"I am quite concerned about your Cousin John. It has struck one, and I do not think he has come upstairs yet."

Anybody who sat up past midnight was an incomprehensible, not to say dangerous, person in this simple, good old lady's mind.

"Would you mind slipping on your dressing-gown, dear, and running down stairs to see if everything is safe? I do not like to awaken the servants."

"Very well, mamma, if you like."

Gathering up the train of the thin gown she had loosely thrown on, and thrusting her naked feet into the softest of woollen slippers, Julia crept down stairs. The hall was in darkness, so was the drawing room. The dining room, into which she peered, looked weird and ghostly with a few pale moonbeams. Not a light could she see anywhere. "He must be in the library," she thought. "No, not there; nor in the smoking-room beyond, for I see the door between open: he must be in the billiard-room," and to reach this she had to cross the smoking room. This she entered by carefully feeling her way. Finding the door open, and knowing the other door was exactly opposite, she boldly walked across. Suddenly, with a half-stifled cry of alarm, she stumbled bodily into the arm-chair containing the tired and sleeping Doctor.

Never did those two young people forget that moment. Quite alone, invisible even to each other, curtained off from every-day life by night's silent and mysterious gloom, it seemed as if they had been rapt away into some new and exquisite world—a world in which the barrier between human hearts no longer existed. No timid eyes shone with wistful shyness; no lips expressed questioning eagerness; only two hearts for one brief minute beat fast and warm. His arms encircled her; a cool, fresh neck touched his cheek; a stray ringlet brushed against his temple.

On her, too, the influence of that moment seemed strange and irresistible. It was as if from being at a great distance from this reserved and unknown but lovable man she had been suddenly taken into his very heart. It was as if they had been by some divine magic transported back to the days of childhood, and so strong was the illusion that Julia actually forgot, for the fraction of a moment, to disentangle herself from his embrace.

"I am going to take aunt's advice," he whispered, "and without the mistletoe; good-night again."

With burning cheeks she broke away and fled.

* * * * * * * *

The Doctor paid many more visits to his aunt—at least during the next three months; after that he came less often. But this was easily to be accounted for, since on one of the occasions he took Julia away with him, on which occasion his aunt again kissed him, saying, "At all events I shall kiss you, John *as* your mother!" she added, this time with a tear.

Toronto. T. ARNOLD HOULTAIN.



Milton's Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring:
For so the holy sages once did sing
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and, here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.



A JANUARY MORNING.

The glittering roofs are still with frost; each worn
Black chimney builds into the quiet sky
Its curling pile, to crumble silently;
Far out to westward on the edge of morn
The slender, misty city towers upborne.
Glimmer faint rose against the pallid blue:
And yonder on those northern hills, the hue
Of amethyst, hang fleeces dull as horn:
But here behind me come the woodmen's sleighs
With shouts and clamorous squeakings; might and main
Up the steep slope the horses stamp and strain,
Urged on by hoarse-tongued drivers—cheeks ablaze,
Iced beards and frozen eyelids—team by team,
With frost-fringed flanks and nostrils jetting steam.

A. Lampman.



ST. CATHARINES.

Heavy with haze that merges and melts free
Into the measureless depth on either hand,
The full day rests upon the luminous land
In one long noon of golden revery.
Now hath the harvest come and gone with glee.
The shaven fields stretch smooth and clean away,
Purple and green and yellow and soft grey,
Chequered with orchards. Farther still I see
Towns and dim villages whose rooftops fill
The distant mist, yet scarcely catch the view:
Thorold, set sultry on its plateaued hill,
And far to westward, where yon pointed towers
Rise faint and ruddy from the vaporous blue,
St. Catharines, city of the host of flowers.

A. Lampman.

September, 1889.

AFTER RAIN.

For three whole days across the sky
In sullen packs that lowered and broke,
With flying fringes dim as smoke,
The columns of the rain went by;
At every hour the wind awoke,
The darkness passed upon the plain,
The great drops rattled at the pane.

Now piped the wind, or far aloof
Fell to a sough remote and dull,
And all night long, with rush and lull,
The rain kept drumming on the roof;
I heard till ear and sense were full
The clash or silence of the leaves,
The gurgle in the creaking eaves.

But when the third day came, at noon
The darkness and the rain were done,
The earth lay steaming in the sun,
The azure heights were flecked and strewn
With fleeces melting one by one,
And every budding rose and flower
Blew blossoms for each radiant hour.

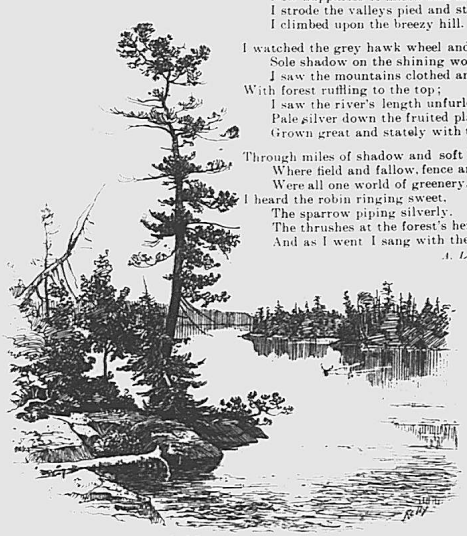


Then, too, on me that loved so well
The world, despairing in her blight,
Uplifted with her least delight.
On me as on the earth there fell
New happiness of mirth and might:
I strode the valleys pied and still,
I climbed upon the breezy hill.

I watched the grey hawk wheel and drop,
Sole shadow on the shining world;
I saw the mountains clothed and curled
With forest ruffling to the top;
I saw the river's length unfurled,
Pale silver down the fruited plain,
Grown great and stately with the rain.

Through miles of shadow and soft heat,
Where field and fallow, fence and tree
Were all one world of greenery,
I heard the robin ringing sweet,
The sparrow piping silverly,
The thrushes at the forest's hem,
And as I went I sang with them.

A. Lampman.



A REVERIE.

In the Northern Lake Region.

Lonely, so lone, amid the earth's weird changes,
Bleak, O so bleak, that even Time seems lone,
Passing in eons over the mighty ranges
Of rock and wave and rock and surfs that moan:
Drear, O so drear, that seldom men's feet wander
Over these realms with beauty all their own:
Wild shores, wild waves, you dream and drift and ponder
In white, north wastes where silence broods alone.

Before all love and gladness, grief and wonder,
Before all man and beast and flower and bird,
You first awakened when the bleak earth under
Rose out of chaos at God's mighty word.
No oldest region of earth's space is older,
No dream of Being earlier than thy dream
When God dreamed thee, wild waste of wave and boulder,
Wan stretch of waters 'neath the north star's gleam.

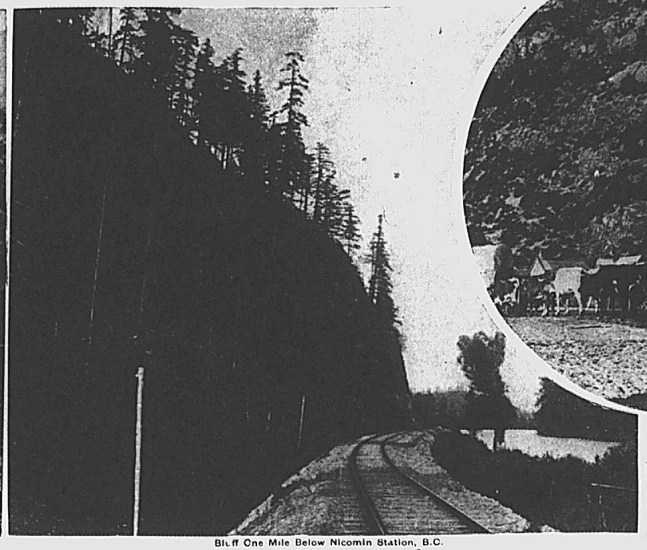
Silent as death, by change and earth's mad passion
Alike forgot, out under northern skies,
Thou liest lone, a land that first did fashion,
In ages of creation's masteries,
Huge crags, waste waves, and beaches curved and slender,
Like new moons fallen, whereon white surfsighs:
And over all the arctic heaven's splendor,
That wakes and dreams and wakes, but never dies.

Here in this titan land of earth's old glory,
I stand in presence of creation's God.
Man's soul shines bare, great grows earth's petty story,
And heaven more than mist and earth than clod.
New lights break forth from out the spirit's prison,
As red dawns wake across thy hills of fir;
And unto genius hath my soul arisen,
By right divine, as God's interpreter.

William Wilfred Campbell,
St. Stephen, New Brunswick.



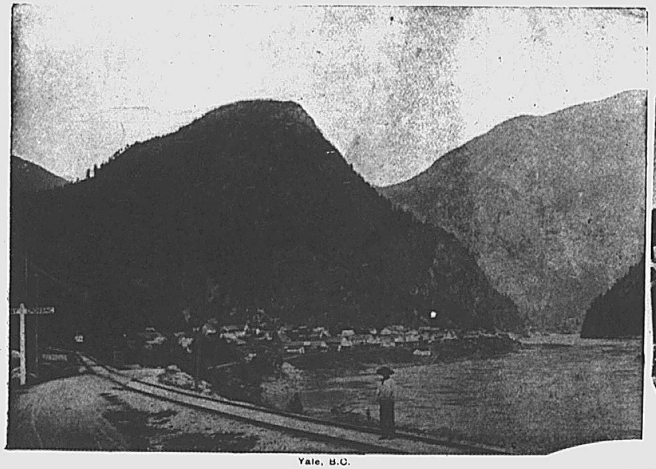
Fraser River, B.C., below Fraser Bridge.



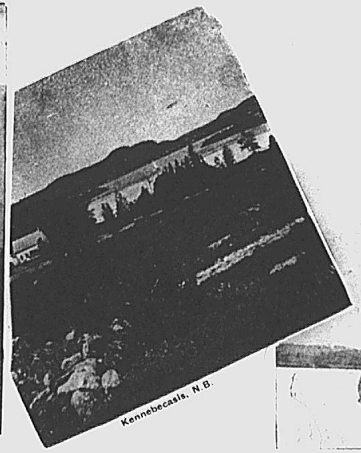
Bluff One Mile Below Nicomin Station, B.C.



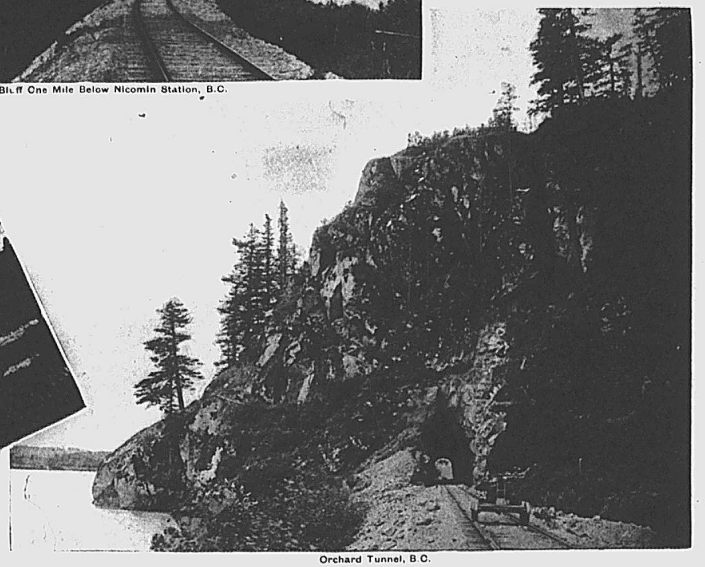
Ox Teams and Freight Waggons.



Yale, B.C.



Kennebecasis, N.B.



Orchard Tunnel, B.C.

CANADIAN SCENERY.

"EAST, WEST, HOME'S BEST."



ONE of the chief pleasures of going abroad, to speak Hibernically, is that of coming home again; and one of its most important lessons is that no land under the sun furnishes for the average mortal happier conditions of existence than our own Canada. The peasant hamlets of Germany may have their gift-starred Christmas trees, the Italian churches their straw-strewn manger and holy Bambino, the French villages their tinsel toys and sweet songs of Noel, and the English cottages their holly and mistletoe; but for abundant Christmas cheer and social enjoyment our Canadian homes are without a peer on earth. Of the typical Canadian farmer, as of Chaucer's Franklin, it may be said:

> It snowed in his house of meat and drink.

Good food and plenty of it, not only at Christmas, but all the year round, are the first physical condition of happiness; and this almost every Canadian may possess. But throughout Europe the poorer peasant populations are habitually ill-fed as well as poorly housed and coarsely clothed. To one accustomed to the abundance of food and generous comfort of the average Canadian home, the pitiful economies which are a stern necessity in the peasant homes of Europe are a strange surprise. The ordinary tourist, who takes his elaborate *table d'hote* dinner at a fashionable hotel, sees little of this; but if he turn aside to the by-ways of travel he soon sees more than enough.

I went one day, tired and hungry, into the cottage of my guide at Mesino, near Naples, a region of richest fertility, and asked for food. I pity the prisoners in the Castle of St. Elmo if they have poorer fare than the coarse, black bread and hard cheese that were given me. The whole contents of the house—a rude bed, two or three chairs and a few earthenware vessels on a stone hearth—would be dear at five dollars. Yet beneath this deep there was a lower deep in the squalor of the crowded tenements of the *Strada de Sette Dolore* in Naples the street of the seven sorrows of the Virgin. It seemed to me to symbolise rather the sevenfold sorrows of poverty, ignorance, vice and other miseries of the hapless people. Unlighted, unventilated, undrained, swarming like a hive of bees, small wonder that cholera and typhus here make their lair.



At Interlaken, last summer, within gunshot of one of the finest hotels in Europe, I climbed up a rickety outside stair to the living room of a Swiss family. As is the fashion of the country, part of the house was used as a stable, the manure heap near the door announcing itself to more than one of the senses. The ceiling was grimy and shiny with smoke from a stone hearth, at which a bedraggled woman was cooking a wretched meal for some unkempt children and a sodden-looking man. What good to them that overhanging that lovely valley rose in mid-heavens the immortal beauty of the Jungfrau—the virgin Queen of the Bernese Oberland a shrine which attracted pilgrims from the ends of the earth. Indeed the conditions of existence are so austere that the tillers of the soil—where there is any soil to till—have little time, and apparently less taste, to enjoy their magnificent environment. The principal crop of the country is, of course, the tourist crop, which yields about seven million dollars a year. The next is grass and hay for their extensive dairies. I don't know how Canadian farmers would like to be swung down by ropes to otherwise inaccessible cliffs to cut a few armfuls of grass. I have seen scores of women carrying great loads of hay on their heads up mountain paths so steep that I found it difficult to make my way with the help of my alpenstock. Near Leukerbad is a small village on a precipitous slope, the only access to which from the valley is by a series of ladders fastened to the cliff. Up and down these ladders men and women toil with great loads upon their backs, where most of us would be too dizzy to climb at all.

Small wonder that lovely woman loses her loveliness through such rugged toil. The fair sex is too often represented only by blowzy, frowsy, sturdy women and girls, whose chief charm is their invariable good-nature and desire to please. Even little lads and lasses climb the steep mountain paths with burdens all too heavy for their tender years, but always with the cheerful salutation, "*Gut' morgen, Herr*, "*Gut' abend, Herr*," and with a keen expectation of small coins. On the chief routes of travel the whining little urchins running beside one's carriage are the burden of one's life. If one give them a few *sous* he feels that he is demoralising their character and encouraging habits of shameless mendicancy. If one refuse to listen to their clamor, he fears that they will run themselves into a fit of apoplexy.

The condition of woman throughout Continental Europe is one that grates on one's feelings most exasperatingly, and one to which, however familiar it may become, Canadians can never be reconciled. It is bad enough to see women standing with signal flags at every railway crossing, but to see them acting as scavengers in the street, mixing mortar, sawing wood and performing other unwomanly work wrings one's very soul. "Woman's rights" in Europe strike one chiefly as woman's wrongs. I saw one old woman carrying heavy stones on her head out of a quarry. I saw another at Strasburg, near the magnificent new palace of the Kaiser, pushing a handcart before her and dragging behind her four others empty, of course, but still a difficult task. A friend told me that he saw a woman and a cow harnessed together to a plough in a field. This I did not see, but I can well believe it, for I have repeatedly seen a woman and a dog harnessed to a waggon.

From the castle fortress of Ehrenbreitstein one may enjoy a magnificent view of the winding Mosel and of the vine-clad slopes of the Rhine. Yet to me all the beauty of the scene was marred by the spectacle of a gang of women unloading military stores from railway cars, while five thousand German soldiers were polishing their bayonets and pipe-claying their belts in the adjacent barrack yard.

The universal militarism of Europe is crushing the life out of the people, withdrawing millions of stalwart men from productive industries, training them at immense cost in the art of destruction, and rolling on the shoulders of millions of women burdens of toil that men should bear. Small wonder that mothers often weep when a man-child is born into the world, foreseeing for it only the terrors of the conscription and a bloody death in the passes of the Balkans or Carpathians.

Great Britain is the freest country in Europe, but it is not so free as Canada. To one brought up in this favored land there is an irksome feeling of restraint in the rigid class distinctions of the Old World. The poor man is sadly handicapped in the race of life. The crowding of the wage-workers in the factory towns, the grimy atmosphere and unsanitary condition in which they live are in striking contrast to the favorable environment of the workingman in this new country. The condition of Hodge and Giles in Dorset and Devon is still far from realising Joseph Arch's ideal paradise—the possession of "three acres and a cow."

In the great cities the drink curse inflicts its tyranny upon the masses to a degree unknown in Canada. In the most wretched purlieus of London, Liverpool and Glasgow the drink shops, those social wens that grow by impoverishing all around them, largely countervail the most earnest efforts of the Christian and philanthropist. One Sunday night I heard Spurgeon pray with infinite pathos for the great City of London, "That the tide of iniquity that flowed down its streets might be stayed," and as I saw the blazing ginshops busy at their nefarious trade that Sabbath night, I felt that there was much need of prayer and faith and work for the arrest of the drink traffic and for the moral elevation of the people. I am not unaware of the noble efforts that are being made and of the great results that have already been achieved in this behalf. I rejoice in their success and in the promise of a brighter morrow for the world. Most of all am I thankful for the immunities and privileges which we in this new land possess.

If it be true, as Buckle asserts, that a civilisation depends upon its physical environment—and it *is* true to a considerable extent—then we should develop on the virgin soil of this Continent one of the noblest civilisations the world has seen. The very sky seems several storeys higher than in the Old World, the air more exhilarating and the climate unequalled in its ministry to health and pleasure. Many of those old historic lands of Europe are charming places to visit, but they are also excellent places to leave. The struggle for a bare livelihood is more keen, the chances of success are less assured, and educational and social advantages are less easily attainable than in our own favored land. Untrammelled by the fetters of the past, with its almost boundless extent and inexhaustible resources, Canada offers to its sons a fairer heritage than is, I think, to be found elsewhere on earth. Land of my birth.

> Wherever I roam, whatever realms to see,
> My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee.
>
> W. H. WITHROW.

A WINDFLOWER.

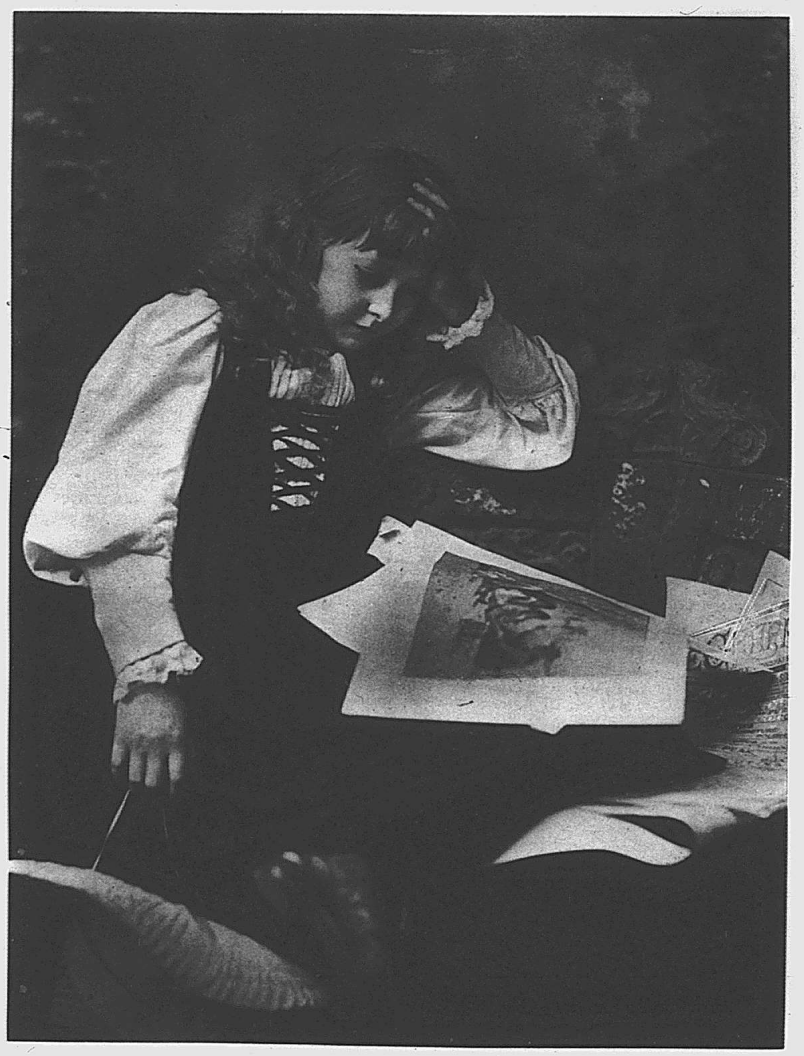
Between the roadside and the wood,
Between the dawning and the dew,
A tiny flower before the wind,
Ephemeral in time, I grew.

The chance of straying feet came by,—
Not death nor love nor any name
Known among men in all their lands,
Yet failure put desire to shame.

To-night can bring no healing now,
The calm of yesternight is gone;
Surely the wind is but the wind,
And I a broken waif thereon.

How fair my thousand brothers wave
Upon the floor of God's abode:
Whence came that careless wanderer
Between the woodside and the road!

Fredericton, N.B. *Bliss Carman.*



IN A STUDY.

From a Photograph by J. Fraser Bryce, Toronto, for Christmas Globe, 1896

A DISAGREEABLE FELLOW.



I WAS young, prosperous, healthy, popular, and I had just been accepted by the girl of my choice and yet I was not happy.

The trouble was that I was too agreeable. I did not know that it was a serious fault; I had never prayed and struggled against it, and so my agreeableness had grown and flourished like a mullein stalk, until it overshadowed all my good qualities. This fatal tendency to amiability had been strengthened by hereditary influences. My parents had never spoken a harsh word to each other. Only once in their long career of wedded felicity had one of them uttered the language of rebuke to the other, and this was afterwards acknowledged to have been hastily spoken. It was on an occasion in their earlier days when they were driving with a friend to visit some place of interest in the neighborhood. The two ladies, with a small child, were in possession of the only seat in the one-horse waggon, while my father occupied a chair just behind them. At a sudden touch of the whip the horse started forward, throwing my father heels over head and chair over heels in the middle of the road. In this moment of acute exasperation he went so far as to ejaculate "My dear!" in a tone of reproof to my mother, who was bitterly disturbed, not only that she should be the cause of such an accident, but that my father could thus openly rebuke her for it. However, as I said before, he afterwards acknowledged that he had been too hasty.

It was an unfortunate fact that the parents of Emmeline Lulling, the young lady upon whom my hopes were fixed, were similarly unhappily constituted. They were irretrievably sunk in contentment, good humor, geniality and compliableness. Emmeline and I had known each other from babyhood, and in all that time I had never known her to receive an unkind word from one of her household. The remark "That'll do, Emmy," uttered in the mildest and sweetest of tones, was the only corrective she received when, in her frisky childhood, she stole up behind her father one winter evening and rammed a chunk of ice down the back of his neck.

It will readily be understood that with such antecedents as these Miss Lulling and I could not fail to be what we are—rather short and fair, and plump; inclined to make a jest of care, and laugh at trouble; always turning a smiling face to the world, and very much surprised when the world failed to turn a smiling face to us. Emmeline and I had always been the best of friends. We fell in love as a matter of course. We had never had a single disagreement, and there was no reason to suppose we ever would have such a thing, until the evening when she burst into tears, and declared that she was supremely wretched.

To say that I was amazed but feebly expresses my emotion. I took her hands, and begged her to tell me what I had done or left undone. She said, "Oh, it was noth—sob—nothing; only I was so—so sob agreeable." People had noticed it, and were beginning to talk about it. A lot of girls had said to each other, "Isn't Mr. Cotton perfectly sweet?" and think how *disgusting* it was to have one's own particular lover called perfectly *sweet* by a great gang of girls! She'd like to know what reason I had given them to think so. Of course I was kind to everyone, but that was just it—I oughtn't to be kind to everyone. If I did people would despise me. Already some one had said that in my composition there was too much molasses for the bread, and others had hinted that I might be too sweet to be wholesome, and "Oh, Frank"—here she bowed her face on my shoulder, and clung to me convulsively—"it was even whispered that there was not enough vinegar in you to keep the flies off."

"Or the girls either, Emmy," I said with a little laugh, and she straightened up in a hurry.

"Seriously, Frank," she said, taking a judicial attitude opposite me, "I cannot endure slanders that have a foundation of truth. If you could only be a little haughty and disagreeable, a little reserved, or overbearing, or dictatorial in your manner, people would treat you with far more respect. Just because you sign your name F. Cotton the other clerks in the store call you Factory Cotton."

"Yes," I added, "and they say that my hair and moustache are the color of factory cotton too."

"Did they say that?" asked the poor girl, her eyes filling with tears again. "Oh, it's too bad! it's too mean for anything!"

"Never mind," I said soothingly, "I will say to them to-morrow, 'My hair may be white, but oh, my heart is black,' and see if that doesn't terrify them. Cheer up, Emmy, I may be ever so much more repulsive than you imagine."

"I try to think so," she said, with a heart-breaking sigh, "but the memory of your unvarying goodness and multitudinous acts of kindness simply overpowers me. Who is it looks after the neglected girls at the picnic? Factory Cotton! Who is a general favorite with all the old ladies? Factory Cotton! Whose pockets are always redolent of tobacco for indigent men and peppermints for penniless children? Factory Cotton's! Who is loved and smiled on by every one? Factory Cotton!"

"Well," I said, "why shouldn't I be smiled on by every one?"

"Oh, Frank," she exclaimed, "can't you understand that that is almost equivalent to being laughed at by everyone? There is only a very little difference in degree. Keep people in awe of you. I'm not demanding anything unreasonable. The fair lady of old used to require her own true knight to go out in the world and kill people. That was carrying the art of being disagreeable to perfection. All I ask of you is to be a *little* disagreeable."

Then she kissed me, and I came away feeling very unhappy.

The worst of making people dislike you is that you soon grow to dislike yourself; if you make others tired of you, you will soon tire of yourself; if you try to render yourself unpopular, you will begin to wish that you were not compelled to associate with yourself up to the day of your death, and probably after that date. It is no credit to me that I am an agreeable fellow—I am made that way. It would involve a great amount of self-sacrifice on my part for me to be deliberately disagreeable. But that was what Emmeline expected of me, and I was determined not to come short of her expectations.

An opportunity occurred that very evening for me to be unpleasant. My landlady's two boys, bright little fellows of twelve and ten, asked me as usual to help them in the preparation of their school lessons, and I told them decidedly they would have to help themselves. They seemed surprised and a little resentful, and my spirits rose at this slight but noteworthy social triumph. I bethought me of a man I used to know who was so repellant in his tone and manner that when he said "Good morning" it sounded as if he wanted to say, "Confound you, if you dare to deny that it's a good morning I'll shoot you in your tracks." I thought how pleased Emmy would be when I began to resemble this man.

Next evening I rendered myself disagreeable to everyone in the house, with the exception of the deaf and dumb lodger, whom I used as the means for attaining my end. He is not entirely deaf, so that by sitting at his side and roaring into his ear for half an hour I managed to drive everyone out of the room. Most of them gave me an ill-concealed look of dislike as they went, and the novel sensation of being hated went to my head like wine. After this, what height of unpleasantness might I not hope to attain? By simple, humble beginnings, such as being habitually harsh and austere, rough and morose, I might go on to such a pitch of perfection that children would fly screaming from my presence, women would faint away, and strong men tremble at my glance. Who then would dare to call me Factory Cotton? I would just like to know.

Having heard that satirical people are frequently feared and disliked, I determined to cultivate a sneer. Nothing occurred for me to scoff at until the cold midnight, when Dick Walsingham came home as drunk as a wheelbarrow, and I heard his wife helping him upstairs. The life-long habit of pity and protection took possession of me, and I hastened to her assistance—by no means for the first time—and together we got him as noiselessly as possible to his room.

"There," she said in a low tense voice, holding her hands lightly over her heart, "this is the last time I shall trouble you, Mr. Cotton. You have been kindness itself; you have shielded my miserable secret from everyone. But look at that soulless carcass! Do you think I can live with it a day longer? Never! never! never!"

At each repetition of the last word her eyes opened wider and blazed more fiercely. This wronged woman had at last come to the end of her endurance. Here was my opportunity to sneer.

"Yes," I said cuttingly, "a woman's love, next to God's love, is the greatest force in the universe, isn't it? A woman's love never fails. Afflictions that would crush the life out of anything else only add to its divine immortal strength. Only one earthly love is stronger, and that is the love that a poor, weak, miserable castaway gives to his bottle."

"Oh, don't!" she moaned, burying her face in her hands, "don't—don't—don't!"

"Simpleton!" I cried, "haven't you yourself acknowledged that your husband's craving for liquor has battled with your love for his soul and conquered it. By all means pitch him off into perdition at once. The action is worthy of you."

After this I considered how I should add the crowning touch to my rapidly developing disagreeableness. A few days later I was discharged from the store in which I was employed for the crime of telling the truth to a customer. It was not my firstoffence of the sort, otherwise the thing would have been wholly unprecedented in that establishment. The employer apologised to the customer, and I returned home in a frame of mind highly conducive to a bearish demeanor. It occurred to me that I could not fail to render myself detestable by reading a blood-curdling tract or two aloud to Fred Larter, a young fellow in the house who was suspected of spending his evenings in riotous living. One of the tracts described a youth very much like Fred, and pictured his chance of a felicitous hereafter as being exceedingly small. Fred's room was just below mine, and I heard him moving about. But this nefarious design had evidently unsettled my nerves, for as I reached the top step of the stairs, with the tracts in my hand, my foot slipped, and I fell headlong the entire length of the stairway.

During my enforced residence in bed for some days thereafter I received several visitors, chief among whom was Emmeline Lulling. I told her the other inmates of the house considered me a disagreeable fellow, who either had to be conciliated in some way or else left severely alone, and her face brightened with pleasure. Immediately upon this declaration the landlady's two little boys came in and put their arms round my neck, and kissed me, and their mother nearly cried over my accident, while she said it was real good of me not to help them with their lessons; it was making them ever so much more smart and self-reliant to help themselves. And Mrs. Walsingham came in and said I had saved her from what would have been the biggest mistake of her life, and she never could thank me enough for it; and her husband wrung my hand until I groaned with the pain. And "the dummy"—poor fellow with his eloquent eyes full of all language, gave me a long look that was equal to an audible "God bless you!" And the other boarders trooped in, and said it was just like my goodness to talk to the dummy, whom everyone else neglected, and condoled with me in tones of such sincere affection that, when the last one departed, Emmeline could endure it no longer.

"I will say good-bye to you now, Mr. Cotton," she said coldly and firmly, "and for the last time. It is not necessary for us to meet again. You have cruelly and grossly deceived me. You are not in the least disagreeable!"

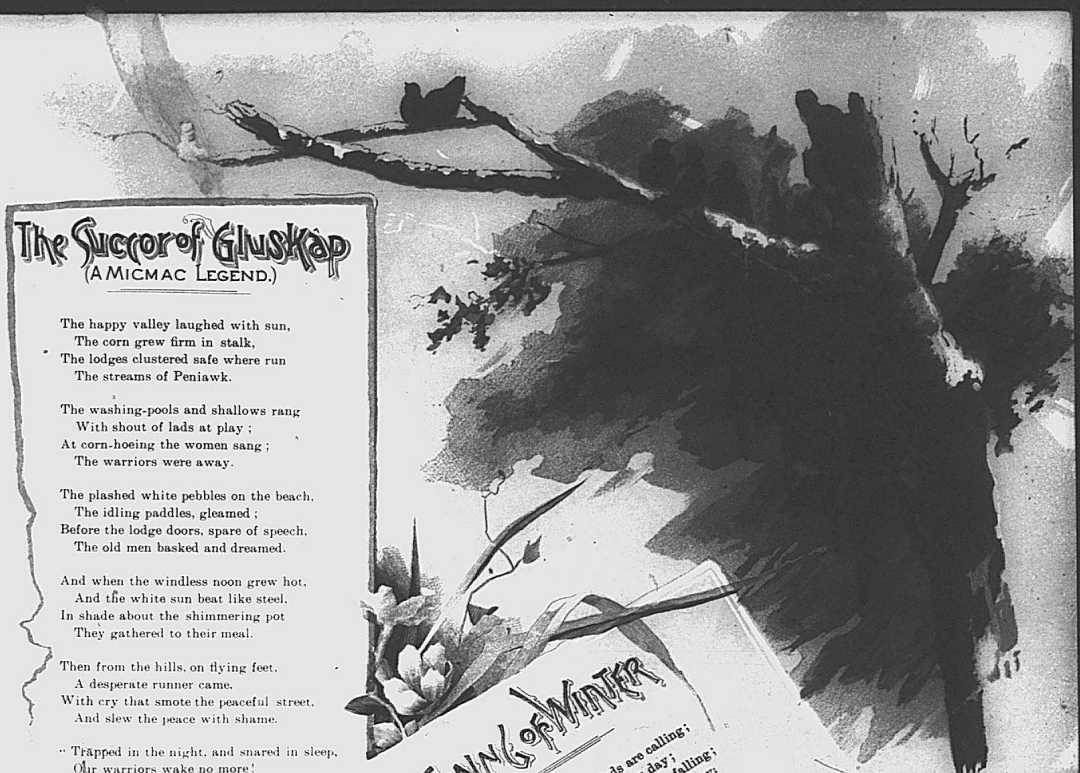
"I wish I could return the compliment, Emmy," I replied.

She withdrew at once, and I could fancy her shudder when she heard Fred Larter remark to the landlady in the hall below, "No, I'm not going out any more until poor old Factory's well again. Going to constitute myself his head nurse, you know. Isn't he just all cotton and two yards wide?"

I lay very still in the deepening twilight, listening to the Christmas bells pealing out their old, unwearying strain of "peace on earth, good will to men." I was poor and out of a situation; sick and imprisoned in my room; all my projects had come to naught, and the girl of my choice had rejected me, and yet I was strangely but surely happy.

Fenwick, Ont. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

BEST COPY AVAILABLE
McLaren Micropublishing Limited



The Succor of Gluskap

(A Micmac Legend.)

The happy valley laughed with sun,
The corn grew firm in stalk,
The lodges clustered safe where run
The streams of Peniawk.

The washing-pools and shallows rang
With shout of lads at play;
At corn-hoeing the women sang;
The warriors were away.

The plashed white pebbles on the beach,
The idling paddles, gleamed;
Before the lodge doors, spare of speech,
The old men basked and dreamed.

And when the windless noon grew hot,
And the white sun beat like steel,
In shade about the shimmering pot
They gathered to their meal.

Then from the hills, on flying feet,
A desperate runner came,
With cry that smote the peaceful street,
And slew the peace with shame.

"Trapped in the night, and snared in sleep,
Our warriors wake no more!
Up from Wahloos the Mohawks creep
Their feet are at the door!"

The grey old sachems rose and mocked
The ruin that drew near:
And down the beach the children flocked,
And women wild with fear.

Launched were the red canoes: when, lo!
Beside them Gluskap stood,
Appearing with his giant bow
From out his mystic wood.

With quiet voice he called them back,
And comforted their fears;
He swore the lodges should not lack,
He dried the children's tears;

Till sorrowing mothers almost deemed
The desperate runner lied,
And the tired children slept, and dreamed
Their fathers had not died.

That night behind the mystic wood
The Mohawk warriors crept;
A spell went through the solitude
And stilled them, and they slept.

And when the round moon, rising late,
The Hills of Kawlm had crossed,
She saw the camp of Mohawk hate
Swathed in a great white frost.

At morn, behind the mystic wood
Came Gluskap, bow in hand,
And marked the ice-bound solitude,
And that unwaking band.

But as he gazed his lips grew mild,
For, safe among the dead,
There played a ruddy, laughing child
By a captive mother's head;

And child and mother, nestling warm,
Scarce knew their foes had died,
As past their sleep the noiseless storm
Of strange death turned aside.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

King's College, Windsor, N.S.

The Coming of Winter

Out of the Northland sombre weirds are calling;
A shadow falleth southward day by day;
Sad summer's arms grow cold; his fire is falling;
His feet draw back to give the stern one way.

It is the voice and shadow of the slayer—
Slayer of loves, sweet world, slayer of dreams;
Make sad thy voice with sober plaint and prayer;
Make grey thy woods, and darken all thy streams.

Black grows the river, blacker drifts the eddy;
The sky is grey; the woods are cold below;
Oh make thy bosom, and thy sad lips ready,
For the cold kisses of the folding snow.

Archibald Lampman in "Among the Millet."

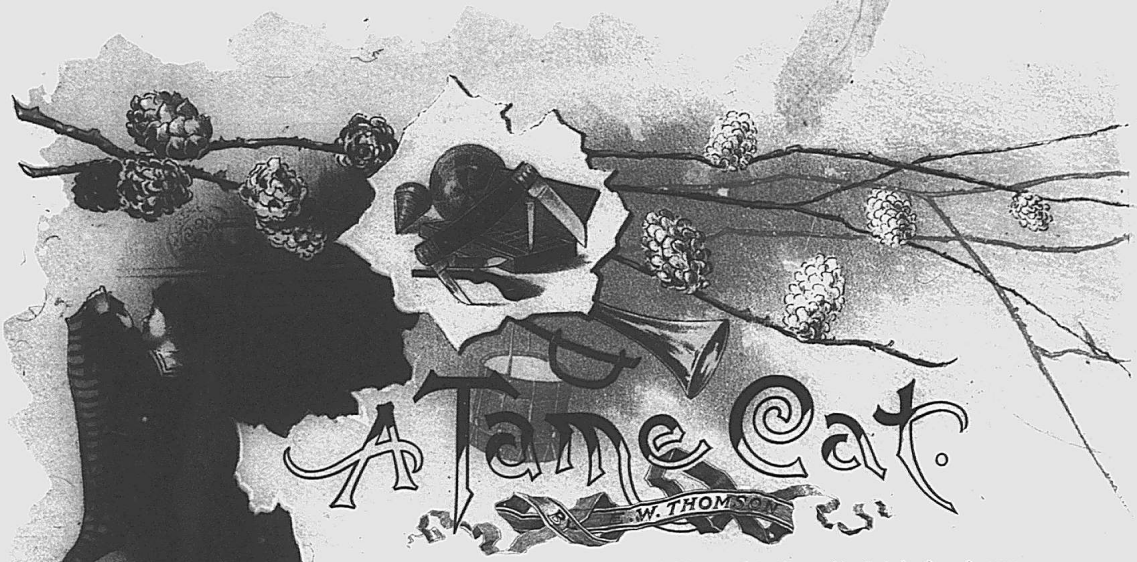
A Prayer of Peace

'Twas in the early days of Britain's might,
But not too soon for flattery to kings,
The courtiers of Great Canute set his chair
Beside the curling waves that climb ashore.
Nearer with every roll until they reached
Where sat the soul-awed King, in thought of Him
Who forth from chaos drew the sparkling wastes,
And loosed the winds, and set the bounds of earth;
Then cried the courtiers, cringing round their lord,
"Didst thou command, the waves would know thy voice,
And backward fall, as foes before thy sword."
But Canute answered sternly: "There is One,
And One alone, whom waves and winds obey."

The words bring hope on this thy natal morn,
Oh Man of Sorrows, Monarch of the Spheres!
The world is sad, the sky is overcast,
Men speak of peace, yet dream the while of war;
By supplication would we bring Thy chair,
Thy Throne of Love, Eternal Prince of Peace,
Before the shrieking waves of hate that surge
From land to land, and ask in humble prayer
That Thou wilt speak, and stay the tide of war,
Sweep back each threatening host, preserve unharmed
The weak from onslaught, and the strong from crime;
Thou art supreme; Oh whisper "PEACE BE STILL."

—[LEO.

1889



JOHNNY TULIP had been "tame cat" to the Roselove household ever since Ben Roselove brought Lily Quentin home as his bride. When they arrived by the noon train all Hearnville turned out to see the pretty couple. For Ben was a pretty man, not in the old Scotch sense, but pink and white, softly black-bearded, bright-eyed, slim, and always dressed to kill. He had been the town beau for fully seven years—began early—had flirted, not desperately, with all the girls by turn, and was still regarded by most of them as a duck and a dear, though he had committed the enormity of going away down to Brockville for a wife. When the Hearnville girls saw her step off the train, all so rosy, blue-eyed, sunshiny of face, golden-haired, and in the very pink of the fashion of those days—a little cockatoo with one wing standing straight up from her hat—they condemned Ben more bitterly than ever before. But that's neither here nor there. This short story must be of Lily and Ben and Johnny Tulip and Mr. MacStrackey only, because a big volume wouldn't be enough to tell how the Hearnville girls began by criticising and imitating Lily, and ended by imitating and adoring her. Nobody could resist those eyes. Look straight up to the sky on a very clear day through a rift in the foliage of a maple red and golden with Autumn. Then you shall see such a blue as Lily Roselove's eyes, only not so dark, and you shall also understand how those big, clear eyes were set off by the scarlet of her lips and the gold of her hair. Next fancy the thrill of unexpectedly hearing a choir break out chanting, "And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly Host praising God," and that will give you an idea of her peculiar, joyful expression. She wasn't a saint, though, nor yet a sinner just a sweet-natured, wholesome, plump, spirited Canadian girl. But when she stepped off the train and looked up straight at tall Johnny Tulip as Ben said, "Lil, this is the oldest friend I've got in the world, and the best" and when she smiled and put out her little gloved hand and said, "I'm so glad you came to meet us," why, poor Johnny felt as if Heaven had opened and let a veritable angel down into Hearnville.

And that was the beginning of his being "tame cat" in the Roselove household.

Johnny Tulip had plenty of money, and the large leisure that comes of keeping a fifteen-year-old boy, fond of cricket, to stay constantly at one's office and ascertain what one's clients may want. He had practised by fits and starts until Lily Roselove came, but after that he had no time for law. She sent him to match ribbons; she used him as boatman; he was always somewhere round with a waterproof or umbrella when she and Ben went strolling through the Hearnville woods; he was her stand-by in organising parties and picnics; he read poetry to her while Ben went to sleep in his chair under the sing-song; she talked very seriously to him about the poor, and the state of his soul, and religion and things while unconsciously caressing Ben's pretty, curly head. When Ben said, "Lil, can't we have a little supper? I s'pose Hannah's gone to bed long ago," it was always Johnny who went downstairs to bring up the liquid. Johnny had been rather looked up to by Ben as an Intellectual Giant and a fellow richer than himself till all this had become the established order of things. But now Johnny fairly reverenced the genius Ben had evinced in gaining such a wonderful wife, and Ben soon got into the habit of regarding Johnny as a harmless but useful sort of half-witted friend of the family. Neither Ben nor Lily nor Johnny ever conceived for a moment that Johnny was in love with Lil, and Johnny would have wished to shoot any fellow vile enough to hint at such a possibility. He honestly worshipped her. He was full of grateful humility that such an angel condescended to make him serviceable. Apprehension of the village notion that she flirted with him would have filled Johnny with quiet scorn—the thing was so inconceivable that he couldn't have raged at it. The simple truth is that she did not flirt with him—not the least bit. She merely depended on Johnny, and found it as natural to accept as it was impossible to avoid, or wish to avoid, the constant attentions—nay, services—he rendered as a matter of course. These were good, congenial young people, who went along through life as happy as pigeons and almost as innocent. That Johnny liked her seemed the most reasonable and natural thing in the world to Lily, who had been used to the worship of six brothers of reasonable size. But that he could be silly enough to be in love with her as Ben was never entered Lily's honest little golden head. He was "tame cat," and she liked him very much, and she often told people that she didn't know what in the world she should do without Johnny Tulip. Everybody in Hearnsville familiarly called him Johnny, perhaps because he was always doing something kind for somebody and always making out, with great success, that he had reason to be extremely obliged by their acceptance of his aid or attention. Ben Roselove, an extravagant fellow, was constantly under a certain impression that by borrowing Johnny's money he somehow assisted Johnny to take care of his fortune.

Now there were many things worth telling while this idyl lasted, and some day some of them may be told. But this story must hasten to what happened after the idyl came to an end, Alas! that it closed so soon, for pretty Ben Roselove was a good fellow, and they were all so happy for three years. Three years only of married life, and then Ben's curly head lay one day in pale, pale Lily's arms, and she looked with dreadful, inquiring eyes across at Johnny Tulip kneeling by the opposite side of the bed, and Johnny stopped his long, long, dumb prayer of "Oh, Heavenly Father, can't you let me die in place of Ben?" He rose to his feet and stumbled out of the room, leaving Lily folding her golden hair round Ben's curly locks and straining close to her young heart the still face of her dead.

* * * * * * * * *

Well, Lily Roselove was young and strong—and would you have a woman with a baby in her arms die for loss of her love? At first she thought she must, and almost that she ought. But there be the many things for a mother to do on this side of where her wifely heart lies cold under storm and rain and shine and snow. The child lay in her young arms at night, its laughter insisted on hers, its distresses competed for place in her thoughts against all other grief; through its curiosity, its demands, its interests, its hopes, she lived again in joy. Oh, merciful Allfather, Thou hast ordained that by Time the heaviest sorrows shall cease to be sore, though remembered till the end of all our life days! Lily Roselove's blue eyes had a deeper look, as Johnny Tulip knew, but in three years she was again cheerful always, and often heartily gay. The girl was wholesome of blood, high of courage, very amenable to happy influences. Was it her blame that the hue of health came rosily back to her cheek, that the shine stayed upon her hair, that merriment rose in her heart and to her scarlet lips? In Hearnville they took to calling her The Pretty Widow "and as good as she is pretty" was often added by the kindly folk. Still Johnny Tulip was her dependence, almost as of old. He had been promoted to "Uncle Johnny" as soon as little Benny began to talk. People soon got used to see him carrying the baby, and waiting on Lily and the old Aunt she had brought to live with her, very much as he had waited on Lily and Ben. Johnny never deviated from the *role* of "tame cat," and at the end of five years that humble, expectationless place was commonly accorded to him by the Hearnville gossips as perfectly natural and proper.

During all these years Johnny Tulip attended closely to his practice and gained back some lost ground. He began to look rather seedily dressed. Some said he was saving up for his god-child, little Benny Roselove. Some said he had lost money in stocks. Certain it was, though few knew it, that the Dominion annual report of stockholders in the chartered banks ceased to show John Tulip's name opposite comfortable figures. On the other hand, the name of Mrs. L. Roselove, Hearnville, made an excellent showing in that Government Blue-book. It was alleged by some that Johnny had sold out his stocks to pay large moneys he had owed to Ben Roselove. Everything had been left to the pretty widow, who knew nothing of business. The executors were Johnny and Mr. Donald MacStrackey, of the Bank of Commerce. They were very close about the widow's affairs. Ben had subscribed extensively to shares in an Alberta horse ranche, he had stock in a Saskatchewan coal mine, a half interest in a Restless River timber limit, several dozen lots in St. James' Parish, Winnipeg, and not a few other investments in properties with very magnificent names. Notwithstanding the crash of the Big Boom, Johnny Tulip, "by extraordinary good luck" he said, "by great skill" Mr. MacStrackey solemnly asserted, contrived to convert the scattered estate very quickly into a handsome lot of cash. Lily Roselove had about three thousand dollars a year when banks paid average dividends. She became a good deal addicted to talking with Johnny about the financial ability of poor, dear Ben.

"People said such things about my husband's investments, but I knew all the time. Poor darling, he said that if he lived we should be millionaires."

"Very likely," said Johnny; "indeed I'm sure of it. It was such a pity we had to sell out so soon. But you understand, Mrs. Lil, that we had to."

"Oh, yes. I quite understand that, Johnny. I was only thinking, you know, of what it would have been if dear Ben had been spared."

"Poor old Ben," said Johnny, assentingly.

By Johnny's advice she kept a pony and phaeton; she maintained an excellent table on principle; dressed charmingly, as a matter of course; entertained not a little from a sense of duty; and in one way or another spent her nominal income every year. Three times she exceeded it. On the third occasion, when her Christmas bills came in, she had to borrow a couple of hundred from Johnny. When she paid him back next month he stammered and hesitated a good deal in advising her very earnestly to keep within her income. That was the first time she ever understood that Johnny Tulip could talk to her in anything like a vein of reproof. Lily didn't like it. She swept out of Johnny's office with a little offended air. It's true that she sent for him to tea that evening. But she showed her recollection of the affair by saving a little thereafter every month, and by invariably telling Johnny with dignity, "You see, I've been very careful, as you advised, and you may be quite sure I shall never trouble you in that way again." Poor Johnny groaned over it a good deal of nights, but he didn't tell anybody—not even Lily—why he had cautioned her. The fact is, he had difficulty in collecting his fees, and was often hard up for money. What had become of his snug fortune? Donald MacStrackey knew. Ah, that Lily Roselove should ever have thought Johnny Tulip unkind!

It matters not how many aspirants to her hand the pretty woman dismissed during the five first years of her widowhood. People seeing swain after swain depart, and only Johnny going on forever, at last began to say they would yet make a match of it. Why didn't he pluck up courage with her? That's what Hearnville folks asked one another. Somehow they had at last come to understand that, whatever he first felt for Lily, he had now come to be head over heels in love with her. He had come to understand it himself. Perhaps she had, too. Once when Johnny's big brown hand trembled around her little white one she curtly drew hers away, and didn't let him see her again for a week. That night she clasped her sleeping boy longer than usual in her arms before carrying the heavy little fellow to his bed, and she kept saying over and over to herself, "No, Ben—dear Ben; no, no, my darling lying there so still awaiting me; never, my darling, never." Can you imagine what she could have been thinking of? Also she cried a little in the dark, looking out on the moonlit river, and said, "Poor old, faithful Johnny: poor dear old brother Johnny. But if ever he looks in *that* way again why, then! and that would drive him away. It's so sad." From which it seems reasonably clear that the idea of Johnny loving her "in that way" was totally inadmissible. Poor old Johnny, indeed! He was haggard when he saw her at the week's end; he had a down look, and shook hands with her quickly and coldly. Then she became very stately, talked over her dividends with him icily, and soon sent him away. That was in the afternoon. He couldn't keep away from her lawn that evening, poor man. When she came out of the house, a slender but round angel in the black and white striped silk of those days, he kissed little Benny again, set the clinging child down on the grass, and rose with an awkward, apologetic air.

"I'm so used to seeing Benny," he pleaded.

"Benny, yes; of course you mustn't give up Benny," she said, and went in. That evening she wrote him a little note.

"Dear Mr. Tulip," it began. He turned cold when he saw that. It had been "dear Johnny" so long!

DEAR MR. TULIP—
You must come just as usual to see Benny. I couldn't bear to have him forget you or cease to love you. Pray come just as usual

LILY ROSELOVE.

Next week Johnny's diary contained for five successive days the entry, "Saw Benny only." The sixth entry was, "Went back; couldn't go away without seeing her; saw her aureoled face through the window. Oh, God, soften her heart to me, I pray."

That was the evening when Lily Roselove, undressing her six-year-old, and asking, "And what did dear Uncle Johnny say then?" suddenly saw Johnny's face through the open window. She blushed furiously—Johnny thought angrily—and with a sense that he had committed an outrage on her privacy he hurried away.

She treated Johnny worse than a dog after that. Sometimes she cut him from her pony carriage. Sometimes she inquired with great strictness into his management of her affairs. She scarcely ever came out on the lawn when he visited Benny. So the dog days went by, and Johnny Tulip, the townspeople said, was "looking all broke up."

All this time you've heard next to nothing of Mr. Donald MacStrackey. He was the Inspector of the Bank of Commerce at that time—a big, red-faced, irascible, kind-hearted Scotchman. About the end of August he came to inspect the Hearnville branch, where he had formerly been agent in Ben Roselove's time. Mr. MacStrackey always took tea with "the pretty girlie," as he called her; he always found Johnny asked to meet him, and he always went away muttering:

"Wull, wull, whatna an idjit John Tulip is! Why the auld Nick doesna he pluck up a spirit aboot yon? Mon, *I* would! Puir lad, puir auld Johnny and she taking all so lichtlike—kens naught of what sacrifices he's made for her and the bairn. I'd like to tell her—and I will, too, if this goes on much longer. Na, na, I daurna, after all. She'd never forgive him in the world, the proud, pretty lassie. Hoot, toot, it's the deil's ain hotch-potch, so it is. And I posteevely daurna interfere."

This was a sore trial to Mr. MacStrackey, who dearly loved to interfere and set the crooked straight. This passion proved too much for him when he came to Hearnville at the end of that August, and found no Johnny Tulip to meet him at Mrs. Roselove's tea table.

"Whaur's Tulip? I expectit to see him as usual," he observed.

"I did not think to invite him," she replied.

"Invite! Invite Johnny Tulip! Mem, you'll excuse me, but do I understand that Johnny Tulip is not welcome to your house without any invitations?"

Lily said icily, "I think, Mr. MacStrackey, you take both cream and sugar?"

"Your memory is most preceesely correct, then, Mrs. Roselove," said the big man sarcastically. "But, mem, this will never do. I'm auld friends with you. Ben and Johnny and I were thick as thieves together. Should auld acquaintance be forgot? See, my pretty young lady, I'm auld enough to be your father, and I want you to tell me: Is there ony breach of friendship between you and Johnny Tulip?"

"Mr. Tulip comes ——" But MacStrackey interrupted rudely.

"Mr. Tulip!" he cried. "*Mister* Tulip! It's no more 'Johnny' and 'Lil'?

"Mr. MacStrackey, you mean to be very kind, of course. They say you always do when you interfere. But my private affairs——!"

"Private affairs! *Private affairs*, mem!" cried MacStrackey. "Hoot, toot, my pretty lady, what do you know of your private affairs? Listen to me now." And then he blurted out the whole story.

"Nobody knows but him and me," he said in conclusion. "I never have whuspered it to a living soul. But to see my auld friend Johnny like to die with his heart breaking—na, na; interference is justifiable, and a needcessity even. Wull you kill him?"

Mrs. Roselove had been crying. Then she wiped her tears away and looked at Mr. MacStrackey in angry silence.

"Will you murder Johnny Tulip?" he finally asked in severe tones.

"I pitched it strong that night," he said afterward to Johnny. "Mon, I had to! I couldna keep my courage up without emphawtic language."

* * * * * * * * *

Late that evening Johnny Tulip was, as usual, in his inner office. He heard the outer door open, then a rustle of skirts, and then a tap at his door. When he opened it there stood Lily Roselove with blazing blue eyes.

"I must speak with you now—instantly!" said she.

He gave her a chair and took his seat on the opposite side of the office table. She gazed distractedly at him for a few minutes and began:—

"How dare you! How dare you, Mr. Tulip! Oh! all these years. I—I—your pensioner! Thank goodness, I know all now."

"MacStrackey!" cried Johnny, rising with a wild gesture.

"Oh, it's all true, then—all true! Yes; hide your face from me; well you may. Oh, oh, oh! to think of your deceiving me so. Don't dare to repeat that you loved me so. That's twice you've said it. Oh, what shall I do? To have lived on charity—on your charity; all your fortune given to me. Oo-oo-oo—Johnny—oo-oo—you're so good—so good. Don't speak to me, sir, don't; I won't listen. I *thought* you were so good, I mean, and how you have laughed at me; don't deny it; you have—you must have. Oh, I'll go crazy thinking of it; I'm sure I shall. Bennie—both of us—both paupers."

"I'll fix MacStrackey for this!" cried Johnny.

"I'll always love him for it," she replied, sobbing. "Oh, you—you—you noble Johnny. No, you shan't speak; don't dare to come near me, sir! Stay there, or I'll go instantly, and never, never see you again; *never*, till I pay you to the last copper. I'll work my fingers off to do it; but how can I earn so much? Three thousand dollars a year! Five years! Fifteen thousand dollars of your money I've spent on myself and Benny. Here is what I have left of it," and she drew from her pocket a purse, but at Johnny's dreadful expression dropped it back into the recesses of her skirt with a guilty look.

"But I will pay you. *And to think of me inspecting your accounts.* How you must have despised me. Then me borrowing from you—from *you*—the poor little money you earned—oo—oo—oo—you good, good, good—oh, you angel, Johnny. Sir! don't say that you love me; don't dare; I hate you—yes, hate you. To think of me being your laughing-stock so long, and that horrid Mr. MacStrackey to know all the time! 'You love me?' Is that any excuse? You love me? How long? 'Ever so long—always.' *And you never spoke;* you never would have told. Don't get up, sir; don't dare. I'll never forgive you, I say—never! To think of me driving in my phaeton—in your phaeton—all so fine and so rich, and being so proud—and c-c-cutting you four times—oo-oo-oo. Oh, I *wish* I hadn't to cry—and all the t-t-time your laughing stock! Don't tell me, sir, that you reverence the very breath I breathe; you can't—you must despise me; you can't help it—— Then the time I was angry because you told me to keep within my income—*your* income—and you so poor, Mr. MacStrackey says, that you must have borrowed to help me out. Oh, what shall I do? What *shall* I ever do?"

"Marry me, Lily," cried Johnny, rising to the occasion. "Marry me. I love you—I've loved you so long that I must tell you, or I think my heart will break. Lily, Lily; how could I see you want? The money—what's the little money? pooh! My heart, my love, I love you; don't you understand? Listen——"

"I won't, I won't; I daren't. No."

She put her hands over her pink ears again and proceeded:—

"All the stories—the wicked, *wicked* stories you told me! You said Ben had been a careful financier, and I told everybody. You said his investments would have turned out all he expected, and I boasted of it. Oh, *now* I know why you did it; *you wished to save Ben's reputation;* that was it—*that only.* How silly, how senseless I've been. It was kind of you, but you never thought of *my* shame; you treated me as an object—an object of charity. Yes, and laughed at my grand airs all the time. I'm sure you did—you must. No, I won't listen; I'm going; I'll never speak to you again. Good-bye," and she swept indignantly to the door.

The strain of conflicting emotions had been hard on poor Johnny. Calling, "Oh, Lily, don't go," and trying to rise to prevent her, he fell back suddenly. Then wit had birth in his brain, and he lunged forward as if in a faint, unintentionally striking his forehead against his ink bottle. Johnny did not move. He knew the blood was flowing a little; he wanted to see what she would do; he played out his ruse. For an instant she stared wildly at him, then flew to his side and lifted his limp head backward in her strong, young arms. Johnny found fainting the most agreeable experience of his life; but to keep still tried his self-restraint severely.

"I've killed him! Johnny! *Johnny!* speak to me. Oh, you breathe; speak to me; open your eyes. See; you may tell me you love me; I *knew* you did. Ah, you breathe more strongly. But you can't hear me, can you? You *couldn't* be so mean. Oh, I've known so long that you loved me; and I—but you wouldn't speak to me—*goose!* You can't hear me, for you're fainting, you know; so I'll confess—*dear.* Are you awake yet? Open your eyes. See, darling, it's not wrong for me to love you. Ah, your eyes *are* open! Shame!"

"Kiss me, darling," said artful Johnny.

And she didn't see what else she could do.

1889



PLAYED OUT.

OR

THE RUEFUL CHRISTMAS OF AN OLD TORONTO BACHELOR

Adaptation by
Ella Louee

MR. Laurence Todhunter Townley, having completed his morning toilet, cast a final glance at himself in the mirror that filled a panel of his dressing-room, and smiled. He was still a handsome man, though grey; still tall and slim, with a slender face adorned by a slight moustache of a convenient doubtful hue that might pass for blonde, and his manners still had that distinction which establishes between two men a greater mark of difference than can any pedigree or any number of millions of money. So it was that he smiled complacently at his reflection in the glass, and thinking, "There's life in the old boy yet!" passed on into his study, where his daily budget from the post awaited him. It consisted, on this occasion, of a dozen letters, with three morning journals of as many different opinions. With a dexterous motion of his fingers he spread out the letters on the table before him, like a player who asks you to name a card, and having seated himself, proceeded leisurely to examine their various handwritings, a performance he indulged in every morning before breaking the envelopes or his fast. This was to him a delightful moment of expectation, research, yet vague uneasiness. What might these sealed and mysterious missives be bringing him? Pleasure, happiness or sorrow? As his rapid glance passed over them, and he recognised some of the writers, he would sort the letters into three or four little heaps; here, those of his friends; there, of people indifferent to him; farther on, of correspondents who were unknown to him, a class that caused him no small disquiet, for the begging-letter writer is not unknown to Torontonians of fortune. What did they want of him, these strangers? Of what did this communication consist? Of promises, threats, or perchance proposals that he should invest in a cattle company, coal mines of prodigious wealth, or still richer Manitoba lands.

On the morning in question one letter in particular arrested his attention, simple and innocent-looking though it was. He started when he saw it, and felt a kind of shudder run through him. "From whom can it be?" he wondered, staring at it uneasily. "I certainly know this writing, though I don't recognise it," and raising it to the level of his eyes, he tried to peer through the envelope at its contents, nervously hesitating to open it. He next put it delicately to his nose, but gaining nothing in this way, took up a small magnifying glass and began studying the penmanship in detail, a dallying that but increased his nervousness.

Finding the magnifying of the problem did not solve it, Mr. Townley, laying the letter face upward on the table, rose and gazed abstractedly at the writing with his forefinger twiddling his slight grey moustache. From this reverie he was aroused by the sudden not very distant clang of the bells of St. James'. Mr. Townley looked at his watch.

"Eleven o'clock! Isn't this Tuesday? What the deuce are they chiming for at this rate? Oh! I had forgotten. It's Christmas Day—of course of course." And he had to thrust from his mind a melancholy thought of how far, how very far, in the past were the years when he could not have forgotten that Christmas morning had come. He thrust this from his mind on principle, for Mr. Townley had long been determined to feel young, and knew that he could not indulge himself in the amiable pretence if he permitted his mind to dwell often upon sad reflections. Going to the window, he looked upon Jarvis street, all wintry white, and upon people and well-furred sleighs passing smartly through an atmosphere dim with the falling of slow, broad flakes of snow.

"Confound it," he muttered, "I should have gone to church to-day," for Mr. Townley was a Toronto man of the soundest respectability, and commonly practised every propriety of life that he understood to be observed in England by a gentry feeling specially commissioned to set a good example to the "lower orders." His annoyance at having forgotten to instruct his housekeeper to call him for a breakfast at his Sunday hour of ten, instead of his usual hour of eleven o'clock, put the puzzling letter for a few moments out of his mind. A flitting fear that his memory was failing assailed the old bachelor. Then the letter occurred to his recollection with something of a shock and he quickly went back to the table.

"Pshaw! Who the deuce can it be from? The hand is certainly familiar to me—very familiar, too! I could fancy I had often read prose composed by it in days gone by. But—nonsense!, Women all write a good deal alike—this surely cannot be from *her* after all. However, here goes!" and hastily tearing open the envelope, the following lines presented themselves to his perusal:—

THE QUEEN'S, TORONTO,
Monday, Dec. 24th, 188—.

"MY DEAR LORRY"—

He started with a sense of offended dignity. "My Dear Lorry!" Only one person, except his long-dead mother, had ever called him Lorry. And that one! He hurried quickly through the letter.

MY DEAR LORRY,—

Of course you can't think I am writing to you on this horrid hotel paper, but we arrived quite late this evening, and as I can find no other, what am I to do? I wonder if you remember me at all. But of course you can't. It's twenty-five years since we last met—and parted. Then I was young, and now I am old. When I said good-bye to you for the last time I was leaving Toronto to accompany my husband to British Columbia—that poor, dear old husband of mine, whom you so cruelly nicknamed "My Patient," do you remember? He has been dead these five years, and I have returned to Toronto with my daughter—for you must know that I have a daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen, whom, of course, you have never seen. Her coming out was announced in Victoria a little while ago, but probably you are not interested in such trivial events.

As to you, I am told that people still speak of you as "Handsome Laurence Townley." Ah, well! If you have not altogether forgotten Janet ("Little Janet" when we were boy and girl together), come and dine with her to-morrow night, Christmas. That is to say, come and dine with old Mrs. Bracey, your faithful friend, who will be waiting for you with impatience.

Yours ever,

JANET BRACEY.

Mr. Townley's heart was beating fast. He leaned back in the depths of his arm-chair, with the letter on his knees, and gave way to a retrospect that swept him with tender emotion. For oh! if ever in his life he had loved a woman it was this one—Janet Bracey—the "little Janet" of his youth, yellow-haired and grey-eyed, and fragile like a flower. How distinctly her image rose before him! Delicate, dainty, exquisite, rare Janet! "Little Janet!" The poor old boy was becoming quite maudlin. To think of her marrying a fat and rheumatic old politician, who had carried her off to the Pacific Coast! The old brute had been jealous of him, he was sure—of him "handsome Laurence Townley."

Yes, he had loved her, and she had certainly loved him in return. Ah, why had he not then come into his fortune? And as he sat there musing, a thousand forgotten incidents of that long-ago time, sweet in their happenings, sad now that they were but memories, came back to him. How irresistible she was when she spoke his name—*Lorry!* How dear, how familiar, the syllables sounded from that rose-bud mouth! Never, never since had any lips so lisped them—*Lorry!* Yes, a charming love tale theirs had been—delicious and short; alas! too short, and cut off in its first warmth by the aforesaid old brute, who, in spite of his sixty years, his fat and his rheumatism, had managed to ingratiate himself with her family and had carried her savagely off to the other side of the Continent immediately after the marriage ceremony. And thus had she been lost to him and his world forever!

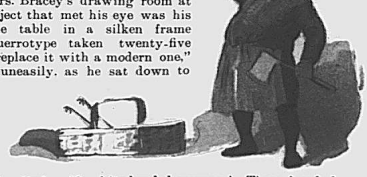
Mr. Townley, it may be mentioned, had forgotten her three weeks after her disappearance, and flirted with forty girls since then. But no matter! He easily persuaded himself, in the light of present events, that he had always kept his heart sacred to her memory. He persuaded himself that for her sake he had lived a bachelor. It was as clear to him as possible, and springing now nimbly to his feet,

"I shall dine with Janet to-night!" he exclaimed aloud. Instinctively he turned back to the mirror and took another glance at himself.

"She must have aged far more than I," he mused, but it was not a displeasing thought, that of presenting himself before her as a kind of model of perpetual youth, and of being able to astonish her, to move her, it may be, and to make her regret those vanished days—vanished, ah! so long ago!

* * * * * * * * *

That evening Mr. Laurence Todhunter Townley took much pains with his toilet, going from a white waistcoat to a black one, and back again to the white, employing a pair of curling-tongs (he still had hair), and finally setting out much before the appointed hour, by way of expressing both respect and ardor. On entering Mrs. Bracey's drawing room at the Queen's the first object that met his eye was his own portrait on the table in a silken frame—a faded old daguerrotype taken twenty-five years ago! "I shall replace it with a modern one," thought Mr. Townley uneasily, as he sat down to wait. Presently a door behind him opened; he started and turned round in nervous agitation, and saw advancing towards him, with both her hands outstretched, a little, old, white-headed woman! These hands he seized, bent over them, clasped them long in desperate, lingering embarrassment, and at last, by a great effort, raised his eyes. He looked into



the face of his old love! Old? Alas, yes! It was an old lady who stood before him, an old lady who was an utter stranger to him, and who appeared to want greatly to cry, but was forcing herself to smile instead. "Is it—is it really you, Janet?" he stammered.

And she answered, "Yes, it is! It is indeed! I suppose you wouldn't have known me? I've had so much trouble! I'm an old, old woman! And now, here I am—look at me; or, stop—no, don't look at me. But, how handsome you are still, as handsome as ever, and young! If I had accidentally met you in the street, I am sure I should instantly have cried out Lorry! I've always thought of you as Lorry, you know. But sit down. We must have a good talk together before I introduce you to my little girl—my big girl, I should say. You will be surprised to see how very like me she is, or rather how very like her I was. Oh, dear, I haven't got it right yet! What I mean is, she is exactly me, as I used to be. You shall judge for yourself! But I thought we'd like to be alone awhile. I was afraid I'd be a little nervous at first. But I find I'm not. I've got over it. Sit down, Lawrence, I want so much to hear what you have been doing all these years."

And he sat down beside her and took her hand. She looked so old that he felt he might almost be her son. But he knew not what to say to her. What could he have to say to this old, old woman, this total stranger, whom he had never till this moment set eyes on? What on earth had brought him to her? What, in the name of goodness, could he talk to her about? The past? What past? What was there in common between him—the still young bachelor—and this venerable lady? In presence of her wrinkled countenance his wits deserted him, and naught could he find of those many tender recollections that had been welling up so sweetly in his heart all day at thought of that other woman, "little Janet," his dainty flower. Where was she, his love, his far-away dream, the golden-haired and soft eyed, the sweet child who used to lisp so adorably, "Lorry!"

Side by side they sat there, motionless, ill-at-ease, constrained, horribly uncomfortable, until, finding that they were uttering nothing but the emptiest platitudes, Mrs. Bracey rose and placed her hand on the bell-pull. "I am summoning Florence," she said. And thereupon a door was heard to open, a gown was heard to rustle, and a fresh young voice was heard exclaiming.

"Here I am, mamma!"

Mr. Townley started up as frightened as if she had been a ghost, and, after stammering "Good evening, Miss—Miss Bracey," to the charming apparition, turned excitedly to her mother and exclaimed:

"Oh, *this* is you!"

And it was indeed she—a fac-simile, that is, of what she had been—the vanished "little Janet" restored! He had found her again, just as she was when they had cruelly carried her away from him five-and-twenty years ago, but even younger, more blooming, more child-like than then! A dreadful desire came over him to open his old arms and clasp her to his heart again, and whisper in her shell-pink ear, "Good evening, Janet little Janet my darling!" Poor old boy.

But at that moment a darkey announced "Dinner!" and they went into the dining room almost dumb.

What happened during the progress of that meal? What was said to him, and what replies did he make thereto? He knew not, for he had plunged into one of those fantastic dreams that verge on madness. He looked at the two women, and one question kept turning itself over and over again in his brain, like a sick thought of delirium.

"Which of them is real?" Sometimes he thought himself going insane, and wondered whether the waiters and the people at neighboring tables observed in him signs of excitement. But Mr. Townley was too old a campaigner to show his nervousness, and to all appearance was icily cool.

Mrs. Bracey kept smiling and exclaiming repeatedly, "Do you remember?" But it was in the limpid eyes of her young daughter that his memories revived themselves. Twenty times he was on the point of opening his mouth to ask of her, "Do you remember, Janet?" Not that he did not perceive that the new Janet was not altogether the Janet of yore. Still the other one—the white-haired, wrinkled, ancient lady was so absolutely unrecognisable! Not a glance, a gesture, a tone of his old flame! He made prodigious mental efforts to rehabilitate her, to supply what was wanting in her, to grasp what she had lost. But in vain. As a resuscitation she remained a blank failure.

"You have lost your flow of spirits, Mr. Townley," said Mrs. Bracey.

"I have lost much more than that," muttered he, but the beating of his heart, like a wild thing awaking from slumber, told him that the old love could be born anew.

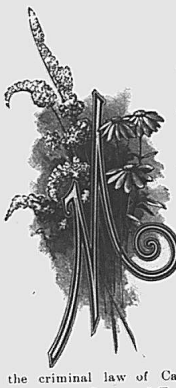
Meantime the girl prattled away, unconscious of it all, unconscious that certain of her intonations and phrases which she had borrowed from her mother, and a certain similarity between them of mind and manner, such as people fall into by living together, were shaking her mother's cool old friend from head to foot. His heart-strings, reset to the pitch of youth, quivered painfully at her ruthless touch.

He got away as early as he could, and went for a long walk under the Rosedale stars. But the image of the girl pursued him, haunted him, quickened his pulse-beats, whirled in his brain. Away from the two women, he saw but one, and she was young, she was his Janet restored to him, and he loved her again as he had loved her before. Nay, he loved her more honestly, better than before, after that pause of twenty-five years.

Presently he went home, that he might better reflect on this strange and awkward business and if possible decide on his future course of action. But as, with lamp in hand, he was passing in front of his mirror—that huge mirror in which he had looked at and admired himself a few short hours ago—he, all at once, saw there a wrinkled, grey-headed old man! And swiftly, in a great illuminating flash, this vision was followed by another, that of the blooming young fellow of the faded photograph who had been forsaken by—nay he had really jilted the girl who loved him. Thoughtfully did Mr. Townley approach the mirror, light in hand, and begin curiously to examine himself, as we examine a strange creature under the microscope. Critically he inspected his wrinkles and those other shocking ravages which time had long been busy at, but which he seemed never to have perceived before.

And then he sat down, quite crushed, opposite the reflection of himself in the mirror, opposite that lamentable reflection, and muttered "Played out! Played out! Townley—its no use—you're an old fellow—an old fellow," he groaned. "By Jove, how many Christmases I've seen go by alone. Might have had a family about me all these years—ah—ah! Gad, what a fool I was to let that old brute carry Janet away! Courage—I lacked courage to be poor with her—and now it come to this! What have I had? Food, shelter, clothes—no more for all my money—no love—no love." He sighed and sat quiet for a time, looking back upon the years graven on his image in the mirror. "An old fellow" he said again at last, "an old, old bachelor—all alone—quite played out."

AN ITCHING PALM.



MONTREAL will not soon forget Mr. Jeremy Beeton, whose daring frauds were brought to light early in the spring of '84—frauds which rudely awakened to destitution more than a score of households enjoying goodly incomes. On investigation of Mr. Beeton's affairs it was clear that his dishonesties had gone on for years. Before suddenly betaking himself to San Francisco, he had not only studied the criminal law of California, but that of every other State and Territory between Montreal and the Golden Gate. His depredations grew from one vast total to a larger, during weary weeks of disclosure; and in amassing his plunder he had boldly taken the risks of a forger, risks subjecting him to arrest anywhere in America, yet just before his flight every tittle of evidence thereof he had carefully destroyed. Villainous as his record was, not a single one of his iniquities could subject him to the slightest legal inconvenience in his new home.

Mr. Beeton's case was not only a case of most extensive fraud but one of peculiar atrocity. His profession of notary gave him special opportunities to acquire the control of more or less property, and to enjoy the confidence of the numerous class who act as trustees and executors for estates of relations and friends. A notary in the Province of Quebec not only has a conveyancer's practice, he is often an investment agent, and has so large a knowledge of the law of property that he becomes the trusted adviser of his clients in many matters outside the strict lines of his profession. He is more than a simple draughter of wills and searcher of titles. He is not seldom the



arbitrator of disputes, a man whose judgment is appealed to in questions where it is sought to avoid Courts in finding justice. In country districts he is even more respected than the doctor, and usually ranks as of somewhat more weight than the lawyer.

Miss Helen Rae had long been a client of Mr. Beeton's. He had drawn the will by which her uncle Donald had bequeathed her the bulk of his tidy little fortune. His estate had passed through Mr. Beeton's hands in its division among the legatees. Naturally enough he had a good deal to do with deciding how Miss Rae should invest her money. With a sagacity not the least of his gifts, Mr. Beeton recommended her to buy some real estate on Prospect street. He told her that it was certain to become the main business avenue of northwestern Montreal. His forecast has proved true, and his disinterestedness in that one transaction was unmistakeable — apparently. However, after her purchase, Miss Rae had still twelve thousand dollars to invest, and for this he advised her to take a good first mortgage on a Sherbrooke mill. Miss Rae consenting to the proposal, he went out to Sherbrooke to inspect the property and obtain the firm's signatures. When he handed his client her mortgage he told her that every quarter-day she would receive through him a cheque for her interest. He kept his promise to the letter, and what could be more satisfactory? Uncle Donald had died in November, 1878, and these transactions with Mr. Beeton took place early in the following January. In all her business affairs Miss Rae, like the sensible, competent Scotchwoman she was, acted for herself, making many inquiries of friends and neighbors, first and chiefly however, taking what she would call "an advice" from her brother John, senior partner in one of the most solid concerns in St. Paul street.

As John now remembers Mr. Beeton, he can recall nothing in his manner nor methods to have excited the smallest iota of distrust. Honest and fair he certainly seemed. Every deed he drew was direct and simple. When he rendered you a bill, you were apt to be surprised at his moderation. It is true he gave brilliant entertainments, but how natural it was to suppose his income perfectly adequate to his expenditure. Every one of his clients thought the other contributed to Mr. Beeton's bank account to a larger extent than himself. Besides, people said, a notary has scores of opportunities to make a good investment, and to take a profitable "flyer" in stocks. Canny John Rae heard all this over and over again, but never heard of any specific bargain coming in Mr. Beeton's way through professional sources of information, or any other sources for that matter. Gossip, all-listening and ill-natured, as it is supposed to be, never once assailed the fair name of Jeremy Beeton.

Long to be remembered is the day his absconding became public. For a few days his absence from town elicited no remark. He had gone to New York on business of importance and would return at the week's end, said his head clerk. At last it was clear that Mr. Beeton was a defaulter and a consummate swindler. Distressing scenes were witnessed by his clerks, who, for all that scriveners are not drawn from the impressible ranks of society, showed symptoms of uneasiness at the shriekings that made their desks ring again, and the faintings which more than once called the faded office-sofa into requisition. Widows whose sole reliance had been the few thousands of a life policy; worn-out teachers and business women, eking out a livelihood from the interest of a little money laboriously saved in long years of ill-paid toil; orphans and wards ignorant of the smallest detail of business; executors who had left trust-funds in the hands of the absconder—these with creditors of a more ordinary business stamp bewailed bitterly the rascality of a man who had deceived them grossly, but—with the boundary line between them—not illegally.

Miss Helen Rae for three days after that mournful Monday was called upon by scores of friends ready to condole with her in the loss they assumed she had sustained. She is not a cynical woman, but she could discover that plain tokens of disappointment, rather than relief, were usual when she declared herself to have escaped scot free of Mr. Jeremy Beeton. Little more than three months before he had paid her the money which had matured on the mortgage investment effected through him. Miss Rae credits her brother John with her good fortune. He credits his old friend Joe Field, whose instrumentality in the case came about strangely enough.

For none of his friends did John entertain a warmer regard than for Joe Field. The better they knew each other, the more thoroughly grounded became their friendship. Joe was always the same kind, busy, little soul; only lacking shrewdness to make much talent and wide information command him advancement and fortune. Besides this, Joe was thoroughly good company; he could sing, could play the piano and violin admirably, skilful in small-talk, could take a hand at whist, tell a story and in many other ways forbear from obtruding the evidences of a strong and original mind.

Among his other social accomplishments was an intimate acquaintance with the whole art of palmistry—that queer system for reading the wrinkles upon human palms into interpretations of character and prophecies concerning the future of the individual whose palm is under inspection.

During the Christmas week of 1883, the Risleys of Drummond street gave a grand party. There were fully a hundred guests, including the Beetons, the Raes and Joe Field. During the evening Joe's powers as a palmist were in requisition for the company's entertainment. Seated behind the portiere which divided the drawing-room, Joe scanned the palms thrust through at him with mirth-provoking gravity. One of his first subjects was John Rae. Joe said nothing his old friend could ever remember about his hand except that it indicated that all his talents were put to good account except a decided turn for off-hand public-speaking. If John would but cultivate this gift, he was assured that he might make his mark in politics. This latter dictum of Joe's gave the subject of it a shock of surprise. He had really struck on an ambition so deeply hidden in his friend's heart that John had never mentioned it to mortal.

When nearly everybody in the company had been "read," a lucky impulse led John Rae to test Joe's memory, and he passed his hand through the portiere again.

"Not fair" cried Joe, after a moment's examination, "I've read that palm already to-night."

Its owner, somewhat abashed, made room for Mr. Jeremy Beeton with his broad, ruddy hand. His well-known characteristics were hit off by the amateur palmist very cleverly. Mr. Beeton was told that he was a man of detail, of indomitable industry, fond of art, and if blest with wealth would inevitably be a collector and so on. A few minutes more and Joe had read his last palm. A good many of the company, John Rae for one, were impressed with the idea that there was something in palmistry, especially when so discerning an exponent as "Professor" Field took it up.

Two or three days after the party, John Rae was entering the City Club about two o'clock for his usual sandwich, when he heard a familiar voice sing out:

"John, sit here, can't you!"

It was Joe Field, at luncheon.

"Well, Joe that was a rare evening we had at at Risley's, thanks to you."

"O, yes!" said Joe, "it was a pleasant enough party. By the way, John, didn't you put your hand out at me a second time?"

"Yes, I did and you very properly refused to read it a second time."

Leaning forward Joe whispered cautiously:

"I say, John, do you remember whose hand it was that came after yours then?"

"Why do you ask?"

"O confound you, answer a simple question, do you remember?"

"Of course I do, it was Jeremy Beeton's, you told him he was a great man for detail, a most industrious person, a lover of art and so forth."

"Did I? Well, I could have said something more. Strictly between us, if there's anything in the hand, that man stretches it out after what isn't his'n, and is precious wary about it too."

"Nonsense, Joe, you'd better be careful! You don't know Jeremy Beeton——one of the trustiest men living."

"Is he? Then why does he have almost every mark of the thief on his palm and fingers? I tell you, John, be on your guard with that chap, he's not only a thief, but a thoroughly hard-hearted fellow, or rather, let me say, he has no heart at all. Why, his line of the heart is nowhere."

Joe Field was in dead earnest, and John Rae was astonished to hear him speak in such strenuous condemnation of a man he believed worthy all respect. Joe's acquaintance with Mr. Beeton was very casual too in comparison with his friend's. He continued, "I've quite confidence enough in palmistry to say that I should be very sorry to trust him with a penny of my money." Then perhaps bethinking him of the fewness of his possessions, he added, "or anybody's else."

The two separated. At seven o'clock John was at home at dinner with his wife and sister Helen. After a pleasant family chat Helen told him that in less than a week her mortgage on the Sherbrooke mill would fall due. Mr. Beeton had said that the mortgagors, Perry & Bell, wished to pay it off. By way of re-investment he suggested that the cash should be left in his hands, or as he phrased it "in his office."

"You know," said the good woman, "Mr. Beeton has clients who don't wish their names known, and who can give him abundant security for whatever they borrow. He says they are willing to pay seven per cent, and Mr. Beeton is always so punctual."

"Did you agree to the proposal?" her brother inquired.

"I told him that I very probably should, but that I wished to see you first."

"Well then Helen, all I have to say is, don't let him or any one else have your money without security given you openly and above-board. I don't like his offering you seven per cent. either. Why money is not worth more than five to-day,—on such security as you ought to have."

With every instant John's convictions grew clearer. He continued:—"Helen, you can get two more houses on Prospect street, just above Park street, and they'll be a better investment than anything Mr. Beeton can offer. Just you insist on his handing you your money."

John's counsels prevailed; his sister determined to act on his advice, and early next morning negotiations were afoot for her purchase of more property on Prospect street. Next in order came a call at Mr. Beeton's that he might know her intention. When she stated it, as she did quite decidedly, she might have observed in Mr. Beeton's face, had she looked for it, some confirmation of the suspicions his proposal for her re-investment, as well as Joe Fields' "science," had lodged in her brother's mind. The man had a coarse and greedy look underneath the busy expression of his tense features. He evidently did not think it advisable to urge his suggestion for a trust-loan, and said somewhat shortly:

"Well, Miss Rae, I have advised you in the past somewhat to your advantage, I think, and do so now, of course if you prefer to consult *others*. I have no more to say than if you will be kind enough to call with Perry & Bell's papers next Tuesday, I shall have much pleasure in handing you a cheque for your twelve thousand, and the quarter's interest," and he bowed her out, with even less than his usual slight cordiality.

When John heard from his sister how promptly Mr. Beeton was to repay her, his conscience smote him a little. Was it right that he should distrust this man who after all might have spoken the truth as to the needs of clients whose means were temporarily "locked up?" Was it fair to entertain a prejudice against him, largely based on the rather shadowy art of which lying gypsies were the best known practitioners? In any case Helen's new investment would prove not only secure, but one of augmenting returns, a very different case from a lender on mortgage, who seems condemned to constant shrinkage of income—and John Rae dismissed the subject from his mind.

With his accustomed punctuality on the next Tuesday Mr. Beeton paid Miss Rae her money, and she handed him her deeds of mortgage on the Sherbrooke mill. Another week and she had become possessed of two more houses on Prospect street. Within three months came Mr. Beeton's flight, with all the loss and anguish still so well remembered in Montreal. One of the first men John Rae met after the news sped through the city was Joe Field.

"Something in science after all, John, eh?" And he opened and shut his fat little hand suggestively.

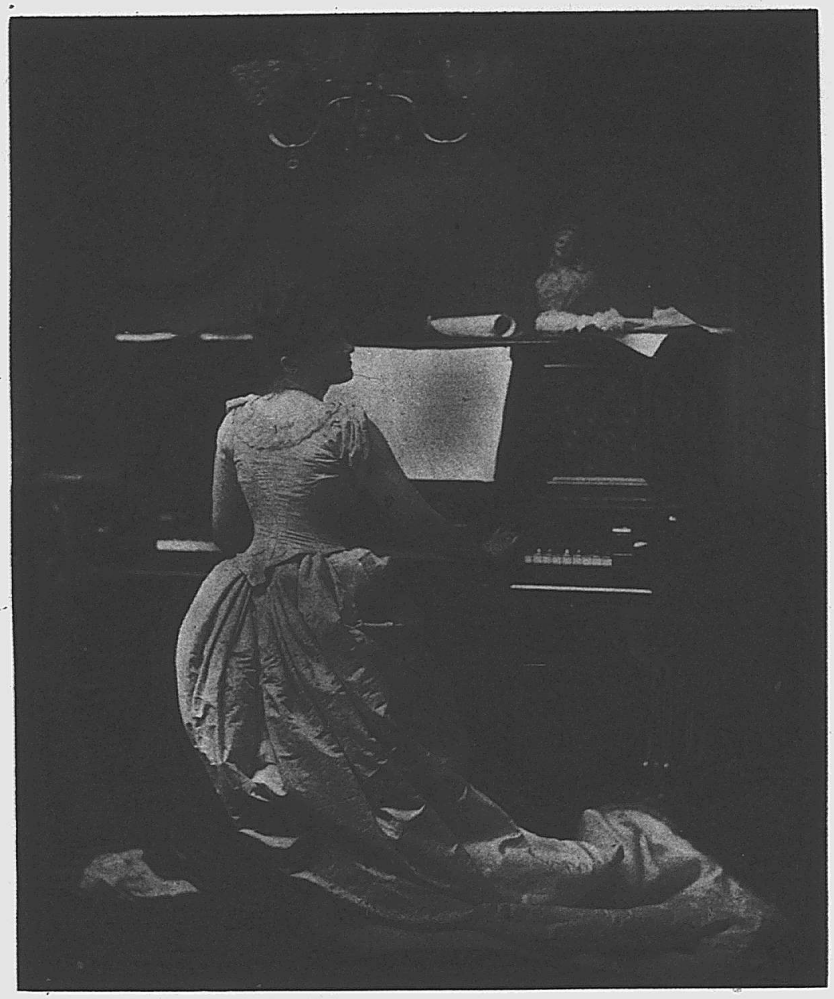
In truth Joe had read in Jeremy Beeton's hand, characteristics not betrayed in his face or in his life. The amateur palmist had saved Miss Helen Rae a pretty large slice of her competence.

The rascally notary in her case as in several others had taken good care to destroy the evidence of daring forgery. It was soon discovered that never had Messrs Perry & Bell of Sherbrooke executed a mortgage on their mill. Beeton had regularly paid the interest on a loan for which Miss Rae had for five years held bogus security. Giving her that twelve thousand dollar cheque must have sadly bothered him, and his self-control as he paid it showed the man's amazing command of himself.

The last heard of Mr. Beeton was in July when Philip McDonald of Montreal saw him in Montgomery street, San Francisco's chief thoroughfare, not looking a day older than when he fled from Canada—for in crossing the forty-fifth parallel had not Crime become as blameless as Innocence?

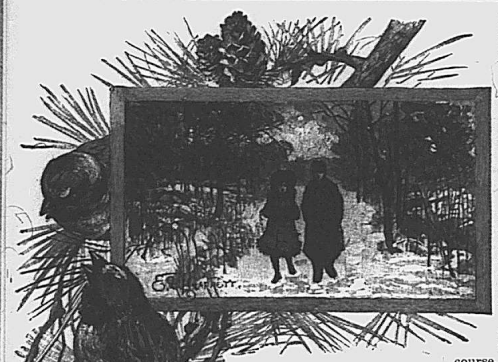
GEORGE ILES.

New York.



HARMONY.

[Photograph by T. Fraser Bryce, Toronto, for Christmas Globe, 1892.]



The Boy and the Bird.

A TRUE STORY.

I.

IT was the queerest bird, of a sad olive color touched with yellow and green, and it came early in May to creep about in the shrubbery and through the tree-tops that embowered the little home of the Cartons.

"But we used to see that bird in Canada," said Julie, a tall girl of thirteen, speaking to her brother, a lad of ten.

"To be sure, birds go everywhere," said Victor. "They can fly and do as they please. I wish I had an air-gun."

"To shoot that dear little creature! Be ashamed of yourself, Victor."

The boy laughed, in a sort of superior way, and wagged his head to indicate that girls were a very soft-hearted and weak set of beings.

Meantime the demure and rather mysterious little bird went quietly about its duties and pleasures among the leaves.

The Cartons were poor people, but good and honest, who had come into Indiana from Canada taking a little farm on the banks of Rock River. They had not had good luck with their crops and things had seemed to conspire against them. Mr. Carton, the head of the family, had been ill a good deal and Mrs. Carton had been homesick most of the time. Still they all were inclined to make the most of their situation, each trying to cheer up the others.

It was not at all strange that the little sad-mannered, sly, futive-acting Canadian bird attracted the attention of the household, nor is it to be wondered at that these good people half suspected that the tiny feathered visitor was of mysterious significance in some way and that some stroke of destiny was connected with its appearance among them. We all have our superstitions, and especially when our lives are lonely do we indulge in secret communion with fantastic apparitions seen by no eyes but ours.

As the spring went by and the summer advanced with a fine crop growing and everything at last most favorable to the family, the Cartons began to be happy and to speak of the bird as their angel of good luck. The shy and elusive little creature, attended occasionally by its still shyer and more furtive mate, built one nest and reared a brood, then, after a few days given over to joyful recreation, began to build again, this time in the top of a little cedar tree down by the corner of the garden. It was interesting and instructive to watch it movements, its cunning industry, its restless attention to details. Julie took great delight in trying to make friends with it, an attempt which had many difficulties. She was persistent, gentle and persevering, however, and by slow degrees won her point. Some shreds of cotton stuff which she placed on the window-sill attracted the little builder and it came to get them, approaching the spot by extensive and timorous manœuvring. Julie sat near and looked on; she was interested and pleased to find her offer of acquaintance, even by bribery, coming to success; but when the bird at last hopped upon the window-sill and, turning its head to one side, peered at her she was fairly startled. What a strange, cold, soulless, wicked look its eyes had in them! It may have been nothing but Julie's mood that lent this sinister reflection to those little black, bead-like organs, but the effect was as mysteriously depressing as it was sudden and deep.

The bird seized a strand of the cotton and flew away to weave it into its nest. Many times this happened and, resist it as she might, as often Julie received from those mysterious eyes the shock of some unaccountable and sinister suggestion. She told Victor who thereupon wished more than ever for an air-gun.

"Oh, but it would be too wicked to hurt the poor sweet little creature!" Julie would insist. "It's all imagination, of course. You know that it can do no harm."

"I read in a story about an evil bird that brought every kind of trouble and misery to some people," said Victor.

"Yes, I read that, too, but that was only a story. Stories are just made up, you know, and are not true."

"To be sure, but still if a bird is mean it ought to be killed."

"Yes, but don't you remember when the Ancient Mariner killed the albatross how he suffered all but death?"

Victor did remember and it made him shudder to be thinking of what might befall him should he run such a risk.

The brother and sister sat by the window and looked out through the whispering and shimmering foliage to where glimpses of green fields of wheat and corn softened the sunlight into more than emerald loveliness. They heard their mother singing softly as she did her household duties and now and again their father's voice came from the truck garden as he spoke to the gentle, old horse that drew his plough.

Days went by. Julie and Victor did all they could to help their hard-working parents, and although they could not bring much to pass they at least showed how willing they were to be useful.

The bird continued to build; but so great had become Julie's aversion to the selfish and unsympathic eyes of the little thing she ceased to lay the cotton strands on the window-sill and found herself avoiding it glances.

Homesickness grew upon the family, more and more they longed for their old Canadian home and for the good friends they had left behind.

"If my crop is profitable this season," Mr. Carton said one morning at breakfast, "we will sell everything and go back to the old place."

The children clapped their hands. Mrs. Carton's eyes filled with tears of joy. The little bird on the window-sill flung forth a silvery, twittering song. They never before had heard it sing in that sweet way.

At the same time there came a rapping on the front door and Julie went to see who was there.

"Father," she said, when directly she returned, "there's a poor boy out there who wants something to eat."

"A tramp?" inquired Mr. Carton, with a frown.

"Just a ragged boy," said Julie, "and he looks pale and hungry."

The family looked at one another, their faces softening.

"Bring him him," said Mr. Carton.

Such a bundle of rags as he was, with his hollow black eyes and sunken face in which the suffering and hardships of vagabond life were marked as if with an indelible stamp. It made them all shudder to see him eat so greedily and so like a wild, starving animal.

After he had eaten his fill the boy sat in the best room awhile to rest. He would not say much, but took the coat and the shoes given him by Mrs. Carton and went away with an awkward "Thankee mum" and scarcely any show of real pleasure in the kindness he had experienced.

"I doubt if it's right to feed such a creature," remarked Mr. Carton as he left the house to go to go his work.

"His eyes had exactly the same expression as the bird's," said Julie.

"But, my gracious! wasn't he hungry, though!" exclaimed Victor. "I thought that he'd eat up all that was on the table!"

"Poor boy, I wonder where his mother is," murmured Mrs. Carton, with tears half startling from her eyes.

That afternoon Mr. Carton broke his plough and had to go to the village smith with it. He came into the house and reached up to where his pocket-book lay on the clock above the mantel. When he opened the book his face grew pale and it was some moments before he spoke. Meantime he fumbled with trembling hands among the few papers.

"Wife," he at length called in a husky voice "wife!"

Mrs. Carton came in hurriedly from the next room.

"The fifty-dollar bill, do you know what has ——"

"Is it gone?"

"Gone."

The children overheard this and came in aghast.

"The fifty-dollar bill?" repeated the mother.

"Gone," said the father.

The children looked at each other and trembled.

II.

The loss of fifty dollars was to Mr. Carton and his family a calamity; for it was nearly ruin in a financial way. That bill represented, in fact, the savings of two years given to hard work and close economy.

"It was here this morning before breakfast," said the agitated man, still opening and shutting the well-worn book. "I saw the end of it sticking out." He paused a moment, and with a little movement indicative of a sudden thought, added: "That boy must have taken it——he *did* take it! Was n't he standing here by the mantel, Julie."

"Yes, sir."

"He could have taken the end of the bill in his fingers and slipped it out; the book was not fastened, only closed."

"He looked like a thief," said Victor.

Mr. Carton went immediately and saddled his horse. The nearest officer of the law was but a mile or two distant, still the boy had a long start and by the time pursuit was begun it was very difficult to follow him. They came upon him, however, some ten miles away at the edge of a dense wood. When he saw them he ran like a rabbit among the trees and underbrush giving them the greatest race they ever had experienced, and when at last they caught him he fought savagely for his freedom, using profane language and calling them by all manner of bad names. So fierce was his resistance that his clothes were torn almost off him and he was hurt, though not dangerously.

When accused of the theft he denied it vehemently, declaring that he never had stolen anything in all his life. The officer searched him, but found no money. In one pocket was a broken knife, two hickory nuts and a leather string; in another they discovered a very dirty handkerchief and some large nails.

"He flung the bill away while we were chasing him," said the officer, still panting from the exercise. "Find the money, you dirty little thief, and we'll let you go!"

"Didn't have no money," growled the boy, sullenly scowling at his captors. He was a stout lad of fifteen, rather hard-visaged at best; but now he looked almost fiendish, so dirty, so ragged so towsled by the struggle was he and so drawn was his countenance.

"Come along and find that bill or you'll go straight to gaol," insisted the officer, taking him firmly by the arm.

"Hain't seed no bill," was the only answer. "Won't go to gaol neither." They looked and looked, searching every place along the route of their pursuit, but all to no avail. The fifty-dollars bill was gone. So they had to take the boy to gaol and Mr. Carton went home depressed, sick at heart and empty-handed.

That evening when the family had come together in the best room to hear the reading from the Bible and to perform the sweet duty of worship it chanced that the chapter chosen seemed strangely inappropriate. It enjoined the kindest treatment of wanderers and taught that nothing but good could come of generous charity to the wayfarer. Mr. Carton closed the Book of books with a look in his face which did not imply perfect sympathy with what he had read. Somehow his prayer sounded hollow and he felt that he uttered it perfunctorily. When the children had gone to bed he said to his wife in a gloomy mood:——

"One meal of victuals given in charity has cost us the savings of two long years of work, and what's the good? A boy sent to gaol."



THE CANADIAN MILITIA

GIVEN WITH THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1889.

Mrs. Carton had no response ready. Indeed she could not combat her husband's view, although something far down in her heart remonstrated against any questioning of the ways of Providence.

It is said that misfortunes never come singly—that when it rains it pours. The loss of the fifty dollars was followed by a drouth which threatened to ruin Mr. Carton's crops. Day after day and week after week the sun shone like a merciless fire in the sky. The roads were long lines of dust, the blades of the corn began to curl, the potato tops lolled, the wheat languished. At night it was almost impossible to sleep, so sultry was the still air, through which the moon and stars gleamed down with a dull light as if smoldering like half extinguished coals of fire. All the pasture fields were beginning to crisp and the cattle panted beside the streams which were fast drying up.

"It's no use," said Mr. Carton, "we may as well give up. I've worked hard and faithfully; I've been honest, tried to do my duty; but it's all lost."

To add to the trouble Julie fell ill of a fever and for a time was near death's door. The little household drew closer together, hovering about her bedside and caring for nothing but serving her. In their distress and anxiety they thought no more of the fifty-dollar bill until one day, when Julie was convalescing, the officer came to summon Mr. Carton and his wife to appear at Court and testify in the case of the State v. John Madden charged with the stealing of fifty dollars from Mr. Carton. Somehow this brought a most unpleasant shock to the whole family. All resentment had died out of their hearts and the thought of sending the poor, forlorn boy to the State's prison was not in the least agreeable.

"The way of the transgressor is hard" said Mr. Carton, but the words failed to comfort him or satisfy his conscience.

When the day for the trial arrived, a neighbor's wife was called in to sit with Julie, who was now almost well, but scarcely strong enough to go about the house. The county seat was not far away, only a short hour's drive, and, as the trial would probably not last long, Mrs. Carton thought she would be home early in the afternoon. She never before had attended Court and both she and her husband felt the weight of the occasion heavy upon their hearts. As they were trundled along the dusty highway in their little waggon they said scarcely anything to each other, but they had a sense as of being about to do some very evil act. Few people were in the Court-room when they arrived and they were given seats to wait till the Judge had made an end of some legal question about which two lawyers were wrangling. Presently the prisoner was brought in and placed in a chair reserved for him inside the rail of the bar. He was dressed now in a decent suit of clothes, and several weeks of imprisonment had bleached his hands and face until they were very white. He glanced wistfully at Mr. Carton and his wife, his eyes appearing to plead for mercy. How like some poor animal caught in a trap or surrounded by merciless enemies he looked! Mrs. Carton felt a great lump rise in her throat, while her husband moved uneasily in his chair.

A jury of twelve solemn-looking men filed in from an adjoining room and took their places in a double row of seats near the Judge.

A lawyer went and sat down beside the young prisoner and held a whispered conversation with him; then the Judge ordered the trial to begin.

Mr. and Mrs. Carton were sworn in turn and gave their testimony, the prosecuting attorney drawing from them by carefully directed questions all the facts and circumstances tending to prove the boy's guilt. Then the constable who made the arrest testified to the guilty actions of the prisoner in fleeing at sight of him and in resisting him and using violent and profane language when caught. The lawyers argued the case briefly, and after a short charge from the Judge the jury retired; but they were out only a little while before they returned into Court with a verdict of guilty.

The poor boy burst out crying.

"Mr. Judge," he exclaimed, "it is all a lie. I never stole nothin' in my whole life. I swear I never did, Mr. Judge!"

There was a sturdy ring in his voice and a stubborn appearance of truthfulness in his manner that affected all present much more than any weaker show of weeping and whining could have done.

"Keep quiet," said the Judge with severe gravity, "keep quiet, sir!"

"But how kin I keep quiet when they're a puttin' it onto me that way!" cried the boy. "I tell ye, Judge, 'at I never seed airy a fifty-dollar bill in all my life."

"Silence!" commanded the Sheriff.

"I won't be silent when they're a lying on me an' a swearin' to it," persisted the boy. "Blame my skin ef I kin stan' it to be bulldozed this yer way. I jest won't go to the penitentiary for nothin', so I won't!"

"Take him back to gaol," ordered the Judge, "his sentence will be fixed to-morrow."

"I won't go!" almost screamed the boy, "I never stole nothin' in all my life. They've lied on me, so they have! They're all big liars, so they are!" The Sheriff took hold of him gently but with a firm grasp.

"You have to go, so you'd better be quiet, come along."

The boy resisted stoutly, but it was useless, the burly officer bore him along with little apparent effort.

In the meantime Victor Carton entered the Court-room and, panting with excitement, shyly made his way to where his parents were sitting. He put something into his father's hand and at the same time whispered rapidly. Mr. Carton turned pale, so did his wife. For a while they sat stupidly gazing at each other. The Court-room appeared to swim around them as they realized the whole truth. Presently Mr. Carton unfolded a fifty-dollar bill in his hand and examined it for a mark in one corner.

"It is the very bill!" he exclaimed, and, rising, went to the Judge with it.

"Judge," he said, "that boy is not guilty. Have him brought back. Here is the bill I thought he stole. He never saw it; he never touched it."

The Judge was astounded; but as he listened to the explanation his face grew more intent and interested in its expression. He ordered the jury to return and sent for the prisoner. He then entered the granting of a new trial upon his order-book, and bade the jury sign a verdict of not guilty. The lawyers looked on in utmost surprise, while Mr. Carton and his wife came forward to take the boy's hand and beg his pardon.

"Told ye 'at they was a lyin' on me," said the sturdy little tramp, wagging his head at the Judge. "I never stole nothin' of nobody in all my life."

The Judge had to laugh, and the officers of Court quietly began making up a little purse of money for the boy, to which Mr. Carton was glad to contribute.

"Thankee, thankee," was the lad's only response to the gift, but as he walked past the constable who had arrested him he remarked: "You wait till I'm a thief 'fore ye 'rest me agin! Told ye 'at I never had that there fifty-dollar bill!"

Mr. and Mrs. Carton, with Victor, reached home just in time to escape a great rain which came on late that afternoon, the first that had fallen since the loss of the bill. Julie was watching for them, impatient to know what had been the result of Victor's mission.

III.

"The boy got clear!" Victor exclaimed as soon as he entered the room, "and the Judge said it was the queerest case he ever tried. You ought to have seen what a lot of money they gave that boy. Wish they'd given me that much."

"Maybe if you'll be a tramp and get arrested for stealing—" began Mr. Carton.

"But, papa, he didn't steal," interrupted Julie and Victor in one voice.

"Well, he is a very bad and wicked boy, anyway. He'll never come to any good."

"Wasn't it strange and funny how we came to find the bill, though?" cried Victor as he went and picked up a little hollow mass of sticks, bark, hairs and fine straw that lay on a table. "Here's where it was, all worked in among these sticks here on the side of the nest. I saw one end and I pulled it out."

The explanation was quite simple. The bird had come to the window-sill, and, finding nothing there and no one in the room, had ventured in. Seeing the end of the fifty-dollar bill protruding from the pocket-book, it had seized the soft paper and borne it away to its nest.

While Mr. Carton and his wife were gone to the trial Victor, restless as boys usually are, saw the nest in the cedar tree, and, knowing that the young birds had left it, climbed up and got it, and so the bill was found woven in among the other materials used by the little architect.

Note how curiously lucky it all was:—If it had rained before the bill was found it would have destroyed the paper; but as soon as it was found the rain came, and the crops all flourished and did well. If the money had not been found just when it was an innocent boy would have been sent to the penitentiary in disgrace.

"Don't you wish you'd had an air-gun?" inquired Julie.

"If I'd killed the bird it might have saved all this trouble," responded Victor. "The bird did all the harm."

"No, no," remarked Mrs. Carton. "If the bill had been there in the pocket-book when that poor, ragged boy was standing by the mantel, he might have been tempted. It was the bird that saved him."

"We'll keep that nest," said Mr. Carton; "it will be a pleasant reminder of how we got out of a very trying place."

There never has been a Christmas tree in the Carton family since then without that nest tucked snugly away somewhere among the branches and its little hollow filled with candy eggs for the children and grandchildren.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

Crawfordsville, Indiana.

CANADIAN WINTER SPORTS.



THE life-sapping trouble of our age is that the brain lives faster and harder than the heart. The mind works and worries and plans until the blood runs thin and the tireless heart itself is tired. The nerve fluid throbs quicker than the arteries.

To the languid summer lands of the south the healthful quickening of the blood is unknown and the brain naturally soon wearies of prosecuting a vigorous campaign on meagre supplies. A fanciful people, luxuriating in mental delicacies but lacking in "push" and keen ambition, is the inevitable and historic result.

But the buoyant air of the Canadian winter when quaffed, as did the Norse Vikings their liquors, in brimming bowls to unstinted measure, sets the lagging heart beating in quick, strong, steady unison with the brain. It is then that we Northerners live—then that our college halls are full, our courts and parliaments in close-tensioned session, our warehouses thronged and our offices hushed to the spare noises of business. The soothing touch of the south that comes with the midsummer suns slows the wheels of life and breathes over us the spirit of indolent holiday. But when the fresh, crisp air of September whistles gaily in under the brilliant though no longer scorching sun, flecking light into the eye and quickening the step to briskness, then Canadian vitality comes back again, beating faster and faster as the cool caress of the autumn grows to the tense, tingling grip of the winter.

The very core and fountain of this winter-time vitality is outdoor sport.

Take tobogganing, for instance. A starry, moonless night is the best. Then the flaring lights that climb the chute and line the run-way are not dimmed and vulgarised by the incomparable moonlight, but flame brilliant and social against the darker outer regions. Still, far and near, the delicate, glinting half light of the cold stars redeems the stretching snow-fields and the distant, grey-white house shapes from the dark slumber-robe of night. At such a time, the chute is not a streak of splendor in a world of black gloom, nor is it a poor, rough-boarded artificiality exposing all its joints and ugly make-shifts to the garish light of day. Nay, outside, the pure snow crystals sparkle with frosty merriment all over the starlit landscape, while inside the parallels of earth-born light, Youth and Strength and Beauty, have met to drink of the bowl in Pleasure's rosy hand, knowing, perhaps, and perhaps not, that the gay goddess has mixed with her nectar windfuls of the clear, keen air.

Dulness is a simple impossibility within these magic parallels. Down the glittering ice of the

TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

slide shoot a constant and rapid succession of long, crowded, whirling toboggans. Standing in one corner of the breezy, upper platform, you see them come rushing up the stairs, their bumping toboggans hurtling up the smooth single slide. Now they crowd about you waiting for their turn at the head of the chute.

There goes a craft laden with three jolly girls in red and blue and brown blanket suits and tasselled tuques to match, with a brown-stockinged, mocassined lad to steer.

Hear the laugh and joyous scream, meaning anything but fear, as they glide down through the lights!

There hurries after them a toboggan hastily scrambled full of young men, swaying and swerving as its passengers go yelling in sheer boisterous good feeling down the chute.

Hello! here is a boy going to pilot his father down and the portly old gentleman glances apprehensively——

Ah! that load of mad fellows is over! They're pulling themselves out of the snow bank.

This mishap hardly tends to reassure the not too venturous old gentleman and it is only when the waiting crowd behind begin to remind him that "Spring is coming" that he cautiously takes his seat on the front of the toboggan, tucks in his overcoat, braces his feet, gets hold of the rope, thinks of fixing his hat but—he's off!

When he gets back to the top a quarter of an hour later, he bounds around briskly and wants to go down again.

This delay just now is caused by a solicituous young man getting a nervous young lady ready for the voyage, but now they're off; and a nonchalant faced boy has evened up the time and disgusted the crowd by dropping with ostentatious carelessness upon his toboggan backwards and letting it shoot off at will.

Here comes a ruddy-faced, snow-dashed young man with two rosy cheeked, ripe-lipped, laughing young ladies in bewitching suits——

But hold on! We will take a turn first. Get on there in front as you are not used to it. Take hold of these ropes and steady yourself with them. Are you ready now?

A push—a slow slide for a moment—then we're off like the wind. The ridges of the chute fly upward past us. Sounds of chat and laughter come to us in instantaneous snatches as we pass climbing groups.

A jolt and a quick shoot outward tell us that we have come to the bottom of the slide and are now rushing along the level run-way. Presently we begin to see the individual lights as they dash behind us and then we are slowing—slowing

"How'd you like it?"

"Oh" letting his breath out "Its splendid! But, Jove, I was afraid we'd strike the sides of the chute."

Or perhaps it is the bright afternoons of skating on the wandering old pond at home that lingers in your memory. It was there that you got the nerve to face the stock market, the judge, the congregation or the knotty problems of the day, as your profession may be.

Do you remember what a time you used to have getting your heels bored when you wore "double mullies" with a screw nearly an inch long?

And when there was a bit of "glarey ice"—really the most wretched stuff on the pond—how the boys used to glide over it, and practise "The Dutch Roll," "The one-foot slide" "The figure eight" and even try to write their initials on it.

Then the races, mad charges up and down the glittering surface; and the games of primitive "hockey"; or the old standing contests on crowded holidays or "after four" between "footers" and "skaters."

Girls were no good on the old pond. It was only afterwards when you began to skate decorously at the rink that you appreciated their society.

Thus one might got the cheery round of winter sports, from the snow-balling of the democracy to the ice-boating of an aristocracy of risk, striking at the mention of each a musical chord in many Canadian memories.

The snow shoe tramp the merry start, the wild races across unbroken fields, the swinging stride up the hill side, a hot dinner at a country hostlery lavishly spinkled with hunger sauce, and then home again through the fading afternoon.

A day at curling—the rink of smooth ice only marred by the concentric "Tee" circles, an abundence of Scotch caps and Tam O'Shanters, the careful vigor put into the "stane," the eager eyes upon it and quick cries of "Soop 'er up, mon soop 'er up," the hurried scratch of the brooms on the ice. "That'll do—click!"—"a leetle too wide, Mac."

Hear the sledges with their bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight.

Surely some picture in this gallery of rough outlines will start the memory or please the present fancy of every Canadian.

In the last analysis, our wide variety of winter sports are simply methods, shaped to suit the tastes of all, for filling the lungs and brightening the blood with the vigorous air that blows across our winter snow-fields. Not to share in the sports is to lose one's share in the climate and to risk one's share in the manhood of Canada.

One languid day of old when the inhabitants of Olympus had become fretful over the indolence of and lack of ambition among mortals—yea, even ennuied with their own intricate loveaffairs, Mercury let fall that, while on one of his longer errands, he had happened upon, far across the ocean, a land of rock and forest and river, rich with undreamed-of beauty.

"Place a guard upon it!" thundered Jupiter "And keep it forever from being a garden of idleness where drowsy mortals may delight in the luxurious shades."

"It is the weather," sighed Vulcan, unconsciously making a phrase that was destined to live even to our day, "Lo I, even I am loth to labor at the anvil."

"Say it not" retorted Neptune shaking a summer shower from his long hair, "A dip in the blue would put life in you all. Faint languor never weights my eye-lids while riding the mountains of the sea."

"An idea!" cried Jupiter, "Let Neptune so turn the currents of his oceans that this land may be bathed in keen, life-giving air, like unto the breath of his own loved seas, that her sons may grow up stalwart and strong as the worshippers of our royal cousin, Thor."

And thus it came about that there was rested upon the plains and mountain slopes of our Canada a climate fit to make men and to make them great.

Toronto. A. R. CARMAN.

THE SHINING CROSS OF RIGAUD.



WHEN Mini (Menee) was a fortnight old his mother wrapped her head and shoulders in her ragged shawl, snatched him from the family litter of straw, and, with a volley of cautionary objurgations to his ten brothers and sisters, strode angrily forth into the raw November weather. She went down the hill to the edge of the broad, dark Ottawa, where thin slices of ice were swashing together. There sat a hopeless-looking little man at the clumsy oars of a flat-bottomed boat.

"The little one's feet are out," said the man.

"So much the better! For what was another sent us?" cried Mini's mother.

"But the little one must be baptised," said the father with mild expostulation. "Give him to me, then," and took off his own ragged coat. Beneath it he had nothing except an equally ragged guernsey, and the wind was keen. The woman surrendered the child carelessly, and, drawing her shawl closer, sat frowning moodily in the stern. Mini's father wrapped him in the wretched garment, carefully laid the infant on the pea-straw at his feet and rowed wearily away. They took him to the grey church on the farther shore, whose tall cross glittered coldly in the wintry sun. There Madame Lajeunesse, the skilful washerwoman, angry to be taken so long from her tubs, and Bonhomme Hamel, who never did anything but fish for "barbotes," met them. These highly respectable connections of Mini's mother had a disdain for her inferior social status, and easily made it understood that nothing but a Christian duty would have brought them out. Where else indeed, could the friendless infant have found sponsors? It was disgraceful, they remarked, that the custom of baptism at three days old should have been violated. While they answered for Mini's spiritual development he was quiet, neither crying nor smiling till the old priest crossed his brow. Then he smiled, and that, Bonhomme Hamel remarked, was a blessed sign.

* * * * * * *

"Now he's sure of Heaven when he does die!" cried Mini's mother, getting home again, and tossed him down on the straw for a conclusion to her sentence.

But the child lived as if by miracle. Hunger, cold, dirt, abuse still left him a feeble vitality. At six years old his great dark eyes wore so sad a look that mothers of merry children often stopped to sigh over him. They frightened the child, for he did not understand sympathy. So unresponsive and dumb was he that they called him half-witted. Three babies younger than he had died by then, and the fourth was little Angelique. They said she would be very like Mini, and there was reason why. Her infancy was so similar, and his was the only love she ever knew. When she saw the sunny sky his weak arms carried her, and many a night he drew over her the largest part of his wretched coverings. She, too, was strangely silent. For days long they lay together on the straw quietly suffering what they had known from the beginning. It was starvation.

When Mini was eight years old his mother sent him one day to beg food from Madame Leclaire, whose servant she had been long ago.

"It's Lucile's Mini," said Madame, taking him to the door of the cosy sitting-room where Monsieur sat at *solitaire*.

"Mon Dieu, did one ever see such a child!" cried the retired notary. "For the love of Heaven feed him well, Marie, before you let him go."

But Mini could scarcely eat. He trembled at the sight of so much food, and chose a crust as the only thing familiar. "Eat, my poor child. Have no fear," said Madame.

"But Angelique," said he.

"Angelique? is it the baby?"

"Yes, Madame, if I might have something for her."

"Poor, poor little, loving boy," said Madame, tears in her kind eyes. But Mini did not cry he had known so many things so much sadder.

When Mini reached home his mother seized the basket. Her wretched children crowded around. There were broken bread and meat in plenty. "Here—here—and here," she distributed crusts, and chose a well-fleshed bone for her own teeth. Angelique could not walk, and did not cry, so got nothing. Mini, however, went to her with the tin pail before his mother noticed it.

"Bring that back," she shouted.

"Quick, baby!" cried Mini, holding it that Angelique might drink. But the baby was not quick enough. Her mother seized the pail and tasted; the milk was still almost warm. "Good," said she, reaching for her shawl."

"For the love of God, mother," cried Mini "Madame said it was for Angelique." He knew too well what new milk would trade for. The woman laughed and flung on her shawl.

"Only a little, then. Only a cupful," cried Mini, clutching her, struggling weakly to restrain her. "Only a little cupful for Angelique."

"Give her bread!" She struck him so that he reeled, and left the cabin. *Then* Mini cried, but not for the blow.

He placed a soft piece of bread and a shred of meat in Angelique's thin little hand, but she could not eat, she was so weak. The elder children sat quietly devouring their food, each ravenously eying that of the others. But there was so much



that when the father came he also could eat. He, too, offered Angelique bread. Then Mini lifted his hand which held hers, and showed beneath the food she had refused. "If she had milk," said the boy. "My God, if I could get some," groaned the man. In the evening a shuffling and tumbling was heard at the door. "She is very drunk," said the man, without amazement. He helped the debased wretch in, and, too far gone to abuse them, she soon lay heavily breathing near the child she had murdered. Mini woke in the pale morning thinking Angelique very cold in his arms, and, behold, she was free from all the suffering forever. Mini could not cry, though the mother wept when she awoke, and shrieked at his tearlessness as hard-hearted.

* * * * * * * *

Little Angelique had been rowed across the great river for the last time; night was come again, and Mini thought he *must* die; it could not be that he should be made to live without Angelique. Then a wondrous thing seemed to happen. Little Angelique had come back. He could not doubt it next morning, for, with the slowly lessening glow from the last brands of fire had not her face appeared?—then her form—and lo! she was closely held in the arms of the mild Mother whom Mini knew from her image in the church, only she smiled more sweetly now in the hut. Little Angelique had learned to smile, too, which was most wonderful of all to Mini. In their heavenly looks was a meaning of which he felt almost aware; a mysterious happiness was coming close and closer; with the sense that an ineffable touch was near his brow, the boy dreamed. Nothing more did Mini know till his mother's voice woke him in the morning. He sprang up with a cry of "Angelique," and gazed round upon the familiar squalor.

II.

From the summit of Rigaud Mountain a mighty cross flashes sunlight all over the great plain of Vaudreuil. The devout *habitant*, ascending from vale to hilltop in the County of Deux Montagnes, responds the sign he sees across the forest leagues away. Far off on the brown Ottawa, beyond the Cascades of Carillon and the Chute a Blondeau, the keen-eyed *voyageur* catches its gleam, and, for gladness to be nearing the familiar mountain, more cheerily raises the *chanson* he loves. Near St. Placide the early ploughman—while yet mist wreathes the fields and wakening sparrows *cheep-cheep* before the native Rossignol has fairly begun his plaintive flourishes—watches the high cross of Rigaud for the first glint that shall tell him of the yet unrisen sun. The wayfarer marks his progress by the bearing of that great cross, the hunter looks to it for an unfailing landmark, the weatherwise farmer prognosticates from its appearances. The old watch it dwindle from sight at evening with long thoughts of the well-beloved dead who sighed to its vanishing through vanished years; the dying turn to its beckoning radiance; happy is the maiden for whose bridal it wears brightness; blessed is the child thought to be that holds out tiny hands for the glitering Cross as for a star. Even to the most worldly it often seems flinging beams of Heaven, and to all who love its shining that is a dark day indeed when it yields no reflection of immortal meaning.

To Mini the Cross of Rigaud had as yet been no more than an indistinct glimmering, so far from it did he live and so dulled was he by his sufferings. It told him nothing, for how was he, with no earthly joys for standard, to conceive of Heaven except as a cessation of weariness, starvation and pain? Not till Angelique had gone, not till the vision had come in his dream, did he understand what Heaven must be—a place where she would smile on him always from the mild Mother's arms. As days and weeks passed without the vision's return his imagination was ever the more possessed by it. Though the boy looked frailer than ever, people often remarked with amazement how his eyes were sad no longer, but lit up as by some unspeakable joy.

Now it happened that one sunny day after rain Mini, with even more vivid memory of his vision than usual, became aware that his eyes were fixed on the Cross of Rigaud. He could not make out its form distinctly, but it appeared to thrill toward him. Under his intent watching the misty cross seemed gradually to become the centre of such a light as had enwrapped the figures of his wondrous dream. While he gazed, expecting his vision of the night to appear in broad day on the far summit, the light extended, changed, rose aloft, assumed clear tints and shifted quickly to a great rainbow encircling the hill. Mini believed it a token to him. That Angelique had been there by the Cross the young dreamer verily held, and the transfiguration to that Arch of Glory had some meaning that the boy's soul yearned to apprehend. The Cross drew his thoughts miraculously; for days thereafter he dwelt with its shining; more and more it was borne in on him that he could always see dimly the outline of little Angelique's face there; sometimes, staring very steadily for minutes together, he could even believe that she beckoned and smiled.

"Is Angelique really there, father?" he asked one day, looking toward the hilltop.

"Yes, there," answered his father, thinking the boy meant Heaven.

"I will go to her, then," said Mini to his heart.

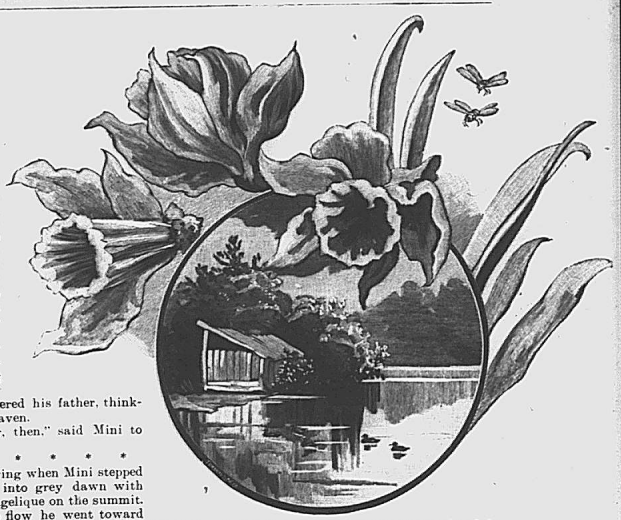
* * * * * * * *

Birds were not stirring when Mini stepped from the dark cabin into grey dawn with firm resolve to join Angelique on the summit. The river with whose flow he went toward Rigaud was solemnly shrouded in motionless mist. It began to roll slowly during the first hour of his journey. Lifting, drifting, clinging, becoming ever thinner and more pervaded by sunlight, it was all drawn away so that the unruffled flood reflected a sky of cloudless blue when he had been two hours on the road. But Mini took no note of the river's beauty. His eyes were fixed on the cloudy hilltop beyond which the sun was climbing upward. As yet he could see nothing of the Cross nor of his vision; yet the world had never seemed so glad nor his heart so light with joy. *Habitants*, in their rattling *caleches*, were amazed by the glow in the face of a boy so ragged and forlorn. Some whose eyes followed him told afterward how they had half doubted the reality of his rags, for might not one, if very pure at heart, have been privileged to see such garments of apparent meanness change to raiment of angelic texture? Such things had been, it was said, and certainly the boy's face was a marvel. His look was ever upward to where fibrous clouds shifted slowly, or packed to level bands of mist half concealing Rigaud Hill as the Sun wheeled higher, till, at last in mid-sky, it flung rays that trembled on the Cross and gradually revealed the holy sign to Mini, outlined in upright and arms. He shivered with an awe of expectation, but no nimbus was disclosed which his imagination could shape to glorious significance. Yet he went rapturously onward, firm in the belief that up there he must see Angelique face to face. As he journeyed the Cross gradually lessened in height by disappearance behind the nearer trees, till only a spot of light was left, which suddenly was blotted out too. Mini drew a deep breath and became conscious of the greatness of the hill a towering mass of brown rock half hidden by sombre pines and the delicate greenery of birch and poplar. But soon, because the Cross *was* hidden, he could figure it all the more gloriously and entertain all the more luminously the belief that there were heavenly presences awaiting him. He pressed on with all his speed and began to ascend the mountain early in the afternoon.

"Higher," said the women gathering pearly-bloomed blueberries on the steep hillside.

"Higher," said the path, ever leading the tired boy upward from *plateau* to *plateau*—"higher to the vision and the radiant space about the shining Cross!" Faint with hunger, worn with fatigue, in the half-trance of physical exhaustion, Mini still dragged himself upward through the afternoon.

At last he knew he stood on the summit level very near the Cross. There the child, awed by the imminence of what he had sought, halted to control the trembling of his heart, rapturous yet fearful as one who looked to see the Heavens surely open. Then again he went swiftly forward through the trees to the edge of the little cleared space. There he stood dazed. The Cross was revealed to him at a few yards' distance. With woful disillusionment Mini threw himself face downward on the rock, and wept helplessly, hopelessly, sorely—and wept and wept till his sobs became fainter than the up-borne long notes of a



hermit thrush far below on the edge of the plain.

A tall mast with a shorter at right angles, both covered by tin roofing plates, held on by nails whence rust had run in streaks—that was the Cross of Rigaud! Fragments of newspaper, crusts of bread, empty tin cans, broken bottles, the relics of many picnics scattered widely a bout the foot of the Cross; rude initial letters cut deeply into its butt where the tin had been torn away; nothing more had Mini seen!

The boy ceased to move. Shadows stole slowly lengthening over the Vaudreuil *champaign*; the sun swooned down in a glamor of painted clouds; gloom covered from sight the varied yellows and browns and greens of the August fields; birds hushed with the deepening night; Rigaud Mountain loomed from the plain, a dark, long mass under a flying and waning moon; stars came out from the deep spaces overhead, and still Mini lay where he had wept. When the next dawn came birds soon learned to alight indifferently upon the boy, and his quiet face wore the smile that Angelique's had in the vision.

Toronto. E. W. Thomson.

THE CHATEAU D'AMOUR.

(An Old French Song.)

There are few love songs in any language more charming than the "Chateau d'Amour," at one time widely sung in Normandy to an air as pleasing and graceful as the words.—W. McL.

I've a weary way before me.
Who for me my way will take?
Philomel will wing it for me,
She will wing it for my sake.
Violet, awaken, waken,
Violet, awake, awake.

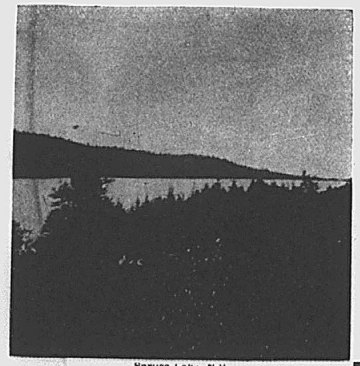
O'er the wilds to Cupid's palace
Philomel her flight has ta'en;
Though they bar the door in malice,
In she wins through window pane.
Violet, awaken, waken,
Violet, awake again.

"Give you good day, pretty sweetings,
Hail the fairest in the bower;
He you love doth send his greetings,
Prays you keep his love each hour."
Violet, awaken, waken,
Violet, awake in flower.

"He would be a prince of lovers,
Ne'er would have his image dim;
I've forgot so many others
That I may not promise him."
Violet, awaken, waken,
Violet, awake for him.

—Englished by Wm. McLennan
Montreal.

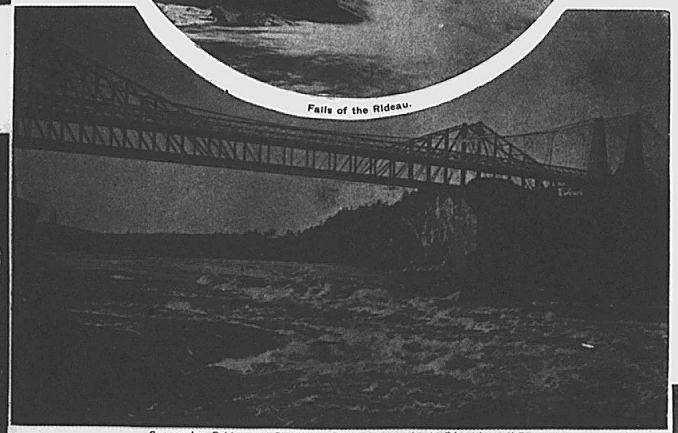
CANADIAN SCENERY.



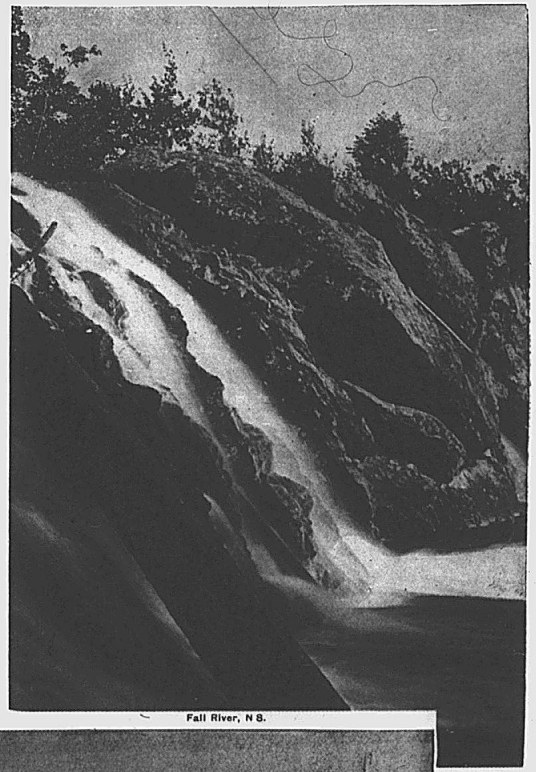
Spruce Lake, N.B.



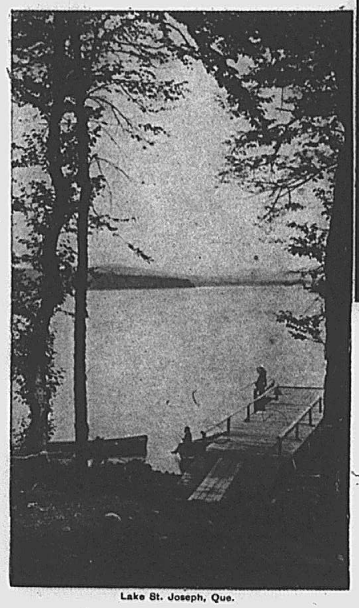
Falls of the Rideau.



Suspension Bridge and Cantilever Bridge at mouth of St. John River, N.B.



Fall River, N.S.



Lake St. Joseph, Que.



Montagnias Indians at Pointe Bleue, Que.

"TIM."

When the autumn winds were sighing, when the
golden leaves were dying,
In the ambulance came Tim.
And we nurses gather'd round him, as the gruff
house-surgeon bound him,
Gently bound each shatter'd limb.
Such a handsome little fellow; like a halo hung
the yellow
Curls around his shapely head.
And we look'd at one another when he cried out
for his mother,
As we tuck'd him in his bed.

Ah! sad cause was there for weeping—in the
dead-house lay one sleeping
Peacefully, whose frenzied love
Flung her darling from the casement to the fire-
men nigh the basement,
Ere she breath'd the flames above.
One more victim where the bottle rears aloft its
hideous throttle,
Spewing forth its hellish fire;
One more worn, long-suffering woman, victim of
the vile, inhuman
Fury of a drunken sire.

Could we ever hope to save him? or did Death
already crave him?
Said we at our midnight meal.
Would the light of boyish gladness fade beneath
the pallor'd sadness
Of the grim destroyer's seal?
Sure the good God would befriend him, of His
mercy He would tend him;
Yet His purpose who can tell?
Not at Him for us to cavil, who the future can
unravel,
And who doeth all things well.

Life and Death march side by side—tears and
laughter are allied
In those wards where Love, divine,
Hath uprais'd her blessed altar, where the blind,
the bruis'd, the halt, are
Soilzied at Compassion's shrine.
And we laugh'd at his odd fancies, smiled on
little Tim's proud glances
At his bed-card, on which he
Had dictated, "Timsey Pidgin, age eleven; fur
religin
Put me down a Methody."

Aye, and could the gentle Wesley to our ward
have gained access, he
Would have loved Tim's patient smile.
(Potent witness that the lowly are not shunn'd
of the Most Holy,
Nor the back slums wholly vile.)
For, beside the Psalmist's verses, harmless fell a
father's curses
(Born of many a drunken scene).
By a mother's prayers from harm he had enlisted
in the army
Of the humble Nazarene.

Yet our petting never spoiled him—God in suf-
fering had assoil'd him
Of all frowardness of heart.
Naught but kind words could one utter to this
offspring of the gutter,
Who had sought the better part.
E'en that tough, nicknam'd "The Parson" (in a
language kin to arson),
Fealty swore to little Tim;
And "Surly" (curs'd of corns and bunions) said
(in accents tinged of onions),
"Pity thar warn't more like 'im."

How he lov'd those sacred pages, and that dear
hymn "Rock of Ages"
(Balm to Earth's sad, weary ones).
Passing sweet his childish singing; after many
days come ringing
Down our ward those treble tones.
Brave young heart, and good as fearless—his the
only eyelid tearless
When they said all hope was vain.
Nay! a beauteous smile came o'er him, as of one
who sees before him
Visions of lost loves again.

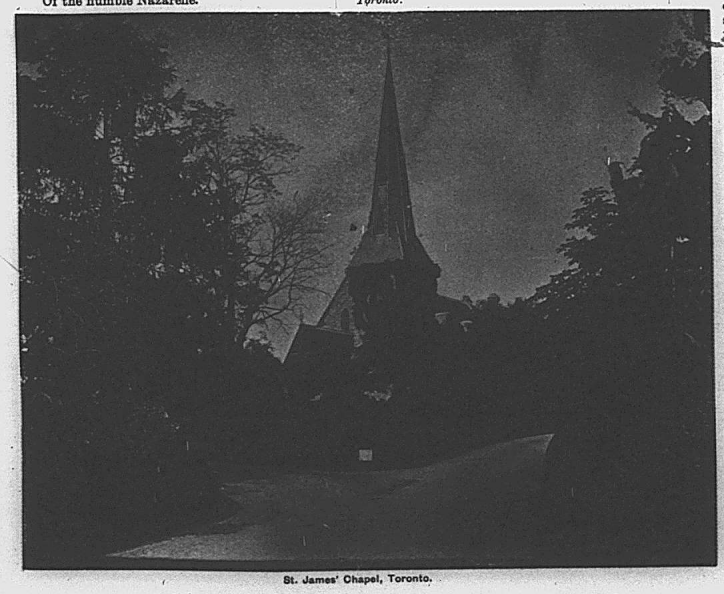
Autumn fading into Winter saw his strength
grow daily fainter,
Yet he smil'd with childish glee
When our Santa Claus had sought him, and with
many a kind word brought him
Presents from our Christmas Tree.
But his glaz'd eyes' solemn warning told us, ere
the coming dawning
Yon dimm'd glance would know us not.
And from all the ward arose a wail of awe when
we drew closer
The death-screen round his little cot.

In the shadow'd hours dispelling, while the bel-
fry's natal swelling
Ushered in the Christmas morn;
One more earthly fetter riven—one more with the
saints in Heaven—
One more white-robed singer born.
But so peacefully he left us, such the last sigh
that bereft us
Watchers, lingering at his side,
That we only wept, and wonder'd when the soul
and body sunder'd,
For we knew not when he died.

Far remov'd from earthly sorrow, in that land
whose stainless morrow
Knoweth not the parting tear;
Where, in peace, the shivering mortal stands
illumined at the portal,
And the shadows disappear.
Yes! and while dear memory lingers, till we join
those angel singers,
Till we gaze once more on him,
We shall bless the woe that taught us and the
midnight hour which brought us
Bruis'd and batter'd little "Tim."

H. K. Cockin.

Toronto.



St. James' Chapel, Toronto.

ROSE DARLING'S PAINFUL PUNISHMENT.



H, Miss Daintry! I have *such* a bad head-ache! I can't play! The notes are all dancing up and down, so that they dazzle my eyes!"

Little Rose Darling, seven years old, was having her music-lesson. She was saying to herself, at the same time:—

"How I wish it was over! How hateful it is!"

Not that she hated music. Oh, no! When her mamma, or her teacher, Miss Daintry, made the piano sing so sweetly and smoothly, she dearly loved to listen. If she had been suddenly told that she was never to have any more music-lessons, she would have felt very badly indeed; because some day or other she intended to play like Miss Daintry. But just now—oh, dear!

You see, it was the first snow of the season. The first "good snow," you understand, which had remained firm and crisp on sidewalk and street; and Mamie Scott and Gertie Allan were out there, waiting for her with their sleds. They had fastened little bells to the shafts, and Rose kept straining her ears to try if she could still hear the silver tinkle. In her pocket she had a beautiful bell for her own sled, which she was sure would tinkle much louder than Mamie's, and she was so afraid the girls would go away and not wait for her, if this horrid lesson lasted much longer.

"Poor girlie!" said Miss Daintry, kindly, putting her arm round Rose's waist. She was sorry that she had thought Rose inattentive. The sad stumbling that had taken place over sharps and naturals, and the dreadful confusion between half-notes and quarter-notes had been due, not to carelessness, but to a blinding headache!

"Poor little thing!" Miss Daintry said. "Does your head ache, then, so very badly?"

"Ye-es! very badly," Rose said, with drooping eyes. Then, someway, the blood suddenly rushed into her face, and she looked hurriedly up at the music again. This time the printed notes were certainly illegible, and the notes the little girl struck on the key-board were altogether random ones.

"This will never do, dear Rose," said Miss Daintry, gently but decidedly. "I see that you are quite unfit for any more study to-day. I will release you now; but, of course, dear," she continued, as she rose and looked at her watch, "of course I shall depend on your going straight to your mamma and explaining matters to her."

Rose gave a little half-nod of assent. She knew her mamma was out, but could not make up her mind to explain this just immediately. While she was waiting until her mind should be made up, Miss Daintry had drawn on a pair of long gloves, had taken her muff, had stooped and kissed her cheek, and had actually gone away!

Rose heard the front door open and shut, and she knew she was free. Did she not fly upstairs for her hat, and coat, and gloves? She went to fetch those garments, of course—but no! she didn't fly. She walked rather slowly, and was in no hurry to array herself. The crimson flush had died out of her face, and after she was all ready she lingered in her room, looking at the wall. Presently, however, she slid her hand into her pocket and drew out the bell; then tinkled it. Then all at once she ran downstairs and out of doors, where Mamie and Gertie were still playing in the snow. They greeted her with delighted exclamations.

"Oh, Rose, so soon! We didn't expect you for *ever* so long! Didn't you get your music-lesson to-day, after all?"

To none of which remarks did Rose answer a single word, she was so busy fastening the bell to her sled; and when that intricate piece of work was over she jumped up in a great hurry, and calling to the girls to come on, she plunged wildly into the snow.

They played out there for a long time. And certainly the first snow of early winter

is very fascinating—so pure, so white, covering up the frozen earth in which no more flowers are blooming, and where even the grass is brown and withered. The contrast is so great between the dark days of November just passed, with their clouds, fogs and mud, and this fair, fairy world! No wonder that our little girls enjoyed it. They slid down a little bank that was in front of Mrs. Darling's house a great many times, then drew each other about on their sleds. They did not care for snowballing, but they had each brought a little wooden shovel, and with these they laid out a garden in the light snow, with beds and walks complete. Rose laughed and shouted the loudest of the three. She surely was having a splendid time!

At five o'clock the little girls were called home, and Rose found that her mamma had brought her from town a beautiful new book. And when papa arrived at six o'clock, lo! he pulled out of *his* pocket a box of chocolate creams, with a lovely lady on the lid. But these presents did not give Rose very much satisfaction, and she shut up the book after turning over the leaves, and put away the chocolates without tasting even one.

"My little girl looks pale," said Mrs. Darling, tenderly. "She has overdone herself, I fear. Would you like to go to bed a little sooner than usual, my pet?"

"Oh, yes, yes, mamma!" Rose answered eagerly. She wanted—oh! so much she wanted—to throw herself into her dear mother's arms, and sob out her confession. But she could not—no! she *could not*, and she was glad to hide herself away in her bed from the searching eyes of love.

Heavy-hearted and tired out with her long play, she thought to sleep immediately. But it seemed as though forgetfulness would never come. Through her tight-shut lids she could see her mother's face and Miss Daintry's, grieved, silent, stern. And the piano, too! It would come between her and sleep; its ivories, like a row of teeth, grinning with a peculiarly disagreeable smile. What a relief when these visions, after becoming confused with each other, grew dimmer—and lapsed—and— But now a very strange thing happened.

At the door of her room there came a knock, though she was sure she had left her room door wide open. A rap, it was; a rap, rap! a rat-tat-tat!

Rose didn't like that rapping. It didn't sound like any one. So she sat up in bed, instead of saying, "Come in!" and peered anxiously into the hall. Somebody had lighted the gas in her room, and from the dimness beyond there came shuffling, scurrying, flipflip-flapping, crowding into the light, a great lot of the queerest, most grotesque, most fantastic creatures! They were black and white, with immense heads, and no bodies to speak of; that is, their bodies consisted of one slim leg on which their heads rested. They had no feet, and some had no arms. Others had one, two, four, six arms, but all on one side of their body, and these the creatures kept flapping up and down, up and down, as if beating time. The way they danced and bobbed about that room on their one thin leg was wonderful to see, and Rose was interested in spite of herself. Besides, there was something familiar in their appearance, which half reassured her, though it puzzled her dreadfully. Where in all the world had she ever seen them before? While she was trying to remember and beginning to feel almost at home in their society, the leader of the party gave a sudden word of command, which sounded like "Una corda!" At this they all turned their faces round to Rose, and with one swift movement crashed up against the bedside! while the leader, who was a great big fellow, with a huge white face and no arms, thrust his head over the pillow of the now shrinking girl, and exclaimed:—

"Good evening, Miss Fibber! good evening! You didn't expect *us*, I suppose?"

The heart of poor guilty little Rose sank within her. "Who—who are you?" she faltered.

"Why, don't you know us? We're notes, ha! ha! Whole notes, half-notes, quarter-notes, eighths, sixteenths, and all the rest of us. And we've come to cure your headache, little Miss Fibber—think of that!"

"Think of that, little Miss Fibber!" shouted all the rest in chorus.

Oh, how mortified she felt, and frightened, too, for a great army of the creatures now jumped on the bed, and seizing her by the arms, shouted:—

"Come along! come and dance with us! Three-four time, you know!"

Poor Rose tried to free herself, struggled to push them off, and at last with a great effort managed to slide out of bed. But she couldn't escape them, for now began a wild chase round and round the room. They surrounded her on all sides, climbed on her back, danced on her head, striking her with their flappers, and calling out constantly such remarks as these:—

"Will you ever do it again? Will you ever sham headache again? Will you ever try and shirk *us* again, do you think?"

To make matters worse, somebody had shut the door, or she would have certainly tried to dodge out and reach the safe shelter of her mother. And to complete her mortification, when she caught a glimpse out of the window, where a beautiful silver moon made it as light as day, what do you suppose she saw there? Miss Daintry! And she was coasting down the most lovely snow-hill in the world, while she nodded and smiled to Rose, and beckoned her to join her.

But Rose was certainly not to be allowed to go, for her tormentors never ceased for a moment to goad her on to dance. Her tears and entreaties were of no avail. Dance, race or jump she must, until at last, completely exhausted, she sank, panting and gasping, in a little white heap on the floor.

When this took place the notes instantly stood still, and the spokesman, turning to the others, shouted in stentorian tones:—

"Bring in the instruments of torture!"

Then there was a great noise at the room door, as if heavy articles were being rolled and trundled, and soon the articles made their appearance. Rose stared at them between her tears, these great, black, twisted things of iron and coils of springing steel.

"Treble clef, bass clef, you see!" said the spokesman, addressing her. "You're to be broken on these wheels first, then pounded into a jelly with these bars (of iron, of course). After that you will be passed between a couple of treble clefs (as if you were a waffle, you know), and left to harden. When quite firm you will be turned out and served cold on a block of iced toast, with the usual garnishings of parsley and chocolate creams. Steady now! Ready! Accent on the first beat! *One*, two, three! *One*, two, three! SEIZE her!"

What a rush there was at her! She flung her arms up and pushed madly, with all her might and main, uttering at the same time a piercing shriek, such as she had never uttered in all her life before.

And what happened then?

Why, then Mrs. Darling, who was still reading in the parlor, exclaimed:—

"That is Rose calling! What can be the matter with the child?" and, getting up, she hastened to Rose's room. Quickly lighting the gas, she discovered her little daughter sitting up in bed, looking anxiously about her with great, inquiring eyes.

"Have they gone? Was it only a dream? Oh, come quickly to me, mamma, dear, till I tell you what a wicked girl I've been! Such a wicked girl that I knew it even when I was fast asleep!"

But how Rose confessed her fault, and how her mother spoke gentle words of reproof and counsel, need not be written here. All tender mothers speak just such heavenly words to their little erring ones.

I will only add that in after years, as Rose sat practising at the piano, the sight of the treble clef would often and often bring back to her memory that day of shame and that queer dream.

Treble clef still looked to her like a fantastic, twisted mould of some whimsical kind or other.

But at such times, you may be sure, she always felt ashamed.

GRACE P. FORTUNE.

Mr. Gladstone has solved the domestic problem. "Whenever my wife insists, I submit," says the great Liberal; "whenever I insist, she submits. We never discuss family affairs at the table, and if anything unpleasant occurs during the evening we never refer to it till the next day."



If we, this new-born year,
Could live to Him—
Love simple and sincere,
Faith never dim—
New green should overspread
The meadows brown;
New gracious skies o'erhead
Look smiling down;
Our dull life kindled to a strange new worth,
We, too, should cry, "Behold! new heaven and earth!"

Frederick Langbridge.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

It is not necessary to believe that the Lord Jesus Christ was born on the 25th of December in order to enjoy all the happiness which is associated with the recurrence of that day. Probably if there is anything certain about the Saviour's birth, it is that it was not in the winter months. But that He was born is certain; and His birth changed the entire current of the world's history. It is fitting that it should be specially marked among us by a social anniversary.

But to have the full joy of such a festival we must be Christians ourselves. And the question of the week for us is, Have we received God's gift into our hearts? The greatest insult we can offer to any one at this time would be to despise the present which he brings and to refuse it at his hands; but we never think of doing that. No matter how poor the gift may be, it has cost the giver patience and labor and sacrifice, and it means *love*, so we cheerfully accept it. Yet how many of us put away the gift God bestows, and which cost Him such infinite sacrifice? How many hearts are like the inns of Bethlehem—no room in them for the child Jesus! There is room for gold and pleasure and social rivalry, but no room for Christ. How long shall this be the case? Make room for Him, no matter what must be dislodged by His entrance, for He brings peace and joy. Then thou wilt have the happiest Christmas Day thou hast yet known, and that day may last for all thy lifetime.

This is the time for imparting gifts, but charity is not to be confined to Christmas time. If it be genuine on any day, it will pervade all days. The poor we have always with us, and the donations which we make at this happy time are not to absolve us from attending to the wants of the destitute wherever we can relieve them. There are many suffering ones in these times who are bearing their load in silence, and would do anything rather than make known their need. Let the loving-hearted and open-handed seek them out and help them for His sake. He who provides the means for making a happy Christmas to another will make his own brighter.

REV. D. ROGERS.
Atwood.

FOR HARD & SOFT WATER
LEVER BROS' SUNLIGHT SOAP MONTREAL
LESS LABOUR GREATER COMFORT

WESTERN
ASSURANCE COMPANY
FIRE AND MARINE.
INCORPORATED 1851.
CAPITAL, . . . $1,000,000.
DIRECTORS:
A. M. Smith, President. GEO. A. COX, Vice-Pres't.
Hon. S. C. WOOD, ROBT. BEATY,
A. T. FULTON, GEO. McMURRICH.
H. N. BAIRD.
J. J. KENNY, ... Managing Director.
JAS. BOOMER, Secretary.
Agencies in all the principal cities and towns in Canada and United States.

Re-Opening Jan. 2nd, 1890.
WRITE OR CALL FOR CIRCULARS
ADDRESS
Canadian Business University & Shorthand Institute
Public Library Building, Toronto.
THOS. BENGOUGH, President. CHAS. H. BROOKS, Sec'y and Manager.

E. LAKE & CO., LAND, ESTATE and INVESTMENT BROKERS.
ESTABLISHED 1876.
City Property for sale and exchange. Farms in all parts of Ontario and Manitoba. Business Chances, City and Town. Money to Loan at Lowest Rate of Interest.
Offices, 16 King Street East, Toronto. Telephone 1004.

QUEEN HOTEL,
Newly furnished and re-fitted,
HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX, N.S.
A. B. SHERATON, Manager.

ESTABLISHED 1867. TELEPHONE 818.
John Ritchie, Practical Plumber, Steam and Gasfitter,
64 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.
The Latest "Specialties" in "Sanitary" Appliances and "Heating Apparatus" kept in stock. Re-modelling old jobs a specialty. Gas Fixtures, Brackets, Globes and Shades, etc., in great variety, always on hand. Estimates given on application.

ESTABLISHED 1841.
ANNUALS FOR 1890,
XMAS CARDS,
XMAS NOVELTIES,
Together with the Xmas Nos. of Illustrated Papers.
M. SHEWAN, Jr., 150 King Street East.

The Parmelee Roofing & Paving Co.
10 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.
GRAVEL ROOFING Of a Superior Quality for Flat Roofs of all kinds.
For Sidewalks, Lawn Walks, Cellar Floors, Etc. ASPHALT PAVING.
ESTIMATES GIVEN FOR ALL PARTS OF ONTARIO.

MARA & CO., FAMILY GROCERS,
280 Queen st. West, Toronto.
(ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.)
We believe we have beyond dispute the most thoroughly complete grocery establishment in this city, both as to stock and appointments. We pay special attention to shipping family orders to all parts of Ontario. Twenty dollar orders delivered free at any railroad station within 100 miles from Toronto.

THE RESERVE FUND ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION.
ASSESSMENT PLAN.
GEO. MACLEAN ROSE, Esq. (Hunter, Rose & Co.), President.
J. B. KING, Esq. (Grand Sec'y I. O. O. F.), Treasurer.
AGENTS WANTED.
Address all communications to 10 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.
CLARKE & ROBINSON, Managers.

XMAS NUMBERS.
"Graphic," "London News," "Sporting and Dramatic News," "Yule Tide," "The Queen," "Pictorial World," "Montreal Star," "Lady's Pictorial," etc., etc. Price 50c. each. Free by mail.
WINNIFRITH BROS., Booksellers, 6 and 8 Toronto St., Toronto.

ST. LOUIS HOTEL,
QUEBEC.
Open throughout the year for pleasure and business travel. Attendance and Cuisine unequalled.
WILLIAM E. RUSSELL, President.
THE CHATEAU ST. LOUIS HOTEL CO.

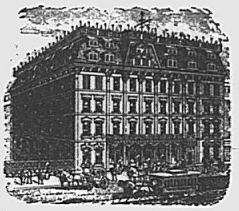
THE ST. LEON
Mineral Water Company, Ltd.
OFFICES:
Toronto and St. Leon Springs, Que.
THE SALE
And increasing demand for ST. LEON is unprecedented.
THE REASON IS,
It removes the deadliest poisons—the primary cause of all internal diseases and skin affections.
SO THE CURED REJOICE!
After the organism is built up, toned with ST. LEON, people feel as they never felt before—full of fresh life, strength, beauty, and happiness immeasurable.

TESTIMONY INDISPUTABLE.
W. E. Bessey, M.D., C.M., L.R.C.P.S., writes: "I have no hesitation in recommending St. Leon superior to any other water known to me; not excepting the celebrated Waukesha, of Wisconsin, and Carlsbad, of Germany, as a remedy for the Uric Acid, Diathesis, Gout and Rheumatism, and Diseases of Kidneys, including Diabetes, Melitus and Bright's Disease, when freely used.
"To persons in health it is an excellent regulator and health preservative, as well as an agreeable beverage."
CONVINCING PROOF.
JOY INDESCRIBABLE.
Day and night irritation, pain, burning, kidney trouble, etc., made life to me miserable. For the past four months have used St. Leon Mineral Water. It cured me quickly. Have travelled much and tried many things, but found nothing in the world to equal St. Leon. The flow of high spirits and joy it brings is indescribable.
WM. GILL,
Jewellery Casemaker, 4 Adelaide st. West, Toronto.
Physicians say: "Impossible to overrate its value."

Never despair. No matter if you have tried all the famed prescriptions and failed. Try Nature's Life-giving Water. Address
THE ST. LEON
Mineral Water Company, Ltd.
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

GORDON, McKAY & CO.,
WHOLESALE IMPORTERS OF
GENERAL
DRY-GOODS
AND DEALERS IN
Canadian Textile Manufactures
Invite the attention of the Trade in Canada to their Stock, which is
LARGE AND WELL ASSORTED.
The Canadian Department
INCLUDES THE PRODUCT OF
The Lybster Cotton Mills,
IN
SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS, &c.
GORDON, McKAY & CO.,
Cor. Bay and Front Sts.,
TORONTO.

HALIFAX HOTEL,



H. HESSLEIN & SONS,
Proprietors,
HALIFAX, N.S.

BRITISH AMERICA
Assurance Company.
FIRE AND MARINE.
Incorporated by Act of Parliament 1833.
Cash Capital, . . . $500,000.00
Assets. $1,147,919.10
HEAD OFFICE,
Corner of Front & Scott Sts.,
TORONTO.
JOHN LEYS, Deputy Governor. JOHN MORISON, Governor.

JOLLIFFE & CO.
FOR
FINE FURNITURE
AND
UPHOLSTERY,
TORONTO.

DIAMONDS
The Finest Diamonds, Rubies, Pearls, Emeralds, Sapphires. Turquois set in the Newest and Prettiest Rings, Engagement Rings, Earrings, Lace Pins, Bracelets, Hair Ornaments, Necklets, Scarf Pins, Masonic Jewels, Watch Cases, Collar Buttons, Studs, Wedding Rings, etc. Ladies Invited.
J. FRED WOLTZ,
Diamond Broker, 41 Colborne St., Toronto.

ESTABLISHED 1850.
JOHN ELLIOTT & SON,
LONDON, CANADA,
PROPRIETORS OF
PHŒNIX Agricultural Works, Plow Works.
SPECIALTIES:
Milwaukee Jr. Two-Horse Binder,
Warrior Mower,
Dowagiac Press Drill,
New Deal Gang Plow.
Send for Circulars. Agents Wanted.



TORONTO
COLLEGE
—OF—
MUSIC
AND
ORCHESTRAL
and
ORGAN SCHOOL

Now in its second year. Thorough instruction in every branch of music—vocal, instrumental and theoretical—by the most eminent teachers in Canada. A complete three-manual pipe-organ in the College hall, and the largest church organ in the Province for lessons and practice. An orchestra of 50 and chorus of 250 are accessible to students. Diplomas, prizes, scholarships and certificates granted. Lectures, Concerts, Recitals and Violin Class free to all pupils. Send for prospectus, giving full particulars, to

F. H. TORRINGTON, Director,
12 & 14 Pembroke St., Toronto.



Peerless Warrior Range.

COPP BROS.
Manufacturers of the
CELEBRATED
Warrior Stoves AND Ranges,
ALSO THE
TORRID for Coal, and
COPPS' WOOD
FURNACES,
HAMILTON.

ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE.

DOMINION DEPOSIT . . . . $100,000.

Assurances in force Jan. 1st, 1889	$12,041,914 00
New Assurances written in 1888	2,518,850 00
Cash Income for 1888	393,074 00
Assets, Dec. 31st, 1888	1,313,853 00
Liabilities, as per Gov't Valuation	1,223,516 00

SURPLUS $90,337 00

THE CANADIAN MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION.

Registered under the Dominion Insurance Act. Life Insurance within the reach of Everybody! Assessment System!! A Successful Canadian Institution!!!

Insurance for Farmers, Mechanics, Laboring Men and Men on Salary. Just what is wanted by Teachers, Ministers and everybody else.

Above $80,000 paid to Widows and Orphans in 1888.

The large sum of $350,000 paid to beneficiaries during eight and one-half years' business. An accumulating Reserve Fund guarantees security to members. A division of accumulated funds to members at the end of ten years from date of policy, and every tenth year thereafter. Write for circulars and full particulars. Address W. PEMBERTON PAGE, Secretary-Manager, 10 King st. East, Toronto. Agents wanted in all unrepresented districts. Good pay.

"THE BEST"
IS A COMMON ASSERTION, AND MAY BE USED BY
"THE WORST."

The Kingston Business College gives facts to prove its superiority. A copy of them will be mailed free to any address.

K. B. C. COMPANY, Kingston, Ont.

McCUAIG & MAINWARING
Real Estate and Financial Agents,
18 VICTORIA ST., TORONTO.
Average Sales $250,000 per month. Money to loan.

THE NIAGARA CASKET & COFFIN CO. LTD.
MANUFACTURERS OF
FINE CLOTH COVERED — BURIAL CASKETS
ALSO FINISHED CASKETS
BURIAL COFFINS,
ROBES, LININGS, HARDWARE, ETC.
ALL CASKETS FINISHED WITH SLIDING PANEL ATTACHMENTS OF WHICH THE CO. HOLD THE EXCLUSIVE PATENT.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
THOROLD, ONT.

NIAGARA DISTRICT FRUIT FARMS
THE CHOICEST AND MOST PROFITABLE FRUIT FARMS IN ONTARIO
A NUMBER FOR SALE
ALL SIZES—ALL PRICES
SEND FOR LIST TO D. E. POTTER
REAL ESTATE AGENT, ST. CATHARINES

PETER HAMILTON AGL. WORKS.
MANUFACTURER OF
BINDERS, MOWERS, PLOWS, ENSILAGE CUTTERS AND ALL KINDS OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
PETERBORO, ONT.

J. H. HOOVER. J. T. JACKSON.
HOOVER & JACKSON,
Real Estate, Money Loan and General Insurance Brokers, Appraisers, Etc.,
WEST TORONTO JUNCTION.

CUTLERY

Joseph Rodgers & Son's and other makers.

Carvers' Sets in Cases.

Dessert and Fish-Eating

Knives and Forks.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Toilet and Companion Sets.

Gentlemen's Shaving Sets and Cases.

Razors, Scissors, Pen and Pocket Knives.

RICE LEWIS & SON Ltd.
Arthur B. Lee, Pres. John Lewis, Vice-Pres.

BRASS FIRE IRONS

COAL SCOOPS.

AMATEUR and MECHANICS' TOOLS and TOOL CHESTS

LATHES,

SCROLL SAWS
Barney & Berry and Acme

SKATES

House Furnishings and Fancy

HARDWARE

RICE LEWIS & SON Ltd.
32 King Street East,
Cor. GLOBE LANE,
TORONTO.

THE
TORONTO
LITHOGRAPHING CO.
DESIGNED
AND
LITHOGRAPHED
THE
HANDSOME
COVER & PLATES
THAT ACCOMPANY THIS NUMBER.

Fine Color Work a Specialty.

We also do a superior class of WOOD ENGRAVING and "Half-Tone" Process Work, samples of which are contained in this paper.

A LARGE VARIETY
OF
ADVERTISING NOVELTIES
ALWAYS IN STOCK

TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING CO
TORONTO, CANADA.

BRITISH AMERICAN Arcade Yonge St. TORONTO.
Business College

The oldest and most reliable of its kind in the Dominion. All subjects pertaining to a business education thoroughly taught by able and experienced teachers.

C. O'DEA, Secretary.

J. YOUNG,
The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer,
347 YONGE STREET,
Telephone 679. TORONTO.

LAMY HOUSE,
AMHERST, N.S.
Centrally located. Best Commercial in Town. Good Sample Rooms
W. B. GANONG, - - - - - Proprietor

THE ONTARIO
LOAN & DEBENTURE COMPANY
—OF—
LONDON, CANADA.

Subscribed Capital	$2,000,000
Paid-up Capital	1,200,000
Reserve Fund	360,000

DIRECTORS.

JOSEPH JEFFERY, Esq., Pres. JOHN McCLARY, Esq., Vice-Pres.
ALEXANDER JOHNSTON, Esq. WILLIAM BOWMAN, Esq.
and WILLIAM McDONOUGH, Esq.

DEBENTURES.

This Company are now issuing Debentures in Canada in sums of $500 and upwards for 5 years, interest payable half-yearly.

The interest, half-yearly, can be collected without charge through any branch of the Molsons Bank in Canada, and marked cheques received on the same Bank at par.

SAVINGS BANK BRANCH.

INTEREST ALLOWED AT CURRENT RATES

MONEY LOANED ON MORTGAGES ON REAL ESTATE.

WILLIAM F. BULLEN, Manager.

BUCK'S "HAPPY THOUGHT" RANGE.



Over 35,000 *families now in Canada enjoying the comforts of this Range. It is only those that have tried them that know their marvellous advantages.*

THE
"Radiant Home"
is a well-known family favorite.

These goods are for sale by the leading dealers of Canada and at

R. BIGLEY'S,
96 & 98 Queen St. East, Toronto.

BROWN BROTHERS
Stationers, Bookbinders,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Account Books,
Fancy Leather Goods,
Publishers of Office and Pocket Diaries, etc.,
64 - 68 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.
OUR SPECIALTIES ARE:

ACCOUNT BOOKS—*Large Stock kept constantly on hand or special patterns made to order.*
STATIONERY—*Complete stock of Mercantile, General and Fancy Stationery, Novelties and Office Supplies.*
LEATHER GOODS—*Wallets, Pocketbooks, Bill and Card Cases, Portfolios, Music Rolls, Diaries, etc.*
BINDERS' and PRINTERS' SUPPLIES—*Full lines of every requisite.*
BOOKBINDING—*Unsurpassed for Style, Durability and Moderate Charges.*
PHOTOGRAPH and SCRAP ALBUMS—*Superb Assortment, quite New Styles and Designs.*

We aim to have the Most Complete Stationery House in the Dominion. New, Fresh, Moving Goods at Close Prices.

ESTABLISHED 34 YEARS.

The Bank of Toronto.

INCORPORATED 1855.

Paid-up Capital. - - $2,000,000
Reserve Fund. - - 1,400,000

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

GEORGE GOODERHAM - - - - - - President.
WILLIAM HENRY BEATTY - - - - - Vice-President.

BRANCHES—Montreal, London, Barrie, Cobourg, Collingwood, Gananoque, Peterboro', Petrolea, Port Hope, St. Catharines and King Street West, Toronto.

Drafts on New York and Sterling Exchange bought and sold.
Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
Deposits received and interest allowed.
Collections promptly attended to.

HUGH LEACH, Asst. Cashier. D. COULSON, Cashier.

J. HENDERSON, *Inspector.*

BANK OF MONTREAL.

Capital (all paid up) $12,000,000
Reserved Fund. 6,000,000

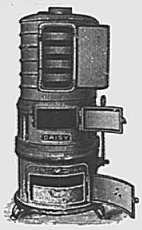
HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.—Hon. Sir D. A. Smith, K.C.M.G., President; Hon. G. A. Drummond, Vice-President; Gilbert Scott, Esq.; A. T. Paterson, Esq.; Hugh McLennan, Esq.; Edward B. Greenshields, Esq.; W. C. McDonald, Esq.; Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, Chas. S. Watson, Esq.; W. J. Buchanan, General Manager; E. S. Clouston, Assistant General Manager; A. Macnider, Chief Inspector and Superintendent of Branches; R. Y. Hebden, Assistant Inspector; A. B. Buchanan, Assistant Superintendent of Branches.

BRANCHES.—In Canada—Montreal, H. V. Meredith, Manager; do., West End branch, St. Catherine street; Almonte, Belleville, Brantford Brockville, Ont.; Calgary, N.W.T.; Chatham, N.B.; Chatham, Cornwall, Goderich, Guelph, Ont.; Halifax, N.S.; Hamilton, Kingston, Lindsay, London, Ont.; Moncton, N.B.; New Westminster, B.C.; Ottawa, Perth, Peterboro', Picton, Ont.; Quebec, Que.; Regina, Assiniboia, N.W.T.; Sarnia, Stratford, Ont.; St. John, N.B.; St. Mary's, Toronto, Wallaceburg, Ont.; Winnipeg, Man.; Vancouver, B.C. In Great Britain—London, Bank of Montreal, 22 Abchurch Lane, E.C.; Committee, Robert Gillespie, Esq., Peter Redpath, Esq.; C. Ashworth, Manager. In the United States—New York, Walter Watson and Alex. Lang, 59 Wall street; Chicago, Bank of Montreal, W. Munro, Manager; E. M. Shadbolt, Assistant Manager.

BANKERS IN GREAT BRITAIN—London, the Bank of England; the Union Bank of London, the London and Westminster Bank; Liverpool, the Bank of Liverpool; Scotland, the British Linen Company and branches. BANKERS IN THE UNITED STATES—New York, the Bank of New York, N.B.A., the Merchants' National Bank; Boston, the Merchants National Bank; Buffalo, Bank of Commerce in Buffalo; San Francisco, the Bank of British Columbia; Portland, Oregon, the Bank of British Columbia.

Montreal June, 1889.



TESTIMONIAL.

Toronto, Sept. 1, 1889.

Messrs. WARDEN, KING & SON, Montreal:

Dear Sirs,—It affords me much pleasure to state that with one of your No. 2 "Daisy" Hot Water Boilers, I last winter heated my new 10-roomed house on Beverley street with five tons of coal, to my entire satisfaction. The furnace I find consumes about as much as an ordinary range. I consider it a tip-top house heating arrangement.

A. L. ANDERSON.

THE "DAISY,"

MANUFACTURED BY

Warden, King & Son, Montreal

(Successors to Rogers & King,)

E. A. SMALL & Co. MONTREAL

MANUFACTURERS OF

MEN'S,
YOUTHS',
BOYS'
AND
CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,
WHOLESALE.

USE

GRAY'S

SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR

Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis,

AND ALL

LUNG AFFECTIONS.

COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER.

With GOOD flour, is UNSURPASSED for the production of

Delicious, Light, Snow-White Gems, Rolls, Biscuit, Tea Cakes, etc., etc.

MADE FROM PURE, SAFE INGREDIENTS ONLY.

NO ALUM.

COSTS LESS, FOR WORK DONE, THAN ANY OTHER.

Insist on being served with McLAREN'S Cook's Friend. No other is genuine.

GRANBY RUBBERS

ARE COMING TO THE FRONT

TRY THEM

FEODOR BOAS. HERMANN H. WOLFF.

FEODOR BOAS & CO.

226, 228 McGILL ST., MONTREAL.

GENERAL IMPORTERS.

DOMINION AGENTS FOR

MESSRS. R. D. WARBURG & CO

Berlin, Hamburg, London,
Paris, Crefeld, Zurich.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

St. Hyacinthe Manufacturing Co.,
Granite Mills,
Pike River Mills,
Wm. Algie,
} Canadian Woollens

MONTREAL WHITEWEAR MANUFACTORY.

ROBT. McNABB & CO.

1831 Notre Dame Street,
MONTREAL.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Ladies' and Children's Cotton, Cambric and Silk

UNDERWEAR

Samples expressed to any part of the Dominion for inspection.

ROBERT McNABB & CO.

GREENE & SONS' CO.

HATS, CAPS, FURS,

AND

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

ST. PAUL STREET,

MONTREAL.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Paid-up Capital . . $6,000,000 | Rest $700,000

DIRECTORS:

HENRY W. DARLING, Esq., President. GEO. A. COX, Esq., Vice-Pres't.
GEO. TAYLOR, Esq. MATT. LEGGAT, Esq.
JAS. CRATHERN, Esq. W. B. HAMILTON, Esq.
JOHN I. DAVIDSON, Esq.

B. E. WALKER, General Manager; J. H. PLUMMER, Assist. Gen'l Manager; ALEX. H. IRELAND, Inspector; G. de C. O'GRADY, Assistant Inspector.

NEW YORK—Alex. Laird and Wm. Gray, Agents.

BRANCHES—Ayr, Barrie, Belleville, Berlin, Blenheim, Brantford, Chatham, Collingwood, Dundas, Dunnville, Galt, Goderich, Guelph, Hamilton, Jarvis, London, Montreal, Orangeville, Ottawa, Paris, Parkhill, Peterboro', St. Catharines, Sarnia, Sault Ste. Marie, Seaforth, Simcoe, Stratford, Strathroy, Thorold, Toronto, East Toronto, cor. Queen street and Bolton avenue; North Toronto, 791 Yonge street; Northwest Toronto, 111 College street; Yonge and College, 448 Yonge street, cor. College avenue; Walkerton, Windsor, Woodstock.

Commercial credits issued for use in Europe, the East and West Indies, China, Japan and South America.

Sterling and American Exchange bought and sold. Collections made on the most favorable terms. Interest allowed on deposits.

BANKERS AND CORRESPONDENTS—Great Britain—The Bank of Scotland (incorporated 1695). India, China and Japan—The Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China. Australia and New Zealand—The Union Bank of Australia. Paris, France—Lazard Freres & Cie. Brussels, Belgium—J. Matthieu & Fils. New York—The American Exchange National Bank of New York. San Francisco—The Bank of British Columbia. Chicago—The American Exchange National Bank of Chicago. British Columbia—The Bank of British Columbia. Hamilton, Bermuda—The Bank of Bermuda.

THE MERCHANTS' BANK OF CANADA.

Capital Paid up - - - - - $5,799,200
Reserve Fund - - - - - 2,135,000

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

ANDREW ALLAN, Esq. . . . . President.
ROBERT ANDERSON, Esq. . . . . Vice-President.
Hector Mackenzie, Esq. John Duncan, Esq.
Jonathan Hodgson, Esq. J. P. Dawes, Esq.
H. Montagu Allan, Esq. John Cassils, Esq.
T. H. Dunn, Esq.
GEORGE HAGUE . . . . . General Manager.
JOHN GAULT, Supt. of Branches.

BRANCHES IN MANITOBA.

Winnipeg. Brandon.

Bankers in Great Britain—London, Glasgow, Edinburgh and other points, The Clydesdale Bank (Limited); Liverpool, Commercial Bank of Liverpool.

Agency in New York—61 Wall street, Messrs. Henry Hague and John B. Harris, jun., Agents.

Bankers in United States—New York, Bank of New York, N.B.A.; Boston, Merchants' National Bank; Chicago, American Exchange National Bank; St. Paul, Minn., First National Bank; Detroit, First National Bank; Buffalo, Bank of Buffalo; San Francisco, Anglo-Californian Bank.

Newfoundland—Commercial Bank of Newfoundland.

Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—Bank of Nova Scotia and Merchants' Bank of Halifax.

A general banking business transacted.

Letters of Credit issued, available in China, Japan, and other foreign countries.

WM. HUTTON & SONS'

Sterling Silver & Electro-plate,

JOS. RODGERS & SONS'

CUTLERY,

SUITABLE FOR

PRESENTATION AND TABLE USE.

Wholesale and Retail Show Rooms,

17 St. Helen Street, Montreal.

JAMES HUTTON & CO., AGENTS.

GEO. D. ROSS & CO.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO.

SOLE AGENTS IN CANADA.

KNOX'S LINEN THREADS.
KNOX'S SALMON NETS & TWINES.
PATON'S BOOT & SHOE LACES.
CLAPPERTON'S SPOOL COTTONS.
CROCHET COTTONS &c. &c.

Always Fresh and Good.

MARTIN'S CARDINAL FOOD

The Best Food in the World for

Infants and Invalids.

PRICE, 25 CENTS PER TIN.

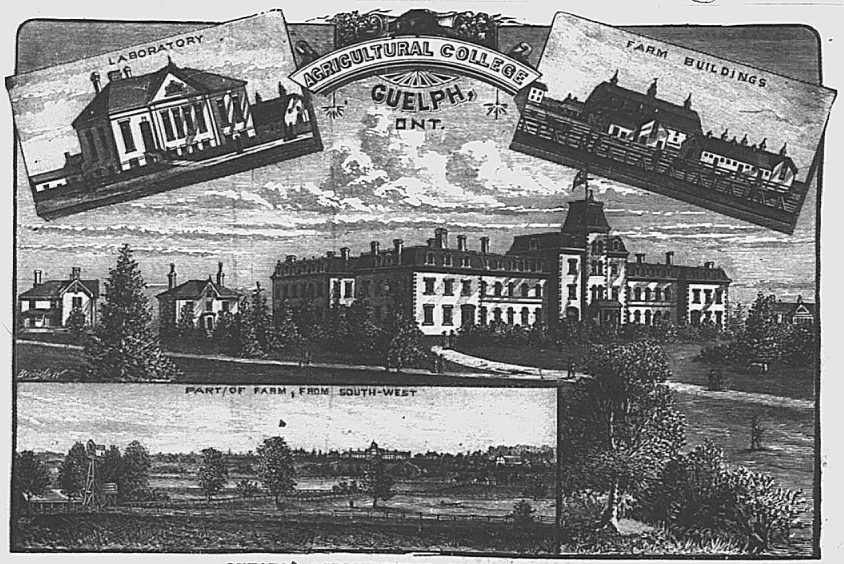




HEAD OFFICE:
20 KING ST. WEST,

BRANCH OFFICES:
409 Yonge Street
793 Yonge "
288 Queen St. E.
578 Queen St. W.
403 Spadina Ave.

BRANCH OFFICES & YARDS:
Esplanade E., near Berkeley St.
Esplanade E., foot of Church St.
Bathurst St., opp. Front Street.



ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, GUELPH.

This Institution furnishes full courses of lectures in AGRICULTURE, LIVE STOCK, DAIRYING, VETERINARY SCIENCE and other subjects required by farmers. The instruction is both theoretical and practical. The work already done by the Institution has received the highest praise, and the charges for board, washing and tuition are exceptionally low.

Wm. Barber & Bros. PAPERMAKERS

GEORGETOWN, ONT.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Book and Cover Paper, Colored Specialties, Job and Poster Papers, High Grade Weekly News.

The following papers use our extra news:—Saturday Night, The Week, Dominion Oddfellow, Christian Guardian, Presbyterian, The Baptist, Mitchell Advocate, Dundas Standard, Acton Free Press, Peel Banner, Brandon Sun, Georgetown Herald, Fireside Weekly, The Progress, St. John, N.B.

JOHN R. BARBER, Proprietor.

THIS YEAR'S

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

Smoking Tobacco

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

IN BRONZE ON

EACH PLUG AND PACKAGE.

KILLEY-BECKETT ENGINE CO.

HAMILTON, ONT.

Mr. J. H. KILLEY, of J. H. Killey & Co., established in this city in 1870, and latterly of the Osborne-Killey Company, and F. G. Beckett, of F. G. Beckett & Co., established in this city in 1860, have formed a partnership with others as the Killey-Beckett Engine Company, to whom all communications must in future be addressed.

We are now building high class waterworks steam pumping engines for cities, towns and villages and for other purposes; also steam engines of every description, with boilers for land and marine purposes. Special machinery of any desired kind built to order. Having all the necessary tools and appliances to turn out work cheaply and well, we solicit a continuance of the orders that have been given to one or the other members of this firm for the past 29 years.

KILLEY-BECKETT ENGINE CO. *Works, York and Bay Sts., Hamilton.*

GURNEY'S & WARE SCALE CO.

ESTABLISHED 1852

MANUFACTURERS OF

STANDARD SCALES

HAMILTON ONT.

WALTER WOODS & CO.

WHOLESALE

BROOMS, BRUSHES

WOODEN WARE.

WILLOW WARE

GROCERS SUNDRIES

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

HAMILTON, ONTARIO



SAWYER & MASSEY CO.

LIMITED

HAMILTON, ONT.

HIGH CLASS THRESHING MACHINERY

MALLEABLE & GREY IRON CASTINGS

WAGON, CARRIAGE & SADDLERY HARDWARE

BURROW, STEWART & MILNE

HAMILTON

MANUFACTURERS OF

JEWEL STOVES, RANGES & HOT AIR FURNACES

IMPERIAL STANDARD SCALES.

CATALOGUES SENT TO THE TRADE ON APPLICATION

BUCK'S WROUGHT IRON



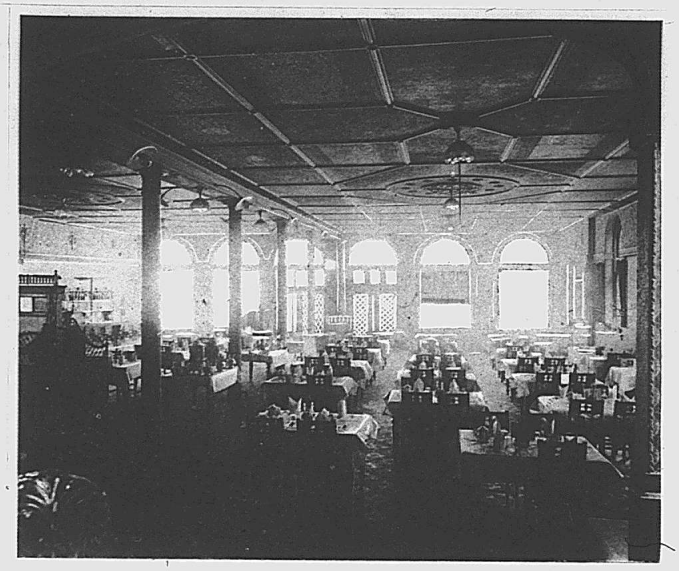
DOUBLE OVEN RANGE,

with eight cooking holes and two ovens. Dampers are so arranged that one or both ovens can be used as desired. Ovens are of wrought iron, giving great durability, and are perfectly ventilated.

Call on **R. BIGLEY**, *90 & 92 Queen St. East, Toronto, for full lines of Cooling and Heating Appliances.*

THE TYPE from which This Paper is printed is the product of the TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY, 80 and 82 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

J. T. JOHNSON



HARRY WEBB'S DINING ROOMS & ASSEMBLY HALL.

THIS IS THE PLACE where the Toronto people dine when down town, and where the High-Toned Dinners, Banquets and Assemblies take place.

Visitors to the City will find this Central and the Terms Moderate.

LARGE INVESTED ASSETS.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

HEAD OFFICE

22 to 28 King St. W.

TORONTO, ONT.

Particulars respecting its investment Plans of Insurance will be cheerfully furnished on application



A PROSPEROUS HOME COMPANY.

ASSURANCE CO.

NOTED FOR

Prompt Payment OF DEATH CLAIMS.

Policies become incontestable after three years, and are free from onerous restrictions.

VICE PRESIDENT JOHN L. BLAIKIE, Esq.

HON. A. MACKENZIE, M.P., Ex Prime Minister of Canada, President

MANAGING DIRECTOR WM. McCABE, F.I.A.



Owing to a large increase in our business we have found it necessary to move our works from Aurora to West Toronto Junction, and have built large and commodious works there, with a capacity of 30,000 ploughs annually, with excellent railway facilities, so that our numerous customers will in the future have all their orders filled promptly. We manufacture Ploughs of all kinds and Steel Scrapers.

THE WILKINSON PLOUGH CO. (Ltd.) West Toronto Junction.

: : : The Printing of the CHRISTMAS GLOBE by BINGHAM & WEBBER, Toronto, is supplemental evidence that they are leaders, in Canada, of superior Illustrated and Catalogue Work. : : : :

BAND SAW MILLS

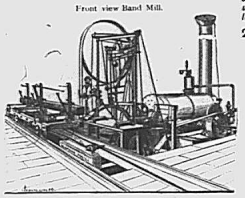
OF IMPROVED DESIGN.

Several sizes built, bringing the Band Mill within the reach of all lumbermen. Saving of

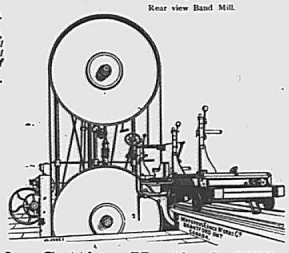
20 PER CENT.

GUARANTEED

Front view Band Mill.



Rear view Band Mill.



Heavy Circular Saw Mills,

with Steel Log Seats, with the most approved appliances for handling from the smallest to the largest timber grown.

STEEL GANG MILLS, *the lightest and strongest mill made; several sizes.*

GANG EDGERS, *3 to 7 saws.*

Side Cutting Vertical Mills.

Take very little power; easily managed by inexperienced men; use 12 to 16 gauge saws, saw'g 15 to 20 per cent. over ordinary circular. Capacity, 6 to 10 M feet of lumber per day

EWART LINK BELTING—*Best known device for conveying and elevating.*

STEAM FIRE ENGINES

4 SIZES BUILT.

From village size, 250 gallons capacity, to city size of 600 gallons capacity, with driver's seat and tongue.



Lightest and most simple and efficient Fire Engine built.



Portable Engine, 6 to 40 Horse Power.

Send for Catalogues. Mention this paper.

THE WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO., BRANTFORD, CANADA.

TAYLOR BROTHERS

MANUFACTURERS OF

Paper and Paper Bags,

MOTH-PROOF CARPET FELT,

ROOFING and SHEATHING PAPERS,

BUTCHERS' SKEWERS.

TWINE IMPORTERS.

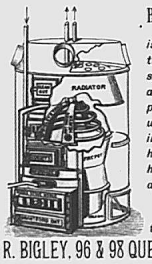
MARKET SQUARE, TORONTO.

MILLS, DON RIVER.

Bigley's Hot Water Heater

IN

Buck's "Garnet" Furnace



is the heating attraction at the present time. With this system you procure direct and indirect heating, and perfect circulation of fresh, warm air, as well as the indirect heating from the hot water, and with one-half less fuel than any other appliance.

Tenders given on application to

R. BIGLEY, 96 & 98 QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO.

PELEE ISLAND WINE & VINEYARDS Co. LIMITED

BRANTFORD AND PELEE ISLAND.

J. S. HAMILTON, President.

J. S. HAMILTON & Co., Brantford, Sole Agents for Canada.

CANADA TOOL WORKS.

JOHN BERTRAM & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Machinists' Tools and Woodworking Machinery, Locomotive and Car Machinery,

Dundas, Ontario, Canada.

NOXON BROS. MFG. CO. (Limited.) Ingersoll, Ont

Manufacturers of

Light Steel Twine Binders, Mowers, Reapers, Rakes, Hoosier Grain Drills and Seeders.

UNSURPASSED IN QUALITY AND RECORD.

The Most Reliable



FANNING MILL

Manufactured in Canada.

3,500 have been sold during 1889. 157 orders were taken from the leading farmers of Canada at the Toronto Exhibition last September. Send for Circular and Price List to

Manson Campbell,

CHATHAM, ONT.

CHATHAM (ONT.) MANUFACTURING CO.



Manufacturers of Chatham Wagons, Lorreys baggage Trucks, Farm and other Dump Carts, Hardwood Lumber and Ship Plank.

ADDRESS AS ABOVE.



J. O. WISNER SON & CO.

BRANTFORD.

FAVORITE CULTIVATOR

Pat. 1888.

3,000 MADE FOR SPRING TRADE.

Send for Catalogue

F. DIVER & CO.,

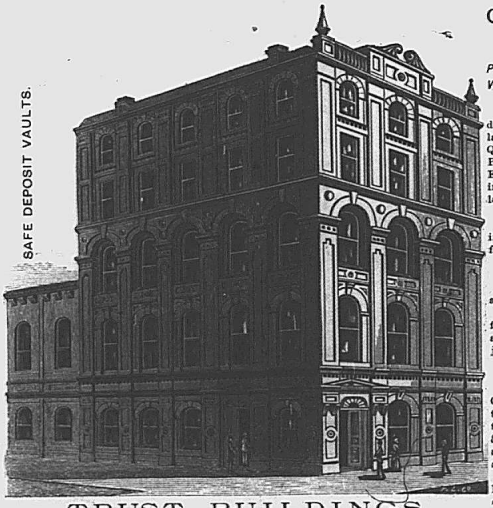
Electro and Stereotypers, Etc.

14 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CO. AND SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS.

TEMPORARY OFFICES---27 WELLINGTON STREET EAST.

CAPITAL, ... $1,000,000



TRUST BUILDINGS,

S. E. Cor. Yonge and Colborne Streets.

DIRECTORS:

President, ... *Hon. Edward Blake, LL.D., Q.C., M.P.*

Vice-President . . . . . *E. A. Meredith, Esq., LL.D.*

W. H. Beatty, Esq., Vice-President Bank of Toronto; George A. Cox, Esq., Vice-President Canadian Bank of Commerce; B. Homer Dixon, Esq., Consul-General for the Netherlands; William Elliot, Esq., President People's Loan and Deposit Co.; James J. Foy, Esq., Q.C.; H. S. Howland, Esq., President Imperial Bank of Canada; Robert Jaffray, Esq., Vice-President Land Security Co.; Æmilius Irving, Esq., Q.C.; J. K. Kerr, Esq., Q.C.; A. B. Lee, Esq., of Rice Lewis & Son; William Mulock, Esq., M.P., President Farmers' Loan and Saving Co.; J. G. Scott, Esq., Q.C., Master of Titles; Hon. Senator Frank Smith, P.C.; T. Sutherland Stayner, Esq., President Bristol and West of England Co.

Consequent on the increase in business, the fine Canadian Bank of Commerce Building, corner Yonge and Colborne streets, has been purchased, and is to be reconstructed for early occupation by the Toronto General Trusts Co. and its tenants.

SAFE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT.

The vaults are in a building specially constructed, most substantial and secure, fire and burglar proof, and unequalled in Ontario, costing over $30,000.

Safes and compartments varying from the small box, for those wishing to preserve a few papers, to large safes for firms and corporations, are rented at low rates, and afford ample security against loss by fire, robbery, or accident. Bonds, stocks, deeds, wills, plate, jewellery and other valuables are also stored in the Company's vaults.

TRUST AND AGENCY DEPARTMENT.

Under the approval of the Ontario Government the Company is accepted by the High Court of Justice as a Trusts Company, and from its organization has been employed by the Court for the investment of Court funds. The Company acts as Executor, Administrator, Receiver, Committee of Lunatics, Guardian of Children, Assignee of Estates, Agent, &c., and as Trustee under deeds, wills, or Court Appointments or Substitutions, and also as Agent for Executors, Trustees and others, thus relieving them from onerous and disagreeable duties. It obviates the need of security for administration

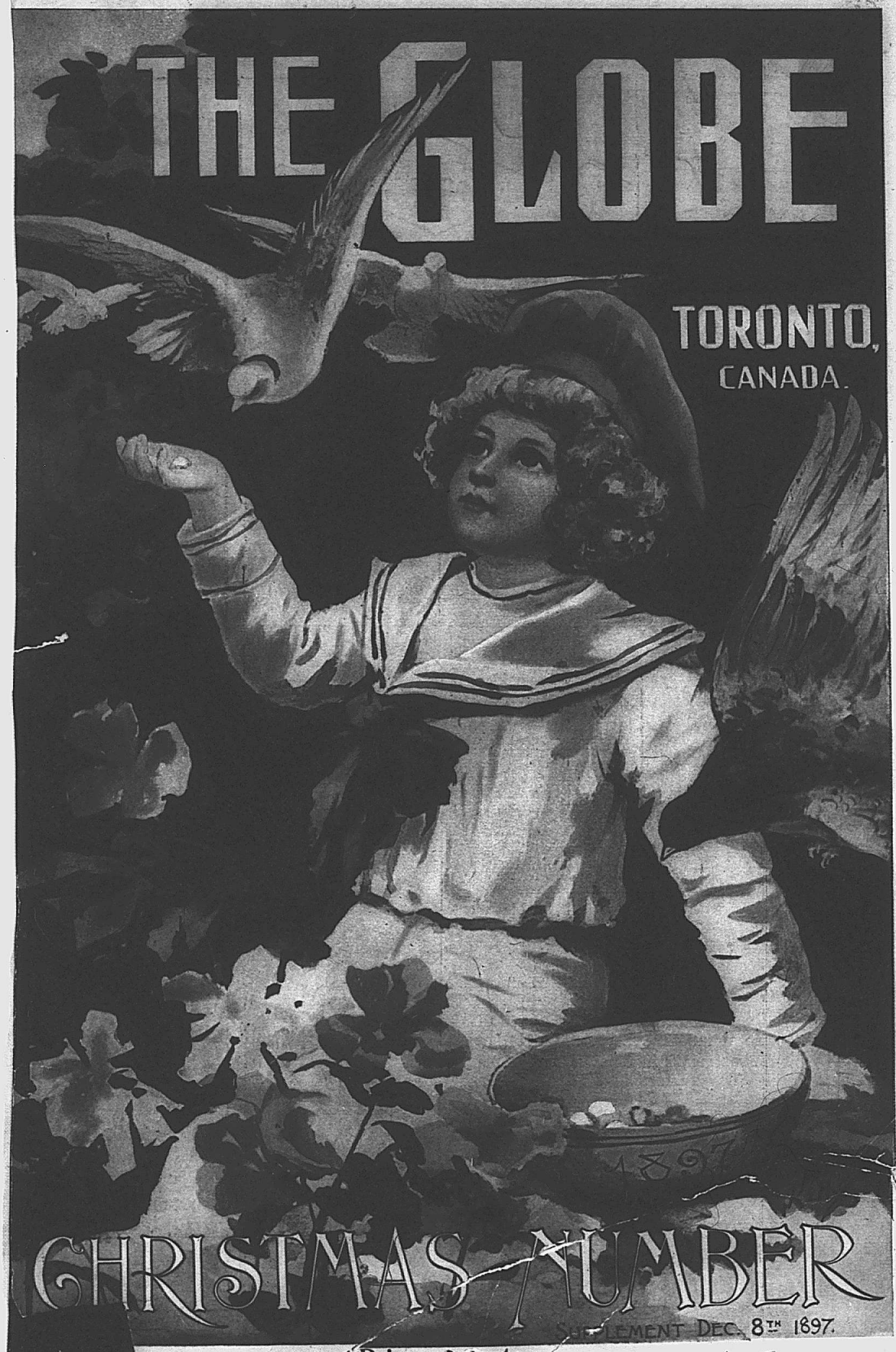
The Company invests money, at best rates, in first mortgages or other securities; collects rents, interest, dividends, and acts as agent in all kinds of financial business. It also countersigns corporate securities.

For further information apply to

J. W. LANGMUIR, Manager.

THE GLOBE

TORONTO,
CANADA.



CHRISTMAS NUMBER

SUPPLEMENT DEC. 8TH 1897.

Price, 25 Cents.

A Business and Friendly Greeting to All.

1844—1897—1950

THE WATEROUS Engine Works Company Brantford, Canada.

WHOLESALE MILLINERY

TO THE TRADE — THE D. McCALL Co (Limited.) — OUR BEST WISHES

TORONTO, - - - CANADA.

Its excessive use will lead you to the grave. It undermines the strongest constitution. It has checked the bright career of hundreds. It leaves poverty and desolation behind, works havoc with every organ of the body. Listen.

Whisky Kills

So does Opium, Morphine and Tobacco, and who can say and stick to it: "I'll never touch them again." We can give you names of hundreds whom we have cured. The treatment is simple, effective and worth ten times its price. Five years of wonderful success. Write for information. MANAGER, BOX 215, OAKVILLE, ONT. The Ontario Double Chloride of Gold Cure Company, Limited.

PRESSED BRICKS

In all Colors. Plain and Ornamental



Registered Trade Mark "DON" on bricks guarantees them to be the only first-class goods made in Canada.

Vitrified Paving Bricks. Brick Mantels a Specialty

TAYLOR BROTHERS, Write for Catalogue and Prices.

60 Adelaide Street East, Toronto, Canada.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited, beg to state that (notwithstanding the general demand for low-priced articles), they continue to manufacture all their Goods of the Original Quality, using none but the Best Materials, and employing the most Experienced workmen, which enables them to warrant all Goods manufactured by them.

They also beg to add that in addition to their well known Marks each Article is now stamped with a STAR and CROSS, being a Mark granted by the Cutlers' Company in 1682, and by which their genuine Manufactures can be distinguished.

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA—

JAS. HUTTON & CO., MONTREAL

Order Shirts.

For Spring, 1898, we shall have a splendid range of patterns for Colored Shirts. Order early.

White Shirts to order at any price sent to any part of Canada.

WHEATON & CO

17 King Street W., Cor. Jordan



TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,

CORNER COLLEGE STREET and QUEEN'S AVENUE.

HON. G. W. ALLAN, President.
EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director.

Affiliated with University of Toronto and with Trinity University.

Unrivalled in its Faculty, Standard of Scholarship, Equipment, Facilities, etc

PUPILS MAY ENTER AT ANY TIME.

Calendar and full information mailed FREE.

Conservatory School of Elocution—H. N. SHAW, B.A., Principal.

If You Paint

Use Winsor & Newton's Oil and Water Colors

For good work, beautiful pictures, lasting and permanent.

For sale at ALL ART STORES.

A. RAMSAY & SON, Montreal,

Wholesale Agents for Canada.

The **Standard Life** Assurance Company

ESTABLISHED 1825.

Head Office for Canada: Montreal.

Total Assurances	$114,305,000
Total Assets	41,115,078
Investments in Canada	13,000,000

Agencies in all parts of Canada.

W. M. RAMSAY, Manager.
J. HUTTON BALFOUR, Supt. of Agencies.

A Merry Christmas to You



And to everybody, and a Happy New Year to every one that has had a Christmas present of a pair of King's Boots, **THAT** is bound to **MAKE** one **HAPPY**, a pair of honest boots. **THINK** of it, and to those who are not so fortunate as to have a pair presented, buy a pair for yourself, and you will be just as happy.

It is a fact that **KING'S** Shoes are appreciated because they are constructed honestly—honest material put into them, and sold for **ONE** honest price. They sell, and are in demand, because they are made in so many **Different** widths **(Actual Widths)** that they fit all feet (except deformed feet) being made in 4 sizes, and so shaped that comfort and ease are at once obtained, without wearing for a time "to break in the boot," which means **ENDEAVORING** to **FIT** the foot to the boot. The boot should **ALWAYS** fit the foot at first; then no corns, no blisters, no discomforts. If you buy **KING'S** boots made with the "**Patent Sleeper Insole**", you will have a lighter boot, with no squeak, no tacks, and very flexible.

If you buy these boots made with "**Patent Sleeper Insole**", and made in **Combination** with **CORK** you will have a boot that will not squeak, no tacks, and will keep your feet **DRY** should you walk for hours on damp ground, or wet sidewalks. This means **NO COLDS**, no **DOCTORS' BILLS** but health and dry feet, you will do justice to yourself, and have a Happy New Year.

These boots are sold by all respectable and responsible dealers. You will find them **HONEST BOOTS and SHOES** and made either leather **INSOLES**, or the "**PATENT SLEEPER FLEXIBLE INSOLE**" which is preferable by most people that have used them. See that every pair is stamped J.D. King Co. Limited, that will be your guarantee.

WE MAKE AND RECOMMEND GOODYEAR WELTED SHOES. TRADE GOODYEAR WELT MARK

Best Quality. Lowest Prices

THE VERY BEST ROGERS COAL. HEAD OFFICE 20 KING ST. WEST TORONTO

THE ELIAS ROGERS CO., Limited

When Selecting Wall Paper

Ask Your Dealer for Our Goods. Our name is on the margain of every roll.

M. STAUNTON & CO., MANUFACTURERS, TORONTO.

Imperial Trusts Company

OF CANADA, TORONTO.
CAPITAL, $400,000.

Interest allowed on deposits in General Trust Fund at 4 per cent. per annum, compounded half yearly. Interest on deposits for three years at 5 per cent. per annum.

Government, municipal and high class bonds and debentures to pay from 3 per cent.

J. S. L.

ROBINSON, LITTLE & CO.

Wholesale DRY GOODS

LONDON, ONT.

Artistic Ceiling.



500 Designs

To be used instead of wooden ceilings, lath, plaster and paper. Write for Catalogue.

METALLIC ROOFING CO., Limited, Dufferin Street, TORONTO

It Pays to Handle Our Tobaccos.

We can give you the best values in Canadian and American Tobaccos.

CUT TOBACCOS—Royal Club, Old Turk, Gold Leaf, Le Huron.
PLUG TOBACCOS—Maple Leaf, Le Huron.
CANADIAN CUT TOBACCOS—Quesnel (Parfum d'Italie), Papineau, Citadel, Plantation.
CANADIAN PLUG TOBACCOS—Sea Queen Chewing, 1-12; Sea Queen Smoking, 1-5.

Dealers in Snuff and Leaf Tobaccos

If your wholesale house has not got the above lines write to us for prices. It will pay you.

J. Lemesurier & Sons,
Tobacco Manufacturers
229 to 242 Paul Street, Quebec



British American Business College Toronto

Company, Limited, Confederation Life Building. Owned and directed by the following Toronto business men: Edw. Trout, Esq., Fred. Wyld, Esq., E. R. C. Clarkson, Esq., A. F. McKinnon, Esq., Wm. McCane, Esq. Affiliated with the Institute of Chartered Accountants. Graduates assisted to positions. Send for free prospectus to

DAVID HOSKINS, C.A., Principal

It is poor economy to buy ordinary tea when Blue Ribbon can be had at a reasonable price.

Safe and Profitable Investment for Capitalists, or for the Savings of Small Earnings.

The Sun

SAVINGS AND LOAN CO.

10 Year Maturity Shares are paid for in monthly instalments of 50 cents per share for $20 months, when payments cease. $50 paid in—maturity value $100. 60 Prepaid Interest bearing coupon sto k bears interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly, and entitles holder besides this in ten years to $100. Agents wanted.

W. Pemberton Page, Manager.

McKenna, Thomson & Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Clothing,

BEST VALUES IN THE TRADE.

423 and 425 St. James Street, Montreal

THOMAS MAY & CO.

MONTREAL

IMPORTERS OF

Silks, Ribbons, Laces, Millinery, Mantles, Ladies' Straw and Felt Hats, Flowers, Feathers, Velvets. etc., etc.

Buy the Banner Globe Washboard

WHEN YOU REQUIRE THE Best value for a 25-cent line

WALTER WOODS & CO., Hamilton



Cameras For Holiday Gifts In Every Style and Size

PREMO'S RAYS. KODAKS, BULLETS. Send for Catalogues.

Sharpe, Eakins & Ferris
94 BAY ST., TORONTO, CANADA.

Windsor Salt

Is the "PUREST AND BEST," and costs no more than inferior salt.

For sale by all the leading grocers in the Dominion.

The Windsor Salt Co., Limited
WINDSOR, ONT.

1897

Christmas Greetings

TO OUR NUMEROUS CUSTOMERS FROM

H. J. CAULFEILD & CO.

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

MEN'S FURNISHINGS SHIRTS, CLOTHING AND NECKWEAR.

17 FRONT STREET WEST, TORONTO.

1898

Canadian Pine Doors and Box Shooks

FOR EXPORT TRADE.

GILMOUR & CO.,
Trenton, Canada.
London Agent: H. T. WALCOT, 17 Gracechurch Street, E.C.



Russell House,
OTTAWA, CANADA

F. X. ST. JACQUES, Proprietor.

There are FOR WHAT? Reasons for it.

For the steadily increasing sales of BRANTFORD STARCH throughout the Dominion, from Halifax in the East to Vancouver in the West.

What are the Reasons?

1. We look after the quality closely.
2. We put up our starch in neat and attractive packages.
3. We ship promptly on receipt of order.

The BRANTFORD STARCH CO.

NO ADULTERATION!
USE
T. & B.
MAHOGANY
CHEWING
TOBACCO

FINE SHOES
H. & C.
BLACHFORD
In their new store,
114 Yonge Street,
Toronto,
Are showing the newest styles and designs in Gents', Ladies' and Children's Goods. Up-to-date in every respect. Call and inspect them.



Doherty
ORGANS
Known the world over as perfection in organ making.

The Canada Rubber Company beg to call attention of the trade to their new productions in
FOOTWEAR
for Season 1897-8 in both Gents' and Ladies' Styles. Style, finish and quality cannot be surpassed. Ask for our
20th CENTURY BULL DOG and COIN TOE SHOES.

The Crompton
Corset
Company,
TORONTO,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Superior Corsets
Victoria, Magnetic, Yatisi, Contour, Hygeian Waists & Standard Dress Bones.

It is
Probable
That you have been trying to decide on a suitable and appropriate present for your wife. The choicest and most precious gift that a man can offer to his wife and family is an Unconditional Accumulative Policy in the
Confederation
Life Association,
Head Office:, Toronto
These policies have no conditions, and guarantee Extended Insurance or a Paid-up Policy after two years or a Cash Value after five years. Rates and full information sent on application.
W. C. Macdonald, Actuary. J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director.

Manufacturers of High-Grade
Rubber Belting,
Hose Packing,
ETC., ETC.
THE CANADIAN RUBBER CO.
OF MONTREAL.
WAREROOMS—333 St. Paul Street.
WORKS—Papineau Street.
BRANCHES: { Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

HAND & CO.
FIREWORK
Manufacturers, Hamilton, Ont.
Dealers supplied with extra quality in Fireworks, Crackers, Torpedoes, Flags, Lanterns, etc.
Pyrotechnic Exhibitions for Celebrations, Summer and Winter Carnivals, Fall Fairs, etc., a specialty.
Programmes and estimates furnished on shortest notice.

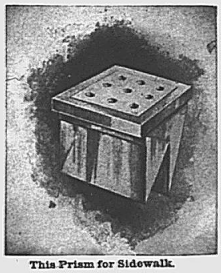
THE . . .
Central
Business
College,
Yonge and Gerrard Streets, TORONTO.
The leading business school in Canada. Telegraphy, Shorthand, Typewriting and all Commercial Subjects properly taught. Splendid equipment. Seven regular teachers. Good results guaranteed. Students assisted to positions. Particulars free. Address
W. H. SHAW, Principal.

Thompson's
Homœopathic Supplies
Established 1868.
Every family should have a case of remedies ready for use when needed. We have them at all prices. Try our 12 Remedy Case and Manual, $1. Special Family Case, $5.00. Special Value. We keep a full stock of Homœopathic Books and also books on the New Treatment by Dr. Schussler and a complete stock of his Biochemic Remedies. Cases and book, $4.00 and $5.00. Send for Family Guide
Telephone 1,994. 394 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

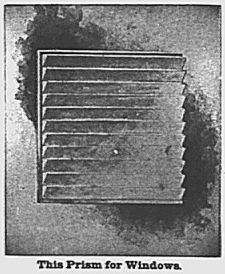
ELLIS' Diamonds, Watches Sterling Silver.
Style, Quality and Low Prices are the first considerations with us.
ESTABLISHED 1836.
In Diamond Jewelery We have a choice selection in Solitaire Rings, Ruby and Diamond, Sapphire and Diamond; a complete assortment in Diamond Stars, Crescents and Sunbursts.
In Watches Our stock includes a wide range from the smallest Ladies' Gold Watch, daintily set with diamonds and pearls, to the full size Gentleman's Watch in gold and silver.
In Sterling Silver Novelties and articles for the Dining Table we show a complete stock; also a full assortment of Toilet Goods in Sterling Silver and Ebony. INSPECTION INVITED, WE ARE PLEASED TO SHOW OUR GOODS.
THE J. E. ELLIS CO., Limited, 3 King Street East, Toronto

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR
STERLING SILVER
and FINE ELECTRO-
PLATED WARE...
(STAMPED.)
Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co
Office and Showrooms—
1794 Notre Dame Street, Montreal

Luxfer Prisms



This Prism for Sidewalk.



This Prism for Windows.

LIGHT BUILDINGS WITH Daylight
LUXFER PRISM COMPANY, Limited, 58 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

HENDERSON & POTTS.
NOVA SCOTIA PAINT & VARNISH WORKS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Lead and Zinc Paints, Ready Mixed Paints, Colors, Putty, Varnishes, Japans, etc.
By special arrangement with Brandram Bros. & Co., of London, England, manufacturers in Canada of their celebrated brands of White Lead.
HALIFAX, N.S. MONTREAL, QUE

SAVE
YOUR GOODS
BY USING OUR
Dust-Laying
OIL ON YOUR FLOORS.
Used in Toronto and other cities of the Dominion.
The Toronto Floor Oil Co.,
34 Yonge Street, Toronto Canada.
Agents wanted

CASAVANT BROS.
CHURCH ORGAN BUILDERS,
ST. HYACINTHE, P.Q.
Organs built on the ordinary pneumatic, tubular pneumatic or electro-pneumatic systems. ELECTRIC ORGANS A SPECIALTY

Horseshoe Brand "THE HORSESHOE BRAND"
THE H.V.C. LTD TORONTO LUCK TO THE WEARER
Trade Mark Reg.
Shoes
Manufactured By the
Harvey Van Norman Co.
TORONTO.
Are sold by all Principal Dealers throughout Canada.
Ask for Them

Roses,
Ornamental Trees,
Flowering Shrubs
And Bulbs.
These are specialties of ours, and whether the stock is ordered in quantity for parks or boulevards, or a single tree or bush is required, all orders are treated with equal care and only the very best stock selected.
PLANS AND SUGGESTIONS FURNISHED FREE for laying out public or private parks and drives or fruit farms.
Stone & Wellington,
Nurserymen and Landscape Gardeners,
TORONTO, ONT.
AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

FREIGHT, COLD STORAGE, COMMISSION.
R. DAWSON HARLING
Steamship Freight Agent, etc.
FREIGHT SPACE secured by first-class regular lines of steamers direct to Bristol (Avonmouth), London, Liverpool, Belfast and Dublin.
CONSIGNMENTS of fruit, butter, cheese, eggs, hay, etc., handled to the best advantage by trustworthy firms at the above ports and also in Manchester.
COLD STORAGE accommodation on steamers and at Montreal arranged on most favorable terms. Write or call on me. Telephone 2945.
23 SCOTT STREET, TORONTO

Galvanized Steel WINDMILLS



All Sizes
For pumping and geared for power. Patent Roller and Ball Bearings. Galvanized Steel Derricks, Iron Pumps, etc. Celebrated Maple Leaf Grain Grinder, two sizes.
Send for circulars and prices.
COOLD, SHAPLEY & MUIR, CO., Limited
Brantford, Canada.



TAE AULD TIME.

O Time! auld Time! bide just a wee;
Sit doun an' hae a crack.
There's things nane kens but you an' me
Come, let us ca' them back.
What I've forgotten, bring tae min';
What's misty noo, mak' clear.
Here's tae the days o' auld lang syne!
Here's tae each vanished year!

O Time! auld Time! ye've no' forgot
Yon gray hoose, far awa'?
The bairnies—sic a merry lot;
Sae hertsome, ane an' a'?
Twa the sea hides, an' twa the sod—
Sweet Madge o' the go—dun hair
Sae early laid her doun, thank God!
She'll aye be young and fair.

O Time! auld Time! fauld yet your wing,
Is't the wind's sough I hear!
Like the sweet sangs we used tae sing,
It fa's upon my ear.
What lays o' love an' Bonnie Jean
Oot owre the heather rang!
(Ye ken what name I used tae mean,
Whatever name I sang.)

O Time! auld Time! ane moment mair;
Let me my relics bring;
Ye min' that rose whaur it grew fair
Abune the Haunted Spring;
Ye ken each gauge, frae youth tae age;
Each treasure lyin' here;
Ye ken wha traced that faded page,
An' blurred it wi' a tear.

O Time! auld Time! ye winna stay?
Then pledge, afore ye flee,
I' the auld gracious pagan way,
Oor unseen guests, wi' me.
I fill the cup, I pour the wine,
Tae them—the deid, the dear.
Here's tae the days o' auld syne!
Here's tae each vanished year!

—Torquil MacLeod.

Keeping Christmas.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year" were the words familiar and dear to English childhood. They were uttered by the bands of mummers who came into the halls of the gentry on Christmas Eve to exhibit their rude traditional disguises and play their uncouth antics, earning thereby the half-crowns wherewith to make themselves a merry Christmas. If you had traced the pedigree of the mummers, probably you would have found that they, like Punch, represented the actors of some mediæval mystery or morality play, now fallen in its estate, since the Church of the Middle Ages, with all its sacred pageantry and dramaturgy, had passed away. Punch will die only with Shakespeare, but the mummers probably by this time the policeman of a refined civilization has ordered to "move on." Besides the roughness and absurdity of the exhibition, these fooleries enacted by the lower class to amuse the upper class and draw money from them did smack somewhat of the old regime, and even reminded one a little of the Saturnalia of the Roman slave. More than two centuries before, Puritanism had banished forever the Lord of Misrule, under whose reign of tipsy jollity and folly the lawyers of the Temple were once fined for having failed to perform their customary dance before the judges. The Lord of Misrule, while he lasted, was kept up in a style incredibly elaborate and expensive. He had a mimic court, with officers answering to those of the real court, and for a season ruled the realm of pleasure as absolutely as the monarch whom he counterfeited and for an hour supplanted ruled the State. Mr. Francis Vivian, Lord of Misrule or Christmas Prince in the reign of Charles I., spent £2,000, equivalent probably to $100,000 now, on the maintenance of his mock dignity, besides his allowance from the Crown. To all this the more serious and austere spirit which was then gaining ascendancy in Merrie England was fatal, and the Restoration, though it brought back the May pole, failed to revive such laborious and thoroughly antiquated tomfoolery as the reign of the Lord of Misrule. "Our Christmas Lord of Misrule, says Prynne, "together with dancing, masques, mummeries, stage-playing, and such other Christmas disorders now in use with Christians, were derived from these Roman Saturnalia and Bacchanalian festivals, which should cause all pious Christians eternally to abominate them." The words are quoted in Mr. Hervey's "Book of Christmas," where all the lore concerning the Lord of Misrule will be found. Prynne is right in connecting the reign of Misrule, morally at least, with the Saturnalia; it was not only a vast "spree," but, like the Saturnalia, a temporary relief from the rigidities of social arrangements and a sort of social safety-valve at the same time. Another festival which used to be kept in England when the writer was a boy, and which had a strong and most pathetic tinge of the Saturnalia, was the festival of the chimney-sweeps on the first of May. Those hapless boys, mostly parish apprentices, and the lowest and most miserable slaves of civilization, had that one privileged day of merriment and feasting in the year. They used to dance on the lawn round "Jack in the Green," clattering their brushes and wooden shovels, after which they were regaled by the charitable with beef and plum pudding. Happily that caste of misery and degradation has now ceased to exist. If the mummers have departed, let us hope the "Waits" have not departed with them. Their music was



I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT SANTA CLAUS LEFT ME.



GLIMPSE OF CANADIAN SCENERY—IN MUSKOKA.

hardly an equivalent, especially in the rural parishes, for the song of the angelic choir heralding the nativity, which presumably it professed to reproduce. But its sound in the dead of night made a strong impression, half awful, half pleasant, on the ear of childhood.

Sunday and Christmas are now pretty much in the same position as institutions which have lost or are fast losing their old theological basis, but rest securely on a basis of another kind. It is impossible to insist on the obligation of keeping the Jewish Sabbath, the day on which the Creator rested after the six days' work of Creation; and in fact we do not keep it, our Sunday being the first day of the week and not the seventh. But the Sabbath has glided into the Day of Rest, of spiritual rest for those who are spiritually minded, of rest at all events for all, and of Sabbath stillness after the noise and bustle of the week. The French Revolutionists, when they undertook to make new heavens and a new earth on the principles of Reason and Rousseau, substituting the tenth day for the seventh, found it would not do. Sunday has ceased to be an article of the law, but it remains an article of human nature. So it is with Christmas. Christians in the Middle Ages thought that they were keeping the actual birthday of the Saviour, as they thought when they went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem that they saw the identical spots where the scenes of His Passion had been enacted and the Sepulchre in which He had been laid. We know that the day of Christ's birth is totally uncertain. Clement of Alexandria, a Father of the second century, speaks of those who affected to assign the day as "over curious," and his confession of ignorance is decisive. All attempts to settle the point by reference to historical landmarks, to ecclesiastical tradition, or to the shepherds' calendar are vain. Probably the time of the winter solstice, the birthday of the year, was fixed on for the nativity of the Sun of Righteousness. The old Latin hymns seem almost to admit as much by coupling the coming of the Saviour with the return of light. Not only the day of Christ's birth but the year is uncertain, and the French Revolutionists had that fact upon their side when, proceeding to regenerate chronology as well as society, they substituted for the Christian era that of the fancied enthronement of Reason. Nevertheless, we let this article of the mediæval calendar stand, and still on the traditional day celebrate the birth of Christianity and of all that Christianity has brought with it to society, to the home, and to the heart. Even those who in this critical and sceptical age have ceased to be Christians in name may celebrate the festival of humanity. For they can hardly deny that it was with Christianity that the sense of a common humanity and of the brotherhood of man with all its duties and charities, and with the civilization which is grounded on it, came into the world. A Greek philosopher might point out the close fellowship which united mankind; but that same philosopher pronounced slavery an ordinance of nature, and when he spoke of mankind probably thought only of the free. That there were no hospitals or almshouses before Christ may not be strictly true; but it is certain that there was nothing in ancient civilization like the vast system of Christian charities. The Comtist religion of Humanity, though it presents itself as a new creation, is, as has been often and truly said, Roman Catholic Christianity reproduced, with a new set of saints, sacraments, and festivals. Those who cannot keep Christmas Day as the holiday of a revealed religion may keep it as the holiday and the annual renewal of human brotherhood, social beneficence, and family affection.



CHRISTMAS EVE—HAVE I ENOUGH TO BUY IT?

Suppose some vestiges and relics of heathenism do mingle with our mode of keeping the Christian feast; suppose the Yule log does represent the sacred fire of pagan superstition, and remind us of the scene in a Scandinavian hall, where our rugged progenitors quaffed their mead and sang their rude drinking songs amidst the trophies of wild tribal war. Suppose the mistletoe is the mystical plant of the Druid, though it is difficult to see how the connection can be traced between Druidism and kissing. All this only widens the circle of historic association and makes the festival in a larger sense human. Even the most orthodox among us have by this time pretty well discarded the narrow theology, uncountenanced by any rational construction of the Gospel, which puts the heathen out of the pale of salvation and consigns them to the power of evil for not having heard a word which was never preached to them or believed miraculous events which had not then taken place. We recognize the debt which Christian Ethics owe to Socrates, Plato, Marcus Aurelius, and Epictetus. We scout the monkish morality which consigns virtuous pagans, with one or two arbitrary exceptions, to eternal torments. We have enlarged the bounds of Christendom to the full compass of the designation "Son of Man."

It is in vain that the Puritan has tried to dislodge the Papistical, Prelatical, and heathen Christmas by substituting for it Thanksgiving Day. His failure is almost as signal as that of the Jacobins in their attempt to substitute the birthday of their Republic for the birthday of Christendom. A holiday of any kind is always popular, and it is very meet and right that we should express pious gratitude for the ingathering of the harvest. But who, except the heirs of the Puritans, cares very much about Thanksgiving Day? With what tender and hallowed associations is its name encircled? Who particularly wishes on that day to gather all whom he loves around him, or calls up with special fondness the image of those whom he has lost? To see a man eating his Christmas dinner alone at a club makes one shudder. Would the sight of a man eating his Thanksgiving dinner alone give one the same shock? Perhaps one who is not a New Englander or a Puritan underrates the intensity of New England and Puritan feeling. But Mrs. Beecher Stowe is a New Englander, and she shows us in her Poganuc how, when the burst of anti-Anglican feeling connected with the Revolution was over, Christmas, with its little Church pageantries and its genial memories, stole back to its place in the hearts of all but the most austerely Puritanical portion of the people. The children even of the Puritan minister cannot keep away. One thing is certain, Thanksgiving can never, like Christmas, be a feast of mankind or of Christendom, since the time of harvest will always differ in different parts of the world. Christmas, it is true, we are apt to associate with winter, with snow, and with the storms which, raging out-of-doors, endear by contrast the bright fire and the happy circle within. But it may be kept, and is kept, at once in England, in America, in Australia, and in Hindostan. If the supporters of Thanksgiving Day fling any stones at Christmas on account of its association with a sacred season of the heathen, the stones may be flung back; for nothing is more certain than that the heathen were in the habit of offering the first-fruits to their gods.



CHRISTMAS BOX, MASSA!

Let me say, however, that there have been two occasions on which I have myself been made to feel as warmly as any New Englander about Thanksgiving. Both were in the time of the Civil War. Just when the fury of the war was at its height, and the North was intensely embittered by the reports of the cruel treatment of its captive soldiers at Andersonville, I visited the Prison Hospital at Baltimore, in which a number of Confederate prisoners, convalescent as well as sick, were confined. It happened to be Thanksgiving Day, and looking into the dining hall I saw the tables plentifully laid out with turkey and all the other good things of the season, which had been sent in by the kind-hearted enemies of the prisoners. The incident was the more striking because nowhere was the rage of parties so fierce as in the border city of Baltimore. The other occasion was a Thanksgiving dinner party in New England when, though the quarrel with England about the Alabama was going on, and our host was a fervent patriot, and had lost relatives in the war, he gave as a toast after dinner, "The President of the United States and the Queen of England."

The native of old England, at all events, wherever he may find himself, at the Pole or in the Tropics, beneath the roof of home, on the wide sea, or in the tented field, tries in some way to honor the season and its associations. A kinsman of the writer, an officer of the army that entered France after Waterloo, undertook on Christmas Day to make a plum pudding for the Mess. He knew the ingredients, but forgot that they swelled in boiling. So he tied the cloth tight, and the Mess was presented with a Christmas Pudding of the size and consistency of a cannon ball.

The custom of giving presents at Christmas

and the New Year certainly cannot be acquitted of heathen associations: it is too clear that etrennes is derived from strenæ. An ancient ecclesiastical writer consequently denounces the custom as "diabolical," the religion of the heathen and everything pertaining to it being supposed to be the direct work of the Devil. The youthful recipients of the strenæ will be inclined to retort the malediction. In ancient times, as in modern, the gifts were accompanied with good wishes for the coming year. The practice is too natural to call for any learned explanation. With us it has been developed into a round of visits on New Year's Day, of the formality of which society seems to be growing a little weary, so that the custom is likely to fall into disuse. We shall have reason to be sorry for its departure if it has served, as I have heard people say that it has, to terminate, without the awkwardness of a formal reconciliation, any misunderstanding or coolness that may have arisen during the past year. The end of the old year, coming with the birthday of the religion of charity, is a good time for writing off from the ledger of the memory all the evil debts of unkindness, and opening a new book of mutual goodwill.

Nowhere is the spirit of Christmas, as it now is, of Christmas as a feast of goodwill and affection, apart from anything ecclesiastical, better embodied than in Dickens' Christmas Carol. Though on a small scale, the Christmas Carol is perhaps the most perfect work of Dickens' genius. To say that it ought to be read in churches would be profane; but much is read in churches that is not so good and certainly far less effective. By the social geniality of his writings, the author of the Christmas Carol and the creator of such characters as the "Brothers Cheeryble" has done more than sermons and dissertations to save the heart of society from being poisoned by social regenerators who philanthrophically preach class hatred, and all the purveyors of malignity with whose venom the world abounds; and while we laugh or cry over his novels, we hardly recognize the debt which we owe him on this account. The description in Pickwick of the keeping of Christmas Day at Mr. Wardle's, though full of fun, is not in quite so wholesome a strain as the Carol. There is too much whiskey in it; as indeed there is generally in the writings of Dickens, who was in a perpetual state of revolt against the rule of hypocritical fanaticism which he has pilloried in Stiggins, and sometimes gives his enemy the advantage by running into excess. We may feast and be merry without excess. Christ himself opens His mission and performs His first miracle at a marriage feast. Great changes appear to be impending, and the day may come, as the Comtists think, when man will be so refined and intellectual that he will regard taking food as an ignominious necessity of his material nature, and will retire to eat in secret. But so long as the glow of physical enjoyment retains its connection with the glow of feeling, the least sensual of all physical delights will be our Christmas dinner, and the Prohibitionist must be stern indeed who will forbid us to drink the health of all friends, present or abroad on Christmas Day.

"Last Sunday morning, in giving out the notices, the pastor of the Congregational Church having observed that there were some signs of rain, and not having time to consult with any of the brethren about the weather, was at a loss to know what to say of the next service, which was to be held in the evening. At length he decided, and announced as follows: 'If it rains this evening the service will be held at 4 o'clock this afternoon.'"

TIME FLIES.

Was it last year that the baby came,
And we could not wait for her to grow,
But hung her Christmas stocking up
And gave her gifts she did not know?
How long ago was this, my dear?
Was it last year? It seems last year!

Was it last year that the baby went,
And a little girl with waking shout
Ran barefoot through the winter dawn
To drag her Christmas treasures out?
How long ago was that, my dear?
Was it last year? It seems last year!

We did not see when the baby went;
Our time stood still when the baby came,
Behold at the hearth a slim young maid
Who yet is called by the baby's name.
These be miraculous things, my dear,
And all of them, all—they seem last year!



AT "THE FORKS"—GETTING INSTRUCTIONS.

Mistletoe.

THE mistletoe of our Christmas trade is brought, most of it, from Florida and the South, though a little is still imported from England. There are some slight differences between the English and American mistletoe, of which the only one obvious by comparison is the yellower tint of the leaves of the American growth.

The mistletoe, as everyone knows, is a plant of two traditions—one that of Christmas festivity, when a gentleman finding a lady beneath the mistletoe bough may claim a kiss by right of ancient custom dating back to feudal times; the other connecting it with the ancient rites of the Druids.



AN UNPLEASANT INTERRUPTION TO A PLEASANT TASK.

It is Pliny who in that extraordinary compound of science and superstition of his, called a Natural History, has preserved for us this latter knowledge. He relates that the plant, when found growing upon the oak, itself a sacred tree, was deemed to be sacred also, and a sign of especial virtue in the tree whereon it grew.

It was gathered on the sixth day after the new moon of each year, the priest using a golden sickle, wearing white garments, and dropping the severed boughs into a white mantle held up to receive them. They were then broken into sprigs and divided among the people, who preserved them as charms against sickness and misfortune.

This tradition of the sacred oak has caused it to be commonly thought that the mistletoe is especially parasitic upon oak trees, but the exact contrary is the case. It is rarely found upon oaks, and its favorite victim in England is the apple tree. Indeed, it is much dreaded in cider orchards, for it is very persistent, and when once it obtains roothold, seldom dies until the death of the tree that nourishes it. On the other hand, it has its own market value, and in Scotland and Ireland, where it does not grow wild, nurserymen sometimes cultivate it for holiday decorations, planting the seeds upon the bark of young apple trees, which is slit to receive them.

It is started commonly on the under side of the boughs, where it is less likely to be pecked by birds, for it is a peculiarity of the mistletoe that its roots pay no regard to gravitation, but grow directly into the bough that feeds them, pointing as readily upward as downward. In old times the berries were used in the manufacture of bird-lime and also as medicine and for an antidote to poisons. The leaves were employed to feed cattle when other forage was scarce. The name mistletoe is ascribed to two derivations, both Anglo-Saxon, one meaning "bird-lime-twig," the other "mist-twig," with reference to the prominence of the plant in the dark season of the year.

HONEST ENDEAVOR.

It is well to know that attempted things
Are counted and crowned by the King of kings.
—James Riley.

WITH THE MEN OF THE CLOTH.

"We remember the Scotchman's definition of metaphysics as follows: "When the hearer dinna ken what the speaker means, and the speaker dinna ken what he means himsel', that is metaphysics;" and the reply of the other who was asked if he understood the sermon: "Understand! and do you think it's the likes of me that would be understanding such a wonderful man as he?"

But the following description of a great sermon is new to us, and perhaps to most of our readers:

"A reverend gentleman, who had the great oratorical talent of communicating nothing, and making a mighty fuss while he was about it, delivered one of his magniloquent sermons in Glasgow, to the infinite delight of the masses, who thought him a second 'son of thunder.' On the way home from the kirk one of the thunderstruck hearers was heard to pronounce the following eulogy on the sermon and preacher: "'Man, John, wasna yon preachin'! yon's something for a body to come awa' wi'—the way that he smashed down his text into so mony heads and particulars, just a' to flinders. Nine heads and twenty particulars in ilka head—and sic mouthfu's of grand words! un' every ane o' them fu' o' meaning if we but kent them.'"

THE SKYLARK.

A bird on wing—it lightsome flits—
It dips and rises—sight outwits—
Then drowns in burst of joy. Ah! Hark
The lilt of springtime's happy lark!
—Emma Carleton.

John and I.

COME, John," said I, cheerfully, "it really is time to go; if you stay any longer I shall be afraid to come down and lock the door after you."

My visitor rose—a proceeding that always reminded me of the genius emerging from the copper vessel, as he measured six feet three—and stood looking reproachfully down upon me.

"You are in a great hurry to get rid of me," he replied.

Now I didn't agree with him, for he had made his usual call of two hours and a half: having, in country phrase, taken to "sitting up" with me so literally that I was frequently at my wit's end to suppress the yawn that I knew would bring a troop rushing after it.

He was a fine, manly-looking fellow, this John Cranford, old for his age—which was the rather boyish period of twenty-two—and every way worthy of being loved. But I didn't love him. I was seven years his senior; and when, instead of letting the worm of concealment prey on his damask cheek, he ventured to tell his love for my mature self, I remorselessly seized an English Prayer-book, and pointed sternly to the clause, "A man may not marry his grandmother." That was three years ago; and I added, encouragingly, "Besides, John, you are a child, and don't know your own mind."

"If a man of nineteen doesn't know his own mind," remonstrated my lover, "I would like to know who should. But I will wait for you seven years, if you say so—fourteen, as Jacob did for Rachael."

"You forget," I replied, laughing at his way of mending matters, "that a woman does not, like wine, improve with age. But seriously, John, this is absurd; you are a nice boy, and I like you—but my feelings toward you are more those of a mother than a wife."

The boy's eyes flashed indignantly; and before I could divine his intention he had lifted me from the spot where I stood, and carried me, infant fashion, to the sofa at the other end of the room.

"I could almost find it in my heart to shake you!" he muttered, as he set me down with emphasis.

This was rather like the courtship of William of Normandy, and matters promised to be quite exciting.

"Don't do that again," said I, with dignity, when I had recovered my breath.

"Will you marry me?" asked John, somewhat threateningly.

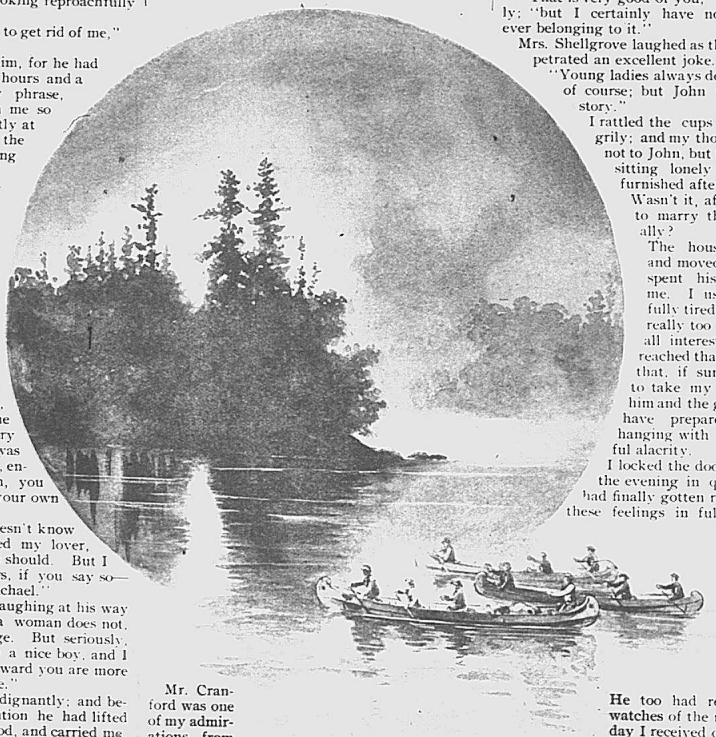
"Not just at present," I replied.

"The great, handsome fellow," I thought, as he paced the floor restlessly, "why couldn't he fall in love with some girl of fifteen, instead of setting his affections on an old maid like me? I don't want the boy on my hands, and I won't have him!"

"As to your being twenty-six," pursued John, in answer to my thoughts, "you say it's down in the family Bible, and I suppose it must be so; but no one would believe it; and I don't care if you're forty. You look like a girl of sixteen, and you are the only woman I shall ever love."

Oh, John, John! at least five millions of men have said that same thing before in every known language. Nevertheless, when you fairly break down and cry, I relent—for I am disgracefully soft-hearted—and weakly promise then and there that I will either keep my own name or take yours. For love is a very dog in the manger, and John looked radiant at this concession. It was a comfort to know that if he could not gather the flower himself, no one else would.

A sort of family shipwreck had wafted John to my threshold. Our own household was sadly broken up, and I found myself, comparatively young in years, with a half-invalid father, a large house and very little money. What more natural than to take boarders? And among the first were Mr. Cranford, and his son, and sister, who had just been wrecked themselves by the death of the wife and mother in a foreign land—one of those sudden, unexpected deaths that leave the survivors in a dazed condition, because it is so difficult to imagine the gay worldling who has been called hence in another state of being.



Mr. Cranford was one of my admirations from the first. Tall, pale, with dark hair and eyes, he reminded me of Dante, only that he was handsomer; and he had such a general air of knowing everything worth knowing (without the least pedantry, however) that I was quite afraid of him. He was evidently wrapped up in John, and patient with his sister—which was asking quite enough of Christian charity under the sun, for Mrs. Shellgrove was an unmitigated nuisance. Such a talker! babbling of her own and her brother's affairs with equal indiscretion, and treating the latter as though he were an incapable infant.

They staid with us three years, and during that time I was fairly persecuted about John. Mrs. Shellgrove wrote me a letter on the subject, in which she informed me that the whole family were ready to receive me with open arms—a prospect that I did not find at all alluring. They seemed to have set their hearts upon me as a person peculiarly fitted to train John in the way he should go. Everything, I was told, depended on his getting the right kind of wife.

A special interview with Mr. Cranford, at his particular request, touched me considerably.

"I hope," said he, "that you will not refuse my boy, Miss Edna. He has set his heart so fully upon you, and you are everything that I could desire in a daughter. I want someone to pet. I feel sadly lonely at times, and I am sure that you would just fill the vacant niche."

I drew my hand away from his caress, and almost felt like hating John Cranford. Life with him would be one of ease and luxury; but I decided that I had rather keep boarders.

Not long after this the Cranfords concluded to go to housekeeping, and Mrs. Shellgrove was in her glory. She always came to luncheon now in her bonnet, and gave us minute details of all that had been done and talked of about the house in the last twenty-four hours.

"It is really magnificent," said she, lengthening out each syllable. "Brother has such perfect taste; and he is actually furnishing the library, Miss Edna, after your suggestion. You see, we look upon you quite as one of the family."

"That is very good of you," I replied, shortly; "but I certainly have no expectation of ever belonging to it."

Mrs. Shellgrove laughed as though I had perpetrated an excellent joke.

"Young ladies always deny these things, of course; but John tells a different story."

I rattled the cups and saucers angrily; and my thoughts floated off not to John, but to John's father, sitting lonely in the library furnished after my suggestion. Wasn't it, after all, my duty to marry the family generally?

The house was finished and moved into, and John spent his evenings with me. I used to get dreadfully tired of him. He was really too devoted to be at all interesting, and I had reached that state of feeling that, if summarily ordered to take my choice between him and the gallows, I would have prepared myself for hanging with a sort of cheerful alacrity.

I locked the door upon John on the evening in question, when I had finally gotten rid of him, with these feelings in full force; and I meditated while undressing on some desperate move that should bring matters to a crisis.

But the boy had become roused at last. He too had reflected in the watches of the night; and next day I received quite a dignified letter from him, telling me that business called him from the city for two or three weeks, and that possibly on his return I might appreciate his devotion better. I felt inexpressibly relieved. It appeared to me the most sensible move that John had made in the whole course of our acquaintance, and I began to breathe with more freedom.

Time flew, however, and the three weeks lengthened to six without John's return. He wrote to me, but his letters became somewhat constrained; and I scarcely knew what to make of him. If he would only give me up, I thought; but I felt sure that he would hold me to that weak promise of mine, that I should either become Edna Cranford or remain Edna Carrington.

"Mr. Cranford" was announced one evening, and I entered the parlor fully prepared for an overdose of John, but found myself confronted by his father.

He looked very grave; and instantly I imagined all sorts of things, and reproached myself for my coldness.

"John is well," I gasped, finally.

"Quite well," was the reply, in such kind tones that I felt sure there was something wrong.

What it was I cared not, but poured forth my feelings impetuously to my astonished visitor.

"He must not come here again?" I exclaim-



ed. "I do not wish to see him. Tell him so, Mr. Cranford! tell him, that I had rather remain Edna Carrington, as he made me promise, than to become Edna Cranford."

"And he made you promise this?" was the reply. "The selfish fellow! But, Edna, what am I to do without the little girl I have been expecting? I am very lonely—so lonely that I do not see how I can give her up."

I glanced at him, and the room seemed swimming round—everything was dreadfully unreal. I tried to sit down, and was carried tenderly to the sofa.

"Shall it be Edna Carrington or Edna Cranford?" he whispered. "You need not break your promise to John."

"Edna Cranford," I replied, feeling that I had left the world entirely, and was in another sphere of existence.

If the thought crossed my mind that Mr. Cranford had rather cheerfully supplanted his son, the proceeding was fully justified during the visit which I soon received from that young gentleman. I tried to make



READY FOR CHRISTMAS

it plain to him that I did him no wrong, as I had never professed to love him, though not at all sure that I wouldn't receive the shaking threatened on a previous occasion, and I endeavored to be as tender as possible, for I felt really sorry for him.

To my great surprise, John laughed.

"Well, this is jolly!" he exclaimed. "And I'm not a villain, after all. What do you think of her, Edna?"

He produced an ivorytype in a rich velvet case—a pretty, little, blue-eyed simpleton; she looked like ætat seventeen.

"Rose," he continued—"Rose Darling: the name suits her, doesn't it? She was staying at my uncle's in Maryland—that's where I've been visiting, you know—and she's such a dear little confiding thing that a fellow couldn't help falling in love with her. And she thinks no end of me, you see—says she's quite afraid of me, and all that."

John knew that I wasn't a bit afraid of him; but I felt an elder sisterly sort of interest in his happiness, and had never liked him so well as at that moment. And this was the dreadful news that his father had come to break to me, when his narrative was nipped in the bud by my revelations, and the interview ended in a far more satisfactory manner than either of us had anticipated.

So I kept my promise to John, after all, and as Miss Rose kept hers, he is now a steady married man, and a very agreeable son-in-law.

There is an art in putting things. "He never turned the hungry from his door" sounds very well, but it's different when you say, "He fed every tramp that came along."—Philadelphia Ledger.

YOUR GIFTS.

If you have the gift of seeing, ever look for beauty;
Noting faults in all your friends is plainly not your duty.

If you have the gift of hearing, list to what is meet;
Shut your ears to everything that is not good and sweet.

If you have the gift of talking, use but pleasant words;
Let your speech be glad and cheery as the songs of birds.

Emma C. Dowd.

MADE HIS WILL.

IT IS one thing to say you are going to die, and quite another thing to be told of it by somebody else. This truth is well illustrated by an incident which a friend relates as occurring in his own experience. He is a lawyer:

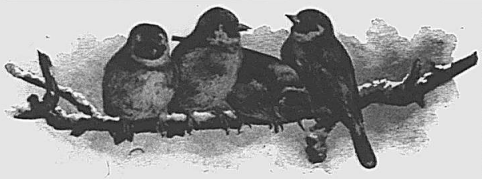
"One of the coldest nights in January I was roused from my sleep by a loud knocking at my door, for the servants were all in bed and it was past twelve o'clock. I opened the window, and was told by a rich Irish voice that a gentleman at the St. Nicholas was dying, and wanted a lawyer, and I must come without a moment's delay. Hurrying on my clothes I was soon in the street, and, reaching the hotel, was conducted at once to the stranger's room. Evidently he was very sick. I took my seat by his side, expressing regret at finding him so ill. 'Yes, sir,' he said, 'I am dying, and I want to make my will; will you write it at once?' Paper and pens being at hand, I drew up his will at his dictation. He had large property. Stocks, real estate, and various securities were bequeathed to his several relatives; charitable institutions were remembered, and the whole thing done in legal form. Before closing the document I said to him, as he was a stranger in the city, perhaps he would wish to make some arrangement or leave direction respecting his burial—what cemetery, etc.—or what should be done with his remains. Starting up from his pillow, and making a grasp toward me, he cried out, 'Burial! cemetery! remains! What are you talking about? You villain! do you tell me I'm going to die! I'm not going to do anything of the kind! Get out of this room! What are you doing here? I don't wish your company—out with you!"

"It was plain the man was out of his mind. In his weak state the excitement had been too much for him. He tore his bed-clothes, raved for an hour or two, then became quiet and went to sleep. I left the house and returned to my own, pondering upon the strange scenes through which I had passed. The next day I called at the hotel to make inquiries after my client. He had packed up in the morning, and taken the cars for home! The excitement had set him up. I was a better doctor than lawyer. But, whether he regarded me as one or the other, he had left a note for me, apologizing for his conduct and inclosing fifty dollars."

"I have a little friend who is about six years old. The other day he was taken with fever, and was about to be put to bed. As he did not feel very sick, he insisted on remaining up. While his mother was coaxing and trying to get him to submit to be put into his crib, his aunt—an unmarried lady, of about fifty years—came in the room. Seeing his mad capers she scolded him a little, and said to his mother, 'Why do you let that child carry on so? If he was my child he should have a good flogging, and go to bed.'

"Georgy looked up into his aunt's face, and said, with the most serious countenance in the world: 'I guess when you get a husband you'll have to haul in your horns!'"





IT HAS BEEN EVER THUS.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered; doled;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!

Tom Hood.

Le Loup-Garou Blanc.

BY ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE.

IT WAS evening, and the sun, as he slowly sank behind the peaks of the Notre Dame Mountains, carried in his track a glorious effulgence that, for delicate cloud-shape and coloring, would have defied the skill of any but an inspired artist. The beauty of the evening seemed to affect even the spirits of handsome Remi Martigny as he trudged along the country road with his violin case tucked under his arm, carolling a merry stave as he went.



GLIMPSE OF CANADIAN SCENERY—ON THE RIDEAU.

It was just outside of the pretty village of Edenier, in the parish of St. Marie, Quebec, and bordering the highway were here and there the neat whitewashed and thatched cottages of the habitants, whose lands, sometimes of great width, sometimes narrow, invariably slope away to the banks of some pretty stream or lake.



GLIMPSE OF CANADIAN SCENERY NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

Singing blithely, Remi soon reached the house of his sweetheart, Louie Levrard, who, with her father, now awaited him at the door of the vine-clad porch. It was Louie's birthday, and the villagers and country-folk were steadily arriving in groups, the air being filled with the sound of their gladsome voices and merry laughter. Then, as the doors were closed and the lamps lighted, the dance began. Each lad possessed himself of the prettiest girl he could find, and, as the steps were gone through with the perfect grace and agility for which the French-Canadians are famous, the fiddle-de-dee of Remi's violin mingled with the voices and shouts of laughter, until, carried away by the spirit of Terpsichore, Remi could stand his semi-inaction no longer. Throwing his violin on a sofa he sought out his sweetheart, whose eyes had more than once glanced at him reproachfully over Hubert Potvin's shoulder, and away they glided in a whirl of delicious pleasure.

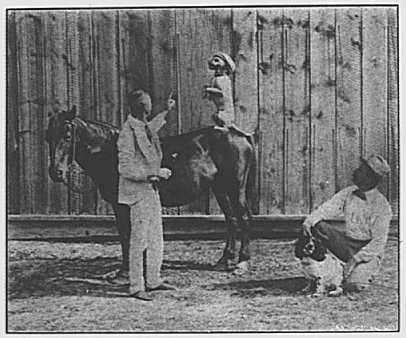
But all things, good or bad, must come to an end. The clock on the mantel struck the hour of midnight, and the birthday party broke up. Remi was the last to linger, and at length, when he kissed Louie, "Bon nuit, ma tres cherrie!" and went out into the black night with violin in hand, another hour had sped.

Remi did not sing now, for he was tired, and the darkness, somehow, impressed him with a feeling of awe. He felt uncomfortable and nervous, he knew not why, and ever and anon cast fearsome glances over his shoulder. Once when he looked back thus, attracted by a sound of something approaching, a sight met his terror-stricken gaze that froze the very marrow in his bones, and, for a moment, paralyzed his limbs, rendering them incapable of action.

Le Loup-garou blanc! The white were-wolf! Omen of direst disaster to man! There it was, with head down, tongue hanging out, and eyeballs gleaming and distended, coming quickly after him with swift leaps and bounds. Then the lad's power of action returned. With a wild shriek of terror that startled the very night-owls, he ran as he had never run before in his life, and never stopped until he found himself safe within his mother's house and the doors locked, relocked, and bolted.

Remi's mother had retired, so the young man, who was ever thoughtful, decided, as he threw himself breathless into a chair in the kitchen, that he would say nothing to her about his flight from the horrid, ill-omened loup-garou blanc. If he was to suffer ill (and he felt perfectly sure of it), then his darling mother must be kept in ignorance of it as long as possible. Perhaps; and here he smiled to himself in spite of his terror, perhaps his mother might die before the ill befel him, and not know anything about it. He felt sure that the Holy Virgin and bonne Ste. Anne would never let his dear mother become grief-stricken through the curse that was to follow him.

For days Remi brooded over this thing, until at last he could stay away from Louie Levrard no longer. He was pale and changed when he stepped once more across the threshold of his sweetheart's dwelling, and Louie was not slow in noticing it. He put her off with evasive answers, and, kissing her fondly, went off to the river bank to find Henri Levrard, her father. The old man was shocked by his appearance, and asked what was the matter. Then Remi, with hesitation, told how he had been followed by the white were-wolf on the night of Louie's birthday, and, throwing himself down upon the grassy bank, burst into tears. His sweetheart's father was, perhaps, even a whit more superstitious than himself. Therefore the words of comfort that the old man gave, as he devoutly crossed himself, were but half-hearted, and given with much hesitation. In silence the two walked back to the house, preceded by Max, the collie dog, whose joyous gambols would have called forth a kind word from Remi at any other time. The sight of Louie's bright face banished dull care for the while, and sent all thoughts of the white were-wolf to the winds, and it was late when Remi bid his good friends au revoir. Again a feeling of apprehension overcame him as he trudged homewards, and it was really no more than he expected when the lad again saw the loup-garou blanc—this time before him, and blocking his way. With a swift prayer to the Virgin, Remi turned and ran like a mad thing straight back to the Levrard's farm, bursting through the gate and pounding on the front door like one demented. It was old Henri who opened to his most imperative demand, and, without saying more than "Le loup-garou blanc!" Remi entered unceremoniously, almost knocking the lamp from Henri's hand, and, swiftly turning the key in the lock, sank all of a heap upon the floor. With blanched face Louie herself came quickly down the stairs, and, with trembling hands, assisted her lover to a chair. Recovering somewhat, Remi felt bound to enlighten his sweetheart as to his unaccountable terror, whilst her father, with equally unaccountable temerity, let himself out by the back door and scoured the grounds around the house in vain.



FOR THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE FROM FRIENDS AT FORT STEELE, B.C.

Mr. V. Hyde Baker. Mr. J. H. Laidlaw.
Broncho Pony Whiskey. Frog. Nellie.



CANADA'S PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

No white wolf could he see. When he returned to the house, Remi did not fail to note that the old man's face showed far less dread than the occasion seemed to warrant.

"I will go back with you, Remi," said Henri, and therewith Louie's father donned his chapeau, and accompanied the frightened lad to the very door of his own domicile without seeing anything further of the white wolf. Henri did not despise this young man for showing such abject terror; on the contrary, he was anxious to find out whether or not it was the boy's imagination that had played him a trick.

It was nearly a month before Remi could muster up sufficient courage to visit the house of his sweetheart once more. His resolution to do so was formed more by reason of sundry rumors that reached his ears of the undue attentions being paid his fiancee by a would-be rival. But Louie was true as steel and welcomed him with open arms. When the time came for leave-taking, Remi pressed his hat down tightly upon his head, grasped his stick firmly, and, rejecting with a forced laugh Henri's proffered company, he set out upon his lonely walk.

For a time he was oppressed with a fear which he had been able to control before those he loved. At length he came to the spot where he had last seen the white wolf, and, having passed it, he began to hope that, this night at least, the ill-omened animal might not molest him, or even show himself. But his hope was short-lived, for scarcely five minutes afterwards he distinctly heard a galloping sound on the hard road behind him, accompanied by a series of yelps, and, turning quickly, while the blood forsook his face and his heart appeared to stop beating, he beheld his bete noir, or rather his bete blanc, careering headlong towards him. It was the loup-garou blanc without a doubt, and this time the animal seemed bent on overtaking him. Remi was now too weak to run. With horror he stood with shaking knees and gazed at the approaching animal, without the power to either move or cry out. With leaps and bounds, as before, the dreaded beast came nearer, and, as he sprang up at him, the lad fell in the road in a dead swoon.

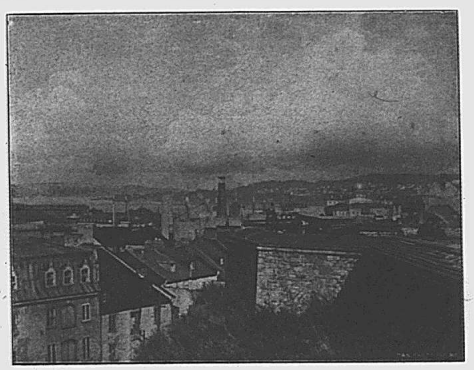
* * * * * *

Months have passed by, and autumn has given place to winter. Remi Martigny has been ill with brain fever in a big hospital in Montreal. But the worst is now over, owing to the tender nursing of pretty Louie Levrard, who has been constantly at his bedside ever since her lover was brought there. And Remi is now convalescent, and able to hear the strange tale which Louie's father has been patiently waiting to relate to him.

"That last night that you visited us," began Henri, as he drew his chair up to the sick man's bedside, "and affected to scorn my offer to accompany you home, I made up my mind to follow you, and see this thing for myself. I took down my shot-gun, and called to Max to come with me; but the dog was not to be seen, so I went alone. You had got a good start on me, as you were walking very quickly, and, at best, I could only hear your footsteps without seeing you. While hurrying after you, I heard Max bark several times in a joyous kind of way, and immediately the sound of your footsteps ceased. I then started to run, while a light, that had of late been glimmering through my brain about this white wolf, broke out afresh. But I tell you, lad, I never expected to see what I did when I came up with you. There you lay in a heap by the roadside, whilst old Max," here Henri stroked the head of the collie who sat on his haunches with tongue out, breathing hard, and with that look of suppressed laughter on his face that some dogs have "Max, I say, lay across your chest and licked your hands and face, whining piteously the while. It all flashed upon me in a second. It was Max, and no white were-wolf that had been constantly following you. Max always liked you, and we have all been idiots not to have known that it was he, who, in trying to be particularly friendly, nearly frightened you to death."

From that hour Remi became a new man. Weak as he was at that moment, he called the dog to him, and, in his delight, fairly hugged him, whilst Max wagged his tail with joy and barked so loudly that an attendant had him removed from the building in disgrace.

"And to think," said Remi, smiling, "that I should have mistaken dear old Max for Le Loup-garou Blanc. It is really too ridiculous."



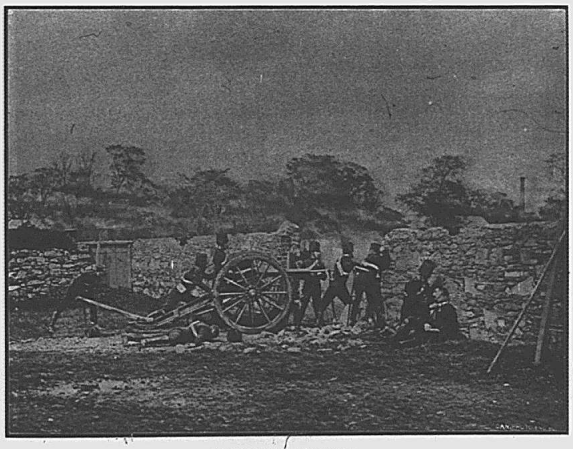
GLIMPSE OF CANADIAN SCENERY FROM RAMPARTS OF QUEBEC



UNCLE GEORGE AND HIS FAVORITES



GLIMPSE OF CANADIAN SCENERY AT HAT PORTAGE



THE BREACH IN THE WALL

BLESSED.

Blest be the hands that toil to aid
The great world's ceaseless need,
The hands that never are afraid
To do a kindly deed.

Blest be the thoughtful brain that schemes
A beautiful ideal,
Mankind grows great through noble dreams
That are in time made real.

Do good in thought—some future day
'Twill ripen into speech,
For words are seeds that grow to deeds,
None know how far they reach.

OVERREACHED HIMSELF.

ON THE cars a day or two since, coming to B——, was a stalwart man, going to New York to buy goods. He was not what might be called a stingy or close man, but he was a man who, when there was a cent due him, that swindling might deprive him of, would sacrifice fifty dollars to save the copper.

He had started in the morning without any breakfast; and when E—— hove in sight he gathered himself up for a general skirmish for any and all kinds of provisions. He had a carpet bag with him, and going into the dining-room at E——, he deposited his carpet bag on one chair, while he took another at its side.

He was lost for about ten minutes; perfectly oblivious to everything, save that he had a blessed consciousness of something very rapidly and agreeably replenishing his inward man.

About this time the landlord came round, and stopping by the gentleman's chair, ejeculated:

"Dollar, sir."

"A dollar! responded the eater—a dollar! I thought you only charged fifty cents a meal for one? Isn't that so?"

"That's true," answered Meanness, "but I count your carpet-bag one, since it occupies a seat."

Now the table was far from being crowded, and the gentleman expostulated; but the landlord insisted, and the dollar was reluctantly brought forth, paid over, and the receiver passed on.

Our victim deliberately rose, and opening his carpet-bag to the full extent of its wide mouth, addressed it as follows:

"Carpet-bag, it seems you are an individual, a human individual—since you eat—at least I've paid for your eating, and now you must eat!"

Upon this he seized everything eatable, that was carriable, within his reach; nuts, raisins, apples, cakes, and crust-pies, and amidst the roars of the by-standers, the delight of his brother-passengers, and the discomfiture of the landlord, phlegmatically went out and took his seat in the cars! He said he had secured provisions enough to last him to New York, after a bountiful supply had been served out in the cars. There was at least five dollars' worth in the bag, upon which the landlord realized nothing in the way of profit.

So much for meanness!

Quickest Courtship on Record.

"MURA! Mura Ainsley!"

The clear, childish voice rings out through the long hall, and Mura, sitting beside the glowing fire in a room where all else is darkness, looks up to see a little figure in furs at the door.

"Where are you going, Lottie?" she asks.

"Going? Where everybody else in the village is going," said Lottie. "Coasting down the big hill."

"Everybody going coasting?" laughs Mura, "I'd like to see them."

"That's what I'm here for—to take you along," returns Lottie. "Now, don't say you won't go, for you must. The snow is packed beautifully, the moon is shining like an electric light and it's a grand night. Come on! I've got a sled."

Her cousin's laugh rings out clear and musical.

"What would I look like on a sled?" she asks. "It's all very well for you, not out of short dresses yet; but imagine me playing in the snow with a lot of children."

"Children!" ejaculated Lottie, scornfully. "There'll be more than children there; there'll be some just as old as you, Mura. You're only 18, but you're such an elegant, dignified young lady, I suppose you feel older. Confess, though! Wouldn't you like to be a child again just for to-night?"

Mura looks suddenly grave.

"I would, really," she says, and there is a little tremor in her tones. "If I were a child, Lottie, I wouldn't be on my way now to be sold to a man—that's just the way I feel about it. Father doesn't know what to do with me. It was all right while I was at boarding school, but now I interfere with him too much. All he cares for are his books. So he writes to Aunt Angeline, and Aunt Angeline writes back: 'Send Mura to me. I'll make a good match for her.'"

"And she's got the rich young man all picked out?" cries Lottie, who is romantic as well as precocious. "Why, I think that's splendid! Everything settled for you without any trouble. What's his name, now—oh, Bennett—Howland Bennett. I wonder if he's any relation to Judge Bennett of our town?"

"I don't know anything about him," replies Mura indifferently.

"Oh, you'll soon be enlightened."

Mura's lip curled scornfully.

"If I disappoint Aunt Angeline I suppose I'll be sent back to my father, and I'd rather marry anybody than go back."

"Well, I don't know as a rich young man's to be sneezed at," comments Lottie. "But since your trial begins to-morrow, why not have one night of real fun? I've got a splendid scheme, Mura. You've been here only a few hours; nobody knows you. Just put on some of my clothes and be one of us—please do."

Mura springs up suddenly.

"Anything to get away from my thoughts," she said quickly. "What do you want me to do?"

"Come upstairs and I'll show you."

Lottie leads the way, and fifteen minutes later the girls descend the stairs.

Mura's trim little figure has been arrayed in her cousin's dress, the skirt of which is a couple of inches above her shoetops. Her golden hair hangs in a wide braid down her back, and a little brown cap crushes the soft ringlets on her forehead.

A fur-edged jacket, fur tippet and worsted mittens complete the costume.



I'M WRITING A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Lottie whirls around in delight.

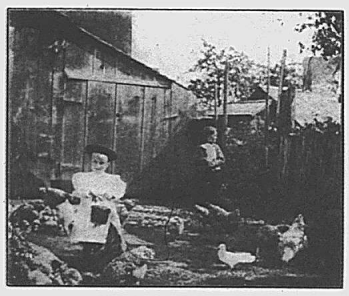
"What a dear, cunning little school-girl you are," she says. "Your father ought to send you back to graduate all over again. Imagine Aunt Angeline, if you presented yourself like this. She'd look you over through those glasses on a stick and say: 'Marriage! Tut, tut, child! Get thee to a nursery.'"

Mura joins in the laugh and they go out together.

It is easy for her to forget the years between her and her cousin as they tramp over the snowy ground, dragging the heavy sled behind them.

How the air tingles! How her spirits rise as she joins the merry throng on the hill!

"My friend, Miss Dolly Brown," says Lottie, with a giggle, to this one and that.



FEEDING THE CHICKENS.

All the village boys and girls are out and not a few older ones watching the fun.

The hill slopes superbly to a wide, white plain, and down the track the weighted sleds dash, while youthful voices ring out on the frosty air.

Mura, for all her disguise, feels out of place. She wished she had worn her own garments and joined the spectators.

But as she stands there a sudden temptation comes over her to join the coasters.

Lottie has gone down on a big double runner, and Mura stands there alone, a little one side, holding the rope of their sled.

Suddenly a tall youth, muffled in worsted scarf and fur cap stands beside her.

"Let me take you down, won't you?" he asks.

Something in his voice makes Mura look up quickly.

His eyes are black and shining above the folds of his muffler, but those and the tip of his nose are all that she can see of his face.

"I know who you are, Dolly Brown," he says, "I know your friend Lottie and lots of the little girls around."

Little girls!

Mura laughs quietly. But what can she expect in her short dress, especially when the top of her cap only reaches to his shoulder.

"You look lonely out here," he goes on. "Let me take you down. I'd like to first-rate."

"Pshaw! He's only a big country boy," reflected Mura, and she gives him the rope of her sled.

The youth sits close behind her, and as they fly over the icy track Mura shrinks timidly. "You're all right, trust me," he says, and an arm is placed protectingly around her. She draws away and then submits with a little nervous laugh.

Somehow the pressure of that arm, the contact of his broad shoulders send a strange sensation through her veins; she finds herself blushing in the darkness.

Down the long hill they skim and out upon the white plain.

Closer he holds her, and the pressure around her slender waist thrills the young girl through and through.

She looks back once and meets the smiling glances of those bright black eyes.

Her pretty profile is very clear in the silvery moonlight, and her companion reflects that if she were a few years older his position would be an enviable one.

"Awfully pretty little girl."

When the sled stops in its swift flight Mura springs suddenly from that embarrassing embrace.

"Thank you, very much," she says.

"And thank you, Dolly Brown," he answers. "That's the first good coast I've had for years. Shall we try another?"

The STAR LIFE

Assurance Society of London, England

SECURITY—SAFETY—RELIABILITY.
Total Funds on Hand at End of 1896—$19,830,408.58.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING:

The Star Company has the largest excess of Assets over Liabilities of any company, be it Canadian or American, doing business in Canada; therefore, it is one of the safest and most reliable for you to insure in.

No business man should be without a Life or Endowment Policy, as no business is beyond risk. Insure in the Star as the safest company.

Its Invested Assets last December were $19,830,408.58.

Profits are compounded every five years, making a Star policy better than a bank account.

The Star Company insures women, as well as men, without any restrictions whatever, and also issues policies on joint lives.

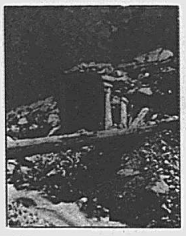
Insure in the Star and put your family beyond danger of reverse. No better Christmas or New Year gift could be thought of than a Star Life Endowment or Whole-Life Policy.

SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE STAR COMPANY

It is older than the oldest Canadian Company.
Its formation expenses were paid long ago.
Its assets are valued on an extremely low and therefore exceedingly safe basis.
It avoids investing its policy-holders' premiums in expensive buildings to accommodate its officials
Ninety per cent. of the profits is divided amongst the policy-holders.
It is an old-fashioned, honest, strong British Company, having only two ways of insuring: Life and Endowment.
It has no Tontine, semi-tontine, or other untried, catchy, complex or complicated plans, which neither the assurer nor insured can understand (and especially the insured when settlement is demanded.

Agents for Ontario, Campbell & Campbell, McKinnon Building, Toronto
Local Agents wanted in Towns and Townships.
Books Audited, Money Invested. Estates Managed. Money to loan.
Paul Campbell, Assignee and Liquidator.
CAMPBELL & CAMPBELL, Accountants, &c., McKinnon Building, Toronto.
Paul Campbell, Assignee. Wm. Campbell, Accountant. Telephone No. 50.

A Permanent Paying Investment.



Is offered to stockholders of this company. Gold is not subjected to financial panics and political manipulation. It is the mainspring of the world, and when operations are conducted by an able, careful and economically managed Development Company, becomes the most advantageous and profitable investment to be found in the land.

Development Companies have paid from 50 per cent. to 600 per cent. This company has paid on the basis of 45 per cent. per annum. A general brokerage business transacted. Agents in all principal cities. Bankers—Imperial Bank of Canada.

For prospectuses, statements and information address the

The Rossland

GOLD MINING, DEVELOPMENT AND INVESTMENT COMPANY,

16 . . .
Melinda Street,
TORONTO

J. F. ELLIS, President.
HON. WM. PUGSLEY, Q.C., 1st Vice-President.
G. A. FARINI, 2nd Vice-President.
FREDERICK ROPER, Secretary-Treasurer.
H. S. NEVILLE, Solicitor.

Wind Mills

The Canadian Steel
AIR MOTOR
is now in use from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as well as in Europe and Australia.
Sold on its merits.
Our specialties: Steel Towers, Pumps, Grinders, Tanks, etc.

ONT. WIND ENGINE & PUMP CO., Limited.
New premises, Liberty St., Toronto.

MOULTON COLLEGE

For young women, is an academic department of McMaster University. Though it prepares young women for the departmental examinations and for matriculation into any University in Canada, it is much more than a preparatory school. Besides the matriculation course, there is a classical course, a modern language course, and an English scientific course, in any of which an excellent literary training may be obtained. Courses are also arranged in music and art, which can be pursued in connection with any of the College courses. The instruction in all departments is given by thoroughly trained teachers of recognized ability.

Send for calendar to
ADELAIDE L. DICKLOW,
34 Bloor street east, Toronto.

H. S. HOWLAND SONS & CO.

GENERAL HARDWARE MERCHANTS, Wholesale

37 Front Street West, Toronto

"Graham" Wire and Cut Nails



Blackley, O'Malley & Co.

Wholesale Millinery

1831 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE NATIONAL Electrotype & Stereotype Co.

(Limited),

12 and 14 Adelaide St. West TORONTO

If you have any Electrotyping to do write us for prices.
First-class work guaranteed.
Estimates given.



NORDHEIMER PIANOS

Are Beautiful in Tone.
Perfect in Construction.
Unique in Design.
Inspection Invited.

A. & S. NORDHEIMER,
15 King Street East,
Sole Agents for the World-Renowned

STEINWAY PIANOS

Charles H. Riches & Co.

(Successors to Donald C. Ridout & Co.)

Registered Patent Attorney,
Solicitors of Canadian and Foreign Patents, and
Counsellors and Experts in Patent Causes.

CANADA LIFE BUILDING, TORONTO.

Book on Patents and Trade Marks Free on application.

THE M. DOYLE FISH CO.



OF TORONTO, LIMITED.

Wholesale Dealers in all kinds of Fresh and Salt Water Fish,

COR. OF WEST MARKET ST. AND ESPLANADE **Toronto.**

The Reid Bros.

MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

Manufacturers of



BENT RIM PULLEYS.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

106 Adelaide Street West, Toronto

MAS PRESENTS NEW YEAR
PRESENTS
In Fine Jewellery,
DIAMONDS
Cut Glass and Sterling Silverware,
NOVELTIES
of all Kinds Cheapest at
SCHEUER'S
90 YONGE STREET.
PRESENTS
BIRTH DAY PRESENTS WEDDING

Winsor & Woodley



Carpenters and Builders, 117 to 121 Peter Street, Toronto. 'Phone 2216.

Large stock of building material always on hand. Jobbing promptly attended to. Office fixtures a specialty. Estimates furnished.

RIDE NO OTHER.

Stearns

Features for 1898.

Full Flush Joints.
Internal Handle-Bar and Seat-Post Fastenings.
New Self-Oiling Crank-Hanger Group.
No Bolts or Nuts.
Easy Adjustments Everywhere.

The most attractive line this well-known firm has ever offered. Write now for discounts.

E. C. STEARNS & CO., **Bicycle Makers, TORONTO, Canada.**
Syracuse, N.Y. Buffalo, N.Y. San Francisco, Cal.

RIDE NO OTHER.

Royal Military College of Canada.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES.

THE ANNUAL EXAMINATION for Cadetship in the Royal Military College will take place at the Headquarters of the Several Military Districts in which candidates reside, in June of each year. Evidence satisfactory to the Headquarters' Board of Examiners of Matriculation in the Faculty of Arts, within the previous 12 months, will be accepted in lieu of passing the obligatory examination. Such matriculants will rank, for admission to the College, in alphabetical order after those who pass the obligatory examination.

In addition to the facilities the College offers for an education in Military Subjects, the course of instruction is such as to afford a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all departments which are essential to a high and general modern education.

The Civil Engineering Course is complete and thorough in all branches. Architecture forms a separate subject.

The Course of Physics and Chemistry is such as to lead towards Electrical Engineering, Meteorological Service, and other departments of applied science.

The Obligatory Course of Surveying includes what is laid down as necessary for the profession of Dominion Land Surveyor. The Voluntary Course comprises the higher subjects required for the Degree of Dominion Topographical Surveyor. Hydrographic Surveying is also taught.

Length of Course, three years.

Five Commissions in the Imperial Regular Army are at present awarded annually.

Board and instruction, $100 for each term, consisting of ten months' residence.

For further information apply to the Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General at Headquarters, Ottawa, before 1st June.

Department of Militia and Defence, October, 1897.



MEMORIAL & DOMESTIC STAINED + GLASS

N. T. LYON

141-3 CHURCH ST. TORONTO.

ALSO PRISMATIC GLASS.

Dr. Jim

The best **Five-Cent Cigar** ever made in Canada. Equal to a ten-cent brand. Sold by all tobacconists. Trade supplied by jobbers. If you cannot get it from your dealer send 50 cents in stamps for a sample box of ten to the makers.

CANADIAN CIGAR COMPANY, Toronto.

The Constant Use of

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

will keep you in good health.

60 cts. a bottle. All Druggists.

THE J. C. McLAREN BELTING CO.

TORONTO MONTREAL

You Can Depend upon getting the best results in your cooking if you always use

Greig's Crown Flavoring Extracts.

Every flavor is of unvarying excellence, purity and strength, and is possessed of a rich delicacy that ordinary extracts usually lack. The **Crown** flavors go farther and please better than any others.

SOLD BY BEST GROCERS. ROBERT CREIC & CO., Montreal.

Merchants' Bank OF CANADA.

Capital Paid up $6,000,000
Rest 3,000,000

HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL.

Board of Directors—Andrew Allan, Esq., President; Hector Mackenzie, Esq., Vice-President; Jonathan Hodgson, Esq., John Cassils, Esq., H. Montagu Allan, Esq., James P. Dawes, Esq., T. H. Dunn, Esq., Robert Mackay, Esq., Thomas Long, Esq.
George Hague, General Manager.
Thos. Fyshe, Joint General Manager.
E. F. Hebden, Supt. of Branches.

A general banking business transacted. Letters of Credit issued, available in China, Japan and other foreign countries.



ONE OF OUR LARGE CANOES.

Peterborough Canoe

COMPANY, Limited,
PETERBOROUGH, CANADA.

Get our Catalogue and Discounts



The VOICE.

W. Elliott Haslam

Gives instruction in
TONE-PRODUCTION, CULTIVATION, STYLE and REPERTOIRE for
ORATORIO, OPERA, CONCERT.

Special course for artists and teachers. Studio—MESSRS. NORDHEIMER, King Street East, Toronto.

Globe Head Office: Toronto.

Savings & Loan Co.

Money to loan on improved real estate on easy terms.
No fees, no fines, no commissions. Solicitors' charges less than in other companies.
Agencies in nearly all important points in Canada.

JOHN FLETT, ESQ., President.
E. F. B. JOHNSTON, Q.C., Vice-President.
E. W. DAY, Managing Director.

HALF-YEARLY DIVIDENDS AT 6

Per annum are being paid on the Permanent stock of

THE EQUITABLE SAVINGS, LOAN & BUILDING ASSOCIATION.

Funds loaned only on first mortgages, improved property. A recent investigation showed that the association holds $2.30 security for each $1 loaned. The above stock will only be sold while the present demand for good loans continues. For full particulars address THE EQUITABLE SAVINGS, LOAN & BUILDING ASSOCIATION, 24 Toronto St., Toronto.

THE HOME SAVINGS & LOAN CO.

(LIMITED.)

No. 78 Church Street, Toronto. Capital $2,000,000.

HON. SIR FRANK SMITH, President.
EUGENE O'KEEFE, Vice-President.
JAMES MASON, Manager.

Deposits received, small and large sums. Interest allowed at best current rates.

Loans on mortgage, large and small amounts; convenient terms; no valuation fee charged. Loans made on security of bank and other stocks.

St. Margaret's College, TORONTO

A boarding and day school for girls. Staff of 25 instructors. Modern school equipment. An Academic Department doing the work of a Collegiate Institute. A Preparatory Department doing the work of the Model School. A Kindergarten Department. An Art Department. A Musical Department qualified to do the work required for Musical Degrees.

Board of Management—Rev. G. M. Milligan, D.D., President; J. K. Macdonald, Esq., Vice-President; Rev. Louis Jordan, B.D., George Dickson, M.A. For further information apply to MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, Lady Principal St. Margaret's College, corner Bloor and Spadina, Toronto.

A Joyous Christmas

To all readers of The Globe. Here's what we're doing toward making it a happy time for everyone in Canada.

Special Xmas Cake with Almond Icing 25 cents a lb. to any address.

Chocolates and Bon-bons (any color), sent postpaid for 50 cents a lb. box.

GEORGE COLES,

Caterer and Confectioner,
719 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.



In Affiliation with University of Toronto.

Toronto College of Music

(Limited)

HIGHEST MUSICAL STANDING in Canada

Send for New Prospectus Free.
F. H. Torrington, Musical Director.
Geo. Gooderham, President.

THREE DOCTORS SAID THERE WAS NO HOPE.

Psychine & Slocum's Emulsion Cured.

Upper Sackville, N.B., Sept. 16, 1897.

Three years ago last April two of our best doctors said I HAD CONSUMPTION and that I could not live long. Our local doctor also said I would never get better and that medicine would do me no good. However, I HAVE GOT QUITE STRONG AFTER USING your medicine, PSYCHINE and SLOCUM'S EMULSION, and have got others to use it with good effect.

MRS. CHASE FAWCETT.

Persons in Canada seeing Slocum's advertisement in American papers will please send their communications to Toronto.

CONSUMPTION

—And all Throat and Lung Troubles CURED.

Already Slocum's Scientific System of Medicine has permanently cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases by its timely use. Indeed so strong is our faith in its efficacy that we will send three free bottles (all different) of his newly-discovered remedies to any afflicted reader of The Globe Christmas number who has Consumption or any Throat or Lung Trouble who will write for them.

Simply write to the Canadian Laboratory, The T. A. Slocum Chemical Co., Limited, 186 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

It is Woman's Duty to be Beautiful

Use Rose Bloom FOR THE Complexion

The Index of Human Beauty is the Face. Prepared by **VERE DE VERE TOILET & SPECIFIC COMPANY, 63 Bellevue Place, Toronto, Ont.** Endorsed by eminent Dermatologists. Sold by leading druggists. Price, 50 cents. By mail, 60 cents.

MacWillie's 'Phones 309 & 326. Yonge and Richmond Streets.

Christmas Cheer

At MacWillie's means the best that your money can buy.
MacWillie's prices begin where quality starts in the goods.
MacWillie's sell groceries at their freshest.

THE MacWILLIE COMPANY, LIMITED.

PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

Established 1874.
E. W. SCOTT, President.

Active Agents Wanted.

Apply to **R. H. MATSON,** GENERAL MANAGER FOR CANADA, **37 Yonge Street, Toronto.**

"Oh, no," says Mura quickly. "I'm going home. Good night."

With a bow that would have graced a courtier, he lets her go and mingles with the crowd again.

Somehow a low, mellow voice and a pair of black eyes are mingled in Mura's thoughts to-night; but on the morrow the incident is forgotten, and a very stylish, dignified young lady appears before Mrs. Antoinette Ledwith in the latter's white-and gold drawing-room.



BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.

The ambitious matron looks smilingly at her niece; decidedly she approves her.

That lithe, graceful form, those peach tints, those dreamy, sapphire eyes and wealth of golden tresses make up uncommon beauty.

"How well they will look together," she reflects, her mind upon her favorite—young Howland Bennett.

In order to lose no time the lady has invited the banker's son to dinner, and when Mura descends the stairs this evening, in a dark blue silky gown, she gives a cold greeting to a dark, handsome young man, whose appearance makes an impression upon her girlish heart despite her determination to hate him.

When young Bennett takes his departure, Mura has promised to go sleighing with him the following day.

The snow lies thick and hard on the streets, but the season of sleighing will be short, as it always is in the city. Bennett makes his appearance in a fashionable little cutter behind two jetty horses, and more than one turned to look at the handsome young couple as they skim along.

Mura's cheeks are rosy and her eyes sparkle! The young man is surely an agreeable companion, after all.

"I have enjoyed this ride so much," she says, as they glide along a quiet avenue of the park on their homeward way.

It is twilight, and the grey shadows are fast gathering round them.

Bennett looks steadily at his companion's profile.

"Was there any snow where you came from?" he asks.

"Not at home. You know I live farther south," she answers. "But I stopped night before last with an aunt in Pelham. The snow was fine there; everybody was out coasting, as my cousin Lottie said."

"You, too?"

"Imagine me coasting!" she says evasively.

There is a twinkle in Bennett's eyes which she does not see.

Just then the sleigh gives a lurch, and to Mura's horrified surprise her companion's arm clasps her waist.

"Don't!" she says.

"Oh!" he returns coolly. "I was imagining you coasting. Don't you need to be held on, little Dolly Brown?"

That mellow, assuring voice! Mura faces him suddenly.

He has turned the collar of his coat up against the lower part of his face, and two shining black eyes peer out above the edge.

"Oh, oh!" cries Mura. "It is you!"

Then she blushes rosy red and draws away.

"You were glad to be held night before last," he laughs. "I thought I recognized you at once; yet what a change."



"You, too," retorts Mura.

"Yes; I was stopping with my uncle, Judge Bennett, of Pelham. The beauty of the night tempted me out to the hill, where I have had great fun in my younger days. I thought I'd try being a boy again. In my rough jacket and muffler I suppose I looked more like a big country boy than a city gentleman, didn't I?"

"Well, if I'd known!" explains Mura.

"And if I'd known who I was holding on that sled. I can't see that formality is of any use now. Mrs. Ledwith might as well know that the mischief's done."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, she wanted me to fall in love with you, and I've done it," says Bennett.

"What nonsense," murmurs the young girl.

"Not at all. Didn't I get my instructions from your aunt? After a decorous courtship I was expected to propose. By jove! I don't see any reason for delay. I'm head over heels in love already. Will you have me, Mura?"

Mura looks at him in alarm. The dark, handsome face is very serious, and in his eyes there is an intense admiration that makes her own eyes droop.

"I mean it, Mura," he continues. "I've heard all about you, as you've doubtless heard of me. Do say you'll have me, and if you change your mind later it will be all right."

Mura's laugh rings out gaily.

"I mean I won't hold you against your will, but I don't fear to lose you, little sweetheart."

His arm steals around her again, and this time Mura does not protest.

She knows now why that embrace while coasting down hill thrilled her so strangely; it was the embrace of her own true lover.

Mrs. Ledwith heard the news with mingled consternation and pleasure.

"I—I don't know what to say, it's so sudden," she says at last. "Of course, I think you're just suited to each other, but I scarcely expected—well, you have my consent, and now I'll write to your father, Mura."

And these are the first lines penned to her distant brother:—

"My dear Rupert:—I am going to write you about the quickest courtship on record."

The rest we know.—E. R. P.



AUTUMN DAYS ARE OFT THE SPRINGTIME OF LOVE.

HOW MANY CLAWS HAS A CAT?

"How many feet has a cat?" asks the Little Schoolma'am. "Four." "Quite right. And how many claws has a cat?" "Why, four times five, of course," says the lightning-calculator boy of the Red Schoolhouse. "Has she?" exclaimed the Deacon in surprise—

"WHO HAS COUNTED THEM?

"How many claws has our old cat?"
Asked Eddie. "Who can tell me that?"

"Oh, that," said Harry, "every one knows:
As many as you have fingers and toes."

"Yeth," lisped Ethel, "shee'th justht got twenty;
Five on each foot, and I think it-th plenty."

"Yes," said Bertie, "just five times four;
That makes twenty—no less nor more."

"Wrong," said Eddie; "that's easy seen;
Catch her and count 'em—she has eighteen!

"Cats on each of their two hind paws
Have only four, and not five, claws."

P. T.

It has been observed that they who most loudly clamor for liberty do not most liberally grant it.—Sam Johnson.



THE CHRISTMAS SONG.

It is the Christmas time:
And up and down 'twixt heaven and earth,
In the glorious grief and solemn mirth,
The shining angels climb.—D. M. Mulock.

[COPYRIGHT.]

Christmas at the Haven.

By MICHAEL BARRY,
Author of "Bessie's Lover," "Mrs. Langdon's Folly," "A False Move," &c.

I.—THE HAVEN.



OUTSIDE the wind was howling with tempestuous fury, sweeping in keen, wintry blasts over the desolate stretches of marshland and bleak, sandy deserts of the East Anglian coast. But inside—that is, in the cosy and cheerful parlor of The Haven—Tom Gurling's snug little house in the village of Reedthorp, as bright and comfortable a picture of happy home life was presented to-night as anybody could desire to look upon.



BETWEEN THE YEARS.

In a very commodious easy-chair on the right side of the hearth sat Mrs. Gurling, buxom, fresh and ruddy, her pleasant face, once the prettiest in Reedthorp, showing but few traces of the rough hand of age.

On the opposite side of the fireplace, with his familiar "churchwarden" in his mouth and a glass of steaming grog at his elbow, sat her husband, Tom Gurling, formerly skipper and now part-owner of that well-known and somewhat venerable coasting schooner, the Bessie.

Seated between the two was their only child, Tom, or Young Tom, as he was invariably styled in the village, a smart and strapping-looking man of three-and-twenty, with a bright and cheerful expression of face, frank and fearless blue eyes, and a bushy crop of brown curly hair.

To omit mention of faithful Bounce, the rough-haired terrier, and Tibs, sleekest and gentlest of the cat tribe, would be obviously inexcusable, seeing that they both occupied such a very warm corner in the hearts of the Gurling family, whose eyes were fixed upon them as they nestled side by side on the hearthrug in drowsy enjoyment of their warm and cosy quarters. "Well, Tom, this time to-morrow you'll be clearin' the docks, I reckon. It strikes me you'll get a rare dustin' afore you're many hours at sea if it keeps blowin' like this—eh, my lad?" said the captain, exchanging a sympathetic nod with his wife, who looked depressed at the prospect of Tom's departure for Colorado to-morrow, where he was going in search of fame and fortune.

"You'll write us a long letter the moment you arrive at the end of your journey, boy?" said his mother.

"Yes, mother, I'll write as often as I can, and mind you send me a nice long letter in return, not forgetting to tell me all about Bounce and Tibs and Crumbs," he replied cheerily.

Crumbs was a canary of advanced years, who was nodding on his perch just now in a roomy cage in a sheltered corner of the front window.

"I must go out for a moment and say a few words to one of our neighbors," added Tom after a moment's pause, as he rose to his feet and moved to the door.

"I think I know the name of that there party," said the captain with a sly wink. "Well, Tom, mind her father doesn't see you, for you know what he is?"

Tom laughed and nodded, and in another moment was walking along the dark country road towards Reedthorp House, the residence of the rich and miserly Mr. Austin, which was only a few hundred yards from The Haven.

Mary Austin, closely wrapped in a heavy cloak, was waiting for him outside the gates of her dark and gloomy home.

The lovers kissed one another affectionately, Tom saying as he pressed Mary to his heart: "How good it is of you, darling, to give me this parting interview! I thought you might not be able to get out to-night."

"I can only stay a few minutes, Tom; just time enough to wish you good luck, darling, and ask you to send me a letter as often as you can, under cover to your parents."

"They wouldn't consent to that, Mary. You know how touchy they are on the subject of your father's attitude towards our engagement, and nothing could persuade them to give in on that point. No, my love, we must bear our separation in silence, and when I am in a position to ask you to join me, then we need no longer fear the taunts and sneers or anger of your father."

"Oh, you must come and fetch me, Tom, not write for me." After a painful pause, she added in faltering accents: "What a weary time to look forward to, Tom! I haven't the courage to—to——"

He pressed her again and again to his heart, Mary sobbing convulsively as she clung to him with passionate tenderness.

"You will keep an eye on the old people while I am away, Mary?" he said, looking at her with sorrowful intentness.

"That shall be my chief care during your absence, Tom. They are as dear to me as they are to you, remember."

Another farewell kiss, another lingering embrace, and then Mary tore herself from the arms of her lover, and with bent head and faltering step retreated into her dark and dismal home.

Early on the following morning, young Tom Gurling left Reedthorp, bound for the great sheep-farming camps of North America.

II.—WRECKED.

A loving and devoted couple, the captain and Mrs. Gurling continued to reside in their pretty home in Reedthorp in perfect peace and contentment.

They occasionally received a letter from Tom, hopeful in tone, but revealing the disappointments which invariably attend young and inexperienced settlers in regions so wild and remote as the dreary prairies of North America. He was camping out some hundreds of miles from Denver, in a lonely and dangerous district, where he was engaged at the foot of the Rocky Mountains in mining explorations, having found that there was a better opening for his energies in that direction than in sheep-farming.



SOME DAY I'LL BE THERE.

Meanwhile, as Mrs. Gurling insisted upon regarding Mary Austin as being in a great measure responsible for Tom's wild and reckless conduct in leaving England—for she had never approved of that step—and as she made no secret of her opinion upon the subject, Mary had found it necessary to cease visiting The Haven. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Gurling was prejudiced against the girl on account of the sinister reputation of her father, and under any circumstances would have found it difficult to be civil to Tom's sweetheart.



CASANOVA.

Such was the position of affairs at Reedthorp on the date at which our narrative has now arrived, namely, the 25th of March, some fifteen months since Tom's departure from The Haven.

It was a dry but windy night, a strong north-

erly blast whistling shrilly over the lonely fens and marshes which border this portion of the East Anglian coast.

Old Tom—as the captain was affectionately styled in the village—was presiding to-night over the weekly meeting of the "Cronies' Club," which was always held in the snug parlor of the Wherry, a cosy old-fashioned inn standing on the beach road, facing the bleak and desolate marshes of Reedthorp.

The jovial proceedings invariably finished up with Old Tom's favorite "shanty," in which the Cronies—most of whom were seafaring men—joined with professional gusto and cordiality.

With his long pipe in his hand and his glass of hot rum at his elbow, the old skipper sang the "shanty" with hoarse and breezy energy.

"Oh! Santa Anna gained the day.
Hurrah! Santa Anna;
He gained the day, I've heard them say,
All on the plains of Mexico."

With a genial roar his friends then joined in the chorus:

"Then pull together cheerily, men,
Gainst wind and weather cheerily, men,
For one another cheerily, men O!
Cheerily, men O! cheerily, men!"

The verses having been repeated several times, the Cronies heartily bade each other good-night and dispersed to their several homes.

Before entering The Haven, the captain always peeped through an opening in the blinds of the parlor, just to see that the wife was perfectly happy and comfortable, enjoying their snug and cosy little home, of which they were both so proud, and to which they were both so deeply attached.

Yes, Bessie was in her easy-chair before a bright fire, quietly reading her Bible before retiring for the night. "God bless her!" muttered the captain; "and God be thanked for all His mercies," he added as he tapped lightly at the door to announce his return.

"Why, Tom, who do you think has been here to-night?" she said, as the captain kissed her in the hall.

"Mary?" he suggested, hoping that Tom's sweetheart might have paid them a visit.

"No—but her father, that grasping, hard-hearted old wretch." After a moment's pause she added: "What on earth can he want you for, Tom? He wouldn't tell me his business—like the sly fox that he is!"

Tom shook his head gravely, saying: "I'll just run round an' see what's the matter. I don't like to seem uncivil to the man," and, with a strange and startled expression in his eyes, he left the house in a hurried and agitated manner.

When he returned, his face blanched and haggard and tears trickling down his furrowed cheeks, Bessie cried out: "Good God! my man, what's the matter?"



A STUDY.



RUSTIC SIMPLICITY.

And then, in a voice broken with emotion, he confessed the truth to her.

Relying upon being able to repay the money, he had borrowed a sum of £150 of Austin, partly to help an old friend and partly to give Tom a fair start in life. He had got behind with his payments; Austin sternly refused to show him any indulgence, and there was nothing for it but to surrender everything to his merciless creditor, who insisted upon their giving up possession of The Haven within twenty-four hours.

The remainder of the night was spent by the devoted couple in poignant anguish and distress, both feeling that they were in the shadow of humiliations which were to them as abhorrent as the thought of death itself.

On the following afternoon Tom confided his trouble to the landlord of the Wherry, who generously offered to do whatever he could to help him, but the only favor the old skipper would accept at his hands was the offer of a home for his three pets, Bounce and Tibs and Crumbs; and later on in the day, Dan Chubbery fetched them from The Haven.

Who can tell the sufferings of Bessie Gurling that evening as she parted from all her household treasures, every one of which had seemed as a living thing to her? Sob after sob broke from her as she went from room to room in her dear little home for the last time, bidding farewell to the habitation in which they had spent so many years of love and peace and contentment.

Then she joined Tom, who had been waiting for her at the gate, and under shelter of the darkness the two walked out of the village unobserved towards the high road, homeless and penniless in the winter of their years.

III.—CHRISTMAS EVE.

Three days after Tom Gurling and his wife had left the village, Mary Austin, who knew little or nothing of her father's money-lending operations, was surprised to see the following notice in the parlor window of The Haven: "This House to be Let, Furnished or Unfurnished. Apply to Mr. S. Austin, Reedthorp House."

That was the first intimation Mary had received of the disaster which had befallen Tom's parent's, and she returned home at once and spoke to her father upon the subject.

"Attend to your household duties, Mary, and don't meddle with my affairs," he replied in a tone of quiet determination, a tone with which Mary was but too familiar.

"I suppose Captain Gurling borrowed money of you, couldn't keep up his payments, and so you turned him out of his house?"

"There was no occasion to turn him out, Mary."

She looked at him for an instant, her brown eyes, usually so full of tenderness and amiability, assuming an expression of scorn and resentment as she fixed them steadily on his hard and impassive face.

"I now understand," she resumed in a tone of bitter indignation, "why the people of the village have been so strange in manner towards me during the last few days. Everybody liked the captain—loved him, I might say—and poor Mrs. Gurling, too, who may well regard me as the author of all her misery."

"Don't you mind what the beggarly crew say or think, Mary. We can afford to dispense with their love and their sympathy and the rest of their rubbishy sentiment."

"You may think so, but I do not."

"Pooh! What can love and sympathy do for Tom Gurling? Nothing!"

"Recollect, they are not forsaken yet, father, and love and sympathy may yet prove stronger than greed and selfishness."

On the following day she avoided meeting her father as much as possible, and when he suggested in the afternoon that she should accompany him to The Haven to have a look over the house, she indignantly rejected the proposal.

So Sam Austin went alone; took a careful inventory of everything, and chuckled to himself with grim satisfaction as he examined the captain's old silver tankard and his pipes and the other treasures of the genial and jovial old sailor, all of which were in the homely parlor of the dark and deserted little house.

Two days afterwards, much to his amazement, Mary failed to make her appearance in the morning, and on going to her room he found it empty.

The truth instantly flashed upon his mind.

She had left him, proud and stupid girl that she was, on account of the Gurling business; deserted her home in a fit of foolish indignation because he would not allow Tom Gurling to impose upon him. What folly! What ingratitude!

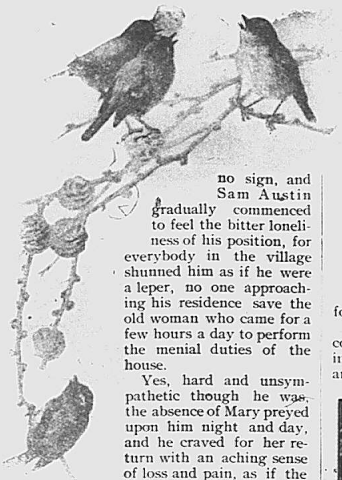
But she would soon sicken of her sentimental tactics, and come back again, a repentant and humiliated girl.



MY PET.

The world would soon teach her the truth of the lesson which he had systematically endeavored to impress upon her mind—that money—not love and sympathy—is the supreme source of happiness and contentment in life.

But weeks passed away and still Mary made



no sign, and Sam Austin gradually commenced to feel the bitter loneliness of his position, for everybody in the village shunned him as if he were a leper, no one approaching his residence save the old woman who came for a few hours a day to perform the menial duties of the house.

Yes, hard and unsympathetic though he was, the absence of Mary preyed upon him night and day, and he craved for her return with an aching sense of loss and pain, as if the sternly repressed impulses of affection were struggling to break through the barriers of greed and selfishness which had imprisoned them for so many years.

Yes, the people of Reedthorp shunned him, but with one exception—that of Dan Chubbery, the genial landlord of the Wherry.

Strange to relate, Dan commenced to visit Reedthorp House just two months after Mary's mysterious flight, calling regularly once or twice a month afterwards.

But no one knew the object of these visits, Dan resolutely refusing to give any information, even to his wife, upon the subject.

And thus the summer and autumn passed away, and the cold and bitter winds of winter again piped shrilly over the desolate fens and marshes of Reedthorp.

* * * * * * * *

It was Christmas Eve, a bitterly cold night too, the snow falling thick and fast, enveloping the little village in its white and fleecy folds.

Dan Chubbery had just opened the door of the Wherry to have a peep at the wintry scene, when a tall figure darted towards him, exclaiming: "Don't you remember me, Dan?"

In another instant, the innkeeper was shaking hands heartily with Young Tom Gurling.

"I can't go inside, Dan. I want to find my poor father and mother at once. I only received the dreadful news a few months ago, and—but——"

"Cheer up, Tom, my boy! You go to The Haven at once—go there, I say. God bless you, Tom!"

In less than five minutes Tom was outside the window of his old home, looking with brightening eyes at the cheery scene inside.

There sat father and mother in their easy-chairs before a bright fire, with Mary between them, looking sweeter and prettier than ever. And Bounce and Tibs and Crumbs—all—all were there too in their accustomed places.

In another instant he was in his mother's arms, and in a few words she told him how Mary had toiled and slaved for them, and how she had sold her jewellery, too, and had thus managed to repay the money due to her father, though without letting him know from whom it had come.

And as Tom pressed his darling to his heart, he whispered in broken accents: "Mary, how can I ever be worthy of such love and devotion?"

Inexpressibly happy and thankful, the four had just seated themselves before the cheerful fire, when Mary started to her feet and pointed to the window.

There, outside in the driving snow, was her father, pale and haggard, looking at them with weary, sorrow-laden eyes.

And Mary opened the door, led him gently inside, and pointing to the happy circle round the fire said with a smile of tender triumph: "See, father, what love and sympathy can do!"

"Forgive me, child, forgive me!" he sobbed out, and then, turning to the others with outstretched hands, added pleadingly: "Forgive me, all!"

And as they gathered round him with friendly greetings the village bells rang out the glorious message of "Peace on earth and good will to men."

[THE END.]

HARDIHOOD.

Who liveth by the rugged pine
Foundeth an heroic line.
—Emerson.

THE REASON WHY.

A zealous Congregationalist once told me the following, which she greatly enjoyed:

During a visit among Baptist friends in the country she accepted the invitation of the superintendent to be present at the Sunday-school, and take a class of little ones just sent up from the infant department. The lesson introduced John, the disciple of our Lord. As older heads have often confounded him with that John who "came preaching in the wilderness," the teacher felt anxious to bring out his personality clearly. So she asked,

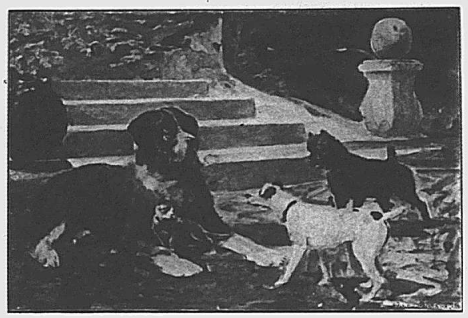
"By what names do you know this John?"

"John the Evangelist," "John the Revelator," "John the Beloved," answered the eager voices.

"Why was he called the Beloved?" continued she.

"Because Jesus loved him best."

"Why did He love him best?" persisted our friend. Imagine her discomfiture when a sweet voice lisped, "'Tos he was a Baptist!"



SAVED!

The Irish have a legend, and a very pretty legend it is, that when an infant smiles in its sleep the angels are hovering over it, and whispering to it. Some who know more about it think that the child is troubled with flatulence, though why a baby should laugh because it feels pain is not so plain to an old bachelor. But the poetry was all taken out of a young mother very suddenly by the old crone of a nurse. The mother saw her infant smiling in its sleep, and said,

"'Dear little one, the cherubs are singing to it!"

"Nonsense," said the nurse; "don't you know any better? It ain't the cherubs, it's the colic."

HIGH COMPANIONSHIP.

If thought unlock her mysteries,
If friendship on me smile,
I walk in marble galleries,
I talk with kings the while.
—Emerson.

Christmas Thoughts.

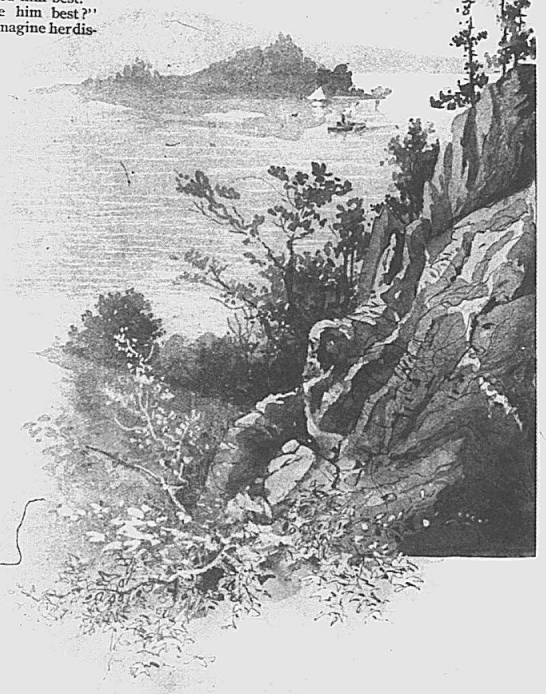
BY THE

VERY REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D.

(DEAN OF CANTERBURY).

WHEN we think of God we must do so alike in His Trinity and in His Unity, nor must we fall into the error of regarding Him exclusively under the separate aspect of a Single Person of the Undivided Godhead. Immutable, Immortal, Incomprehensible, Infinite, as God is in Himself, He has revealed Himself to us men, and for our salvation, in names of love and tenderness, as Father, Son and Holy Spirit, one God. The Scriptures set forth God in His separate revelations; and when they add that "God is Love" we see, in sunlike majesty, the Total Oneness of His inmost essence and character. He, therefore, that would be saved must thus think of the Trinity; for it is thus that the Eternal has taught us to think of Him.

We turn our thoughts first to God the Father, Who hath made us and all the world. Think only what an infinitude of error is corrected by the calm sublimity of that first verse of the Book of Genesis: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Only consider how, apart from this revelation, the world lay weltering in enormous complications of ignorance and darkness! Let us glance at them: first, that we may thank God for having granted to us the revelation of Himself; and next, that we may live up to this knowledge, since these errors, in which millions of mankind are yet entangled, still have their subtle anal-



ogy even in multitudes of human hearts, in which they lead to the same deplorable results of sinful and unbelieving lives. The vast majority of the human race have been Polytheists,

WORSHIPPERS OF MANY GODS;

and the evil of it was, not only that the gods of the heathen were but idols, but also that they were deifications of man's lowest passions; not only that they were gods of gold and jewels, but also gods of lust and blood. The gross fictions chanted in the streets about these deities by wandering rhapsodists corrupted the people from their cradles, and led to those frightful abominations which St. Paul scathes with heavenly lightning in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans. Less common in ancient, far more common in modern, days is the Atheism which says there is no God, and stultifies men into the absurdity of pretending to believe that all this fair and radiant creation—the blue sky, the green fields, the white snow, the infinite loveliness and balm of flowers, the crystal waters, the murmurs and lustre of the great sea, the dread magnificence of the mountains, the rainbow and the sunset clouds—all the beauty, and the wonder, and the power of the unintelligent creation, was due only to the

BLIND ACCIDENTS OF MECHANIC FORCES,

to the clash of fortuitous atoms, evolved simply by the dust of their grinding! Think what would be the misery of the human race if the world and life were but a chance chaos of meaningless illusion; if the soft azure over our heads were "an empty eye-socket"; if a man were but the sport and prey of passionless material forces, "blind as fate, inexorable as tyranny, merciless as death"—with no ear to hear, no heart to pity, and no arm to save. Then, besides the Polytheists, with their many gods, and the Atheists, with their no God, there were the Ditheists, with their two gods, Ormuzd and Ahriman, Osiris and Typhon—one wholly good, but comparatively powerless, because ever counterbalanced by the other, who is wholly evil. Dismallest of creeds, introducing war into heaven, and adoring devils for deities! True it is that good and evil, light and darkness, blessing and cursing, Gerizim and Ebal, life and death, are struggling elements in human existence; but to us God has revealed that if He be with us none can be against us; that evil is reduced to impotence by those that give it no part in, no sway over, themselves; to them who love God, and are the children of His love. Then, again, there were the Pantheists, who held that God is only the anima mundi, a diffused impersonal existence; that God is everything and everything is God. But an impersonal God would be to us as no God. We cannot worship a mere diffusive vitality. We cannot pour our confessions into the vague ear of a soul of the universe. We cannot make a friend and a Father of an impalpable entity. We only arrive at self-consciousness in outward forms. Once more, there were many who, like the ancient Epicureans, believed that there might indeed be one supreme God among the many gods, but that there was

NO SUPERINTENDING PROVIDENCE;

no care for man; no pity for man's sorrows; no forgiveness for his sins. But how could men care for gods who were supposed to care nothing, or less than nothing, for them? Gods to whom we and our sins and our misery are nothing could never be anything to us. All these errors, with their concomitant horrors of human sacrifice and consecrated lust; all these wretched fancies of the nations; Polytheism with its gods many; Pantheism with its impersonal god; Atheism with its no god; Ditheism with its two contending gods; Epicureanism with its indolent, selfish, faineant gods, are swept away for ever by the decisive majestic utterance, as of thunder and of music combined, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Nor did the revelation end there. On the contrary, to God's chosen people it was again and again revealed that—though this God hated sin, and requires obedience to the eternal laws which He delivered to us, not for His sake but for our own—yet that He is very nigh us, even in our hearts; a besetting God; a God from whom the curtains of the midnight cannot conceal us; a God Whose presence we cannot escape, even if we could take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea: yet that He is not cruel and wrathful, but the God, the Lord God merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and of great kindness, forgiving transgression, iniquity and sin. The one God revealed Himself as a loving Father; a



REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL—HENRY SANDHAM, PAINTER.

God Who so tenderly loves the sheep of His pasture and the creatures of His Hands that, though the mother may forget her sucking child and not have compassion on the son of her womb, He will neither leave us nor forsake us.

And this revelation, so supreme and so blessed, was supplemented by another: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word became flesh." Our iniquities tend to hide God from us, and then to make us go astray after strange gods; were it not for the advent of a Redeemer our whole race would have sunk into the condition of having no hope, and being without God in the world. But, lest we should altogether forget God, lest we should merely

TREMBLE IN ABJECT TERROR

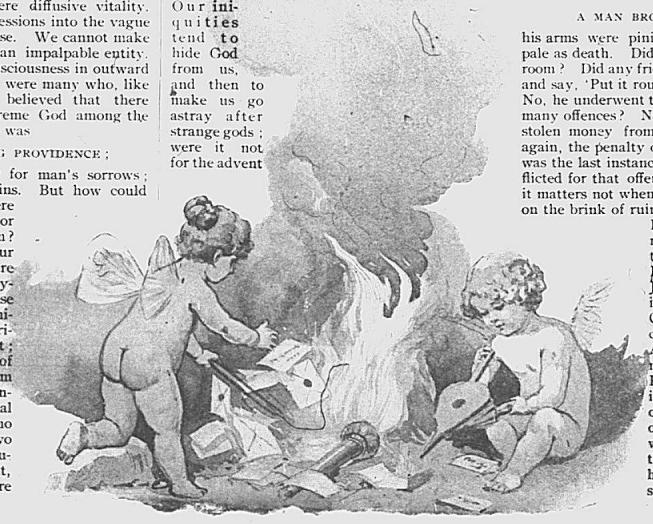
before Him, when the fullness of the time was come God sent forth His Son, to empty Himself of His glory and go down to the lowest step of the unspeakable descent. God became Man; human language can utter no truth more precious than this, nor more stupendous. God might seem distant, but God in Christ could not. We had fallen, and He redeemed us. We had sinned, and He forgave us.

"The Very God! Think, Abib! canst thou think!
So the All great were the All loving too;
So, through the thunder, comes a human voice,
Saying: 'O heart I made, a Heart beats here;
Face My Hands fashioned, see it in Myself;
Thou hast no strength, nor mayst conceive of Mine;
But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,
And thou must love Me, Who have died for thee.'"

We were lost, and He found us. We were prodigals, and He welcomed us. We were lepers, and He cleansed us. We were dead, and He raised us. We were ruined, and He restored our souls. We shall not merely sink at death into some tremendous sea of darkness, or be consumed in some dazzling blaze of majesty, but a Face like our own face shall receive us, Hands like our own hands fling open to us the gates of everlasting life. Think of it! God became human that man might become divine. God died that man might live. Oh, it is so easy to say this; but how difficult for the frail and polluted human mind to grasp the truth! Let me illustrate it in the words of a man of genius, one of the greatest scientific benefactors of this our century. "When I was a little boy at school," says this great physician, "I saw a sight I never can forget—a man tied to a cart, and dragged before the people's eyes through the streets of my native town, his back torn and bleeding from the lash. It was a shameful punishment. For many offences? No, for one offence. Did any of the townsmen offer to divide the lashes with him? No! He who committed the offence bore the penalty alone. It was the penalty of a changing human law, for it was the last instance of its infliction. When I was a student at the University I saw another sight which I can never forget—

A MAN BROUGHT OUT TO DIE;

his arms were pinioned, his face was already pale as death. Did any man ask to die in his room? Did any friend come and loose the rope, and say, 'Put it round my neck: I die instead?' No, he underwent the sentence of the law. For many offences? No, for one offence. He had stolen money from the stage-coach. It was, again, the penalty of a changing human law; it was the last instance of a capital punishment inflicted for that offence. I saw another sight; it matters not when—myself, a sinner, standing on the brink of ruin, deserving naught but hell. For one sin? No, for many, many sins, committed against the unchanging laws of God. But again I looked, and saw Jesus my Redeemer scourged in my stead and dying on the Cross for me. I looked, and cried, and was forgiven." And so we exclaim once more, in the noble words of Richard Hooker: "Yes! let it be counted folly, or frenzy, or fury, or whatsoever, it is our wisdom and our comfort; we care for no knowledge in the world but this: that man has sinned and God has suffered, that God has made



Himself the sin of men, and that men are made the righteousness of God." One mighty revelation—there is one God; a second mightier revelation—God came down to us in the likeness of sinful men; was a third even conceivable? Can there be anything nearer in the presence of God even than this? Yes, thanks to His mercy! But for Christ's gift of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, men would soon have begun to look on the life and death of the Lord Jesus as a far off event,

A DIM AND DISTANT PICTURE,

of which the vivid hues had faded; something merely historical; something which had ceased to affect the heart or touch the life, because it happened so far, far away, and so long, long ago; far off in that now lorn and miserable Syrian village, and long since in the dark backward and abysm of two thousand years ago. Besides which, it would have been too immense a boon and prerogative to one generation only if they had possessed the exclusive and infinite privilege of being with Jesus, of hearing and seeing, and their hands handling the Word of Life. But God is no respecter of persons. The gift of the living Christ was not intended only for the publican at Capernaum and the harlot of Magdala, the Pharisee at Jerusalem, and the fishermen of Bethsaida. God in Christ gave to all men, for all times thenceforth, if they would receive it, a still deeper and more inestimable boon, which made it even expedient for them that Jesus Christ should go away:—even the indwelling, abiding presence of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. That life of Christ on earth was a physical Presence: this indwelling of the Spirit in our hearts is a spiritual Presence. That was external contact, this is inward union; that was for a time, this is forever; that was God with us, this is God within us. In that He gave His own Son to die for us, in this He gives the last best gift, the gift of His very Self, as part of our spiritual being, to abide with us for ever and for evermore.

"Yes! one unquestioned truth we read,
All doubt beyond, all fear above;
Nor crackling pile, nor cursing creed,
Can burn or blot it—God is love!"

Old Mr. Russell was fairly caught in his own trap. He was better known as Major Ben Russell, and being met by his old friend Busby, he was familiarly saluted with a hearty shake of the hand and,

"How do you do, old Ben Russell?"

"Come, now," said Major Ben, "I'll not take that from you—not a bit of it: you are as old as I am this minute."

"Upon my word," says Mr. Busby, "you are my senior by at least ten years."

"Not at all, friend Busby; and, if you please, we will determine that question very soon—just tell me what is the first thing you can recollect?"

"Well, the very first thing I recollect," said Mr. Busby, "was hearing people say, 'There goes old Ben Russell!'"

Men are not supposed to know much about the fashions, unless they are professionally interested in them, but there are cases when their judgment may not be altogether impertinent.

A lady, meeting another, said to her:

"And how does your husband like your new dress?"

"I don't know yet."

"Why, hasn't he seen it?"

"Yes, but he hasn't seen the bill!"



A NEAT COSTUME.

UNSELFISH.

I ask not that for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside,
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified.—Phœbe Cary.

[COPYRIGHT.]

A Christmas Tree.

By S. BARING-GOULD,
Author of "Mehalah," "The Broom Squire," "In the Roar of the Sea," "Mrs. Curgenven," "The Queen of Love," &c.

TOM MOUNTSTEPHEN was dressed in his very best—a black coat, a tie of blue satin studded with veritable planets, and in it a new zodiacal sign—a fox in full career, that formed the head of a pin. Tom's collar was so stiffly starched and so high that to turn his head and look over the top of that Wall of China was impossible. If he desired to see that which lay to his right or left, he was compelled to turn his entire body, as on a pivot.



Tom was unaccustomed to such a "rig out," and therefore did not look happy in it. Tom in his workaday suit, of the color of the earth, with a string tied under his knees, gathering the trouser together, and with a dusty slouched wideawake stuck at the back of his head, but on one side of that, and with his great, honest, cheery face, ever with a smile on the lips and a dancing light in his eyes—thus Tom was picturesque, delightful. But Tom in his Sunday-go-best did not look at his best.

The day was Christmas Eve, and there was to be a supper with a dance at the Hall, given by the Squire to his workmen and their families. Tom was on his way to this, with a face that shone with yellow soap and the friction of a rough towel; and not only so, but he was to attend thither Isabella Frowd, the belle of the village, and one with whom, as everyone said, he had made it up, and a handsome couple they would be.

"Bless y'," said Tom, when folks asked him when it would be, "lor bless y', you know more about it than me! Go and ax Bella. She, maybe, can fix it. 'Tain't my place, you know!" And then he laughed, and thought he had said a good thing.

Tom Mountstephen was an active, intelligent young fellow, serving as under-gardener, getting a respectable wage, and there was positively no reason why he should not marry; but he was inert in just this one particular, or unable to make up his mind.

Isabella was three years his junior, with a very delicate skin and lovely rosy complexion, fair hair, and forget-me-not blue eyes: somewhat doll-like, save in this, that a doll is never self-conscious, and self-consciousness spoke out of every look of Bella's eyes, every turn of her head, every motion of her body. But was she to be blamed? I think not. The Squire always had a pleasant word to give her; the young ladies at the Hall made much of her; everyone with one voice declared that she was a beauty and the pride of the village. Under such circumstances she must have been endowed with unusual common sense and strength of character not to have become vain and self-satisfied.

Bella lived at the Lodge, and it was her practice to open the gates when carriages drove up; and on such occasions she was quite a vare that the ladies, and above all the gentlemen, looked at her, and when, immediately after passing, she saw them turn to each other and say something, then she was confident that they said: "What a pretty girl!" And being obliged to keep herself neat and nicely dressed did much towards making her attractive.

It was understood, or half-understood, that Tom would call at the Lodge on his way to the Hall and pick up Isabella, and go on with her. It was in this way. The day before, Tom had said to her: "More wun'nerful things may hap, Bell, than that I should come and fetch you away to the Hall to-morrow, and then you'll give me the fust dance and five arter."

"Well, I'm sure I don't mind," she had replied; and so it was understood that he should go for her, and that she should expect him.

"Why, whatever be you about, Polly?" exclaimed Tom Mountstephen, as he came upon a tall, pale girl with pick and spade over her shoulder.

That girl was Mary Manduit, who lived with a frail, suffering little sister in a cottage, and supported herself by needlework and starching and washing. She had been a teacher in the school, but had been compelled to resign, owing to her sister's health. These two were together, and they were orphans. The child could not be left.

"Well, Tom, how fine you be! Where be you a-going to?"

That is the way in the country; a question begets another before it is answered.

"I be going to the Hall; there's grand goings on there to-night."

"So I've heerd, but I didn't mind it. And I reckon that Bella will be there too?"

"For certain. But what are you after with pick and shovel, I'd like for to know?"

"If you must know everything, Tom, it's for little Bess."

"Not going to dig her grave?"

Tom could have bitten his tongue out—he was mad with himself for uttering such a question. It had bounced out of his mouth without thought, and now he saw the color rush into Mary's face, her eyes fill, and her lips tremble.

"Hang me for an idjot!" said Tom; "I didn't mean it; it's just like my ways, Poll. I want to say summut smart, and just say the wrong thing always. But what be you about wi' them tools?"

"It's this, Tom. I thought I'd give little Bessie a Christmas-tree. I've got a few trifles to hang on it—some oranges and nuts and a needle-case and so; and I got Mrs. Wonnacott to come in for an hour and sit wi' she whilst I went to the plantation after a tree; the Squire gave me leave," she added in explanation and self-exculpation.

"But, dear heart alive! you don't want pick and spade for gettin' up a young spruce! You want the chopper or a little handsaw."

"I don't wish to kill the tree. I thought if I get her up by the roots I could plant her

again in the garden, and she'd grow up to a big tree, and it 'ud be something to look at—every year growin' bigger."

"What sized tree do you require?"

"Not such a terrible big one. Just middlin' like. I can't have her too small, as I ain't got no tapers like the tiny red and yaller and green 'uns they had up to the Parsonage last Christmas. I've only got bits of common candle ends, and they'd be too heavy for a mite of a tree."

"And how will you bring back your tree and the mores (roots), Mary, wi' soil, and pick, and all together?"

"I reckon I can make two journeys."

"You can't make two for the tree!"

Mary stood silent.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Polly. I'll off with this dratted collar and put aside my new coat, and away with you to the plantation. If you go and mistake and have up a deodara or a douglas instead o' a spruce, the Squire'll kick and scream."

"You're too kind, Tom; but you'll be late for the entertainment."

"Oh, that's nothing—not two minutes. She'll wait."

He did not explain, but Polly understood that "she" signified Bella. But she did not know that it had been understood that Tom was to fetch the pretty girl from the Lodge.

"I daresay you'll let me put my coat and that dratted collar in your cottage? Lor, Polly, I'm like a donkey in a pound when I've that there collar on, jumpin' up and down and tryin' to look over the wall and clear it if I can!"

A couple of minutes later Tom, divested of collar and coat, with pick and spade over his shoulder, was attending Mary Mauduit, when the head gardener passed. He was a Scotchman, and a widower—a man of much self-confidence and independence.

"What! off, Mr. Mountstephen?"

The gardener addressed his subordinates with a "mister." It made himself more important; marked the distance between them more emphatically.

"Yes, Mr. MacSweeny—just to take up a young spruce for she."

"Ta-ta!" said the Scotchman condescendingly, and passed on.

"He's been a bit snuffy wi' me," said Tom confidingly to his companion. "What it's all about I can't tell. Perhaps he guesses I knows too much; but lor! I'm not one to blab."

"Perhaps he's a little jealous," said Mary slily; "folk do say he has been thinking about Bella. But there—'tain't no good thinking of going against you, Tom."

"I don't give no heed to them tales. People will talk. Besides, if he were lookin' out for a Missus MacSweeny, I reckon he'd go after widders. Ain't he a widderer hisself?"

"That don't follow," said Mary.

"Don't it? Then it ort!" retorted Tom.

"There—don't be snuffy wi' me!" said Mary.

The getting up of a suitable tree and its transport to the cottage of the Mauduits was not a matter of two minutes, nor of half an hour.

Tom was aware that Isabella would have been kept waiting, but he relieved his mind with the consideration that she would take it for granted that he was detained by some business, and would walk on alone to the Hall; the distance was trifling. He could explain matters when he arrived, and she would at once understand the circumstances.

"I don't see how you're going to stick them candle ends on to the branches," said Tom.

"I shall heat hairpins and run 'em through."

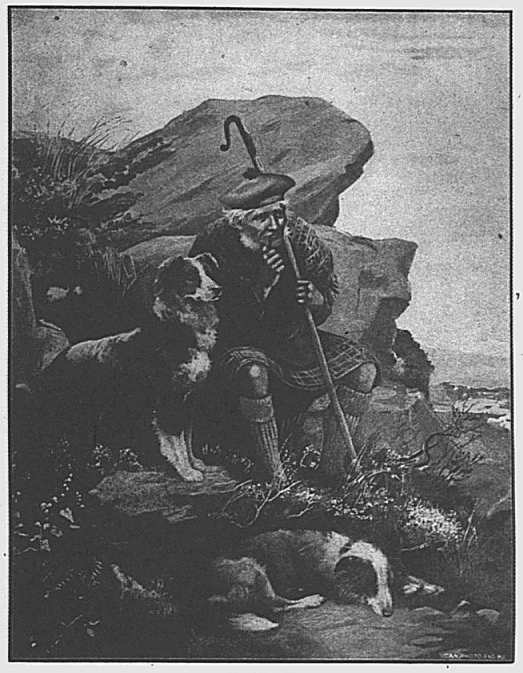
"That's fine!" exclaimed Mountstephen derisively; "and when the candles be burnin', the flame'll heat the hairpins red-hot, and they'll melt the composite, and there'll be a pretty mess, and the candle ends falling about on all sides and firing everything! I hope you're insured!"

"I can manage it."

"No, you can't, excuse me, Polly. I reckon mother at home has got some bits of tapers from the Parsonage tree last year. Her was up there helping, and they throwed the tree away when done with it; and her's a saving woman and can't abide no waste, and I know her pulled off and kept the remains of candles. They have wires for fastening of them on. If you don't mind my leaving that collar here—you won't let nothin' damage it, nor let the cat get at it, will you, Polly?—I'll run home and see what mother have got. I couldn't run in that collar; 'twould be sheer impossible!"

So, instead of going on to the Hall, here was another detention. But Tom was a good-natured lad; he was not needed at the Hall, and here at the cottage he was of real assistance.

After the young man had been away nearly a quarter of an hour, he returned with a small box full of portions of tapers, and some entire, and sundry little sparkling ornaments that had furnished the tree the preceding Christmas, and had been cast aside, but saved by the prudent and frugal Mrs. Mountstephen.



IT'S A RIGHT



THE FAN DRILL.

"And here, Polly," said Tom, "here's a spotted dog in China, as stood on my mantelshelf, that little Bessie be welcome to. You can set it under the tree. Now I'll clap the tree mores into a tub, and then I'm off to the Hall."

When Tom, reinvested in collar and coat, arrived at the Lodge and inquired for Isabella, he learnt, what did not much surprise him, that she had gone forward. So he went to the Hall by himself, not greatly concerned at being late. He knew that all who were invited would not be able to arrive punctually. There would be two "sitting-downs" to supper, and he would be in time for the second.

When he arrived, he looked about him for Isabella, and saw her seated beside the Scotch gardener, who was helping her to trifle.

With a little difficulty he made his way behind the chairs, in and out among the servants who were waiting on the guests, to where Isabella was dipping into the trifle.

"So sorry, Bella; I couldn't help it," said he.

"De-li-ci-ous!" said Bella.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I was speaking to Mr. MacSweeny."

"I only want to say that I was unavoidably detained."

"The jam is strawberry," said Bella.

"Whole strawberries, from our own garden," said MacSweeny.

"I'm very fond of strawberries," observed Bella.

"So am I," said the Scotch gardener. "Have some more. I'll remember you in the strawberry time and send you up the first dish I ripen. Of course I ripen 'em early—in the greenhouse. You shall have some—as soon as they are fit to be picked."

"How good of you, Mr. MacSweeny!"

"Not at all; I live but to oblige; and you"—he looked round at her—"for you I would do anything."

"Bella," said Tom over her chair, "I really could not do otherwise."

"Will you please to remove, Mr. Mountstephen; you are jogging my chair."

"Do you like grapes?" asked MacSweeny. "I rather flatter myself on my grapes. I am able to keep them, too, so well. My large white Muscats—but there, you shall have some. I'll send you up a really choice bunch. I think the second sitters down are coming in now. Miss Isabella, if you have done, we will rise and let the others take our places. Here, you, Mountstephen, can have my seat. If you have brought Mary Mauduit I have no doubt she can have Miss Frowd's chair."

Poor Tom did not enjoy his supper, and that over, when he sought Isabella to tender his excuses, she deliberately turned her back on him. It was clear MacSweeny had made mischief. He had told her that for the sake of that pale Polly Mauduit he had neglected to fulfil his engagement and keep his appointment.

Dancing began, and Bella sat out with the Scotch gardener, who was too serious a man to approve of the light fantastic toe; as he explained to Bella, it was against his principles—but don't let that interfere with her enjoyment, if she wished to go to Mr. Mountstephen.

"Oh! not at all!" said Miss Frowd.

Huffed, hurt, poor Tom withdrew. He slank away from the Hall. Among so many, he would not be missed, and of enjoyment there was none after his rebuff. It would madden him to see how Bella "carried on" with the Scotchman.

He walked through the park, groaning, grumbling, resentful. He was not angry with himself for not keeping his appointment, nor with Polly for having detained him; but with Bella, whom he designated as a minx, and with MacSweeny, whom he termed a widdered Scottish rogue.

He left the park; he walked hastily on. Then, finding that in the agitation of his feel-

ings he could not keep his head in one position, and that he was consequently liable to cut his throat, he halted, and took off his collar, and fastened it by the stud round his left arm above the elbow.

Presently he reached the cottage of the Mauduits, and he could see through the little window that the tree was alight; it twinkled through the panes. The temptation to turn aside, rap at the door, and enter was not to be resisted.

To his knock he received an answer, as he opened the door. The answer came from an inner room.

"It be I, Polly," called Tom. "Just passin', and want to see how Bessie be enjoyin' of herself."

"Come in—come in, Tom."

The young man strode through the kitchen into the adjoining chamber. There lay, in her bed, the sick girl, a lovely child, with large burning dark eyes, and a hectic flame in her cheeks. She was supported in the arms of her sister, and was looking with delight at the little candles, at the oranges, and the glittering tin ornaments.

"Tom," said Mary, "Bessie do thank you so for the spotted dog."

"Yes, I do," said the sick child, striving to lift herself and extend a hand to the young gardener.

"But, gracious me, Tom!" exclaimed Mary, "whatever is the meaning o' that?" pointing to the white band around his arm. "It is like what folks put on now when in mourning—only it's white."

"He's going to be married," said the sick child.

"It is only that stiff collar; I couldn't abear it no longer," explained Tom.

Then the child laughed, and laughed till she coughed.

Suddenly Mary uttered a cry—Tom saw a crimson stream.

"Run, run, Tom! For Heaven's sake, run for the doctor!"

And Tom ran.

In half an hour he returned.

Polly was kneeling by the bed. On it lay the child, the face almost white, but yet with a little color in the delicate cheek. Her hand held tightly that of her sister.

The doctor had not come, he was out; would not be back till morning.

Tom could not explain this; and he knew, moreover, that the surgeon could effect nothing. Without a word he knelt also by the child's bedside. The candles were quivering to extinction on the Christmas-tree. One was guttering, and sending a stream of wax over the head of the spotted dog. Then another fell twinkling through the boughs and went out. And at the same time the light went out in Bessie's eyes.

A few days later, when the earth had closed over the child, Tom was speaking with Mary, and said she to him: "Tom, I think now I should like that Christmas-tree to be planted on the little maid's grave. Will you oblige me by doing it?" Then, after wiping her eyes: "Tom, that is a Tree of Death."

* * * * * * * *

The head-gardener triumphantly carried away Bella; the marriage took place within six weeks of the Christmas supper and dance. Isabella Frowd had become Mrs. Sandy MacSweeny, and was planted in the gardener's beautiful cottage. But in all things human there comes a change. Within a very short time certain matters started to light. What these were you shall hear from the Squire's own lips, as he addressed Tom Mountstephen.

"Tom," said the Squire, his broad rosy face very hot and agitated, "Tom, I've bundled MacSweeny off. I don't see why I should have to buy the fruit I grow from the greengrocer in our market town. I don't see why, if I purchase bulbs and greenhouse plants, they should invariably disappear, and be reported to have died. I don't see why, if I buy flower seeds, they should come up in other folks' gardens. I have not been able to get fruit for my table without sending to town to buy it. I have been ruined in procuring vast supplies of choice plants from nurserymen, and have not enjoyed them. MacSweeny is off. Hang it! you may not be a professional, and A1, and all that, but you are honest as daylight. I feel I can trust you, and—dash my buttons!—there is the situation vacant for you, if you choose to have it. And there is the cottage—the only disadvantage is that it is too large for you, and you are unmarried."

"Oh, as to that, sir, that is easily remedied. I be just now on my way to the pass'n to get him to have Mary and me asked next Sunday."

"Mary—Mary who?"

"Mary Mauduit, sir."

"Oh, oh! I wish you joy. An excellent girl! There it is for you—the house, Tom; you and Mary shall go into it as soon as I have seen the back of MacSweeny and his Bella, and have had it whitewashed. And—hang it! Tom, here—come round to my study, and I'll give you a cheque for ten pounds towards the furnishing."

"I thank you, sir; I thank you with all my heart."

"No need of thanks, Tom! Bless my soul, when a master has a trustworthy, honest servant, it is he is to be counted lucky; and unless he is an ass he will keep him. There—come round to the study."

* * * * * * * *

And now nearly two years have passed. And this time we see a little party coming out of the church porch. As I live! it is Tom with Mary—no longer Mauduit, but Mountstephen. But they are not alone; there is a baby in a long white robe being brought forth—a babe that had been carried into church to be christened.

As Mary stood in the autumn sunlight outside the porch, she touched Tom's arm, and said:

"Let us go to little Bessie's grave."

And they went, and the baby was taken there also, over the drooping grass, wet with autumn rains.

"The poor little Christmas-tree," said Mary, "although a Tree of Death, lives. See—how hearty it appears!"

"It's no Tree of Death," answered Tom. "See—here is the first fir-cone; it is alive, and bears seed. It is no Tree of Death, but a Tree of Life." Then Tom laughed. "Mary," said he, "I think for once in my life I've said a good thing."

But Mary did not applaud.

"Tom, do you think the little fir-cone really has life in it?"

"Of course it has."

Mary picked it, and then put it into the tiny hand of the baby.

"Look, Tom," she said. "But for that Christmas-tree you and I would never have become what we are to each other—and now, in it is the seed of life, and so on and on and on for evermore. Our baby has it, and it shall be sown, and so—really, Tom, there seems to be no end to life; it goes on for ever and for ever!"

"Amen," responded Tom.

[THE END.]







HE GOT HIS MATCH.

One cold and stormy evening last winter a prosperous-looking business man stopped in the vestibule of a large office building, on his way out, and attempted to light a cigar. An urchin with an armful of papers also stood within the arch, stamping his feet on the stone step to warm them, as he lustily cried his wares.

The wind blew out the last match which the broker had, and he turned to the boy and said:

"Here, boy, give me a match."

The boy eyed the gentleman as he inquired, "Say, mister, is that a demand or a request?"

Instead of being angry at this reproof, the gentleman—for he was such—replied kindly:

"A request, my boy, a humble request; and I'll take a couple of evening papers, too, I guess," he added, as he received the match from the youngster's hand and passed him a quarter, "and you may keep the change."

"That man's got manners if he's er mind ter take the time ter use 'em," said the boy, as his patron boarded a car.

"That boy won't always have to sell papers if he practises what he preaches," thought the broker, as he sat down to read the news.

THE CANADIAN PHOTO-ENGRAVING BUREAU

16 Adelaide St. W. TORONTO, ONT.

PHONE 2158



HALF-TONE
ZINC ETCHING
WOOD ENGRAVING
DESIGNING ETC


The illustrations in this issue are samples of our work.


MURRAY PRINTING CO.
TORONTO
PRINTERS
ENGRAVERS
DESIGNERS
BOOKBINDERS
FOR JORDAN & MELINDA STRS
GLOBE BUILDING TELEPHONE 1226


THE ROYAL
HIGH CLASS SHOES
BEST IN THE WORLD
One Quality All Styles Watertight Built
Positively the easiest shoe on the foot in the market
PERFECTION
BECAUSE IT IS "Perfect" in wear "Perfect" in make "Perfect" in shape AND "Perfect" in the satisfaction it gives the wearer.
88 Yonge St.
TORONTO

WE COVER THE CONTINENT

AND SUPPLY

Branches:
MONTREAL—646 Craig Street.
WINNIPEG—286 Portage Ave.
VANCOUVER, B.C.—520 Cordova St.

Everything for the Printer

We Supply Type, the best made, and in the latest and best fashions, all made by The American Type Founders Company, the largest Type Founding concern in the world.

We Supply READY PRINTS, acknowledged superior to any others in Canada, and Stereo Plates, with latest news, and STORIES by best authors. Also Special Department Plates comprising all the productions of the American Press Association.

We Supply Cottrell Cylinder Presses, Miehle Cylinder Presses, Goss Perfecting Presses and all makes of Gordon and other Job Presses.

We Supply the celebrated "RE-MELTO" and "PRESSMANS" Roller Composition and the celebrated AULT & WIBORG INKS.

We Supply OLIN GAS AND GASOLINE ENGINES, which are acknowledged to be the best of their class.

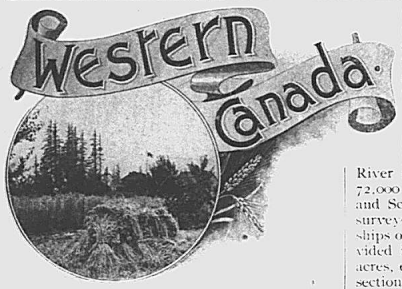
We Own.... The Dominion Newspaper Advertising Agency.

We Have... on hand a very large stock of REBUILT Printing Machinery.

The Toronto Type Foundry Co. (Limited)

The Type and Material used in This Paper was Supplied by us. TORONTO


HON. G. W. ROSS, PRES.
MIN. OF EDUCATION
H. SUTHERLAND
MAN. DIRECTOR
THE TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL
ASSURANCE Company
TEMPERANCE
HEAD OFFICE
GLOBE BUILDING
TORONTO
THE BEST COMPANY FOR THE BEST RISKS.
TOTAL ABSTAINERS ARE THE BEST RISKS FOR LIFE INSURANCE.



GENERATIONS have passed away while Canada advanced slowly but steadily towards those conditions necessary to present an attractive home to the overcrowded of other places, but during the last few years, owing to a combination of circumstances, the Dominion has sprung into the position of the most desirable of all lands in which the Anglo-Saxon race predominates for those who have no immediate prospect of prosperous advancement in their accustomed homes. The older communities of the Eastern Provinces offer inducements to enterprise and capital in every direction. The great areas of excellent agricultural land in Manitoba and portions of the Territories west of it, the vast tracts of grazing land east of the Rocky Mountains, together with the extensive systems of rail and steamer communication, by means of which the remotest habitable portions of the Dominion are made easily accessible, combine to place the advantages of Canada within reach of the slenderest purses, while the ever-extending discoveries of the precious metals in British Columbia and the Yukon open to rich and poor opportunities of acquiring wealth, or at least independence, unattainable in less fortunate regions. And the country is justified in the pride with which it regards its social system of free education, free religion, self-government and rapid progress in the development of civilization. It is intended in the following paragraphs briefly to show the differences existing between the several territorial divisions of the whole country, as an aid to those who are unfamiliar with the subject, though it may be of service to say that persons desiring fuller information concerning the Dominion's resources can obtain it by applying to Canada's High Commissioner at 17 Victoria Street, London, or the Commissioner of Immigration at Ottawa, Canada.

THE DOMINION.

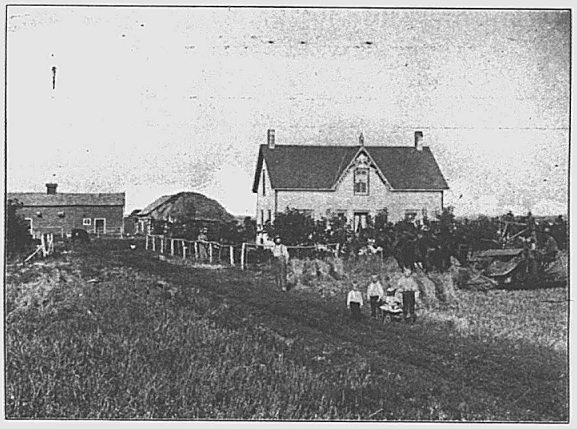
The Dominion of Canada comprises seven "Provinces" — Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia; three organized "Territories" — Assiniboia, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, besides a number of named but as yet unorganized "Districts" (the recently organized Yukon excepted), which it is useless to enumerate at the present moment.

The first five mentioned Provinces are generally spoken of collectively as Older Canada, and they are necessarily more advanced than the remainder in the size of their cities, and the development of their institutions, but, although land and ready-made farms may be obtained by purchase in any of them, the practical fact remains that those persons from other countries who intend to farm, ranch, or engage in occupations directly connected with agriculture usually proceed to Western Canada; a name latterly adopted to signify the Province of Manitoba and the three Territories, Assiniboia, Alberta, and Saskatchewan.

So with mining. Although there are profitable gold mines in the Eastern Provinces, nevertheless prospectors, speculators and the camp-followers of the mining industry go either to the newly-discovered fields in the west of Ontario, or to British Columbia, and the Yukon. It is of Western Canada and British Columbia, therefore, that the reader will probably desire to hear.

MANITOBA

is the easternmost portion of the great prairie country lying between the Red River and the Rocky Mountains. Its area is 72,000 square miles, about as large as England and Scotland combined. It is now nearly all surveyed into a system dividing it into townships of six square miles, which are again divided into sections of one square mile, or 640 acres, each of which is sub-divided into quarter sections of 160 acres each. It is this measurement of land—one quarter section—which the Government gives free to an actual settler, though he can buy a second one if he desires it. After a year or two's farming most men do. The population has gone by jumps from 10,000, mostly half-breeds, in 1870, to about 275,000 in 1897, and is steadily increasing. Winnipeg, the capital, which in 1870, on Wolseley's arrival with the Red River expedition, held about 250 people, now has a population of about 40,000, while the Province, then an unbroken waste, is now traversed in every direction by railways, and contains many thousands of productive homesteads. The climate of Western Canada is very healthy, the mortuary returns showing one of the smallest death rates in the world, but in the registration of the thermometer and the prevailing seasons there are great divergencies.



A FARM SCENE NEAR CALEDONIA, MANITOBA.

Manitoba has a warm summer, a fine, clear autumn, and a dry, cold winter. The eastern portion of the Territories beyond enjoy much the same climate, but as Alberta and the Rocky Mountains are approached the influence of the Chinook winds blowing in from the Pacific Ocean through the passes of the mountains are felt, and the winter is cold only at long intervals and for short periods. It is this fact which gives to Western Assiniboia and Southern Alberta their great value as ranching countries. It is not necessary there to house the cattle during the winter. Snow falls, but disappears before the first Chinook wind, and rarely, or only in exceptional cases, where young calves or weakly stock are concerned, is it necessary to feed the range animals. In Manitoba, however, animals must be fed during the winter, but the native grasses grow luxuriantly, and in those districts selected for ranching there is little difficulty in getting sufficient hay. But this Province is rather adapted for grain growing, and such cattle only as can be used for dairying purposes. Of late years creameries and cheese factories have been established in Manitoba. In 1896 there were 2,245,025 pounds of butter and 986,000 pounds of cheese made in the Province, and these figures will steadily increase.

The Canadian Pacific and other railways branch out in all directions through the Province, so that the large majority of farmers are within easy reach of a railway station. The stations are from eight to ten miles apart, and there are many towns and villages along the main and branch lines. At these towns there are usually elevators for the handling and storing of grain; churches, schools, and stores at which everything required in ordinary life can be obtained almost as cheaply as at the large centres. And not only for agricultural work are facilities to be found, but in athletic clubs, friendly societies and other means of social intercourse the Province is well supplied. It is chiefly in Manitoba that provision has been made for the care of the afflicted throughout the whole of Western Canada, though there is a hospital at Medicine Hat, in Assiniboia. There is a home for incurables and a reformatory at Brandon, a school for the deaf and dumb, a general hospital for the sick, and a children's home at Winnipeg, a penitentiary near that city and an asylum for the insane at Selkirk, besides the hospital at St. Boniface, under the charge of the nuns. An intending settler is always interested in the question of schools; much more so, indeed, than are his children, who are to be the beneficiaries; and the school system of Manitoba, as now settled by recent legislation, is claimed by the majority of the people of the Province to be unsurpassed by any on the continent of America. The country schools are about every three miles apart in the more thickly settled parts, and are free. There is no charge for attendance. An annual grant is made by the Government, and two sections in every township throughout the fertile belt are set aside and sold as required for the benefit of the school funds, and this, with a school assessment on the land of the neighborhood, whether occupied or unoccupied, pays all expenses, including the teacher's salary. A higher education is possible if desired, and in the City of Winnipeg there are private schools and colleges, the latter of several denominations, combining to form the University. In 1871 the school population was 817; now it is over 50,000, with 1,143 school teachers, and school property valued at $750,351. The teachers are all certificated and the schools are systematically inspected. They are unsectarian, the secular branches of education and general public morality being taught in regular school hours, but a certain time of the day is set apart for religious teaching when the parents of children so desire it. All religious denominations are on a like footing, and churches of every denomination are found not only in Winnipeg and the larger towns, but scattered through the entire Province. To further agricultural knowledge the Government has established in the several Provinces an experimental farm, where many kinds of grain, roots, vegetables, fruits, grasses, trees and shrubs are grown and tested in different soils and under varying conditions. The information thus acquired is freely imparted to those who desire to avail themselves of it, and not only are the results of experiments published in the newspapers, but new kinds of seed, etc., can be obtained by the farmers for their own experiments. As a supplementary educational agent the Government sends round to the towns and villages a travelling school of dairy instructors. These men deliver lectures, accompanied by practical operations, discussing and explaining the various methods of cattle raising, cheese and butter making. No man need remain ignorant of his business in Manitoba if he desires to learn. The direct taxation in Canada is light, while direct and indirect combined is much lighter than in the United States. There is no federal tax apart from customs and excise, which two prevail in all countries, and the local and municipal taxes, such as they are, are imposed by the residents themselves, who therefore have them practically under their own control. The Provinces receive an annual subsidy from the Government, the money coming from the general fund raised by customs duties, excise, fees, etc., and of this Manitoba receives about $2 per head of her population, which sum, with that raised in the Province by local incomings, enables the Government to make liberal grants in support of schools, bridges, roads, asylums, etc. In Manitoba there is a law exempting a certain

amount of a farmer's property from seizure for debts unsecured by mortgage. A portion of his land and buildings, a certain number of cattle, horses, pigs and fowls, some household effects, and a year's provisions for himself and family are thus exempted. Although all men are expected to pay their just debts, it sometimes happens that from miscalculation or ill-considered expenditure a farmer finds himself in difficulties, when a temporary protection against the rapacity of his more importunate creditors will enable him to recover his former position. And in this connection it may be pointed out that one engaged in agriculture, as distinguished from other commercial operations, cannot be too careful in borrowing. It is very easy to borrow money from the loan and mortgage companies at a moderate rate of interest, and sometimes it may be wise to do so, but as a general rule the less a man borrows the better chance he has of making a speedy and sure success.

Manitoba is essentially an agricultural country. Farming, dairying and stock raising are the usual avocations of people outside the cities, but there are some manufacturing interests in the Province, and these are extending. For instance, there are flour mills scattered over the country, one very large one in the City of Winnipeg, besides one of the largest in Canada at Keewatin, on the eastern boundary of Manitoba. The railway companies have large workshops at Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie and Brandon, giving employment to a number of men, and there are the usual woodworking shops, machine shops, for the repair of agricultural implements and the manufacture of minor articles, in all the towns and at many of the principal villages. Though there are many flour and oat mills, and one or more flax mills at present, the demand for more steadily increases as the country becomes more thickly settled, so that an additional source of employment is kept open, one class of industry creating a demand for another. But to the large majority of persons intending to settle in Manitoba farming, in one or other of its branches, must be the topic of greater interest. At one time nearly every farmer directed his attention to wheat raising. Manitoba No. 1 hard brought a higher price than any other wheat, and the country was found to be thoroughly adapted to it, as well as for a rich growth of other grains and grasses, and as there was no clearing of forest to be done, no work other than turning the sod, the majority of people "went for wheat." But of later years it has been found that it is more paying, and more certain, to adopt "mixed farming." The demand for Canadian cheese in Europe, the ready market in the West and British Columbia for good butter, and the growing requirements of what may be called mixed farming produce in the cities, towns and mining districts, together with the improved knowledge acquired in the art of making cheese and creamery butter, have combined to discredit the exclusive wheat-growing of previous years. Added to this is the fact that there is always a market for stock; and farmers in the neighborhood of the vast stretches of hay lands not available for ploughing do not now let these valuable grasses go to waste year by year, as they used to do. Last year—1896—there were in the Province of Manitoba alone, young as it is in that industry, and not, of course, counting the animals in the Territories of Western Canada, 94,145 horses, 210,500 cattle—a large additional quantity had recently been shipped—33,800 sheep and 72,560 hogs. At the same time the crops report showed the area under wheat as 999,598 acres; oats, 442,445 acres; barley, 127,885 acres; potatoes, 12,260 acres; roots, 6,712 acres; and the aggregate grain crop was 30,442,552 bushels, the yield of wheat being 14,433,706 bushels; oats, 12,502,318 bushels; barley, 3,171,747 bushels; flax, 259,143 bushels; rye, 52,255 bushels; peas, 23,383 bushels. The yield of potatoes amounted to 1,962,400 bushels, and of mangolds, turnips, etc., 1,898,805 bushels. Although the average yield of wheat per acre was smaller than usual, the great part of the crop graded No. 1 or No. 2 hard, and during the present season (1897) a fairly good crop in quantity, is realizing higher prices than for some years past. In the same year 2,245,000 lbs. of butter were produced and 986,000 lbs. of cheese; figures that to those who remember the Province a few years ago as practically a cheeseless, butterless country show the rapid strides that have been made in this industry. From a certain number of fox and muskrat skins, etc., and so many skins of pemmican to over 400,000 head of farm stock, and over 3,000,000 lbs. of butter and cheese, is a big jump when made in a short time. It may be interesting to know the cost of raising wheat in Manitoba. The Superintendent of the Government Experimental Farm at Brandon has made a careful estimate of the cost per acre, and puts it at $7.87, or about £1 12s. 4d. This was the result of an experiment made with a 30-acre field. He gives as the items of cost: Ploughing once, $1.25 (about 5s.); harrowing twice, 20 cents (10d.); cultivating twice, 40 cents (1s. 8d.); seed (1½ bushels), 75 cents (about 3s.); drilling, 22 cents (11d.); binding, 33 cents (about 1s. 4d.); cord, 20 cents (10d.); stooking, 16 cents (8d.); stacking, 60 cents (about 2s. 6d.); threshing, $1.46 (6s.); teaming to market, four miles, 29 cents (about 1s. 2½d.); two years' rent or interest on land valued at $15 per acre at 6 per cent., $1.80 (about 7s. 5d.); wear and tear of implements, 20 cents (10d.)—a total of $7.87 (£1 12s. 4d.) For home consumption there is always a rich harvest of berries, but larger fruit is not much grown in Manitoba, as it can be more cheaply and securely obtained from Ontario, British Columbia and elsewhere. There is, however, a good business done on the Lake of the Woods—the eastern boundry of Manitoba—in exporting blackberries, which are gathered by the Indians and brought into the town of Rat Portage, where they are shipped for the United States and elsewhere by the Canadian Pacific Railway. A good business in exporting fish is also done at Rat Portage, and particularly in caviare (the roe of the sturgeon), which is shipped in large quantities and prepared in New York and other cities for the retail trade. Within Manitoba itself there are three lakes in which large quantities of white fish are taken: Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba, with its extensions, and Lake Dauphin. Two companies have regular fishing establishments on these lakes. The Government or free land within the Province of Manitoba is very largely taken up, though there are still districts only partially occupied, and, of course, in other parts of Western Canada there are several million acres of the best land awaiting settlement. But even in Manitoba there is a great deal of the best land, and land most favorably situated, to be had, the trifling drawback being that it must be paid for, as it nearly all belongs either to railway or land companies or to private individuals, who bought it in the early days and now hold it for sale. But the drawback is a trifling one, for the Canadian Pacific Railway—the largest owner—has made such liberal terms as regards amount of purchase money and time for paying, and so established a standard of value, that the cost of his land is not a matter which need trouble an intending farmer. Choice of situation now enters much more into his consideration than cost of acquisition. The following facts about the lands of Western Canada may be useful:



CATTLE GRAZING IN SOUTH ALBERTA

The Canadian Pacific Railway lands consist of the odd-numbered sections along the main line and branches, and in the Saskatchewan, Battle and Red River districts. The Government retains the even-numbered sections, which are given to actual settlers free of cost. The railway lands are for sale at the various agencies of the company in the United Kingdom, Eastern Canada and the Northwest Territories, at the following prices:

Lands in the Province of Manitoba average $3 to $6 an acre. A dollar may always be roughly reckoned as four shillings.

Lands in the Province of Assiniboia, east of the 3rd meridian, average $3 to $4 an acre.

Lands west of the 3rd meridian, including most of the valuable lands in the Calgary district, $3 per acre.

Lands in Saskatchewan, Battle and Red Deer River districts, $3 per acre.

If paid for in full at the time of purchase, a reduction from the price will be allowed equal to 10 per cent. on the amount paid in excess of the usual cash instalment and a deed of conveyance will be given; but the purchaser may pay in ten equal instalments, including interest at 6 per cent., the first of such instalments to be paid at the time of purchase, the remaining instalments annually thereafter, except in case of actual settlers requiring the land for their own use, when the first deferred instalment shall fall due in two years from date of purchase, and the remaining eight annually thereafter. The purchase money and interest for 160 acres at $3 per acre, on nine years' time, would be ten equal payments of $61.52 each. For other quantities and at other prices the payments would be proportionate.

The company reserves from sale, under the regulations, all mineral and coal lands, and lands containing timber in quantities, stone, slate and marble quarries, land with water power thereon, and tracts for town sites and railway purposes.

Mineral, coal and timber lands and quarries, and lands controlling water-power are dealt with, to those who will undertake to use them, on liberal terms. They are not sold to people to speculate with. People wishing to examine the land are given a special rate by the railway, and, on going to settle, their household effects are moved at reduced rates. This applies to all new settlers moving west along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

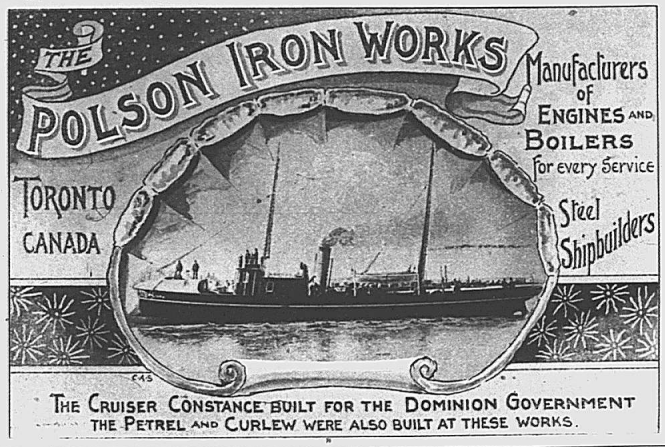
ASSINIBOIA.

In the three Territories, Assiniboia, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, the conditions of soil, climate, etc., spoken of in Manitoba's case vary considerably. In the eastern portion of Assiniboia, which adjoins Manitoba, the conditions bearing upon agriculture are much the same as those mentioned, while in the western division of that territory both climate and soil undergo a change. This portion is specially adapted for ranching. The influence of the Chinook winds extends thus far and so keeps the country, comparatively speaking, free from snow, while the want of water prevents farming operations from being advantageously conducted. There are many cattle and sheep ranches and some horse ranches. The returns of last year show that in the Cypress Hills district there were 30,000 head of cattle and over 60,000 sheep grazing.

In Western Assiniboia water is found in the streams heading in the Cypress Hills, and in the vicinity of water garden fruits do well.

The Canadian Pacific Railway runs about midway through Assiniboia and renders all parts of the territory accessible, and there is a branch line through the northeastern portion to Prince Albert, on the north branch of the Saskatchewan, and another through the south-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)


THE POLSON IRON WORKS
Manufacturers of ENGINES AND BOILERS for every Service
TORONTO CANADA
Steel Shipbuilders
THE CRUISER CONSTANCE BUILT FOR THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT
THE PETREL AND CURLEW WERE ALSO BUILT AT THESE WORKS.


IT'S A BEACON LIGHT!
THE KEELEY CURE
RECOGNIZED BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT
Seven States have legislated for the application of this treatment to worthy indigent inebriates.
Treatment supervised by a physician fully qualified to practice in Ontario, and by instruction under Dr. Keeley at Dwight to administer the remedies as directed by him.
Results are complete and permanent.
FOR ALCOHOL OPIUM TOBACCO
Address THE KEELEY INST. 382 SHERBOURNE ST. TORONTO

CHARLES F. CLARK, President.
J. CHITTENDEN, Treasurer.
Established 1849.

The Bradstreet Mercantile Agency,

THE BRADSTREET COMPANY
Proprietors
Executive Offices, Nos. 346 & 348 Broadway, New York.

Offices in the Principal Cities of the United States, Canada, the European Continent, Australia, and in London, England.

The Bradstreet Company is the OLDEST and, financially, the STRONGEST organization of its kind—working in one interest and under one management—with wider ramifications, with more capital invested in the business, and it expends more money every year for the collection and dissemination of information than any similar institution in the world.

TORONTO OFFICES:
CORNER MELINDA AND JORDAN STREETS.

THOS. C. IRVING, Superintendent.


GENERAL VIEW OF Imperial Oil Company's Refinery AND Works, PETROLEA, ONT.

Wm. Barber & Bro.,

Established 1837

JOHN R. BARBER, Proprietor.
ROBT. B. BARBER, Secretary.
ED. FINLAY, Superintendent.

Paper Manufacturers,

Georgetown, Ont.

THE PAPER USED IN THIS EDITION AND IN REGULAR SATURDAY SUPPLEMENT of THE GLOBE IS MADE at THE GEORGETOWN MILLS


FARM LANDS of MANITOBA



Manitoba Offers Special Advantages for New Settlers to Engage in Agriculture.

CLIMATE AND SOIL

Are well adapted for growing wheat, oats, barley, flax, millet potatoes and all kinds of vegetables. Native grasses are luxuriant.

ARABLE AND GRAZING LANDS

Yet uncultivated are situated in different sections of the Province as fellows:—

In the Red River Valley	**2,000,000 Acres.**
In Central and S.W. Manitoba	**4,000,000 Acres.**
In Northwestern Manitoba	**4,000,000 Acres.**

These lands are very cheap, and can be purchased on easy terms at from $2.50 to $10.00 per acre

FREE HOMESTEADS

Homesteads can still be secured in the Lake Dauphin District, between Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba, as well as on the east of the Red River. Ten townships recently surveyed in the Swan River District will be open for settlement in the spring. A Government wagon road is completed to this district from Dauphin.

Wheat yields for the Province during the past eight years have averaged a fraction over TWENTY BUSHELS to the acre.

Special attention is now given to stock-raising and dairying, with most satisfactory results.

At no period in the history of the Province has the time for settlement been so opportune as the present.

For maps, information or advice, address: **THOMAS GREENWAY**, Minister of Agriculture and Immigration, WINNIPEG, MAN., or **W. D. SCOTT**, Manitoba Emigration Office, **30 York Street, Toronto.**




Artistic Designs
ORIGINALITY AND EXCELLENCE
ALL PROCESSES.
TORONTO Lithographing Co.
CORNER KING & BATHURST STREETS.

WESTERN CANADA.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

western portion connecting the Canadian Pacific Railway with the American systems at St. Paul and Minneapolis, in Minnesota. This line rejoins the C. P. R. system at Sudbury in Ontario, on the north of Lake Huron. The principal town of Assiniboia is called Medicine Hat, situated on the south branch of the Saskatchewan, and there are others at various points on the line of railway, where everything a settler needs may be purchased.

ALBERTA.

Westward of and adjoining Assiniboia is Alberta, which on the west is bounded by the summit of the Rocky Mountains, the division line between Alberta and British Columbia. Alberta is unofficially divided into North and South Alberta. The latter is practically a continuation of Western Assiniboia. Being nearer the Pacific, the effect of the Chinook winds is more pronounced, while the same scarcity of water, except in the running streams, renders it less desirable than other places, except for ranching. But for ranching of all kinds it holds the highest place, and from the Canadian Pacific Railway line to the international boundary on the south the cattle are on a thousand hills. Horse ranches are also established in Alberta, but in some parts it is not permissible to raise sheep. Cattle will not graze after sheep, and, practically, beef is king in South Alberta.

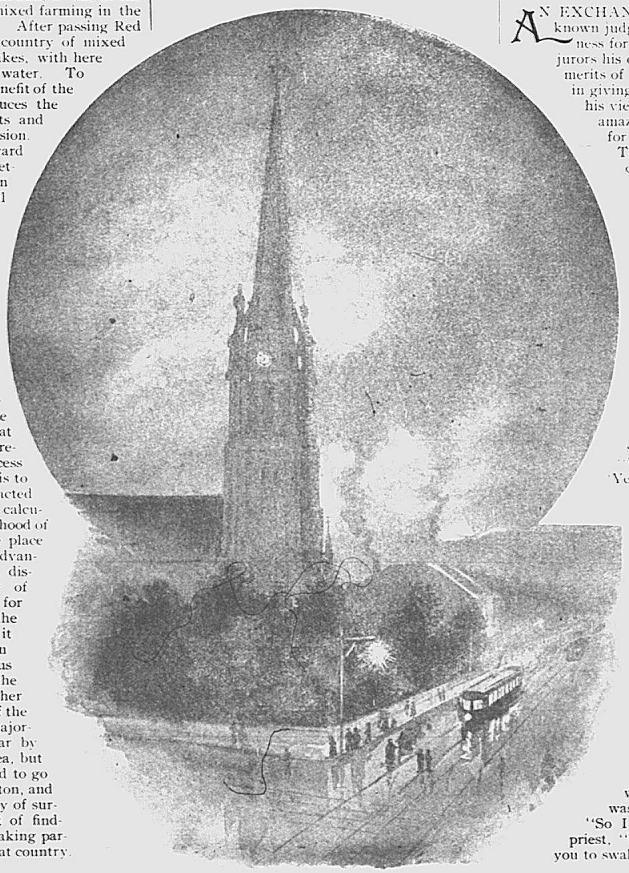
Calgary, on the line of railway, is the principal town of South Alberta, but Macleod and Lethbridge are important points. The latter is the chief town of the coal district, and from here the country as far east as Winnipeg is supplied with coal, an almost inexhaustible supply of which underlies the western prairies. North Alberta, of which the chief town is Edmonton, on the North Saskatchewan, is one of the most desirable places for mixed farming in the whole of Western Canada. After passing Red Deer River it becomes a country of mixed prairie, wood and small lakes, with here and there larger areas of water. To some extent it enjoys the benefit of the Chinook winds and produces the finest quality of grain, roots and grasses, and these in profusion. There is a large tract eastward of the railway open for settlement and a settler can choose locations that will in a few years be unobtainable except for a considerable price. In the vicinity of Edmonton a good deal of gold washing on the bars of the Saskatchewan has taken place, but the amounts derived from the simple process of washing the sand have not been large enough to tempt miners into that district. The smaller freeholders, when not otherwise occupied, have washed at these bars, making a small return, but recently some process has been discovered which is to enable the gold to be extracted more completely, and this is calculated to make the neighborhood of that river a most desirable place for settlers. Another advantage which the Edmonton district offers is the facility of obtaining coal required for household purposes by the simple process of digging it out of the bank. Edmonton is now becoming a rendezvous of mining explorers for the Yukon, Peace River and other districts across the divide of the Rocky Mountains. The majority are going in next year by British Columbia and the sea, but parties have already started to go in from the east via Edmonton, and the Government has a party of surveyors out with the object of finding a practicable route for taking parties and provisions into that country.

The Yukon district, although part of the Northwest Territories, is hardly within the limits of what is known as Western Canada, and concerning the Yukon, with its tributaries, the Klondike, Bonanza and other streams, it is hardly necessary to say much, considering that only a little is accurately known, and that the press of both continents are devoting themselves to telling that little over and over again. There remains, therefore, in Western Canada proper only the District of Saskatchewan. This is north of Assiniboia, and west of Alberta. It is a country of mixed wood, water and lakes, and in parts a most desirable farming region. The chief



HARVESTING SCENE IN WESTERN CANADA.

settlement is around a small town called Prince Albert, and there is another within a day's travel at Battleford, but the country has not yet attracted settlers to the same degree that other places on the main line have done. A railway runs from Regina (the capital of the Northwest Territories) to Prince Albert, and another is heading that way from Portage la Prairie in Manitoba.





With slight differences to suit varying circumstances, the political and economic conditions described in the paragraphs about Manitoba will apply to the remainder of Western Canada, and with the aid of a map the reader should be able to make himself fairly acquainted with the lay of the country, its railway facilities, distances, etc. But those who have it in mind to come to Canada should, if in England, write to the High Commissioner of Canada at 17 Victoria street, London, or, if in America, to the Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg, or the Department of the Interior at Ottawa, for such publication as will give them more detailed information, stating as much as possible of their own circumstances and desires, in order that special information or hints may be given them, if such seems to be necessary.

M. ST. J.

JUDGE AND JURY.

AN EXCHANGE tells a story of a well-known judge who is noted for his fondness for conveying in his charges to jurors his own opinions in regard to the merits of the case in hand. Recently, in giving such a charge, he expressed his views very plainly, but to his amazement the jury remained out for some hours.

The judge inquired of the officer what was the matter, and learned from him that one juror was holding out against the other eleven. He sent for the jury at once, and stating to the jurors that he had plainly intimated how the case ought to be decided, said he understood that one juror was standing out against the other eleven. He proceeded to rebuke the juror sharply.

The obstinate juror, as it happened, was a nervous little man, and as soon as the judge was done, he arose and said:—

"Your honor, may I say a word?"

"Yes, sir," said the indignant judge; "what have you to say?"

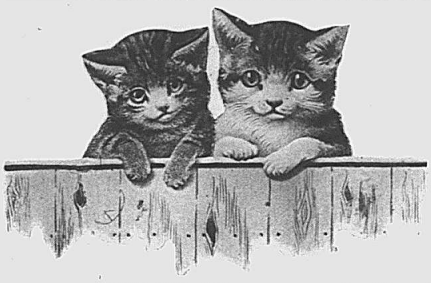
"Well, what I wanted to say is, I am the only fellow that's on your side."

A priest had labored with one of his flock to induce him to give up drinking, but the man was obdurate.

"I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whisky is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can."

"My enemy, is it, father?" responded Michael; "and it was your riverence's silf that was tellin' us to love our inimies!"

"So I was, Michael, rejoined the priest, "but was I anywhere telling you to swallow 'em?"



MEEK RECEIVING.

I hold him great who for love's sake
Can give with earnest, generous will;
Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake
I think I hold more generous still.—A. A. Proctor.

[COPYRIGHT.]

Heather and Snow.

BY COMRIE COLQUHOUN.

Author of "A Face and a Fortune," "Comrades and Rivals," "Will Walton's Wooing," &c.

THE Laird o' Druarg sat in his library smoking and thinking. It was bordering on midnight; the old housekeeper and maids had retired to rest; but the laird was in no hurry to lay aside his pipe and don his nightcap. He puffed away, his eyes fixed on the clouds of smoke as they curled upwards.

Things had gone ill with him of late. The mortgage on the lands of Druarg lay like an incubus upon him, and, to add to his worries, here was Robert Muir, his son and heir, coming home from the grand tour, with an uncertain future before him.

"Poor Rob!" said the laird to himself, "it's well you don't know the sore straits your father is in this minute."

The laird took a long pull at his pipe, but instead of watching the smoke disappear, gazed at the dying embers in the grate for a few moments.

Suddenly a thought struck him.

"If the lad could only marry one of those rich American women who saunter about here in the summer time, Druarg would be saved. And why shouldn't he?" he asked himself.

The old man rose from his great armchair excited at the turn his thoughts had taken.

"And why shouldn't he?" he repeated, his keen grey eyes growing preternaturally large. "Surely a well-favored lad like Rob could easily make up to one of those rich women!"

The laird paced to and fro for awhile; then, resting his arms on the back of his chair, gazed into the fire.

"And he shall!" he exclaimed.

And he laid his pipe on the mantelshelf, lit the candle which old Elspeth, his housekeeper, had placed ready to his hand, and betook himself up the broad stairs to bed.

At noon the next day Robert Muir arrived at Druarg, and was heartily welcomed by his father.

"Welcome home, laddie!" said the laird. "I hope you'll never leave Druarg again. I'm getting old, and the place needs looking after."

"But I must set about earning my own living now, father," said Rob, who had come home with the hope of becoming a luminary at the Scotch Bar.

"Tut, tut, laddie!" snapped the laird. "No heir of mine need struggle for a livelihood. What you've got to do is to look about you, marry a rich and bonny lassie, and take my place as Laird o' Druarg."

The young man smiled at what he considered humorous advice on his father's part.

"Time enough for that, father," he said cheerily, and, calling to Bruce, the Newfoundland dog which lay asleep on the hearthrug at the laird's feet, he left the house for a stroll in the park. He bent his steps towards the loch. The first object which met his gaze was a girl seated in a boat, the April sun shining full upon her.

Arrived at the water's edge, he noticed that the boat was stationary, and that its occupant was reading a book. Hearing footsteps, she looked up, and turned her attention to the rowlocks. But she had forgotten to ship the oars before settling down to her book, with the result that they were now floating in the water.

Rob Muir saw her predicament.

"Bruce! Bruce!" he shouted.

Instantly the Newfoundland bounded to him, and with lolling tongue and wagging tail awaited instructions.

Rob pointed to the oars, and then at the picture of sweet confusion in the boat. "Take them, Bruce!" he said; and the next moment the dog was breasting the waters of the loch, and soon both oars were laid at the boat-side. In a few minutes the boat came alongside the little jetty, and Rob Muir found himself assisting the fair rower to land.

"How can I thank you?" she said, fixing a pair of bright blue eyes upon him. Then, holding up the book: "Stevenson is responsible for my forgetfulness. I must really leave him at home if I want to row."

"You are a visitor to Druarg?" Rob Muir asked timidly.

"Yes," she answered; "and if you are the laird's son, who I heard my landlady say was expected home to-day, will you please convey to your father a visitor's thanks for allowing her to row on this lovely loch?"

Rob Muir had by this time arrived at the conclusion, from the evidence of his own eyes, that the stranger was a charming creature.

"My father will be glad to know that the privilege is appreciated by visitors to Druarg," he said, "and he will be especially pleased to hear of the good service which Bruce has performed to-day."

"Bruce, good Bruce!" said the fair stranger, stooping to pat the dog's shaggy head.

Rob Muir felt that he could not, without being accounted rude, look longer with devouring eyes on the feast of loveliness before him. So he raised his hat and walked home, wondering as he went who this beautiful girl was. "Not an American, at all events," he assured himself; "it is yet too early for American tourists."

The following afternoon found him again at the loch-side, a keen look of expectancy in his dark eyes. He was not going to be disappointed. He had not waited long before a figure in blue passed through the gate leading from the public road into the lands of Druarg. It was the rower of yesterday, and he felt himself turning red.

"I did not expect to find you here," she began, noticing his embarrassment.

At the sound of her voice Rob recovered his aplomb.

"I saw you enter the park," he said, "and I thought I might unmoor your boat for you."

"Thank you," she said, simply, as though she had a right to expect such a service from him or any other man who might be at the loch-side.

When Rob Muir returned home that afternoon there was a dreaminess about his eyes which did not escape his father's keen gaze.

"What are you thinking about, laddie?" demanded the laird. "Surely not about that queer notion of yours, to go to Edinburgh and sit in dingy chambers among law books?"

Rob smiled.

"There's a matter I would like to speak to you about," continued the laird. "It's of very great importance. You'll no doubt be surprised to learn that I'm not the rich man you and other folk take me to be. It's only right you should know that the lands of Druarg, which you'll inherit some day, are sadly encumbered, and I see no immediate prospect of being able to release them."

Rob Muir awoke from the fit of abstraction into which he had fallen.

"Then the sooner I set about learning law the better," he said hurriedly.

"No, no; leave law alone!" rejoined the laird. "I've a better plan than your law notion."

"And what is it, father?"

The laird cleared his throat, a sure indication that he was going to speak for a few minutes.

"You are my only son," he said, a touch of compassion in his voice, "and I'm sore concerned about your future. I want you and your children's children to stick fast to Druarg, the home of the Muirs. It's a bonny place, Rob, but it's fast going to wrack and ruin. Money is wanted to free it, and you're the lad to get it. See that you marry well, laddie. Never mind the tomfoolery which some folks call love. Marry siller. Indeed, you'll have to get hold of it if you wish to become Laird o' Druarg."

Rob showed signs of impatience.

"Listen to me," said his father, in a stern tone of voice; "there's many a rich American beauty who would jump at the chance of becoming the young Laird o' Druarg's wife. It's among these you must seek for a wife, Rob. You'll have plenty to select from in a few weeks, for I hear they're coming to Scotland in greater numbers than ever this summer."

"What you say about the present position of Druarg surprises me very much, father," said the young man; "but is there not a way out of the difficulty?"

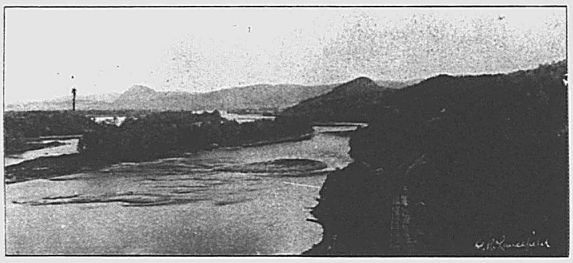
"I'm afraid I cannot do any more," was the laird's reply.

"Then I must see what I can do, father; but——"

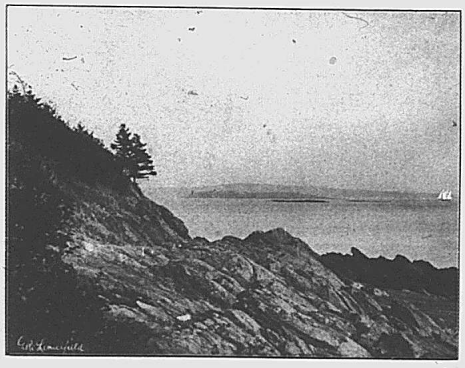
"No buts, Rob; my suggestion must be carried out if we wish to keep the old place."

"Hear me, father; I cannot and will not marry a woman for her gold!"

There was no mistaking that Rob Muir



GLIMPSE OF CANADIAN SCENERY, NEAR CAMPBELLTON, N.B.



GLIMPSE OF CANADIAN SCENERY, BAY OF FUNDY, NEAR ST. JOHN, N.B.

meant every word he said. The laird shot a keen glance at him.

"Is that your answer, Rob?" he asked

"It is, father," was the reply.

"Then there's no room in this house for you and me together!" shouted the laird, his anger rising. "Go! I know those who will readily free Druarg on the chance of becoming its laird some day."

With flushed face and flashing eyes Rob Muir left his father, and a short time afterwards might have been seen hurrying through the park, carrying a portmanteau.

The lady of the loch had just mooped her craft.

"What! here again!" she exclaimed when he approached.

"For the last time," said Rob. "I'm leaving Druarg. But before I go, might I take the liberty of inquiring who——"

Rob paused. He felt himself turning red again.

"Oh, you are wondering who I am," she said frankly, looking him full in the face. "I thought you knew. Everybody in Druarg knows me now. I'm Olive Dammerell, and I've been here for a month, and intend to remain until father comes to take me away again."

He would have liked to learn more, but she showed no desire to gratify his wish.

"I hope you'll not grow tired of Druarg," he said.

"That's impossible; it's just lovely!" she said with enthusiasm. "Are you tired of Druarg?" she asked, glancing at the portmanteau in his hand.

"—I have to leave on business," he stammered.

A look passed between them—that look which means so much to an admiring young man and a girl who perceives she is admired—and Rob Muir hurried towards the park gate.

* * * * * * *

Three months passed away. The laird had grown very strange in manner. He never left the house, but sat in his arm-chair by the hour. It was whispered in the village that he was very ill, and that he might die at any moment.

This rumor came to the ears of Olive Dammerell, and she, in common with the people of Druarg, wondered what had come over the laird.

It was a lovely August afternoon. The sun was high, and there was scarce a breeze stirring. She was sitting on a heather-covered mound, engaged in sketching the loch and the trees in the background. Suddenly she heard footsteps, and, looking in the direction whence the sound came, saw Elspeth, the laird's housekeeper, hurrying towards her.

"Oh, miss!" she gasped, "wad ye kindly come wi' me to the ha', an' gie's a hand wi' the laird? He's got oot o' his chair, an' aw canna move him!"



GLIMPSE OF CANADIAN SCENERY—DUNDAS VALLEY, NEAR HAMILTON, ONT.

Olive hastily collected her sketching materials and accompanied the housekeeper.

The laird lay on the library floor, breathing heavily. Elspeth got brandy, and forced a few drops between his twitching lips. After a while he opened his eyes and looked round dazedly.

"Lay your head down, laird," said Elspeth; "ye're no weel, an' aw'll just gang for Dr. Balfour." And she bustled out of the room, leaving Olive alone with the laird.

Presently he raised himself, looked round the library; then remembrance came to him. He noticed Olive, and was about to ask her how she came there, but she forestalled him.

"Don't excite yourself, laird," she entreated in a low, sweet voice. "You fell from your chair; your housekeeper saw me sketching in the park, and begged me to come to your assistance. That's how I am here."

The ring of her voice sounded sweet in his ears. He smiled feebly, and sank back on the pillows which had been put under his head.

The laird was ill for a fortnight, and during this period Olive Dammerell called every day to inquire how he did. She was the only person whom old Elspeth admitted. The laird got to hear of those visits, and, contrary to the housekeeper's expectation, did not forbid them. Neither did he order the door to be closed upon her when he was sufficiently well to come downstairs. She always brought sunshine with her, and somehow it found its way to the laird's heart.

Shortly after Olive left one afternoon the housekeeper was startled to hear footsteps in the vestibule and a voice shouting: "Elspeth, where are you?"

She knew that voice, and slipped out of the library. A few moments elapsed, and then Rob Muir entered. At sight of his son the laird turned away his head.

Rob paused, uncertain as to the nature of the reception in store for him.

"Come here, laddie," said his father, brushing his eyes with his hand. "I'm glad you've come back. I was harsh with you, and I regret it."



A COTTAGE BY THE LAKE.

"I've only come to tell you, father," began Rob, "that there'll be no necessity for me to do what you wish."

"Never mention that matter again," said the laird quickly. "I've been looking too much on the black side of late. Good news has come: my solicitor tells me that Druarg is safe."

Then the laird fell to talking of his illness and how he had been cheered by the visits of a stranger in Druarg—"a young woman as good as she is beautiful," he said.

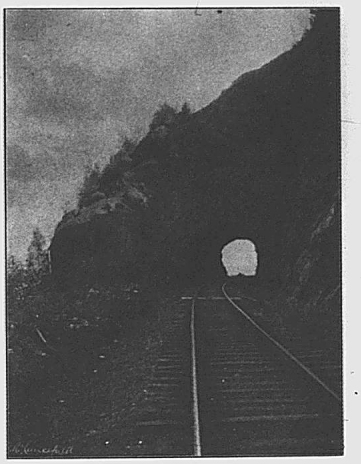
There was only one beautiful woman in Rob's eyes. And he sighed when he thought of Olive Dammerell. "I'll see her no more," he thought; "she'll have left Druarg long since." And he sighed again.

The laird heard those sighs. "You are still thinking of our last conversation, Rob," he said, a pained look in his eyes. "Banish it from your mind, laddie. I tell you Druarg will be saved yet."

"I mean to help you to save it, father," said Rob, "though it will not be at the Scotch Bar. I've taken to writing, and am at present residing in London. My prospects are good, and in time I hope to be able to assist you to free the old place of its burdens."

"We'll talk no more about that," said the laird cheerily.

Rob left his father, and went for a stroll in the park. Unconsciously he bent his steps in the direction of the loch. He gazed across the expanse of water, but there was neither boat nor dainty oarswoman to be seen on its placid surface. With head bent, he walked by the waterside, thinking of Olive Dammerell's graceful figure and her glorious blue eyes—a vision



GLIMPSE OF CANADIAN SCENERY—MURRAY ROCK, L.C., BY NEAR CAMPBELLTON, N.B.

which had been ever present with him during his three months' absence from Druarg. Then he raised his head and looked across the heather, which in the distance appeared like a sea of purple and red. His eyes swept the scene, then suddenly fell on the form of a girl seated on a mound about two hundred paces away. There was a thumping in the vicinity of his ribs, for the figure was that of Olive Dammerell. The sun was hot, and she was shading her eyes with her hand, and looking intently towards him. Rob strode towards her with quick, eager steps.

"Not rowing to-day?" he asked gaily. He tried to look and speak as though he had seen her only yesterday.

There was no such simulation on Olive Dammerell's part. Pleasurable surprise stood in her eyes.

"Is it a way you have of taking people by surprise, Mr. Muir?" she asked, evading his question. "I thought you had left Druarg never to return. The villagers certainly don't expect to see you here again."

"Whether the villagers expect me or not, I'm here, Miss Dammerell," said Rob. Then, after a pause: "You're not sorry I've come back, I hope?"

He was surprised at his own boldness.

"I—I—that is, I'm glad you've returned to Druarg," she faltered, "for now the idle rumors in the village will be set at rest."

Rob saw the blush mantling her face as she spoke. This and her faltering voice made him bolder than ever. Something within him impelled him to speak.

"Do you know, Miss Dammerell," he began, "when I returned to Druarg it was with the fond hope big within me that you might still be here?"

She made an effort to rise.

"Don't move until you've heard me out," entreated Rob. "Call me presumptuous, if you like, but I must tell you that you've never been absent from my thoughts during the time I've been in London."

Olive's eyes fell within their long velvety lashes. She divined what was coming.

"Really, Mr. Muir," she protested, "I think I ought to go." And she again attempted to rise from the heather.

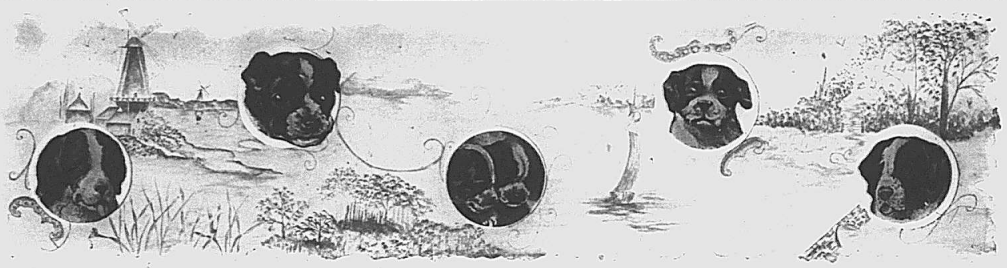
But Rob was not to be hindered from saying the words which were burning for utterance. In a calm but firm voice he told her all he had thought and felt after he had left her, spoke of his ambition and prospects, and pleaded for a crumb of hope.

All this fell very sweet on Olive's willing ears.

"But you know absolutely nothing about me, Mr. Muir," she said, shyly raising her eyes to his.

"I'm willing to run every risk," he answered promptly.

There was no gainsaying the faith and master-



fulness which shone in his dark eyes. Olive Dammerell felt herself vanquished. She could not give the answer he sought with her lips. But she spoke eloquently with her luminous eyes; and when she slipped her small, soft hand into his Rob Muir knew that he had won.

"You are just in time," she said softly. "Father's here; he came yesterday, and I'm to leave with him to-morrow."

"Then the sooner I make his acquaintance the better," said Rob gaily. And he accompanied Olive to her lodgings in the village, and had a somewhat lengthy talk with Mr. Mark Dammerell, who, he was not long in gathering, was a fond father and mighty proud of his daughter.

That the interview was highly favorable to Rob was evidenced by his beaming face as he walked across the heather to the Hall.

"You'll just have time to dress for dinner," said the laird. "The young lady who visited me in my illness is coming, and she's bringing a friend with her. I'm glad you'll see her." This with a meaning twinkle in his grey eyes.

To Rob, in his newly-found happiness, the prospect of meeting any girl other than the girl of his heart was not at all alluring. But he would be amiable, he told himself, if only to please his father. He dawdled over his toilet, and at last descended the stairs with his mind made up to be bored.

The visitors had arrived. So old Elspeth whispered into his ear.

He entered the drawing-room, but stepped back hastily in amazement. The young lady about whose charms and goodness of heart his father had spoken was no other than Olive Dammerell, and the friend, her father!

His astonishment lasted only for a moment. With outstretched hands and a smiling face he advanced towards his father's visitors.

"What!" exclaimed the laird. "Do you know Mr. Dammerell and his daughter?"

Olive endeavored to hide her blushing face.

"I guess he does," broke in Mr. Dammerell. "It's about his acquaintance with my daughter that I've come to see you, laird. They've arranged between themselves the preliminaries of a little matter; and I'm here to say that they can count upon my assistance. Mark Dammerell, of Wall Street, New York City, is prepared to do the handsome thing by his daughter. If dollars are any good, I've got heaps. I don't say this in a boasting way, laird."

The Laird o' Druarg opened his eyes wide, and looked first at Mr. Dammerell, then at the blushing Olive, and finally at his son, who seemed to be enjoying his perplexity.

"What does it all mean?" he asked.

"Let me explain, father," said Rob, taking hold of Olive's hand. "I made Miss Dammerell's acquaintance when I was last at Druarg. I met her again on my return, and—well, I've asked her to be my wife, and she's consented."

The look of blank astonishment on the laird's face gave place to one of pleasurable surprise.

"Then you are going to marry a rich American lady, after all?" he said slily.

"Believe me, father, I never knew who Miss Dammerell was until this very moment!" protested Rob. "I never thought of her antecedents or her position. I thought only of herself." And Rob shot a glance of adoration at Olive, which that blushing young lady returned with interest.

"I'm glad to hear you say that, young man," said Mr. Dammerell. "My daughter's antecedents will bear investigation. She has honest forebears, she has."

"Say no more;" said the laird; "the laddie has won your daughter fairly and squarely, and from my heart I congratulate him on his choice; but——"

"But what, father?" asked Rob anxiously.

"But he's going to marry a rich American lady, after all!" added the laird, with twinkling eyes.



A COUNTRY LANE.

And the Laird o' Druarg bent down and kissed Olive, and shook his son's hand warmly. He smiled his old happy smile, for he knew that the home of his fathers was safe beyond a doubt now, but not, he was glad to think, at the expense of his son's happiness.

Mr. Dammerell's business in America detained him there until the end of November, and the wedding therefore did not take place until two days before Christmas. The Scotch make it a practice to keep festival at the New Year rather than at Christmas, but this was an occasion when the party at the laird's felt bound to follow the English custom, and right merrily did they keep Yuletide. The old Hall and church were decorated, and all the people of Druarg rejoiced at the event. Robert Muir and his wife were, of course, missed on Christmas Day, but Mr. Dammerell, with true American hospitality, arranged a feast for the poor on the day of the great anniversary, followed by music.

Before Mr. and Mrs. Robert Muir started on their honeymoon they did what both the laird and Mr. Dammerell considered a sentimental thing. Accompanied by Bruce they walked across the park to the mound whereon Olive sat when Rob returned from London. It was heather then; it was capped with snow now.

"Heather and snow," murmured Olive, "I love them both."

"I hadn't any particular interest for either until this year," confessed Rob, "but henceforth my heart shall grow warm to the heather and to the sight of the snowflakes flying, for the one will remind me of the wooing and the other of the winning of the best little woman in the world."

There is little more to be told. Mr. Dammerell purchased a house in a neighboring parish to be the residence of his son-in-law and daughter, and when his business engagements did not take him to America he was generally there or at the laird's. As for the laird, the removal of the great burden of his life seemed to make him young again. He enjoyed a green old age, and held to the conviction that there were no girls like the Americans, judging them by the one whose friendship he had made.

[THE END.]

NOTHING DAUNTED.

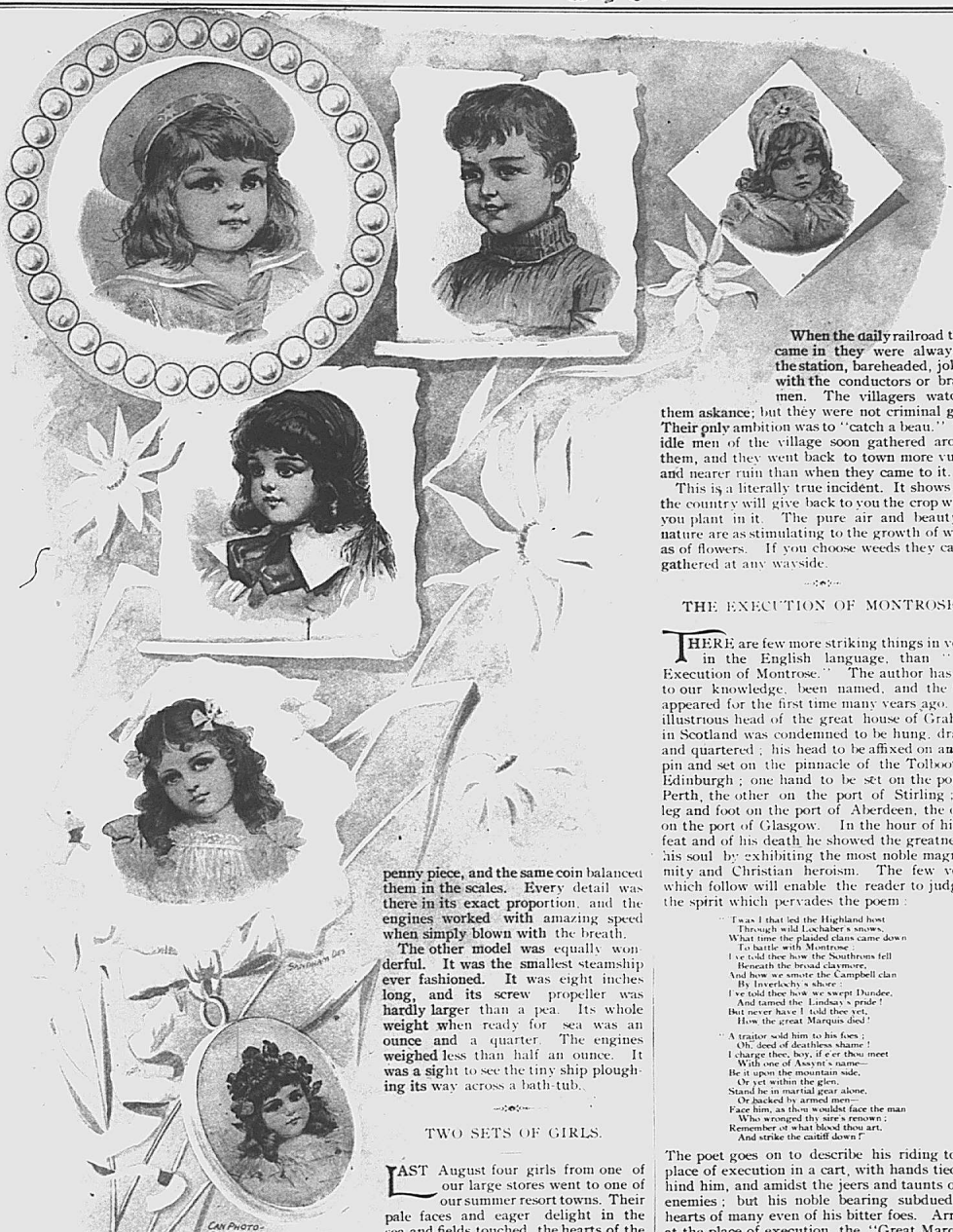
THERE are brave men everywhere, among all classes of humanity, but the man who has the courage to fight despair, who sets himself resolutely to work out a future from what would seem to be the ruins of a shattered life, is not the least of the world's heroes. Forty years ago such a man met fate, and conquered, and in the conquering laid the foundation of an industry that had before existed only as an adjunct to another calling.

The making of models of newly patented machines, models that embody an inventor's idea, and yet are so small that they can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in a hand-bag, is an industry very useful, and indeed essential, in this age of invention. Without it the inventor could not well sell his goods, for a customer cannot be induced to wade through a pamphlet of description, though he will look at a miniature working model, and at once see its advantages.

The making of such models used to be left solely to watchmakers. These men had no knowledge of practical engineering, and sometimes could not follow the idea of the inventor. Yet to them he was bound to apply until about forty years ago.

At that time a misfortune befell a skilful London mechanic, intrusted with the most delicate work in a large engineering establishment. He was attacked by partial paralysis, which deprived him of the use of his legs, but left his





arms uninjured. He could never again hope to leave his chair, and his former work was now an impossibility.

He was, however, too brave a man to despair. His arms were free, and he determined to devote himself to such engineering work as was still possible to him. He turned his attention to miniature models—microscopic models, they might be called, since it was impossible to make out the parts without a magnifier. To his efforts it is due that the making of working models is now a distinct branch of industry.

Two of his models, described in Chambers' Journal, were masterpieces of workmanship. One was a model of the engines of the iron-clad Warrior, and the other a tiny copy of the steamship Great Britain, engines and all. The first was the most minute pair of engines the world had ever seen. They stood on a three-penny piece, and the same coin balanced them in the scales. Every detail was there in its exact proportion, and the engines worked with amazing speed when simply blown with the breath.

The other model was equally wonderful. It was the smallest steamship ever fashioned. It was eight inches long, and its screw propeller was hardly larger than a pea. Its whole weight when ready for sea was an ounce and a quarter. The engines weighed less than half an ounce. It was a sight to see the tiny ship ploughing its way across a bath-tub.

TWO SETS OF GIRLS.

LAST August four girls from one of our large stores went to one of our summer resort towns. Their pale faces and eager delight in the sea and fields touched the hearts of the old fishermen and their wives, who speedily made friends with them, and welcomed them to their little houses.

The girls were uneducated, but they were simple, sincere and modest as the finest gentlewomen. They fished, rowed and walked, striving to understand the new world around them. When their holiday was over they went back to town, rosy and strong, their brains full of new ideas, and the richer for life by a few faithful friends.

Four other girls in their turn went to the same town. They had spent their savings in plumed hats and cheap silks. A coarse perfume surrounded them; they wore gilt bangles and rhine-stone necklaces. Each had her hired "bike" on which she raced incessantly up and down in front of the hotel "scorching" and even "jockeying," as on a horse, bouncing up and down on her seat, and shouting to her companions.

When the daily railroad train came in they were always at the station, bareheaded, joking with the conductors or brakemen. The villagers watched them askance; but they were not criminal girls. Their only ambition was to "catch a beau." The idle men of the village soon gathered around them, and they went back to town more vulgar and nearer ruin than when they came to it.

This is a literally true incident. It shows that the country will give back to you the crop which you plant in it. The pure air and beauty of nature are as stimulating to the growth of weeds as of flowers. If you choose weeds they can be gathered at any wayside.

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

THERE are few more striking things in verse, in the English language, than "The Execution of Montrose." The author has not, to our knowledge, been named, and the lines appeared for the first time many years ago. The illustrious head of the great house of Grahame in Scotland was condemned to be hung, drawn, and quartered; his head to be affixed on an iron pin and set on the pinnacle of the Tolbooth in Edinburgh; one hand to be set on the port of Perth, the other on the port of Stirling; one leg and foot on the port of Aberdeen, the other on the port of Glasgow. In the hour of his defeat and of his death he showed the greatness of his soul by exhibiting the most noble magnanimity and Christian heroism. The few verses which follow will enable the reader to judge of the spirit which pervades the poem:

"I was I that led the Highland host
Through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down
To battle with Montrose.
I've told thee how the Southrons fell
Beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan
By Inverlochy's shore.
I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
And tamed the Lindsay's pride!
But never have I told thee yet,
How the great Marquis died!

"A traitor sold him to his foes;
Oh, deed of deathless shame!
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
With one of Assynt's name—
Be it upon the mountain side,
Or yet within the glen,
Stand be in martial gear alone,
Or backed by armed men—
Face him, as thou wouldst face the man
Who wronged thy sire's renown;
Remember of what blood thou art,
And strike the caitiff down!"

The poet goes on to describe his riding to the place of execution in a cart, with hands tied behind him, and amidst the jeers and taunts of his enemies; but his noble bearing subdued the hearts of many even of his bitter foes. Arrived at the place of execution, the "Great Marquis" looks up to the scaffold, and exclaims:

"Now by my faith as belted knight,
And by the name I bear,
And by the red St. Andrew's cross
That waves above us there—
Ay, by a greater, mightier oath,
And oh! that such should be!—
By that dark stream of royal blood
That lies 'twixt you and me—
I have not sought on battle-field
A wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope, on my dying day,
To win a martyr's crown!

"There is a chamber far away,
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my father's grave.
For truth and right 'gainst treason's might,
This hand has always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then raise my head on yonder tower,
Give every town a limb,
And God who made, shall gather them;
I go from you to Him!"

We know of few sublimer deaths than this, in which the poet has taken no liberties with historical facts.

LAKE ONTARIO AT PEACE.

BY ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE.

Here's to the most beauteous lake,
Bright gem amid that brilliant aqueous chain
That has its being in the land of Franklin, Nares, Kane—
That far north land toward the northern sea
Here's a health, a soulful health to thee.
Become not peevish, captious, frantic,
As thou hasteneth on to join the broad Atlantic.
Flow on; calm and placid ne'er cease to be,
As thou rollest on to join the deep blue sea—
Free!
Free!
Free!
Sleep on, thou gentle, limpid wavelet, sleep!
Sleep on until the rising sun doth peep
From out the heaving breast,
And finds thee peaceful still, and still at rest.

Riders of the Plains.



UP in the Klondike there is this winter a select collection of adventurers from all points of the compass, but chiefly drawn from the most roving, restless class of population to be found in the United States. The region is wild and remote to a degree; it is now practically inaccessible, and its population is drawn from the most lawless class of a not too law-abiding country. To add to the acuteness of the situation, the lust for quickly-found gold hangs over the men, with its influence as a moral dissolvent. Surely, here is a disorderly community, contemptuous of restraint, living along the simple system of "might is right." But this is not the case. The Klondike is probably orderly to the point of dullness this winter, and the men who, were the mining camps situated in Alaska, would probably be going about their business carrying their lives in their hands have no worse foes to contend against than the climate and the price of provisions. Why is this rough mining camp so peaceable? The Mounted Police are there.

Along that bleak frontier this Christmas are scattered a few score of fur-clad men, who with dog and sled are journeying up and down the trails that do duty as roads in the Yukon country. They are military policemen enlisted to preserve order; but they transcend their elementary duty, and go far towards being the State. They are the mail carriers and post-office; they explore new roads for the miners; they preside over the customs houses; they supply, in fact, the staff for a great deal of what the Government does in the region. It is not likely that they will have much trouble in maintaining order, for their prestige is immense. That they are fine, up-standing, clean-built, commanding-looking men, everybody knows already; but behind the athletic horseman is the might of British law, and the desperado who would have little hesitation in fighting any individual opponent, however formidable, quails before the unknown resources behind the constable. So it has been all over the Canadian Northwest. The police are a celebrated body of men, celebrated alike for their proficiency as cavalry of the scouting kind, for their individual excellence, for their immense services to the West, and for the singular manner in which they have managed to combine the rigid "smartness" of the English cavalryman with the free life of the plainsman; most of all, however, have they been distinguished for the manner in which they have retained this peculiar prestige of theirs, the sense that behind their scarlet tunics is in reserve the whole majesty of law. We have little in the way of excitement in the annals of our great West, for the reason that the pistol fight, the lynching party, the "bad man," the stage-robber, the organized banditti, the band of predatory Indian braves, are practically non-existent social phenomena, and, with the exception of the rebellion of 1885—in which the warfare was of a milder nature than has prevailed in too many of the frontier struggles of the United States—the history of the Northwest has been of peaceful development. The indefinable prestige of a law which is enforced is felt in British Columbia, where the Mounted Police are not to be seen. In Rossland, for instance, American miners when they fall out have often been known to recite the terrible things they would do to the objects of their wrath if they were but in their own country; and that, too, when the might of the law in Rossland was represented by but one Provincial official.

Our friends of the police do more than impose quiet on the Indians, who are in the trying position of having in a generation or two to drop the life which has been their lot for ages past, and to endeavor to take up a mode of living which the white man has been for centuries bringing up to its present condition of complexity. They do more than keep free-and-easy miners in order and inspire respect for law and order among frolicsome cowboys and turbulent bayvies. They do more than look for stolen cattle and make the lot of the horse-thief unhappy. They form the social and almost the legal machinery of the Northwest. They are its municipal system. Their officers are its magistrates, and the red coated trooper makes the municipal constable unnecessary. They are the representatives of justice, and discharge wide and varied administrative functions. The expense of maintaining a complete municipal system is thus saved to the struggling young communities of the West.

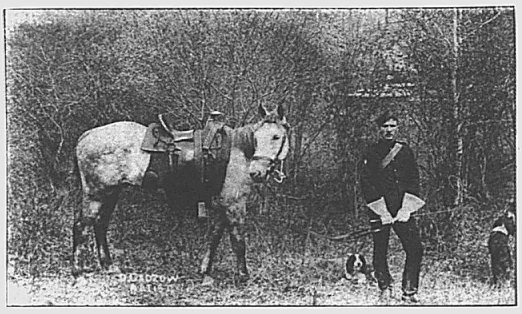


RIDERS OF THE PLAINS—D AND H DIVISIONS IN REVIEW ORDER AT MACLEOD.

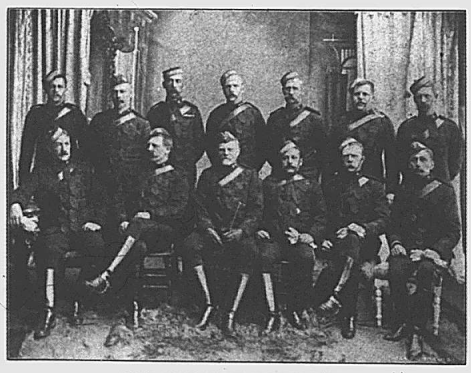
An incidental but most important duty which they discharge is that of fire-ranging; everyone knows what a danger the prairie fires constitute, and in the dangerous season the police patrol most carefully to prevent their occurrence, and to control them when they do spring up.

Manifold duties these, for a force of less than 800 men to discharge, in a territory the governed portions of which probably include almost as many thousand square miles as there are redcoats.

To look at the individual constable as he swaggers down the street of some town like Regina, one would not at first sight perceive in him the sage administrator of a young and growing country, the patient, tireless guardian of order, the shepherd of hundreds of bands of childlike, puzzled, half-resentful Indians, the municipal and social machinery of the land, and the taker of the census, the preventive officer of the frontier, the filler, in fact, of a dozen positions. He looks much more like a smart, well-set-up trooper, as he saunters down street, scarlet tunic fitting closely to his figure, the little muffin-shaped forage cap so dear to the heart of the trooper cocked jauntily over the right ear, tight riding breeches, boots and spurs. He looks so much like a regular cavalryman that Englishmen, accustomed to regular troops, have mistaken the troops they saw on duty for ordinary cavalry and have based their criticisms of the drill of the troop and the appearance of the men on that ground exclusively. But this cavalryman can not only ride knee to knee with his fellows and go through all the mysteries of drill, but he can find time to patrol the country from end to end, performing by the way all the duties that have been enumerated. Out on the plains the red tunic is not invariable, and sombre buckskin shirt and overalls take the place of helmet and tunic. Up in the north he is wrapped in furs from head to foot, and he is "mounted" only upon a big toboggan, a "flatsleigh" as it is called. But al-



RIDERS OF THE PLAINS—HUNTING FOR STOLEN CATTLE.



RIDERS OF THE PLAINS—OFFICERS, REGINA.



RIDERS OF THE PLAINS—DETACHMENT GUN SQUAD.

ways he is the same disciplined, steady, resolute soldier and policeman combined, with the dash and smartness of the one and the patience and tact of the other.

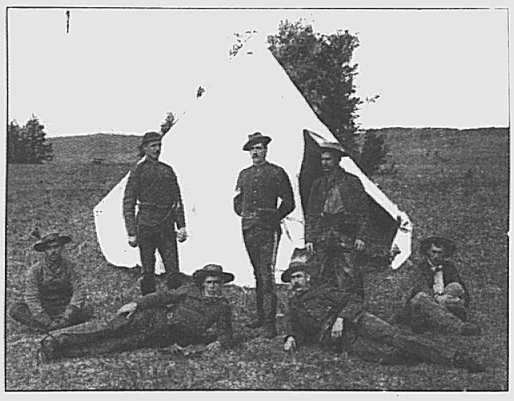
Of the composition of the force little need be said, for everyone knows how it is recruited



RIDERS OF THE PLAINS—SERGEANTS MESS, D AND H DIVISION.

from adventurous Anglo-Saxons who come from many a different point of the compass. Socially speaking, the rank and file often stand extremely high, and many a trooper is an adventurous young Briton who finds the open air life on a horse's back more to his hereditary tastes than the more monotonous work of farming. The physique of the force is also noted; in the last report the Commissioner observes that in this point the force has hardly improved much of late, inasmuch as the standard was so high before. Very few recruits are now being taken on at present, and so the standard can be easily maintained.

The service rendered to the country by this force, with its multifarious duties, is simply enormous. Its chief role, doubtless, is to enable the delicate change in the condition of the country, from wilderness to civilization, to be effected without friction; but in so many ways it achieves economy of effort in the work of settlement that it is likely long to exist in that imperial domain, the Northwest of Canada.



RIDERS OF THE PLAINS ON HERO DUTY.

A PRIMITIVE PEOPLE

THE history of Transylvania is perhaps, one of the wildest and most romantic that ever told the story of a nation. It describes a people perfectly primitive and pastoral, and living under institutions as patriarchal as those existing at the time of Lot or Abraham. Transylvania, long annexed to the Austrian monarchy, was in old times looked upon as the rightful prize of the strong hand; and was, by turns, seized and plundered by Turks, Austrians and Hungarians. For a short time it chose its own princes, who aspired to be kings of Hungary. Their presumption met with the penalty of utter annihilation.

To understand these peasants properly, the reader may, perhaps, be allowed to compare them to the Highland clansmen of Scotland at the same period. Far before any authentic records, a people have dwelt in Transylvania, who knew nothing beyond the deep valleys in which they lived; they held no intercourse with the rest of the world, or even with their neighbors, the other inhabitants of the country; and they formed as many little separate republics as there were valleys. Each clan had, and even still has, its chief, who generally fills, also, the functions of judge and priest. In the morning and the evening they have public prayers; but, although, like their lords, they belong to the reformed religion, they have no one among them specially intrusted with the care of souls. When they marry their daughters, they make great ceremony and feasting, to which all comers are welcome. On these occasions, too, they sometimes pay a visit to the lord of the valley, that he may share in their simple rejoicing; but at other times they are shy of strangers, and few of them wander far beyond their native place. The agent, or the lord himself, usually visits them once a year; or, perhaps, more frequently the patriarch of the tribe goes to the lord and tells him of the number of his cattle, and of their increase, of what must be sold and what must be kept. Certain of the peasants leave the depths of their valley toward the end of summer, and drive their flocks and herds into Wallachia, along the banks of the mighty Danube. Here are found immense forests; and here, in spite of winter, the sheep may glean fresh and plentiful pasturage. The owners of the woods are paid, in return, a certain sum yearly. In the spring, merchants and cattle-dealers come down from Constantinople, who buy their sheep and goats; and it is to this sale that the lords of Transylvania look for the greatest part of their incomes.

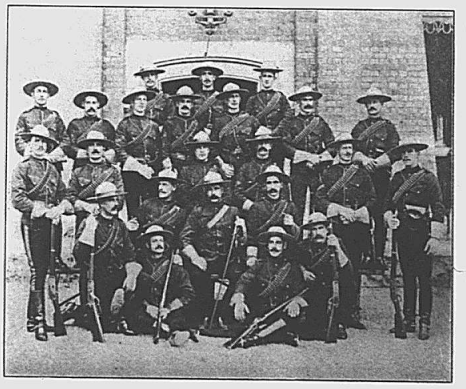
Immediately after the shepherds have effected a sale, they dispatch a messenger to their lord, who, in his turn, sends a trusty servant to receive the money. There are no bankers, no bills, no cheques, no first and second of exchange, no postoffice orders; the purchases are paid for in solid and very dirty silver, and it is carried through floods, rain, wind and weather to the lord with pastoral honesty and simplicity. All takes place with a good faith and punctuality, and an earnestness of purpose very touching to witness.

Besides this source of revenue, no sooner have the flocks and herds returned to the valley than the lord sends in waggons to return laden with cheese, the produce of the year. These cheeses are some of them formed like loaves, and some, the most delicate, are pressed into the skins of young lambs, carefully prepared for the purpose by some primitive art. The third, and remaining portion, of a Transylvanian gentleman's income is derived from wool, which is as faithfully and punctually delivered to him as his cheeses, or the cash for his flocks.

There is neither corn nor wine in these valleys, and the dwellers in them live chiefly on a kind of thin paste and a fermented drink, in both of which the milk of sheep forms a very important ingredient. Sometimes they regale themselves with a lamb or a kid; but this is a rare festival. They make their own garments from the wool of their flocks, which they fashion into coarse, thick cloths, mighty against snow, and rain, and sun, and wind, but not pretty. Their caps, too, are made of wool; and, with long, shaggy tufts hanging to them, look like weird, uncouth wigs. Their women and children are clothed in the same way, and all live together in caves cut in the mountain side, or formed by nature in the solid rocks.

I paid some of these people a visit, and found, in one of these cavern houses, an Englishman's hat and umbrella. These things interested me, because their possessors had a legend that they had been received from a demon, and I could not help fancying it more likely that they had belonged to some luckless wight who might have wandered thither and been lost. Into the hat they had forced a cheese; but I fancied I detected a sort of superstitious reverence for the umbrella, and they evidently looked upon its mechanism with great wonder and respect. They asked eagerly for information upon the mysterious subject, and, after I had explained it (which I am now almost sorry I did), I fancy they looked upon me as we, in England, looked upon people who had a tendency for explaining things in the middle ages—as an unbeliever, a student in dark arts, a magician, in league with the Evil One. But I had an object to answer, and I entered into negotiations for getting the cheese out of the hat, and offered what Mr. Traphois calls a "con-si-de-ra-tion" to be allowed to examine both hat and umbrella nearer, to see if I could find any mark or initials giving a clew to their former owner. For a long time my efforts were useless; the cheese in the hat was intended for the lord, and they were afraid of offending the umbrella by allowing me to take any liberty with it; but a good temper and a cheery way gets on wonderfully with simple folk, and at length they listened to my wish, but refused my gift. I could not, however, find anything to reward my search.

On returning to Vienna the mystery was cleared up. It appears that an English traveller making a tour in those parts on foot had been overtaken by a gaunt man in a strange costume. The upcouth figure addressed him in an unknown tongue; and all presence of mind, for a moment, deserted him. Without pausing to reflect if the greeting were friendly or hostile, he thought to conciliate his gigantic acquaintance (having no money about him) by offering the only things he could dispose of; so, taking off his hat, and resigning his umbrella with it into the hands stretched out in wonder to receive them, the English traveller took to his heels.



RIDERS OF THE PLAINS—THE JUBILEE CONTINGENT.

Legalized immorality is most insidious and destructive, luring its victims to ruin while resting in the fancied security of a perfect immunity from illegal immorality.—J.S.S.

Doctor Cousin, having heard the famous T. Fuller repeat some verses on "A Scolding Wife," was so delighted with them as to request a copy, but Fuller told him "a copy was needless, as the Doctor had the original."

MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

When shall I join the blessed company
Of those this barren world to me denies?
When shall I wake to the new day's surprise,
Beyond the murmur of death's meaning sea,
In that glad home where my best loved ones be;
And know that I have found my Paradise,
Finding again the love that never dies
The heart's dear welcome, biding there for me?

I wait alone upon life's windswept beach
The waves are high, the sea is wild and wide
Yet Death, bold pilot, all their wrath shall dare
And guide me to the shore I fain would reach:
Even now I hear the swift, incoming tide,
Whose slow, eternal ebb my bark shall bear.

Louise Chandler Moulton

"Donald," the Deer.

DONALD," the deer, was for several years the pet of the "Auld Forty-Twa," the historic regiment of Highlanders known as the Black Watch. He went with the regiment to Dublin, where one day, without any previous training, he took his place at the head of the troops, alongside of the sergeant-major, and marched with them wheresoever they went.

He did not care for manœuvres and evolutions, and was often a mile away, feeding, while the troops were drilling; but when the time came for going home he was always found at his post.

When the regiment had the duty of guarding the castle, Donald went with them, making his way through the dense crowd of Dublin idlers as one who could take care of himself. Once a rough offended him. Donald instantly singled out the man and chased him through the crowd. Fortunately for himself, the rough escaped, for Donald had an unpleasant way of using his antlers, which, though cut, were still formidable.

Donald had several infirmities. The soldiers of another regiment, the Bays, annoyed him, and the deer declared war against all of them. So thoroughly did he back his declaration that no Bay trooper would cross the square without making sure that Donald was not around.

On the march from one town to another, Donald would become footsore and get out of temper—then woe to the hostler in the stable-yard who interfered with him after a tiring day's march!

"Donald had another failing, a great liking for alcoholic liquids," writes Archibald Forbes in his history of the Black Watch. "His particular 'wanities' were whisky and sherry. At Limerick, as soon as the officers' dinner-pipe sounded, he made his way to to the mess-room windows, which were on the ground floor, in search of strong drink, until at length a severe fine had to be enforced on any one giving it to him."

When the regiment went to Corfu it was arranged that Donald should have the run of a nobleman's park, as his temper made it inexpedient for the pet to accompany the troops to a land of strangers. He was tied, put into a cart and carried off, bleating pitifully and even shedding tears.

In the nobleman's park he sought out-of-the-way places and declined intercourse with man or beast. He attacked all who approached, and finally had to be shot. The separation from his beloved troopers made him a pessimist.

GOOD TIGE.

THE story of a dog who is wiser than his master comes from a Texas town by way of a despatch to the Philadelphia Times. The dog is yellow and of mixed breed, but the reader will not be likely to lay such things up against him.

The master of the dog is a rancher, so called, who one day recently went into town with a bale of cotton. This he sold, and then, like a good-for-nothing fellow, went to work to drink up the proceeds. Long before night both he and his money were pretty far gone.

Toward evening he climbed into his rickety waggon, unhitched his shaggy ponies, which had been standing all day without food or drink, and started homeward. Very soon, overcome with liquor, he fell on the floor of the waggon and went to sleep.

The ponies, having no driver, began grazing by the wayside, and by and by climbed a low railroad embankment, still looking for a wisp of green. Before long a north-bound train swung round the curve, and bore down upon the team. A man in the distance, seeing the danger, set up a shout, but the occupant of the waggon could not hear him, and the ponies thought nothing.

Not so the dog. He was wide awake to his master's peril, and began biting and barking furiously at the ponies' heels. They, foolish creatures, kicked and backed, and just in the nick of time cleared the track. Whizz went the train, just missing the wheels.

The man was saved. His name is withheld, but his dog's name is Tige.

PROTECTING A BLIND MAN.

A BLIND musician, who supports himself by giving musical entertainments at summer resorts and "handing round the hat," says that he never found a bad coin in a collection. But not all blind men are so fortunate, for the New York Tribune tells this incident, which happened on a horse-car:

A well-dressed man, wearing dark glasses, got aboard. It was evident that he was almost blind, though he seemed able to distinguish objects dimly. He gave the conductor a dollar bill, and in groping for the change as it was handed to him he dropped one of the coins upon the floor.

With a pathetic sense of his helplessness he made no attempt to recover it, but a young woman sitting next him, who had heard it fall, bent over to search. After looking for a moment or two she found a ten-cent piece which had rolled almost across the car.

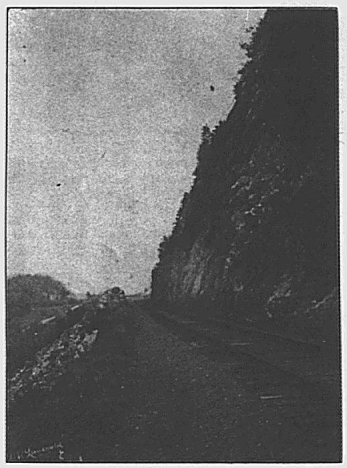
"That's mine; I just dropped it, lady," hastily interposed a shabbily-dressed woman who sat opposite.

The young woman hesitated for an instant. Some one sitting a little farther down remarked that he had seen the blind man drop the coin from his hand. Meanwhile, the sensitive face of the latter betrayed the pain that he felt at having general attention drawn to his infirmity.

"Please count that, won't you?" he asked, nervously thrusting the handful of change, which he still held, toward the young woman. "I ought to have ninety-five cents; if there are only eighty-five, the coin is mine."

The young woman counted the money. It lacked ten cents of the proper amount. "That is right now," she said, with a scornful flash at the claimant opposite; "the dime is yours."

The passengers looked satisfied, and the shabby woman was the object of so many contemptuous glances that she soon made it convenient to leave the car.



GLIMPSE OF CANADIAN SCENERY—NEAR RIC. QUE.

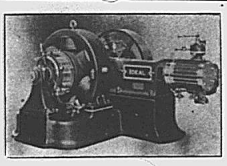
A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties; the divinest views of life penetrate most clearly into the meanest emergencies. — Martineau.

Westman & Baker,

Manufacturers of

PRINTERS' AND BOOKBINDERS' MACHINERY,

76 Wellington Street West
TORONTO, ONT.



HIGH-GRADE ELECTRIC APPARATUS

Toronto Electric Motor Co.,
103, 105, 107 & 109 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Can.

Gold

Can be taken from rock by dipping it in boiling water for 1,000 years. Do you doubt it? Then try it and call upthe

CANADA METAL Co

for Stereo, Babbit, Solder, Piano Leads, Pig Lead, Die Metal, etc.
WILLIAM STREET, TORONTO.
W. G. HARRIS, Proprietor.
Telephone 1729.

MANY PEOPLE struggle to accumulate property during life, but do not give sufficient consideration to its disposition after death, even postponing the simple duty of making a will until too late. No doubt the delay in making a will frequently arises from inability to select an executor of requisite ability and integrity, moae particularly if a trust is created under the will, and even when a suitable person is selected the grave doubt is always present whether such person will live to execute the trust.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS COMPANY was established expressly to remove such doubt and to meet all requirements in respect to security, continuity of service and efficiency in management. The Company therefore confidently solicits the appointment under wills of EXECUTOR and TRUSTEE.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS COMPANY also acts in all trust and fiduciary capacities. It is qualified in every way to take charge of assets both before and after the death of the owner. There are many advantages in putting the management of financial affairs in the care of the Company, either as trustee or agent, for the purpose of making investments, collecting interest, rents, etc.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS are leading business men of the highest character, whose integrity and standing in the community afford the amplest guarantee that all business entrusted to the Company will be faithfully managed.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is called to the fact that all trust funds and investments are kept separate and apart from the assets of the Company; the records of each individual trust show the assets belonging thereto.

CONFIDENTIAL INTERVIEWS upon all trust and estate matters are invited.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS COMPANY, Southeast Corner Yonge and Colborne Streets.

A Teaspoonful of

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

Taken every morning, will keep your blood pure and fortify your system against disease.

60 cts. a bottle. All Druggists.



PEMBER'S

Hair Goods, Hair Dressing Turkish and Russian Bath Establishment

We are Leaders in Our line.

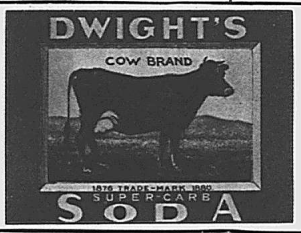
W. T. PEMBER, 127-129 Yonge. Branch—778 Yonge. Telephone 2275 and 3553.

The Calvert & Dwyer Company,

WOOL Merchants,

Toronto & Montreal.

Correspondence Solicited.
Cable address—Cotswold, Toronto, Can.



For **Delicious Biscuits, Cakes, etc.,**
USE OUR SODA.
Sold in Packages Only.

Send us your name and address, plainly written on a postal card, and we will mail to you free our "Cow Brand Cook Book."

JOHN DWIGHT & CO.
Toronto and New York

Bicycle Riders Should Know

That—The Bowmanville Tough Tread Tire

Is the only practical single tube that resists attacks of nails, thorns and broken bottles. Its corrugated surface makes it safe for wet pavements, and altogether it is a reliable tire at a reasonable price. Agents wanted in every land.

THE BOWMANVILLE RUBBER COMPANY, Limited,
BOWMANVILLE, ONTARIO.

HAIR BELTING LEATHER

ENGLISH

CARD CLOTHING

D. K. McLAREN.
Victoria Square.
MONTREAL.

The New Five-Year Combination Option Policy Now Issued by

—Assessment System.
—Mutual Principle.

The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association

Contains the following special features:

The policy which places no restrictions upon residence, travel or occupation, at any time, and is incontestable after three years, is pronounced by experts to be the best in the market, and is issued at rates from 25 to 40 per cent., according to age, lower than those of the other leading companies.

FIRST—A DISABILITY CLAUSE.
SECOND—A DIVIDEND CLAUSE.
THIRD—A CASH SURRENDER CLAUSE.
FOURTH—AN EXTENDED INSURANCE CLAUSE.

For particulars address **W. J. McMURTRY, Manager for Ontario, Freehold Loan Building, Toronto.**

Cobban Manufacturing Company, Limited,

Manufacturers Mouldings, Frames, Cornice Poles,

MIRRORS.

Glass Bevellers and Silverers.
Interior Wood work of all descriptions.
Mantels, Grates and Tiles.
Factory and Office—Lake St., Toronto.

School of Practical Science, Toronto

(Affiliated to the University of Toronto.)

Departments

1. Civil Engineering.
2. Mining Engineering.
3. Mechanical and Electrical Engineering.
4. Architecture.
5. Analytical and Applied Chemistry.

Laboratories

1. Chemical.
2. Assaying.
3. Milling.
4. Steam.
5. Meteorological.
6. Electrical.
7. Testing of Materials.

Museums

1. Minerals.
2. Rocks.
3. Fossils.
4. Chemical Manufactures.
5. Building Stones.

Diplomas, etc.

1. Diploma of the School.
2. Degree of Bachelor of Applied Science.
3. Professional Degrees in Engineering, after three years in active professional practice.

For further information apply to **L. B. STEWART, Secretary.**



Practical School of Watch-Making.

Established 1890

PUPILS DO NOT REQUIRE PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE.

Instructions in actual repairs and construction of Watches, Chronometers and Clocks, together with Drafting and Mathematical calculations, being a training **not obtainable** in any jewelry store. Awarded seven prizes in the United States, silver medal, highest award Toronto Industrial. Terms reasonable. Write for particulars.

Canadian Horological Institute,

H. R. PLAYTNER, Director.

OAK HALL BUILDING, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT.



HEAD OFFICE OF THE I. O. F., TORONTO.

Assessment System.

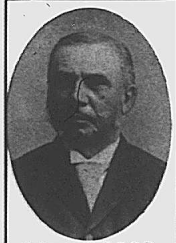
Independent Order of Foresters

The Best Fraternal Benefit Society In the World.

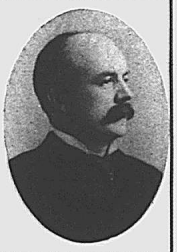


JOHN A. McGILLIVRAY, Q.C., S.S.

ORONHYATEKHA, M.D., S. C. R., Toronto, Ont.
JOHN A. McGILLIVRAY, Q.C., S.S., Toronto, Ont.
A. E. STEVENSON, American Agent, 6340 Monroe Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
JAMES MARSHALL, General Manager for Great Britain, 24 Charing Cross, London, England.



E. BOTTERELL, P. S. C. R.



HON. D. D. AITKEN, S.V.C.R.

The Magnificent Benefits Paid.

Benefits paid in 1897 to 31st October	$ 811,722 95
Benefits paid last year (1896)	820,941 91
Benefits paid last Five Years	2,754,039 14
Benefits paid last Ten Years	3,462,142 79
Benefits paid from organization to 31st October, 1897	4,925,244 12

The Growth of the Membership.

Membership 1st July, 1881	369
Membership 31st Dec., 1881	1,019
Membership 31st Dec., 1886	5,804
Membership 31st Dec., 1891	32,303
Membership 31st Dec., 1896	102,838

Benefits Given by the I. O. F.

In addition to the social and fraternal privileges which a Forester enjoys by virtue of his membership, he secures the following substantial benefits:—

For himself during his lifetime.

(a) FROM THE SUBORDINATE COURTS

(1) Free medical attendance of the court physician, except where the Court has by by-law dispensed with such attendance.

(b) FROM THE SUPREME COURT.

(2) A sick benefit of $3 a week for the first two weeks and $5 a week for the next ten weeks, and $3 a week for an additional twelve weeks. The sick and funeral benefits are optional and entail additional cost.

(3) A total and permanent disability benefit of $250, $500, $1,000, $1,500, $2,000 or $2,500; the balance of the mortuary benefit, being half of the face of the policy, is paid at the death of a member to his beneficiaries.

For his beneficiaries at his death.

(4) A funeral benefit of $50.

(5) A mortuary benefit of $500, $1,000, $2,000, $3,000, $4,000 or $5,000, payable to beneficiary on death of member, less amount (if any) paid on account of total and permanent disability.



ORONHYATEKHA, M.D., S.C.R.

Rates of Assessments for $1,000 in the Ordinary Class.

AGE.	Per Month.	Per Year.
18	$ .60	$ 7.20
19	.61	7.32
20	.62	7.44
21	.63	7.56
22	.64	7.68
23	.65	7.80
24	.66	7.92
25	.67	8.04
26	.68	8.16
27	.69	8.28
28	.70	8.40
29	.71	8.52
30	.72	8.64
31	.73	8.76
32	.74	8.88
33	.75	9.00
34	.76	9.12
35	.78	9.36
36	.80	9.60
37	.82	9.84
38	.84	10.08
39	.86	10.32
40	.90	10.80
41	.93	11.40
42	1.00	12.00
43	1.10	13.20
44	1.20	14.40
45	1.30	15.60
46	1.40	16.80
47	1.60	19.20
48	1.90	22.80
49	2.00	25.40
50	2.20	30.00
51	2.60	31.20
52	2.70	32.40
53	2.85	34.20
54	3.00	36.00

COST TO JOIN THE I. O. F.

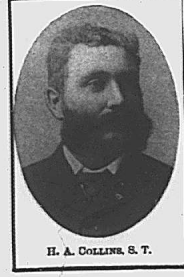
The cost to join the Order through an existing Court ranges from $6.50 to $12.00, according to the amount of Benefits taken. The ultimate cost to charter members is only $3.50 to $5, owing to the fact that the whole of their contribution towards the charter fee is eventually refunded to them.

The Increases During 1896.

Increase of Benefits Paid	$ 135,941 73
Increase of Assessment Income	228,932 00
Increase of Total Income	347,901 19
Increase of Net Assets	438,114 34
Increase of Surplus Funds	455,110 92
Increase of Assurance in Force	20,763,500 00

The Expansion of the Surplus.

Surplus 1st July, 1881	$ 0
Surplus 31st Dec., 1881	4,568 55
Surplus 31st Dec., 1886	53,981 28
Surplus 31st Dec., 1891	408,798 20
Surplus 31st Dec., 1896	2,015,484 38
Surplus 31st Oct., 1897	**2,458,374 60**



H. A. COLLINS, S. T.

Founded 17th June, 1874.

Reorganized 1st July, 1881.



T. MILLMAN, M.D., S. P.



HON. W. WEDDERBURN, S.C.

REMEMBERED.

As, when dies a sound,
Its spectre lingers round;
Haply my spent life will
Leave some faint echo still.—Whittier

The Fisheries Protection Fleet of Canada.



COMMANDER SPAIN

AFTER the reciprocal arrangements under the Treaty of Washington of 1871 had obtained for a period of ten years, a joint resolution was adopted by the Congress of the United States, entitled "Joint Resolution providing for the termination of Articles numbered eighteen to twenty five, and Article thirty of the Treaty between the United States of America and Her Britannic majesty, concluded at Washington, May eighth, eighteen hundred and seventy-one."

The adoption of this resolution took place on the 3rd March, 1883, and in accordance with the requirements of the treaty, which called for two years' notice, the United States' representative at the Court of St. James formally announced the intention of his Government to terminate the above-mentioned clauses of the Washington Treaty—generally known as the "Fishery Articles"—on the 1st July, 1885.

As the abrogation of the treaty privileges would have taken place in the midst of a fishing season, a temporary arrangement was reached between the two powers, by which it was mutually agreed that the subjects and citizens of both countries engaged in fishing operations should continue to enjoy the privileges secured to them by denounced treaty articles throughout the remainder of the season of 1885. It was also stipulated that, as part of the agreement, the President of the United States would bring the whole question of the fisheries before Congress at its then ensuing session.

These negotiations, it will be remembered, culminated in the treaty of 1888, which having been agreed to by the respective plenipotentiaries, and accepted by Great Britain and Canada, was refused ratification by the Senate of the United States.

It was under this treaty, pending ratification—which period was fixed at two years—that the modus vivendi licenses to United States fishing vessels for the purchase of supplies, etc., were first issued in the year 1888. After the expiry of the two years specified, and notwithstanding the refusal of the United States Senate to ratify the treaty, the Canadian Government, as an act of grace, and in a conciliatory spirit, continued the privileges accorded under the modus vivendi up to the present time by appropriate legislation.

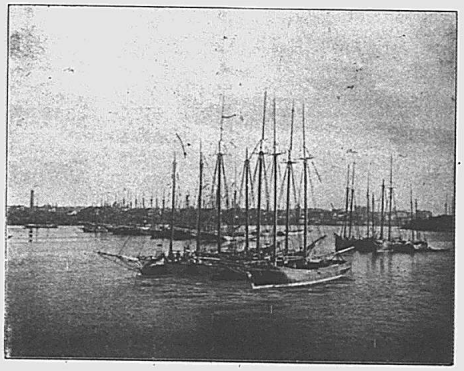
The denunciation of the Fishery Articles of the Treaty of Washington, which had had the effect of removing all friction in respect of the rights and privileges of U. S. fishing vessels on the coasts of British North America, left the Government of Great Britain and that of Canada no alternative other than to inaugurate provident measures for the maintenance and protection of the rights and fishing interests secured to British subjects under the Convention of 1818.

To this end a fleet of Fisheries Protection vessels—similar to the "Marine Police" force which was maintained prior to the Treaty of Washington—was equipped and commissioned in the spring of 1886, and cruised along the territorial limit for the protection of the Canadian inshore fisheries against invasion by foreign fishing vessels.

During the first two years considerable friction occurred between the Governments concerned, arising out of the seizure of and interference with United States fishing vessels for encroachment upon the inshore fisheries, from which they were absolutely debarred by the Convention of 1818, under which the privileges contended for were in set terms renounced by their Government.

Voluminous diplomatic correspondence ensued, which practically ceased with the negotiations for the unratified treaty of 1888 above referred to, and the issue of licenses under modus vivendi.

It might be well to explain here the exact position of United States fishing vessels under the Convention of 1818, the modus vivendi, and the subsequent legislation which continued the licenses in force up to the present time.



SEALING VESSELS IN VICTORIA HARBOR, B.C.

By the Convention of 1818 the United States renounced forever any liberty theretofore enjoyed or claimed by the inhabitants thereof to take, dry, or cure fish on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks or harbors of British Dominions in America, not included within certain specified limits, as follows:—On the southern part of the coast of Newfoundland, extending from Cape Ray to the Ramea Islands; on the western and northern coasts of Newfoundland from Cape Ray to the Quirpon Islands; on the shores of the Magdalen Islands, and on the coasts, bays, harbors and creeks from Mount Joly on the southern coast of Labrador, to and through the Straits of Belle Isle, and thence northwardly indefinitely along the coasts, without prejudice to exclusive rights of the Hudson Bay Company.

With these exceptions, therefore, the U. S. Government abandoned all claim to rights of fishery, etc., on the territorial limit of the British American coasts. It was, however, stipulated in the treaty that they should be admitted to the bays and harbors "for the purpose of shelter, and of repairing damages therein, of purchasing wood and of obtaining water, and for no other purpose whatever."

Under the modus vivendi and the present legislation licenses are issued to the U. S. fishing vessels applying for them, by which these four privileges are supplemented as follows:

They may enter territorial waters for:

(a) The purchase of bait, ice, seines, lines, and all other supplies and outfits;

(b) The transhipment of catch; and

(c) The shipping of crews.

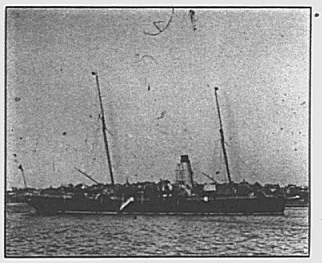
The fee charged for these licenses is $1.50 per registered ton of the vessel.

It will be remembered, however, that neither licensed nor unlicensed vessels can fish within the territorial limit, and that an unlicensed vessel is restricted to the four privileges secured by treaty, that is, shelter, repairs, wood and water.

The Canadian Government, however, has been very liberal in granting special privileges

in individual cases of U. S. fishing vessels where application has been made through the commander of the Fisheries Protection Service or the collectors of customs, under circumstances appearing to warrant a waiver of license, such, for instance, as the disposal or transhipment of perishable fish in cases of needed repairs, re-replacing lost anchors and cables, and other minor privileges to vessels homeward bound from the fishing banks.

It will thus be seen that the duty of the patrol fleet chiefly consists in a general over-

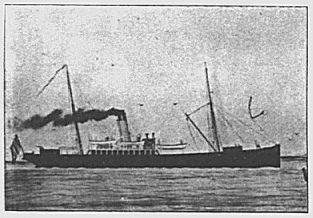


ACADIA FLAG SHIP OF THE FLEET.

sight of the U. S. fishing fleet to keep them from invading territorial waters for purposes other than those allowed them under the treaty and under the licenses if held by them.

In addition to such duties, the fleet is used largely in the protection and oversight of the important lobster and other sea fisheries pursued along the coast.

The actual fishing operations of U. S. vessels requiring the supervision of the cruisers are confined principally to the mackerel fleet, operating close alongside the three-mile limit, and the purchases, etc., under the license system, are largely in connection with cod fishing, etc., on the banks.



ABERDEEN.

During 1886 the fleet consisted of 9 vessels—3 steamships and 6 sailing schooners.

In 1887 9 vessels were employed—3 steamers and 7 schooners.

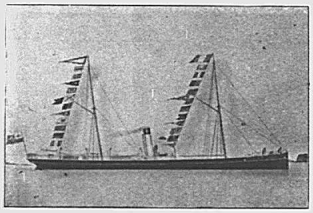
In 1888 the fleet numbered 8 vessels—3 steamers and 5 sailing vessels.

In 1889 4 steamers and 3 sailing vessels formed the patrol fleet.

In 1890 the fleet was composed of 4 steamers and 3 sailing vessels.

In 1891 there were employed 5 steamers and 3 sailing vessels.

In 1892 6 steamers and 2 schooners.



LA CANADIENNE.

In 1893 5 steamers and 2 schooners.

In 1894 8 steamers and 2 schooners.

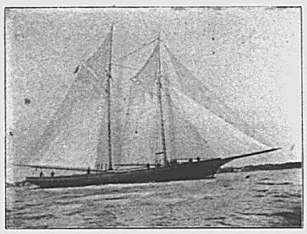
In 1895 the fleet numbered 7 steamers and 2 sailing vessels.

In 1896 8 steamers and 3 sailing vessels.

This year the steamer Petrel was commissioned, and patrolled Georgian Bay and Lake Erie; and the steamer Dolphin was also for the first time employed in patrolling the same waters.

During the year just closing, 1897, the Canadian Fisheries Protection fleet consisted of the following vessels:—Cruiser Acadia (steamer), flagship, commanded by Capt. O. G. V. Spain, R.N., Commander of the service. The Acadia is officered as follows:—Senior and navigating officer, 1st, 2nd and 3rd officers; chief, 2nd and 3rd engineers. The length of this vessel is 182 feet; registered tonnage 354, with horse-power 138; speed 13 knots. She has a crew of 35 men and an armed landing party of 22. Her armament consists of 2 twelve-pound and 1 three-pound guns. The crew are armed with Spencer magazine rifles, Colt's revolvers, cutlasses and batons. She is employed throughout the season in the general supervision of the fleet.

The Dominion Government steamer Aberdeen is employed at times in the Fisheries Protection Service. She is officered as follows:—Captain, 1st, 2nd and 3rd officers; chief, 2nd and 3rd



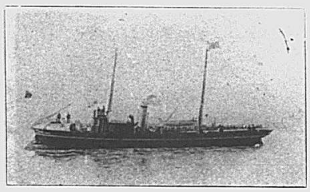
KINGFISHER.

engineers; crew, 30; armed landing party, 18. Length 180 feet, registered tonnage 266, horse-power 200, speed 13 knots. Armament when in Fisheries Protection Service, 1 nine-pound gun; crew armed with rifles, revolvers and cutlasses.

The regular Fisheries Protection cruiser La Canadienne, which has for years patrolled the Lower Gulf Division under command of Dr. Wakeham, not being placed in commission this year the Aberdeen was assigned to that station, under the command of Dr. Napoleon Lavoie, as Fishery Officer for the Gulf Division, who replaced Commander Wakeham, which officer was given control of the Hudson Bay expedition in the steamship Diana.

The steam cruiser Constance is employed in both the Fisheries Protection and Revenue service. Captain, 1st and 2nd officers; chief and 2nd engineers; crew, 20; armed landing party, 12. Length, 115 feet; registered tonnage, 126; horse-power, 50; speed, 11½ knots. Armament, 1 nine-pound gun; crew armed with magazine rifles, revolvers and cutlasses. Station, River St. Lawrence.

The cruiser Kingfisher has captain, 1st and 2nd officers; number of crew, 20; armed landing party, 15. Length, 100 feet; registered tonnage, 107. Armament, 1 twelve-pound gun;



CURLEW.

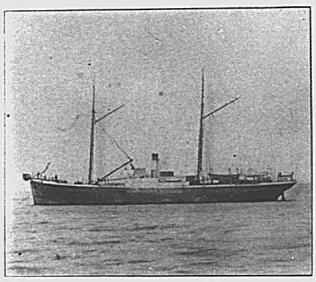
crew armed with magazine rifles, revolvers and cutlasses. Station, East Point, Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton coast.

The cruiser Osprey has captain, 1st and 2nd officers; crew, 20; armed landing party, 15. Length, 79 feet; registered tonnage, 87. Armament, 1 twelve-pound gun; crew armed with magazine rifles, Colt's revolvers and cutlasses. Station, south-east coast of Nova Scotia from Liscomb to Louisburg.

The steam cruiser Curlew has captain, 1st, 2nd and 3rd officers; chief, 2nd and 3rd engineers; crew, 20; armed landing party, 12. Length, 116 feet; horse-power, 50; speed, 11½ knots; registered tonnage, 126. Armament, 1 twelve-pound gun; crew armed with repeating rifles, revolvers and cutlasses. Station, Bay of Fundy.

The steam cruiser Petrel has captain, 1st, 2nd and 3rd officers; chief and 2nd engineers; crew, 20; armed landing party, 12. Length, 120 feet; registered tonnage, 105; horse-power, 58; speed, 11½ knots. Armament, 1 nine-pound gun; crew armed with magazine rifles, Colt's revolvers and cutlasses. Station, Lake Erie.

The steam patrol boat Dolphin has captain and chief engineer; crew, 6; armed landing party, 3. Length, 55 feet; horse-power, 25; speed, 8 knots; registered tonnage, 16. Armament, none;



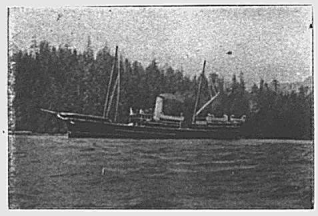
LANSDOWNE.

crew armed with rifles and revolvers. Station, Georgian Bay.

Vigilant—Two guns; sailing schooner; 100 tons. Fisheries Protection Service. Captain, H. Mackenzie.

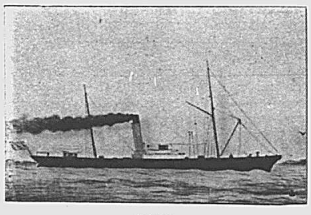
The Quadra is a steel screw steamer and was commissioned in 1892 in the British Columbia district for the general work of the department and has proved very successful, being well adapted for the lighthouse and coast service. This vessel is sometimes employed in the service of the Department of the Interior and Indian Affairs and other necessary Government work.

The dimensions of the Quadra as appears by the register are—length, 174 feet; breadth, 31.1



QUADRA.

feet; and depth of hold, 13.6. Her gross tonnage is 573.30 tons, and her registered tonnage 265.25 tons. Her engines are Fleming & Ferguson's patent quadruple expansion, of the improved type, designed to maintain a speed of ten knots at sea. An evaporator of Morrison's type to "make up" loss of fresh water in the boilers, has been placed on board. The vessel contains an armory and magazine which can immediately be brought into use if required. She is also fitted with a donkey engine for pumping and the use of the winch. The Quadra was built by contract for the Department of Marine and Fisheries, with all the latest improvements in machinery

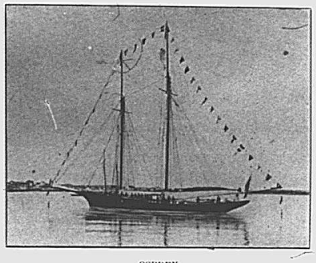


DRUID.

and is fitted with electrical lighting apparatus.

The Stanley has been employed for the maintenance of winter communication between Prince Edward Island and the mainland of Nova Scotia since 1889. This communication is kept up exceedingly well between the ports of Charlottetown and Georgetown in the Island and Pictou in Nova Scotia. The route is one

of the most difficult known in regular navigation, but the Stanley has never met with any serious accident. She has at times been caught in the ice, which piles up 20 and 30 feet in the Straits of Northumberland, and has been compelled to drift back and forth for a period of one week, but this seldom occurs. The Stanley has been known to make her way through what is called shoved ice of a depth of 8 and 10 feet.



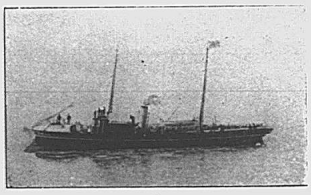
OSPREY.

She is 200 feet in length between perpendiculars, with a beam of 32 feet, and depth of 20 feet 3 inches. She is entirely of steel, even the deck houses being of that material. Her plating varies in thickness, according to the amount of resistance to be overcome by different parts of the ship. Forward, the plating is all double, and the same throughout her entire length at the water line. She is also extra close framed. Lloyd's rule is 24 inches between ribs, but in the Stanley there is only 17 inches between them.

Her engines are triple expansion, of the best make and finish, and are classed as 2,500 h.p. indicated and 300 nominal. The three cylinders have the diameters of 24, 40 and 62 inches respectively. The stroke is 3 feet 6 inches. The engine will carry a pressure of 160 pounds. The steel shaft that drives the propeller is 13 inches in diameter. The screw has four blades, which are attached to the box by bolts, so that in case of one being broken it can be replaced with comparative ease. The gross tonnage of the boat is 1,000 tons, so it will be seen that with such powerful engines she has tremendous force to overcome any obstacles that may be in her way. She is fitted with tanks for regulating her draught, fore or aft, as the ice may require.

She has also five water-tight compartments, by which she could be kept afloat in case of severe accident. The illustration gives an excellent idea of how this vessel forces her way through by running upon the ice and crushing it down with her immense weight.

The Newfield was built in 1871 and was purchased by the Dominion Government in the year 1875 in England. She has therefore been in service in Canada for 22 years. During this time her work has been confined largely to the Nova Scotia Lighthouse and Coast Service. The heavy automatic and other coast buoys have been placed and kept in position largely by this boat. The Newfield has been extensively repaired several times, more particularly in the fall of 1892, when she was thoroughly overhauled, repaired and made seaworthy at a cost of $20,000.

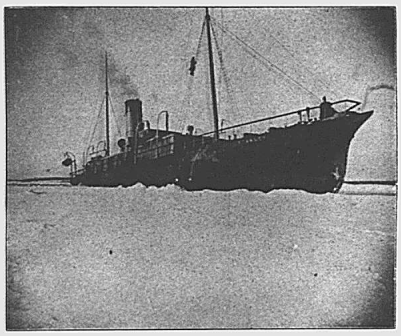


CONSTANCE.

The Newfield is fitted up with apparatus and tanks for laying telegraph cable, and has been periodically employed under the direction of the Public Works Department in repairing and laying cable between Nova Scotia and the Magdalen Islands. This steamer is an iron screw boat of 784.91 gross tonnage and 508.82 registered tonnage; her dimensions being 206 feet in length, 29 feet in breadth and depth of hold 16 feet 8 inches. Her engines are compound surface-condensing and 100 nominal horse-power and her speed 9 knots per hour.

The Lansdowne is a wooden screw steamer, built by contract for the Department of Marine and Fisheries in 1884, and has been engaged in the lighthouse and coast service in New Brunswick, principally, since she was put in commission. This boat has been engaged for three months in each summer of 1895 and 1896 in the tidal survey in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Straits of Belle Isle, and mouth of St. Lawrence river. Her dimensions are: length, 188 feet; breadth, 32 feet; depth of hold, 15 feet 8 inches; the gross tonnage being 680 tons and the registered tonnage 462.62 tons. Her nominal horse-power is 80. The engine is inverted compressed surface-condenser and her speed is 10 knots an hour.

The Druid is engaged part of the season in placing gas buoys, towing lightships, and delivering lighthouse supplies to lighthouses on the St. Lawrence River. For many years she was engaged in quarantine service when required; under the control of the Department of Agriculture. She has been, however, employed entirely by the Department of Marine and Fisheries in recent years till the season of 1897, when she again entered the quarantine service. The Druid was originally a paddle steamer and was purchased by the Government in 1877, and has been continuously in commission, with the exception of short periods when undergoing repairs. In 1893 the Department of Marine placed a compound screw engine in the steamer, thereby converting her into a screw steamer, and rebuilt a large portion of the hull, the whole costing over $14,000. The steamer may be said to have been rebuilt, as a large part of the hull was stripped and new iron plates placed upon it and part of the iron framework renewed. The speed of the boat was increased about one knot, being now 9 knots per hour. Her dimensions are: length, 160 feet; main breadth, 21 feet; depth of hold, 9.06 feet.



STANLEY BREAKING HER WAY THROUGH THE ICE.

Lady Burton's Legacy.

LADY Isabel Burton leaves woman a legacy of admonition in her "Life" recently published:

1. Let your husband find in you a companion, friend and adviser and confidante, that he may miss nothing at home.

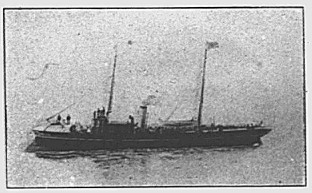
2. Be a careful nurse when he is ailing, that he may never be in low spirits about his health without a serious cause.

3. Make his home snug. If it be ever so small and poor, there can always be a certain chic about it. Men are always ashamed of a poverty-stricken home, and therefore prefer the club. Attend to his creature comforts; allow smoking or anything else; for if you do not somebody else will. Make yourself cheerful and attractive, and cultivate the style of society (literati) that suits him.

4. Improve and educate yourself in every way, that you may enter into his pursuits and keep pace with the times.

5. Be prepared at any moment to follow him at an hour's notice and rough it like a man.

6. Do not try to hide your affection for him, but let him see and feel it in every action. Never refuse him anything he asks. Observe a certain amount of reserve and delicacy before him. Keep up the honeymoon romance, whether at home or in the desert. At the same time do not make prudish bothers, which only disgust and are not true modesty. Do not make the mistake of neglecting your personal appearance, but try to look well and dress well to please his eye.



PETREL.

7. Perpetually work up his interest with the world, whether for publishing or for appointments. Let him feel, when he has to go away, that he leaves a second self in charge of his affairs at home, so that if sometimes he is obliged to leave you behind he may have nothing of anxiety on his mind. Take an interest in everything that interests him. To be companionable a woman must learn what interests her husband, and if it is only planting turnips she must try and understand turnips.

8. Never confide your domestic affairs to your female friends.

9. Hide his faults from every one, and back him up through every difficulty and trouble.

10. Never permit any one to speak disrespectfully of him before you, and if any one does, no matter how difficult, leave the room. Never permit any one to tell you anything about him, especially of his conduct with regard to other women. Never hurt his feelings by a rude remark or jest. Never answer when he finds fault, and never reproach him when he is in the wrong, especially when he tells you of it, nor take advantage of it when you are angry, and always keep his heart up when he has made a failure.

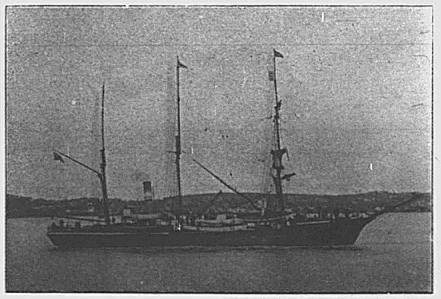
11. Keep all disagreements for your own room, and never let others find them out.

12. Never ask him not to do anything—for instance, with regard to visiting other women or any one you particularly dislike; trust him and tell him everything, except another person's business.

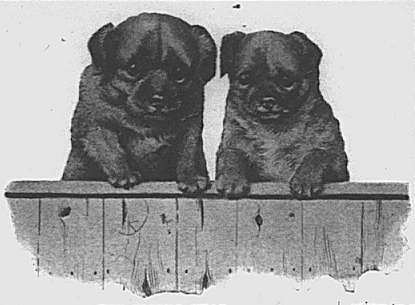
13. Do not bother him with religious talk; be religious yourself and give good example; take life seriously and earnestly; pray for and procure prayers for him, and do all you can for him without his knowing it, and let all your life be something that you will win mercy from God for him.

14. Cultivate your own good health, spirits and nerves, to enable you to carry out your mission.

15. Keep everything going, and let him see that you are anxious to make the most of your opportunity.



DIANA.



THE FLYING YEAR.

As a dream when night is done,
As a shadow flees the sun,
As a ship whose white sails skim
Over the horizon dim,
As a life complete of days
Vanisheth from mortal ways,
As a hope that pales to fear
Is the dying of the year.

—Christian Burke.

Above the Rabble.

ELBERT HUBBARD, IN "THE PHILISTINE."

THE Eiffel Tower is one thousand feet high; it is the highest structure in the world. Next to this comes the Washington monument, five hundred and fifty-five feet. The Great Pyramid is four hundred and eighty feet; the spire of St. Peter's at Rome is four hundred and thirty-two feet.

There are four elevators that run to the second landing of the Tower—two ascending and two descending. From this point there is one running up and one running down. In order to lessen vibration to the structure and to the vertebræ of passengers, the elevators move at the rate of only one hundred feet a minute; thus it takes ten minutes to make the ascent.

The second landing place is three hundred and seventy feet from the ground, and this is about as far from mother earth as most people care to go. The highest buildings in Chicago are about two hundred feet. From the roofs of these edifices the people below look like pigmies; the rattle of traffic is heard as a faint hum. But from the top of the Eiffel Tower men and women on the ground all look alike; they are mere dots, without height or individuality.

The Eiffel Tower is the greatest scheme for elevating humanity ever conceived. It costs five francs to make the ascent, but it is worth the money. It will try your nerves, and possibly make you seasick, but the joy you feel on getting back to earth is compensation for all discomfort.

Besides this, change is hygienic, and new sensations, new experiences, new views are tonics. In fact, a specialist in neurotics at Paris takes certain of his patients to the top of the Eiffel Tower in order to arouse them out of their despondency—to animate and compel them to think of new things.

We have all heard of the chronic invalid who was not cured until the house caught afire; but who wants to start a conflagration as treatment for melancholia? Yet the elevators at the Eiffel Tower run every day, and it has happened that when patients who have tried to commit suicide are taken up in the nicely cushioned cage, they have become frightened and begged to be taken down at once.

Let me frankly confess that I was first attracted to the Eiffel Tower thro' the advice of a physician. I had overworkt, endeavoring to read all of the chipmunk magazines as fast as they appeared. Nervous prostration set in, and neurastheia had taken a firm hold on me, and if my actions at this time were slightly peculiar, the gentle reader must be charitable and attribute my eccentricity solely to my physical condition—and the magazinelets.

I made the ascent of the Tower by stages: the first time I was fully satisfied on going to the second landing. The next time to the third, and on the third ascent I reached the summit.

Had I gone but once, it would have been an experience never to be forgotten. Alas! the medicine was so palatable that I wished for a double dose, and on the second trip the Tower was only half as high. I was quite blase.

The work of the great engineer? What of it! He has the earth to build upon, the corners of the world from which to draw material, books that tell him the crushing resistance of his base and the breaking tension of his beams. He digs for his caissons, lays his foundation, places his steel uprights, counts on the force of the wind; computes the exact weight of each piece he will use, bolts and rivets part to part, carrying up columns and girders by elevator, and, like the building of a railroad, lays the track for his carriages as he goes. A railway extends iron after iron on the ground; this extends iron after iron into the air. But it is all according to well digested physical laws; it is all geometric. The Tower has four immense corners three hundred feet apart that are mortised into the very crust of the Miocene Period. The pressure on each square centimetre at the base is nine pounds; that at the Washington monument is fifty-eight pounds. The difference is in the material used. Who's afraid? There it rises, tall, straight, correct, cold-levelled with plumb-line and square. It is all mathematically adjusted, clamped, implicated, riveted, rectilinear, symmetrical, sure. It cost $1,500,000.

On my third passage in the elevator of the Eiffel Tower the novelty of the thing had quite worn away. I joked with the ticket-seller, slapped the guard on the back, entered the car and pacified several ladies who were a bit nervous and threatening to scream; then I gave the order to ascend. My jaunty manner quite put the passengers at their ease. In pigeon French I explained the workings of the elevators, the cost of the structure, the time required to build it, the difficulties encountered.

On the down trip one of the ladies asked: "Who was it built this tower, anyway?"

"I am the man who built it," was my unblushing answer.

"But I thought from your accent you were an American?"

"Madam, you evidently forget that in building towers the vocabulary always gets a trifle mixed."

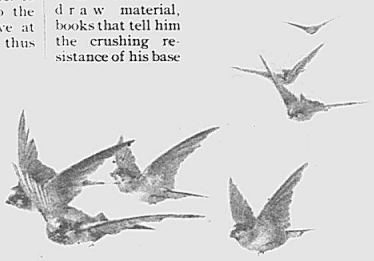
The next day as I viewed the Eiffel Tower from my hotel window, I smiled in derision.

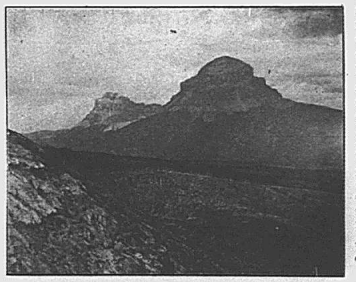
On first approaching the Tower a week before, I had been overawed, then I admired, then endured, then pitied, then embraced—an opportunity to scorn it.

And this is how it happened: In the Paris edition of the New York Herald I read an advertisement worded as follows: "Prof. Le Galligar, the celebrated aeronaut, will make an ascension for scientific purposes to-morrow, from the Champ de Mars. Three passengers will be taken at fifty francs each. Apply early at 15 Rue St. Denis."

An overwhelming desire had come over me to spit down upon the pride of M. Eiffel. Here was the chance. I hastened to the Rue St. Denis, found Prof. Le Galligar, a bright youth of about twenty-two, at a little wine shop. He was too young to be celebrated, and did not look scientific, yet I paid him my passage money and took a receipt. He could not understand my English, and to me his French was incomprehensible; but by means of much pantomime it was agreed that I should be on hand at two o'clock the following day.

I slept little that night, and was up betimes the next morning. When I approached the Champ de Mars in the afternoon, I could see the great mud-colored balloon swaying back and forth like an impatient elephant. A large crowd had gathered. On working my way through the jam I found that ropes were stretched in the form of a square to keep people back. I managed to





GLIMPSE OF CANADIAN SCENERY—CROW'S NEST MOUNTAIN.



RING THE BELLS.

Ring out, wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

* * * * * *

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson.



reach the ropes, dodged under, and was seized by a "John Darm." I shouldered him to one side, and just as he was about to draw his sword, Prof. Le Galligar rushed forward, all in spangled tights. He embraced me, and kisst me on both cheeks. He introduced me to the assemblage, first to the east, then to the north, then to the west, then to the south. The crowd cheered lustily.

Soon the other two passengers appeared. One was a tall, slim man, the other short and stout. They were embraced by the Professor, and duly introduced, first to me, then to the crowd, east, north, south and west.

My shipmates were both Frenchmen, and spoke no English. I was neither frightened nor nervous, but still I had prayed hard that at least one of them might speak English. I wished to hear my native tongue before I left the earth.

But there was no time for disappointment. The Professor seized me by the arm, marched me around to the other side of the swaying basket, and pointed to the rope ladder. I consulted my watch; it was just two o'clock. I climbed up, and found that my colleagues had preceded me.

On standing in the basket the top came nearly level with my shoulders. The tall man's head was a foot above mine and the little duodecimo's a foot below—his face deathly pale.

The Professor perched airily on the edge of the basket, and gave orders to cast off. Then it was that the little stout man got his hands on the side of the basket and tried frantically to get out—he had changed his mind. The Professor slid down and grasped him by the legs, endeavoring to hold him back. I took a hand, too. We forced him to the floor, while all the time the crowd cheered.

Then there was a silence. I stood on the prostrate form of the fat man and looked over the side to see what this sudden quiet meant. Just then a shrill feminine voice came to my ears: "Why, that's the man who built the Eiffel Tower!"

I looked down and there, to the front of the crowd, was my friend of the day before. She waved her parasol at me, and I was going to shout back an ante-mortem statement but my attention was diverted by seeing that the anchor-ropes, which were held by a dozen men a moment before, were now dangling.

We were off! No, we were not moving at all; the earth was slowly slipping away from us and turning at the same time. The north of Paris was sloughing around to the northeast.

The Eiffel Tower pushed down and away. It slid down until we were at the first landing, the second, we were even with the top; it glided down beneath us a hundred feet. I leaned over the basket and spat violently. The tall man jabbered in French, shook my hand, and the Professor all the while tumbled out cards, dodgers and sundry advertisements in the interest of science. And still the little man lay in the bottom of the basket, and the great city slowly swirled and slipped away, away, away.

The houses were only painted play-blocks gently rocking up and down, and the horses were surely out of a Noah's Ark collection. We were over the Champs Elysees, approaching the Arc de Triomphe.

The people appeared as black ants might when viewed from a tree-top. Some were moving, some evidently had discovered us and were standing still. There they were, three millions of them below us, eating, sleeping, fighting, praying; in houses, on roofs, on ladders, on fences, a few up the Eiffel Tower, but all on earth. Some were in love, some disappointed, some laying plans to get the money of others; black ants working for the applause of black ants; black ants seeking to reform ants blacker than themselves. All born in sin, and therefore deserving damnation. Yet some were to be saved by special enactment. How pick out which were to be saved, and which not? They were all alike. So I damned them all, and then forgave them—electing them to Tuileries in the skies.

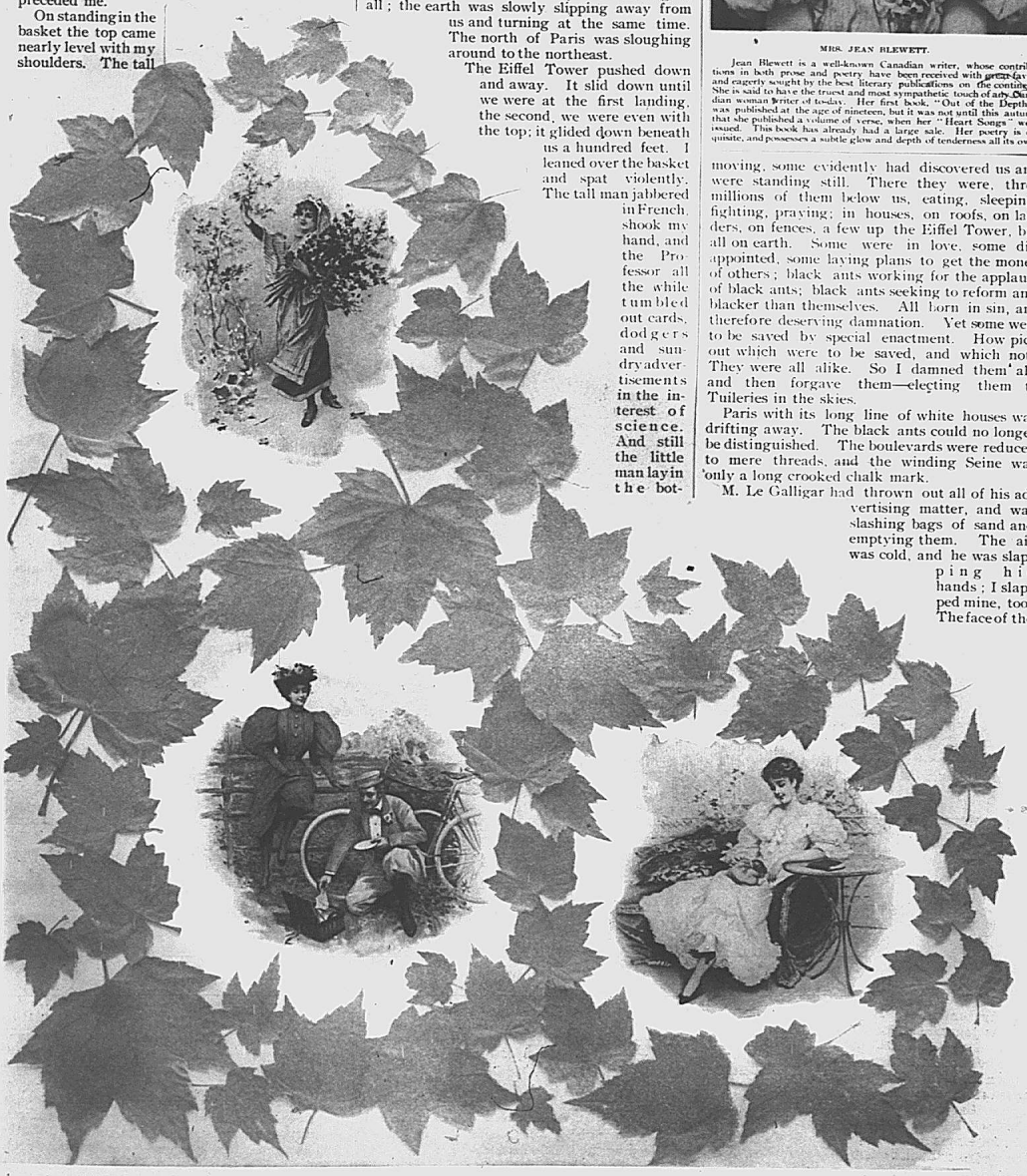
Paris with its long line of white houses was drifting away. The black ants could no longer be distinguished. The boulevards were reduced to mere threads, and the winding Seine was only a long crooked chalk mark.

M. Le Galligar had thrown out all of his advertising matter, and was slashing bags of sand and emptying them. The air was cold, and he was slapping his hands; I slapped mine, too. The face of the



MRS. JEAN BLEWETT.

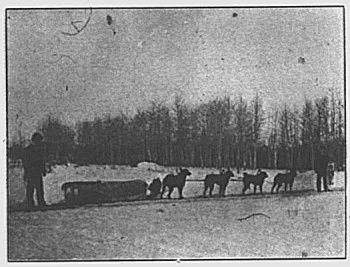
Jean Blewett is a well-known Canadian writer, whose contributions in both prose and poetry have been received with great favor, and eagerly sought by the best literary publications on the continent. She is said to have the truest and most sympathetic touch of any Canadian woman writer of to-day. Her first book, "Out of the Depths," was published at the age of nineteen, but it was not until this autumn that she published a volume of verse, when her "Heart Songs" were issued. This book has already had a large sale. Her poetry is exquisite, and possesses a subtle glow and depth of tenderness all its own.



tall man was pinched and blue. The earth had given us the slip now; it had faded from sight, and below was only a great, white, spreading cloud. And yet, strange! I could plainly hear human voices. They came as sounds do across a quiet lake.

The Professor consulted his instruments and made notes, then he pulled at a cord. The cloud envelopt us, covering our faces with mist.

The bleating of sheep could be heard—the voices became plainer—the green of the earth



THE KLONDIKE—A DOG TRAIN.

came back, but Paris was only a gray bank of clouds on the horizon.

The earth was rising to greet us. Men, women and children were leaving their houses—some running across the fields in our direction.

Two drag ropes were out, one with an anchor. Again the aeronaut pulled at the cord; the earth came nearer.

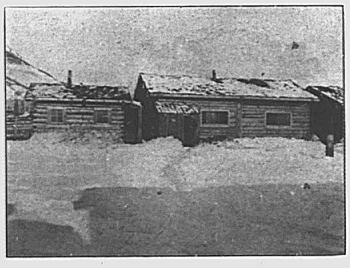
The basket dashed against a tree and bumped its freight all together. We apologized. Then we hit a stone wall, but shot up again ten feet in the air.

The anchor failed to catch, but fate was kind; an old woman in a rainy-day skirt and wooden shoes was after us. She ran like a sprinter. At last she got the rope in her hands; she yelled "whoa" sturdily and pulled hard, but could not stop us. Other women came; children too, then a man. All lent a hand. The fat passenger was standing, and the instant the basket touched the ground he rolled over the side into the friendly lap of earth. We all climbed out.

The Professor lighted a cigarette, gave a jerk to a small rope, and the great balloon struggled, quivered, sank and died.

A whole peasant village was babbling about us. The Professor was arguing hotly with the fat man; the peasantry, too, were taking part. It was all in very rapid Francais.

Suddenly M. Le Galligar received the gift of tongues. He turned and spoke to me in English that was strongly tinctured with a Dublin brogue. He explained that the law of ballooning was that the first individual to seize the rope of a descending balloon was to have ten francs; this is to be paid by the person who



THE KLONDIKE—THE HOSPITAL AND OFFICERS' QUARTERS.

first got out of the basket. He appealed to me as judge; should the fat man pay or not?

I decided he should pay, and he did.

Then we settled for the apples we had knockt from the trees by our dragging our anchor, and paid five francs for repairing the stone wall.

As the Professor started to roll up the dead balloon I looked at my watch. It was just twenty-five minutes after two. We were twelve miles from Eiffel Tower.

A GLAD TIME.

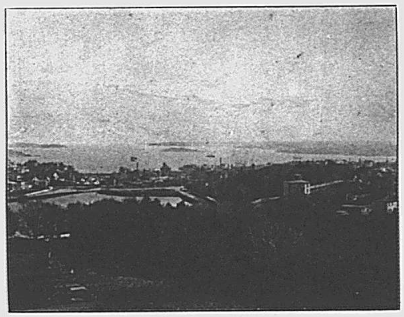
Shepherds at the grange,
Where the Babe was born,
Sung with many a change,
Christmas carols until morn.
—Longfellow.

An Acknowledgment.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor ever shall be.
—Pope.

IN SENDING out our annual holiday greeting in the form of the Christmas edition, it is always a pleasure to note that each year our circle of acquaintance is ever spreading out and getting wider, and that our efforts are being made easier by the kindness of friends in all parts of the Dominion, and outside of the Dominion, who open their treasure-houses for our selection, thus making it possible to give that variety "that is the very spice of life," for, as Ruskin puts it, "If it is the love of that which your work represents—if, being a landscape painter, it is love of hills and trees that move you—if, being a figure painter, it is love of beauty and human soul that moves you—if, being a flower or an animal painter, it is love and wonder and delight in petal and in limb that moves you, then the spirit is upon you, and the earth is yours and the fullness thereof." While it is not to be expected that the selections will meet with universal approbation, they are sent out with the earnest hope that they will please the great majority.

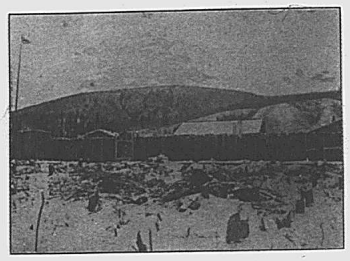
Among those who have placed their skill with the brush and the camera at our disposal Mr.



GLIMPSE OF CANADIAN SCENERY—HALIFAX HARBOR.

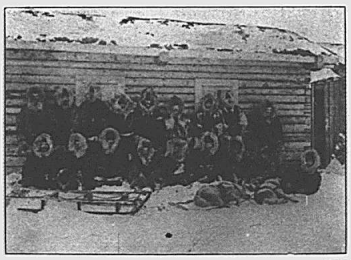
J. D. Kelly is the largest contributor. The front page and the several scenes in wash drawing, which are printed in the lighter tints, are the products of his brain and skill with pencil and brush. The designs that form the background in tint for the grouped photographs are the work of C. A. Sandham. Among the photographic studies the reader's attention is directed to the two pictures on page 14, "Between the Years" and "Some Day I'll be There," which give an excellent idea of the care bestowed upon his subjects by Mr. Lyonde, of this city. On page 20 there is a trio which reflect credit upon two other city galleries. The first subject is from the gallery of Miller, 204 Queen st. west, and the other two are from the gallery of Simpson Bros., 357 Yonge street, who have become known as the baby photographers; these pictures tell why! The eight pictures which form the two groups on pages 12 and 13 are from the Autotype studio in England, and are reproduced through the courtesy of Messrs. Sharpe, Eakins & Ferris, the wholesale photo supply house on Bay street. The photo of the little girl on page 5 is from Poole, of St. Catharines. "I'm Writing a Christmas Story" is by Falk, of New York. "The Fan Drill" is by Hannaford, of Renfrew. "Have I Enough to Buy It," on page 6, is from "Esson's Atelier," Preston, and shows that close study of detail which has given him fame throughout Canada. On page 11 "Uncle George and His Favorites" is the work of Sallows, of Goderich; its simple, life-like appearance will be appreciated by every lover of animals, and does the photographer credit. Another, which will please the children, is "Feeding the Chickens."

The glimpses of Canadian scenery are the handiwork of many of Canada's best landscape photographers. The view on page 5, in Muskoka, is by Micklethwaite, of this city. On page 10 Canada's Parliament buildings is by Topley, of Ottawa, and show to advantage the picturesque situation that they occupy. New Westminster, B.C., on the same page, is by Thompson, of New Westminster. On page 11, "From the Ramparts of Quebec," is by Notman, of Montreal, and that of Rat Portage, by H. Wright, of that



THE KLONDIKE—THE POLICE QUARTERS.

town. "A Summer Cottage," on page 39, is by O. T. Wright, of this city. G. R. Lancefield contributes several along the Intercolonial Railway, and one of Dundas Valley. Steel & Co., of Winnipeg, is well represented in the pictures illustrating the "Riders of the Plains," which were kindly loaned by Mr. Fred White, of Ottawa. The pictures of the several vessels comprising the Fishery Protection Service were supplied by Commander Spain, who went to considerable trouble in securing them, many of them having to be photograped specially, excepting those of the Curlew, Constance and Petrel, which were loaned by the builders, the Polson Iron Works, Toronto. The famous paintings that have been reproduced add great value to the collection. The following will undoubtedly attract attention: Hy. Sandham's painting, "Group of Dogs," on page 17, secured for this edition through the courtesy of the painter's nephew, C. A. Sandham. "Christmas Box, Massa!" by E. H. Kiefer on page 6; "The Forks, Getting Instructions," by Granville Smith, on page 7, and on the same page "An Unpleasant Interruption to a Pleasant Task" by A. Lubon. "The Breach in the Wall," on page 11, is from Lafayette's studio, London, England, and the exquisite portraiture "Good Night," on page 40, is from the same studio. "Autumn Days," on page 13, is by J. L. Stewart. On page 14 will be found a "Casanova," which is a treasure as a work of art, and will undoubtedly be preserved by hundreds. On page 15 and 16 will be found four excellent studies kindly loaned for reproduction. The picture, "It's a' Richt," on page 19, will recall memories to those who have either lived in or visited the north of Scotland,



THE KLONDIKE—THE POLICE IN FULL DRESS.

while the two pictures "A Cottage by the Lake," on page 27, and a "Country Lane," on page 28, will remind many of scenes in the midland counties of England. The pictures of the Klondike will give an idea of the new Canadian gold fields, while those of Western Canada show the possibility of making a comfortable home in a slower way, perhaps, but much surer and certainly more agreeable. The picture of the Queen and her Premiers is a most valuable

memento of this jubilee year, as it is the only picture that has been published of those who formed the central figures of that unprecedented occasion in the history of the world.

The stories, articles and selections have all been carefully prepared, and the advertisements are a good indication of the push and energy of the Canadian people. The wide circulation that it will have in all parts of the world should create a favorable impression and a more accurate knowledge of Canada. Every care has been taken to produce an edition that Canadians will take a pride in sending their friends, and in the success of which they will have an interest.

Ruskin's Servants.

I HAVE got two Davids and a Kate that I wouldn't change for anybody else's servants in the world; and I believe the only quarrel they have with me is that I don't give them enough to do for me. This very morning I must stop writing presently to find the stoutest of the Davids some business, or he will be miserable a day." So wrote Ruskin in "Fors Clavigera." The words did not express merely a poetic sentiment of the author; they also represented a phase of his domestic life, as the following extract from an English periodical proves:

Mr. Ruskin and I were dining together. During the meal, as we were enjoying a rhubarb tart, I happened to say that it was the first I had tasted that season, and how delicious it was.

The professor was delighted at my appreciation of his rhubarb, and, ringing for one of the servants, he said, "Please tell Jackson I want him."

This was the gardener—one of the "Davids," I suppose. When he came into the room his master said, "Jackson, I am pleased to tell you that your first pulling of rhubarb is quite a success; and my friend here, who has had some pie made of it, says it is delicious."

Jackson, with a true gardener's pride, thanked us both for our appreciation of his early rhubarb, and left the room.

When we had finished dining a servant came in, bringing a number of lighted candles. The windows being shaded by the overhanging trees above, the room was almost dark even before the sun had gone down. After placing the candles, she was leaving the room, when she said, "Please, sir, there is a beautiful sunset sky just now over the 'Old Man.'"

The professor rose from his chair at once, and said, "Thank you, Kate, for telling us; but before disturbing my friend, I will go and see if it is worth looking at."

He left the room, and soon returned.

"Yes," he said, "it is worth seeing;" and he led the way upstairs to his own bedroom.



GLIMPSE OF CANADIAN SCENERY—A SUMMER COTTAGE ON LAKE SIMCOE.

It was certainly a glorious sight, the sun sinking behind the Coniston "Old Man" Mountain, and the mist and ripples on the lake tinged with a crimson flush.

We sat in the window recess till the sun went down behind the mountain. Not a word was spoken by either of us. I was thinking of the charming relationship and sympathy manifested between master and servant, and how strange it would seem to most of us that even such a trifling matter as a gardener's first rhubarb is not to be left as a matter of course, nor such a common occurrence as a beautiful sunset to be left to pass away unnoticed in this exceptional household.

"The sloth," said the witty dean of St. Paul's, "moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and, in fact, passes his life in suspense, like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop."

EMPTY.

My heart is like a hollow cup to-day,
From which the wine of thought is poured and spilled.
The voices sweet that stirred my life are stilled,
The future and the past are waned away,
Leaving me wan and weary from the fray.
Like some tired field that hath been overtilled,
My strength hath reached the limit nature willed,
Too worn to think, I cannot even pray.

Meagre from thought and toil and great desire,
Back to our mother nature I will go,
To ease me of my weariness and woe,
Drink from her wells a draught not sold for hire,
Steal from her strength her old undaunted fire,
And fill my cup to glowing from her glow.
—William Wilfred Campbell.

TWO FAVORITES.

A GENTLEMAN walking upon the street was beset at the heels by a yelping black-and-tan dog, the owner of which, just behind, seemed quite oblivious to her dog's behavior.



DICK SPAIN, THE COMMANDER'S SON

Seeing that the woman made no effort to call off the animal, the gentleman turned upon his persecutor and administered a hearty kick which made the enemy recoil with his tail between his legs and a loud ki-yi.

"Brute," cried the woman, "to kick a little dog like that! That little creature, sir, is a pet, and is unused to such treatment;" and she bestowed a freezing glance upon the offender.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," replied he, "I did not mean to hurt your dog. You should have called him off when he was barking and snapping at my heels."

"He would not have hurt you, sir," replied the woman. "He is a pet."

"I did not care to be bitten by him, notwithstanding that-fact, ma'am," returned the gentleman; "I am something of a favorite at home, myself."



(Copyrighted.)

Reproduced from a lithograph designed by the Toronto Lithographing Company.



Arranged and photographed at Dunlop's Conservatories.

Christmas Greeting.

"Make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year

SO SANG Thomas Tusser in the grand old days of massive hearths and blazing Yule-logs, when gallant knights and portly squires doffed the habiliments of war and made merry with ale in their gothic halls.

While the Christian world still gathers about its family Christmas tree and fondly cares for the stockings of its little ones; while the personality of mystical Santa Claus continues to be limned by grave-faced mothers to unsuspecting children; still the sublime cadence of a universal prayer mingles with the merrier lighter carols of the day.

In the churches the organs tremble forth the solemn phases of the Saviour's birth to the accompaniment of many voices.

In the pulpits our religious teachers read us the moral of a great Life, and, with the lesson of the godliest Manhood, leave us to the reflection of the dim, glorious past with its treasures of Love and Faith and Sacrifices.

It is well that on this day we should rest from the cares of a busy year, forget differences which pain, and, with hearts of love, gather under a common roof those nearest and dearest to us.

Through rifts in the tear-clouds hanging over the valley of sorrow, it must please the Almighty to behold the sunshine of his children's smiles.

Therefore, let us make merry with song and jest! Let us shoulder our Christmas trees, bring them home, and help our sweetheart wives to decorate them with gifts and sparkling colors. Let our daughters festoon our parlors with bright flowers and evergreens gathered from our woodlands; let them preside at their pianos and sing their happiest songs!

And the children? Why—God bless them!—build mighty fires in the grate; give them their woolly dogs, their tin whistles, their wooden waggons, their speaking dolls, their "jack-in-the-boxes." Let them roll and cavort on the floor, their faces beaming with joy, and their lips sticky with toothsome candy.

There's the picture!

Love it! Paint it! Have it in your hearts as well as in your homes!

Be as happy as you can, and remember that you will not be half as happy as the angels in Heaven are this blessed day!

Christmas in this northern land! There is a richness in the thought. What with our thousands of comfortable homes, our smiling children, our glorious climate and our peaceful destinies—let us thank the Mind that so generously bestows the blessings and so mercifully perpetuates them.

Resolved, that this Christmas be an auspicious one! Resolved, that it becomes a start of Promise for a goal of good deeds!

And in all our enjoyment of the day one thought, one breath of pity, one shining tear, one kindly act for the waifs of the world; the fatherless and the motherless; the Earth-shadows, who crouch away from our sunshine, and who must be sought with swift feet and willing hearts.

To all these unfortunates the approach of Christmas only recalls memories of vanished joys, pressures of pulseless hands, kisses of loved ones gone.

They are the living dead! Reverence them. They are our heritage, and remember that He whose natal day this is will say on that last great day, "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these ye did unto me."

Here then is a Christmas monograph lined and lessoned by those who have during the past year been gathering the news from the four quarters of the globe, and now cease for a few moments from the endless grind of telling about the march of civilization, the making of this empire or the unmaking of another, the struggle for pre-eminence constantly going on in the many spheres of life, the successes, the failures, the grief, the pleasure, the unkindness of man to man, or the extended hand that is held out to help a brother, the political bickerings, the gossip and the constant turmoil of these busy days, all condensed into readable paragraphs and welcomed into thousands of homes—from this a brief respite is taken to wish our friends—and enemies, too—a merry, deedful Christmas, and in due time a happy and prosperous New Year and God's own measure of them.

IF CHRIST SHOULD COME TO-DAY.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

I have come, and the world shall be shaken
Like a reed, at the touch of my rod,
And the kingdoms of time shall awaken
To the voice and the summons of God;
No more through the din of the ages
Shall warnings and chidings divine,
From the lips of my prophets and sages,
Be trampled like pearls before swine.

Ye have stolen my lands and my cattle;
Ye have kept back from labor its meed;
Ye have challenged the outcasts to battle,
When they plead at your feet in their need;
And when clamors of hunger grew louder,
And the multitudes prayed to be fed,
Ye have answered with prisons or powder,
The cries of your brothers for bread.

I turn from your altars and arches,
And the mocking of steeples and domes,
To join in the long, weary marches
Of the ones ye have robbed of their homes;
I share in the sorrows and crosses
Of the naked, the hungry and cold,
And dearer to me are their losses
Than your gains and your idols of gold.

I will wither the might of the spoiler,
I will laugh at your dungeons and locks,
The tyrant shall yield to the toiler,
And your judges eat grass like the ox;
For the prayers of the poor have ascended
To be written in lightnings on high,
And the wails of your captives have blended
With the bolts that must leap from the sky.

The thrones of your kings shall be shattered
And the prisoner and serf shall go free;
I will harvest from seed that I scattered
On the borders of blue Galilee;
For I come not alone, and a stranger
Let my reapers will sing through the night
Till the star that stood over the manger
Shall cover the world with its light.

I dreamed in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth. I dreamed that was The New City of Friends; nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love—it led the rest; it was seen every hour in the actions of that city, and in all their looks and words.—Whitman.



GOOD NIGHT.

To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be loved.—George Macdonald.

TORONTO COLD STORAGE.

Quarter of a million cubic feet STERILIZED DRY COLD AIR IN CONSTANT CIRCULATION.

NO ICE, No Ammonia, No Brine, NO DAMP, No Odors—DRY and SWEET.

BEST FACILITIES FOR RECEIVING, COLD STORING AND SHIPPING EGGS, BUTTER, CHEESE, LARD, MEAT, POULTRY, GAME, NUTS, CANNED AND BOTTLED GOODS, FRESH AND EVAPORATED FRUITS, WOOLLEN GOODS AND FURS.

FISH IS SAFE FRESH, DRY OR FROZEN IN ALL WEATHERS AND SHOULD BE CONSIGNED DIRECT.

THE TORONTO COLD STORAGE COMPANY, Limited. | G. B. JONES, Manager.

Royal Oil Company,

HEADQUARTERS FOR . . . TORONTO AND MONTREAL

Cylinder Oils, Engine Oils, Lubricants.

HIGH-CLASS OILS A SPECIALTY.

GEO. ANDERSON, Manager — ROYAL OIL COMPANY

McLeod & Graham
100 KING ST. WEST
Fashionable Tailors
Noted for the Excellence of their productions and Very Moderate Charges.



Gerhard Heintzman Piano. Grand and Upright.
CITY WAREROOMS: GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING, 188 Yonge Street.
Ottawa, J. L. ORME & SON; Montreal, J. W. SHAW; Sherbrooke, G. A. LeBARON; Quebec, A. LAVIGNE & CO.; London, WM. McPHILLIPS; Brantford, S. G. READ; Sarnia, JOHN BARRON; Windsor, B. T. WALKER; Winnipeg, W. GRUNDY CO.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Poitras & Paradis, QUEBEC,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Flour of all grades,
Millfeed,
Grain of all descriptions,
Dressed Hogs,
Pressed Hay, etc.
Correspondence solicited by buyers or sellers of above goods.

The BROWN Bros. Limited
Importing and Manufacturing Stationers, 64-68 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.
Our specialties are:
ACCOUNT BOOKS
LEATHER GOODS
Wallets, Portfolios, Letter and Card Cases.
OFFICE SUPPLIES
PAPER and STATIONERY
TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES
Carbon Paper, Ribbons, etc.
BINDERS' MATERIAL
Leather, Cloth, Board, etc.
PRINTERS' SUPPLIES
Paper, Boards, Cards, Headings, etc.
BOOKBINDING
Unsurpassed for style and durability.
ESTABLISHED OVER 40 YEARS.

J. Young
(ALEX. MILLARD),
THE LEADING
Undertaker and Embalmer.
359 YONGE STREET.
TELEPHONE 679.

CARLING'S GOLD MEDAL ALE, PORTER & LAGER.
NOTED FOR DELICACY OF FLAVOR
KEPT BY ALL DEALERS

Municipal Debentures.
Government, Provincial and Other Investment Securities
Suitable for Trust Estates, Banks, Insurance Companies, or Deposit with Dominion Government always on hand
R. WILSON-SMITH,
FINANCIAL AGENT
151 St. James St. - - MONTREAL.
Debentures or other Desirable SECURITIES PURCHASED.

Cutters, Buggies & Carriages



Our new catalogue for this winter is out. Catalogue illustrating novelties for Armstrong styles now running at factory. Write for it.
The reputation of "Armstrong" standard Carriages is high all the world round.—J. S. ARMSTRONG Mfg. Co., Limited (The Guelph Carriage Goods Co.), GUELPH, CANADA.

"B"
Just the letter "B" but it stands for many things worth remembering. Boeckh's Brushes—Best Bristles. Boeckh's Brooms—Best Brush.
Buy Boeckh's Brushes and Brooms.
Better buy 'em now, if you want to start the season right.
BRUSHES
BROOMS
WOODENWARE
Chas. Boeckh & Sons
Manufacturers
TORONTO, ONT.
Montreal Branch, 1 and 3 De Bresoles St.

The Corset Specialty Co.
112 YONGE ST., TORONTO.



Corsets from all Reliable Makers at all prices always in stock
Corsets and Health Waists made to order.
Comfort, Fit and Quality guaranteed. Write for Measure Slips. RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.
F. M. HOLMES Manager.

"Foot-laws."



—Twenty-one homely "horse sense" prohibitions against foot-ruining folly, bound into a little volume which tells how to care for tired feet, sore feet, tender feet. How to prevent, and cure corny and distorted feet; also pointers on shoe purchasing, which are worth six dollars to any man whose footwear hurts or tires him.
Any man, or woman, who asks for a copy, can have one free while they last, from
The Slater Shoe Store,
89 King Street West, Toronto.
Accredited Agencies in all the Principal Cities and Towns in Canada.
GEO. T. SLATER & SONS, Montreal. Catalogue Free.

Thousands of Canadians
Have used them for years, and after the hardest kind of usage say that the
AXMINSTER CARPETS,
Brands—ALEXANDRIA, ONEDIA, ACADIA, IMPERATRIX.
INGRAIN CARPETS,
Brands—MAPLE LEAF, DOMINION, BEAVER, KANATA.
Kensington Art Squares
MADE BY THE
Toronto Carpet Manufacturing Co. Limited
TORONTO, CANADA,
Are Equal to the Best in the World IN TEXTURE, DESIGN AND FINISH.
Sold by all first-class establishments and general stores.
Correspondence with dealers solicited.

The Thompson Electric Company,
Hamilton, Canada,
MANUFACTURERS
Arc Light Dynamos and all kinds of Arc Lamps. Complete Isolated, Commercial & Municipal Plants Installed.

EXACTLY OPPOSITE ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL DOOR.
OAK HALL 115 to 121 King St E. TORONTO
ALL STREET CARS PASS or TRANSFER TO OUR STORE.
Our Clothing
is absolutely dependable and made up in the present prevailing styles. The value cannot be excelled.

Evening Pleasures.
The holiday season is one where evening enjoyment fills the program of most homes. It is the centre of the social season. It is worth knowing how far we help to lend attraction to this period of the year by our methods of cleaning and dyeing the finest silks and satins. There is a softness, brilliancy and durability given to silks dyed by us which render the finish nearly equal to new material.
R. PARKER & CO.,
Head Office and Works—787-791 Yonge St., Toronto. Branches—Hamilton, London, St. Catharines, Woodstock, Brantford, Galt. 'Phones 3037, 3640, 2143, 1004, 5036.

The Paper
Used in this issue was manufactured and supplied by
BUNTIN, REID & Co., Toronto, Ont.
Samples and Quotations on Application.

G. GOULDING & SONS
WHOLESALE IMPORTERS **Millinery** and... **Fancy Dry Goods**
55 BAY STREET, TORONTO. PARIS OFFICE—32 Rue du Sentier.

Guardian Fire & Life
Assurance Co., Limited, of London, Eng.
Established 1821.
Capital..... $10,000,000
Invested Funds Exceed.. $23,000,000
Low rates. Claims promptly settled. Agents in all principal places

FISHING TACKLE.

S. ALLCOCK & CO., Redditch, England,
Largest and best makers of Fishing Goods in the world. To be had of all dealers. All the best goods bear the above trade mark.
Trade Mark.
TORONTO BRANCH:
ALLCOCK, LAIGHT & WESTWOOD.
73 BAY STREET, TORONTO

The Economist.
Insurance, Banking, Mining, Industries, Trade, Commerce.
Canada's leading Insurance and Financial Journal. Subscription $2.00 per year. Write for sample copies.
The Economist Printing & Publishing Company of Toronto, Limited. Office, Stock Exchange Building, 24 1-2 King Street East, Toronto, Canada. Wm Sanderson, M.A., Manager and Editor.

Christmas Greetings
WITH COMPLIMENTS FROM
JOHN MACDONALD & CO.
WELLINGTON AND FRONT STREETS,
TORONTO
CANADA
Season 1897-8.

The Lincoln Paper MILLS COMPANY, Limited, Merriton, Ont.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
The Celebrated Buckskin Flour Sacks
FOR MILLERS.



CANADIAN OFFICE AND SCHOOL FURNITURE CO.,
PRESTON, ONT.
Fine Bank, Office, Court House and Drug Store Fittings.
Send for Catalogue. . . .

Minard's Liniment...
Canada's Best Household Remedy. Well and favorably known from Halifax to Victoria.
C. C. Richards & Co.,
Proprietors, Yarmouth, N.S.

ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE (Mailed free), of
GIFTS for HOLIDAY TIME

PURSES, CARD CASES, LETTER CASES,	WRITING FOLIOS, FLASKS, PLAYING CARD CASES	EVERYTHING IN FINE AND FANCY LEATHERS.

THE JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO.
105 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO. (Limited)
Largest and most extensive Fine Travelling and Leather Goods Retail Store in Canada.

Canadian TOMATO CHUTNEE
HAS ROYAL APPROVAL

KENSINGTON PALACE, Dec. 22, 1894.
Colonel Collings is desired by H. R. H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, to thank Mrs. Card for the Tomato Chutnee she has been good enough to send her. The Princess thinks it excellent.
This sauce is for roast meats, cutlets, gravies, chops, steaks, cold meats, curries, game, soup, lunch, breakfast or sandwiches. Helps the appetite. Possessing a piquancy of flavor, and from the superiority of its zest is more generally used than any other condiment.
Canada's Late Premier Recommends It.
EARNSCLIFFE, Ottawa, 24th Dec., 1890.
Dear Madam,—Pray pardon me for not answering your note respecting the Tomato Chutnee which you were good enough to send me. We have tried it and found it very good. Wishing you many happy returns of the season.
Believe me, yours very truly, JOHN A. MACDONALD.
Ask your Dealer for it or send to maker. Prepared only by . . . M. P. CARD, Guelph, Can.

H. O'HARA & CO.,
Stock & Debenture Brokers, Financial Agents.
Members Toronto Stock Exchange.
Money to Loan at Lowest Rates.
Special attention given to obtaining charters and floating companies.
24 Toronto Street, Toronto. Telephone 915.

When were your Steam Boilers last inspected? Are they safe at the pressure now carried? Are you satisfied with the results obtained from your steam appliances?—The Boiler Inspection & Insurance Company, Toronto.

QUEEN'S HOTEL,
MONTREAL,
The only fire-proof hotel in the city. Within sight of C. P. R. and G. T. R. depots. STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS. Rates according to location. Cuisine unexcelled.
C. & N. VALLEE, Proprietors.
GEO. D. FUCHS, Manager.

A "HAPPY THOUGHT" HOLIDAY MESSAGE

FROM . . . .

The Wm. Buck Stove Co., Limited, of Brantford,

Indicates the cordial relations between the company and its patrons. . . . .

RARE XMAS PRESENTS



Real Tortoise Shell Back Combs, Pins, Side Combs, beautifully carved, etc.; also in jet, rised and other material.

Hair Goods, Wigs, Switches, Bangs, etc.

Catalogue Free. Goods sent by mail. Address

The Dorenwend Co. of Toronto, Limited, 103-105 YONGE STREET.

INSURE WITH

The London Assurance Corporation

(FIRE.)

Total Funds, $19,000,000.00. Established by Royal Charter 1720. Head Office for Canada—1,762 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

E. A. LILLY, Manager.

Agencies in all the cities and towns of the Dominion.

The Ontario Mutual Life

Wishes the Readers of THE GLOBE A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

During the festive season the home is par-excellence—**The Sanctuary of Family Life**—where LOVE and PEACE, REST AND GLADNESS abound!

The Queen of the family is the Wife and Mother,
And "the fairest jewels in her crown," her children.

To protect these **loved ones** "the lord and master" of the house should keep his life well insured.

He may be rich and well to-day, but what of the morrow? Wrecks of fortune and of health appear on every side. The family of affluence to-day may be reduced to poverty to-morrow and be

"Condemn'd on penury's barren path to roam,
Scorn'd by the world and left without a home!"

A policy in **The Ontario Mutual Life,** payable to the wife and children, cannot be reached by any creditor nor swept away by financial ruin.

The first and highest domestic duty is, therefore, Life Insurance. . . . .

Head Office, Waterloo, Ont. Agents in every City and Town in Canada

Bengough Shorthand School

14 KING ST. W. TORONTO, CANADA.

Unlike all others. Teaches reporting from the start. Enrolment limited. Positions for all pupils. Particulars free. THOS. BENGOUGH, Pres. A. C. BROCK, Secretary.

THOMAS BENGOUGH, C.S.R.

Law and General Stenographer, Official Court Stenographer, Court Chambers (Telephone 1313), 79 Adelaide street east. Addresses, Sermons, Arbitrations, Conventions, and all Verbatim Reporting. Over 20 years' experience.

Verity Plow Co

(Limited),

Plows and Scufflers, All Kinds.



No. 2 SCUFFLER.



No. 14 V PLOW.

BRANTFORD, CANADA.

The York County Loan and Savings Co.

Plans suitable for those desiring to own their homes instead of continuing to pay rent. Literature free.

Head Office—CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING, TORONTO.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.

Assay Apparatus Chemical Glass Pure Chemicals

Send for our NEW CATALOGUE before looking elsewhere . . . . .

LYMAN, SONS & CO.

MONTREAL.

ESTABLISHED 1800.

SUN FOUNDED A.D. 1710. FIRE INSURANCE OFFICE

HEAD OFFICE: LONDON, ENG.

The Oldest Purely Fire Office in the World

Canadian Branch: TORONTO, ONT.

H. M. BLACKBURN, - - Manager.
GEO. H. HIGINBOTHAM, } Toronto
GEO. S. LYON, } Agents.

Agents wanted in all unrepresented districts.

The Bryant Press

Telephone 2371.

29 Bay Street, Toronto.

First-class Work at Reasonable Rates

BOOKBINDERS
PRINTERS
PUBLISHERS

Dominion Oilcloth Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Oilcloths...

Of every description. Floor Oilcloth, Table Oilcloth, Carriage Oilcloth, Enamelled Oilcloth, Stair Oilcloth, etc., etc. Office and Work—

Cor. St. Catherine and Parthenais Streets, Montreal, Que.

Branch Office—1 Front Street E., Toronto.

The ARCTIC REFRIGERATOR...

—AND—

VAN KANNELL REVOLVING DOOR.

MANUFACTURED BY

JOHN HILLOCK & CO.

165 Queen Street East, Toronto. Telephone 478.

"'Twere Vain To Gild Refined Gold To Paint the Lily."---

Somehow laudatory adjectives appear to be a surfeit of words in describing Eddy's Matches. The words, "E. B. EDDY'S MATCHES," seem to embrace all excellence, and any added words of eulogy are superfluous.

The E. B. EDDY CO., Limited,

Head Offices, - - - HULL, CANADA.

MONTREAL TORONTO QUEBEC HAMILTON KINGSTON ST JOHN N.B. HALIFAX. WINNIPEG VICTORIA AND VANCOUVER B.C. ST JOHN'S Newfoundland

Bijou Theatre

Continuous Vaudeville.

The only house of its kind in Toronto. A good, clean, bright show GOING ON ALL THE TIME. Afternoon and Evening.

Prices, 15 and 25 cents.

London Brush Factory.



Have you tried our Brushes with the JENKINS PATENT BRIDLE CATCHES?

Ask for them. Save time and trouble.

THOS. BRYAN, London, Ont.

PREMO CAMERAS



From $5 to $45. Catalogue.

J. C. Ramsey & Co., 89 Bay St., Toronto

DR. EDWARD ADAMS,

Homœopathist,

557 Yonge Street, Toronto,

N.E. Cor. Wellesley. Telephone 3160.

Consultation Hours—9 to 10 a.m., 2 to 4 p.m., 7 to 9 p.m., Tuesday and Friday; Sunday, 2 to 4 p.m.

SPECIALTIES—Nervous Affections, and Diseases of Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

WE GROW THE LARGEST VARIETY OF Nursery Stock and Seed Potatoes

AT OUR NURSERIES IN WELLAND COUNTY, ONTARIO.

Agents who represent us can earn large salaries weekly. Write us for terms and free outfits.

PELHAM NURSERY CO.,

TORONTO, ONT.

JAS. SLESSOR JAS. JOHNSTON

James Johnston & Co.

IMPORTERS OF ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS.

DEALERS IN Canadian & American Manufactures.

WHOLESALE

26 St. Helen Street, Corner Recollet, MONTREAL

Ale, Porter Lager

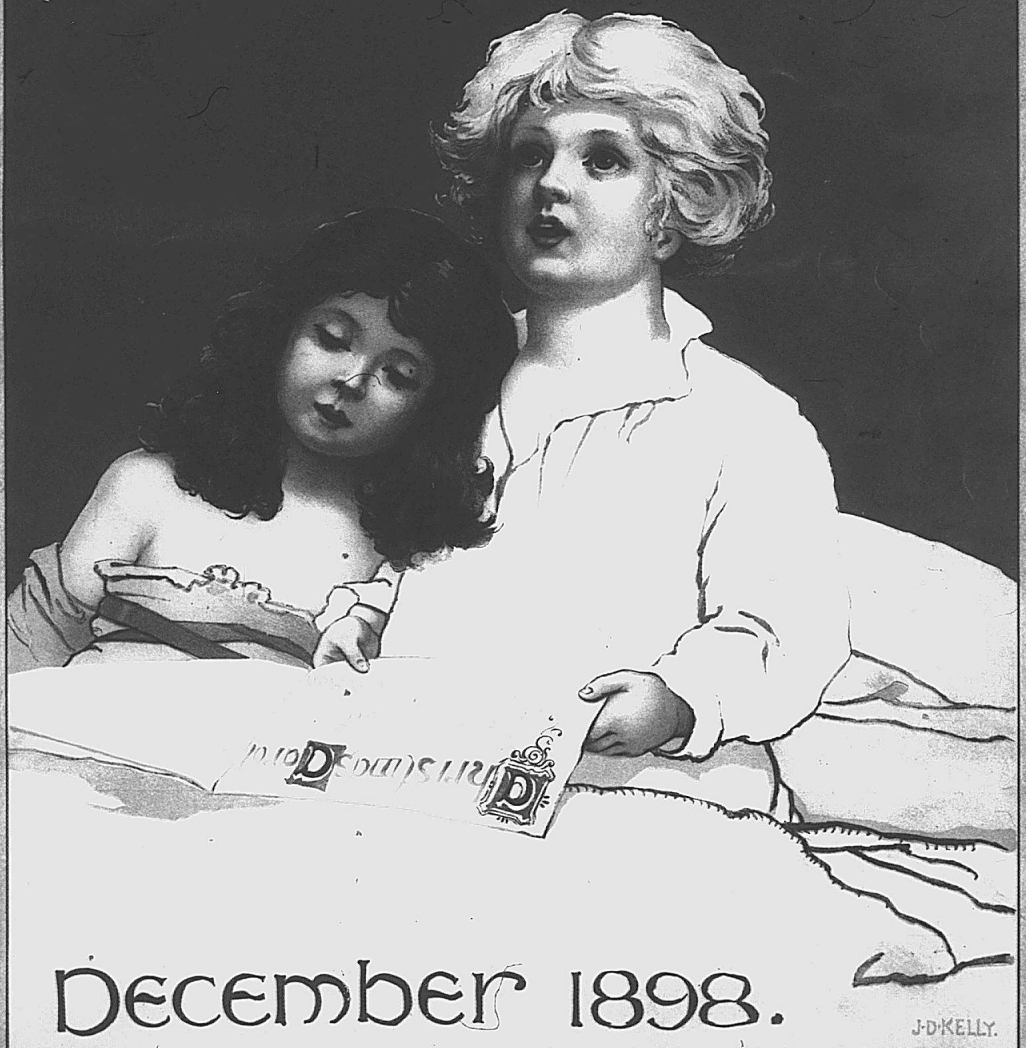
of The Grant Lottridge Brewing Co'y., Limited, Hamilton,

Is the finest brewed. Ask for it. Is for sale everywhere.


WILKINSON PLOW CO.
Wilkinson Plough Co
LIMITED
THE LARGEST PLOUGH BUILDERS IN CANADA
TORONTO
ONTARIO
10/12 GANG PLOUGH
STEEL MEAD
No 4
CLIMAX
SIZE A
PATENTED
CAN PHOTO-ENG CO.
CHANNEL STEEL
DRAG HARROW

THE GLOBE

Christmas Number



December 1898.

J.D.KELLY.

TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING CO. LTD.

TORONTO, CANADA.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, $5,000,000. SHARES $100 EACH.



SAVING IS EARNING

A means of accumulating Small Earnings and realizing Good Profits. A Safe Investment, with large Earning Powers. . .

Instalment Shares—Monthly payments 70c per share; worth $100 in eight years.

Instalment Shares—Monthly payments 50c per share; worth $100 in ten years.

We offer PERMANENT STOCK as an exceptionally Safe and Profitable Investment—Shares $100 each on which we guarantee 6 per cent. Annual Dividend, payable half-yearly.

JOHN T. GILMOUR, M.D., Ex-M.P.P., President, W. PEMBERTON PAGE, Manager,
Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE, TORONTO.

A Boarding and Day School for young ladies, in which it is the aim of the management to combine the thoroughness of class-room work that characterizes the great Collegiate Institutes of the Province with a home training, fitting its pupils for social and home life. To this end, specialists of the highest standing have been employed in every department of work. There are thirty-six teachers on the staff in the following departments:

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT—Including Classes in Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, History, Geography, Chemistry, Botany and Physics. MUSICAL DEPARTMENT—Piano, Voice, Violin, Organ, Mandolin, Cello, Harmony and Thorough Bass. ART DEPARTMENT—Painting in Oil and Water Colors, China Painting, Wood Carving and Art Needle Work. DEPARTMENT OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE—Cookery, Scientific Sewing, Hygiene and Care of the Sick. DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL CULTURE—Gymnastics, Calisthenics, Dancing and Horseback Riding.

The large grounds attached to the School enable the pupils to take physical exercises of various kinds. The attendance of resident pupils is limited, so that application for admission will have to be made in advance. A "waiting list" is already formed

For prospectus giving full information regarding the School apply to the
MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, Lady Principal, St. Margaret's College,
Corner of Bloor Street and Spadina Avenue.

Provident Savings Life Assurance Society

OF NEW YORK.

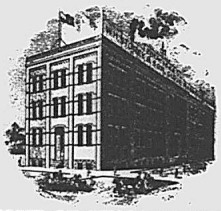
EDWARD W. SCOTT, President.

THE BEST COMPANY FOR POLICY-HOLDERS AND AGENTS.

SUCCESSFUL AGENTS, AND GENTLEMEN SEEKING REMUNERATIVE BUSINESS CONNECTIONS, MAY APPLY TO THE HEAD OFFICE OR ANY OF THE SOCIETY'S GENERAL AGENTS.

R. H. MATSON, General Manager for Canada,
37 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

SOLD BY THE BEST MERCHANTS



WORN BY THE BEST PEOPLE.

THE HOME OF STOREY'S GLOVES.

During the thirty years' success of our business we have always been at the front in all that pertained to improvements in the production of gloves and mitts. For fit, workmanship and durability our goods are unexcelled.

W. H. STOREY & SON.
The Glovers of Canada ACTON, ONTARIO.



Prof. Dorenwend

Sends his XMAS GREETINGS to his Thousands of Patrons. . . .

The public know we are the leading and largest **Hair Goods** manufacturing establishment in America. Our styles in Ladies' and Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Bangs, Switches, etc., are worn all over the continent.

OUR PRODUCTIONS ARE THE BEST AND PRICES LOWEST.
Send for Catalogue, free. Address

The Dorenwend Company of Toronto, Limited,
103 and 105 YONGE STREET.

Wm. Postlethwaite. Cable Address, "PARKER, TORONTO." Geo. C. Parker.

MINES, STOCKS AND REAL ESTATE. **PARKER & CO.** CODES: Moreing & Neal's, Bedford McNeill, Clough's.

Telephone 1001. 61 VICTORIA STREET.

Having Agents in London (England), Rossland, B.C., Vancouver, B.C., and Ymir, B.C., are in a position to furnish close figures on British Columbia Mining Stocks.

Baker's Dandruff Shampoo Soap

Is a delightful, clean, pure toilet preparation for the hygienic care of the skin and scalp, and an exquisite cleansing antiseptic. Women should bathe their hands and face with this soap every day instead of using face powder, which covers the secreted perspiration and forms a basis for irritating eczema. It will positively remove dandruff and stop that perpetual itching; it clears the scalp and hair of crusts, scales and dandruff, and stimulates the hair follicles and supplies the roots with nourishment and energy, thus producing a clear, wholesome scalp with luxuriant fluffy hair. Its salicylic antiseptic properties make it the only soap that will produce a clear, smooth skin. Never use a soap for the skin unless the formula is given—the formula is given for

BAKER'S DANDRUFF SHAMPOO SOAP, viz.

It is made from Florida Oil, Witch Hazel, Olive Oil and Cocoanut Oil.

Salicylic Acid, Oil of Cinnamon—acting as an antiseptic.

THE **National Trust Co.** OF ONTARIO, Limited.

HEAD OFFICE—Cor. King and Victoria Sts., Toronto

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED $1,000,000
AT A PREMIUM OF 25 PER CENT.

DIRECTORS:

President—J. W. FLAVELLE, Esq., Managing Director The William Davies Company, Limited, Director Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Vice-President—A. E. AMES, Esq., of A. E. Ames & Co., Second Vice-President Imperial Life Assurance Company, Director Toronto Electric Light Company.

HON. MR. JUSTICE MacMAHON, F. W. GATES, Esq., B. M. BRITTON, Esq., Q.C., M.P., F. NICHOLLS, Esq., WILLIAM MACKENZIE, Esq., HON. GEO. A. COX, ROBERT KILGOUR, Esq., W. E. H. MASSEY, Esq., A. E. KEMP, Esq., E. W. COX, Esq., E. R. WOOD, Esq., HON. W. E. SANFORD, Z. A. LASH, Esq., Q.C., ELIAS ROGERS, Esq., H. H. FUDGER, Esq., G. H. WATSON, Esq., Q.C.,

TRANSACTS A GENERAL TRUST BUSINESS.

Acts as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Committee, Receiver, Assignee, Liquidator, Transfer Agent, General Agent. The appointment of the Company does not interrupt relations existing between persons requiring its services and their regular Solicitors. Conferences invited and correspondence solicited. Money to lend on Improved Farm and City Properties at lowest current rates.

E. R. WOOD, Managing Director.

Our Home Made and Health Brown **Bread**

Are Household Necessities to all families desiring to have only the Best and Purest Food on their table.

The Tait-Bredin Co., LIMITED,
TELEPHONE 3133. 744 and 746 YONGE STREET.

Best equipped establishment in the trade, and in the finest building in Canada . . . . . .

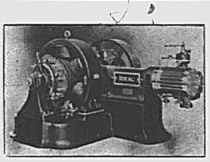
The Hunter-Rose Co. (Limited)
Printers & Bookbinders

NO JOB TOO LARGE FOR US NOR NONE TOO SMALL.

Temple Building,
TORONTO, ONT.

J. Young

(ALEX. MILLARD),
THE LEADING
Undertaker
AND
Embalmer
359 YONGE STREET.
TELEPHONE 679.
PRIVATE MORTUARY.



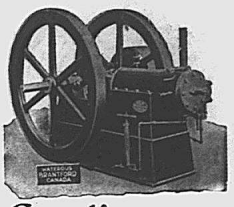
High-Grade Electric Apparatus.

Toronto Electric Motor Company, Limited

39 to 45 Pearl Street, Toronto, Can.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

JOHN MACDONALD & CO. TORONTO.



Gasoline Engines

For Elevators, Farm, City and Light Power Generally.

WATEROUS, Brantford, Can.

THOUSANDS OF
BAIN WAGONS
SOLD ANNUALLY TO THE
BEST FARMERS
OF THIS COUNTRY.
You are invited to join the ranks by sending your order to
BAIN WAGON CO., Limited,
WOODSTOCK, ONT.



John Hillock & Co.
AGENTS AND MANUFACTURERS OF
"Arctic" Refrigerators
and
Van Kannel Revolving Doors.
165 Queen St. East, TORONTO.

The Royal Electric Company,

FACILITIES UNEQUALLED.
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

MANUFACTURERS OF
Electric Lighting and Power Transmission Plants.
Street Railway and Mining Motors.

MONTREAL
TORONTO.

HENRY T. BROWN,
MEAT MARKET,
Dealer in all kinds of FRESH and SALT MEATS
Telephone 830
2 ST. LAWRENCE MARKET
TORONTO

The consistent endeavor to give satisfaction by the quality of our goods is the secret of our success.

The Enormous Demand That has arisen in Canada

for.... AXMINSTER CARPETS,
Brands—Alexandria, Onedia, Acadia, Imperatrix
INGRAIN CARPETS
Brands—Maple Leaf, Dominion, Beaver, Kanata.
KENSINGTON ART SQUARES
MADE BY THE
TORONTO CARPET
Manufacturing Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Assessment System. *Mutual Principle.*
The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association,
OF NEW YORK.
The Largest Natural Premium Life Insurance Company in the World.
W. J. McMURTRY, Manager for Ontario
Freehold Loan Company's Building, TORONTO.

Litho-Graphing.
—We harmonize the LOWEST PRICES with the —FINEST WORK.
BARCLAY, CLARK & COMPANY
TORONTO

Brantford STEEL WIND MILLS
AND TOWERS.
Galvanized after completion and fitted with the celebrated Patent Roller and Ball Bearings.
Maple Leaf Grinders, Iron Pumps, Watertanks, etc.
Send for new Illustrated Catalogue.
THE BRANTFORD ROLLER & BALL BEARING WIND MILL & MFG. CO. LIMITED BRANTFORD, CAN.

THE....
BROWN BROS.
(Limited
Manufacturing Stationers
64-68 King St. E., Toronto.
OUR SPECIALTIES ARE:
ACCOUNT BOOKS
LEATHER GOODS
OFFICE SUPPLIES
PAPER and STATIONERY
TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES
BOOKBINDERS' MATERIAL
PRINTERS' SUPPLIES
BOOKBINDING.
The Complete Stationery House. Est'd 1856.

Thousands of Canadians
Have used them for years, and after the hardest kind of usage say that they
Are Equal to the Best in the World
In Texture—Design—and Finish.
Sold by all first-class establishments and general stores. Correspondence with dealers solicited.

Is the Best Evidence of Their Quality.

DEBENTURES AND STOCKS
Henry O'Hara & Co.
24 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO
Buy and Sell Stocks on Toronto, Montreal New York and London Stock Exchanges.
Debentures always on hand for deposit with the Government.
Mining Stocks Bought and Sold
SEND FOR QUOTATIONS.

Drink Blue Ribbon Tea
The best in the World

EXACTLY OPPOSITE ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL DOOR.
OAK HALL 115 to 121 King St. TORONTO.
ALL STREET CARS PASS OR TRANSFER TO OUR STORE.

Our Clothing
Is absolutely dependable and made up in the present prevailing styles. The value cannot be excelled.

Drunkenness
Nine times out of ten Drunkenness is the biggest drawback on the face of this earth to man. Ninety-nine times out of every hundred our cure has been the greatest blessing of a lifetime, and we have scores of testimonials to prove it. Beware! Drunkenness
Kills Men
Reader, perhaps you are blessed with sobriety, send a postcard for particulars of our cure and copies of testimonials to hand to some friend. Use your influence, he will thank you later. Write—
Manager Lakehurst Sanitarium, Box 215, Oakville, Ont.
The Ontario Double Chloride of Gold Cure Co., Limited.

Sword
WE CUT FINE
A Gift worth giving—one of our new ASCOT PUFFS or RING Scarfs (patented), from 50c to $1.00 each. Address letter orders to
55 King Street East, Toronto.

Hutchison, Nisbet & Auld
The Widest Range of . . . .
Woollens and Tailors' Trimmings
To be found in Canada.
Special Department:
FINE CLOTHS FOR LADIES' TAILORING.
WE ALWAYS SHIP PROMPTLY.
Hutchison, Nisbet & Auld
TORONTO

Stammering Permanently Cured.
CIRCULARS SENT.
Cochrane's Nata Voce School
76 Bond St., Toronto.

John Bowman, Hardware and Coal Company
Paints, Oils, Glass, Harvest Tools. Full lines of Cutlery, Shelf and Heavy Hardware.
GRANITE BLOCK, LONDON, ONT.

LEADING CANADIAN TRADE JOURNALS
"Canadian Architect and Builder and Contract Record" (Weekly and monthly editions), $2 per year.
"Canada Lumberman," (Weekly and monthly editions), $1 per year.
"Canadian Electrical News and Engineering Journal," (Monthly), $1 per year
THE C. H. MORTIMER PUBLISHING CO., OF TORONTO, Limited, TORONTO, CANADA.

Wanted
Young Men to Learn a Financial Business.
Permanent Position.
Increasing Salary.
Rapid Promotion to The Right Persons.
APPLY TO . . . . .
The York County Loan and Savings Company,
CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING, TORONTO.

Ellis Diamonds
We sell very large numbers of Diamonds. So many that we are able to buy directly from the cutters themselves. Buying direct gives you a price advantage that you cannot get by buying from the average Toronto jeweler, who has to buy through a wholesale house.
THE J. E. ELLIS CO., Limited, 3 King Street E., Toronto

XMAS, 1898.
THE SURPRISE BOX, Children's Pinafores. Six, 2 each of 3 sizes—$5.00. No. 1
THE SURPRISE BOX, Infants' Shortening Outfit. $5.00. No. 2
THE SURPRISE BOX, Infants' Outfits, 13 articles. $10.00. No. 3
MRS. J. ROBERTSON, 6 College St

What is the Boy to Be?
Is he to be master of the business he is to learn, or a mere bungler?
To become an expert engineer, farmer, lawyer or doctor he must make a study of his profession, so it is with
Horology Ordinarily Known as Watchmaking
All about it may only be acquired in a school established expressly to teach it. Ours was opened in 1890. Was proven best in America. Seven prizes in United States alone. Circulars to any address.
H. R. PLAYTNER, Director.
Canadian Horological Institute, 115 to 121 King Street East, TORONTO, ONT.

Delicious Cakes
Tempting Candy, All kinds of Frozen Dainties and Fancy Novelties to tempt the taste and please the eye.
Always satisfactory if ordered from
Goles'
Caterer and Confectioner
719 YONGE STREET . . . . TORONTO.

The Dodge Standard Wood Split Pulley
Is on sale in every business centre throughout the world. The aggregate output and sale of Dodge pulleys exceed that of all other wood pulleys combined.
Ask for Dodge pulleys. NONE OTHER IS AS GOOD. Let us point out the difference.
Send for 200-page Catalogue.
Dodge Manf. Co of Toronto, Limited
Office—74 York St., Toronto, Ont.

THE NEW Coleman Restaurant
Albert Williams
113 King Street W. Telephon e247.
All branches of catering on short notice.
Weddings, Luncheons, Banquets, Receptions,
Restaurant, Fancy French Delicatessen, Cuisine Patisserie, Fancy Entrees, Soups, etc.
Wedding and Festival cakes and confectionery to suit all occasions.



Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's Standard Pianos
CALL OR WRITE GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING, 188 Yonge Street, Toronto
ARE MADE BY . . . KNABE, GERHARD-HEINTZMAN, KARN, WHALEY-ROYCE.
ARE OFFERED FOR . . . CASH OR CREDIT
At less than manufacturers' prices.
Consolidation of interests—
Four warerooms in one
Few local agencies—
Make this possible
For Ten Dollars
We will place a Piano in your home and arrange the remainder of the payments, so that for . . . . . .
10 to 20 cents a Day.
You can become the owner of a good Piano.
Investigate this Offer

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE

TORONTO. CANADA. 1898.



WITH THE PIONEERS.

By J. S. WILLISON.

IN THE quiet churchyards on grey Canadian hillsides there sleep heroes as stern in texture and as royal in the high integrity of their lives as any who rest in ancient abbey or beneath towering monuments on historic fields. It was a rude but not unkindly breast that gave up the milk of adoption to the pioneers of this new continent. In the lands whence they came God's world seemed very old, but here along the tumbling rivers and the solemn trails of the deep forests the grace of the fashion of it had not passed. It was a virgin world, and it was very good. But for the pioneers from over seas whose eyes turned always to the shining hills of France, to the wide, shimmering meadows of England, to the green fields of the isle beloved, or to the radiant lochs and mist-robed mountains of Scotland, there was loneliness unutterable in these profound solitudes and menace in these hard winters and tumultuous springs. There men neighbored with their kind, women had the solace of companionship, the children romped on the village green, the church bell sounded from the hilltop. Here, the tongues of the night were of savage beasts, Silence sat enthroned on the hills, and the sun scarce pierced the tangled brakes and thickets of the valleys. The land of the fathers was far away, the sailing ships toiled long upon the seas, and, it may be, hard fortune, the loss of estate, the tyranny of kings made the old world seem even more inhospitable than the new. So the settler faced the forest with strong arm and heroic heart, reared his hut, and cut out his jagged clearing, and the springtime came, and the seed was dropped into eager ground, and the harvest did not fail. The shroud of a severe monotony hung over that life of meagre hope and strenuous endeavor. During the time of summer the birds sang and the flowers bloomed and nature hung her garlands in glorious luxuriance upon the trees and carpeted the earth with caressing verdure, but our fathers wrought in the service of Bread and not of Beauty. The seeds of life were in the ragged acres of clearing. The world, with all its tumultuous strifes and loud tragedies, was very far away, and civilization spoke only in the stroke of the axe in the deep winter and in the ring of the whetstone on the sickle and the blaring echoes of the dinner horn in the time of harvest. In the grey of the winter morning the settler threw his axe across his shoulder and beat his way through the trackless snows into the solemn breadth of wood, and all the day long no other sounds were borne to the shanty in the clearing than the stroke of the axe and the crash of falling trees athwart the snows. At the noon hour he sat himself upon a fallen trunk and ate his simple meal, and then again all down the afternoon the rhythm of the swinging axe sang out across the clearing and was lost in the forest depths. At nightfall his steps turned toward the shanty, where wife and child awaited his coming, and love blessed, and faith sanctified. O, pioneer mothers, how vast and still the world must have seemed to you, but how closely hearts grew together and how beautiful the fruits of life. All the interest of earth found utterance in the question Gehazi addressed to the Shunammite woman: "Is it well with thee, is it well with thy husband, is it well with the child?"

Christmas for the pioneers held something of hope, much of love, and much, too, of memory. It was a sacred custom in many of the pioneer homes that before bread was broken on Christmas morning a green twig, a branch of hemlock, a bit of living moss, should be brought in from field or forest and placed in the window. It was a faith rather than a superstition. Maybe the tradition runs back to the weary dove that brought in the olive leaf while the ark rested on Ararat. Loneliness is fellow to divinity. Often where the life is scant and bare God is close and very real. Through all the generations the humanness and the divineness of Christmas survive. But among the pioneers man loved his neighbor as himself in very truth, and Christmas Day was the love feast of the settlement. The great logs flamed and glowed in the wide, open fireplace. A rude plenty was piled upon the board. No foot that crossed the threshold was unwelcome. In the morning hours the worn, grey-faced circuit rider held a solemn service, preaching the sterner doctrines of the harder creeds of earlier days, and kindling anew the spiritual flame in the hearts of the settlers. Then came the Christmas dinner, and to that field and wood gave of their best. The rich potato, the great haunch of beef, the home-made bread, sliced thick and buttered deep, the heavy triangle of pumpkin pie, these were meat fit for men—kings dine on less royal food—and those of us who were boys on the pioneer farms keep deep in our hearts the memory of Christmas Day and Christmas fare, the old wood-encircled homestead, the faces that have vanished, the forms that are at rest. Christmas gifts were not many, and often poor and cheap. But the heart gave with the hand, and the spirit was of love and simplicity, and not of luxury and poor rivalry in ostentation. In calm and sober rejoicing the day passed and dusk dropped down over wood and clearing, and—as the years went on—soon the jingle of bells rose and fell along the night, the sound of merrymaking came from many a cabin, the gay and wayward voice of the fiddle sang its old familar tunes, and eager feet kept step to its vagrant music. And the old folk sat with luminous faces broken now and then by a memory of the older land and the earlier home, and touched by a pathos born perhaps of the wide darkness and loneliness without. This is our land, and we love it. In childhood we were kissed by its winds and cradled in its woods; in manhood fed by its strong air and inspired by its wide distances, its lakes and rolling rivers. It is home, and we are content. But to the fathers who beat back the forests, and portaged the rivers, and blazed the path of civilization from the sea to the great west, this was a new land, and blent with their splendid thrift and invincible purpose were an heroic patience and a sombre loneliness which have left enduring marks upon the character of the Canadian people.

A LEGEND OF LOVE.

By JEAN BLEWETT.

As "Peace on earth" the glad world sings one happy Christmas morn,
"Peace, peace on earth, good will to men, peace, peace, the Christ is born!"
And through the courts, the glorious courts of heaven, hosannas ring,
God's harpers strike their harps of gold, and glory, glory, sing.
Up to the city's threshold fair,
A woman comes and lingers there.

The eyes she turns on Peter's face with unshed tears are dim,
"Tell Christ," she says, "a mother waits who fain would speak with Him."
Through all the music, nay above the highest, grandest note
Of triumph, and of joy, and love, her soft voice seems to float,
And, hearing it, straight from His throne
Comes down to her the Kingly One.

With shining face, and eyes that hold such wealth of love and peace,
She feels her trembling heart grow bold, her doubt and grieving cease.
"Dear Christ," she cries, and lowly kneels, "I have a prayer to make,
O, do Thou hear, and answer it, for Thine own mother's sake.
Since heaven will not seem fair to me
If one dear face I may not see.

"The last kiss that I gave on earth was to a wayward son,
Whose soul, though deeply stained by sin, may yet by love be won
To penitence, to higher walk, to purer, holier way,
O, wilt Thou let me go to him and guard him night and day?
Dear Christ, a mother's love is great
To shield, to guide, to watch, to wait.

"Thou wert a babe in Bethlehem,—a mother guarded Thee;
I pray Thee now, for her dear sake, to harken unto me;
Remember how she held Thee close, and crooned Thee sweet and low
The lullabies that mothers sang long centuries ago,
And stroked Thy forehead tenderly.

"And kissed Thee oft, and told herself, again and yet again,
To hold Thee thus one hour outweighed the travail and the pain.
Dear Christ, this city is most fair, its glories thrill and move,
O, doth it grieve Thee that I cling to earth and earthly love?
That on mine eyes its beauties dim,
Because my heart is back with him?

With him—that wandering son of mine, the wayward one whose need
Of guardian saint to walk with him is very great indeed.
Think not I love Thee not, dear Lord, nor long for heaven's rest,
'Tis only that the mother heart beats strongly in my breast.
On this glad morning of Thy birth
O, grant me leave to go to earth."

Upon her head she feels the touch of tender wounded hand.
"Fear not," she hears, "a love like thine the Christ can understand.
No mother prays in vain to Me on this day of the year,
For when the faltering words she speaks fall on My waiting ear,
I do remember how My cheek
Lay on a bosom warm,
I do remember Bethlehem,
And Mary's cradling arm."

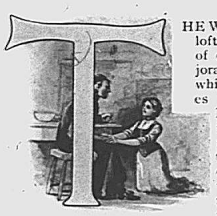
MODESTY.

Not to unveil before the gaze
Of an imperfect sympathy,
In aught we are, in the sweet praise
And the main sum of modesty.
— Patmore.

Brown Witch and Black Abbe.

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Being an Adventure of Master Jeremy Watkins, of the Commissariat Department of the King's service at Halifax, in the year 1753.



THE WARM dusk of the loft smelt pleasantly of dried sage, marjoram and other herbs which hung in bunches from the roof. From three chinks in the southeast gable streamed three long streaks of yellow light, wherein the dust-motes danced merrily. The place had an air of security and peace. I could not bring myself to believe that my precious life was in any very real peril—and of a priest, too! Nevertheless I moved softly as a cat, for was not the priest none other than the notorious Black Abbé, La Garne, whose treacheries we in Halifax had cause to rue? And had not Madame been very positive that my scalp was in instant demand? I crept across the light planks till I reached a spot nearly over the door, well under the eaves. There I lay down, and noted with satisfaction that I was so hidden by a pile of yellow squashes that if one should thrust his head curiously above the trap door the loft would appear quite untenanted. In the flooring whereon I stretched myself there were several knot-holes, by means of which I could command a fairish view of the room below.

I could see the fire flickering lazily under the pot which hung in the wide, dirty fireplace. I could see the heavy, well scrubbed and whitened table, with its wooden platter of barley cakes, and its yellow bowl yet half full of the new milk which my haste had not left me chance to finish. I wanted the milk, for I was thirsty from my long tramp over the Piziquid trail; and I roundly cursed the interrupter of my meal. Then light steps on the sanded floor diverted my thoughts from the bowl of milk; and Madame's slender figure came into my restricted line of vision. My eyes rested upon her with a keen interest as she busied herself deftly over divers household affairs. How small were her feet; how small, though brown with sun and somewhat toil-hardened, were those two nimble hands! I admired the fine poise of her head, with the heavy hair low over the ears, hair of the darkest brown, shot with ruddy color where the sunshine got caught in it. Her dress was of the light grevish Acadian homespun linen, and a bodice of dull, dark blue fitted her waist and shoulders trimly. Her sleeves were rolled up to the elbows, displaying brown arms very slim and shapely. I wished she would look up, that I might see again her amazingly large dark eyes—black, you might say, save for a tawny fire in them. In our raw little town of Halifax, at this time, there were few women, and none to make a man's head turn twice except, maybe, two or three of the younger officers' wives. I thought how this Acadian beauty would be admired in Halifax, and I said to myself: "She is surely not a woman of the habitant class. She seems city-born and not ungently bred; and I'll wager there is blood in those fine veins that does not all derive from Jacques Bonhomme!"

In this reverie I grew so interested that for the moment I forgot my situation. The hard planks irked me, and I changed my posture with a portentous creaking. On the instant the heavy table below was drawn sharply over the floor, cloaking my noise. I had but time to marvel at her quickness of resource, when a shadow darkened the open doorway, and a harsh, masterful voice demanded:

"Daughter, has the Englishman passed this way?"

"Yes, Father La Garne," came her respectful and ready answer. "Will you not honor me by resting here a little?"

"How long since?" asked the curt voice.

"An hour, perhaps, or less, Monsieur l'Abbé," was the reply, a trace of coldness coming into Madame's tones.

The visitor noted the change. He was not at the moment ready to offend. He wanted willing and full information. He stepped inside, and stood near the table, so that I could note his spare, hardy, dark-robed frame, the indomitable spirit that spoke in every movement. But his face I could not see.

"Pardon me, my daughter," he said more graciously. "I am in haste to catch this fellow. The fool is crossing me on this errand. It is necessary that he should be removed, for a lesson to the other fools at Halifax. Did you talk with him? Whither was he bound?"

"Yes, Father," said Madame, very graciously, "he was courteous, and talked freely during the few minutes that he paused here. He said he had come to get cattle from the Grand Pré farmers for the garrison at Halifax, and to forbid the sending of our cattle to Louisbourg. He was going straight to Monsieur de Lamourie, whom he counted upon to further his errand."

The visitor stepped quickly back to the door, and gave a guttural call. At once I heard the furtive, confused approach of moccasined feet, and with both hands grasped the pistols in my belt. There were a few sharp orders given in the Micmac tongue, which I did not understand; then I heard a measured loping as a band set out upon the run down the road toward Grand Pré. I could not see, of course; and I was troubled to know whether he had sent all his savage followers, or was keeping a reserve at hand.

On this point I might have trusted the ready wit of my hostess. As the Black Abbé turned again into the room and seated himself beside the table, just where I had been sitting so few minutes before, Madame asked him in a tone of irreverent banter:

"Why do you send six of your twelve red lambs, Monsieur l'Abbé, to capture one lonely Englishman? Is he, then, so redoubtable a warrior?"

The Black Abbé did not seem annoyed at the question.

"I know not of his prowess, my daughter," said he, "but he is an Englishman, so, liable to be blundering and brave. It is well to be on the safe side in dealing with him. Six are none too many. I pray you bring me some milk!" And I saw him break a piece of the fresh barley-cake.

The milk she fetched at once, in a brown pitcher, and poured it for him in a pewter mug.

"And why have you kept the other six Indians here with you?" she asked. "They make me nervous! I don't like them!"

He laughed, cynically.

"Again it is well to be on the safe side," said he. "I never know when I may need them. These are pregnant times. Since when have you grown nervous, Madame La Fleur?"

"Can you ask that, Father La Garne?" she rejoined coldly.

"Tut, tut," said he, with careless impatience. "That husband of yours can have been no great loss to you? And he has been dead these two years. Don't reproach me, Marie La Fleur. You never loved him. A thief, and disgraced, he came here from Quebec. I saw your scorn of him every time your eyes fell upon him."

"True, I never loved him, but I kept a good home for him, and he made a home for me," she answered, very coldly. "And here, where he was not known, he might have recovered something of what he had lost. But you twisted him around your finger and made him your tool. Oh, he was pitifully weak. But it is lonely living here. Can you reproach me if I grow nervous? Poor creature tho' he was, I owe the English a grudge for his death!"

I tried every knot-hole within reach to get a glimpse of La Garne's face, but in vain. I could see only his black-frocked knees and heavily-shod feet. He laughed meaningly.

"Oh, yes, my daughter," he said, "you owe these English a grudge. But this fellow is coming—I have seen him—and you say he is very courteous. Perhaps you think these English owe you a new husband!"

I grew hot with rage at the coarseness of it; and I saw Madame's beautiful face flush dusky crimson under its clear tan. She drew herself up haughtily.

"How dare you, sir, insult me! You take advantage of my unprotectedness. What excuse have I given you for such an insinuation?"

"Oh," he answered, his voice grown soft and sneering, "though he is an enemy, and on an errand hostile to your people, you have entertained him here at your table. Here is the bread of which he has been eating. Here is the bowl of milk from which he drank!"

"But, Father," she protested, growing suddenly anxious and persuasive, "you would not have me refuse a cup and a loaf to any wayfarer, surely!"

"He is very comely and courteous," he sneered. "You acknowledged it yourself!"

"I did not!" she cried angrily.

He ignored the contradiction.

"How long ago was it, my daughter, that he went by?" he asked, with a smoothness in which I discerned danger.

"An hour, perhaps, Father La Garne," she answered, frankly and without hesitation.

There was a pause, to me full of significance.

"Marie La Fleur," he said, drawing out each syllable, "you have lied to me!"

The suddenness of the accusation confused her.

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"The milk is not yet dry on the edge of the bowl where he drank!" went on those edged syllables. "I command you, tell me at once where he is! You dare not defy me, Marie ——"

"I dare!" she flashed, but with a sob of fear in her throat.

"Think! Think just a little, my daughter!" he continued, his voice sweetening to the note of utmost menace.

She burst into tears.

"Oh, no! It is true. I dare not!" she cried, anger and fear contending in her words. "I do fear you! Oh, I hate you; but I fear you! I will tell you everything."

She stopped, as if the words choked in her throat. Would she, then, betray me? My heart sank—not with fear, but with an anguish of disappointment. I could not dream of her a traitor! But I set my teeth, and thought of a good fight to be fought within the next two minutes!

She got her voice again, and the intensity of hate that thrilled it startled me.

"May my bitterest curse rest upon you," she said slowly. "You force me to defile my soul with treason. I fear no man living but you, you dishonorer of Holy Church!"

"Never mind about that, woman!" said he. "You are trying to gain time for him, I see! Tell me where he is—or I give you over in his place to ——"

She fell on her knees and clutched his gown.

"I will tell you!" she sobbed. "But spare him, spare him! Would you slay my soul?"

"Enough!" he growled, tearing himself away and stepping to the door. "I will absolve you! But you have no more time for choice! I will call them."

Her voice grew calm, as with the resignation of despair—and clutching my pistols I rose to my knees, feeling that the moment had come.

"He went," she said, "stepping on those stones so as to leave no trail ——"

(Could I believe my ears? What an astounding actress! And no traitor! All this a part of her matchless contriving!)



• • • "Turning upon his heel with a kind of disdain, he left us without farewell, and strode rapidly down toward Grand Pré."



A HUNDRED YEARS' AGO.—AT THEIR MATINS

"THE YOUNG CHORISTERS BEGAN TO CHIRP THEIR MATINS."

"I told him," she went on, brokenly, "to follow those stepping stones through the swale to the spring, and then run down the bed of the brook till he came to the path through the pasture and the birch wood over to the ——! No! No! I cannot tell you, for then he will have no chance of escape. He will die like a rat in a hole!"

"Thank you!" said the Black Abbé quietly. "That will do. I know the cave. I might have thought of it myself, and spared you these qualms!"

He stepped to the door, and there was a



HER FAMILY CARES.

rapid exchange of gutturals. Then the moccasined footsteps fled away softly toward the cave.

But La Garne did not go. He came back into the room, where Madame crouched upon the floor, sobbing.

I wondered if she would get me away, or if I had better come down and settle my enemy at once. I had acquired such confidence in her resources that I decided to wait a minute or two before taking things into my own hands.

"Stop being a fool, now," he said, impatiently. "Get up and bring me food; and be thankful that you have not forced me to teach you a lesson!"

"My God, do I need more lessons?" she wailed. But she arose, went to a closet, and fumbled therein for a few seconds.

"Make haste, my daughter!" said he, more smoothly and more dangerously.

With a movement swift as light she turned and faced him, the table between them. Her voice came cool and steady:—

"Lift but a hand, or give one call, and you are a dead dog, Monsieur l'Abbé!"

She had him covered with the muzzle of a large pistol. Before he could make any reply I had sprung across the loft and was down the ladder.

"You wonder among women!" I whispered, as I passed her. Then I went and stood before the astonished priest.

"I regret to be uncivil, Monsieur," said I politely, "but I must bind and gag you, with no loss of time, or else silence you in a more effectual manner."

I paused to consider, studying his face carefully the while. It was a strange face, repellent but powerful—the head high and narrow, the mouth wide and thin-lipped, the nose very long, with an aggressively bulbous tip, the jaw wolfish, the eyes pale, small, keen. Here was no lack of courage, I could see.

"She has outwitted me; I am beaten. Can we not make terms?" he asked calmly, looking me straight in the eye.

"We have small time for parley" said I. "It is plain I must kill you unless I can trust your oath!"

"I keep my oath—when I give it!" said he curtly.

I turned to Madame, whose great eyes were flaming with excitement, though the rest of her face was as calm as a statue's. To the question in my own eyes she assented with a lowering of her brows.

"Swear to me by the Holy Ghost, Sir Abbé," said I, "that neither directly nor indirectly will you execute any vengeance upon Madame La Fleur for this day's doings—that to the utmost of your power, and without mental reservation, you will guarantee to Madame La Fleur and to myself safe passage back to Halifax—and that any tenant whom Madame La Fleur may place in this house shall not be molested in his work or hindered in the payment of his rents! Please repeat this after me, word for word!"

The grim face stiffened, the keen eyes glanced through the window.

"It is not yet time for them to return," said I, "but if you refuse we shall need all the time we can secure. So you must decide on the instant. I shall be sorry to kill you if you say no, but I really cannot wait!" And I set my sword point convenient to his neck.

He shrugged his shoulders with an excellent coolness.

"I will swear!" said he.

Then, word by word, I gave him the oath, and, word by word, he clearly enunciated it.

I lowered my point and bowed. "You are a bad priest, but a brave man, Monsieur," said I civilly; "and I am quite at ease now."

"But, Monsieur," interposed my fair hostess and saviour, "you have secured for me safe conduct to Halifax! Might I not claim the honor of being consulted?"

"Time pressed too sharp for ceremony, Madame!" said I. "But, as you must know, I overheard all your conversation with Monsieur La Garne; and you must know it is impossible for you to remain longer here!"

(She blushed scarlet, and made to speak; but I gave her no time.)

"I beg that you will permit me to escort you to Halifax and place you under the protection of the Governor and his excellent lady. What more I would beg I dare not yet, Madame, lest raw haste should bungle a hope but born this hour past, and still diffident; though, sure of itself, it has already grown to be the greater half of my heart!"

"You speak in hard riddles, Monsieur," she said gravely, "but I desire you not to unravel them at present. I will go to Halifax, because I think that will be wisest. And I thank you for your courtesy, Monsieur!"

La Garne arose from his chair with a sarcastic smile which set my blood boiling. He went to the door, and was met by six of his followers just back from their vain errand toward Grand Pré. The vanity of it they had learned from one of the Abbé's spies before they had covered half of their journey. Their dark, gleaming eyes betrayed no astonishment at my attitude of easy fellowship with their master. He addressed them with autocratic brevity.

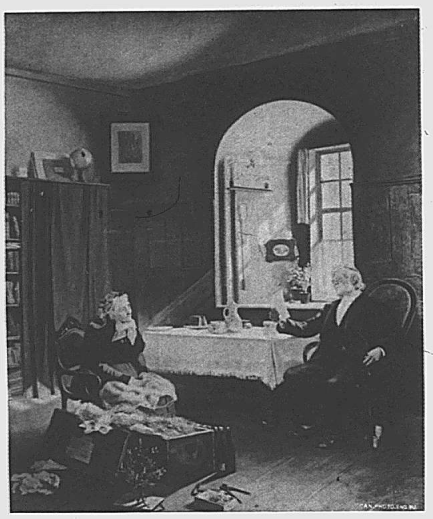
"Go with this gentleman and this lady to Halifax," said he. "See that no hurt comes to them. You will answer to me for them, until they are safe within the English walls."

Turning upon his heel with a kind of disdain, he left us without farewell, and strode rapidly down toward Grand Pré. I looked into the great eyes of Madame—and in that look I spoke the love which it would have been presumptuous for my lips to utter. She blushed, looked down, but seemed in nowise vexed; and from this I augured well for my future.

ONE AT A TIME.

A Western minister says that among the many informal weddings at which he has officiated none has ever amused him more than one which took place in a Dakota town.

The room in which the feast which followed



THE CHRISTMAS HAMPER.

the ceremony was spread was not large, and was speedily crowded to overflowing. The bride and groom, being left behind in the rush for refreshments, were among the last to enter the door.

The groom threw one comprehensive glance over the room, and seeing a single empty chair, hastily deposited his bride in it.

"Sally Ann," he said, in tones of perfect good-nature, "do you sit there and eat as fast as you can before everything's gone. As for me I'll take my chances with the second lot, and if I don't get a bite it won't make much difference, for I knew just how 'twould be, and filled up pretty well before I left home."

So saying, he returned to the other room, while the fair Sally Ann, nowise embarrassed by his absence, ate with a right good will.



OUT ON BALE.

SOCIAL FRIGHT.

Our sensibilities are so acute
The fear of being silent keeps us mute.
—William Cowper.

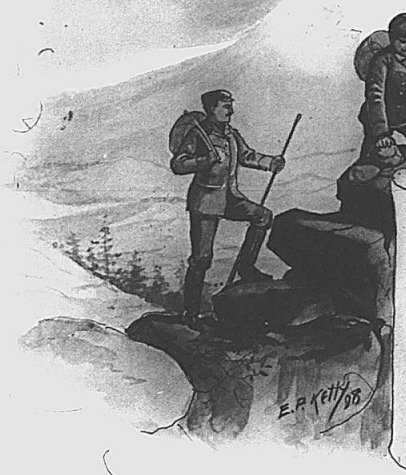
NOT IN STOCK.

The Strand Magazine says that an English pitman was asked by a friend who was very bowlegged to buy, when next in the town, a pair of stockings for him.

On the following pay-day the pitman entered the shop of a well-known hosier to make the purchase. The shopman was most obliging, but having shown the intending purchaser nearly every pair in stock he at last thought it time to ask for a more minute description of what was required.

"I've shown you nearly all we have," said he, "and I'm sure our stock is second to none. As we've hitherto given satisfaction to all classes, it is strange that we can't suit you."

"Well," said the pitman, "what I want is a pair o' bowlegged ones."



THE MYSTERY OF THE CARVED COCOANUT.

BY

JOANNA E. WOOD, AUTHOR OF JUDITH MOORE, A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES, ETC.

JACK AMILON and his friend Tom Borrowman shouldered their way through the throng which obstructed the egress from the wharves and Custom House at Vera Cruz. Slowly swaying at anchor in the bay, lay the mail steamer which had brought Jack Amilon to Mexico to make his fortune; the small boats were still busy about her, for Tom, wise and wily from long residence in the tropics, had gone aboard with the health officers and brought Jack and his luggage off triumphantly, before the other bewildered passengers had begun to make bargains with the boatmen.

Amilon looked about him eagerly.

"This is great!" he said. "Talk about French people gesticulating! Look at those brown beggars over there. By Jove! did you ever see the like?"

"Oh, if you tied their hands they'd choke," said Borrowman.

But Amilon was not listening.

"Look at those women fanning themselves! How long will they keep that up? It makes my arm ache to look at them."

A group of European women passed, each fanning herself swiftly with a tiny fan hanging by a cord round her neck. Their arms were moving in the tireless mechanical rhythm so soon acquired in hot countries.

"It's second nature to the women here to keep the fans going," said Borrowman. "I've seen them fanning away with such a Norther blowing that you could hardly keep your feet."

A raucous blast assailed their ears. A street car, drawn by two mules tandem, heralded by blasts upon a tin trumpet, was approaching. Tom looked at his watch.

"We have some little time before the train leaves," he said. "Will you walk or——"

"Walk, by all means," said Amilon promptly.

People of every intermediate shade between white and black thronged the streets; little grey burros stubbornly disputed the right of way with their fellows; now and then a caballero, gorgeous in his silver trimmed garments, passed on a mincing horse, as affected in its gait as its rider in his bearing; buzzards sought the street pools for filthy morsels, avoiding danger with ungainly sidelong hops, or, for the moment satisfied, soared aloft with their inimitable majesty of flight; the trees of the cocoanut drive displayed their tasselled tops, black against the blue; in the open arches of an old Moorish church hung bells of various sizes, stained by time and the weather to that rare greenish bronze which is the despair of the dilettante. Here a cross of flowers was withering upon a telegraph pole; there a beggar horribly disfigured held out a claw-like hand for alms—beyond were the waters of the gulf; above, a blue bright as a sapphire.

The men walked on quickly but silently—Amilon too busy observing to make reflections.

Presently they turned towards the railway station.

"Let's have a drink," suggested Tom; so they turned into the little cafe and were served with glasses of dark brown liquid with great bunches of mint in them, and large, flat spoons, perforated like bon-bon spoons, through which to drain the julep. Tom manipulated his spoon with an adroitness suggestive of practice.

"How do you like it?" he asked. "That's a Vera Cruz cocktail."

"And it's very good, too," said Amilon, a remark to which Tom mercifully paid no attention.

They were just entering the train when a native approached with two black polished objects in his hands, offering them for sale.

"Carved cocoanuts," said Tom, seeing Amilon interested.

"They are great!" said Amilon. "Ask him what he wants for them."

Borrowman began the preliminary parley which leads to the discovery of the real price of anything in Mexico; there was the usual pantomime, indifferent and contemptuous shrugs upon the part of the buyer, pathetic appeals and despairing acquiescence upon the part of the seller, then Borrowman became possessed of the curiosities at a third of the price originally asked, and the seller walked to the nearest pulque shop to jibe at the gullibility of the Americans.

When the train had fairly started and Amilon had greeted one or two of those who had been fellow-passengers on the steamer, he began to examine his new possessions.

The polished nuts were jet black, completely covered with intricate carving. The meat had been removed by means of two narrow slits, one in the top, one in the end of the cocoanut. The slit in the end was converted into the semblance of a mouth by sharp-pointed teeth cunningly whitened, this, with staring eyes, made of black and red sea peas, surrounded by a shiny rim cut from a shell and sunk in the nut, gave the whole the appearance of an enormously fat fish with neither tail nor fins. A cord attached to a button came up through the slit at the top and served to suspend the nut.

"They used to let the convicts in the Vera Cruz prison carve them," said Borrowman. "They did it all with broken bits of glass or tin, but so many 'accidents' happened in the way of suicides and fights with the cocoanuts and the carving tools that the authorities have put a stop to it now."

"How much better done the big one is than the other," said Amilon, passing it to his friend. Tom looked at it rather languidly, but his expression brightened to one of interest.

"By Jove," he said, "whoever the poor beggar was who did this he was well up in the old traditions. See here. This is a representation of the God Quetzalcoatl. Ugly old fiend, isn't he? There is the device of the old Montezumas. That Egyptian-looking thing is meant for a sacred pyramid like the one at Cholula, and here—no—yes! It is the Calendar stone." He drew out his watch chain and compared the intricate circle of carving upon the end of the cocoanut with the gold miniature of the marvellous Calendar stone, that huge circular monolith upon which is graven the solar system of the ancient Aztecs.

"It's simply wonderful," said Borrowman. "There's not a scratch on that cocoanut but what is one of the symbols of the old religion or of the old kings of the Aztecs."

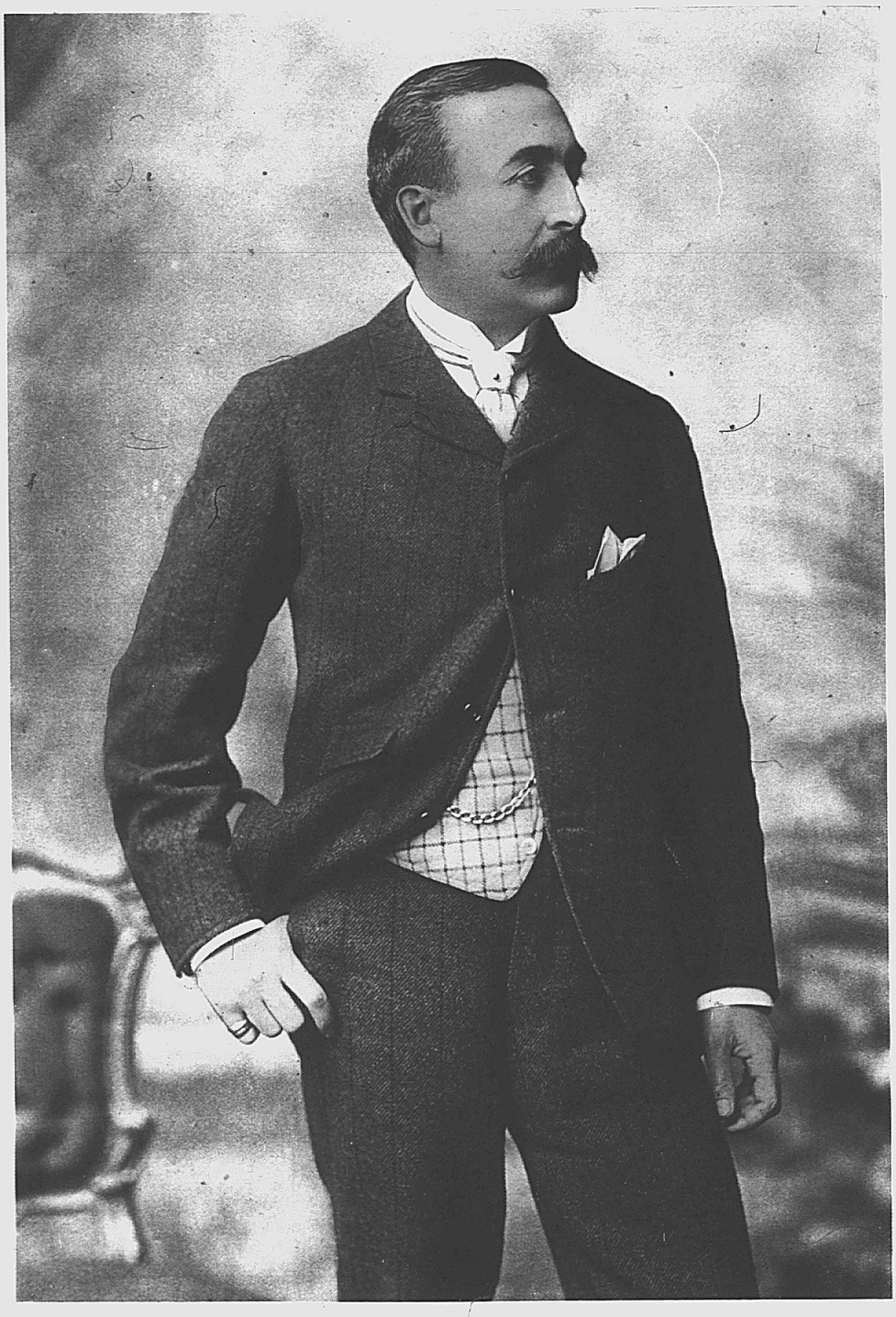
Amilon looked at it. Tom's last remark had suggested a new and bitter train of thought.

"The old man" (thus he disrespectfully designated his beloved one's father), "the old man is clean daft on what he calls the 'synthesis of ancient religions.' He's writing an endless book about it. He thinks symbols and ceremonies are stronger evidence than written records or documents. He's a perfect mark for any one with old trash to sell; he made a laughing-stock of himself a little while since buying a lot of so-called totem poles. He was so tickled with them that he issued a brochure and sent it to his friends, telling what he was going to prove from these antique relics from Alaska, and a few days after the man who made them was arrested for stealing the wood he used for them out of a lumber yard. That cooled his enthusiasm for a while, but the other day when they found those niggers in Northern Africa going through the ceremonies of the Mass to a mumble of meaningless words, he got his second wind, mounted his hobby horse again, and he'll ride it to a finish this time sure. If I find any old rubbish down here I'll send it up—sort of sop to Cerberus, you know." Amilon laughed rather miserably.

"It's beastly hard lines," said Tom appreciatively—for he knew all the circumstances of Amilon's unhappy love affair.

Amilon had just enough to keep himself respectably in idleness; he applied his income to that purpose with praiseworthy industry and flourished like the proverbial green bay tree. But the day came, as it comes to all with red blood in their veins, when Amilon fell in love with one of the prettiest and richest girls in Washington. She had the good taste to fall promptly in love with him. Nowadays parents are supposed to take after their children, but her father showed himself an enemy to modern usuage. He bade Amilon begone with a vigor of expression which could only be excused from its biblical phraseology.

It has been demonstrated in the English army that the young officers, subalterns with their first moustaches, who have spent their time in London loitering about clubs or in coulisses, are the first to face danger and death when it comes to a forlorn hope or a stricken field. There was that in Amilon



THE EARL OF MINTO, G.C.M.G.
GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA



THE COUNTESS OF MINTO

which responded royally to the royal summons of love. His lassitude and indifference fell from him like an outworn garment, to be replaced by a fiery energy, a capacity for ascetic self-denial. But no energy, however fiery, is potent unless given the proper outlet. Amilon sought, and sought in vain, for it in the North. In a country where customs and institutions are definitely fixed there is no room for anything but specialized knowledge — this Amilon did not possess. He wrote all his difficulties to Borrowman. The latter urged him to come to Mexico, which, yet in a state of transition, presented opportunities which he might grasp and make his own.

The girl promised to be true to him, her father bade him good-bye with the air of a man who is getting a disagreeable matter off his mind for good, and with these two memories to inspire him Amilon had come to Mexico.

Presently Amilon roused himself with an effort.

"I see every one smokes," he said, "and I've got a few rare cigars—got them from my table stewart on board the steamer. He was a Cuban refugee, and I suppose had friends among the men who came on board at Havana on the lighters. Anyhow, he asked if I wanted some choice cigars, and said he would give them to me 'the day after we left Havana.' So he did. They are from the famous 'golden belt' in Cuba. They tell me they sell them in Mexico in glass tubes?"

"So they do," said Tom, sniffing appreciatively at the cigar. "You pay sweetly for them, too!"

"Well, I didn't pay much for these," said Amilon. "Great scheme, wasn't it?" At that moment he turned sharply to look at some novelty seen from the car window. He knocked off the largest carved cocanut which was lying forgotten on the seat between them. It fell with a little crash. Amilon stooped to pick it up; the half of it came away in his hand, the other half, within which was coiled a long slip of paper, lay rocking slowly back and forth with the movement of the train.

Amilon picked up the half with the paper. As he did so, he saw it was closely covered with small writing. It was Spanish; he handed it to Borrowman. Tom took it and was about to exclaim aloud upon the strange discovery, but the first words made him lower his voice and hold the paper so that none but Amilon might observe it. Then he read aloud in a carefully subdued voice:

"I, the last of my people, the last of the pure race, the last possessor of the Great Secrets, the last priest of the God of gods, Quetzalcoatl, write: Knowing that I shall never again be free till death frees me, I would tell one of the many secrets which are mine alone, which have been passed on through the ages from lip to lip, till they must die unspoken upon mine; not hoping thereby to benefit any of the accursed strangers, wishing only to give the lie to those who, baffled in their greedy searching, are fain to say now that the true kings had no treasure, the Great Gods no riches save the puny spoils which the bloody Spaniards took from the palaces and temples. Yet I will not tell all, only a part; that the gold-thirsty souls of the strangers may burn and torture them. Lifted high above the world, a white crowned King watches a woman lying dead. In her white bosom the searcher will find a moiety of the great treasure; great it is, and rich, but no more compared with the whole than a handful of dust is when measured against a world."

The two men looked at each other with blank faces.

"Of all the beastly sells," gasped Borrowman.

Amilon did not speak—a poignant disappointment was in his eyes. He had seen the glimmer of a great hope. Conscious of his friend's regard, he said:

"It's a facer, old chap! I suppose you'll hardly believe it, but in imagination I had already found the gold, and got her. Somehow everything seems possible down here. What an ass I am! It's nothing, of course, but a hoax."

Borrowman scrutinized the paper closely. "Unless I'm mistaken," he said, "this is written with mango juice, which is indelible, and a pin; now that's a lot of trouble to take for the sake of hoaxing someone you've never seen! To tell you the truth, I had great hopes myself. Some people affect to treat the story of the Aztec treasures as a myth, but Cortez and his Spaniards, who should have had the best chance of judging whether it existed or not, sought for it unremittingly, sought for the secret of it with unimaginable tortures, in vain. Even now the Indians can conceal things as cunningly as a bird contrives its nest. If they have hardly a rag on their backs they yet find hiding for a knife, and let any row begin and all these nearly naked beggars flash forth a weapon from somewhere."



Amilon picked up the half with the paper. As he did so, he saw it was closely covered with small writing.

Amilon picked up the pieces of the cocoanut and put all in his valise.

"One thing certain," said Borrowman — "though the endup is pure trash, yet there is something very extraordinary about it. The writing and the carving on the cocoanut indicate a knowledge of antiquities such as precious few of these people possess."

"Some poor wretch, crazed with dreams of fabulous treasure," said Amilon, who seemed rather eager to discredit the whole affair now, perhaps because he was ashamed of having allowed a visionary hope to blind him with delight for a foolish moment.

* * * * * *

Amilon had been a month in the City of Mexico, living in Borrowman's rooms, but the two had never spoken of the carved cocoanut and its mysterious message. Amilon, because he felt a little ashamed of the keen disappointment he had evinced; Borrowman, because he did not want Amilon to waste his time on dreams of rainbow gold.

They were that night at a dinner party. Amilon was a little absent-minded, thinking of Her.

"I suppose," said their hostess to Amilon, "you have already visited the volcanoes?"

"No," said Amilon, "but we hope to go very soon."

"You, of course, know the legend of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl?"

"No," he said; "indeed I don't. Won't you tell me?"

A swift change crossed Borrowman's face, as if a vivid remembrance had come to him. He watched Amilon eagerly as his hostess told him the quaint old tale of the King of Mexican mountains and his stolen bride.

"You see," she began, "the Indians say that long ago Popocatepetl and the Peak of Orizaba were both in love with Ixtaccihuatl, and fought for her with fiery streams of lava and other volcanic weapons. At that time Ixtaccihuatl stood by Orizaba. Popocatepetl conquered and took Ixtaccihuatl over beside him, but she died of grief at the separation from Orizaba; so Popocatepetl laid her down beside him, with her feet towards him, so that he could watch her always, even in death. 'Ixtaccihuatl' in the Indian means 'the white woman,' and you know the summit of the mountain resembles the shape of a supine woman, and as it is always covered with snow I suppose that is why it was named, and doubtless the legend was fitted to the name."

Amilon listened breathlessly, then looked at Borrowman. The same thought shone from the eyes of each. The most threadbare legend of Mexico was the clue to the cocoanut's message.

* * * * * *

It was a few days later when they left the City of Mexico to search the snowy summit of the extinct volcano, Ixtaccihuatl, for the treasure. Amilon had climbed the Matterhorn for amusement and there were few important mountains in America which Borrowman did not know, for he was a mining expert and had sought daringly for gold ere this. The summer before he had made the ascent of Ixtaccihuatl, which fact was of great service to them at this juncture, enabling them to dispense with native guides. Their packs were miracles of compactness and utility. Borrowman had the latest equipment for the prospector—collapsible tent and all. He knew just what to take and how to take it, and they departed ostensibly upon a prospecting expedition.

* * * * * *

They searched and sought tirelessly. Days passed. They put themselves upon short rations, for even their "triple extracts" and much condensed foods were giving out. Depressions which from the base had looked like mere patches of shadow proved upon approach to be formidable canons, deep and difficult to cross; black marks which from a distance seemed only scars upon the whiteness were in reality ghastly rifts and grim crevices. An unbroken silence brooded over all, and the chill from the frozen bosom of the White Woman pierced through their hearts. They gradually worked round the summit. They knew it was no use going down into the crater, for every foot of it had long ago been explored by the natives, who were lowered into it upon ropes, sometimes four hundred feet long, to gather and bring up the deposits of sulphur. At length one morning they stood overlooking the plain of Puebla. Beneath them, Cholula, once the scene of such a terrible massacre, showed like a mere speck; there, too, was the great pyramid, built of alternate layers of brick and mud, whose base covers forty-four acres, from whose summit once flamed forth the sacred fire kept ever alight in glory of the God Quetzalcoatl, whose treasure these two men were seeking.

They turned silently from the prospect. Amilon had hardly gone a hundred yards from the camp when he called to Borrowman, who was working his way some fifty feet below.

They were soon peering into a square opening in the mountain side, which stood like an open door leading into the heart of the mountain—a strong current of air issued from it—beyond was darkness—lying beside it, black amid the surrounding snows, was the great slab which for ages had been the seal upon the passage.

They went back to the little camp and equipped themselves with the articles prudence and experience suggested as useful in the exploration of the seeming passage. An open light was out of the question—the draught was too strong, but they took materials with them, should they be able to keep a light. So side by side they entered upon a passageway which one glance told them was artificial. They felt their way at every step; they could not guess what pit might be prepared here for the unwary. A silence more awful than that which hung over the snows without existed in the blackness within. An Egyptian darkness weighed their eyelids down upon their useless eyes. All the menace of the unknown and the unknowable



AN INTERESTING MOMENT.



THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR

The illustrations in this issue were made by

The Canadian Photo-Engraving Bureau

HALF-TONE. ZINC & WOOD ENGRAVING. DESIGNING ETC

16 ADELAIDE ST. W. TORONTO.



ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES

The Toronto Time Register — The best and most efficient.

of All Kinds. Electric Light Wiring. Electric Bells, etc. Estimates on application.

Sole Makers: The Toronto Electrical Works Co., Limited.
42 ADELAIDE STREET WEST, TORONTO

THE DREAM OF ALL FEMININITY

NASMITH'S CHOCOLATE BON-BONS "Name on Every Piece."

Dainty. Delicious. Pure.

Will mail or express on receipt of price, 1-lb. box 60c, 2-lb. box $1.20, 3-lb. box $1.80, 5-lb. box $3.00.

The NASMITH CO., Limited
51 King Street East, TORONTO. 53 King Street West.

Established 1852.

GILLETT'S GOODS ARE THE BEST.

IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER.
GILLETT'S LYE.
MAGIC SODA.
GILLETT'S WASHING CRYSTAL.
MAGIC BAKING POWDER.
GILLETT'S EXTRACTS.
ROYAL YEAST.

THE GENDRON WHEELS

Satisfy the most critical.
Delight the most fastidious,
And bring comfort to all.

Our handsome Catalogue will tell you why. Write for one.

Gendron Mfg. Co., (LIMITED)
TORONTO, CAN.

THE ARTIST'S JOY.

Winsor & Newton's **PERFECT OIL AND WATER COLORS.**

In use all over the World by all Art Dealers.

A. RAMSAY & SON,
MONTREAL
WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR CANADA.

ESTABLISHED 1842.
Alexander's
(OF MONTREAL)
NEW UP-TOWN **CONFECTIONERY, CAFE AND DINING ROOMS**
No. 2358 St. Catherine St.
With entrance on Dominion Square, opposite "Windsor Hotel."
Makers of FINE CANDIES AND CHOCOLATES.

ADVERTISE
IN THE
MONTREAL STREET CARS
For particulars apply to
THE DOMINION RAILWAY ADVERTISING CO.,
613, 614, 615 New York Life Building, Montreal.

Caverhill, Learmont & Co.
MONTREAL.
Metals, Glass, Hardware, Cutlery, Firearms, Bicycles.

R. WILSON-SMITH,
FINANCIAL AGENT,
Member of the Montreal Stock Exchange.
Government, Municipal and Railway Securities Bought and Sold. First-class securities, suitable for trust funds, always on hand. Trust estates managed.
Standard Life Chambers,
151 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

1814.—A GOOD RECORD.—1898.
That for the past eighty-four years
J. & T. BELL
of Montreal, have manufactured the best line of Boots and Shoes in Canada, is the opinion of
H. & C. BLACHFORD
OF 114 YONGE STREET, TORONTO
Who always carry in stock a full line of these famous goods. Try them and be convinced.



James A. Kennedy & Co.
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS
Importers and Dealers in
Drugs, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Patent Medicines, Etc.
342 RICHMOND STREET,
LONDON, ONT.
Your Order Solicited.

Our Customers Say that the
BOSS WASHER
IS THE BEST.
Simple—yet perfect.
WALTER WOODS & Co.
HAMILTON, ONT.

CELLULOID STARCH.
Nothing compares with it for GLOSS and STIFFNESS.
NO BOILING REQUIRED.
Every new user becomes a permanent user.
YOUR GROCER HANDLES IT.

Rodgers' Cutlery
Has stood the test of over two centuries. None genuine without our Corporate Mark—granted 1682.
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

CROSSE & BLACKWELL
Purveyors to The Queen
Pickles, Sauces, Jams and Preserved Provisions
Agents: C. E. COLSON & SON, 10 St. John St., MONTREAL

Crompton's Corsets
ARE THE BEST.
Queen Moo, Victoria, Magnetic, Yatisi, and Hygeian Waists.

Purest and Best.
WINDSOR SALT
Is not surpassed by any salt manufactured. TRY IT AND YOU WILL USE NO OTHER.
For Sale by all Leading Grocers.
THE WINDSOR SALT CO., Limited, WINDSOR, ONT.

Gold Spectacles
AND
Eye Glasses
Are a useful and sensible Xmas present.
The largest and best stock in the city.
CHAS. POTTER,
31 King St. East.
Established 45 Years.

BOND'S SOAP.
THE MOST MARVELLOUS POLISHER AND CLEANSER IN THE WORLD.

Makes
Tin like Silver, Copper like Gold, Paint like New, Kitchen and Dairy Utensils clean and bright, Silver beautiful, bright parts of Cycles, Harness and Machinery equal to new.
Makes No Scratches.



Bond's Soap
is unexcelled for scouring Stone Steps and Tiled Pavements, for washing Floors, Linoleum and Paint and removing
Dirt and Grease
from anything and everything.

WILL NOT WASH CLOTHES.

16 ounces, 10 cents.
8 ounces, 5 cents.
ALL GROCERS.
Beware of 10-ounce substitutes.



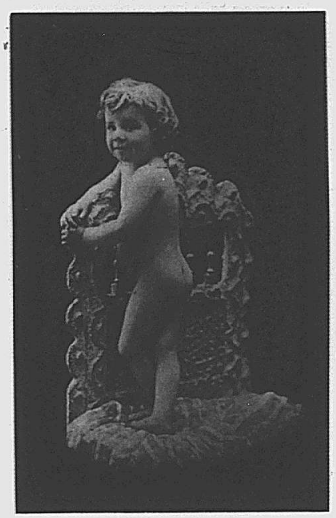
Cameras For Holiday Gifts In Every Style and Size.
PREMO'S RAYS, KODAKS, BULLETS, CYCLONES. Send for Catalogues.
Sharpe, Eakins & Ferris,
94 BAY ST., TORONTO, CANADA.

"It has prospered and grown, and its publishers merit the success achieved."—Fourth Estate.
Business
The Business Man's Paper.
A trial subscription—3 months for 10 cents, including Anniversary Number, marking fourth year of publication, which the daily press pronounce one of the handsomest trade publications of the year.
—Deals specially with successful
—Methods of advertising and store
—Management.
The J. S. ROBERTSON CO., Publishers
86 Bay Street, Toronto.

JOHN KLEES
GERMAN PORK STORE
379 YONGE STREET.
Hams, Bacon, Pure Leaf Lard, Pickled Pork, our own Curing, and all kinds of Sausages. Wieners, Frankforts, Etc.
FRESH DAIRY BUTTER AND EGGS DAILY
Our Sausages and Bologna are guaranteed free from all coloring matter and made on the premises fresh daily. . . .
Telephone 2925.

gathered into a venomed point which ever seemed directed to slay their courage.

"This is positively eerie," said Amilon, and gave an uneasy laugh. The next moment the hair of their flesh stood up in terror, for by some cunningly contrived acoustic arrangements the syllables were stolen from his lips and repeated by a thousand echoes, some which hissed sibilantly like threatening serpents, some which seemed to whistle as from the throats of choking men, some which sang words over and over again with accents of fiendish triumph; of his laugh was wrought a fabric of sound such as the devil might weave from the prayers and plaints of the damned. The two men involuntarily clasped hands; they stood silent, not bold enough to brave the mockery of the malicious echoes, which seemed to be transmitting the sound along the corridor before them as if to herald their approach to waiting demons. By a common impulse the men went on, every throb of their hearts seeming to leap in one great mutual pulse in their clasped palms. Suddenly they had a sense of space. Each stretched forth his hand; there was nothing upon either side; they no longer felt the draught, though they fancied it sighed overhead. They looked back—did they indeed see a pin point of light far away, or did a spark flitting before their dazzled eyes delude them? Amilon loosened his grasp, and Borrowman lit his candle and held it aloft. Their staring eyes were smitten with a sudden splendor. The candle's feeble ray was reflected upon every side from pure gold. They paused, spellbound, knowing that no one living in the



READY TO BE (NIGHTIED) KNIGHTED.

world had ever looked on such riches. A miser gone mad could not have compassed it in dreams. The tiny, flickering flame smote suns from discs of burnished gold as large as carriage wheels, such as Montezuma sent to Cortez for his first ill-advised gift. Beyond, in the farthest corner of the great cavern was an enormous image of the God Quetzalcoatl, wrought in gold, with gems for eyes and teeth—superhumanly and sublimely ugly. Richer than any image ever made of man, he gloated over his treasure. In the centre of the cavern was a circular depression wrought in stone; in this stood a pyramid piled of pure gold bars, an exact model of the ancient sacrificial pyramid in the plain at the foot of the mountain; the apex of the pyramid was breast high. For an instant the two men paused in breathless astonishment, then with a leap Amilon caught up the topmost bar exultantly. A long, shuddering tremor shook the cavern, the pyramid of gold vanished from before them, the enormous image of the god divided in halves, there was a great groaning sigh as of some giant captive at last set free, then a tremendous leaping wave issued from between the halves of the god, and the sigh became a roar of triumphant waters. The men were caught like straws and hurled onward with its resistless flood, their ears deafened by the terrible crash of the collapsing cavern, heard above the roar of the water which overwhelmed them—their last knowledge was that the water was warm.

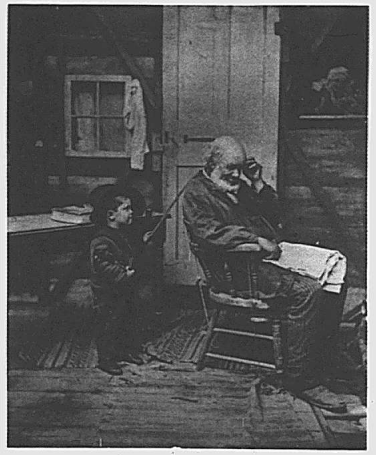
* * * * * *

It was hours ere Borrowman came to his senses, far down the slope of the mountain; his clothes were frozen upon him, the cold had awakened him by gripping his stilled heart too fiercely. His first thought was of Amilon, the next of their recent experiences. He looked about for a torrent leaping down the mountainside, but of that terrible stream which had whirled him through the passage there was no trace; either it had been sunken into hidden sluices or dammed by the stones of the corridor, which, like the cavern, had fallen after the first great wave; a mighty landslip up on the mountainside was set as a seal upon where the entrance to the passage had been. Borrowman grew sick at heart. Amilon? Just then a faint cry came to him from farther up. Amilon had been thrown off at a tangent when the impetus of the water bore him from the passage. One arm was broken, the other hand clutched a bar of pure gold stamped with the image of the God Quetzalcoatl.

One of the most exquisite scientific contrivances for the protection of treasure is the delicate weight balance used in the Bank of England, where the reserve surplus of sovereigns is kept. Take one from the great heaps and the whole disappears below the water. The priests of the God Quetzalcoatl understood this weight balance and applied it to the sluice gates of a vast subterranean torrent, which, when they knew the secret workings of the volcano, was probably a river of boiling water. No wonder they contrived naught but imaginary terrors to obstruct the corridor. Time had cooled the imprisoned waters; it had not spoiled the automatic perfection of the balance.

When the Spaniards began the dreadful massacre at Cholula, the Indians rushed to the great sacrificial pyramid and tore out some of the stones built about it, for there was a tradition among them that Quetzalcoatl would avenge injuries with the flood, but alas for their faith! The dry dust blinded them and made them easier victims to Spanish steel: Quetzalcoatl reserved all his floods to protect his gold; he had none to spare for his people.

Jack Amilon wrested victory from defeat. He sent the portion of the bar bearing the image of Quetzalcoatl north to a certain old gentleman in Washington, with a politic and suave letter, hinting at the exclusive archaeological knowledge possessed by the writer. The said old gentleman was in a chastened mood; he had invested in what was said to be a collection of genuine Egyptian scarabæii—with a document relating to the finding of these supposedly extinct insects, descriptive of their extraordinary habits, which doubtless caused their deification. The first naturalist to whom they were shown unhesitatingly pronounced them to be desiccated June bugs. It was an unkind experience. In the depths of his heart the old gentleman admitted that his judgment might be fallible. Ere long he triumphed over his enemies by making public the astonishing experiences and discovery of his "agents" in Mexico. And very soon after one of these agents placed upon the finger of a sweet-faced girl a wedding ring made from part of the lost treasure of the Aztecs.



A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK.

ETCHED IN SHADOW.

The long windows open out onto a terrace that is now covered with grass slowly dying. Beyond the terrace is a gentle slope covered with trees that have lost all their foliage and stand, black and bleak, against the pale sky. The vines on the wall have shed red and rusty leaves in the night and the gust has taken them into a heap under the window.

A man comes to stand at the window. He is tall and his hair is iron-grey, that most beautiful hair. His eyes rest upon the scene with singular significance. He feels the approach of the winter of life.

Suddenly there is a step, a laugh, a voice. The man turns, his eyes aglow, his lips parted, his



SHY GLANCES.

mouth smiling. He looks ten years younger for the second. A woman has entered the room, a creature of perfume, of bright eyes and laughter. One thinks of her only as the embodiment of life, vitality and happiness. She stirs the fire and glances across the room at the tall figure.

"Good morning," she cries. "You look gloomy this morning. Ah! I have a cure for that, good sir. Come here where you belong."

He comes forward, with that curious reluctance which some men show toward the feminine world. He stands by the hearth and looks at her curiously. Does she never think of passing years, of age, of decay or death? Is she soulless or does she always wear a merry mask?

There is a sound outside the door and she flies to open it. She welcomes some one there with rapturous exclamations. She laughs and coos and fairly drags in a portly nurse who carries a fine pair of year-old infants for a morning inspection. They are conveyed to the father who makes no sound or movement. He appreciates the pretty picture by his eyes and smile alone. The babies are taken from the nurse by the mother, one at a time, and handed to the father to kiss and caress. He performs the duty in an awkward but satisfied manner, and the exultant gleam in his eye does not escape the mother. The small folk are a bit afraid and stare solemnly at the father. Finally they are kissed again and the nurse retreats. The woman of laughter looks at her husband. She looks at him with a smile, but if he knew her thoughts he would be amazed; for she is thinking that, had she enacted these pretty scenes for a younger and less self-enthralled man, he would have given her all the applause she cared to hear—all the reward she asks of life—one word of strong affection.

ELIZABETH CHERRY HAIKE.

THEIR WEDDING EVE



BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

A STORY OF THE WAR OF 1812.

THERE WAS no snow on the ground. It was Christmas Eve. We were waiting for conveyance to Amherstburg. It was late in the afternoon, and the sky over Lake Erie was looming dark with snow. My companion was a dignified old man whose name I did not know. Long white hair fell upon his shoulders; his features were regular; his eyes were piercing and dark. His complexion was swarthy: the strain of some wild blood followed his veins.

Before the driver turned the stage out of the hostelry sheds single snowflakes began to fall slowly. We could count them. But as we left the hamlet behind us we came suddenly into flocks of these slow-moving flakes. They fell in groups, clinging to one another; they melted as they fell; they fell silently; the air was moving with the constant fluttering mass. They gathered in dark blotches upon our coats and melted upon our faces.

"We will have a wet drive," I said to my sole companion.

"Yes," he replied.

"But," I resumed, "before morning the wind will shift into the north and it will freeze hard." He turned and gazed intently at me.

"What you have just said is very curious," he remarked. "I have heard that it happened so on Christmas Eve seventy-two years ago."

"Yes?" said I, interrogatively.

The story which he then and there began absorbed me; the road shrank and I became unconscious of the snow falling ceaselessly.

* * * * * * * *

On the shore of Lake Erie, near enough for the beating of the waves to be heard within its walls, stood a house almost surrounded by forest. To the front there was the great openness of the lake, with its constant play of color, light and darkness. The house was little better than a shanty, built of logs, covered with a scoop roof.

The fire leaping in the rude chimney of the one apartment which this house contained lit up a singular group. There was a large man in the dress of a trapper. He had a face marked for violence and evil deeds, and its villainous expression was heightened by several scars, one of which lay in a bluish welt across his forehead. His left nostril had been slit by a knife, and the stroke had gone down into the hair upon his lip, showing redly through it. He had one enormous hand, as large as a giant's. There was a Pottowattamie Indian, whose name signified "Man-looking-beyond." He wore the old tunic of a British soldier, and wore it falsely, for his heart hated it. On his head was a Glengarry bonnet without the ribbons; a pair of riding breeches came to his knees, and his feet were covered with moccasins. There was a young girl, somewhat picturesquely clad. She wore a jacket of bright red and a skirt of brown drugget falling to the knee. Her black, luxuriant hair was braided and coiled closely. Her costume was completed by a pair of deerskin moccasins and leggings, highly ornamented with designs in porcupine quills. Her face was brown, and at a glance her Indian blood was discernible, but her features were finely moulded, and her figure was alert, slender and beautifully modelled. The fourth figure in the group was that of a young man clothed in a complete Indian costume, but he evidently wore it from whim, for his face was fair, and England spoke from his eyes. The Indian stood; the rest were seated on the floor upon skins; the pelt of a black bear filled the space between them.



• • • "You're bold for a lad who has his hands tied behind his back and a devil of a Pottowattamie ready to push a knife into his ribs if I was to hold up a finger; but there's nothing mean about me."

"Well, Captain Pring of his Majesty's 4th, what do you think of this turn in your fortunes? It isn't six months since you were for hanging Ebenezer Allen, and now Ebenezer Allen is for hanging you or getting rid of you in some more decent way, for there is really nothing mean about me, although I hate you bad enough to eat your heart. I've heard of a soldier's death and all that. What do you say?"

"I have nothing to say. I know perfectly well that you are a scoundrel who should have been hanged long ago."

"You're bold for a lad who has his hands tied behind his back and a devil of a Pottowattamie ready to push a knife into his ribs if I was to hold up a finger; but there's nothing mean about me. I've caught you fair, and I hold that when war's in the country every man carries the law behind his eyes." The Pottowattamie grunted approvingly. Berenice glanced at Captain Pring, who had not taken his eyes from Allen.

"The law that you carry in your head will be mighty ruthless," he remarked.

"As ruthless as yours when you said I could be hanged for the catching."

"You were a traitor—" but here Berenice put her hand over his mouth.

"Let him talk," said Allen, darkness coming upon his face. "The likes of him calls me a traitor, and I listen; but if I was half as bad as I feel I'd tie the two of you together and sink you between here and Pelee Island."

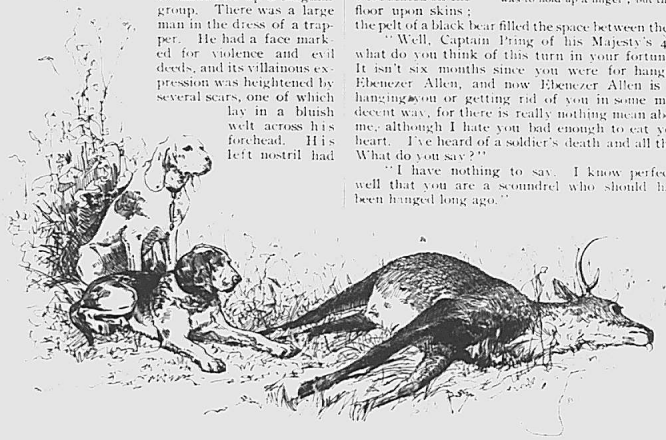
"Man-looking-beyond" approved in the Indian fashion.

"He did not mean it, father," said Berenice.

"Meant it as much as I would if I called you the same for giving away your father's plans, and sending Baptiste Cadotte the other way last July, when I had five lads in wait for him. You Britishers are all alike; you think you own this country, when there are plenty of lads within a ten-mile of here who would run the Stars and Stripes up at Malden if they had their way." Pring strained at his thongs.

"You lie!" he cried. "If I were free you wouldn't speak in that way." The blood blinded his eyes. Allen laid his hideous, huge hand on the bearskin.

"Come, come," he said, in mock conciliation, "don't let us quarrel. I propose a little game of cards. What do you say? To-morrow, early, you are going to the happy hunting ground. The red lad here can hardly keep his fingers off you. I don't mind in the least doing the little business myself, but there are three of us (this with a leer at Berenice); suppose we play a little simple game." He produced an evil-looking pack of cards from under the bearskin. "There are four aces; the ace of spades will be the Indian, I will take clubs, the Captain diamonds and Berenice hearts. Now, whichever ace is played after the ace of diamonds, the Captain's card, will settle the affair. That will give us an equal chance."



"Then early in the morning—
Before the break of day,
The one whose ace is played after his
Will blow the gallant Pring away."



SPRING



He broke into a villainous imitation of a song. The Indian squatted upon the floor. Berenice glanced at Pring, who half shut his eyes contemptuously.

"If I am to play the game," he said, "cut these thongs."

"Not a bit of it," said Allen; "you'd be playing another game."

"This girl will play for you, and oh!" he cried, with an oath, "it would be a joke on the Britisher if his own sweetheart had to shoot him so early in the morning."

Berenice shuddered. There could be but one outcome to the game so devised. Allen proceeded to shuffle the cards. But just at that moment there came a sharp stroke on the door.

Glad of any interruption, Berenice sprang to her feet. She opened the door. A man was standing there, huge in bulk, clad in a rough bearskin coat, with the snow falling around him. The slow, gentle flakes passed his shoulders and floated into the room. They were all about him, crowding into the light. With one stride he was within the circle of the fire.

"Friends," he said, "my name is Absalom Ivory. By the great mercy of God I preach His Son Jesus, and warn sinners of the wrath to come. May I rest here before I go upon my way?"

"A parson?" cried Allen, with an oath on his lips. He was about to refuse him shelter, but the Reverend Absalom Ivory had caught sight of the bright cards strewn upon the bearskin.

"Oh, ye hell-bound souls!" he cried, with an uncontrollable spiritual impulse. "For every time ye touch these devil's pictures a flake of fire will burn your bodies in eternal torment. Oh, God have mercy," he implored, throwing off his cap and falling on his knees, "destroy these engines of the Evil One and make this Christmas Eve great with joy for these Thy lost souls."

He rose, and before anyone could prevent him, he had gathered most of the cards, and had scattered them in the fire.

Allen had been prepared to expel the intruder but this sally cowed him. His eye took in Ivory's stature, which rivalled his own, and he was afraid to try this unknown force. Moreover, he had Captain Pring on his mind; he was anxious to get rid of his visitor peaceably before he discovered that one of his Majesty's officers was in his power and would meet the pitfall on the path of glory on the morrow morn. "Man-looking-beyond" was only awaiting a signal from Allen to draw his knife. But instead of letting loose the savage, he said abruptly in answer to Mr. Ivory's initial question, "You may stay for a while; better look after your beast. Berenice!" His gesture said that his daughter was to show the itinerant where to shelter his horse.

As soon as they had stepped into the dark and the snowflakes, which seemed to fall toward them in friendliness, Berenice caught the stranger by the arm. "Come away from the door. I must speak to you. I am in trouble. Help me if you can. This afternoon my father overheard us when we were talking—Captain Pring and I. He hates him, and now he hates me, for he heard me say that I had warned a scout last July and saved the King's despatches. He was on the way to Fort George and my father had money from General Hull to capture him and he had five men waiting for him. But I am British and I sent him by another way. Now he would kill me, and to-morrow he is going to shoot Captain Pring. Yes—yes." Ivory could not stop the rush of her words, but he comprehended the situation. The war which had been active in the vicinity during the past summer was then smouldering. He knew he was in a part of the country where desperate men abounded; in truth, he had an exaggerated idea of the vice and villainy of the section.

"And you would have me save him?"

"Yes; that is it. I will tell you—I will keep back nothing. I love him. We had planned to go to Amherstburg to-night. His man is to come to the edge of the clearing with two horses. He will cry like a lynx; but I cannot go out to him; my father will watch me."

The Methodist preacher was, like the rest of his class in those pioneer days, ready for any emergency, bold as a lion, sometimes rough and rash in his methods, using every power of his mind and every muscle of his body for the glory of his Master and the saving of souls.

"When the lynx-cry comes," he said, quietly, "I will go out, and you may leave the rest to me; but if you get away safe to Malden you must give your heart to God. Promise me." He was not the least above driving a bargain for a soul.

"I promise," she said, simply.

Hardly five minutes had passed before they returned, but in the interval Captain Pring had disappeared. Absalom Ivory made no observation upon his absence and did not seem to notice it. But the sharp-eyed Berenice knew that he had been lifted to the bunk above her father's and that it was the strongest place in which he could have been secreted. Her heart stopped when she reflected that no one could approach him without waking a wolf.

She found an opportunity when she was preparing supper for the preacher to indicate to him



where the captive was concealed. To his eye the bunk was merely heaped with blankets.

Allen had not expected to keep his guest over night, but when he calmly made preparations to stay he did not demur. His caution had been disarmed by the seeming ingenuousness of the stranger, and he was rather amused than otherwise at the strong assault which the man of God directed against him, expounding the Word in vigorous English and warning him in terrific language of future pains and penalties.

But his amusement gradually waned and he began preparations for the night. The fire was banked and before long the only sounds in the room were the steady breathing of five persons verging on slumber and the smothered nestling of the coals. Berenice's rude couch was near the chimney. The Indian slept in a bunk next his leader. Captain Pring and Ebenezer Allen were, one above the other, in the double bunk, and the Rev. Absalom Ivory lay upon the floor before the fire, covered with his bearskin coat, his head upon his arm.

* * * * * *

Early on the same afternoon within the barracks of Fort Malden two men were talking before the fire. One wore the uniform of the 4th; the other was dressed in the garb of a voyageur. A mug of rum, supported by a shovel stuck between the bars of the grate, was warming before the fire.

"And now," said the soldier, "what are you making up to me for, Baptiste Cadotte, talking around something and wagging your tongue as if it was hung in the middle?"

"Well, then," said Cadotte, "it's this—you're on duty to-night."

"Ah, now what trick are you up to?"

Cadotte spoke English with a French accent, and his manner was as vivacious as his eyes, which danced with animation. He was rather under the average height, but did not lack a certain dignity, despite his spare figure and his restless movement—a dignity which came from the knowledge that he was trusted as no other scout in the service.

"No trick, just plain business," he answered, "but before the sentries are changed to-night I want you to let me by, me Baptiste Cadotte, with two horses."

"Never a bit, unless you tell me what you are up to."

Cadotte thought for a moment.

"It is some other person's affair, not mine, and so I cannot tell."

"Well, inside the fort you stay to-night."

Cadotte thought again. The soldier turned the mug of rum and tested the temperature of the liquid by dipping into it his little finger.

"Well, you will have to swear not to tell."

"What am I to get for this oath and for breaking orders?"

"Captain Pring will do something for you, and I——well, on Christmas Day I will give you my extra ration of rum."

"Done. So it's Captain Pring's affair? And that's where he is, and I heard the Colonel asking for him not an hour ago."

"You know this Ebenezer Allen?" said Cadotte, beginning at the very end of the story.

"Him that lives at Colchester? Yes, I've heard of him."

"Well, he has a daughter, and Captain Pring——"

The soldier began to laugh. Cadotte sprang to his feet and began to walk excitedly the length of the chamber.

"You laugh!" he cried. "You laugh and you do not know what you laugh at. She is brave, that girl. Last summer she saved my life. True! When I was on the way to Fort George with despatches her old rascal of a father laid an ambush for me, and she risked her life to warn me."

"Well, she may be brave enough and honest enough; I know nothing about that."

"Captain Pring loves her for that and for herself, and he is going to steal her away from old Allen and marry her to-morrow."

"And what will his fine relations in England say to that?"

"I don't know. What I have promised to do I will do. To-night I will take the horses; I go down the trail to Colchester; I go to Allen's cabin; I make sound like a lynx. Then they come away."

"And you walk back ten miles or so to Malden and maybe face old Allen, who is a sort of devil, I hear?"

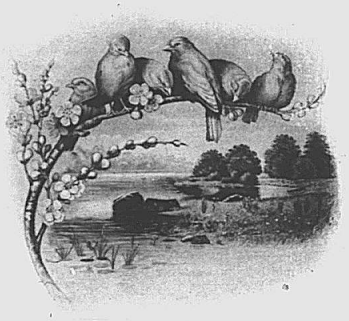
"Yes, for them I would walk many times as far and face many devils as wild as Ebenezer Allen."

"Well, everyone to his trade. You're a scout and like that sort of thing," said the soldier, proceeding to toss off the hot rum, "but as for me——" He broke off, threw on his cap and overcoat, and without answering Cadotte's frantic question, "Well, then, to-night—to-night——?" he swung out, leaving him without a promise.

It was in vain that the scout attempted to get a word with his friend before he went on duty. The



fellow was always in company, and gazed blankly at the pantomime which Cadotte carried on. Night fell, and the storm-cloud laden with snow drew up from Lake Erie. The flakes began to fall slowly at



first, but soon the air was moving with the constant fluttering mass. Cadotte saddled his horses early, and when the lights were extinguished in the officers' quarters he led them forth, a rein in each hand.

It was intensely dark. The snow falling slowly was heavy with moisture. Moving with confidence, he was met with a challenge and felt a bayonet at his breast. The dark mass of the sentry loomed before him in the snow; behind him towered the stockade.

"What's the word?"

Cadotte replied in a flash: "Berenice Allen."

"Captain Pring," rejoined the sentry, with a laugh, and soon Cadotte was outside the fort and on his way to Colchester.

The trail lay through dense forest for the most part. The snow, melting as it fell, clung to the horses and turned to water on Cadotte's face. But soon the clouds thinned, colder grew the wind, the snow came in finer flakes, then almost ceased, and before he reached Allen's clearing the sky before him was full of stars, and behind him, dividing the heaven, hung the black cloud still carrying the storm.

* * * * * *

It seemed like a lifetime to Berenice before she heard from the stillness of the night the lonely cry of a lynx. It rose clear and wild. A moment later Ivory got upon his feet and went out without making any attempt to conceal his movements. Allen turned in his bunk. "It's only old 'death and damnation,'" he growled, and when the preacher returned he was again sound asleep. It was not absolutely dark in the room; the small flames that played about the fire threw fitful lights into the shadow. Berenice, alert, with every sense on the strain, saw in the dimness the huge bulk of the stranger, and as she gazed she seemed to see a figure much smaller drop away from him, stretch upon the floor and creep into the darkest corner.

Ivory laid himself upon the hearthstone. Again there was silence. Time seemed to draw moments into hours. Suddenly rose the chirp of a cricket, sharp, insistent. It seemed to Berenice that at once, by some magic, the room was in a turmoil. She sprang to the fire, hurled the ashes aside, grasped a brand, whirled it in the air, and in an instant the cabin was illuminated. Something had already happened in the darkness. Upon the signal of the cricket's chirp Ivory had leaped to his feet and pinioned Allen into his bunk. The little man who had slipped into the room under the flap of Ivory's coat had met the Pottowattamie and altered his name to the past tense. He was no longer "Man-looking-beyond," he was "Man-who-had-looked-beyond." He had seen the happy hunting grounds where his forefathers inhabited. Pring, always ready for action, despite his pinioned arms, had rolled himself out of his bunk, struck upon the ample shoulders of Ivory, and had fallen upon the floor.

Then came the light. Berenice held it aloft. Allen was struggling like a leviathan, his enormous hand clutching Ivory's coat at the neck. He had worked his left hand free, and with a prodigious effort he had forced himself out of the bunk. The little man rushed upon him, tripped over the Captain's legs and fell with his arms extended upon the floor. At the same moment Allen, with his hand disengaged, had grasped a cutlass which he had had by his side in the bunk, and had made a random sweep with it. It fell upon the little man's right arm, just above the wrist and went clean through it to the floor. Allen did not swing it again. Berenice thrust the brand into his face, and the next instant Ivory had overpowered him.

A very few moments later Captain Pring was free and the thongs which had bound him held Allen as firmly. Berenice stood in the shadow gazing at the group of three, Captain Pring and the Rev. Absalom Ivory bending over the wounded man, as they made a rude tourniquet and stopped the flow of blood. Now that there was a steady light in the room she recognized the little man as the scout whom she had saved with his despatches from the clutches of her father's men as he came from Malden on his way to Fort George in the previous July. She heard Pring calling him Cadotte, and she knew that the brave scout had kept his promise, hurriedly given on that summer day, to aid her if it ever lay in his power.



A "ROUND-UP" ON THE SIDE HILLS NEAR CALGARY, N.W.T.

"Never mind, Captain," cried out Cadotte, to quiet Captain Pring, who was cursing the fate which had maimed him in such a service. "I couldn't have lost a hand in better sport. I'll practise with my left and will live to let light into that scoundrel yet."

"I will go up and send the surgeon down at once," said the Captain.

"All right," responded Cadotte. "Hurry him up; to-morrow is pay day, and I want to be there to sign the list. The horses are here; better take the girl with you, now you have her safe."

He seemed exhausted, but out he went into the night to see them mount and ride away. The stars were clear in a deep sky. The cloud had left pure snow in the woods. The air was growing keen with frost. Cadotte's wound stung him.

"I kept my promise, didn't I?" he said to Berenice, as he tried bravely to fix her foot in the stirrup.

"Yes," she said, as she bent over him. "Yes, I helped you, you helped me; we will never forget." They followed the road into the bush. Cadotte shouted merrily after them.

Half an hour later he began to fret. "Say, parson," he cried, "are you going to start soon?"

"I never move," said Absalom Ivory, "till I snatch this man's soul from the bottomless pit." Then and there he fell upon his knees beside Ebenezer Allen. Said Cadotte to himself: "I can't stand this praying. If the parson is going to stay on his knees till he prays this scoundrel out of hell, he won't need his horse again in this life. I'll be off and be in with the rest of the lads."

The Rev. Absalom Ivory prayed without ceasing in such thunders of supplication that Allen withered beneath the force. He was bound hand and foot, lying helpless upon the floor, and over him knelt this gigantic figure. His soul was wrestled for in tones rising from height to height of power, and in language burning with imagery, barbed with all the power of Scripture quotation. Soon he began to roll from side to side in an agony of fear and repentance. But the intercession continued, amplifying in illustration, dropping sometimes to a colloquialism directed more at the sinner than at the throne, and again rising in a fury of impassioned pleading, until Allen had passed through all the stages known to a convert under these methods, and until tears of joy were downstreaming on his face.

In the grey dawn the triumphant evangelist began his walk to Amherstburg; Cadotte had borrowed his horse.

The preacher turned back the surgeon and the men who accompanied him from the fort. They had not met Cadotte, who had taken a short trail through the woods. They found him in one of the open fields near the village. Absalom Ivory's horse stood faithful beside him, marking the place where he had fallen. He lay, frozen into one of the shallow pools in the rough field. In some way, probably by the jolting of his horse, the tourniquet had become loosened, and his blood had gradually left him. He had dismounted and had stumbled into the water, possibly as dawn was lighting the flagstaff at Malden. His calm face was framed by the thin ice. The rest of his body was under the surface, except his hands, which were clasped over his heart.

"His hands!" I interrupted, with an involuntary start.

"Yes," said the old man, quietly. "He had brought his severed right hand with him, probably from some whim about signing the ration roll; or, maybe, thinking that the surgeon might sew it on again, and when he fell he held it to his breast, and so they found him.

"He was a good bit of stuff," said the driver, who had checked his horses to light his pipe, "a right proper bit of stuff."

"But did the girl keep her promise to the parson?"

"She did, indeed," said the narrator, who had fixed his eyes on Amherstburg, gleaming through the snow, and then with a sigh of remembrance he added: "My mother was an angel."

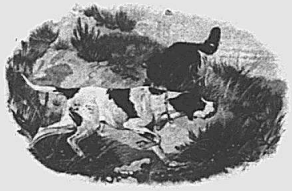
Whereupon we understood and no one spoke again.

THE VERDICT OF AN EXPERT.

The commanding officer of a corps was much troubled about the persistent untidiness of one of his men. Reprimand and punishment were unavailing. The man was incorrigible, and remained as dirty as ever. A brilliant idea struck the Colonel.

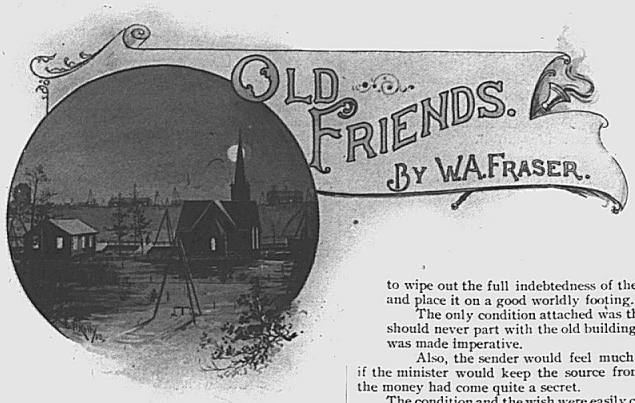
"Why not march him up and down the whole line, and shame him into decency?"

It was done. The untidy warrior, who hailed from the Emerald Isle, was ordered to exhibit himself and march up and down the entire regiment, and the men were told to have a good look at him.



The unabashed Pat halted, saluted the Colonel, and said, in the hearing of the whole corps, with the utmost sang-froid:

"This is the dhirtiest rigiment I ivir inspected in me loife, sorr!"



OLD FRIENDS.

By W. A. FRASER.

WHEN God closed out the lives of little Peter Neuman's parents, and they both laid silent and at rest in the square, white, picket-fenced burying-ground in the east end of Petrolea, it really looked as though no lieutenant had been left to look after the boy.

To Pete schooling and training and culture were vague, unmeaning terms. They were as strange as the names of extinct animals. Food was the most engrossing, terrible word in the whole vocabulary of life.

That was what he had been born for, to struggle for food. It was a bitter struggle, too, and the boy was capable of so much—the "so much" might be for good or for evil.

Just as the young life was travelling evilward, the pastor of the Baptist church stretched out his hand and his heart and drew the waif a little to one side.

It needed so little, too, at first; and then afterward, with watchfulness, Peter never looked longingly over the hedge at the road he had been drawn away from.

In those days four churches stood side by side in the low flat which separated the eastern half of the town from the western—plain, frame buildings all of them, small and unpretentious.

They were raised ten feet from the ground, and the sidewalk and road ran across the whole stretch of the flat at the same level. The churches were islands, save for the sidewalk, when the spring floods were on.

Little Pete grew strong physically because of the work among the oil wells and his health morally was superb because of the little pine-boarded church and the stoop-shouldered pastor who kept his eye on the orphan boy.

When Pete was out of work, the minister, Mr. Grant, saw that he got employment again. When his fresh young spirits were groping about in the dark for food for the mind, Grant saw that the food was healthy.

It was a simple, uneventful, country-life episode. "I am the keeper of my brother's child," the minister said by his acts; and no doubt God approved of the principle, though the Petrolea people were much too busy with the constantly recurring big strikes of oil to pay much attention to the matter. It was probably the minister's business anyway — he was always at that sort of thing.

Then one day Peter went away. There were no celestial phenomena manifested over his departure. He simply went out in the world to look for the fortune that is due every boy.

Peter had two regrets in leaving: he would miss the minister, and a knowledge that a debt hung over the little church bore heavily on his mind. He made a silent vow that he would wipe it out when he got rich.

Some years after Minister Grant received a letter from a man containing a draft large enough to wipe out the full indebtedness of the church and place it on a good worldly footing.

The only condition attached was that they should never part with the old building. That was made imperative.

Also, the sender would feel much obliged if the minister would keep the source from which the money had come quite a secret.

The condition and the wish were easily complied with—they had no desire to part with the church, and as the sender of the draft was a stranger to Grant (for it did not bear Peter's name), it saved him a world of trouble, so to speak, to keep it dark.

The minister simply said that somebody had sent him money to pay the debt, and stated the conditions.

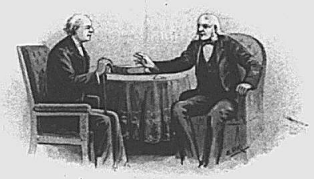
The congregation formed a judgment division at once; one-half were positive that it was Mr. Langton, a rich oil man, who had furnished the money; the other half declared it was Bredin, the nitro-glycerine man. He was making a fortune shooting wells, but, as it was rather a precarious business, his predecessor having been blown up the fourth month of his labors, it was almost certain that he was investing this money as a sort of religious insurance.

Two or three thought that it might be that "Drinking Tom" Burns had put the money in, for "a gusher" had been struck on his farm, and he was constantly on the lookout for novel methods of getting rid of his cash.

The minister paid up the debt and said never a word.

The oil field grew and broadened out, and wealth came to the workers therein.

The population of the town multiplied, and of course the congregations absorbed their quota of the people.



• • • Peter's voice trembled a little when he spoke of the old church—told that it was he who had sent the means to pay the debt.

Drillers and small oil men lived in the houses that had formerly been the palatial residences of wealthy operators. These latter had built larger structures of brick and stone, and their earlier homes looked mean and wooden by comparison.

The little frame churches in the hollow became hot and stifling and crowded with the large congregations that grew greater year by year.

First the Church of England built a fine brick temple, almost like a cathedral, up in the west end of the town. Why, the rectory was almost as fine as the old church in the flat. Then the Presbyterians deserted the old ground, and built a church of equal dimensions.

And so, one after another, until even the little Baptist chapel that Minister Grant loved so well, and from which Peter had cleared the debt, became silent and like an organ from which the music has gone.

And all the time hardly a Sabbath passed with Peter in his adopted land but that he thought of his boyhood friends as worshipping in their old places in the little church. He lived in a great city, and attended service in a magnificent building, but his eyes saw it not. He saw only the stooped form of Minister Grant, the man who had made his life worth the living. That was the picture always in his mind. Just as he had seen them as a boy in the little church, so they lingered with him.

The town grew, and the changes went on, even the moving of the congregation into the big new church; and Peter's fortune grew and enlarged until he became wealthy, and his years filled into his life till he became grey, and still the picture remained ever the same. There was no change in that.

At last, when he was getting a little weary of his life's work, the longing to see the friends of his boyish church days, as they were then, came upon him so strong that he journeyed back to his cradle-town.

It was evening, and as the train swung in, past the great blazing fires of the oil refineries, the smell of spent acid and petroleum gas smote upon his nostrils like the perfume of childhood's clover-fields.

The tears were close at the back of his eyes. Was he not born among all this? Had not his father toiled at the great red fires, and his mother breathed the same strong-smelling air? Was it not his birthplace—his native land—and the creaking machinery of the pumping rigs and the myriad three-poled derricks dotting the landscape like skeleton pyramids the signs made manifest of his nativity?

He was coming home.

He wondered if he should find any of the old friends in the little church. It would still be there, for his money had insured that. Like a friend it would confront him and bless him for its salvation.

God had prospered him in a foreign land, but it was good to come home to the place of his humble child-life.

The hotel was new; it was not the old, bulging, board building that had stood on the corner when he lived there before. The electric lights, and the glass doors and the modern glitter of the place chilled him.



ON THE OLD FARM. Photo by E. W. Hendricks.

All the faces were new. In the crowd that thronged through the offices and halls he felt like a man who struggles wearily across a great plain alone.

When he had eaten, he started eagerly for the one place he felt sure was unchanged.

Straight eastward through the main street he walked—not a building could he recognize.

Plate glass and bricks confronted him where before had been the cosy little windows of the stores he had known so well.

There on the right old man Bishop had sold him overalls; a little higher up he had bought good, stout boots from King. He saw neither Bishop nor King.

He almost ran in his eagerness to get by it all; it made him feel so much alone in the world.

At the top of the hill he could see the road winding like a grey woollen thread across the flat; a row of lamps glinted like a string of star-beads by the side of it. On the right, half way over, he could see the firm outline of a square, sharp-roofed building—a spire cut the gloom of the night sky.

From the gothic windows the bright lights streamed. His heart gave a great throb of joy. He sat on the hand-rail that guarded the high sidewalk and tried to compose himself. He was trembling with joyous, eager excitement.



Ah! this was home. There were lights in the windows for him; the church was his mother; it had sheltered him when he was an outcast.

And now after all those years he had come back to the home of his childhood, and, where all else was cold and chill, the church was still there, and warm and bright, and beckoning to him with its lights.

Then he walked on again. As he approached the church he heard the shuffling of many feet.

"It's prayer meeting, I suppose," he thought, "and the people must be coming out." But the door did not open.

As he approached the noise grew louder. Still nobody appeared.

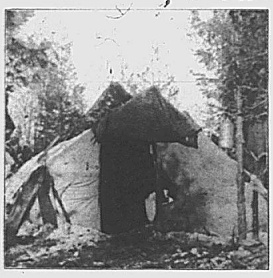
"I wonder if I shall find the old minister here still?" he muttered as he opened the door.

On the threshold he stood like a man petrified.

A dozen young men were rushing and tearing at each other like gladiators in a Roman arena. High up on the wall, just where the blue and gold striped pipes of the organ had once stood, was a queer arrangement like a fish net.

They were playing basket ball.

The chill that had crept about his heart up in the fantastically-decorated hotel again gripped him.



AN INDIAN WIGWAM.

Familiar sights that he had expected were all absent.

Just over in the corner to the left was the spot in which Deacon Ball used to kneel in prayer.

He remembered, with a little pang of remorse, how he had often smiled in derision at the enormous feet of the Deacon as they stuck out in the aisle; there never was room in the pew for both them and the Deacon.

Now the umpire of the game sat there with a little bell in his hand which he tinkled occasionally.

Nobody paid the slightest attention to Peter. He closed the door and trudged back wearily through the hot spring night to the hotel.

In the warm bright sunshine of the next morning a little of the chill thawed in Peter's heart. Minister Grant was still alive, he discovered. His benefactor had given up the care of the flock, and was living in silver-haired peace where he had labored his good life through.

Peter's voice trembled a little when he spoke of the old church—told that it was he who had sent the means to pay the debt.

"Ah," said the minister, "your gift of money was nothing to the foresight which commanded us to keep the old church forever. It does more good to-day, perhaps, than the new building in which our people worship.

"In it our young men find amusement and manly games which keep them from the billiard and bar rooms of the hotels.

"There seems to be a charm about the old place, for they will go there when you couldn't get them to attend a prayer meeting."

A great peace stole over the heart of Peter. God had blessed his gift.

Indian Festivities.

By E. YATES FARMER.

NOT so very long ago the Indian was lord of our soil and master of our domain. The original festivities of the country as celebrated by the noble red man were numerous and indulged in with great pomp and ceremony.

Feasting and fasting were an important custom among the Indian tribes, and performed in different modes on different occasions. The feasts were strictly religious and exceedingly interesting.

We are now approaching the season of the grand Indian jubilee of the Six Nations—the New Year Festival—which is to-day celebrated by the Pagan Indians on the Grand River Reserve. There are two "long houses" which are used exclusively for the believers in the "Great Spirit," one for the Onondagas and one for the Cayugas. They are the places of worship for these two conservative tribes, and here the religious feasts and dances are celebrated in honor of the "Great Spirit." The Indian faith in its original form was simple and pure. Those who have been in the habit of thinking the Indians a godless, prayerless and perfectly heathen race will read with surprise those outpourings of their hearts in perfect love and trust, and their simple dependence upon the Great Giver for all they enjoy.

—"The poor Indian whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind."

They knew nothing of the desire for gain, they were not selfish, had no love for hoarding, no temptation to steal, as they had originally all things in common they had their reverence for truth and fidelity, they kept their promises, held all women in honor and respect, their marriage vows were well understood and kept, they had fine feelings and some truly noble traits of character.

The "Long House" of the Indian Confederacy, the Five Nations—called by the French Iroquois—date the formation of the league only a few years before the white man first landed upon their shores. They called themselves the Ho-de-no-sau-nee, or "People of the Long House," implying that they were one family sheltered by the same roof. The Great Indian New Year Festival in its original form lasted nine days, and the ceremonies were conducted by the O-kun-pah-was, or the "Keeper of the Faith," who made a call at every house morning and evening, dressed so as to disguise his real personage. He would envelope himself in buffalo or bear skin; fastened about his head was a wreath of cornstalks which fell loosely over the body, a girdle of the same was twisted about his loins, the arms and wrists, too, were ornamented with wreaths of husks, and in their hands they held corn pounders. On entering a house they knocked upon the floor to command silence, and then made a speech. When the address was finished they sang a thanksgiving song, and departed to repeat the ceremony at the next house. So scrupulous were the Indians in calling at every house and performing their ceremonies, that if a person died during the festival the body was laid aside and no evidence of sorrow was visible till the end of the nine days, when the usual funeral rites were performed and the mourning hymns were chanted.

Dancing constituted a part of the religious worship of the Indian. He believed that it was particularly pleasing to Ha-wen-ne-yu. There were thirty-two distinct dances, and some of these were exceedingly graceful and beautiful. They danced all the way through this world as they expected to dance in their hereafter.

The original dishes used at the feast were the "pem-i-can and marrow fat," the pem-i-can was a kind of paste or pudding which was made of the flour of the "pomme blanche," the pem-i-can and marrow fat together were a good substitute for the bread and butter of the white man. Another favorite dish was the buffalo meat, which was the great staple and staff of life. It was used in many different forms—boiled, roasted, stewed, broiled and smoked. For a vegetable a delicious white turnip of the prairie was used, finely flavored with buffalo berries, which were collected in great quantities and used with diver dishes in cooking; service berries were also used, corn, squash and hominy.

The one and only sacrifice offered was at the festival of the New Year; it was a white dog, and is still offered to the Great Spirit on the Indian Reserve to-day. All white animals are considered consecrated to the Great Spirit, as white is the emblem of purity and faith. But dogs alone are sacrificed on this occasion.

On the first day of the festival one is chosen, sometimes two, without spot or blemish, and strangled, carefully avoiding shedding of blood or breaking of bones. The dog is then painted with



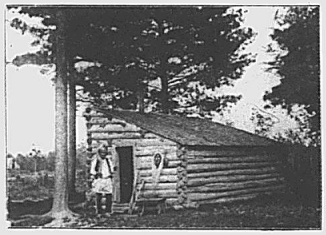
READY FOR THE FESTIVITIES.

red spots and decorated with feathers, and around his neck is hung a string of wampum. The dog is then suspended some feet in the air, where it remains five days. It is then taken down and burned on an altar of wood.

The dog is a favorite animal with the Indian and always accompanies him to the "happy hunting ground." It is also a favorite with the Great Spirit. As the dog is laid upon the altar the great thanksgiving address is made. The spirit of the animal ascends to heaven in clouds of smoke, with the petition of the Indian that it may find favor in the eyes of the Great Spirit.



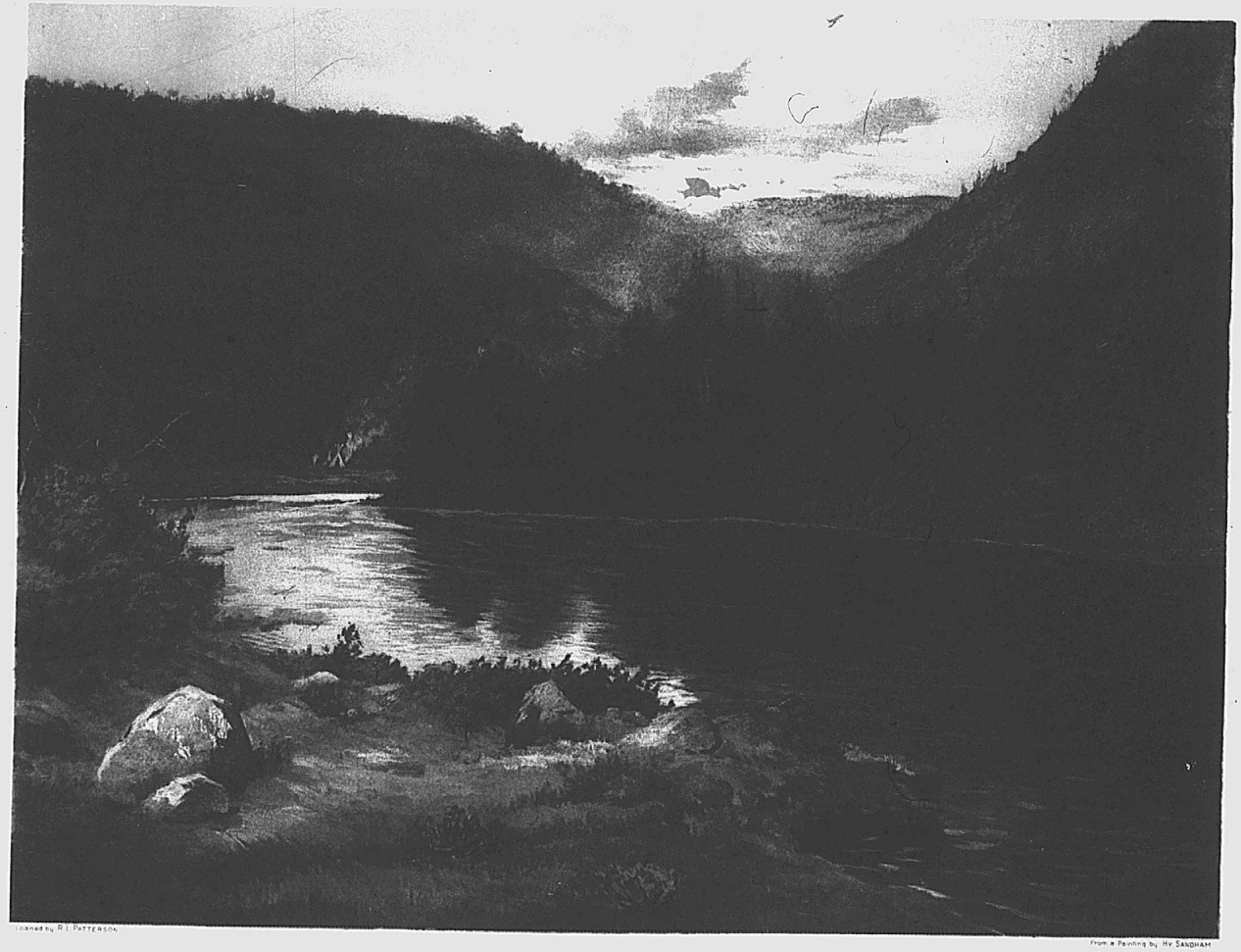
A TRYSTING PLACE. [Photo by E. W. Hendricks.



NIKONHA, THE LAST OF THE TUTILOIS.

WHY HE SLEPT SO SOUNDLY.

Dean Ramsay tells a story of an old Scotch minister who complained to his servant Janet that he had hardly given out his text than she was sound asleep; but when any of the young preachers from St. Andrews filled his pulpit she was always wide awake. "That," he added, "is not using me as you ought." "Is that a'?" was her reply. "I'll soon tell you why; when you preach everybody kens the word o' God is safe in your hands, but when one o' thae young birkies (fellows) hauds forth (preaches) my certie! It takes us a' to look after them."



Loaned by R.I. Patterson.

From a Painting by Hy. Sandham

ON THE RESTIGOUCHE.

ON THE RESTIGOUCHE.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

By ROBERT BROWNING.



HAMELIN TOWN'S in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.
Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in their cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.
At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease!
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with an inward consternation.

An hour they sat in council
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain
I'm sure my poor head aches again
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?
(With the Corporation as he sat
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle, green and glutinous),
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"
"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger;
And in did come the strangest figure:
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin;
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin;
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the trump of doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper
And people call me the Pied Piper.
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying,
As if impatient to be playing
Upon his pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture, so old-fangled.)

"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats;
And, as for what your brain bewilders
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? Fifty thousand!" was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.
Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers;
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives
Followed the Piper for their lives.

From street to street he piped advancing,
And step by step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished
Save one who, stout as Julius Caesar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was: "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,



"Out came the children running."

Into a cider-press' gripe—
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me!
I found the Weser rolling o'er me."
You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation, too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
"Besides," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke;
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried:
"No trifling! I can't wait! beside,
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the head-cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.
With him I proved no bargain-driver;
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find the pipe to another fashion."
"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy rinaldo
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst!
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosom beat,
As the Piper turned from the High street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast!
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed;
And when all were in, to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say:
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue
And everything was strange and new:
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more."

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burger's pate
A text which says that Heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in.
The Mayor sent East, West, North and South,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor
And piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear:
"And so long after what happened here
On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's street
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the Great Church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterranean prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago, in a mighty band,
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land
But how or why they don't understand.

So, Willie, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers;
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

ETHEL'S NEW YEAR'S CALLER.

All day long Ethel wished and wished that she was a grown-up lady like Sister Grace, so that she could have a New Year's caller.

But the long, bright day went by and not a single call did she have. After supper she went slowly up into the parlor and looked discontentedly out of the window.

Right under the gaslight she saw a glossy black cat. He took up first one paw and then the other out of the flaky snow and looked this way and that before starting on his journey once more. Then he ran along the sidewalk in front of Ethel's home and jumped quickly up the steps.

"It's my caller!" exclaimed Ethel, breathlessly. "It truly is!"

She opened the door and in walked pussy, over the fur rug, into the parlor and sat down in front of the fire. In a second Ethel was beside him, hugging and petting him.

Pussy seemed to like it and curled himself up contentedly in Ethel's lap. He purred very loudly for a few minutes and then went to sleep.

"It's my New Year's caller!" explained Ethel. "He came his own self, mamma, and I'm going to keep him forever!"

Pussy has never made any objection to that plan and so Ethel still has her caller, and she says her New Year's call was the very best one, for it has lasted nearly a whole year.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Ring out, sweet bells, in chorus clear,
Of Christmas joy, of Christmas cheer;
Ring till each heart shall catch the strain
And gladly join the sweet refrain.

Ring out your joyous, glad ding-dongs,
Ring out your noblest, sweetest songs,
Ring them in praise of Him who came
To give Redemption through His name.

Ring into hearts where love is low,
Ring till the sacred fire shall glow
With heavenly radiance, calm and bright;
Till darkness flee and there is light.

Ring through the homes of all on earth
In joyous strains of harmless mirth;
Ring till grim want and care shall hide,
And life is one long Christmastide.

Ring out, ring on, glad Christmas bells,
Fling far and wide your magic spells;
Till angel choirs unite again
In songs of "Peace, good-will to men."

—John McKay.

A NOTABLE PAINTING.

On the Sabbath day, June 20th, 1897, in every cathedral and church or meeting place where worship was being held throughout the British Empire devout thanks were offered to the King of Kings for His mercy and favor to our Sovereign, the Empress-Queen Victoria. The record and the memory of sixty years of unexampled progress in arts, sciences and literature, in moral principles and material wealth have made her people at home and in every possession and protectorate consciously proud of her name and grateful for her influence.

Whilst unto the remotest reaches of her realm was echoed the voice of petition and of praise; whilst from the heart of Britons in every clime were lifted in loyal gratitude the notes of thanksgiving; and whilst the appreciative thought of every nation of the earth was focussed upon the woman who had exemplified through these years the conspicuous virtues of sovereignty and of womanhood, it was surely a unique privilege to be permitted to witness her own head and heart bowed in reverent submission and gratitude before the God of her fathers and of her people. The artist confesses that he felt at the time that it was an occasion for worship only, and of the deepest spiritual emotion.

Through the kindness of the most Hon. the Marquis of Lorne, Governor of Windsor, and of Very Rev. P. F. Eliot, Dean of Windsor, he was permitted during the few previous days to make the studies that enabled him to produce the painting which is now in his possession.

Through Mr. Forster's kindness we are able to reproduce the picture for the readers of the "Christmas Globe." It bears the appropriate title, "Tibi grates agimus, O Deus;" "We give thanks to Thee, O Lord."

The members of the Royal Household who were present on the occasion, besides Her Majesty the Queen, were the Dowager Empress of Germany; the Duke and Duchess of Connaught; Prince Christian and the Princess Christian; Princess Louise; Princess Beatrice of Battenburg; Princess Ena, and the Princes Leopold and Maurice of Battenburg; the Grand Duke Serge of Russia and the Grand Duchess Serge; Prince Henry of Prussia and the Princess Henry; Prince Christian Victor and the Princess Christian Victor; the Marquis of Lorne; Col. Carrington, Equerry, Munster; Sheikh Chidda, the Queen's Indian attendant.

Very Rev. P. F. Eliot, D.D., Dean of Windsor, conducted the service and was assisted by Canon Bishop Barry, Canon Gee, Canon Dalton, and the minor Canons Tahourdin, Marshall, Hildyard and Langdon. The choral parts were composed for the occasion by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

"If it wasn't for me," said the big boy, who was trying to make the small boy understand his lesson, "you'd be the biggest donkey on Galveston Island."

"Chaplain," said a soldier boy who had received a delicacy, "I've been wishing the stone in that peach hadn't been so large."

Lured to Death.

By W. P. McD.



WAS only a young man at the time, in the town of C———, England, and had spent only a few years in the army, but I took great interest in my regiment, and at the end of two years and six months was promoted to a Majorship.

I need not tell you how proud I felt—a Major at 24—and there was not a man or officer in the regiment bore me any grudge for it. At that time several regiments had been called to the American Colonies and we were given notice that we were the next to be summoned. During the next few weeks we drilled almost constantly, but perhaps we might have used our time to better advantage, for a well-drilled soldier stands to no advantage in America beside one skilled in Indian tactics.

We had in our town one of the latter, and he ventured to explain to us something of Indian warfare. The men were greatly pleased. They looked upon the change from one monotonous drill and discipline to one so different with intense delight, and Tom Ferguson, who was a rough, good-hearted Cornishman, tall and powerfully built, with a wonderful adaptability for imparting to others what he knew, gave us, as we afterwards learned, a very true description of the colonies.

Just before we embarked Ferguson decided to go with us. We had been urging him for several days, but he invariably replied that he had seen enough of fighting, for a while at least. When he came on board nobody but myself knew of his decision, and when he stepped on deck the men raised a hearty cheer. Tom was decidedly popular, and he just took off his hat in a fine apologetic way and then the men gave another cheer.

After several weeks we arrived at our destination. Fort ——— was the point I was appointed to command. The Indians had been particularly fierce of late near there and the settlers were many of them preparing to leave. But when our little garrison arrived they were reassured and the Indians assumed a policy of non-interference, and soon Fort ——— became a prosperous little colony.

About three months after my arrival an incident occurred which caused more excitement than if all the Indians had joined the war path again. Poor Tom Ferguson—many times since have I regretted ever having induced him to leave England, for I seemed to feel that the responsibility rested upon me. It happened this way: Ferguson had been out hunting all day and he came home tired at night. He had one cartridge left in his gun and he carelessly discharged this into the woods, and with the echo of the report came a groan. He rushed to the spot and found an Indian lying stone dead, shot through the heart, and another Indian running through the bush. For days after, Ferguson seemed terribly agitated and confined himself entirely within the limits of the fort. He seemed to have surmised his fate, and we found him dead, terribly wounded by a hatchet. The Indians had entirely baffled our precautions.

* * * * * *

An Indian's nature is fathomless. Offend him and he is your enemy forever. He is deliberate in planning his evil. There is no sudden outburst of fury, no wild action of momentary madness, but a slow-burning fire of kindled revenge eating its way deeper and deeper until it bursts upon the victim. There is a nobility and majesty in his nature; the very forests seem to have breathed it into him. If he is relentless he asks no mercy; he laughs at torture, defies pain and courts death. Nature is his book, and it is never closed; he reads his lesson with untiring energy; he learns to rival and deceive the beasts in their own language; the furious rapid is to him only a rivulet, and the intricacies and depths of the forest which would lose another he uses as his guide.

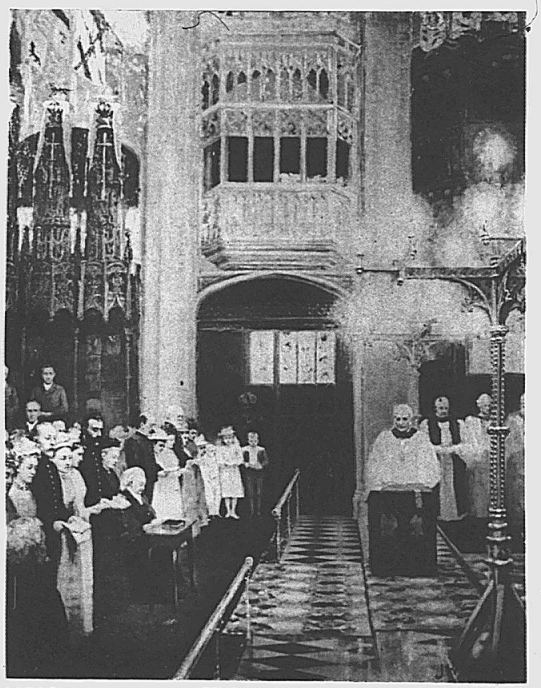
I was standing in the forest one evening about the middle of July. Nature was resplendent in her best garb. The trees stood sleepy and listless beneath the quiet gaze of Diana. Only a scattered silvery streak penetrated into the dark forest pale in contrast with the universal darkness, like some lone, sickly virgin throwing her feeble self into the heart of heathenism. The dreary music of a summer night revelled in one harmonious monotony, the heavens were strange in contrast to the forest. I had been gazing for several minutes at an Indian; he was unaware of my presence and was leaning on a tree. His face was raised and a streak of light fell directly on his brow; anguish reigned supreme there and anger hid its form before a greater master, yet you could see, under the flickering light that acted like a key to his soul, his eye gleaming fiercely and his frame trembling. An owl began its dismal hooting in a tree above, then he turned and went off into the forest.

I pondered on all that I had read concerning an Indian's nature, and I thought of a certain Indian I had known who could mock perfectly the cry of many animals, and often in this way secured game.

I returned to the fort and found most of the men already asleep; only the regular tread of the guards as they paced on their rounds could be heard.

"Who goes there?" shouted a sentinel as I passed in through the lines, and I walked over and spoke a few words to him. I cannot now recollect what I said, but it was the last time I ever saw that sentinel alive. Poor fellow, he bade me a cheery good-night and I heard his steps die in the distance.

The morning of July 17th broke clear and beautiful; the grey streaks of dawn were just beginning to peep over the horizon, the noisy musicians of the night had ceased their continual droll, and the sweet heralder of the morning was rousing the trumpeters to song, and I lay sleeping and dreaming. It was a restless slumber. I passed through the dark forest, and the boughs brushed roughly against me as I went. Then the moon threw its whole light below and the darkness fled and the forests faded and a passionate face rose silently in their place. It was a woman weeping



By J. W. L. Forster. "TIBI GRATES AGIMUS, O DEUS." St. George's Chapel, Windsor, June 20, 1897.



From a Painting by Paul Peel

HUMBER BAY.



and raising in her hand a bleeding heart with a dagger of steel pierced through it. Then it vanished, and a gladiator arose and knelt upon the body of his antagonist, and I noticed in his hand the dagger of steel which he had wrenched from his adversary. Then tangled mysteries flitted and loomed in dire confusion in my brain, and I awoke with the sensation that I was being called.

"You're awake, are you?" said a voice close at my side. "I called you from your door half an hour ago."

"What's the matter?" I cried, jumping to my feet.

"Major," said he, excitedly, "one of the sentries is missing, and no trace of him can be found." I hastily rose and dressed and went out



Ferguson's death was avenged.

to the men, whom I found terribly agitated, and calling one of the men, he explained to me the full matter of the case. We then organized scouting parties and for days we scoured the woods. When questioned, the Indians very forcibly declared their innocence in the affair, but for all that we fully suspected Indian treachery.

It was on the evening of the fifth day, and we were returning to the fort, tired and weary, and in no happy mood. We had continued that day's search in a more listless manner than we had hunted on the previous days. The weather was intensely hot, and perhaps that was accountable for it. At night a cool breeze sprang up.

It is now 24 years ago, but as I write these words my hand trembles. It was a night of no cheering kind, and you could hardly see the man in



THE INDIAN BURYING PLACE ON THE HUMBER. Photo by Park Bros.

front of you. The clouds were rolling about in a restless way, but no star nor any form of light broke the impregnable darkness. The trees were swaying and sighing as if in sympathy with nature, and as if they had joined her in her murmur of discontent. The men were silent, the beasts cowed to submission. Soft peals of thunder were playing and laughing in the heavens as if practising for one grand outburst of melody as an accompaniment to the shafts of death as they went leaping below.

Suddenly and unexpectedly there rang out through the forest the shrill cry of a wildcat. It was distinct and clear as a bell. I shuddered, not from fear, but from a strange emotion, but nevertheless stopped to see one of the men who had stepped a few yards from the path in search of the cat. It had become lighter now; the heavens had repented of their passion, and the guilty black clouds fled to the east. Then the moon came out. It looked like a queen of peace, having pardoned the discontented elements, sitting emblazoned in its own purity—an emblem of forgiveness.

The man proceeded farther from the path and most of the men marched on, but they had scarcely got a few yards when a most piercing and agonizing cry rent the air. At first I could scarcely conceive any mishap, and was at an entire loss concerning the origination of the sound, and we scoured the woods thoroughly in the vicinity of the path, but both man and wildcat were gone. Then we hunted among the trees and the shrubs, but not without many apprehensions for our own safety. The cracking of a twig, the moving of a limb produced fantastic effects. Where lay the mystery? What unaccountable chasm had opened and engulfed one in our midst, and was the same unknown hand ready to grasp us also? Such thoughts came, but banishing them in the instant I hunted with my utmost energy, and every man in the regiment joined me. At last our efforts were rewarded, for one of the men stumbled over the body of his comrade. Here was a mystery. First Tom Ferguson, then the unfortunate sentinel, and in the same mysterious manner another had fallen prey.

We, after arriving at the fort, held council over the body of the soldier, and after careful examination arrived at the following results: That the wounds received by the different victims were of a similar character, namely, those inflicted by a hatchet; that the assassin was an Indian; that the motive was revenge. But the mystery was fated to be solved, and while the deliberations were going on and suggestions were being offered with a rapidity which betokened speedy solution, one youth, more practically inclined than the rest, ventured a suggestion and offered to go as a spy into the camp of the Indians

"I am thoroughly acquainted with their language" said he, "and perhaps you are unaware that the young man killed to-night was an old playfellow of mine, and one who would, had circumstances favored, done exactly towards me as I am now offering to do for him. Besides, boys," he added, "I have an idea." His manner was frank and fearless and he spoke with convincing earnestness, so that we at once gave consent, but not without many warnings.

So he set out. But the poor fellow was destined never to reach the camp. The lurking hand of the unseen foe had hovered over until it had clasped its hand in one grip of death.

The forests sighed and murmured, but no betrayal of their trust escaped them; the sun hid itself beneath no cloud, but shone its brightest and guided willingly the path of the murderer, and it saw its own reflexion in the steel as it was raised and came crashing on the head of the soldier. But the sun and the elements alone were witness of the deed. No man knows whatever concerning it.

Suffice it to say that his body was found by a party many days later and beside him lay a scribbled note, and in this we found one of the links of the tragedy. The note was almost indiscernible, the single sentence being written apparently with great effort; but we managed to make out the following:

"Father of the Indian killed by Ferguson left me for dead." The paper was covered with blood and when found was nearly twenty feet from the body.

On the morning of the 19th of October, several weeks later, I strolled, gun in hand, beyond the limits of the fort. In the meantime no clue as to the whereabouts of the Indian had been found. The morning was cold and pleasant for a hunt. At every step one sank in rich, brown leaves which cracked loudly in the clear, frosty air. The trees had thrown their garment at their feet and the deep, dark forest lay inviting the hitherto rejected sun. I walked briskly, for the morning air was invigorating; for the first time I had thrown off the careful guard I had taken for weeks, and in my eagerness as I followed some small chase I went farther and farther beyond the limits of the fort.

While I was thus engrossed another man was following and watching every move I made. Some strange motive caused me to turn suddenly around, and I came face to face with the murderer. He was crouching a few yards behind me and his hand grasped a much used tomahawk.

Another moment and I should have helped to thread the tangled mystery. His eyes were burning with revenge, and his face was contorted and terribly pale. The high cheek bones protruded hideously, and I noticed the long skinny hand tighten its grasp on the instrument of death.

I held my hand on my sword, and for a moment returned his gaze. Then there was a wild rush, the hatchet buried itself in the ground and my sword had passed through the body of Big Head. Ferguson's death was avenged.



YOU CAN'T TOUCH ME NOW. Photo by Kennedy & Bell.



WHO CARES—LET THEM COME. Photo by Rosevear.

DUFF'S BAWBEE.

Most of the Duke of Fife's ancestors were shrewd and able men of business, keen at a bargain and fond of the siller. Sheriff Rampini tells a funny story of the nephew of Duff of Braco. He had picked up a halfpenny in a street in Banff. This remarkable find came to the knowledge of a beggar, who went up to him asking an alms, and saying: "God bless you, Braco; gie's a bawbee, and if ye winna gie's a bawbee of your ain (own) gie's the bawbee that you fand (found)."

"Find a bawbee for yersel'," was Duff's pithy reply.



PASSING A BROTHER'S LOVE.

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

"Forty thousand brothers
"Could not with all their quality of love
"Make up my sum."

THE LIVELY interest with which the Townshend twins were regarded by society in Halifax had more than one ground of justification.

In the first place their position was a peculiar and, it might be added, pathetic one, for they were practically alone in the world, some distant and uncongenial relatives in England constituting their entire known kinship.

Their parents had come over to Halifax from the Old Country when the twins were still uncertain in their walk, and quite unintelligible as to speech, and had been taken away from them ere they passed out of their teens, leaving them to the care of guardians until they came of age.

Fortunately, to their other troubles there was not added the pinch of poverty. On the contrary, there had been bequeathed to them in equal proportions a fortune that commanded respect even in so solid a city as the prosperous Provincial capital. Moreover, their ample inheritance became absolutely their own on the day they attained their majority.

They were several years past that now, and the gossips who take affairs matrimonial under their especial care had been afforded abundant opportunity for conjecture and prophecy as to the disposition of this brother and sister who were both so eminently eligible.

But it must be confessed they got very little for their pains. The Townshends could keep their own counsel admirably, and although Margaret knew no lack of suitors, and Alfred was a shining mark for managing mothers with daughters on hand, the seasons slipped by without either becoming entangled in any of the snares so ingeniously set for them.

They were both fair to look upon, but of such contrasted types of beauty and character that their twinship seemed in the nature of a marvel. The strangest feature of it was with regard to their mental characteristics, since, while essentially feminine in form and movement, Margaret possessed the strength and vigor of mind that might more properly have been looked for in her brother.

Alfred, on the other hand, although far from effeminate in outward appearance, was weak and irresolute of nature and very prone to self-indulgence.

It had thus come about that, as they grew up together, upon Margaret more and more devolved the leading part. She was so much wiser and more stable than her brother, whose course was usually controlled by the impulse of the moment.

"When you come to know the Townshends you're apt to imagine that Miss Townshend is the elder of the two. She's such a fine sensible girl. There's more real worth in her little finger than in her brother's whole body," was the shrewd, sarcastic comment of worthy Mrs. Hanson, who, if she could have had her own way, would have packed Alfred off to the interior of Africa or anywhere else equally distant in order that his sister might not be so handicapped by him as society generally considered her to be.

For the truth was he gave her a great deal of concern. Weak, self-indulgent natures like his fall into evil ways only too readily when the means for dissipation are abundant, and that Alfred Townshend did not incontinently go to the dogs was solely due to the restraining influence and unselfishness of his sister.

She was his guardian angel in an especial sense, and although at times he chafed against the gentle fetters of love with which she sought to curb his restless spirit, and strove to assert his independence by having his fling, as he expressed it, yet Margaret could feel that her labors on his behalf were not altogether in vain, and that so long as she was with him he would be safe from irremediable ruin.

Such, briefly, was the state of affairs when the appearance upon the scene of a new suitor for Miss



• • • "I give her to you, Colonel, for my Christmas present."

Townshend's hand set the gossips' tongues wagging with freshened vigor.

Colonel Campbell Meredith belonged to that small class of men who are born to leadership among their fellows. Stalwart and shapely of figure, with handsome, regular features, penetrating grey eyes, and deep smooth voice, he could not fail to command attention in any assemblage, and his advent to the gay circle of garrison society at Halifax was regarded by it with much satisfaction, especially as, according to report, he was still "unattached," and possessed ample private means.

Upon no member of the garrison were dinner cards and invitations to dances, picnics, tennis teas, yachting parties, and so forth, so lavishly bestowed, and although he did not accept them all he, nevertheless, went into society sufficiently to obviate any danger of his being considered unduly discriminating or exclusive.

But ere many months had elapsed the worthy dames and charming demoiselles who would fain have enlisted his special interest came to realize the futility of their hopes, the unwelcome truth forcing itself upon them that, taken altogether, they were as the mere dust in the balance compared with its heaviest weight when set over against Margaret Townshend.

He was not a man to love lightly, and the whole force of his strong nature went into his passion for the first woman who had enthralled his heart.

She, on her part, did not at first respond to his delicately manifested yet unmistakable devotion.

He was many years her senior, and not only this difference in age, but the great range of his experience as contrasted with her limited knowledge of the world, for hers had been rather a stay-at-home life, created a feeling of awe toward him that retarded the development of a tenderer emotion.

"Colonel Meredith is far too old and wise for me," she said to herself one day when he had been waiting upon her with unwonted ardor. "I would seem more like his daughter than his wife were I to marry him."

Yet she could not disguise from herself that she was proud of his having preferred her above all others, and she began to realize that no man had hitherto made so deep an impression upon her.

But the instant the possibility of her becoming the Colonel's wife presented itself there came also before her the thought —

"How can I leave my brother? If I do, what will become of him?"

Checked by such considerations, Colonel Meredith's suit could hardly be said to prosper. Miss Townshend, while readily accepting a basis of cordial friendliness, surrounded herself with an atmosphere of reserve not to be penetrated whenever the Colonel sought to establish a more intimate footing.

"I do wish I could understand her," he muttered one afternoon as he strode swiftly over the smooth Park road, which was his favorite walk. "She certainly seems to look upon me not unfavorably, and yet I don't appear to be making any headway. There is surely some barrier between us that will have to be overcome, but how under heaven am I to find out what it is?"

The question was more easily asked than answered. He was correct enough in his surmise, and yet had not the faintest clue to what really stood in the way of his heart's desire. Matters had drifted along in this fashion for some time, with little prospect of the consummation Colonel Meredith so resolutely sought being achieved, when Providence—fate—call it what you will—intervened in a very dramatic fashion.

The yachting season was at its height, and many parties were being given by the fortunate possessors of pleasure craft.

To most of these the Townshends and Colonel Meredith were invited. Alfred rarely went. Sailing was not one of his favorite amusements. Margaret, however, enjoyed it keenly, and lost few opportunities of indulging in the pastime. One afternoon she and Colonel Meredith formed part of a yacht-load that sailed away from the Lumber Yard in high spirits. It was a glorious day. Hardly a cloud flecked the vast azure vault, and



(Photo by Kennedy & Bell.)
WHERE'S SANTA CLAUS' POSTOFFICE.

the beautiful harbor, whose blue bosom vied with the sky in color, showed signs of coming whitecaps, bespeaking a strong and steady breeze.

"What perfect weather Old Probs is giving us," said Miss Townshend gaily. "We should surely pass him a vote of thanks for treating us so handsomely."

"I shall be happy to second your motion," responded Colonel Meredith, who had his own reasons for gratitude, inasmuch as he was resolved this day to put his fate to the touch, finding the suspense of the situation endurable no longer.

The destination of the party was the old Hugonin House on McNab's Island, and the yacht, after a slant out to sea past York Battery, which gave some of the ladies slight symptoms of mal-de-mer, and had, therefore, to be cut short, came to anchor in a quiet cove, where everybody landed.

After the refreshments and wraps had been carried up to the handsome old house, already long enough deserted and dismantled to take on a certain eerie character, the party broke up into groups according to their fancy. Colonel Meredith made every possible effort to secure a tete-a-tete with Margaret Townshend, but she, as if divining his purpose, and determined to thwart it, with that deft diplomacy known only to high-bred women, against which the clumsy devices of men exhaust themselves in vain, managed to prevent the avowal she apprehended.

It was consequently in no very amiable frame of mind that Colonel Meredith returned to the yacht when the picnic was over, and the keen-eyed gossips did not fail to note that, instead of seating himself beside Miss Townshend at the stern, he



YES, SHE'S THERE.
(Photo by Kennedy & Bell.)

withdrew to the bow, and apparently gave his whole attention to converting a Manilla cheroot into smoke and ashes. While they were ashore the wind had shifted into another quarter, and now blew straight down the harbor, compelling the yacht to beat her way up against it. Dick Holland had the tiller. He was not quite the most expert of yachtsmen, although he held his own skill in high estimation. Moreover, he was given to trying rash experiments.

Thus it came about that in changing courses, having run rather too close to shore in order to get the most of the winning tack, he was foolish enough to attempt to jibe around.

The manœuvre was not well executed, and the big main-boom swung over so suddenly that the steersman's warning cry was not in time to save Margaret Townshend, who had been sitting on the cabin hatch, from being swept away by it into the swirling water.

Like a flash Colonel Meredith sprang after her, and a few strenuous strokes brought him beside her, as she floated, upheld by her buoying skirts.

"Be brave, darling," he cried, grasping her right arm firmly with his left hand. "Keep perfectly still, and I will hold you until they can reach us."

Although unable to swim, Miss Townshend retained her self-control splendidly, and when she felt the Colonel's hand and heard his cheering words she was able to reply in a voice almost as steady as his own.

"I will not struggle, Colonel Meredith, but shall keep as still as possible."

A big yacht cannot be handled very quickly, and an anxious time, therefore, elapsed ere the Pastime could be brought about and turned toward the imperilled pair.

But, critical as their situation was, Colonel Meredith did not regret the delay, for now at last the eagerly-sought opportunity had come to him.



THE SPRINGTIME OF LIFE.

"You are dearer to me than my own life, Margaret," he said, fervently. "Will you not give yourself to me?"

They were strange circumstances, indeed, amid which to make an avowal of love, and the Colonel certainly enjoyed a great advantage in being at the moment the only barrier between the woman whose hand he sought and death.

Yet Margaret was not quick to answer, although, could her heart have spoken, it would have cried:

"You, too, are dearer to me than life."

Puzzled by her silence, Colonel Meredith persisted in an urgent, pleading tone:

"Don't you love me a little, Margaret?"

And then, turning her face towards him, she began to murmur: "Yes—yes——" when consciousness left her, and she hung upon his arm, to all appearance bereft of life.

Happily, at that moment the yacht came up, and ropes were quickly thrown to them, whereby they were drawn on board. When Colonel Meredith called the following afternoon to inquire after Miss Townshend he was much concerned to learn that the thrilling experience of the day before had prostrated her, and that she would not be able to leave her room for several days. It was hard to possess one's soul in patience at such a crisis, and during the interval his friends found him exceedingly poor company. Not a day did he omit to call, or to leave a bouquet of the costliest blooms, and at last his devotion was rewarded by the welcome announcement: "Miss Townshend will be glad to see you to-day."

That a feeling of constraint should at first characterize their meeting was natural enough, and the Colonel at once set himself to remove it by the fervor of his greeting and anxious inquiries as to her complete recovery.

Then with his wonted directness he spoke regarding the matter of such supreme interest to both.

Margaret Townshend listened in silence, while the alternate flushing and paling of her lovely face betrayed the stress of feeling under which she labored.

"And now, dearest, won't you give me your answer?" he concluded, seizing her hand and trying to look into her eyes, which she had kept downcast.

Gently disengaging her hand, she lifted her eyes to him, and in a low, tremulous voice said:

"You have done me an honor of which, I fear, I am far from being worthy, Colonel Meredith, and



A KNIGHT OF THE BATH.
(Photo by Kennedy & Bell.)

I shall not attempt to hide from you that if I were to obey the promptings of my heart I would accept your proposal with joy and gratitude, but —," and here she paused, as though she found it hard to go on, while Colonel Meredith, vibrating with anxiety, sprang up and stood before her, his eyes burning and his lips parted. "My way is not open. I am pledged. I am not free."

"You are pledged? You are not free?" cried the Colonel, clenching his hands and hardening his jaws, as if to keep back an outburst of indignant wrath. "Surely you do not mean that you are already betrothed?"

Raising her hand with a gentle gesture of staying the storm, Miss Townshend, smiling through the tears that almost overflowed her beautiful eyes, made answer:

"No—no—not in that way, but to my brother."

"To your brother? And how does your brother stand in your way?"

"Because I promised him that I would never leave him until he had taken a wife for himself."

"And what possessed you to give so absurd a promise as that?" burst out Colonel Meredith. Then, observing a shadow of pain flit across her face, he went on in a more subdued tone: "But, pray, forgive me; my love makes me speak too strongly. I will be more considerate," and seating himself again beside her, he added, gently: "Tell me it all, so that I may understand."

With much hesitation, for she shrank from confessing her brother's moral weakness, Margaret Townshend told how she had striven to redeem him from his evil ways, and how only a year ago she had pledged herself to remain with him so long as he was alone in the world.

"He loves no one as he does me," she concluded, "and if I leave him there will be no one to save him from ruin."

"But he does not love you more than I do," protested Colonel Meredith, "and he has no right



OUR MASTER MECHANIC.
(Photo by Rosevear.)

to expect you to sacrifice your own life to him in that way. Surely if he understood how it was he would release you from your promise."

"I have no doubt he would," she responded, "but I cannot ask him. I must be true to my trust, whatever the cost to myself."

"And am I not to be considered?" he asked, with a note of bitterness in his tone.

"Yes, indeed, you are," she answered, "but we must wait for our happiness."

They talked long and earnestly together, but he left her unconvinced, and was fain to be content



LADY KIRK. (Photo by Shain.)

with the assurance of his love being returned, and the hope that the way to their union would ere long be made clear.

When Margaret told her brother as much of what had transpired as she deemed expedient, he simply offered his congratulations, saying nothing about releasing his sister from her promise.

The days and months slipped by, Colonel Meredith finding increasing delight in the society of his fiancee, but also a growing spirit of rebellion against her bondage to her brother, until orders came from his regiment to return to England at the beginning of the year, and he realized that some definite action was imperative.

To leave Halifax with the matter upon which his happiness depended in so unsatisfactory a state appeared to him intolerable, and yet there seemed to be no shaking Margaret's fidelity to her promise.

On Christmas Eve Alfred Townshend, who was a dashing whip, gave a sleighing party to a



YES'M, I'M COMING.

number of boon companions. They went in a large four-in-hand, Alfred being on the box, and put up at the Bedford Hotel, where they feasted and drank until long after nightfall.

When they started out to drive back to the city Alfred was the worse for wine, and had better have left the reins to steadier hands. But to this he would not listen, and for half the way home he managed the horses well enough.

But, unfortunately, at a place where the main road and the railway ran side by side for some distance, the horses were frightened by a passing train, and broke altogether away from his control. The catastrophe came quickly. After dashing madly along the road for a quarter of a mile, the panic-stricken animals plunged into a deep gully, at the bottom of which they and the sleigh and its occupants piled up in awful confusion.

When the men had extricated themselves from the wreck it was found that in some wonderful way all had escaped serious hurt save Alfred Townshend. He, poor fellow, had been kicked in the breast by one of the struggling horses and fatally injured. As speedily as possible he was carried to a neighboring house, and messengers despatched to the city to bring his sister and a doctor, for it was plain he could not live many hours. It chanced that when the dread news reached Miss Townshend, Colonel Meredith was present, and at once insisted upon accompanying her. They found Alfred sinking fast, but still in full command of his faculties.

"So good of you both to come," he murmured, his suffering face lighting up with a grateful smile. "I've made a poor business of it, I'm afraid; but there's no helping it now." Then, lifting himself in bed and stretching out both hands, he said:—

"Give me your hand, Margaret, and yours, Colonel."

Silently they obeyed. He took the small white hand of his sister, and the strong brown hand of the soldier, and placed them together between his own.

"I know all about it," he said brokenly, a wonderful look of love irradiating his face. "I give her to you, Colonel, for my Christmas present. Be as good to her as she has been to me. Heaven bless you both," and then, sinking back upon the pillow, he passed away.

* * * * * *

On the day before Colonel Meredith's regiment sailed for England a quiet wedding took place in the Garrison chapel, when Margaret Townshend, her heart strangely divided between grief and joy, but comforted by the consciousness of having been faithful to her brother, entered into a new bond with the fairest prospect of future happiness.

WINTER.

Oh, summer has the splendor
Of the corn-fields wide and deep,
Where scarlet poppies sleep,
And wary shadows wander;
But winter fields are rare
With diamonds everywhere.

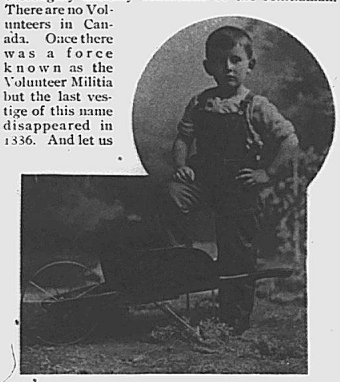
—Susan Hartley.

The Royal Canadian Militia.

By C. F. HAMILTON.

WE ARE ALL ROYALS—the "Royal Canadian Militia" is our just title. It was in 1814 that King George's Government granted to our forbears the right to wear the royal blue upon their facings; and right loyally were Canadians earning the distinction when Incorporated Militia, Glengarry Light Infantry, Canadian Voltigeurs, Royal Newfoundland Regiment and Flank Companies were straining every nerve to stem invasion. Sevenscore years have passed since the British standard waved over the heights of Quebec, and six times have the men of the land rallied to the defence of the meteor flag. By service such as seldom falls to the lot of citizen soldiery have we won our right to a title which Imperial regiments covet earnestly and glory in when attained. Look at our uniforms if you wish to see the proof. In the British army white facings denote an English, yellow a Scotch, green an Irish regiment, but the blue means royals, and Royal Scots, Royal London Fusiliers and Royal Irish all wear the royal color. Our red regiments wear the coveted blue on the collars, our rifles all bear upon their appointments the royal crown and the bugle. We won the honor, and we wear it.

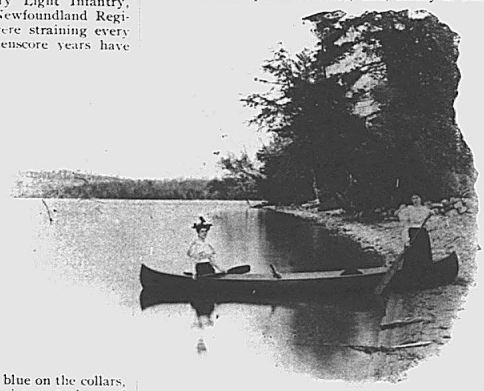
Let it be noted that we are Militia—not Volunteers. The distinction is more important than after-dinner speakers appear to realize. The Volunteers in Great Britain form a separate force, under a constitution which places them upon a basis not nearly so military as the Militia, whose discipline is upon the same footing as that of the professional soldiers of the regular army. Our force is essentially a Militia. Strictly speaking, the Militia consists of the able-bodied male population between the ages of 18 and 60. That portion of it under arms is the Active Militia, and our friends who never have put on a uniform or handled a rifle are officially designated as the Reserve Militia. Voluntary enlistment suffices to raise the men required for the Active Militia, but there exists the fullest power for calling out the manhood of the country by conscription. We are not upon the free-and-easy footing of the Volunteer, but serve under the thoroughly military conditions of the Militiaman. There are no Volunteers in Canada. Once there was a force known as the Volunteer Militia but the last vestige of this name disappeared in 1336. And let us



READY FOR ANYTHING. (Photo by Rosevear.)

hint to our friends—we prefer the name Militia.

Passing by the gallant habitants, who, under the lilies of France, won a high reputation as light troops, we may assign 1776 as the first date of the war service of the British Canadian Militia. Their services enabled Sir Guy Carleton to save Quebec. Montgomery was laid low by a volley fired at the command of a French militia captain. The war of 1812 is our glorious period. The soil was indeed defended by its sons in those three terrible years. Two Imperial regiments, the 103rd and 104th, were recruited almost exclusively in Canada. Other regular regiments, such as the 8th King's and the 100th, drew a good proportion of their men from the land they were defending. The Royal Newfoundland Regiment was raised in the Ancient Colony for the war and was disbanded at its conclusion. We may fairly claim the Glengarry Light Infantry Fencibles, a splendid rifle corps, and the Canadian Voltigeurs, the men of Chateauguay, for the militia. Two battalions of Incorporated Militia fought through the war, and showed much steadiness under the fierce test of Lundy's Lane. The Flank Companies, whose men often walked miles through the woods for the privilege of attending drill, rendered splendid service, and, scanty as was



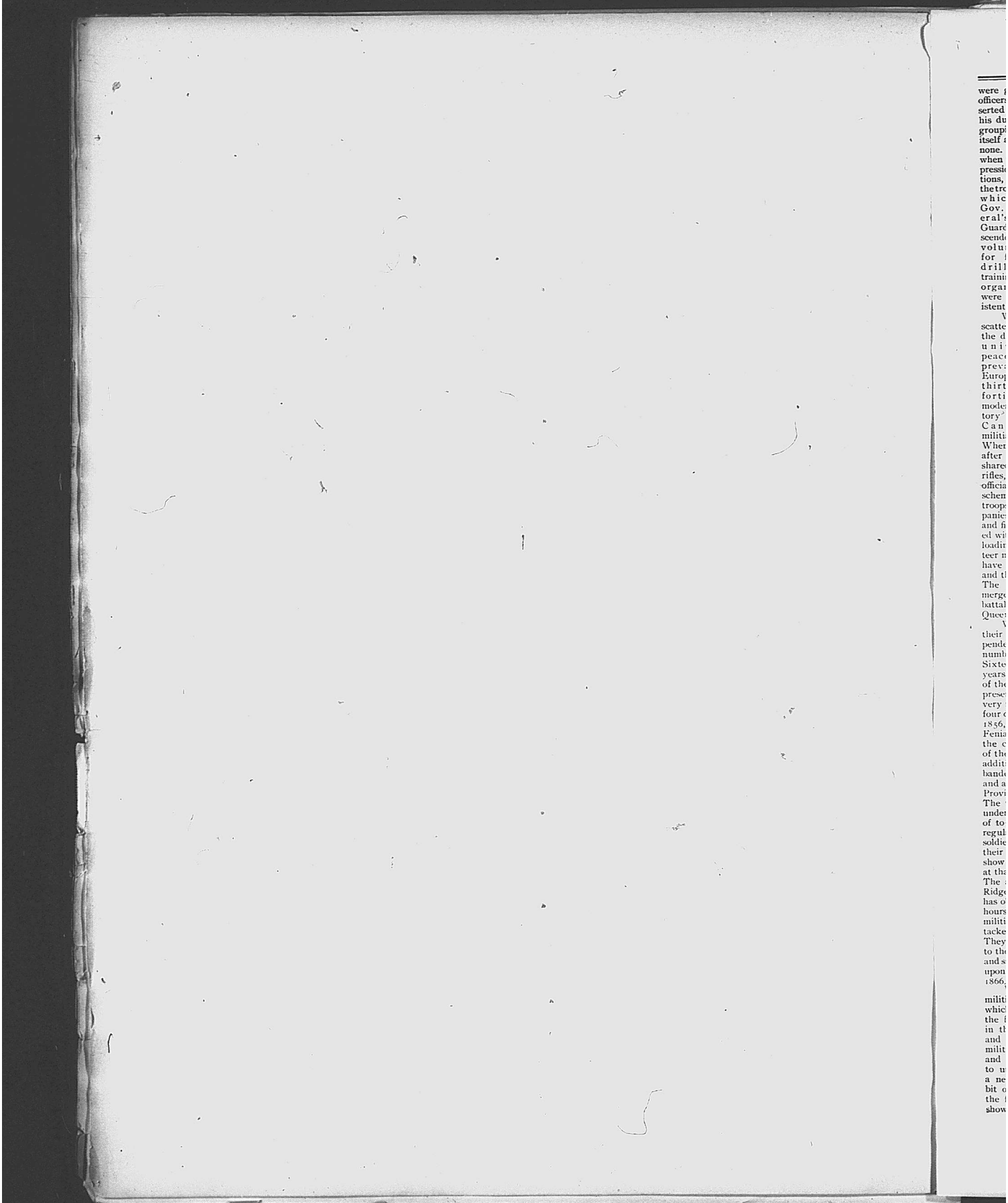
ON KEMPENFELDT BAY.

their training, for the first two years of the war the militia proved able quite steadily to beat American regulars. There were only 11,000 men able to bear arms in Upper Canada, and of these many were such late arrivals from the United States as not to be well affected; yet 3,000 men were under arms. Canada gave her best to the struggle, and her reward is a glorious and a stimulating memory.

A primitive system of universal service satisfied the country for forty years after the treaty of Ghent. Once a year the manhood of the country assembled on the old King's birthday, June 24, and



THE CANADIAN MILITIA. 1898.



were given some rudimentary drill by untrained officers. The system was excellent in that it asserted the Crown's right to call on every man to do his duty by his country, and when need arose the grouping into companies and battalions arranged itself automatically; but of adequate drill there was none. There was a slight awakening in 1837-38, when the aid of the militia was invoked for the repression of domestic discontent, and a few organizations, such as the troop from which the Gov.-General's Body Guard is descended, met voluntarily for further drill. But training and organization were non-existent.



WAITING FOR A RIDE.
(Photo by Kennedy & Bell.)

With the scattering of the dream of universal peace which prevailed in Europe in the thirties and forties, the modern history of the Canadian militia begins. When the empire commenced to re-arm at and after the Crimean war, the Canadian Provinces shared in the movement. "Companies armed with rifles," to use the accurate, if rather puzzled, official description, were formed, and a very fair scheme for raising a force of 4,000 to 5,000 Canadian troops of all arms was drawn up. These companies were given a good establishment—156 rank and file, instead of the present 421—and were armed with the best weapon then known, the muzzle-loading Enfield. These early companies of volunteer militia, as they were termed for a while, must have reached a considerable degree of efficiency, and they are represented in not a few corps to-day. The Prince of Wales' Rifles of Montreal, now merged into the new Fusilier Regiment, were a battalion by 1859. The first three companies of the Queen's Own date from the early fifties.

When the Trent Affair made Canadians set their teeth in the resolve to maintain their independence, the rifle companies suddenly increased in number, and soon were being grouped in battalions. Sixteen of the present battalions date from the years 1860 to 1863, while of the cavalry, a number of the original troops, such as the nucleus of the present Governor-General's Body Guard, have a very remote origin. Of the present field batteries four date back to 1855 on the Militia List, two to 1856, one to 1861 and one to 1862. When the Fenian raid first threatened and then took place, the country fairly sprang to arms. Twenty-nine of the present battalions date from 1866, and, in addition, there were a number of corps which disbanded on the passing of the present militia act, and also the entire militia of the Maritime Provinces, which had their local troops. The work of the militia was carried on under conditions very different from those of to-day, owing to the presence of the regulars. On the whole, the professional soldiers seem to have done their duty by their auxiliaries, and all evidence goes to show that the Canadian volunteer militia at that time was very creditably drilled. The abominable mismanagement of the Ridgeway column incurred disaster which has obscured the fact that there was two hours of sharp fighting, and that the militia, under their amateur leaders, attacked with pedantic accuracy of drill. They did a great deal of work in addition to the 36 hours of Ridgeway campaign, and small armies of militia were encamped upon the frontier for months through 1866.

With Confederation came a new militia act, which was passed in 1868, and which is the basis of the constitution of the force. It made numerous changes in the conditions under which the force worked, and gave to it the present designation of active militia. The work of organizing corps went on, and the understanding that Canada was prepared to undertake her own defence gave the militia a new importance. The Fenian raid of 1870, a bit of ridiculous gasconade when contrasted with the far more serious danger of four years before, showed the militia to be efficient, some 13,000 men, with a fair supply of artillery, being placed on the frontiers with great rapidity. With 1870 a period of fifteen years of peace came—perhaps with it a bit of the apathy to the question of defence which so often accompanies peace. The Northwest rebellion of 1885 then came, and was handled entirely by the militia—and was probably its salvation. The absence of any real system in the management of the force, and especially the utter lack of any nucleus for a commissariat and transport service, made the campaign unnecessarily expensive. Yet done the work undoubtedly was, if the methods were crude; and certain happenings to the south of the boundary make it look as if there may be worse campaigns than that which imposed order on our Northwestern prairies. Moreover, the affair gave a valuable and much needed accession to the popularity of the force. Since the day when the returning militiamen were cheered to the echo by throngs who had followed their marches and fights with breathless interest, the apathy of the later seventies and early eighties has been broken. The Venezuelan danger, happily now but a warning memory, made Canadians feel somewhat as they did in the troublous days of the Trent Affair, and, while no sensational steps were taken, the militia at last were given modern arms—a step which has put more heart into them than anything else could have done. The policy of improvement appears likely to be persevered in, and, now that breech-loading artillery, machine guns and magazine rifles are given us the next step foreshadowed is the giving of a modern organization to the force. That is now our greatest need. The self-dependent individualistic spirit of our people reveals itself in the curious inequalities of the force. There are towns of eight or ten thousand inhabitants which support excellent battalions; there are places of thrice their size where the militia are languishing and feeble. Some counties send out strong battalions; some, equally populous, seem unable to maintain their just quota. The militia depends to an enormous extent upon local sentiment. A good captain will bring out year by year a good company, and will keep his village in the mood to like and support the county regiment. An ill-chosen officer will cause the force to be lightly regarded, and will have in the early days of June to content himself with the baser elements of the village. The force has been left so much to its own devices that it depends to an immense extent upon its regimental and company officers, and there are the greatest eccentricities in efficiency. In one district at least a steady pressure from the authority immediately superior to the regimental command-

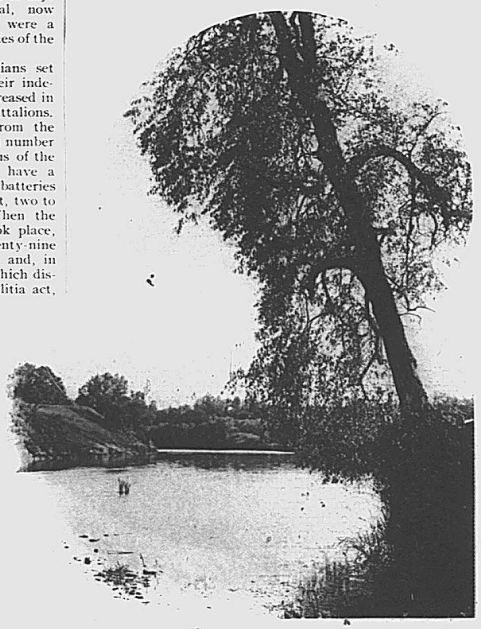


GIVING HIS HORSE A DRINK.

ing officers has resulted in a gradual, but really remarkable, improvement.

The militia wants good men—good officers, good non-commissioned officers, good privates. Does not every young man of moderately good income owe it to his country to spend some small proportion of his means in so equipping himself that he can be of service should an emergency occur? One of the many causes which led to the crushing of Greece eighteen months ago was the lack of good company officers. The American volunteers sickened from typhoid in droves because of the ignorance of their regimental and company officers. One of our crying needs, were our force to be mobilized, would be officers of the junior grades. Should not the young man of good position qualify himself to be useful to his country? So much for the duty; let him be assured, too, that it is a pleasure. Most men cherish some one luxury; many make the militia their luxury. The company is good, the period of training at the schools of instruction is by no means unpleasant and is likely to be beneficial to the health; and the annual twelve days' camp of the rural corps is a busy yet eminently enjoyable outing. The work is too hard for it to be a season of dissipation, but the long June days in the wide, spacious common, the shouted commands, the clang of arms, above all, the music which fills the air from reveille to lights out, make it a memory long to be cherished with pleasure.

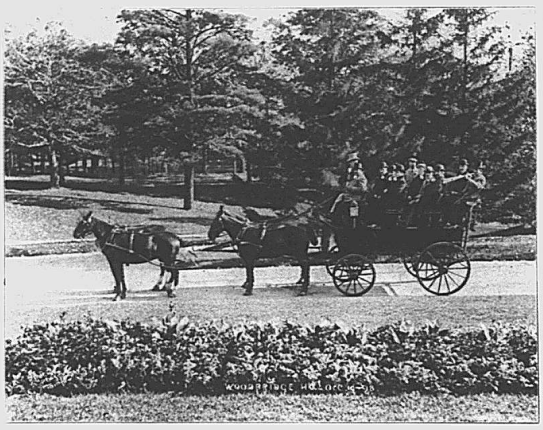
Is not, also, the young man who cannot assume the responsibilities of commissioned rank none the less charged with the defence of the land of his birth? There are towns so well imbued with the spirit of patriotism, corps so fortunate, that a young man in a good position feels that his education is not completed until he has shouldered a rifle in the ranks of his local regiment. Such should be the sentiment everywhere. The better the militia is known the better it is liked. Service in the city corps need not be described here, for every drill is performed under the eyes of the townspeople of the corps. The fortnight in the June camps takes men away from their homes, and perhaps is regarded with some suspicion by those who have never seen the men at work. But the friends of the men in red and blue and green may be assured that their stay at the June camp is by no means a demoralizing affair. It is not a period of idling: reveille at 5.30 o'clock, early parade at 6 o'clock, six hours of drill and the duties connected with the interior economy of a corps make a sufficiently busy day. The evening the men have to themselves. Tales of wild frolics spread abroad, but an increasingly stringent discipline is sending these into oblivion, while of late years a remarkable and most gratifying improvement is taking place in the character of the young men



SITE OF THE OLD INDIAN TRADING POST NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE HUMBER RIVER.
(Photo by Park Bros.)

coming out. There is no lack of enjoyment in a June camp. The main elements of pleasure, the simple tent-life, the abounding music, the flash of color, the stir and motion, are as open to private as to officer, while the hours of relaxation are usually filled with amusement of one sort or another. No man need take harm from a camp; many men are immensely benefited.

A peculiarity of the Canadian militia has been its close adherence to the regular British uniform. The theory that the militia should be marked by their uniform as not of the regular army has not found favor, the opinion which prevails being that an enemy should not have his task made easier by any gratuitous advertisement as to the character of the troops opposed to him. Consequently, we have infantry and rifles, Highlanders, Fusiliers and Grenadiers, hussars and dragoons in our force, and a representative group of Canadian militiamen can be almost as gay as their Imperial brothers-in-arms. In cavalry there are the blue dragoons, the red dragoons, and the blue hussars. The artillery wear the blue; there is no horse artillery in Canada, so that the gorgeous uniform of that arm is not represented here. The standard uniform for the infantry is, of course, the regular scarlet of the infantry of the line, with facings of the royal blue. The uniform of the Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry is the standard, and the great majority of the red regiments of the country follow it, with, of course, the regimental differences. The Prince of Wales' Fusiliers, remarkably enough, wear white facings. The greatest variety probably exists in the caps, and this is owing to the haphazard manner in which the force is clothed. The old Glengarry, with tails that flutter in the wind, is used by many corps, but the new field service cap is coming into use. The rifle battalions are quite generally uniformed on the model of the 60th, the King's Royal Rifle corps, Major-General Hutton's old regiment. Several variations in headdress occur. Some of the crack corps wear the very handsome fur rifle busby and plume. As a rule, however, the white helmet is used, though some corps wear the black helmet. The Queen's Own have a style of field service cap peculiarly their own. Many other slight variations occur, such as the tartan trousers or trews and Glengarry, with diced border, of the 20th, the Lorne Rifles.



HO! FOR WOODBRIDGE. JOHN MACDONALD AND PARTY. PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO, OCTOBER 19TH, 1898.

There are two red regiments, the Governor-General's Foot Guards and the Royal Grenadiers, which wear the bearskin of the Guards and the smart, round forage cap. Then, again, there are five battalions of Fusiliers, who wear the fusilier busby. Toronto and Montreal do not need to be reminded that there are kilted corps in the country. Designations, such as "Light Infantry," "Rangers," "Foresters," "Voltigeurs," are frequent, and, of course, add to the pride taken in the corps bearing them. There is one corps, the new British Columbia Mounted Rifles, which is an exception to the rule. It is a most interesting exception, for it is a reminiscence of the Queen's jubilee. The Australian mounted troops, with their khaki uniforms and sombrero hats, attracted much attention, and looked exceedingly smart. The new corps is evidently modelled upon them, and presents a great contrast to its sister corps. The khaki is a capital working uniform, and is said to possess the great advantage of comparative invisibility.

COMEDY IN THE GALLERY.

"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE" AMONG THE "GODS" AT THE "BRIT."

"It's a proper shop, the 'Brit.'"



EIGHT MONTHS OLD.

"Ar. The 'Brit's' all rite. Pity some people ain't."

"Wot's wrong nah? Didn't I pay for y'?"

"Ar. Bring that up. Do. It sahnds gentleman-like, don't it?"

"Well, what's—look at the waiter catchin' the chambermaid rahnd the waist wile the old duchess ain't lookin' Bray-vo-o. Ong-kore, step-dar-rnce!"

"Ar. It's all very well. Pars it arf like that. Pertend you're lookin' at the play."

"Look 'ere, 'ow mutch more of it? Want me to frow you over into the bloomin' pit? 'Ere', 'ave a pear. Or a lump o' banana. Any fink for quietness. Hi, you with the can, a pint o' four 'arf an' a Banbury."

"I don't want no Banburys. Me blessed 'eert's broke. An' 'er such a thing, too. Wot is she when you've took away 'er black headed mantle and yaller feather wot she got at eighteen-pence a week at the second 'and shop?"

"Wot's the good 'o rummin' on like this 'ere. Look at the play, old corf drop, and be a bit cheerful."

"Cheerful? 'Ere, lend me y'r 'ankercher, I lorst mien in the crahd on the stairs. Ar! that's rite, 'ear the barrynet swear 'e'll die for the Lady Em'ly. Good ole barrynet, bray-vo-o-o! Hev 'im afore the curtin. 'Ria, ole gal, bray-vo-o-o-o."

"Comin' aht atween the acs? There's one-eyed Jimmy and Sal goin' to fetch chip 'taters, let's go wiv' 'em an hev' a bit of 'otplaice."

"I don't want no plaice. Giv' me a 'onist 'eart, is wot I sez, wot don't darnce with another gal outside the 'Blue Pill,' at a street orgin. ('Lemonade, ginger-beer, bottalerstaht, cakes or buns, gents!')"

"I tell y' coodn' 'elp it; they run me inter the bloomin' darnce, jes' for a lark, an' I jines in, all innercent like. Never thort it 'ud go all rahnd the tahn. Some gals 'as got tongues as wide as Terfalger square or the Tahr bridge."

"Meen me? Come, nah—meen me?"

"Nah. Who said you? It's that 'ere 'Ria makes all the fuss. Ain't I bin true these 'ere nine month? Come, nah, if it's 'done' say 'Done' an' we'll hev no more. On'y I ain't goin' to be—(thanks, Jimmy; got a bit o' salt? Wot, fish an' all? Wy, you are a prime 'un, you are)—agoin' to be bullyragged over nuffin."

"Who's——"

"Shut up. The curtin's up. Awerder, please, awerder; chuck them blokes aht if they won't shut up. Blue lites, slow music. There cums the barrynet over the bridge."

"He's got his pot-'at on, and shows his big cuffs. He's going to murder Lord 'Enery, you bet."

"'Ere comes 'is wife. Ar. I knowed she'd be true. It's allus the wives wot's true."

"'Ere, chuck all that."

"Well, promise me troo."

"Wot?"

"You won't hev no more to say to that yeller-feather gal?"

"S'elp me! I don't want nuffin to do wi' 'er. 'Ere goes the 'tec to bring in the barrynet."

"Ar! 'e's a bad un, arter all. Give me Lord 'Enery, any day."

"Now they're orl united, 'appy, and the barrynet clenches 'is teeth to slow music while 'e's marcht orf to quod. Brayvoo! good play! aw-ther! ong kore! kore! kore! Well! Well, is it all rite?"

"Ar!"

"Say to-morrow munf, at the parish church?"

"Rite you are. 'Ere, 'Ria! I say, 'Ria, it's fixed up, and you're to be the lovely bridesmaid, me gal. Hoop-la! let's get in the oyster shop for supper! Hoop-la, boys! hoop-la!"

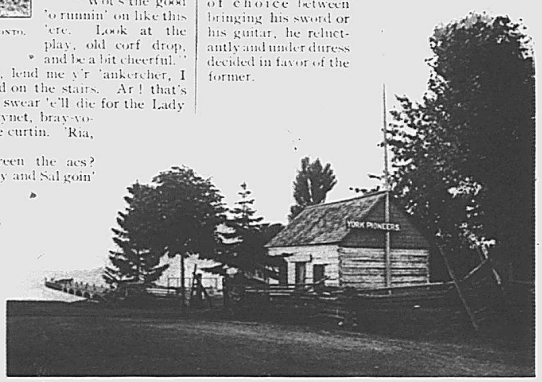
A Lieutenant's Love:

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR IN CUBA.

BY JOHN A. EWAN.

WHEN Lieutenant William John Wilson of the 2nd Massachusetts sailed for Cuba on the good ship Knickerbocker his mind ran on senoritas. From his infancy he had been brought up in the belief that the female population of Spain and her colonies spent their time looking out of the windows of upper chambers on gentlemen who thrummed guitars in the faint Andalusian moonlight below. When he realized that he was to participate in the Cuban picnic his first thought was of his guitar, and that that would be part of his personal baggage he felt as sure as he did of his existence.

He could not play the guitar, it is true, but that was a mere matter of detail. The fact that Spaniards did not understand English suggested that they would not understand music either. He bought his instrument, case and all; but without following all its adventures it may be said shortly that it never left Tampa. There was a tendency among his brother officers to treat this portion of Lieut. Wilson's baggage with scant respect, and as it became finally a question of choice between bringing his sword or his guitar, he reluctantly and under duress decided in favor of the former.



THE CABIN IN WHICH GOVERNOR SIMCOE HELD HIS COUNCILS OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. NOW LOCATED ON EXHIBITION PARK AND CARED FOR BY THE YORK PIONEERS.

It was for this reason that he landed in Cuba minus the weapon with which he was convinced he could have done greater execution among the Spanish doncellas than among the soldados with his sword. He was not long on shore, however, before

he suffered several shocks. In the first place, there were no upper chambers—everything was on the ground floor; and, in the second, the doncellas, while pretty of face and sparkling of eye, showed a carelessness of attire that was wholly disenchanting. Simplicity would have been charming, but this painful neglect of sapolio and other detergents was



GATHERING FRUIT.

annoying, to say the least of it. Lieut. Wilson was undoubtedly unreasonable. He forgot that these daughters of the South had been living for the past three years like the wild creatures of the forest; that they walked abroad in their entire earthly possessions in the way of wardrobe, and that where that is the case the problem of keeping white garments reasonably clean is a difficult one, notwithstanding the advantages offered by the shy solitariness of numerous woodland streams. The fate of Actaeon should be a warning for all time. Lieut. Wilson was at all events of the opinion that many of the trim, lithe figures which flitted about the camps were worthy of better "setting" than they had.

He met his fate, however, at Siboney. On his way from the camp to the commissary office he espied far up the road, or rather path, to Firmeza an object that flashed in the sun like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear. It was a woman—not an uncommon sight certainly, but this one was uncommon in that she was attired in a costume of dazzling whiteness which glanced in and out among the lush green of the tropical foliage like a firefly. Perhaps butterfly would be a better comparison, for there was a flitting movement about this fluttering dot of light amid the greenness that suggested the transient and fragile creatures of a summer day.

The lieutenant and the lady—for already that was the word that formed in his mind with reference to the brilliant object that approached him from the

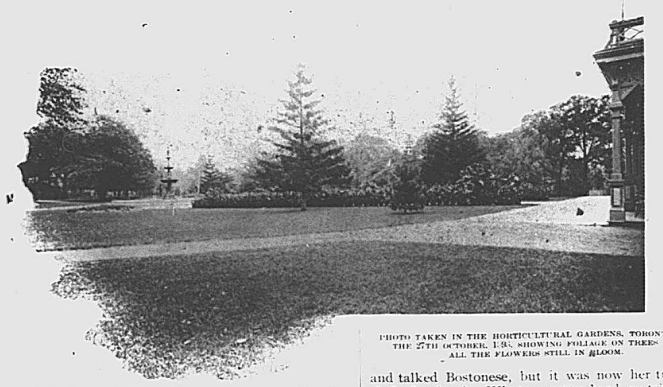
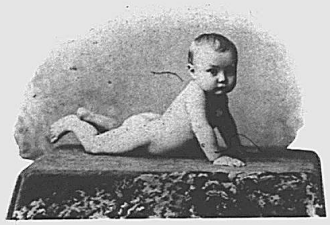


PHOTO TAKEN IN THE HORTICULTURAL GARDENS, TORONTO, ON THE 27TH OCTOBER, 1898, SHOWING FOLIAGE ON TREES AND ALL THE FLOWERS STILL IN BLOOM.

cool shadows of the palms, mangoes and ceibo trees that brood over the Firmeza footpath—at their respective rates of speed, seemed destined to meet at the banks of the Siboney streamlet that purls by the hamlet to the sea. The lady arrived first at the brook. Arrived there, she paused for a moment. She had a choice of two ways of crossing. She could take the railway bridge or she could wade the stream. It was easy to see the conflict in her mind as she viewed the dangers of the high open bridge, and then glanced with satisfaction at her well-booted feet. Here was a case where a departure from primitive fashions led to trouble. The Cuban woman, who has no other foot-covering than a pair of white canvas slippers, wades through a stream without hesitation, but here was a lady booted and stockinged who was not prepared to baptize her rare outfit of leather zapatos and silken medias.

She therefore ventured on the railway bridge, but had scarcely got on the middle span ere she was frozen with fear. The giddy and unprotected height paralyzed locomotion. She shut her eyes and swayed and trembled ominously. The lieutenant saw the situation at a glance and sped forward in time to prevent a catastrophe. He seized her hand, and her answering grasp had all the fervor that characterizes the Cuban patriot when he seizes his trusty can of corned beef at the commissariat. William John led the trembling girl over the bridge, her eyes tightly closed all the time. When she felt herself once more on the firm-set earth she ventured to lift the dark lashes that lay on the brown cheek like the filaments that protect a rare flower



THE WORLD IS MINE.

from the pilferings of the wild bee. It was now the lieutenant's turn to tremble, for there were turned on him two such eyes as never Yankee had seen before. Her terror had suffused them with unshed tears, and there they shone like great pansies pearled with the thrice-distilled dews of heaven.

But smiles quickly chased the terror from her face, and she murmured words in which William John detected "gracias" repeated again and again. But she did not move. She first bowed very low, and then taking the lieutenant's hand placed it over her heart, which beat under the filmy garments as if it were a prisoner struggling to be free.

Here was the senorita of William John's dreams.

She talked rapidly, but he sadly shook his head. Why, oh why, had he not studied Spanish instead of phrenology? He could not be silent, and talked Bostonese, but it was now her turn to shake her head. What a pretty head, so trim and shapely, and nothing on it to protect it from the burning sun but its own dark masses of wavy hair.

It was evident that she was intensely anxious to communicate something important. She gesticulated, and sparkled and smiled at her own ineffectual efforts. She repeated: camisa," "camisa" several times, plucking shyly at William John's tunic as she did so. She knelt and rubbed her shut hands together, but John could not gather her meaning, although he was convinced that what she meant to express was that she was completely captivated by his charms and was ready to be his slave or anything else. He was awakened from this flattering idea when she at length succeeded in giv-



AFTER HIS MORNING BATH.

ing him to understand that she wanted his shirt! Great disgust filled William John's mind, but what will a man not do under the spell of two big eyes darting light and a cheek that dimpled responsively to each smile that played across the changing features. The young officer looked around to make sure that no one else was looking, while Donna Inez looked demurely at the wimpling stream. It was done in a moment, and in another moment it was under the arm of the beaming maid. The lieutenant hardly knew which feeling was uppermost in his mind—indignation at her mercenariness or admiration for the rare flower-like face that mantled with thoughts that she could not communicate to him. He turned to go, but looked back. She waved her



GATHERING WILD FLOWERS.

hands again and yet again, and he almost forgave her as she stood there like a creature of the stream clothed in light.

At that moment a man stepped out of the manigua and approached the girl unseen. He spoke to her, and question and answer at once took the animated form that is customary in the lands of the sun. The lieutenant and his "camisa" were evidently the topics of it. William John observed that the Cuban gentleman was tall and truculent-looking, and he felt that he was lucky to be out of it even without a shirt. Hot and cold sensations chased each other up and down his spine when he thought of the possibility of the fellow's getting wind of how neatly he had been beguiled out of his precious garment. He tried to get up a burning indignation against the whole Cuban race, but ever and anon that mobile face on which feeling played like sunlight on a rippling stream recurred to his memory, and he groaned inwardly to think that it had to be associated with so ridiculous a vulgarity.

Two days after a musing brain and uncontrollable feet sent him along the road to Firmeza. The

great buzzards danced their uncanny quadrilles in air, the many-colored crabs clicked across his path and the land gaped under the flaming skies. Far up the path a figure approached, but it was only when it came quite close that he realized with a start that it was the truculent-looking man whom he had seen with the white lady of his dreams. Two things flashed on him. He saw the long machete that hung at the supple waist, and he remembered that he had not even a jack knife with which to defend himself. Simultaneously all the stories told over camp-fires of the deeds of the Cuban macheterios brought the blood to his eyes only to send it back again upon his heart. "They leap out of a bush," Captain Herman had said, "and with two strokes their victim lies on the ground cut open like a sheep."



MY NEW BONNET.

Already he could see himself on the earth in the guise of badly butchered mutton.

Could he not turn and flee? No; the fellow was upon him. It was plain that he recognized him. A devilish grin lit up the swarthy features. His snaky eye transfixed the lieutenant as he drew near. He said something in Spanish, but a great buzzing was all that filled the ears of William John. For the first time he noticed that his enemy had in his hand something wrapped in great banana leaves, bound with a tendril of the water-vine. This he laid on the ground, and still chattering Spanish, which sounded like the gnashing of teeth, he stood up and drew his machete.

Was a soldier of the greatest country on earth to die like a mute ox? He looked about for a stone, a club, a anything, but as he did so he saw his foe stoop down again and cut the binding tendril with the razor-like steel, and forth from the green leaves came an immaculately laundried shirt! The Cuban handed the wonder to the lieutenant, not yet sure whether he was dead or alive, with all the ceremony of a grandee presenting a petition to his king. The lieutenant heard the words "Donna Maria," "gratitudo," "Americanos valientes," and so forth, and concluded that the divinity with the pansy eyes had laundered his camisa as the only return she could make for that thrilling rescue on the bridge. The lieutenant saw his loved one never again, but he preserves a snowy shirt, which he has not since worn, as one of his memories of Cuba.

TWO OF WHISTLER'S LANDSCAPES.

One night Whistler dropped into Sir Henry Irving's rooms to dinner. Other guests were present, but Whistler alone was silent. Two of his landscapes adorned the walls, and apparently he wanted no further entertainment. Every few minutes he would jump up from the table to get a better view of his own work. At length, after a prolonged examination of these studies in moonlight and moorland, he cried out: "Irving, Irving, look what you've done!" "What's the matter?" inquired Irving, calmly walking up to the pictures. "Matter?" thundered Whistler; "why, the matter is that these pictures have been hung upside down, and you have never noticed it. I suppose they have been like this for months." "I suppose they have," replied Irving; "but I might be excused, since it has taken you—the man who painted them—over an hour to discover that they are upside down."

Those who love to rise early generally have strong wills and good health to begin with.

ODE TO CANADA.

Homeland, our Canada,
To thee we sing;
To thee, O Canada,
Our heart-loves cling.
In thee our homes are found,
With thine our hopes are bound,
E'en now earth's sphere around
Thy praises ring.

Earth knows no fairer land,
No nobler clime,
No lakes of light more grand,
Nor mount sublime.
Strong in thy youthful might,
Strong in thy Truth, thy Right,
Naught feared in vale or height,
Thro' ageless time.

No narrow glory thine,
Our noble land,
Nor shall its glow decline,
While nations stand.
The Right, thy proudest boast,
Shall sentinel thy coast,
Most strong when dangers most
Its strength demand.

Nor shall our loyal love
To thine and thee
Fail while the blue above
O'erdomes the sea.
We love our mother land,
Warm clasp each Briton's hand,
But aye our hearts shall stand
Changeless to thee.

Riverbank. —WILLIAM R. WOOD.

KIPLING'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

Two English schoolboys who run a school newspaper have drawn a letter from Rudyard Kipling, which the London Mail reprints:

"Cape Town, Easter Monday, 1898.—To the Editors' School Budget—Gentlemen: I am in receipt of your letter of no date, together with a copy of The School Budget, February 14, and you seem to be in possession of all the cheek that is in the least likely to do you any good in this world or the next. And, furthermore, you have omitted to specify where your journal is printed, and in what county of England is Horsmonden.



A FEW MINUTES REST.

"But, on the other hand, and notwithstanding, I much approve of your 'Hints on the Schoolboy Etiquette,' and have taken the liberty of sending you a few more for consideration, as following:

"First—If you have any doubts about a quantity, cough. In three cases out of five this will save your being asked to 'say it again.'

"Second—The two most useful boys in a form are (a) the master's favorite pro tem., (b) his pet aversion. With a little judicious management (a) can keep him talking for the first half of the construe, and (b) can take up the running for the rest of the time. N.B.—A syndicate should arrange to do (b's) imposts in return for this service.

"Third—A confirmed guesser is worth his weight in gold on a Monday morning.

"Fourth—Never shirk a master out of bounds. Pass him with an abstracted eye and at the same time pull out a letter and study it earnestly. He may think it is a commission from someone else.

"Fifth—When pursued by the native farmer, always take to the nearest ploughed land. Men stick to furrows that boys can run over.

"Sixth—If it is necessary to take other people's apples, do it on Sunday. You can then put them inside your topper, which is better than trying to put them into a tight 'Eton.'

"You will find this advice worth enormous sums of money, but I shall be obliged with a check or postal order for sixpence at your earliest convenience, if the contribution should be found to fill more than one page.

"Faithfully yours,
"RUDYARD KIPLING."



MIRTH.

FORCED TO PROCLAIM HIS OWN SHAME.

The Speaker of the House of Commons is the first commoner in the land, and seldom indeed has the high office been filled by one wholly unworthy of it. There is, however, one man who reached this bad eminence, namely, Sir John Trevor, who was first elected in 1685, when James II. was King. He was made Master of the Rolls in the same year. As he was a hanger-on of the infamous Jeffreys, whom he seemed to take a pride in copying, his ill-ending need not surprise us. Of course the Speaker is supposed to be above suspicion of any mean or underhand conduct, but it had been known that Sir John Trevor could be bought, long before a committee of the House of Commons reported in 1695 that he had taken a bribe of a thousand guineas from the City of London to hasten the passing of a local bill. After the report had been read to the House, it was moved that the Speaker had been guilty of a high crime and misdemeanour, and Sir John had himself to put this question to the House. In reply, there came a loud cry of "Aye," and when he called for the "Noes" scarcely a voice was heard. He had then to declare that the "Ayes" had it. This was too much even for so brazen-faced a man. Next day he kept to his bed, pleading illness; but in a few days he was expelled the House. He was, however, still allowed to remain Master of the Rolls. Nor, it must be added, were the City Fathers blameless.



(Photo by Arthur Beales.)

A FAVORITE SPOT WITH TORONTO ARTISTS.



GERHARD HEINTZMAN

Canada's Imperial Pianos.

GRAND AND UPRIGHT.

FACTORY AND WAREROOMS:
69 TO 75 SHERBOURNE STREET.
TORONTO.

CITY WAREROOMS:
GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING.
188 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Solomon Said:

"Of making many books there is no end"

This is still true We get **MANY THOUSANDS** of books **made** and **sold** every year. Of the **Famous "Business Guide"** we have sold over 1,400,000. Our Family Bibles and Teacher's Bibles are of the very latest designs. Our **new combination Photo Albums** are **the best**. Liberal discounts until Dec. 31, 1898. Send for free catalogue before you buy your Christmas presents.

J. L. NICHOLS & CO., 33 Richmond West, Toronto, Can.

As Others See Us. Perhaps you will be interested in *fac-simile* letters of famous people. Perhaps you will appreciate practical suggestions on dyeing and cleaning. Both these wishes are met in our pretty little booklet, "As Other- See Us," mailed post free to any address on application.

R. PARKER & CO.,
Dyers and Cleaners,
Head Office and Works:
787-791 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.
Branches { Montreal, Hamilton, London, Brantford, St. Catharines, Woodstock and Galt.

Confederation Life Association.

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO.

Policies Issued on all Approved Plans of Insurance.

The Association publishes an interesting set of pamphlets, giving full particulars as to its different plans of insurance, and will be pleased to send them on application to the Head Office, Toronto, or to any of the Association's agents.

W. C. MACDONALD, Actuary. J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director.

HAND & CO. FIREWORK

Manufacturers, Hamilton, Ont.

Dealers supplied with extra quality in Fireworks, Crackers, Torpedoes, Flags, Lanterns, etc.

Pyrotechnic Exhibitions for Celebrations, Summer and Winter Carnivals, Fall Fairs, etc., a specialty.

Programmes and estimates furnished on shortest notice.

Canadian Pine Doors and Boxes

For Export Trade.

GILMOUR & CO., Trenton, Canada

London Agent:
H. T. WALCOT, 17 Gracechurch Street, E.C.

THE NATIONAL Electrotype & Stereotype Co.

(Limited)

12 and 14 Adelaide St. West, TORONTO.

If you have any Electrotyping to do write us for prices.
First-class work guaranteed.
Estimates given.



Wholesale Millinery.

Happiness and Prosperity... To All

The... D. McCALL Co., Limited.

The Bryant Press

44-46 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

Telephone 2577.

Publishers of FARMING, The Only Weekly Agricultural Paper in Canada.

PRINTERS
PUBLISHERS
BOOKBINDERS

The Toronto General Trusts Co.

OFFICES AND SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS,
Southeast Corner Yonge and Colborne Streets, Toronto, Ont.

Capital **$1,000,000**
Reserve Fund **250,000**

President—JOHN HOSKIN, Q.C., LL.D.
Vice-Presidents—E. A. MEREDITH, Esq., LL.D. W. H. BEATTY, Esq.

Under its Charter of Incorporation and the Letters Patent THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS COMPANY has authority to undertake and execute every kind of trust, and financial agencies of all descriptions. Among the more important trusts, agencies and other offices which the Company is authorized to discharge, the following may be specially mentioned:—

Executor, Administrator, Trustee, Committee of Lunatic, Guardian, Receiver, Assignee, Liquidator, Etc.

Acts as Agent for **EXECUTORS, TRUSTEES** and others.
Accepts and Executes **TRUSTS** of every description from Courts, Corporations and Individuals.
Bonds, Debentures, Stock, etc., issued and Countersigned.
Estates Managed. Rents, Interest, Dividends, etc., collected.
Moneys Received and Carefully Invested.
Safe Deposit Boxes to Rent, absolutely secure. Bonds and all other securities guaranteed if necessary.
Wills, appointing the Company Executor and Trustee, are received for safe custody free of charge.

Solicitors bringing Estate or other business to the Company are retained to do the legal work in connection therewith. Correspondence invited.

A. D. LANGMUIR, Assistant Manager. **J. W. LANGMUIR,** Managing Director.

JAS. SLESSOR JAS. JOHNSTON

James Johnston & Co.

IMPORTERS OF . . .
ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS.
DEALERS IN . . .
Canadian & American Manufactures.

WHOLESALE
36 St. Helen Street, Corner Recollet
MONTREAL.

WESTMAN & BAKER

MANUFACTURERS OF
Printers' and Bookbinders' Machinery.

78 Wellington Street West, TORONTO, ONT.

Cobban Manufacturing Company, Limited.

Manufacturers Mouldings, Frames, Cornice Poles,
MANTELS, CRATES AND TILES
MIRRORS.
Glass Bevellers and Silverers.
Interior Woodwork of all descriptions.
Factory and Office—Lake Street, Toronto.

Minard's Liniment...

Canada's Best Household Remedy. Well and favorably known from Halifax to Victoria.

C. C. Richards & Co.,
Proprietors, Yarmouth, N.S.

The Economist.

Insurance, Banking, Mining, Industries, Trade, Commerce.

Canada's leading Insurance and Financial Journal. Subscription $2.50 per year. Write for sample copies.

The Economist Printing & Publishing Company of Toronto,
Limited. Office, Stock Exchange Building, 24 1/2 King Street, East, Toronto, Canada.
WM. SANDERSON, M.A., Manager and Editor.

Samples Free.

The Bain Book & Stationery Company will be pleased to send to any address samples of their workmanship in Wedding Invitations, Visiting Cards, Invitation Cards, etc. Correspondence is invited. . . . . .

96 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. A. E. HUESTIS, Mgr

CENTRAL PRESS AGENCY, LIMITED.

We prepare, illustrate and place advertising matter in all papers.

We are Electro and Stereotypers and Photo-Engravers

We sell Ready Set Plates for Newspapers. Our prices are bed rock.

83 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

"RELIANCE ROSE-BUD," "RELIANCE," "TOSCANA."

Made of choice Havana stock, and undoubtedly the best high grade cigars manufactured in Canada. Remember the brands. They are absolutely pure and superior to any imported goods at twice the price.

Reliance Cigar Factory, MONTREAL

The Adams Furniture Company

Beautiful and useful children's presents that you can order by mail. A big lot of good things in every department suitable for gift-giving. Send for illustrations and prices of them:—



DIVAN—Birch, mahogany finish, or oak frames, upholstered in French tapestry or damask, for..... 5.00



CORNER CHAIR—Mahogany frame, upholstered in French tapestry or damask 2.98



ROCKERS—Antique or mahogany finish, seats upholstered in figured velours, exactly as illustrated 1.00



IRON BEDS—White or black frame, single or double 3.90

A very handsome Brass and Iron Bed, white or black enamel..... 6.50

Elegant solid Brass Bed for 25.00



ARM CHAIR—Steel frame, springs all over, covered in corduroy or velours, for 15.00

EASY CHAIR, as above but with solid arms . . . 12.00



LADIES' SECRETARY in solid oak and mahogany finished..... 3.90

LADIES' SECRETARY—Highly polished oak or mahogany, 2 long drawers, small front and shaped British bevel plate mirror 18.50



SECRETARY AND BOOKCASE Combined—Highly polished oak or mahogany, 3 large drawers under the desk..... 17.50

The Adams Furniture Company

C. S. CORYELL, Manager. 177-179 Yonge Street, Toronto (Limited)

HORSES.

AUCTION SALES

of Fine Horses, Carriages, Buggies, Harness, Rugs, Robes, Blankets, Saddles, Bridles, etc. Sales Tuesday and Friday, at 11 o'clock.

Private Sales Every Day.

GRAND'S REPOSITORY

55 to 59 Adelaide St., Toronto.

Walter Harland Smith, Proprietor and Auctioneer.

Correspondence Solicited.

GEORGE T. CORRIE,

Manufacturer and Importer.

I have New and Original Ideas in

SHOW CARDS

Advertising Novelties of all kinds. Catalogue covers embossed in relief for the printing trade. Telephone 1716.

110 Adelaide St. W., TORONTO

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Palms and other House Plants,

Holly, Mistletoe and Bouquet Green Wreathing for

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

Nothing is nicer for a Christmas Present than a good Palm. Our prices are right.

The Steele, Briggs Seed Co Limited

137 King St. East, Toronto.

The Montreal Lithographing Company

Fine Color Work,
Calendars,
Show Cards,
Labels,
Commercial Work,
Playing Cards,
Adv. Novelties.

Successors to The Sabiston Litho & Publishing Co.

Limited

CORNER CRAIG AND . . .
ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STS., MONTREAL

FURS For Xmas and New Year's Gifts.

Our Pattern Book illustrates every new style in vogue in Fur Jackets, Capes, Coats and all other styles of furwear for Ladies, Misses, Children and Men, and our Price Supplement is full of the closest cash estimates for every garment, in every kind of fur and every fashionable fur combination. Our Fur Pattern Book and Price Supplement are mailed free to any address on request.

W. & D. DINEEN

FURRIERS—EST. 36 YEARS

140 Yonge Street

Corner Temperance. TORONTO

Globe Savings & Loan Co.

Head Office: Toronto.

Permanent Capital subscribed	$75,000.00
Permanent Capital paid-up	$[illegible]
Total Assets	$800,000.00

MONEY LOANED ON EASY TERMS OF REPAYMENT. . . . .

JOHN FLETT, Esq., President.
E. F. B. JOHNSTON, Q.C., Vice-President.
E. W. DAY, Managing Director.

H. S. HOWLAND, SONS & CO.

GENERAL HARDWARE MERCHANTS, Wholesale

37 Front Street West, Toronto.

"Graham" Wire and Cut Nails.

OVER 600 ACRES

WE GROW the LARGEST VARIETY OF

NURSERY STOCK AND SEED POTATOES

AT OUR NURSERIES IN WELLAND COUNTY, ONTARIO.

AGENTS who represent us can earn big money weekly. Write us for terms and free outfit.

Pelham Nursery Co TORONTO, ONT.

The Typewriter of the Day

A Time and Money Saver. One can learn to use it in a few hours. Shows every word as it is written. Is fast taking the place of the old-fashioned typewriters.



The Oliver Typewriter.

The only Canadian Standard Typewriter.

MANUFACTURED BY THE LINOTYPE COMPANY, Builders of the composing machinery for such gigantic printing offices as The Toronto Globe and The Montreal Star.

For Illustrated Catalogue and other particulars, address

LINOTYPE COMPANY, MONTREAL, CANADA.

HIGH CLASS DENTISTRY. TEL. 1846.

DR. CHAS. W. LENNOX

DENTIST.

Rooms C and D,
Confederation Life Bldg,
Yonge & Richmond Sts.

Grant's CELEBRATED Ale, Porter and Lager.

Brewed by The GRANT-LOTTRIDGE BREWING COMPANY (LIMITED), HAMILTON, from the purest malt and best Canadian, English and German hops. MALT SPECIALLY IMPORTED FOR OUR PORTER.

Roses, Ornamental Trees, Flowering Shrubs, Fruit Trees and Bushes

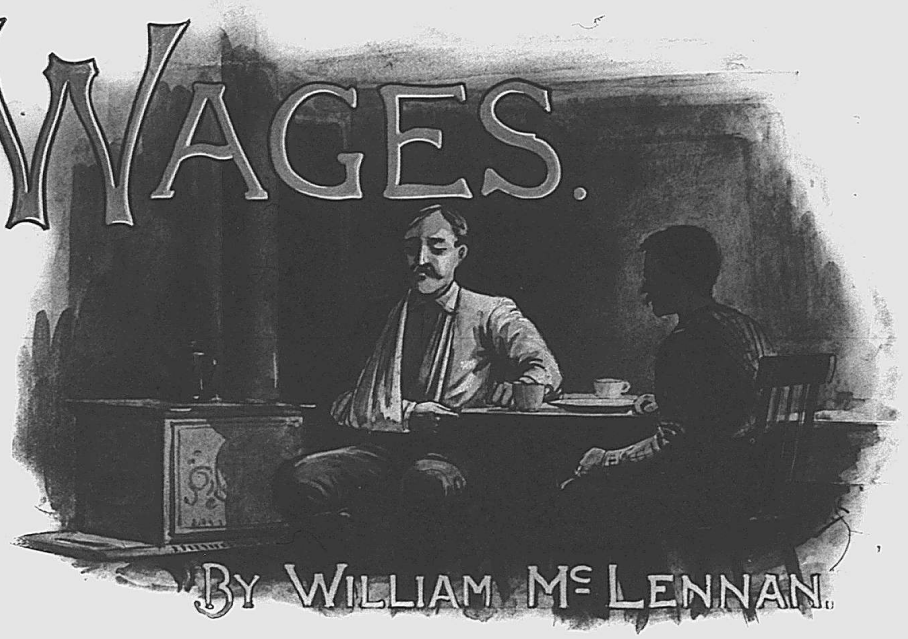
These are specialties of ours, and whether the stock is ordered in quantity for parks or boulevards, or a single tree or bush is required, all orders are treated with equal care and only the very best stock selected.

We are headquarters for the justly popular Boston Ivy.

Plans and suggestions furnished free for laying out public or private parks and drives or fruit farms.

STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurserymen & Landscape Gardeners,
Agents wanted everywhere. Toronto, Ont.

WAGES.



By William McLennan.

"And the end unknown to the beginning."

"HULLO, FARLINGER! What in the dickens brought you up here at this time of night?" was Stewart's welcome to the tall, somewhat anxious-looking man who walked into his quarters behind the store at Lower Bend.

"Business! Nothin' else would drag me so far from the teams at this time of year. You can bet your last V on that!"

"Some use in the 'infernal pirate at Lower Bend' after all?" queried Stewart, banteringly.

"Yes, George," laughed the big Montana freighter, "an', what's more, I want you to do me a favor, an', what's more'n that, you're the only man in the country I dare show my hand to."

"'The hand of the diligent maketh rich,' and, if yours comes to that effect, you're just as welcome to give it as show it, my friend."

"No foolin' aside, Stewart; this business is serious. Let me go back a bit. You said once or twice that I've done the decent thing by you. I didn't run you out of the country when you set up here an' tried to cut into my freightin'. I suppose that means—well, whatever it does mean—I'm in a bit of a fix where you can give me a hand. It's like this: You know I've handled a considerable pile of stuff, both goods an' money, for the Government, an' so far with fair luck, takin' one year with another. Now, here's somethin' new. The Canada Gover'ment are sendin' up seventy thousand dollars to go in to Major Young for the police at Fort Walsh. The first of the stuff will be along by the end of this week, an' I want you to take it in at once for me."

"But what's the matter? This isn't the kind of thing a man usually gives away," said Stewart, bluntly. "Surely you're not funking the Collins lot?"

"Yet, I am, Stewart; that's just exactly what I am doin', an' you'll easy see why. They know money must be sent in for the Canada troops, that it's got to go through Fort Benton an' through Yankee hands, an' it isn't likely if I do the freightin' an' the rest of the business that the Canada people will put the job past me. Them coyotes is watchin' night and day for the first sight o' the money, an' the minute they smell it they'll be after it like hot cakes. Yes, 'I'm funkin' the Collins lot,' as you say. You know well enough what any bother with such business at the start would mean to me; an' of course if it goes straight it means big business—it means all the business ahead—an' I daren't take any chances. Now, if you'll put this through for me, I'll hand you over the whole freight, an', more'n that, I'll let you stand in halvers with me in every Canada contract I touch till the end of the season. Will you take?"

"Is the stuff insured?"

"You bet."

"Who else knows about it?"

"Not a soul west of Ottawa. The first lot will be on by Friday at latest—fifty thousand done up in a box of boots, an' the balance will follow a week later in a tea chest."

There was a short pause. "All right, Farlinger, I'll risk it and go myself."

"Not much! That's just exactly what you're not to do. There mustn't be nothin' different from any other day. Who's drivin' now?"

"Jim."

"H'm—never thought much of that cuss, George; you know I fired him; wouldn't have him about the place. Anybody else go reg'lar?"

"Of course. He's a new man, called Carscallan, a Canuck, like myself, and has all the virtues of his distinguished fellow-countryman. 'I suppose you mean some one must know?'"

Farlinger nodded.

"Well, I'll back Carscallan."

The two men, after arranging the immediate matter in hand, sat talking far into the night, and before daybreak Farlinger rode back to Fort Benton and to the never-ending duties and worries of the life of a freighter, but with a heart the lighter for the ready help he had found in the owner of the Opposition Line.

"You see, Dick, it's a big pull for me," explained Stewart to Carscallan two nights later; "it's the very chance I've been wishing and laying for all these years. Old Farlinger's a queer lot in some way, hard as nails when it comes to business, but he's always been straight as a die with me. My family always said I had a superior manner, and that may have done it; but, at all events, when I started in here the whole country prophesied that the Old Man would run me out inside of two months. Not a bit of it. He not only left me alone, but has given me a lift now and again; but, I give you my word, I was simply thunderstruck when he showed up Wednesday night."

The two men stared into the fire for some time in silence.

"What do you think, Dick?"

"Think? Why, simply business. What else? He didn't make any bones of the matter. If it were Yankee money he'd take the risk ten times over, and never give it a second thought. But anything to go wrong with the first shipment of this outside stuff, and he'd be done for the rest of the business right enough. It's good business, too, Stewart; you take the risk and he gets all the credit."

"Well, he can have all the credit on the same terms any day of the week, and welcome, my son. Don't you forget that. I suppose you don't take much stock in the Collins gang?"

"Not a rap! They've never been over near our line, and all we've ever carried wouldn't be worth shooting for anyway."

"Well, now, you know what you've got before you; so let's see how you can play high comedy to-morrow morning."

It was a raw November morning when, sharp at six, Jim, the driver, drew up his four horses in front of "Stewart's," the one store, the postoffice and the starting point of the Opposition Stage Line for northern Montana. The horses were really excellent; they had to be to drag the somewhat cumbersome hooded waggon, dignified by the name of "stage," over the long trail that crawled up and down, in and about, across and around every variety of obstacle that lay between Lower Bend and over the border into Canadian territory, where Fort Walsh, the first post of the Canadian Mounted Police, had just been established, and to which they made occasional trips, as freight offered.

Stewart was on hand, as usual, giving Carscallan directions touching the many parcels which filled the stage to overflowing. Passengers there were none; that dream had vanished early in the history of the Opposition Line, but its reputation for quick transportation had secured a fair share of lighter freight.

The few male inhabitants of the scattered houses that straggled along the one street of Lower Bend looked on with their usual interest and comment as each parcel was handed up, while their womenfolk surveyed the whole from the distance of their several doors.

"Is that all?" asked Carscallan.

"Hold on a minute!" called Stewart. "Here's a box of boots for Fort Walsh—Major Young, Mounted Police."

Carscallan lifted up the precious box and pitched it carelessly on top of the other freight amid a storm of chaff from the onlookers.

"Be careful, sonny; that belongs to Royalty."

"Hope they're easy, Jim; their feet are tender yet."

"Not a bit of it; half of 'em never wore any."

"You're all right for the Big Ford this trip, b'ys; they'll float the lot of yez!" yelled Big Mike, and the crowd cheered and laughed as the stage rolled off in a cloud of red dust.

The first consignment was shipped.

On the evening of the sixth day the stage returned to Lower Bend with a solitary passenger and a few letters to be forwarded eastwards.

"How did things go, Dick?"

"Right enough. Never saw a soul on the road and the Major received 'the boots' as if they'd been common cowskin. So, thank the Lord, that job's finished and done with."

"Not quite, my son. You'll take up the balance Saturday."



THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER



ON THE C. P. R. From a painting by NOYMAN.

IN THE ROCKIES

"The balance? What balance!"

"The balance of 'the boots,' you muttonhead! Only they're not 'boots' but 'tea' this time. Imperial Yellow Orange Pekoe, grown under a golden moon in the Garden of the Gods and furnished only the Court, the Nobility and the Leading County Families. Twenty thousand dollars is the estimated value of this lot, gentlemen, not counting the lead wrapper, the straw matting and the hieroglyphics of the heathen on the outside. But what's the matter, my son? Does my flippancy annoy you?"

"No," said Carscallan, gravely, "but I thought we were through with the business, that's all."

"Through with it! I only wish it would flow on forever like——"

"Well, I don't," interrupted Carscallan shortly.

"Why, what's up? Surely you're not beginning to funk that crowd, are you? What's up?"

"Nothing; only I supposed we'd done the trick and that was the end of it. It stands to reason if it's risky for the old man, it's risky for us, and two trips in succession to Fort Walsh may make them open their eyes."

"H'm, yes. It's a business that one would rather 'blush unseen' about just now, but the stuff must go and this is no place to let it lie about in for another week. It's actually safer on the road than here. Besides, I'm not used to sleeping over a tea chest."

"Oh, well," laughed Carscallan, "it all comes in a day's work, but I hope this is the end of it."

"Make your mind easy over that, my son; after this only bona fide freighting will be our luck."

On Saturday Dick picked up the box of tea and tossed it behind Jim's seat without remark; but so unusual a consignment could not escape comment.

"Excuse me, Cap'n, but there's some mistake there, sure," drawled out a spectator; "my old woman's be'n expectin' that Young Hyson these months back. James, just see if that's not addressed to Mrs. Colonel Taylor."

"Not this time, boss; 'Major Young, Fort Walsh,'" Jim called back, to Carscallan's intense annoyance, while Stewart lost his temper and rapped out, with an oath: "Mind your own business, boy; you're there to drive and not to chin."

"What in hell's wrong with your tea, anyway," retorted Jim, angrily. "Nobody ain't goin' to run away with it!"

"The tea's all right; it's the place it's goin' to," some replied.

"Thin' that's the tay that niver was grown outside o' Holland?" roared Big Mike, and was



ON GUARD. Photo by Sloan, Toronto.

rewarded with a howl of delight. "'Tisn't Hyson at all, at all, but gunpowder! They're tryin' to put some stuff into them little Lobster Backs up there," he added, and secured a repetition of the applause.

Stewart watched the stage crawl slowly up the cut bank across the far side of the bottom and as he turned into his store he almost said aloud, "What an ass I was! Dick's probably cursing me for a fool at this moment."

Stewart was anxious; there was no question of that. He could not settle down to the usual round of petty business which claimed his attention "between stages;" he slept badly and watched each slow day crawl by with feverish impatience.

It must have been about two o'clock on Wednesday morning when he was awakened by some



• • • "Then, Stewart, I sat down alongside of the dead man alone there in the Bad Lands, and I argued the whole business out to myself."

one entering the house. He sprang out of bed and ran into the kitchen, where Carscallan had just turned up the lamp which burned every night on the table before the window.

"My God, Dick, what's up?"

For Carscallan, with a bandaged arm and blood-stained clothes, had sunk white and ghastly into a chair and for answer only lifted a despairing hand that told the story.

"Gone?" gasped Stewart.

Carscallan simply stared at him with widely-opened eyes and nodded slowly.

"Here, old chap, drink this and let me see your arm."

The other submitted like a child. With deft hands Stewart slit up sleeve and shirt, replaced the improvised tourniquet with something better and washed and bound up the badly shattered arm, murmuring awkward pity and encouragement as he proceeded.

A cup of tea, something to eat and the sense of companionship speedily brought Carscallan round and his story of the disaster was soon told. A sudden attack in the Bad Lands just as they were going into camp for the night; Jim rolled over with a ball through his head and his own arm crippled before he had fired three shots; the men went straight for the tea chest, knocked it to pieces and rode off without touching anything further, after cutting the horses loose and driving them for some distance before them. The next morning he found that one of the wheelers had wandered back and on her he had ridden in.

Such was the story Stewart listened to with a sinking heart before the kitchen stove that November morning and saw his dreams of future contracts vanish in the cheerless grey light that struggled through the surrounding gloom, while Dick sat silent beside him, offering neither further comment nor explanation.

After a little Stewart, with the shiver of a man who has been sitting up all night, said: "Do you think you can ride with me as far as the fort? The old man must know at once."

"Right," said Dick, and rose from his chair.

"Who else knows about this?" asked Farlinger, after he had heard their story, out.

"Not a soul."

"An' you say there was nothin' touched, exceptin' the chest?"

"Not a thing."

Farlinger's silence was long and trying to the two men before him, but at length he said slowly and impressively: "Now, take this in: Not a word to a mortal soul that you ever carried or lost a red cent o' money. Do you understand?"

"But what about the insurance?" asked Carscallan.

"Insurance be damned! Do you think I'm going to make a screamin' idiot of myself over a loss on money I never carried? No sir! Bill Farlinger'll deliver that twenty thousand at Fort Walsh in the nearest thing to a tea chest he can find. An' if ever a soul knows of this business, you two'll find the country so hot that twenty-four hours'll be too long for you in it. But there, boys," he added, quickly, "don't get sore over it. I don't blame you, no more'n myself. Only this mustn't be known. Talk about the gang, an' the holdin' up, as much as you like, but not a word about the money. Come with me, Stewart; we'll ride across an' strike the trail, an' we'll rob the rest of the stuff so well that no one'll ever think of lookin' for the chest of tea," and he ended with half a laugh at the idea.

"But what about us, Farlinger?" asked Stewart.

"As how? I guess your young friend's got more'n a three months baby there, with that arm o' his, an' I guess I'll knock you out'n the freight on this last lot, old man."

"Farlinger," stammered Stewart, his face flushing and paling with the strong feeling that shook him, "Farlinger, there isn't another man in the Northwest would do this. I can't say anything, but I'll work my hands to the bone till I pay this off." And Dick Carscallan stood up and stood beside the man who had spoken.

"I know, boys, I know," nodded the big freighter, the man, "hard as nails when it came to business."

The news of the robbery created a prodigious excitement in Lower Bend. Every man felt a new importance and added distinction in his citizenship, and Dick Carscallan was unwillingly forced into the position of the hero of the hour, when the inhabitants gathered round the stove in "Stewart's" the evening the full news was made public. He would willingly have escaped the ordeal, but Stewart urged it was better to let them have their fill of talk and surmise, and Dick had no choice but to go through with it.

There were many expressions of sympathy for poor Jim; it was surprising how many good qualities were discovered for the dead man, who was certainly "numbered with the transgressors" by general consent while living, and Stewart also came in for his share of public commiseration in his loss.

"But you'll get the rest of the horses all right; they only drove 'em off to keep 'em out'n your reach," said one.

"An' you say them cusses went through everything?" asked another.

"What about that Dutch tay for the Lobster Backs?" grinned Mike.

"Gone," answered Dick, without apparent effort.

"Well, now, my old woman will be disappointed," drawled "Colonel" Taylor. "I've half a mind to start prospectin' for it to-morrow. I 'spose there's leaves 'nough 'bout for a draw or two, eh, Car?"

"Oh, give the tea a rest," some one broke in, to Dick's relief, and faced him with a new query: "An' do you say Jim never tried to make a bolt for it?"

Here was a new field opened, into which every one rushed in animated discussion as to what the unfortunate Jim should have done or attempted, until Dick, at the end of his endurance, rose and cut all further argument short with, "See here, gentlemen, you've been discussing this matter for more than half an hour by the clock, and I don't



TWO ROSEBUDS. (Photo by W. Bogart, Toronto.)



see that you've made up your minds yet. Jim hadn't half a second! Good night!"

After the excitement attendant on the robbery, and the making of new plans and arrangements died away, with the realization of the true proportions of the struggle before them, there came a season of reaction, and almost hopelessness, for Stewart and Carscallan. But they were both good men and true, and, day in, day out, year in, year out, they stood side by side at their self-imposed task.

The Collins gang was broken up and scattered its lawless parts to work out their quota of violence in less protected parts of the country; but, as no direct enquiry could be made, no trace of the missing money ever appeared. Stewart and Carscallan toiled on doggedly, extending their freighting, went into cattle, into hay contracts, into anything that offered return for work and ability, and, in the estimation of Lower Bend, were "salting it down rich."

None of the extraordinary luck of the west fell to their lot; it was the hard, uninterrupted slavery of regular work, with wearing anxiety for the success of each new venture added.

"We're like the Old Man now, Dick," laughed Stewart one day, after discussing a new venture; "we can't afford to take the chances."

Their one gleam of sunshine came the day when Carscallan flourished a letter before Stewart, and, picking up a pen, handed him over a slip of green paper a moment later, endorsed:—

"Pay to the order of William Farlinger.

Rd. Carscallan."

and with a return of the old cheer in his voice, said:—

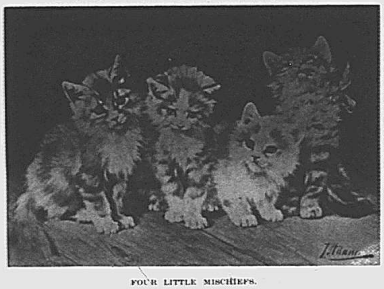
"There, old chap, there's a lift at last."

"Why, what is it?"

"Negotiable paper, I'm told. A bill of exchange, a bank draft for five thousand dollars, payable to Richard Carscallan. To be particular, it's a legacy. It's my ship come in."

"Thank God!" said Stewart, quietly. "But, Dick, my son, this should have meant home for you."

"Yes, it should," answered Dick, the elation gone out of his voice. "It doesn't now, that's all."



FOUR LITTLE MISCHIEFS.

The legacy proved to be the turning of the tide. Farlinger offered in a few words to share half the loss, but both men held themselves in honor bound, and now that the greater part of the task was accomplished, the rest seemed easy, with the goal in view.

At length the debt was paid in full, and after a few years of more than unusually successful ventures Carscallan bade good-bye to Stewart and the scene of their long struggle. Stewart urged him to stay. It seemed childish to leave the certainty of success which lay before them for a sentiment of home; as for himself, he had long lost all such earlier yearnings and wondered at their survival in his partner.

"If there was a girl in the case I could understand it, Dick."

"There isn't," said Dick, quietly.

The two friends heard from each other at long intervals. Stewart, with his long experience and activity, profited by each chance that the development of the country offered, and for some years his banking house had held an established position in the west.

As for Carscallan, the vein of restlessness in his nature had been fully worked out during his western experience, and he was contented to lead a retired, almost an obscure, life in his old home.

One day he was startled by a despairing letter from his old partner. Unforeseen financial depression had fallen on the west, and there were liabilities ahead which he could not see his way to meet; the bank must go under and the result of these years of labor be lost.

It was with a sense of relief that Dick laid the letter down, saying quietly, "Only that! We can fix you all right this time, old fellow," and before the day was over the money was telegraphed and Stewart was safe.

The following winter Stewart made good his long-given promise of a visit to Canada and found a warm satisfaction in looking into the face of the man who had done him such signal service. He was made welcome, too, by Carscallan's mother, an old lady, so sweetly aged that her greeting gained graciousness from her years, and by his two sisters, both of them passing insensibly into a gentle spinsterhood, apparently unmarked in their quiet surroundings; all three dependent and centred upon the son and brother, who made their world.

Their home was what one might expect from an easy income and a gentle taste; they had pleasant people about them, and the whole made an impression of well-being and desirableness upon the visitor, who had so long broken with the charm and refinement of the older life.

The sense of all that meant rest, and quiet, and peace—the sense of home—in the atmosphere of trustful affection which bound the little circle together, sank deep into the heart of the lonely man, and on the second night of his visit, after the two sisters had said good-night and left guest and host alone before the fire, Stewart said, after a pause full of content:—

"Carscallan, I wonder if you know how good this all is? I had forgotten what it could mean to a man. Heavens! I never realized what a debt you had been rolling up against me until these last two days."

"What do you mean?" queried Carscallan, with almost a touch of irritation in his voice.

"Mean? Why, that I should have kept you out of this all those long years; that I should have been the cause of much anxiety and longing to your mother and sisters. I can wipe off the money easily enough, but my other debt to you, old boy, can never be repaid. Never!" he ended, emphatically.

"No, Stewart, I'm afraid you can never pay me back; no man can ever do that," answered Carscallan slowly, and his face grew lined and grey as he went on in a hard, strained voice:—"I am about to tell you something which I had hoped no other than myself would ever know, but you have forced me to it, for I cannot leave you under the sense of any burden of obligation towards me.

"In February, 1878, my brother Harry, who died last year in Savannah, wrote to me at Lower Bend. There is no use going through the detail; it amounts to this: My father was deeply involved, but had only two creditors who refused to accept his offer, and stood out for endorsed paper. A close friend, the father of the girl to whom I was engaged, endorsed two of his notes, and my poor father yielded to the strain that was on him and forged the endorsement on the third. My brother discovered it by chance and wrote just before the fatal note became due—and, Stewart, I received his letter the week you told me about Farlinger's money.

"At first I never connected my trouble and my charge, and the first day out, as I sat beside Jim on the waggon, when the thought of all that money under my care and of the misery at home came into my mind I put it away with hardly an effort. But it came back, and back, and back, torturing me almost to madness, until I was utterly powerless to drive it off. I could think of nothing else by day, and, if I slept at all at night, I dreamed of it. When at last I handed over the money safe and untouched to Major Young I felt like a soul escaped from hell.

"Then to have you tell me on my return that I had to go through it all over again was almost too much. I nearly broke down. You remember?

"Well, the same fight began over again. Saturday passed, Sunday came and went, and Sunday night, and still I was free. We camped just about twenty miles beyond the Big Ford, and as it looked like rain I had Jim pitch the tent just behind the waggon.

"Some time during the night I awakened, and when I turned over Jim was not beside me. I crept to the flap of the tent, and, looking out, there I saw him clear through the hood of the waggon, hard at work on the tea chest. I reached back for my pistol, and he was dead before he knew he was seen.

"Then, Stewart, I sat down alongside of the dead man alone there in the Bad Lands, and I argued the whole business out to myself. First of



THE NURSERY.

all, I made up my mind I would take the money. Come what might, twelve thousand of that money was going home to Harry in some way, if I could manage it. Then I planned it all out and weighed as well as I could the consequences. These were simple enough: Farlinger was fully insured. All he would do would be to make his claim and prove his loss. The insurance company I would repay some day. As for you, I knew your standing with him would not be affected, and for myself, I would stand the consequences alone. I, who had never done a mean or dirty action in my life, was about to turn thief, and my only anxiety was the dread of discovery before the money reached home.

"This, or something like it, ran through my mind as I sat there waiting for I hardly know what—perhaps the moment to begin. Well, it came at last. I took the money, re-harnessed the horses, after cutting the traces and reins, and drove three of them before me until I reached the place for my cache. There I turned the horses loose, took twelve thousand in the largest bills and hid the rest.

"I went back to the waggon, repacked the tent, removed all traces of our halt and took every precaution I could think of to make some evidence of a surprise, and, when all was complete, I shot myself through the right arm.

"There was where I nearly overdid it, for the wound was so severe that at times I was afraid, terrified, that I could not hold out until I reached Lower Bend.

"'The way of the transgressor is hard,' but it's mainly hard, Stewart, because the hardness comes in the way of the unexpected. I was perfectly prepared to suffer the loss of my self-respect, to turn thief, to do what lying might be necessary to carry it out; to scrape and save and deny myself for years, if need be, to make up the money, but I never dreamed of such a thing as Farlinger saying he would shoulder the loss himself. That changed everything! My crime took on a wholly different complexion, for I had dragged both him and you into the expiation I had determined should touch no one but myself.

"I had the twelve thousand on me when I lied to you and Farlinger, and I carried it about with me night and day until I sent that bundle of skins east with yours. You remember? The legacy came from the same lot, but there's three thousand rotting there all these years, useless to anyone.

"This was successful crime, Stewart. There isn't any more, in the story-book sense, but here's what it all meant: For you, years of delay; for me, years of exile. Far more than that, it meant the loss of the girl who could not understand the unmeaning absence of her lover, who had promised to return to her when successful. In the end it meant a broken man and a broken life, but, don't forget, at the same time it meant safety from horrible disgrace, heartbreak and bitterness to these helpless women who stood behind me and the knowledge of my father's sin.

"Do you understand now, why there can never be any question of repayment?"

THE END.



J. FRASER BRYCE, Photographer.

THE HARVEST SCENE.—AT THE VICTORIAN ERA BALL.

GIVEN BY THEIR EXCELLENCIES EARL AND COUNTESS ABERDEEN IN THE ARMORIES, TORONTO

GREAT THINGS.

A few great things the soul of man sustain;
These are its breath of life, its food, its rest;
Some few to love us (one to love us best),
And faith in God no trouble can distrain.
—Edith M. Thomas.

Wild White Men.

THE meteoric appearance in our midst of a gentleman named Louis de Rougemont, with a marvellous story of hitherto unheard-of adventures during an alleged residence of some thirty years with the blacks of Northern Australia, revives recollections of the "wild white men" that from time to time have fallen into the hands of the uncivilized Australian aborigines and been restored to white humanity after long years of separation and degradation. In the present unsatisfactory condition of the libel laws it would not be prudent to say more of the alleged Rougemontian adventures and experiences than that they have aroused considerable scepticism in the minds of many well-informed Australians. The general impression in colonial circles is that they are largely a superstructure of romance based upon a small foundation of reality. It is little less than incredible that a man in the opened-up Australia of our time should have lived for three decades among the blacks, and rescued two white women from their clutches, without a word of his existence or his sensational service to beauty in distress coming to the knowledge of the very wide-awake Australian press. "Louis de Rougement" has dropped down upon us as if from a balloon.

The first recorded wild white man was William Buckley, a native of Macclesfield, and at the close of the last century a soldier in the 4th, or King's Own Regiment. On December 24, 1802, in company with six other soldiers, he was involved in an attempt on the life of the Duke of Kent. He was sentenced to transportation for life and taken out in a convict-ship to the Antipodes. During a brief stay at the head of what is now the harbor of Melbourne he contrived to escape in company with two other convicts. The latter perished — how was never ascertained —and when Buckley was subsequently questioned as to their fate he was exceedingly reticent and disconcerted. That it was a case of cannibalism was the general belief of the early settlers around Melbourne. Anyhow, in the last stages of hunger and privation, Buckley lay down upon what proved to be the grave of a recently buried chief. Luckily for him the widow came along, and superstitiously concluded that her dear departed had returned to life in the shape of a white man. She promptly annexed him as her own, led him to the camp of the blacks, explained the circumstances under which she had found him, and secured his admission as a chief of the tribe, a position for which he was physically well qualified, as he was a man of great stature (6 feet 7 inches), strength and endurance.

For the next thirty-two years Buckley led the life of a savage, hunting, fishing and fighting with the tribe that adopted him. He does not appear to have taught the blacks anything or raised them in any degree in the scale of civilization. He simply became one of themselves and adapted himself to his new environment in every respect—perhaps his best and wisest course under the circumstances. It was on July 12, 1835, that he saw a white face for the first time after the lapse of more than thirty years. On that day the pioneers of the city of Melbourne landed from their little schooner, and Buckley advanced to meet them. He had by this time become but little superior to the savages around him, but the newcomers noticed the comparatively light color of his skin. He tried to summon up some English words from the depths of his memory, and at last succeeded in articulating the word "bread." He made himself very useful as an interpreter between the new white settlers and the blacks, and when his story reached London the Imperial authorities magnanimously drew the sponge over his offence and sent him a free pardon. He enjoyed a small pension in his later years, and lived until February 2, 1856, when he was thrown out of a cart and killed, in his seventy-sixth year. The site of the present town of Geelong, about forty miles from Melbourne was the headquarters of the tribe to which Buckley was attached during his three decades of savage life. Three miles from Geelong there is still shown a cave in a river gorge where he is said to have resided, and the adjacent rapids continue to perpetuate his name as Buckley's Falls.



THE BACK BENCH IN THE OLD SCHOOL.

James Morrill, a native of Maldon, Essex, was the sole survivor of the shipwreck of the bark Peruvian, that struck on a reef off the northeastern coast of Queensland on March 8, 1846. He lived with the Queensland blacks until his rescue in February, 1863. Another shipwrecked sailor, John Renton by name, was with the Queensland blacks for an even longer period, twenty years. The story of a little cabin-boy named Narcisse Pierre Pellatier ought to have attracted the attention of the boys' novelists long before now. He engaged as cabin-boy on the St. Paul, bound from China to Australia, with 350 Chinese emigrants. She also struck on a reef off the northeastern coast of Queensland. Officers and crew got away in the boats, not troubling themselves about the Chinese passengers, and in their hurry forgetting the little cabin-boy, who was subsequently found by the blacks in a dying condition in a cranny among the rocks. They nursed him back to life, fed him, treated him well, and, in fact, made him the pet of the tribe. Nearly all the Chinese passengers were captured by the blacks and eaten up, two at a time. The flesh of the Chinaman is esteemed a great delicacy by the cannibal blacks of Queensland. From the point of view of a cannibal, a vegetarian is vastly superior to a meat-eater. Little Pellatier lived with the blacks for seventeen years, and was rescued by a British ship, the John Bell, on April 11, 1875. He immediately returned to France, where he may be still living. He would now be a man of between fifty and sixty.—Pall Mall Gazette.



BREAKING IN THE NEW TEAM.

WHY HE WAS ADVANCED.

A business firm once employed a young man whose energy and grasp of affairs soon led the management to promote him over a faithful and trusted employee, says a writer in The Popular Science Monthly. The old clerk felt deeply hurt that the younger man should be promoted over him, and complained to the manager.

Feeling that this was a case that could not be argued, the manager asked the old clerk what was the occasion of all the noise in front of their building.

The clerk went forward, and returned with the answer that it was a lot of wagons going by.

The manager then asked what they were loaded with, and again the clerk went out and returned, reporting that they were loaded with wheat.

The manager then sent him to ascertain how many wagons there were, and he returned with the answer that there were sixteen. Finally he was sent to see where they were from, and he returned saying they were from the city of Lucena.

The manager then asked the old clerk to be seated, and sent for the young man and said to him: "Will you see what is the meaning of that rumbling noise in front?"

The young man replied: "Sixteen wagons loaded with wheat. Twenty more will pass tomorrow. They belong to Romero & Co., of Lucena, and are on their way to Marchesa, where wheat is bringing one dollar and a quarter a bushel for hauling."

The young man was dismissed, and the manager, turning to the old clerk, said:

"My friend, you see now why the younger man was promoted over you."

CRIPPLE TIM.

The bootblacks and newsboys had missed "Cripple Tim"
For more than a week, and were talking of him
When into their council, pinched, careworn, and thin,
With cheeks pale and hollow, he came limping in.
"Bin sick, Tim?" said one; "Bin away?" said another.
But Tim only murmured: "Bin a nursin' my brother."
And added: "Say, kids, here's my kit for two bits.
Say, take it, some feller. I'll throw in these mits."

The bargain soon driven, his quarter in sight,
Tim entered the newsroom and started to write:
And a tear filled the eye of the warm-hearted clerk
As he read the result of Tim's labored work:
And it went into press just as Tim wrote it down,
And was spelled out in whispers by the waifs of the town.

burnin feVer tuk him an hes DeD
tims onlY bruther littel teD
Gon up to heVen that's all
funral termorrer citY hall.

"Kin it go fur a quarter?" said Tim with a sob.
"I sold out my kit fur to pay fur the job.
Cause he died in my arms an' I wants him ter see
Way up there with mother how he stood here with me."
Tim's kit filled with flowers they took to his den.
Each newsboy and bootblack contributing "ten."
And Ted's little coffin as it sank 'neath the sod
Was a tribute of street waifs sent straight to their God.

To nature's sweet touch each heart like a rose
Unfolds in the garden of poor human woes.

—Frank Hastings.

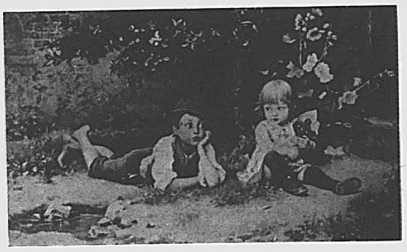
QUITE UNHURT.

A certain country doctor, who was also the village dentist and surgeon, was a severe-looking man, and had besides the reputation of being most "heroic" in his methods of treatment, so that many people stood in a kind of terror of him.

One day he was passing a house that was in process of building, when he saw a boy fall from a pretty high ladder. Pulling up his horse the doctor jumped out of his sulky and hastened to the rescue.

"Are you much hurt, my boy?" he asked, as he came near.

"No, sir," answered the boy, springing to his feet and hobbling away as fast as he could. "No, sir, not a bit. In fact, I feel all the better."



ON THE ALERT.

THE ACORN.

The topmost acorn on a lofty tree
Might have within its shell a purpose high,
Yet it could nothing but an acorn be,
Were it not made beneath the ground to lie,
And, as a little oak, start toward the sky.

'Tis not the station that we occupy
That ever makes us great or makes us small:
A little fellow may be put so high
That he must be, perchance, compelled to fall,
Or he may never reach his best at all.

—Charles H. Talcott.

General Lord Kitchener, of Khartoum.

THE splendid portrait of Major-General Lord Kitchener which accompanies this issue, gives an excellent idea of Great Britain's youngest General. The best character sketch of him which has appeared is that from the pen of the brilliant war correspondent, Mr. G. W. Steevens, which is given herewith.

Major-General Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener is forty-eight years old by the book; but that is irrelevant. He stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance, and looks out imperiously above most men's heads; his motions are deliberate and strong; slender, but firmly knit, he seems built for tireless, steel-wire endurance, rather than for power or agility; that also is irrelevant.

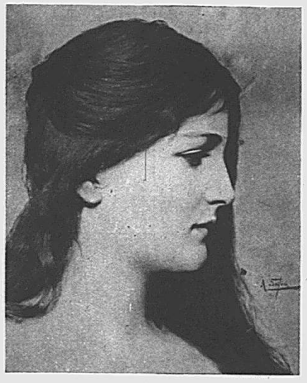
Steady, passionless eyes shaded by decisive brows, brick-red, rather full cheeks, a long moustache, beneath which you divine an immovable mouth; his face is harsh, and neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike. All this is irrelevant, too; neither age, nor figure, nor face, nor any accident of person has any bearing on the essential Sirdar.

You could imagine the character just the same as if all the externals were different. He has no age but the prime of life, no body but one to carry his mind, no face but one to keep his brain behind. The brain and the will are the essence and the whole of the man—a brain perfect and a will so perfect in their workings that, in the face of extremest difficulty, they never seem to know what struggle is. You cannot imagine the Sirdar otherwise than as seeing the right thing to do and doing it.

MORE A MACHINE THAN A MAN.

His precision is so inhumanly unerring, he is more like a machine than a man. You feel that he ought to be patented and shown with pride at the Paris International Exhibition. British Empire: Exhibit No. 1, hors concours, the Soudan Machine.

It was aptly said of him by one who had closely watched him in his office, and in the field, and at mess, that he is the sort of "feller" that ought to be made manager of the Army and Navy Stores. The aphorist's tastes lay perhaps chiefly in the direction of those more genial virtues which the Sirdar does not possess, yet it summed him up perfectly. He would be a splendid manager of the Army and Navy Stores. There are some who nurse a desperate hope that he may some day be appointed to sweep out the War Office. He would be a splendid manager of the War Office. He would be a splendid manager of anything.



A MODEL.

But it so happens that he has turned himself to the management of war in the Soudan, and he is the complete and the only master of that art. Beginning life in the Royal Engineers—a soil reputed more favorable to machinery than to human nature—he early turned to the study of the Levant. He was one of Beaconsfield's military vice-consuls in Asia Minor; he was subsequently director of the Palestine Exploration Fund. After that he surveyed Cyprus, whence he escaped—some whisper, without leave—to see the bombardment of Alexandria.

ENTERS THE KHEDIVE'S ARMY.

At the beginning of the Soudan troubles he appeared. He was one of the original twenty-five officers who set to work on the new Egyptian army. And in Egypt and the Soudan he has been ever since—on the staff generally, fighting often, living with natives sometimes, mastering the problem of the Soudan always. The ripe harvest of fifteen years is that he knows everything that is to be learned of his subject. He has seen and profited by the errors of others as by their successes. He has inherited the wisdom and the achievements of his predecessors. He came at the right hour, and he was the right man.

In the Egyptian army, a captain of R. E., he began as second-in-command of a regiment of cavalry. In Wolseley's campaign he was Intelligence Officer. During the summer of 1887 he was at Korosko, negotiating with the Ababdeh sheikhs in view of an advance across the desert to Abu Hamed, and note how characteristically he has now himself bettered the then abandoned project, by going that way to Berber and Khartoum himself—only with a railway!

The idea of the advance across the desert he took over from Lord Wolseley, and indeed from the immemorial Arabs; and then from his own stroke of insight and resolution, amounting to genius, he turned a raid into an irresistible certain conquest by superseding camels with the railway. Others had thought of the desert route; the Sirdar, connecting Korosko to Halfa, used it. Others had projected desert railways, the Sirdar made one. That, summarized in one instance, is the working of the Soudan machine.



THE LITTLE STUDENT.

HIS EARLY FIGHTING.

As Intelligence Officer, Kitchener accompanied Sir Herbert Stewart's desert column, and you may be sure that the utter breakdown of transport which must in any case have marred that heroic folly was not unnoticed by him. Afterwards, through the long decade of little fights that made the Egyptian army, Kitchener was fully employed. In 1887 and 1888 he commanded Suakin, and it is remarkable that his most important enterprise was half a failure. He attacked Osman Digna at Handub, when most of the Emir's men were away raiding; and although he succeeded in releasing a number of captives, he thought it well to retire, himself wounded in the face by a bullet, without any decisive success.

The withdrawal was in no way discreditable, for his force was a jumble of irregulars and levies without discipline. But it is not perhaps fanciful to believe that the Sirdar, who has never given battle without making certain of an annihilating victory, has not forgotten his experience of haphazard Bashi-Bazouking at Handub.

APPOINTED SIRDAR.

He had his revenge before the end of 1888, when he led a brigade of Soudanese over Osman's trenches at Gemaizeh. Next year at Toski he again commanded a brigade. In 1890 he succeeded Sir Francis Grenfell as Sirdar. That he meant to be Sirdar in fact as well as name, he showed immediately. The young Khedive travelled south to the frontier, and took the occasion to insult every British officer he came across. Kitchener promptly gave battle, he resigned, a crisis came, and the Khedive was obliged to do public penance, by issuing a General Order in praise of the discipline of the army and of its British officers.

Two years later he began the reconquest of the Soudan. Without a single throw-back the work has gone forward since—but not without intervals. The Sirdar is never in a hurry. With immovable self-control he holds back from each step till the ground is consolidated under the last.

The real fighting power of the Soudan lies in the country itself—in its barrenness, which refuses food, and its vastness, which paralyzes transport. The Soudan machine obviates barrenness and vastness; the bayonet action stands still until the railway action has piled the bank with supplies, or the steamer action can run with a full Nile. Fighting men may chafe and go down with typhoid and cholera; they are in the iron grip of the machine, and they must wait the turn of its wheels. Dervishes wait and wonder, passing from apprehension to security. Then suddenly at daybreak one morning they see the Sirdar advancing upon them from all sides together, and by noon they are nearly all dead. Patient and swift, certain and relentless, the Soudan machine rolls, conquering, southward.

In the meantime, during all the years of preparation and achievement, the man has disappeared. The man, Herbert Kitchener, owned the affection of private friends in England and of old comrades of fifteen years' standing; for the rest of the world there is no man Herbert Kitchener, but only the Sirdar, neither asking affection nor giving it.

His officers and men are wheels in the machine: he feeds them enough to make them efficient, and works them as mercilessly as he works himself. He will have no married officers in his army; marriage interferes with work. Any officer who breaks down with the climate goes on sick leave once; next time he goes and the Egyptian army bears him on its strength no more.

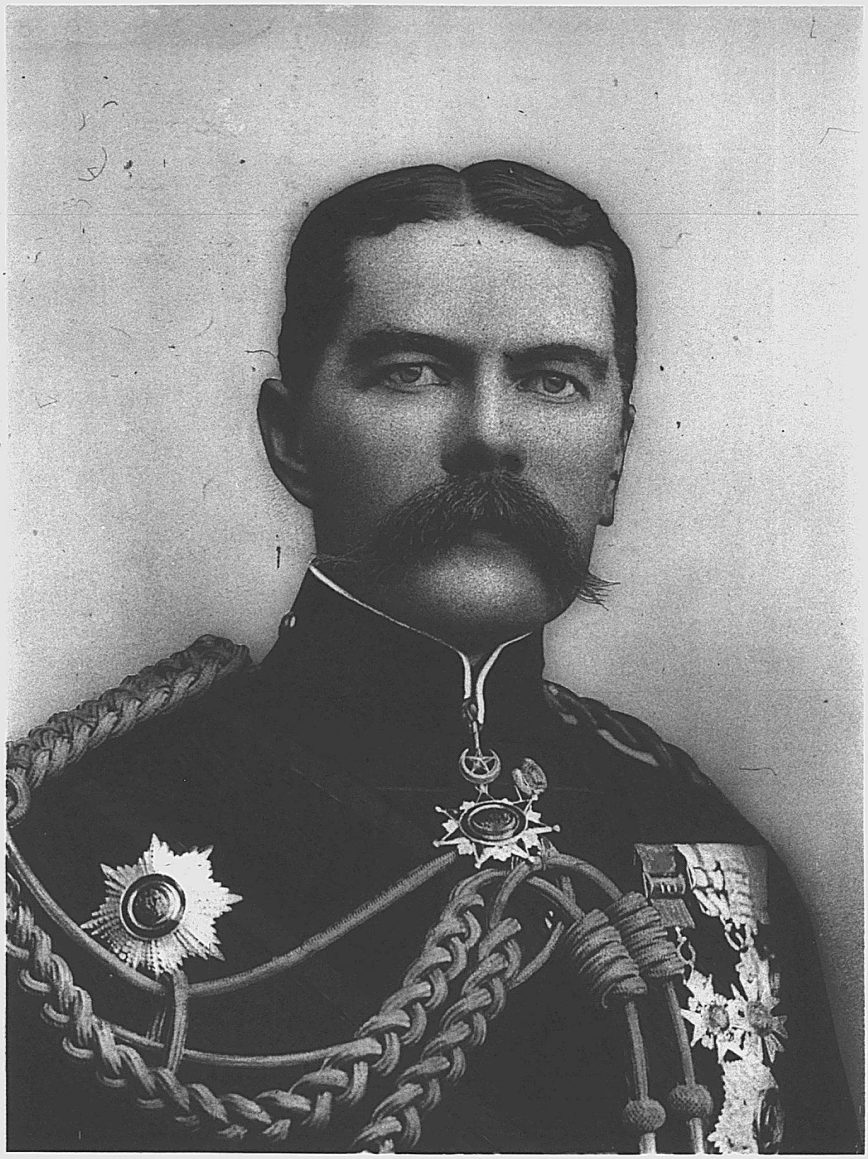
Asked once why he did not let his officers come down to Cairo during the season, he replied, "If it was to go home, where they would get fit and I could get more work out of them, I would. But why should I let them go to Cairo?" It is unamiable, but it is war, and it has a severe significance.

And if you suppose, therefore, that the Sirdar is unpopular, he is not. No General is unpopular who always beats the enemy. When the columns move out of camp in the evening to march all night through the dark, they know not whither, and fight at dawn with an enemy they have never seen, every man goes forth with a tranquil mind. He may personally come back and he may not; but about the general result there is not a doubt. You bet your boots the Sirdar knows; he wouldn't fight if he weren't going to win. Other Generals have been better loved; none was ever better trusted.

For of this one human weakness the Sirdar is believed not to have purged himself—ambition. He is on his promotion, a man who cannot afford to make a mistake. Homilies against ambition may be left to those who have failed in their own; the Sirdar's, if apparently purely personal, is legitimate and even lofty. He has attained eminent distinction at an exceptionally early age; he has commanded victorious armies at an early age when most men are hoping to command regiments. Even now a junior Major-General, he has been entrusted with an army of six brigades, a command such as few of his seniors have ever led in the field.

Finally, he has been entrusted with a mission such as almost every one of them would have greedily accepted—the crowning triumph of half a generation at war. Naturally, he has awakened jealousies, and he has bought permission to take each step on the way only by brilliant success in the last. If in this case he be not so stiffly unbending to the high as he is to the low, who shall blame him? He has climbed too high not to take every precaution against a fall.

But he will not fall—just yet, at any rate. So far as Egypt is concerned, he is the man of destiny—the man who has been preparing himself sixteen years for one great purpose. For Anglo-Egypt he is the Mahdi, the expected, the man who has sifted experience and corrected error; who has worked at small things and waited for great, marble to sit still and fire to smite, steadfast, cold and inflexible; the man who has cut out his human heart and made himself a machine to retake Khartoum.



MAJOR-GENERAL LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM

SIRDAR OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY

Book

We are alway
UP-TO-DATE
With Styles a
Write us.

Caverhil
Learmon
MONTR

Metals, Gl
Hardware,
Firearms,

DEAFNESS



Relie
deafn
stive
I
S
and t
deaf
has g
We
testin
benef
arrha
and
charge from Ears, R
Thickened Drums. C
hold Building, Toron

Canadia
HA

Colonel Collings is
Mr. Card for the Toma
it excellent.
This sauce is for roa
lunch, breakfast or s
the superiority of its
Car

Dear Madam,—Pra
which you were good e
you many happy return
Ask your Deal
Maker. Prepa

The
S

PASSENGER

TORONTO
CORONA
KEENORA
HIAWATH

Bookbinding

WE BIND FOR THE PUBLISHER AND THE TRADE.

We are always UP-TO-DATE With Styles and Designs. Write us. . . .

Wilson, Munroe & Cassidy,

28 FRONT STREET W., TORONTO.

Caverhill, Learmont & Co.

MONTREAL.

Metals, Glass, Hardware, Cutlery, Firearms, Bicycles.

DEAFNESS and HEAD NOISES

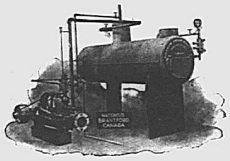


Relieved, the progress of deafness stopped and sensitive ears protected by

The Common Sense Ear Drums

and they often assist the deaf when medical skill has given no relief.

Write for pamphlet and testimonials showing benefit in cases of Catarrhal Deafness, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Discharge from Ears, Relaxed, Sunken or Thickened Drums. C. B. MILLER, Freehold Building, Toronto, Canada.



An Ideal Dairy Outfit.

We supply a large number of these every year, often replacing smaller and inefficient plants.

Waterous, Brantford, Can.

A Handsome Xmas Present

The age has progressed in common sense, and the time has gone by when some useless trinket can with prudence and acceptability be given as a Xmas gift. In this superbly equipped furniture store, with its large assortment of rare and rich goods, many exclusive to our own business, you'll experience a pleasure hitherto unknown in selecting a Xmas present. We suggest :—

RATTAN AND REED FURNITURE.



Ladies' Rattan Rocking Chairs, similar in design to cut, $4.50, $5 and $6.

Ladies' Rattan Rockers, finished in thirteenth century, Empire green, cherry and fancy assorted colored reeds, $3, $3.50, $3.50, $4.25, $5, $6, $7 to $10 each.

Gents' Rattan Arm Chairs, new artistic designs, $3, $3.50, $4 50, $7, $7.50, $8 to $13 each.

Child's Rattan Rocking Chairs, $1.75, $2, $2.75, $3 and $3.50 each.

ROCKING CHAIRS.

Rocking Chairs, in upholstered and leather seats, white enamel and gold finished rattan chairs, students' easy chairs, Morris reclining chairs, couches, settees, cold chairs, chiffoniers, ladies' fancy desks, dressing tables, shaving stand, etc.

PARLOR CABINETS.

Parlor Cabinets, in a large assortment of new patterns, $2 to $35 each.

Music Cabinets, a variety of patterns, $4 to $20 each.

Parlor Tables, an immense variety of new patterns and colors, $2 to $21 each.

CHINA CABINETS.



China Cabinets, solid quartered cut oak, highly polished, with movable shelves, bent glass sides and glass door, 48 inches wide, 68 inches high, $22 each.

China Cabinets, solid quartered cut oak, highly finished, $15, $18, $22 and $24 each.

HANDSOME BOOK CASES.



Combination Secretary and Book Case, made in solid oak, 43 inches wide, 70 inches high, fitted with glass door and British bevel-plate mirror, $16.

Combination Secretaries and Book Cases, in solid oak, highly finished, $9.50, $12, $13, $16, $17, $18.50 $19, $21 and $22 each.

Shall we say come early? Xmas shopping is helpful if you make an early start.

MILLER & KENT, 231-233 YONGE STREET. Toronto.

Canadian Tomato Chutnee

HAS ROYAL APPROVAL.

KENSINGTON PALACE, Dec. 22, 1891.

Colonel Collings is desired by H. R. H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, to thank Mrs. Card for the Tomato Chutnee she has been good enough to send her. The Princess thinks it excellent.

This sauce is for roast meats, cutlets, gravies, chops, steaks, cold meats, curries, game, soup, lunch, breakfast or sandwiches. Helps the appetite. Possessing a piquancy of flavor, and from the superiority of its zests is more generally used than any other condiment.

Canada's Late Premier Recommends It.

EARNSCLIFFE, Ottawa, Dec. 24, 1890.

Dear Madam,—Pray pardon me for not answering your note respecting the Tomato Chutnee which you were good enough to send me. We have tried it and found it very good. Wishing you many happy returns of the season. Believe me, yours very truly, JOHN A. MACDONALD.

Ask your Dealer for it or send to Maker. Prepared only by . . . M. P. CARD, Guelph, Ont.

A FULL STOP

ESTABLISHED 1868.

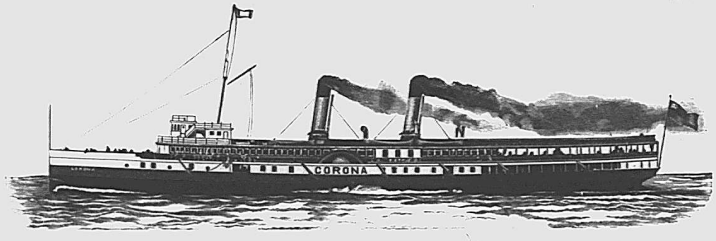
To Chills, Grippe, Colds, Catarrh, Sore Throat, Hay Fever, and General Prostration.

By using the New Grippe Cure and No. 2.

No household can afford to be without them. The **GREAT SPECIFICS** in these troubles. A few doses may break up the disease in its early stage, preventing a long illness. **Have unequalled Tonic Power.** Removes all **ill effects** and **fortifies** the **System.** They are a family medicine chest. A trial reveals their powers over disease. Sent postpaid for **50 cents.** Send for **"Family Guide."**

D. L. THOMPSON, Homeopathic Pharmaceutist,

'Phone 1994. 394 Yonge Street, TORONTO.



The BERTRAM ENGINE WORKS Co.

Limited

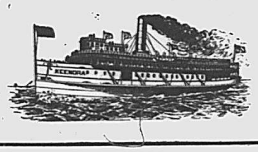
TORONTO

SHIP BUILDERS AND ENGINEERS

Steel and Composite Steamers, Tugs and Barges.

PASSENGER AND FREIGHT STEAMERS:

TORONTO	G. B. GREENE
CORONA	MINTO
KEENORA	MOYIE
HIAWATHA	AHMIC



TUGS AND BARGES:

BRONSON		HILDA
HAMILTON		MADGE
PEMBROKE		BELLE
NADINE	EDITH	ETHEL

Best Quality **COAL AND WOOD** Lowest Prices.



THE **ELIAS ROGERS CO.** Limited

SUN INSURANCE OFFICE FOUNDED A.D. 1710. **FIRE**

HEAD OFFICE: **LONDON, ENG.**

The Oldest Purely Fire Office in the World.

Canadian Branch: TORONTO, ONT.

H. M. BLACKBURN, Manager.

GEO. M. HIGINBOTHAM, GEO. S. LYON, } Toronto Agents.

Agents wanted in all unrepresented districts

QUEEN'S HOTEL,

MONTREAL.

The only fire-proof hotel in the city. Within sight of C.P.R. and G.T.R. depots.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

Rates according to location. Cuisine unexcelled. . . . . .

C. & N. VALLEE, Proprietors.
GEO. D. FUCHS, Manager.

Table and Pocket

Cutlery

Cutlery Cabinets,
Chafing Dishes,
5 o'clock Kettles and Stands,
Dish Covers,
Hot Water Plates.

RICE LEWIS & SON

Cor. King & Victoria Sts., Toronto LIMITED.

Imperial Trusts Company
of Canada, Toronto.

CAPITAL, . . $400,000

Interest allowed on deposits in General Trust Fund at 4 per cent. per annum, compounded half-yearly. Interest on deposits for three years 4½ per cent. per annum.

Government, Municipal and other High-Class Bonds and Debentures for sale to pay from 3 per cent. to 4½ per cent.

J. S. LOCKIE, Manager

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

Sterling Silver and **Fine Electro-Plated Ware.**

(Stamped.)

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co

Office and Showrooms—
1794 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL



Russell House,
Ottawa, Canada.

F. X. ST. JACQUES, Proprietor.

C. GOULDING & SONS,

Wholesale Importers **MILLINERY** and **FANCY DRY GOODS**

55 Bay Street, TORONTO. PARIS—35 Rue Poissonniere. LONDON—3 St. Martin's House, Gresham Street



Old and Young Alike Enjoy the

Gram-o-Phone

(ZONOPHONE).

. . . and those who have heard it, and all its **reproductions,** are unanimous in their preference for the Berliner Gram-o-Phone.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICES. Sole Agents:

The NORDHEIMER PIANO & MUSIC CO., 15 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

THE BOILER INSPECTION and INSURANCE COMPANY, TORONTO.

Are you satisfied with the results obtained from your steam apparatus? Are your boilers safe? When were they last inspected?



Central Business College

AND SCHOOL OF

SHORTHAND, TYPEWRITING, TELEGRAPHY

Eight regular Teachers. Splendid equipment. Good results.

Members admitted at any time. No vacations. Students assisted to positions. Write for Prospectus.

W. H. SHAW, Principal,
Yonge and Gerrard Streets, TORONTO.

PRESSED BRICKS...

Red, Buff Brown and Cream in Plain, and Over 200 Ornamental Designs.



Registered Trade Mark "DON" on bricks guarantees them to be the only first-class goods made in Canada.

VITRIFIED PAVING BRICKS,
ARCHITECTURAL TERRA COTTA,
BRICK MANTELS.

TAYLOR BROTHERS, 60 Adelaide St. E., Toronto, Canada.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICES.

The Royal Military College.

There are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College at Kingston. At the same time its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving the highest technical instructions in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of Canadian Militia. In fact it is intended to take the place in Canada of the English Woolwich and Sandhurst and the American West Point.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and in addition there is a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such a large proportion of the College course.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive in addition to their military studies a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all subjects that are essential to a high and general modern education.

The course in mathematics is very complete and a thorough grounding is given in the subjects of Civil Engineering, Civil and Hydrographic Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The object of the College course is thus to give the cadets a training which shall thoroughly equip them for either a military or civil career.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the system. As a result of it young men acquire habits of obedience and self-control and consequently of self-reliance and command, as well as experience in controlling and handling their fellows.

In addition the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds ensures good health and fine physical condition.

An experienced medical officer is in attendance at the College daily.

Five commissions in the Imperial regular army are annually awarded as prizes to the cadets.

The length of course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months' residence each.

The total cost of the three years' course, including board, uniforms, instructional material and all extras, is from $750 to $800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College will take place at the headquarters of the several military districts in which candidates reside about the middle of June in each year.

For full particulars of this examination or for any other information applications should be made as early as possible to the Deputy Adjutant General of Militia, Ottawa, Ont.

mperial
rusts Company
Canada, Toronto.
CAPITAL, - - $400,000
Interest allowed on deposits in General
t Fund at 4 per cent. per annum, com-
nded half-yearly. Interest on deposits
three years at 4½ per cent. per annum.
overnment, Municipal and other High-
s Bonds and Debentures for sale to pay
to 5 per cent. to 4½ per cent.
J. S. LOCKIE, Manager

K YOUR DEALER FOR
Sterling Silver
Fine Electro-
Plated Ware.
(Stamped.)
mpson, Hall, Miller & Co
Office and Showrooms—
1794 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL


Russell House,
Ottawa, Canada.
. ST. JACQUES, Proprietor.

ung Alike Enjoy the
am-o-Phone
(ZONOPHONE).
se who have heard it, and all its
s, are unanimous in their prefer-
erliner Gram-o-Phone.
ALOGUE AND PRICES. Sole Agents:
MUSIC CO., 15 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

entral
Business
College
OOL OF
HAND, TYPEWRITING, TELEGRAPHY
regular Teachers. Splendid equip-
ment. Good results.
ers admitted at any time. No vacations.
assisted to positions. Write for Prospectus.
W. H. SHAW, Principal,
and Gerrard Streets, TORONTO.

ry College.
the cadets a training which shall
bly equip them for either a military
career.
strict discipline maintained at the
is one of the most valuable features
system. As a result of it young men
habits of obedience and self-control
sequently of self-reliance and com-
as well as experience in controlling
nding their fellows.
ddition the constant practice of gym-
drills and outdoor exercises of all
nsures good health and fine physical
on.
perienced medical officer is in at-
ce at the College daily.
commissions in the Imperial regular
re annually awarded as prizes to
ets.
length of course is three years, in
erms of 9½ months' residence each.
otal cost of the three years' course,
g board, uniforms, instructional ma-
nd all extras, is from $750 to $800.
annual competitive examination for
on to the College will take place at
adquarters of the several military
s in which candidates reside about
dle of June in each year.
ull particulars of this examination
any other information applications
be made as early as possible to the
Adjutant General of Militia, Ot-
Ont.

The Standard Life
Assurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1825.
Head Office for Canada:—Montreal.
Total Assurances $116,500,000
Total Assets 42,850,000
Investments in Canada... 13,500,000
Agencies in all Parts of Canada.
W. M. RAMSAY, Manager.
J. HUTTON BALFOUR, Superintendent of Agencies.
CHARLES HUNTER, Chief Agent, Ontario.
THOMAS KERR, Chief Inspector.


Pember's Pompadour Bang on a Comb. Patent applied for.
Pember's
Canada's Greatest Hair Goods House
We have the largest business in our line on this continent, therefore the volume of business we transact and the satisfaction we have given warrants the truth of our statement that we can sell cheaper and give better satisfaction than any other firm. We manufacture Hair Goods of every description, and having recently returned from London and Paris we have all the latest facilities.
For further information send for our new Catalogue.
Russian and Turkish Baths in connection.


W. T. PEMBER,
127-129 and 778 Yonge Street,
Telephone 2275 3343 TORONTO, CANADA.

Horseshoe Brand "THE HORSESHOE BRAND"
GOOD LUCK TO THE WEARER
THE H.V.N. CO. LTD
Trade Mark Reg.
Shoes
Manufactured By the ....
Harvey Van Norman Co.
TORONTO.
Are sold by all Principal Dealers throughout Canada.
Ask for Them.

THE SUPREMACY OF STRENGTH. THE DIGNITY OF AGE. THE SATISFACTION OF RESULTS.
Est'd 1843.
STAR LIFE
ASSURANCE SOCIETY.
Men, Women and Children Insured.
From Age One to Age Seventy.
Chief Canadian Office, WESLEY BUILDINGS, TORONTO.
New Business in 1897, $8,370,000.00.
Income in 1897, $3,451,000.00. Total Insurance in Force, $30,887,000.00.
MORE LIVE LOCAL AGENTS WANTED.

ROBINSON, LITTLE & CO.
Wholesale
DRY GOODS
LONDON, ONT.

Some reasons why printers buy
Miller & Richard's
Celebrated Extra Hard Scotch Metal TYPE
In preference to any other . . .
It is Lighter.
It is More Durable.
It is Perfectly Finished.
It is Cast on the Point System.
It is Cast on Old Bodies.
It is Cast of Superior Metal.
Sorts can be Promptly Furnished.
It is as cheap as the most inferior type in the market. More type in stock than in all other printer's warehouses in Canada combined.

C. A. & B.
Wishing Our Customers the Compliments of the Season.
Caulfeild, Henderson & Burns
17 FRONT STREET WEST, TORONTO.

DOMINION OIL CLOTH CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
OIL CLOTHS
of every description. Floor Oil Cloth, Table Oil Cloth, Carriage Oil Cloth, Enamelled Oil Cloth, Stair Oil Cloth, etc., etc. OFFICE AND WORKS
Cor. St. Catherine and Parthenais Streets, MONTREAL, QUE.
Branch Office—1 Front St. E., TORONTO.

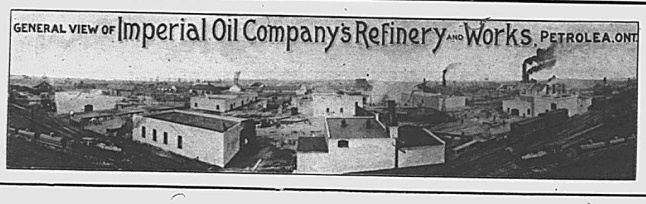
100,000 High-grade Steel BICYCLE BALLS
1-8, 5-32, 3-16, 20c per 100; $1.50 per 1,000.
Other Sizes Equally as Low.
BICYCLE===5,000===BELLS
14c Each. 5,000 Foot Pumps 25c Each.
CALL OR WRITE. . . . . FULL LINE OF SUNDRIES
C. MUNSON, 470 Yonge St., Toronto.



CANADIAN OFFICE AND SCHOOL FURNITURE COMPANY
PRESTON, ONT.
Fine Bank, Office, Court House and Drug Store Fitting. Send for Catalogue.

School of Practical Science, Toronto
(Affiliated to the University of Toronto.)
Departments
1. Civil Engineering.
2. Mining Engineering.
3. Mechanical and Electrical Engineering.
4. Architecture.
5. Analytical and Applied Chemistry.
Laboratories
1. Chemical.
2. Assaying.
3. Milling.
4. Steam.
5. Meteorological.
6. Electrical.
7. Testing of Materials.
Museums
1. Minerals.
2. Rocks.
3. Fossils.
4. Chemical Manufactures.
5. Building Stones.
Diplomas, etc.
1. Diploma of the School.
2. Degree of Bachelor of Applied Science.
3. Professional Degrees in Engineering, after three years in active professional practice.
For further information apply to L. B. STEWART, Secretary.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE Guelph.
The kind of instruction and practical training needed by young men who intend to be Farmers, Butter-makers or Cheese-makers.
Send to the President for a copy of the College Circular.



Winsor & Woodley



Carpenters and Builders, 117 to 121 Peter Street, Toronto, 'Phone 2216.

Large stock of Building Material always on hand. Jobbing promptly attended to. OFFICE FIXTURES A SPECIALTY. ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

ART FURNITURE FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING.

Fancy Chairs and Rockers,
Fancy Tables and Stands,
Fancy Cabinets and Vitrines,
Music Racks and Cabinets,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

You are especially invited to see our new productions in Fancy Cabinets, Morris Chairs, and Colonial Chairs and Rockers. They are EXCLUSIVE, HANDSOME and INEXPENSIVE.

Dressing Tables and Chiffonieres,
Secretaries and Book Cases,
Brass and Enamelled Bedsteads,
Lounges and Easy Chairs,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

97 YONGE ST. **The CHAS. ROGERS & SONS Co.** (LIMITED) 97 YONGE ST.



TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, COLLEGE STREET.

HON. G. W. ALLAN, President. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director.

Affiliated with the University of Toronto and Trinity University.

A Faculty of Strength and Eminence in all Departments.

CALENDAR and SYLLABUS Mailed Free.

Diplomas, Certificates, Scholarships, Medals, etc. Local examinations to be conducted at various "Centres" during June and July, 1899.

H. N. SHAW, B.A., Principal School of Elocution, Oratory, Physical Culture and Dramatic Art.

EST BLISHED 47 YEARS.

SCALES FOR EVERY BUSINESS.



Wilson's MONEY-WEIGHT Scales....

tell you the weight, price and value at the same time. Fitted with Agate and Diamond Steel Bearings—100 styles of Coal and Platform Scales.

C. WILSON & SON,
70 Esplanade St., Toronto

DO YOU

STAMMER?

Have You a Speech Defect of Any Nature?

WRITE THE ....

Linton Orthophonic Institute,
Brockville, Canada.

The only school without advance fee, you pay when cured and satisfied. . . Prospectus to any address free. . . . . .

Upper Canada College.

FOUNDED - - 1829.

Principal . . . . . G. R. PARKIN, C.M.G., LL.D.

Prepares Boys for the Universities and the Special Colleges.

The staff of the College now includes 14 masters, holding degrees from English and Canadian Universities.

Large grounds, excellent equipment, preparatory department for small boys, newly finished hospital for dealing with infectious diseases—an English professional for cricket.

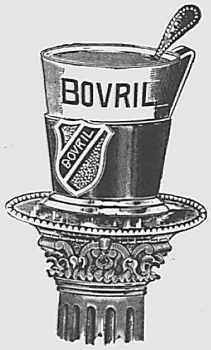
As the boarding and class room space of the College is now taken up only a limited number of applications can be received until new buildings are provided. Vacancies for 1899 will be filled in the order of application from this date, preference being given to younger boys.

November, 1898.

CHALLENGE CUP

OPEN TO THE

WORLD



FOR....

Health, Strength and Vigor.

BOVRIL—
The only reliable Fluid Beef.
One teaspoonful to a cup of hot or cold water.

Sold by all First-class Grocers and Druggists.

BOVRIL, Limited,
30 FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, ENG.
25 and 27 ST. PETER STREET, MONTREAL.


Ritchie and Ramsay
TORONTO CANADA.
MANUFACTURERS OF
COATED PAPER AND CARDBOARD
THE FINEST GRADES OF GOODS FOR
Printing, Lithographing, Paper Boxes, Photo Mounts
The Christmas Globe and Supplementary plates are printed on OUR COATED PAPER.

Winsor & Woodley



Carpenters and Builders, 117 to 121 Peter Street, Toronto. 'Phone 2216.

Large stock of Building Material always on hand. Jobbing promptly attended to
Office Fixtures a Specialty.
Estimates Furnished.

S GIVING.

s and Chiffonieres,
Book Cases,
nelled Bedsteads,
sy Chairs,

97 YONGE ST.

GE CUP

THE

LD

FOR....

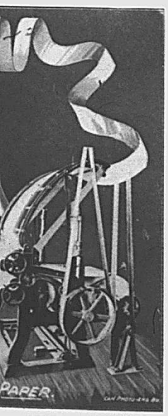
Health,
Strength
and
Vigor.

BOVRIL—
The only reliable
Fluid Beef.
One teaspoonful to a
cup of hot or cold water.

Sold by all
First-class Grocers
and Druggists.

nited,

REET, LONDON, ENG.
STREET, MONTREAL.



WM. BARBER & BROS.

PAPER-MAKERS

Make a Specialty of

Machine-finished Book Papers, and High-Grade Weekly News.
Also Make Colored Cover and Job Papers.
Paper for Half-Tone Printing.
Paper for Coating.
Paper for Labels.
Paper for Staining, etc., etc.

JOHN R. BARBER, Proprietor.
E. FINLAY, Superintendent.
GEO. E. CHALLES, Selling Agent, Mail Building, Toronto.

GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

Made on Honor — E. B. EDDY'S WARES — Sold on Merit.

Telegraph, Telephone, Tiger, Matches, Red Parlors, Flamers, Capital Safeties, Wax Vestas, Victoria Parlors — are noted for the high quality of their material and workmanship. The name is a sufficient guarantee.

On most favorable terms.

Indurated Fibreware, Tubs, Pails, etc. — At most liberal discounts.

In addition to the foregoing we manufacture

WOODENWARE,
WASHBOARDS,
ANTISEPTIC WARE,
...And all kinds of...
PAPER,
PAPER BAGS and
PAPER PRODUCTS.

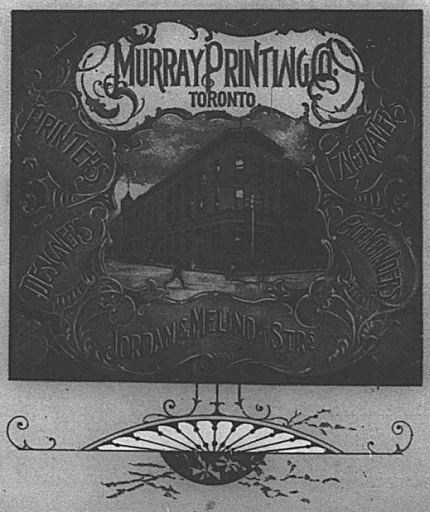
The uniform quality and excellence of our goods is recognised throughout the country, and no dealer can afford to to be without them.

The E. B. EDDY CO.

(Limited),
HULL, MONTREAL, TORONTO

QUEBEC,
HAMILTON,
KINGSTON,
LONDON,
ST. JOHN, N.B.,
HALIFAX,
WINNIPEG,
VICTORIA,
VANCOUVER,
St. John's, Nfld.

Have Your next job of Printing done by the



The Ontario Mutual Life

ESTABLISHED 1870.

Head Office: WATERLOO, ONT.

Assurance in force January 1st, 1898,	$21,500,000
Cash Income, 1897	820,000
Assets, December 31st, 1397	3,800,000
Reserve for Security of Policyholders, 1897	3,500,000
Surplus over all Liabilities, December 31st, 1897, Actuaries' 4%	231,500
Surplus on Government Standard, 4½%	390,000

The Oldest, Largest, Strongest, and Best Life Assurance Companies in the World are MUTUAL.

This Company holds Reserves for the security of its policy-holders based on the Actuaries' Table, with 4 per cent. interest, being higher than the Government standard.

Its dividends to policy-holders under the quinquennial distribution of profits, declared in 1896-97-98, were 10 per cent. higher than the Estimates put in the hands of the Company's Agents for canvassing purposes in 1891-92-93.

The Company's 20-Pay Life—15 or 20 year Survivorship Distribution—is the most popular policy issued. Values handsome and guaranteed. Options many and attractive.

MONEY TO LOAN on improved farms, church property, etc., at lowest current rates. Terms of re-payment easy. Costs Low. Debentures purchased.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

ROBERT MELVIN, - - President.
C. M. Taylor, 1st Vice-President. A. Hoskin, Q.C., 2nd Vice-President.
B. M. Britton, Q.C., M.P. Francis C. Bruce, J. Kerr Fisken, B.A.,
Sir Wilfrid Laurier, G.C.M.G., Premier of Canada.
E. P. Clement, W. J. Kidd, B.A., Geo. A. Somerville, James Fair.

OFFICERS:

GEO. WEGENAST, Manager. J. H. WEBB, M.D., Medical Director.
T. B. HALL, Superintendent. W. H. RIDDELL, Secretary.



MASSEY-HARRIS COMPANY

AT TORONTO & BRANTFORD

ALSO OF THE THREE AFFILIATED INDUSTRIES AT BRANTFORD, WOODSTOCK AND HAMILTON.

THE GLOBE



CARISTMAS NUMBER

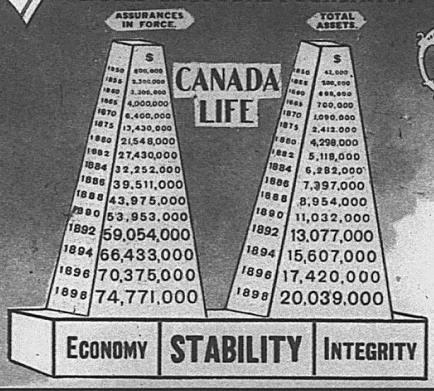
TORONTO 1899 CANADA.

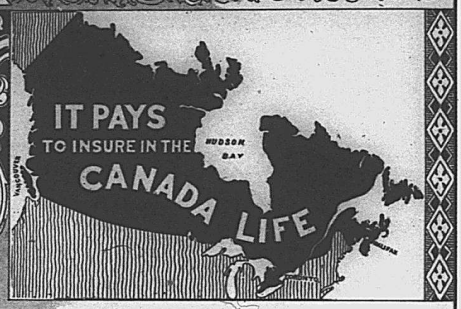
TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING CO. LTD.

The Canada Life Assurance Co.

CANADA'S LEADING COMPANY

IS BUILT ON A SURE FOUNDATION





The Canada Life's

INCOME $ 3,000,000
ASSETS $20,000,000
ASSURANCES $75,000,000

The whole history of the Canada Life, extending over fifty-two years, is an unbroken record of prosperity and growth in strength.—JOURNAL OF COMMERCE, MONTREAL.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

FREE FARMS OF MANITOBA

Manitoba offers Special Advantages for New Settlers to engage in Agriculture.





CLIMATE AND SOIL

Are well adapted for growing wheat, oats, barley, flax, millet, potatoes and all kinds of vegetables. Native grasses are luxuriant.

ARABLE AND GRAZING LANDS

Yet uncultivated are situated in different sections of the Province as follows:—

In the Red River Valley	2,000,000 Acres
In Central and S.W. Manitoba	4,000,000 Acres
In Northwestern Manitoba	4,000,000 Acres

These lands are very cheap and can be purchased on easy terms at from $2.50 to $10.00 per acre.

FREE HOMESTEADS

Homesteads can still be secured in the Lake Dauphin and Swan River Districts, between Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba, as well as on the east of the Red River. A line of railway into the Swan River District was completed the past summer.

Wheat yields for the Province during the past eight years have averaged a fraction over TWENTY BUSHELS to the acre.

Special attention is now given to stock-raising and dairying, with most satisfactory results.

At no period in the history of the Province has the time for settlement been so opportune as the present. "Help to keep Canadians in Canada."

For maps, information or advice, address: THOMAS GREENWAY, Minister of Agriculture and Immigration, WINNIPEG, MAN., or C. H. JEFFERYS, Manitoba Emigration Office, 30 York Street, Toronto.

TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING CO. LIMITED.

Cor. King & Bathurst Sts.
TORONTO.

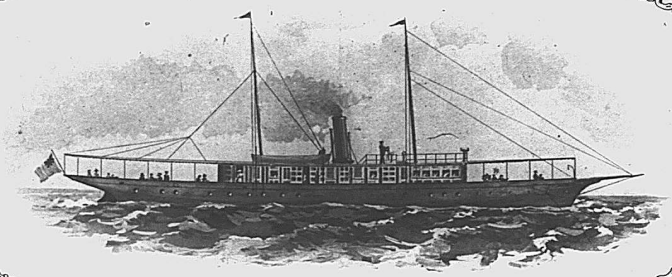
SOLE OWNERS OF THE NEW 4 COLOR LITHO-PROCESS

THE DESIGNING ILLUSTRATING AND LITHOGRAPHIC WORK IN CONNECTION WITH THIS CHRISTMAS NUMBER EXECUTED BY THE TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING CO.

THE POLSON IRON WORKS.

TORONTO, CANADA.

ENGINEERS, AND SHIPBUILDERS.



BUILDERS OF
STEAM YACHTS AND LAUNCHES,
LIGHT DRAFT STERN WHEEL STEAMERS IN STEEL, COMPOSITE, AND WOOD.
ENGINES, BOILERS, AND STEEL VESSELS FOR EVERY SERVICE.

WORKS AND SHIPYARDS, ESPLANADE, FOOT OF FREDERICK & SHERBOURNE STS, TORONTO.

St. Margaret's College,

TORONTO.

A Residential Collegiate School for Girls.

15 Teachers in the Academic Department
18 in the Musical Department
7 in the Art Department

ALL OF THE HIGHEST PROFESSIONAL STANDING.

A Resident Governess for every six pupils in residence.
For further particulars apply to
MRS GEORGE DICKSON, Lady Principal.

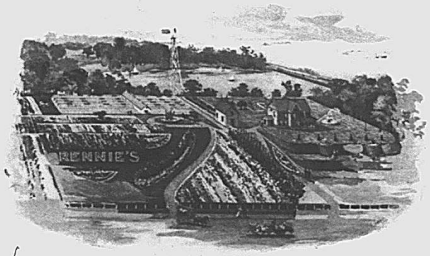
Saint Andrew's College

For Boys.

A High-Class Residential School | Classical, Commercial

The location is unsurpassed for Healthfulness, Beauty and Extent.
The training is thorough.
The home interest is carefully watched over.
For particulars and other information apply to
REV. G. BRUCE, D.D., Princ pal.

CHESTNUT PARK, TORONTO

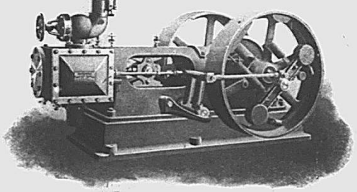


TRYING GROUNDS.

Seeds For Farm and Garden Bulbs and Plants, Tools, Fertilizers, etc.
CATALOGUES FREE.

WM. RENNIE
Rennie's Seeds
TORONTO, CANADA.

THE CELEBRATED **McLEAN AUTOMATIC ENGINE.**



OUR GUARANTEE.

The engine shall not run one revolution slower when fully loaded than when running empty, and a reduction of boiler pressure from the greatest to that necessary to do the work will not reduce the speed of engine one revolution. Any engine failing to meet this guarantee becomes the property of the purchaser upon payment of one dollar.

WATEROUS, Brantford, Canada

The SUN Savings & Loan Company of Toronto

issues **Instalment** and **Permanent** stock at a rate that makes a **good investment.**

SAVINGS WITH PROFITS ADDED

Loans made on **favorable terms.** Borrowers can repay their loans in **monthly, quarterly, or half-yearly payments.** Mortgages discharged at stated times.

AGENTS WANTED — W. PEMBERTON PAGE, Manager

Charles H. Riches

OFFICES
CANADA LIFE BUILDING
TORONTO

Registered Patent Attorney
Solicitor of Patents

Design Patents, Trade Marks, Copyrights & Patents of Inventions obtained in Canada, United States, England, France, Germany, India, Japan and Australasia and all other countries having Patent and Trade Mark Laws.

Send for free pamphlet on Patents and Trade Marks

THREE XMAS SPECIALS

We have a hundred and one things in a stock as big, varied, and good as ours, suitable for Xmas Gifts—but these three are special values, and you can order any or all of them by mail.



Very pretty little high back rocker, design as cut, oak frames, upholstered in figured velours, assortment of colors, Xmas price
$1.00



Roll arm and back Rattan Rocker, very handsome and large, fancy reed backs, Xmas price,
$3.45



Ladies' Secretary, full size, finished in oak or mahogany, neatly carved and polished, Xmas price,
$3.95

THE ADAMS FURNITURE CO., Limited
179 YONGE ST. — C. S. CORYELL, Manager



FOR STYLE, BEAUTY AND COMFORT, BUY THE....

"King Quality" SHOE

Made with "Patent Sleeper Flexible Insole."

In Women's and Misses', fitting easily and smoothly, no squeak, no noise. Men's with leather or patent sleeper Flexible Insoles in combination with cork, that means DRY FEET, NO COLDS, NO DOCTOR BILLS. Made of the finest leather and best workmanship. If you want the full worth of your money insist on having these goods. Wear them once, you will wear them twice. Every pair stamped with the name—

THE J. D. KING CO., Limited, TORONTO.

"Rapid-Easy" Grain Grinders

are adapted to STEAM, HORSE POWER or WIND MILL and do More Work with Less Power than Any Other on the market. Write us

J. FLEURY'S SONS
AURORA, ONTARIO

Medal and Diploma for Plows, World's Fair, Chicago

THE WINDSOR, STRATFORD



E. HODGINS, Proprietor

Dominion Oil Cloth Co.

Manufacturers of

OIL CLOTHS

of every description

Floor Oil Cloth — Carriage Oil Cloth
Table Oil Cloth — Enamelled Oil Cloth

STAIR OIL CLOTHS

Office and works MONTREAL, QUE.
Branch Office 1 Front St., Toronto

The Ink used on this publication was made by THE CANADA PRINTING INK Co. TORONTO.



TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY COMPANY, Limited.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $150,000.

JOHN J. PALMER, - - - - President.
J. T. JOHNSTON, - - - General Manager.
JAS. C. JONES, - - Manager Halifax Branch.
GEO. M. STEWART, - Manager Montreal Branch.
JOHN C. CROME, - - Manager Winnipeg Branch.
D. A. TWEEDIE, - Manager Vancouver Branch.

BRICK

If you see **MILTON** stamped on a brick it is a guarantee that it is the highest grade made in Canada to-day. This is what everyone says who has used them.

MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO.
LIMITED.
Works and Head Office—Milton, Ont.
DR. ROBERTSON, President. **J. S. McCANNELL,** Man. Director.



1880 - The Keeley Treatment - 1899



The Keeley Institute, Toronto.

Humanitarians tell us, and their conclusions are undoubtedly correct, that in the history of the world the inordinate or excessive use of strong drink has been the cause of more suffering, has wrecked and blighted more lives and homes than all the wars and pestilences that have ever ravaged on earth. Science has again come to the rescue of humanity, and as Dr. Jenner in the 18th century discovered the great antidote for the dreaded scourge —smallpox—so Dr. Keeley, in the latter part of the 19th century, has given to mankind a scientific discovery for the treatment and absolute cure of Inebriety and the Morphine Habit. The continuous indulgence in alcoholic liquors or morphine becomes a habit, and men and women addicted to these habits become bound to them with hooks of steel. In the course of time they become diseased, and there is no remedy under heaven that will cure them absolutely but Dr. Keeley's wonderful treatment. Every man and woman now suffering from these diseases can be cured if they so desire. If they do not want to be CURED TO STAY CURED we do not care to treat them.

It is a difficult matter for the drinker to determine how far he can go before the habit gives way to the disease called alcoholism. Most people understand that alcohol taken into the stomach in different liquors remains in its original state—in other words, is not digested or changed. The stomach can no more digest alcohol than it could a piece of lead pipe. The alcohol passes into the blood, thence to the brain, where the mischief is worked. The constant or periodical presence of alcohol in the brain creates a diseased condition of the nerve cells, and this diseased condition is manifested by a desire for more liquor—the person becomes restless, nothing goes right, and finally he rushes off for a drink, perhaps several.

A cough is the symptom of a cold. Cure the cold and the cough disappears. In the same way the disease of alcoholism is manifested by a desire for liquor—the Keeley cure restores the nerve cells to their normal condition, the same as they were before diseased by the presence of alcohol. When this is done the desire for alcohol is gone—never again to return unless the person recreates it by wilful indulgence.

For further particulars write or apply in person to

"The Keeley Institute,"
582 Sherbourne St., Toronto.



The Keeley Institute, Winnipeg.

PROF. DORENWEND



Wishes his Patrons and the Public generally

A MERRY CHRISTMAS and A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The **Hair Goods** manufactured by our **Firm** in **Ladies' and Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Bangs,** Wavy and Plain **Fronts, Switches** of wavy or straight hair, etc., are known everywhere for their superiority in quality and lowness in price.

Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Address

THE DORENWEND CO.
OF TORONTO (Limited)
103-105 Yonge St., Toronto.

Winsor & Newton's

- ***Oil Colors***
- ***Water Colors***
- ***Canvas***

ETC., ETC.

For sale at all art stores throughout the world.

A. RAMSAY & SON
MONTREAL
WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR CANADA

BARTLETT, FRAZIER & CO. Brokers

CHICAGO, NEW YORK.

Members New York Stock Exchange, New York Produce Exchange, New York Coffee Exchange, Chicago Board of Trade and Chicago Stock Exchange. Exclusive wires between New York, Chicago, Montreal and Toronto.

TORONTO AGENCY:
21 Melinda Street.
Buy and sell for investment or on margin Stocks, Bonds, Cotton, Grain, Provisions, etc.
J. A. MacKELLAR, Manager.
Daily stock and grain letter sent upon application.

MONTREAL AGENCY:
39 St. Sacrament Street.
Grain Shippers and Forwarders. Futures in grain bought and sold.
The Bartlett, Frazier Co. of Ontario, Limited.
H. J. COON, Managing Director.
Daily Chicago market review sent upon application.

Wanted

Young Men to Learn a Financial Business.

Permanent Position
Increased Salary
Rapid
Promotion to
The Right Persons

APPLY TO . . . .
The York County Loan and Savings Company,
CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING, TORONTO.

MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.
NEW TRADE ROUTE
To the Centre of England's Greatest Population.
Connects Manchester DIRECTLY with the sea. Steamers NOW RUNNING from all parts of the world.
SPECIAL steamers built EXCLUSIVELY for the CANADIAN TRADE.
Port of Manchester UNRIVALLED as a CENTRE OF DISTRIBUTION.
A MINIMUM OF HANDLING combined with a REDUCTION in FREIGHT.
CONNECTIONS made between Exporters and Importers.
SHIPPERS study this new route, and if not connected call upon or write to
R. DAWSON HARLING,
Resident Agent,
20 Wellington St. East - - - - Toronto.



The Royal Military College.

There are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College at Kingston. At the same time its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The college is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving the highest technical instructions in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it is intended to take the place in Canada of the English Woolwich and Sandhurst and the American West Point.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and, in addition, there is a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such a large proportion of the college course.

Whilst the college is organized on a strictly military basis, the cadets receive, in addition to their military studies a thoroughly practical scientific and sound training in all subjects that are essential to a high and general modern education.

The course in mathematics is very complete, and a thorough grounding is given in the subjects of Civil Engineering. Civil and Hydrographic Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The object of the college course is thus to give the cadets a training which shall thoroughly equip them for either a military or civil career.

The strict discipline maintained at the college is one of the most valuable features of the system. As a result of it young men acquire habits of obedience and self-control, and consequently of self-reliance and command, as well as experience in controlling and handling their fellows.

In addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds ensures good health and fine physical condition. An experienced medical officer is in attendance at the college daily.

Five commissions in the Imperial regular army are annually awarded as prizes to the cadets.

The length of course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months residence each.

The total cost of the three years' course including board, uniforms, instructional material and all extras is from $750 to $900.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the college will take place at the headquarters of the several military districts in which candidates reside, about the middle of June in each year.

For full particulars of this examination or for any other information, application should be made as soon as possible to the Deputy Adjutant-General of Militia, Ottawa, Ont.

H. S. HOWLAND SONS & CO.

GENERAL HARDWARE MERCHANTS, Wholesale

37 and 39 Front Street West, TORONTO.

"Graham" Wire and Cut Nails.

Ingersoll Packing Co.

Extra Mild Sugar Cured
BEAVER BRAND
HAMS AND BACON

Winsor & Woodley



Carpenters and Builders, 117 to 121 Peter Street, Toronto. 'Phone 2216.

Large stock of Building Material always on hand. Jobbing promptly attended to.
Office (Fixtures a Specialty.
Estimates Furnished.

Young Man!

PROVIDE FOR OLD AGE NOW.
Make sure of a permanent income after you reach 60 years of age. Buy a
60-YEAR ANNUITY BOND
FROM
THE NORTHERN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
OF CANADA.
Write for particulars.
HON. DAVID MILLS, Q.C.,
Minister of Justice, President.
JOHN MILNE, Manager, London, Ont.

THE NATIONAL Electrotype & Stereotype Co.

(Limited)
12 and 14 Adelaide St. West, TORONTO.

If you have any Electrotyping to do write us for prices.
First-class work guaranteed.
Estimates given.
We make interchangeable plates in electrotype and stereotype for patent bases.

A Cheerful Christmas



MUST HAVE GOOD LIGHT.

We make an extensive range of Gas and Electric Fixtures

The KEITH & FITZSIMMONS CO.
111 King St. West, Toronto.

JOHN KLEES

GERMAN PORK STORE
379 YONGE STREET.
Hams, Bacon, Pure Leaf Lard, Pickled Pork, our own curing, and all kinds of Sausages, Wieners, Frankforts, etc.
FRESH DAIRY BUTTER AND EGGS DAILY
Our Sausages and Bologna are guaranteed free from all coloring matter and made on the premises fresh daily. . .
Telephone 2025.



Yours faithfully
E. Gartly Parker

"A little care exercised on the part of investors would oft times replenish a vanishing exchequer."—E.G.P.

E. Gartly Parker,

CODES { ATLANTIC CABLE, BEDFORD McNEILL'S, CLOUGH'S, MOREING AND NEAL'S.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: GARTLY.

Mining & Investment Broker

Member of the Standard Mining Exchange

Toronto, Canada

Special attention paid to Mining Investments and the placing of Mining Properties.

Represented at ROSSLAND, GREENWOOD, B.C., and REPUBLIC (WASH.)

Correspondents in Victoria, Vancouver (British Columbia), Seattle (Washington), London (England), Edinburgh and Stirling (Scotland).

All stock orders promptly executed on THE STANDARD MINING EXCHANGE, TORONTO.



Write for Free Catalogue.

Korona Cameras GIVE THE BEST RESULTS.

IF YOU WANT AMERICAN ARISTO PRODUCTS THE FINEST GERMAN CARDS OR OTHER PHOTO SUPPLIES ORDER FROM

DAVID H. HOGG
159 Bay Street, Toronto.

Wholesale Millinery.

Happiness and Prosperity . . . To All

The... D. McCALL Co., Limited.

H. F. SHARPE & CO.
94 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

SHARPE & CO.
521 Richmond Street, LONDON, ONT.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

PHOTO SUPPLIES.

Minard's Liniment....

Canada's Best Household Remedy. Well and favorably known from Halifax to Victoria.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO., PROPRIETORS. YARMOUTH, N.S

Provident Savings Life Assurance Society
Of New York.
EDWARD W. SCOTT, President

One of the most prosperous and progressive Life Companies in America.

The best company for policy-holders and agents.

Successful agents, and gentlemen seeking remunerative business connections, may apply to the Head Office or any of the Society's General Agents.

GEO. A. KINGSTON, General Manager for Ontario, Temple Building, TORONTO.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

FRAMED CARBON PHOTOS
Reproductions of French Salon Pictures
COLORED FAC-SIMILES
WATER COLORS,
ENGRAVINGS, ETC.
A choice selection of Fine Photo Frames, Easels, and other Novelties. Select early and avoid the rush.

H. J. MATTHEWS,
95 YONGE STREET.

CAVERHILL, LEARMONT & CO.,
MONTREAL,
Metals, Glass, Hardware, Cutlery, Firearms, Bicycles.

C. GOULDING & SONS,
Wholesale Importers
MILLINERY and FANCY DRY GOODS
55 Bay Street, TORONTO.
PARIS—35 Rue Poissonniere.
LONDON—3 St. Martin's House, Gresham Street.

PATENTS
FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.
TORONTO, MONTREAL, OTTAWA, WASHINGTON.



Christmas.

I.

O, weary heart! let this peace-bearing day
Bring thee sweet memories, that shall caress
The lonely path, down life's grief-covered way;
At last Love compensates for all distress.
Christ did not shrink from this life's bitterness,
Which met Him at the manger, when He came
A lost and sinful world to save and bless.
O, weary heart! take courage in His name;
Turn unto Him to-day, from sin and care—
His gentle voice shall guide thee everywhere.

II.

Then shall the past, with all its anguish slain,
Fade to forgetfulness—The weary feet,
Pierced by the poisoned thorns of earthly pain,
Find, in Love's Chosen Valley, rest complete—
The lone, strange journey, in the burning heat,
Will then be thought of, only to the more
Enrich the solace of His mercy, sweet.
O, weary heart! He knocketh at thy door
To-day, commemorative of His birth,
Bid Him come in, thy dearest guest on earth.

—T. C. Dean.

Peace and Good-Will.

PEACE on earth, good-will among men. It is nearly two thousand years since that Divine benediction was pronounced. But peace has not come. The sword is unsheathed. Still life is war. Still power spells justice. Still the strong hand puts down the weak. Still fraud and cunning thrive, and still the feeble folk have not come into their own. But we have gone far in the way of peace, and the Bethlehem message goes ever deeper into human lives as the years pass. We rail at this old world, but to most of us it is good and kind. We speak our eager praise of more heroic times; we bow at age-worn shrines; we kneel to altars that are grey with rust and choked with weeds, and whose stones were cruelly hard to the knees of other generations. But always the living worship the dead and gone, and we, too, shall be worshipped in our turn. It may be the old faith was sterner; but the new is tenderer. It may be other times had more of the chivalry of fashion; it is just as true that these times have more chivalry of heart and life. It may be that we have lost something of reverence; but we have gained much of sweetness and kindliness. Now the child may approach the father's knee with head up and tongue in play, and if there be less of deference in his speech, is there less of love in his heart? Who that thinks deep into the things of life but will pray that this earth may become more and more the playground of the children, and that the stern look, and the hard task, and the discipline of tears, may not meet them at the threshold of their days. One likes to think that it was for the young that this earth was planted with flowers, and filled with the singing of birds, and intoned with caressing winds, and hung with radiant skies; and, please God, they shall have their own. So the empire of woman has been extended wide and far, the impulse of her blessed influence is in a thousand charities, and always her hand is busy with the suffering of her kind. No one now thinks that this world was made for men only. The old idea of man as lord and master is in eclipse, and, to be just to the dethroned autocrat, he is willing to have it so. To-day we are likely to know the Pharisee despite his robes, and we are not always persuaded by the sounding of a trumpet that some great one goeth by. True, wealth is mighty in the high places and fashion picks her way with gathered skirts through the plain folk that crowd and jostle in the thoroughfares of life. But wealth gives much to the poor, and builds many schools, and rears many temples to excuse its vast gettings and take away the reproach that was put upon great riches. Never were the hearts of men so easily touched, never were men's consciences so sensitive. Our ears are unstopped to the universal cry of human sorrow. We hear the call of suffering from across the seas and from earth's farthest outposts. We track the feet of famine over all the universe, and empty our hands to the stricken of plague or storm in any corner of the world. Science has given the touch of neighborhood to the ends of the earth, and the press has given a voice that sounds from sea to sea for all that are in want and for all that are oppressed. The conscience of the world stands in judgment on every cause, and meanness is made ashamed, and injustice hunts in vain for cover. Nation answers to nation for its conduct, and the Parliament of Man takes form and substance in the invincible moral opinion of mankind. This is, after all, the best Christmas that men have known, and who shall say but in the Father's good time a Christmas shall yet dawn on this old earth when privilege shall have surrendered its last advantage, and the slums that breed crime and plague in the great cities shall be purged and cleansed, and the nations shall have put away all the ruthless machinery of war, and peace rest upon all lands and good-will prevail among all peoples.

J. S. W.



"Far from all thought of the city streets."

Jan's Angel.

By Frances Kelly Mills.

THE last full chords of the chorus were sounded, and swept in a flood of harmony, down through vast spaces filled with light and color, into the depths of the most distant shadows, even into Jan's far corner. There they swelled around him in great waves. They seemed to lift him up as a wave of the sea would lift him. Their echoes came like a wind and bore him higher, up and ever up, like a bird on a wind of Summer, far from all thought of the city streets; into fields where the grasses waved and rolled around him; where the air was pure, and warm, and fresh, and filled with the scent of flowers, and where soft blue skies bent over. Poor Jan! To him, Summer was life itself; and for one glad moment Summer had come back again.

He was on the very heights of dream-land. Though his thin cheeks were still wet with melting drops of snow and his hands were still blue with cold, there shone in his eyes all the gladness of an old time Summer day. The wonderful music had come to him like a warm wind from the South, when the sun was high—for all the gladness Jan ever knew had come with the coming of Summer—and it had swept him up and away, far from all his troubles, into the distant Summer land for which he lived.

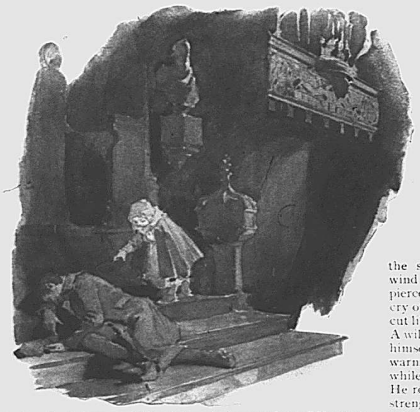
Even when the glad sounds ceased for a moment, he saw, as in a vision only, the things which took place in the real world around him: the glitter of lights; the passing of men; the bowing of a thousand heads. To him, the silence seemed only the noon of his Summer day. No breath stirred the grasses in the rolling fields around him; no leaf moved in the trees; and when from far off somewhere there came the sound of a murmuring voice, to him it seemed only like the coming of the wind again to break the spell of the Summer noon. Dimly he saw a vast crowd of people rise around him. In his dream the noontide stillness passed away. Then suddenly the music burst forth with all its enchanting melody, and Jan saw nothing but the rolling grasses swept by dazzling sunbeams, and heard nothing but the wind in the trees and the singing of birds again.

He saw nothing of the throng of people surging down the broad aisles of the church that night, wrapping themselves in their furs to face the storm which swept past the opening doors. Leaning back in the corner where he had taken refuge, he was scarcely observed himself. Only one or two who passed near him noticed the lame, shrunken figure of a lad, clad in tattered garments, half hidden in the shadows of a high-backed pew; and they gave him no more thought than they gave to the glorious music that rolled above their heads. One and all passed on, and no one roused him; and when the great church was empty at last, Jan's poor, tired body, faint and weak with hunger and cold, still crouched in the shadows of the high-backed pew, while his wandering senses, reeling in sudden warmth and light, still led a wayward dance far off through dream-land. . . .

Slowly the music died away, and its last lingering echoes were lost. One by one the lights went softly out. Darkness and silence came stealing together out of the shadows, and passed slowly through the whole of the great, empty church. A few stray sounds lingered for a moment where the last glimmering ray of light struggled with the shadows closing round it. Then suddenly there came the creaking and clanging of great doors; the light vanished; and, as darkness won its way to the farthest walls, silence followed, and with quiet touch stilled every sound. The glitter of lights, the thunder of music, the thousand voices, were gone; and Jan was alone with the stillness of death around him.

In that quiet, dark solitude one might have dreamed on forever. But long before Jan's wandering senses had tasted half the delights of their freedom, they were enchained by pain and worrying care. Darkness swept over the sun lit fields where they had revelled. Its black canopy hid the Summer sky. The songs of the birds died away on a whispering wind, and, as the silence grew heavy upon him, Jan opened his tired eyes.

It was a long fall from the dizzy heights of dream-land to the depths of his old despair. Before his eyes found a resting place in the darkness, the half-heard whistling of the storm, and the stinging rattle of wind-driven snow against the windows high above him, conjured up a cruel scene through which he passed. He saw the four bare walls of a room around him, lit by a flickering light. Two quiet voices spoke to him. He saw again the trouble in a mother's loving eyes. He read a look in a baby's eyes which had made him often and often, as it had done that night, flee in despair at his helplessness into the streets, rather than watch how cruel the Winter was to those he loved. He saw all this again, and in despair again he seemed to rush away and battle through the streets, until at last, at the door of a great church, he was forced to surrender and steal a refuge within. Then he remembered all and was himself again: a beggar lad, hungry, stiff with cold, and helpless, alone in the darkness where no ray of light broke through to cheer him, and the only sounds that reached him were the cruel noises of the storm.



• • • "In a flood of tears and bitter, bitter sobs, he poured out all his misery."

He was listening still for the voices in the far off room, when the shrill whistling of a fiercer blast of wind died away in a moaning sound which pierced the silence of the church like a low cry of pain: the cry of a childish voice. It cut like a knife through Jan's aching heart. A wild, blind anger seized him. He hated himself for even breathing a breath of the warm air in the shelter he had found, while those whom he loved were suffering. He rose and stumbled forward with new strength into the great aisle of the church, tripping over the crutch he carried, but rushing on, seeking with outstretched hand the door by which he had entered, careless now of how cruel the storm might be to him, bent rather upon blindly battling against its fullest blast to escape from his bitter thoughts. His arm touched the edge of a pillar in passing, and the touch sent a thrill of fear through his strained nerves; a strange dread of the darkness behind him driving him on in even wilder haste. He knew he had lost his way, but in the new fear upon him he cared nothing of where his flight might lead him, and rushed blindly on. He stumbled over a step; then another step, and fell upon his knees, but rose again, and, though he had lost his crutch, and the stinging pain of bruises made him yet more helpless, he still stumbled on. He tripped again on another step, and fell forward, with his hands touching a railing that ran across his path. His wild flight could go no farther. Poor little Jan! His strained nerves could not have borne a greater tension. Like the bursting of a storm-cloud beaten by the winds, his heart seemed to break, and, lying prone upon his face, in a flood of tears and bitter, bitter sobs, he poured out all his misery. On that great, rushing tide, sorrow and heartache, anger and pain, were swept out all at once. There was no thought of resisting. In the full completeness of his surrender he flung all hope away, and sank down and down on the flood that bore him, into the bottomless slough of despair.

It was then that a strange thing happened. While Jan's shoulders were still heaving with his long-drawn sobs, a quiet touch fell upon them. He had forgotten where he was, and scarcely heeded until the gentle touch was repeated. Then he looked up. He thought then that an angel had come to save him.

A strange, dim light was shining round him from some invisible source. Close behind him, just on the verge of the darkness, it faintly touched a childish figure, around whose head a clearer ray, shimmering in locks of golden hair broke into a golden halo. Jan's eyes were looking through a mist of tears, and beneath the glittering light of the bright halo he saw only the one childish face he loved. The echo of the low, moaning cry he had heard came back with deeper meaning. It seemed to him in that first moment, bewildered and blind as he was, that the baby eyes he loved were looking down in his, perhaps with the light of heaven shining in them. He raised himself, leaning upon one arm, and stretched the other out with a yearning gesture. "Oh, my darling!" he cried, "come to me! Come to your Jan!"



• • • "The door of a great mansion was flung wide open."

There was a little pause of waiting. Then suddenly round Jan's neck were thrown two tender, baby arms; a kiss was pressed for a moment on his willing lips—a kiss so sweet, and warm, and fresh, that Jan's pulse throbbed in the new surprise, while a wondering fear came over him that he was only in dream-land again.

He gazed up in utter bewilderment into the face that looked down in his. There was no pain or trouble in it. It was fresh and bright, with rosy, dimpled cheeks, and brilliant eyes, and the lips that had just kissed his were parted in a beautiful, laughing way. Jan's heart grew warm, and his eyes grew bright as he looked.

"Who are you?" he cried.

"I'm Hope," the answer came.

"Hope!" said Jan.

"Yes, dess Hope."

"Just Hope," said Jan.

"I fell'd asleep," went on the baby voice. "Over there," she added, as she read Jan's question

in, and, though he
ing pain of bruises
still stumbled on.
, and fell forward,
g that ran across
ld go no farther.
rves could not have
the bursting of a
his heart seemed
his face, in a flood
poured out all his
tide, sorrow and
e swept out all at
resisting. In the
he flung all hope
n on the flood that
gh of despair.
thing happened.
aving with his long-
on them. He had
rcely heeded until
Then he looked up.
d come to save him.
shining round him
se behind him, just
t faintly touched a
ead a clearer ray,
hair broke into a



flung wide open."

looking through a
littering light of the
ne childish face he
moaning cry he had
eaning. It seemed
ildered and blind as
loved were looking
he light of heaven
mself, leaning upon
out with a yearning
he cried, "come to

of waiting. Then
thrown two tender,
for a moment on his
d warm, and fresh,
new surprise, while
that he was only in

derment into the face
ere was no pain or
d bright, with rosy,
es, and the lips that
n a beautiful, laugh-
warm, and his eyes

ame.

on the baby voice.
e read Jan's question



The Christmas Globe, 1899.

in his wide-open, wondering eyes; and she pointed into the darkness.

Jan looked around. He saw the light from a city lamp shining down now through the storm outside, through a window high up in a niche in the wall. In the dim radiance he saw the pipes of the organ looming up high above his head, and close at hand the faint outlines of the stalls where the choir had sung. Above the farthest of these a giant column rose up and passed through the beam of light. Its base screened off the end of the seat below, and into the darkness there Jan's strange companion was pointing.

"I fell'd asleep there," she said, "and no one saw me. Father didn't know I was there."

"And I woke you?" said Jan.

"Yes." The golden head nodded its assent.

"But why weren't you afraid? Why aren't you afraid now?" said Jan, with greater wonder in his eyes.

"'Cause when you woke me I saw you fall, and you cried."

Jan hung his head. This almost womanly pity for his tears made him still more ashamed of them. For a moment he was tempted to deny them. Then he wondered whether he could tell this baby friend of the greater pain at his heart than bruises give. He looked up in doubt. But looking up again into the trusting face so close to his, he found a thing to do. He seized it between his hands and kissed it again and again, and once more the little arms were wound around his neck, and the baby voice was whispering broken words of comfort to his eagar ears.



By H. F. Page, Gananoque.

SHORT IN HIS ACCOUNTS.

It was a strange scene the grim walls of the old church looked down upon through the darkness that night: a beggar lad, in his tattered clothes, in a flood of softly colored light, right at the chancel steps, holding upon his knees, as he sat on the lowest step, a beautiful child whose arm was round his neck. A strange light shone in his eyes, and beamed back from the brilliant eyes into which he looked. A strange story he was telling. Oh, how bright was the ray of hope that glimmered and shot down upon him as those eyes looked up in his, and the lips that kissed his whispered their childish sympathy.

Jan! Jan! What has happened to you? What has become of your hunger and pain, and that wild agony of grief which was more than you could bear? Where is that storm of bitter sobs and tears? Has hope done this? Hope, which you thought could never shine again through the darkness of your despair! Will you ever say again that light cannot come when night has been darkest?

Jan's eyes were shining all night long that night. But twice hope fairly danced within them.

Once, when the door of a great mansion was flung wide open, and the light streamed out through wreaths of drifting snow and fell upon him. How proud he was of the burden in his tired arms! How he rejoiced in the kisses and laughing tears of joy that greeted the lost darling of this great house! How glad he was when her broken words told of him, and told, too, of his story!

And once again: when he had been whirled hrough the city streets, wrapped in great, fur robes, with the sound of sleigh-bells jingling in his ears; when he had led the way up a narrow flight of stairs, and opened another door, and stepped into the light that flickered around the bare walls of a room. How glad he was when he had thrown his arms around his mother's neck! How wild with delight when he heard the man behind him stumble with a load of baskets over a heavy basket he himself had dropped in the doorway! And how his heart brimmed over in its fulness of joy when he fell on his knees by a narrow bed in the corner, and looked into the wondering, loving eyes that looked up from the pillow there! He had no longer any fear of meeting them, for he had come to tell the child who lay there that her Jan was happy and had come back to make her happy too. Perhaps his eyes shone brightest with the hope that was in them then.



Photo by Moore & Alexander.

A FAVORITE TRYSTING PLACE IN ONE OF TORONTO'S SUBURBS.

The Leopard with Horns.

Once there was a little boy named Jimmy. And he had always lived in the city, and the only animals he had ever seen were horses, dogs and cats. But he had heard of leopards, because one of his boy friends had told him all about them, and how they had spots on them, and they could climb trees and eat people.

Well, one day he went to the country, and in course of time his cousin, who was older than he, helped him into an apple tree and then went into the house to get something—maybe it was an apple.

Jimmy was rather alarmed at being left alone in the tree, but he managed to stay there. Suddenly he saw a beast come prowling up the road. It was about the size of a leopard, as he imagined, and it was covered with spots even larger than a leopard would have, so it must be (thought Jimmy) a very awful kind of leopard. And, to make things worse, this leopard had a pair of horns, and large, ferocious-looking ears, and every now and then it roared like this: "Moo-oo, moo-oo!" Jimmy was frightened half to death. But he had the slim hope that the beast would go away without seeing him.



CAUGHT.

Photo by [illegible]

Oh, horrible! The animal came right to the tree, and put its head right up among the branches, and began to sniff. Then it ate an apple. Jimmy was sure that in a moment it would climb the tree after him, so he got up to the top of the tree, though how he did it he couldn't tell next day. He was weak and white with fear when he reached the top branch. The dreadful beast now came close to the trunk and began to rub up and down. Now he would spring up into the tree, beyond a doubt! But just as Jimmy thought he was crouching for a spring he saw his uncle come out of the house, and he screamed to him, "Oh, Uncle Ed, save me, save me! This leopard is going to eat me!"

Now, some uncles would have thought the matter a huge joke, but Uncle Ed was not that kind. He knew that to little Jimmy the horned beast was as bad as the most terrible leopard that ever roamed the jungle; and so he went over to the tree and said, "My boy, you are safe while I am here, because, in the first place, this kind of leopard can't climb a tree, and, in the second place, it isn't a leopard at all, but a cow, and in the third place, it is Daisy, our pet cow, and, if you will take my word for it, you can ride on her back as if she were a horse."

There was something in Uncle Ed's voice that had a very calming effect on Jimmy, and inside of two minutes the dreadful leopard that had come to eat him was turned into a good-natured old cow, and he rode her all around the place, holding on to Uncle Ed's hand.

Now Jimmy is grown up and has a Jimmy of his own, but he will never forget the horror of that five minutes with a horned leopard.

The Toiler.

Hard work! Ay, many times and oft
Upon my brow the sweat-bead stands;
And these two brown and sinewy hands
Methinks were never white or soft.

And see these muscles; mine's a frame
Born, bred, and fitted for the toil:
My father, tiller of the soil,
Bequeathed it to me with his name

I hold the heritage of health
A richer thing than aught beside,
And deep within me is a pride;
For who would covet fame or wealth.

The power to live a life of ease,
High social place, equipment fine?
The independence that is mine
I barter not for such as these.

There is a man who claims from me
A pity strong—he bears the curse
Of idleness; the universe
Holds no more wretched thing than he.

For if one spark of honest zeal
But flashes up within his breast
A feeble, flickering spark at best;
If for a moment he should feel

A faint desire to throw aside
The bonds which idleness hath wrought,
To strive, to labor, as he ought,
The tyrant thing he calls his pride

The greatest curse on God's green earth
Takes on the cruel midwife's part,
And each good impulse of the heart
Is strangled in the hour of birth.

How will he answer when is hurled
The charge: "A long life idled through,
Couldst thou not find one task to do
In my great workshop called the world?"

How will it sound, think you, this plea:
"Of noble tasks there was a dearth,
And I had race and pride of birth;
The lowly ones were not for me.

"The common fellows tilled the lands,
And gathered in the harvest gold;
But I was cast in higher mould,
I could not labor with my hands."

Here is a truth: the ones who scorn
To labor for the bread they eat
Will strive for it in ways unmeet.
Mark well the loafer: night and morn

That air grows on him, crafty-wise;
I stand here toil-stained and unkempt,
But no such mark of heaven's contempt
Is on my brow, or in my eyes.

I earn my bread and know its worth;
Through all the summer days so warm,
I wrest it with my strong right arm
From out the bosom of the earth.

Nor think me all uncouth and rough,
For, as I turn the furrow over,
Far clearer than the threshing floor,
I see the tender growing stuff.

A laborer I, the long day through,
The sickle and the hoe I wield;
The great lone stretches, and the field
Seem pleasant things: the heaven's blue

Comes down so near the wooded hill;
Thank God we have the eyes to see
The beauty and sublimity
Of Nature, and the hearts to thrill

At crimson sunset, dawn's soft flush,
The fields of gold that stretch afar,
The glimmer of the first pale star
That heralds in the evening's hush.

They lie who say that labor makes
A brute thing, an insensate clod,
Of man, the masterpiece of God.
They lie who say that labor takes

All from us save the lust of pelf,
Dulls eye, and ear, and soul, and mind;
For no man need be deaf or blind
Unless he wills it so himself.

The moneyed man may boast his wealth,
The highborn boast his pedigree;
These stir no envy up in me:
The heritage of perfect health,

The sinews strong, the sturdy frame,
The independence brave and bold,
These are weighty things, I hold,
And workman is a noble name.

—Jean Blewett.

Many a temporary alienation can be effectually overcome by silence. Questions, reproaches, only widen the gulf. Take up some new interest or line of work and leave the trouble to the mellowing effacement of time.



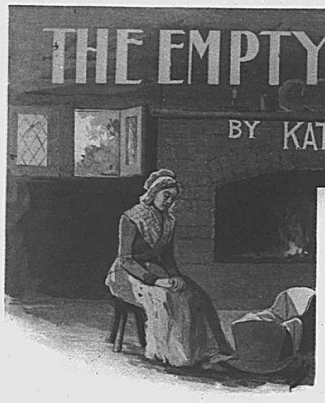
The Christmas Globe, 1899. Photo. by Gregory & Co.

"GOOD-BYE, DADDIE."

THE LITTLE SON OF PIPER-MAJOR LANG OF THE SCOTS GUARDS BIDDING HIS FATHER FAREWELL WHEN LEAVING FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

BY KATHLEEN BLAKE COLEMAN.



PROLOGUE.

A LITTLE GIRL stood holding her mother's hand and looking down at the withered, most dear and beloved little old creature who at last was resting for always in her narrow bed.

"I want her—my little old woman," said the mother; "but I thank God she is at peace at last. Some day I will tell you her story, dear."

And one day she told it.

Big Martin Connor, the harvest-man, tramped into the kitchen of the "big house" and probed the tongs into the red heart of the turf fire in search of a small coal for the top of his pipe.

"God save all here," said he, as he pressed the red "greesehaugh" down on the tobacco with his fingers and pulled hard till the smoke came in little puffs.

"God save you kindly," answered Betty Farragher, as she lifted a skillet of potatoes and swung it on one of the smaller hooks that depended from the crane.

"An' what's your news, Martin?"

The harvest-man surveyed the old woman in silence while he sucked at his pipe—then:

"Faith, I don't know how I'll be afther tellin' you, Mrs. Farragher, but the boys have got word of your Andy."

The old woman dropped the "arm" of turf she had just gathered from a creel to feed the fire, and stared at the harvest-man. Then her lips began to tremble, and she put out her hand to the wall to steady herself, as though she were afraid of falling.

"Sit down, woman, sit down," said Connor, pushing her on a three-legged stool that sat near the hearth; "don't take it that a-way. Shure, it's glad you ought to be that 'tisn't word of his death I brought you—though, God knows, 'tis worse it is," he added to himself.

"See here, Betty, I'm goin' over to that part of England meself, an' the two Lallys next week, and I'll look out for Andy, an' maybe bring him home wid me, be the grace of God."

Old Betty's voice sounded weak as she answered: "'Tis nigh on thirty year since Andy Farragher and I wor married, Martin, man, and 'tis about eighteen since he left me, an' I never thought to hear the sound of his name again, though I well know I'd feel it if the man was dead outright. Eighteen years is a long time to be widout home or husband, Mr. Connor, and 'tis hard to think that Andy'd lave me without a word or sign all that time. What more did you hear?"

But Martin Connor was not for telling that poor, grey-faced old creature that Andy Farragher was known to be living in England with a Sassenach woman, and that no later than two weeks ago his own father had met him face to face when he was over for the harvesting.

"Bad luck from me!" he said, as a moment later he tramped across the straw yard towards the haggard to call Mike Lally in from work to walk home with him. "What did I open me mouth to the poor ould soul for at all, at all? It's nothin' but an' omadhaun I am."

Betty Farragher sat on the three-legged stool to all seeming in a stupor, and yet she was thinking acutely. It is necessary to the climax of this story to dip for a moment into the past of this Irish peasant woman; a past that could have been woven into a heart-breaking, human document, had a clever writer or dramatist chanced to get hold of it.

Follow for a short time the thoughts of that forlorn figure that is huddled in the ingle of the wide hearth, staring with sunken eyes into the heart of the great peat fire and travelling back on that weary road the sign-posts of which mark so many more griefs than joys.

She was thinking of the days long ago, when, a hearty girl of twenty-six, she had left service in this very same "big house" to marry Andy Farragher, the "warmest" man in the whole parish of Gunnoadhe.

A nice little cabin it was that he had brought her to, sitting on its couple of acres of reclaimed bog, which brought in rich crops of oats and potatoes. It was two milch cows she had those days, not to speak of the sleek black sow, with her thirteen bonives, and old "Pether," the rooster, with his harem of seven fine little hens, and the ass and cart. Betty, too, had brought her own little fortune with her, twenty pound odd in gold and silver, and—thanks to the "Masturas"—as fine a feather bed as the priest had himself, besides a flock of grey geese. It was a great beginning entirely! And what a "dhraggin' home" she had the day she was married! Twelve horses if there was one!

He was the kind man, Andy Farragher, and a fine man, too: six foot one in his socks, and a skin as fair as an egg; the finest dancer at wake or wedding that ever footed it to the tune of "The Wind That Shakes the Barley." Ay; he was all that till the first child came to her stillborn, and by the time that five more little dead creatures were born to her he took to the drink and to staying out all night, and to Land League meetings and what not. He grew to hate the sight of the woman who never put a living child between his arms, and who, the neighbors said, must have a curse resting on her. He did not beat her—the Irish peasant never lifts his hand to the wife—but he neglected her, and left her to sow the two acres, and foot the turf patch, and drive the cows in and out, and look after the pigs and hens and the little old ass, Bucky. When fair or market came, Andy would be off with a slip of a "boneen," and never a sight of him would she see again till he had spent every penny of the price of it. And her heart grew weary and her step heavy. The woman was aging before her time.



"Martin stopped and laid his hand heavily on her shoulder."

But she paid the rent, and the neighbors helped her to sow and reap and stack her small haggard. Like a beast of burden she worked, patient and uncomplaining as the "ould ass in the corner beyant." Passionately did Betty pray the Lord God to bless her with a living child. Her heart made moan in many a "station"—"Sad way of the Cross"—gone over on bare and scalded knee, in the hope that He who loved us enough to die for us would lift the curse "off of her." For miles round the holy wells she visited, and many a wax candle was burned on the altar of the Blessed Virgin, in the hope that the holy Lady would remember the lonely heart and hearth of the little Irish peasant woman, and send her comfort. But there was never word or sign.

"They haven't the time to be listening to the likes of me with all the kings an' queens of the wuruld praying to them," she would say, looking with hungry, passionate eyes at the empty wooden cradle that "sat behind" the foot of the bed in a dusky corner.

One night when the wind was blowing high and the rain was beating heavily on the thatch, Betty Farragher awoke suddenly and sat up in the bed. The turf fire was still alight, though the red embers were slowly mouldering to grey ash. The woman peered forth into the dusk. Bucky, the old ass, lay on his bundle of straw, dozing. Peter and his harem were perched in a feathery bunch on a brown rafter overhead. The door was fastened with a stout wooden bar. No one could enter without forcing it. Andy had not been home since, three days before, he had set out for the fair of Athlone with two slips of pigs out of a litter of nine. Betty could not tell what had awakened her so suddenly. She surely had heard some noise as of lowing cows and trampling feet. It was dreaming she was! Sure, it was that quiet now, the wind crooning in whispers. 'Tis queer noises that same wind brings sometimes. And the rain on the roof, beating, beating, as if it would force the thatch. She drew out her little brown scapular, kissed it, and said a "Hail Mary." She fell asleep before she had finished it.

The next morning, when Mrs. Farragher went out to milk her cows, she found the byre door open and the cattle gone; likewise, the seven slips of pigs and their mother. There was nothing left but the ass's cart and harness and the flock of big-boned grey geese.

"'Tis Andy," said the poor creature—there was no one to look at her working, grief-stricken face.

"'Tis Andy's hand has done this to me—and God forgive him. You might have left me one of the cows—or the little pigs, agra," she added, tenderly. She felt in her soul that he would never return. Then her heart failed her, and, with her apron tossed over her head, she groped her way to the cabin and shut the door.

That day nor man nor woman crossed the threshold of Betty Farragher's home. She sat within, with the door barred, rocking the poor empty cradle with her foot.

When, a day or two afterward, the neighbors saw her weeding the potatoes in her little garden, they knew better than to offer her windy words of sympathy. Judy Noonan began a couple of questions, but she was soon set in her place. They talked among themselves, of course, but they did not trouble Betty. For a time she kept on working from dawn till night to gather in the next half gale's rent, and the next after that. She sold the grey geese one by one. Then came the day when "Pether" and his wives forsook forever the old brown rafter, but Bucky, the ass, she could not bear to part with yet. He was past his work—a tender heart beat beneath the little plaid shawl that crossed Betty's breast—and maybe the "baste" would be abused if she let him go to strangers. So Bucky got his daily bundle of hay, and dozed in his warm corner, and moved his long, brown ears up and down whenever Betty patted his hairy side. The wooden cradle had been moved from its old place at the foot of the bed to the side, and every night it was rocked by the hand of the woman. Betty Farragher was surely getting what the neighbors would call "light in the head."

For a while she staggered on under the load of life and the rent. One day "Taps" sounded, and the heart of a little woman was broken like an old drum.

The neighbors wondered when one morning the postman, Mike Doran, came trudging up the muddy lane that led to Mrs. Farragher's cabin. Not one of them all could read the catechism, much less writing by hand, unless it was Kitty Joyce, who owned a "bran' new" prayer-book and wore it to mass on Sundays. Into Mrs. Joyce's house Betty came running breathlessly, with the letter rolled up in her apron. "Read it for me, Kitty, alanna," she cried, almost passionately. "It's from Andy. Me heart tells me it's word from Andy." Alas for Kitty Joyce! Nor head nor tail could she make of the sprawling characters that "lepped"—as she put it—all over the blue paper. Sure, the finest learning couldn't teach anybody that. Nobody knew it, but Kitty held the "bran' new" prayer-book itself upside down most of the time—which was nobody's business but her own.

So Betty put her best "coat" on her, her blue cloak and lace-bordered cap, with the little scarlet head shawl thrown over it, and walked the seven miles that lay between her cabin and the big house where her old mistress, Mrs. Blake, lived, and the "Masturas" read her letter to her. It was brief—only a few words to say: hoping this finds you in as good health as it leaves me in at present; that Andrew Farragher was living in England, having paid his passage over with the price of the two cows and the pigs, and that he was doing well and had no

hey haven't the time to be listening to the
me with all the kings an' queens of the
praying to them," she would say, looking
gry, passionate eyes at the empty wooden
at "sat behind" the foot of the bed in a
rner.

night when the wind was blowing high and
was beating heavily on the thatch, Betty
r awoke suddenly and sat up in the bed.
fire was still alight, though the red embers
wly mouldering to grey ash. The woman
rth into the dusk. Bucky, the old ass,
s bundle of straw, dozing. Peter and his
re perched in a feathery bunch on a brown
rhead. The door was fastened with a stout
ar. No one could enter without forcing it.
d not been home since, three days before,
t out for the fair of Athlone with two slips
t of a litter of nine. Betty could not tell
awakened her so suddenly. She surely
some noise as of lowing cows and tramp-
It was dreaming she was! Sure, it was
t now, the wind crooning in whispers.
r noises that same wind brings sometimes.
rain on the roof, beating, beating, as if it
rce the thatch. She drew out her little
apular, kissed it, and said a "Hail Mary."
sleep before she had finished it.

next morning, when Mrs. Farragher went
k her cows, she found the bare door open
attle gone; likewise, the seven slips of pigs
mother. There was nothing left but the
and harness and the flock of big-boned
e.

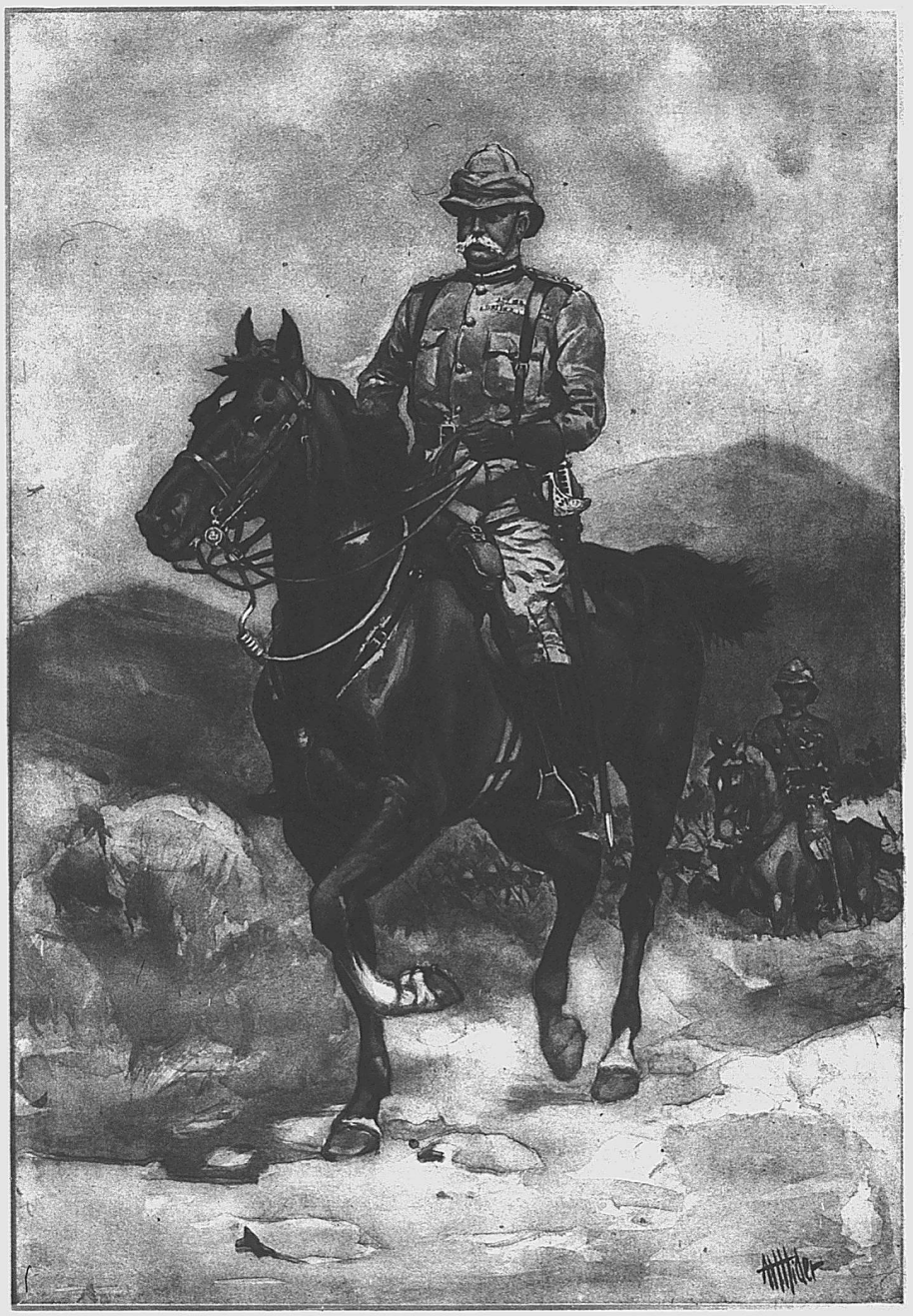
s Andy," said the poor creature—there was
look at her working, grief-stricken face.
s Andy's hand has done this to me—and
ve him. You might have left me one of the
the little pigs, agra," she added, tenderly.
in her soul that he would never return.
heart failed her, and, with her apron tossed
ead, she groped her way to the cabin and
door.

day nor man nor woman crossed the
of Betty Farragher's home. She sat
ith the door barred, rocking the poor
dle with her foot.

hen, a day or two afterward, the neighbors
weeding the potatoes in her little garden,
ew better than to offer her windy words
pathy. Judy Noonan began a couple of
s, but she was soon set in her place. They
among themselves, of course, but they did
uble Betty. For a time she kept on working
awn till night to gather in the next half
ent, and the next after that. She sold
y geese one by one. Then came the day
"Pether" and his wives forsook forever
brown rafter, but Bucky, the ass, she
ot bear to part with yet. He was past his
a tender heart beat beneath the little
hawl that crossed Betty's breast—and
the "baste" would be abused if she let
to strangers. So Bucky got his daily
of hay, and dozed in his warm corner, and
is long, brown ears up and down whenever
atted his hairy side. The wooden cradle
n moved from its old place at the foot of
to the side, and every night it was rocked
hand of the woman. Betty Farragher was
ing what the neighbors would call "light
d."

while she staggered on under the load of
e rent. One day "Taps" sounded, and the
little woman was broken like an old drum.
eighbors wondered when one morning the
Mike Doran, came trudging up the muddy
ed to Mrs. Farragher's cabin. Not one of
uld read the catechism, much less writing
unless it was Kitty Joyce, who owned a
w" prayer-book and wore it to mass on
Into Mrs. Joyce's house Betty came
reathlessly, with the letter rolled up in
"Read it for me, Kitty, alanna," she
st passionately. "It's from Andy. Me
me it's word from Andy." Alas for
e! Nor head nor tail could she make of
ling characters that "lepped"—as she
l over the blue paper. Sure, the finest
couldn't teach anybody that. Nobody
ut Kitty held the "bran' new" prayer-
upside down most of the time—which
y's business but her own.

tty put her best "coat" on her, her blue
lace-bordered cap, with the little scarlet
l thrown over it, and walked the seven
lay between her cabin and the big house
old mistress, Mrs. Blake, lived, and the
" read her letter to her. It was brief—
words to say: hoping this finds you in
ealth as it leaves me in at present; that
arragher was living in England, having
ssage over with the price of the two cows
gs, and that he was doing well and had no



intention of returning, and hoped Betty would content herself with the house and two acres of bog land he had left her.

"An' is that Andy's word to me 'Masturas!' after all the years of hard work?" Her face was shocking in the agony that spoke upon it.

"Poor Betty," said the old mistress, laying her hand on the trembling hands of the country woman, "Don't think of him again. Andy Farragher is a scoundrel. It's past all belief that——"

The blood leaped to Betty Farragher's face and her eyes fired as she broke across her mistress' words:

"He was always a kind man to me, 'Masturas,'" she said, simply; "it was the empty cradle an' the dhrink took him from me. Thank you kindly, ma'am, I think I'll be goin' now."

Then Betty Farragher walked away out of the sight and ken of all who had ever known her. They found her house door closed and her fire out. Bucky, the cart and the cradle were gone. When the Irish peasant is hurt to the death, he abhors sympathy. Like certain wild things, he crawls away to endure anguish and death far from the eyes of all who had ever known him. Solitary, strong, mystic, melancholy; no man may view his passionate struggles with his griefs or his wrestlings with his darkened soul.

Many years afterwards Betty Farragher crept home to her old mistress. In the wind and the rain she came, sore stricken and aged beyond the telling, broken and sad and withered. Some rumors had fled along the country-side that Betty had gone crackt, and had been locked up in the county mad-house these seven years back, but to these there was no foundation. Her mistress, herself aged, but looking far younger and brighter than the little



Photo. by Paige, Cobourg.

SOMETHING WRONG.

peasant woman, took the lost creature in and set her at the head of the affairs down-stairs, and Betty worked faithfully. Never a word did she speak of what had befallen her during those sad years, and no one questioned her. Her old mistress saved her from that. The great doors of the past closed down on the story of Betty Farragher from that day till now, when the clumsy hands of the big, honest harvest-man opened them to let loose such a flight of sad and pitiful memories as never awakened more anguish in any human soul.

"'Masturas,' said Betty Farragher to the mistress, a night or two after Connor had spoken to her, "I'm thinkin' of goin' over to England with the harvest-men, if you could spare me, your honor, for a couple of weeks. Martin Connor an' his cousins, the Lally boys, do be for goin' then, ah' they brought word on Tuesday of me man, Andy. Martin Connor's father came face to face forninst him in the town beyant, an' I was thinkin' that maybe, since he was gettin' old and sensible, he'd like to come home to Ireland again, an' that it was only the kind word an' the bit of encouragement he was wantin'. As you know, ma'am, Andy was a kind man to me in the dead an' gone days, an' if it wasn't for the empty cradle and the dhrink he'd never have been led away from me. An' the crathur maybe's had hard times of it, and me here, thanks to your honor, 'Masturas,' aitin' an' dhrinkin' the best of tay an' mutton, an' not wantin' for a warm bed nor a pipeful of twist anny day."

So it was settled that Betty should go to England to bring Andy home, and the little old woman set about making ready for the first great journey of her life. She needed many things, since she was going across the sea to England! She would have to discard her flannel "coat" and her lace cap and the voluminous blue cloak of the married Irish country woman. She would have to wear a bonnet and brogues, and to carry an umbrella. This last item was one that brought peculiar excitement and joy to the heart of the old woman. She called it an



Photo. by Rowley, Toronto.

BY MOONLIGHT.

"umrell," and in all her life she had never owned one. It was a cheap cotton affair, bought for half a crown at Mrs. Burke's general shop in Newbridge, but, rolled up tightly and strapped with elastic, it appeared, in the eyes of the simple woman, an important and inexplicable machine, which she would never attempt to set in motion, whatever might happen.

The bonnet, an extraordinary millinery production, was of the poke-turban order; it bent forward in front and turned up behind. The old woman put it on hind part first, till the mistress set it the right way on her head, and very wrinkled and odd the puckered old face looked framed in this unwonted headgear. The new shop boots, laced and double-soled and shining, were savage instruments of torture to the small and perfect feet that had never before been trammelled by leather. Betty had beautiful feet—like an old Trilby's—so arched and slender were they. The brogues hurt and deformed them. "I'll be wearin' them, 'Masturas,' when I get beyant, les' they'd be laughin' at me, but sorra a foot I could thravel in them at all, your honor." In fact, of all her new possessions, the "umrell" was her only joy and comfort.

Thrasher and the side-car took her to the station, ten miles off. Thrasher was a big bay plough-horse, whose fastest gait spelled "Sathurday, Sathur-day, Sathur-day," in an ungainly gallop; but they started early, and the harvest-men, with their bundles on sticks over their shoulders, were waiting for their strange companion. The train frightened Betty, for she could not conceive how anything could be made to go by "boilin'



Photo. by Rowley, Toronto.

A FAVORITE SPOT FOR A QUIET HOUR.

wather," and she kept bobbing her head out of the window at intervals to see how many horses they had harnessed to the front of it, till big Martin Connor, guffawing loudly, told her it was all done by steam, and steam only. Then the simple old creature sat back in her corner, crossed herself, and began limitless "Hail Marys."

But it was the boat that almost shocked Betty. She had often "heard tell" of the ships that took the emigrants out to America, but what kind of conveyance a ship appeared in her imagination, it would be difficult to conceive. She certainly never took it to be the dingy, evil-smelling, rocking thing that she boarded with the harvest-men at the North-Wall, Dublin. It was mainly a cattle boat and the old woman sat below with the men and suffered all the agonies of sea sickness.

The hearty lads began by dancing and singing, but these diversions were soon interrupted by sea qualms, and things grew quieter, and Betty Farragher laid herself down with her head on a sack and her shawl wrapped about her, and set to wondering and thinking. What if she couldn't find Andy, or, finding him, he would not remember her? What if the man was dead and it was only a mound in the grass she was travelling all this distance to look at? What if, seeing and knowing her, he should angrily repudiate her and bid her back whence she came? Sure, if he was there alive and wanting her, he would have sent her word. Maybe he was ashamed to do that, poor man. Anyway she would lay her eyes on him once more before she died, and, now that he was old and sensible, he might be glad to come back with her. So, nodding and thinking and suffering all the ills of the sea, the time sped until the ship landed them all in Liverpool.

On the train again for many a long mile till the North country was reached and the small Irish contingent found steady footing one morning along a sunny highroad. Betty Farragher marched in her



Photo. by Paige, Cobourg.

READY TO DISCUSS THE WAR.

bare feet with the foremost among them; her new shoes were tied up in a handkerchief. She would put them on outside the town where Andy was living. As they neared it, her heart began to grow weak. "Andy, Andy, Andy," it beat; that poor, faithful, worn old heart. 'Tis little he knew that she was so near him. She had brought all her money with her—four pound twelve she had after paying her passage. Maybe Andy would be poor and wanting it.

Martin Connor had not dared up to this to tell her the truth, but now, walking side by side with this steadfast and honest little figure, he spoke his soul.

"Betty, woman," he began, walking more hastily to cover his embarrassment, "there's something about Andy that I ought to have told you before, but me heart failed me."

"An' what is there to say about Andy Farragher, Mr. Connor, that you nor any man couldn't have said to me at home?" queried the doughty little woman.

Martin stopped and laid his hand heavily on her shoulder and twisted her round into the middle of the road.

"Mrs. Farragher," he began; then, softening his voice—"Betty, arrah agra, 'tis the hard word I have for you this day. Andrew"—his heart smote him at the sight of the greying face—"Andy is said to have taken up with a sthrange woman. May God forgive him—and me, if I'm wronging him. 'Tis said he has been livin' with her this many a year, Betty, woman, poor sowl! when a man does that, he's worth neither thought nor tear."

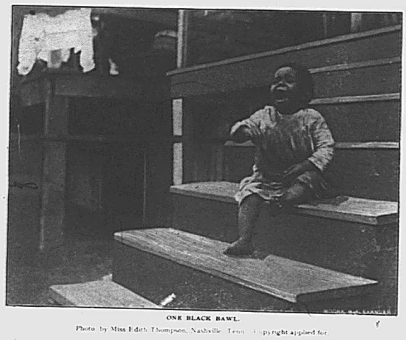
"An' what right have you, Martin Connor, to be blackenin' a man's character that a-way on hearsay?"

She looked, as she stood trembling there, so frail and old and small, yet full of faith in Andy, and love

for Andy, and fight for Andy, that Connor could not bear the sight of her and walked on to join the Lallys, who were far up the road.

The old woman stood looking after him a while; then she, too, moved on, but more slowly. "Another woman!" she whispered to herself, "an' he nearing sixty year, an' me alone this eighteen year past—an' it my Andy! God forgive you, Martin Connor; but He never will—He knows betther."

The three men waited for her to come up on the brow of the hill just outside the town, but she waved them on. "Let ye lave me to meself, boys," she



ONE BLACK BAWL.

Photo by Miss Edith Thompson, Nashville, Tenn. Copyright applied for.

said when she got within speaking distance. "If all goes well wid me, ye'll find me at Andy Farragher's place—if not, I'll be waitin' restin' meself here be the side of the road till ye come for me."

When the men had disappeared, Betty drew the new shoes from the kerchief and sat down on a stone to put them on. Then, arrayed in all the splendor of a linsey woolsey dress, bonnet, shawl, and "umrell," she went to meet what fate held for her.

The glorious August sun was shining brilliantly as the old woman entered the small North country town and went straight in the direction carefully given her by the harvest-man. Andy—Connor found out from his father—lived in a shabby row of brick-faced tenement houses down the first turn to the right, off the main street. She couldn't mistake it—the seventh house—the one with the green door to it, that was the one. The little woman looked very old and grave of face, and awkward. Her new shoes hurt her feet, and the bonnet set so close about her ears seemed to deprive her of air, and even light. She, whose head had never known bridle, beyond the lace cap and light head shawl of her country, felt prisoned in this tightly fitting bonnet. She leaned heavily on the "umrell" for comfort. Then her "talk" worried her. "Sorra word will I spake only to the boys and himself, once we set foot in the Sassenach counthry," she had told her beloved "Masturas."

"Why not, Betty?" asked the astonished mistress.

"Bekase they'd be laughin' at me," responded the fiery little woman, "an' they've laughed long enough at us, be all hearin'. 'Tis dumb I'll be, misthress, an' not disgracin' the ould sod with me talk."

"But they speak a dialect of their own in the North, Betty, and you'll not understand a word of it."

"Then we'll be aquals," said Betty, shortly.

Some children playing in the street began to guy the strange old woman as she limped painfully along. One, more daring than the others, shied a stone at the quaint black bonnet. Betty stopped. She had vowed that she would not speak in her soft, broad Irish voice to one of those Sassenachs, lest they might throw a jeer at her country. But this was too much; the stone had struck her temple, and a thin streak of blood was running down her aged and worn cheek.

The children gathered about her, a little aghast and fear-stricken.

"You it was sthruck me," said the old woman, pointing her umbrella at a ruddy youth, fair-haired and blue of eye. "What's your name? Begor, you're a likely lookin' gorsoon to be that wicked."

"There was a shrill chorus of "Irish! Irish!" from the merciless little band, who had forgotten all fear in a moment. The boy who had hefted the stone jeered the loudest. But his companions turned on him: "Oh, Andy Farragher, and you Irish yourself! Irish! Irish! Irish!" they shrieked, as they danced round the boy and the woman.

"Andy Farragher! Andy Farragher!" whispered the old woman, peering down at the lad, the light almost of insanity glittering in her dark and sunken eye: "That's right; take me to your father, me little man; don't be cryin', sonny." Tears were running out of the blue eyes of the frightened boy. The children were hushed into silence. "Shure, you didn't hurt me at all. I used to know your father in the old days—your father! My God! an' 'tis only an empty cradle I ever showed him." She took the child's hand and drew him to the far side of the road. The children stood staring after them for a second, then sped down the street, shouting.

"Kiss me, Andy, agra. Kiss me, asthoreen. Shure, 'tis your own mother I am, an' the ould green cradle is waitin' for you beyant. Kiss me, ma coaidhe."

But the whimpering child broke away after his playmates, crying that the wild Irish woman was trying to kidnap him.

Betty gathered her poor wandering wits together and went plodding on towards the house where she knew Andy Farragher lived. As she turned off the main street towards the brick row, her pace slackened. Her heart thumped against her ribs. The rough shoes hurt her little delicate old feet. She pushed the hard bonnet back from her grey head. As she neared the seventh house the sound of angry voices clamored out—the voices of a man and a woman quarrelling.

She knew his voice directly. Her Andy! her man swearing and cursing that a-way, and a woman throwing back the foul words at him!

Another woman! How her brogues hurt! Another woman! and her breast withered and her heart broken. And the hard years, dear God! the lonely, terrible years!

She harkened. A little grey figure out there in the sunshine. She crept softly up the two steps that led to the house. The door stood open, and the clamoring voices filled the narrow passage. Then the man fell silent, while the woman—his woman, not Sassenach, but Irish by her tongue—hurled words of abuse at him such as she, Betty, his loyal wife, would have died sooner than utter. There was silence, and then she heard him—her man Andy—offer with a laugh, his coarse caress.

The heart of the little old woman died that moment.

Betty Farragher turned and walked down the hilly village street. She neither looked at nor spoke to any one. She walked on to the railway station, to the boat and home. She neither ate nor spoke on the journey. Obscure and lonely, no one molested her.

Some nights afterwards the door of Abbeylands opened to a faint knocking. On the step outside, in the wind and rain, stood the curious figure of a little old woman. Her battered poke bonnet was decorated on either side with bunches of turkey quills, which stood up like great horns. Her feet were bare, her grey shawl was torn and trailed behind. But her eyes were diamond bright and her face was smiling.



REFLECTIONS.

Photo by Arthur Beales.

"Masturas!" she called, in a cracked and piteous voice, looking beyond into the big, dim hall. "Masturas! I'm home agin, your honor — an' shure Andy an' the boy is with me. They're beyant, outside the gran' gate."

She pushed past the girl at the door and walked across toward the drawing-room. "An', Masturas, if I could have the ould green cradle asthore for the child—he's cowld——"

Then the drawing-room door opened and the mistress took her lost old woman into her arms.

EPILOGUE.

The little girl—long since a woman—holds in reverent memory the true story of the old woman. At home in Ireland, behind a stout wall, beyond which the sea beats eternal requiem, there is a grave, covered with rough sea grass, within which lie the holy bones of a little old woman whose short history was very like the story of Betty Farragher—whose memory is a hallowed one in the breast of at least one exile of Erin.

Old Gentleman (dictating an indignant letter). Sir: My stenographer, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot think it; but you, being neither, can easily guess my thoughts.



the railway station, to the
either ate nor spoke on the
bnely, no one molested her.
ards the door of Abbeylands
ng. On the step outside, in
the curious figure of a little



REFLECTIONS.
Photo. by Arthur Beales.

oy is with me. They're
gate."
girl at the door and walked
g-room. "An's Masturas,
reen cradle asthore for the

oom door opened and the
woman into her arms.

OGUE.

since a woman—holds in
e story of the old woman.
ind a stout wall, beyond
rnal requiem, there is a
h sea grass, within which
le old woman whose short
story of Betty Farragher—
ved one in the breast of at

ating an indignant letter).
eing a lady, cannot take
u. I, being a gentleman,
being neither, can easily





AFTER THE ROMP

CAVERHILL, LEARMONT & CO.,
MONTREAL,
Metals, Glass, Hardware, Cutlery, Firearms, Bicycles.

A. E. AMES. E. D. FRASER.

A. E. Ames & Co.

Bankers and Brokers,
TORONTO.

Transact a General Financial Business . . .

Deposits received.

Interest allowed at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.

Buy and Sell

HIGH-GRADE INVESTMENT SECURITIES ON COMMISSION.

Everything for the Library

Choice Gift Books.

Standard Authors.

The Publishers' Syndicate

We Supply Any Book Published.

An Ideal Place for Christmas Shopping.

THE PUBLISHERS' SYNDICATE, Limited
51 Yonge St., Toronto



GERHARD HEINTZMAN

Canada's Imperial Pianos.
GRAND AND UPRIGHT.

FACTORY AND WAREROOMS:
69 TO 75 SHERBOURNE STREET, TORONTO.

CITY WAREROOMS:
GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING, 188 Yonge Street, Toronto.

We Ask

Your inspection of our stock of

FINE IMPORTED WOOLLENS

including Suitings, Overcoatings and Trouserings, etc. These we make up in our usual first-class style.

J. H. WILLIAMSON

Custom Tailor 55 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

Canadian Tomato Chutnee

HAS ROYAL APPROVAL.

KENSINGTON PALACE, Dec. 22, 1894.

Colonel Collings is desired by H. R. H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, to thank Mrs. Card for the Tomato Chutnee she has been good enough to send her. The Princess thinks it excellent.

This sauce is for roast meats, cutlets, gravies, chops, steaks, cold meats, curries, game, soup, lunch, breakfast or sandwiches. Helps the appetite. Possessing a piquancy of flavor, and from the superiority of its zest is more generally used than any other condiment.

Canada's Late Premier Recommends It.

EARNSCLIFFE, Ottawa, Dec. 24, 1894.

Dear Madam,—Pray pardon me for not answering your note respecting the Tomato Chutnee which you were good enough to send me. We have tried it and found it very good. Wishing you many happy returns of the season. Believe me, yours very truly, JOHN A. MACDONALD.

Ask your dealer for it or send to maker. Prepared only by . . . . . M. P. CARD, Guelph, Ont.



Good Advice

will result in the placing in your home this Christmastide one of our **Nordheimer Pianos.** St. Nicholas doesn't go far astray when he directs his cohorts to take one within your doors. It's doubtful if there's any other present calculated to give more undiluted pleasure. Have you ordered one?

THE NORDHEIMER

PIANO & MUSIC COMPANY, Limited,
15 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Choosing a Piano

is always easy where none but reliable makes are sold, where satisfaction is assured or the piano exchanged, and where the prices are as they should be. The prospective buyer will find it very difficult, if not impossible, to secure a piano as good as one of our makes—**Knabe, Gerhard Heintzman, Hardman, Karn, Fischer** and **Whaley-Royce**—at as low a price.

Upon the first payment of $10 we will place a Piano in your home.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming

188 Yonge Street, Toronto.

For the Holidays

What will give more pleasure in the home than a modern Music Box, capable of rendering any music with expression, and playing any number of tunes. Buy only the best—either a

Stella or Regina

PRICES FROM $15 to $300. Send for Catalogues.



Sweetest and purest in tone, simplest and most durable in construction, easily operated.

Sold for cash or credit.



Gourlay, Winter & Leeming

Invite every reader to call and hear them. Free exhibition every day. No trouble to show them. Showrooms: 188 Yonge St.



Woman, Why Suffer?

If you are low spirited, despondent, melancholy, languid, tired, easily discouraged, have sallow complexion, moth or liver spots, headache, hot flashes, dark rings under the eyes, pain in the back or side, with a dragging or bearing down feeling, dyspepsia, dizziness, cold hands and feet, pins and needles, sudden perspirations, nervousness, loss of appetite, etc., etc., we will mail free of charge a fifty cent package of the famous "Gunagathon Home Treatment," with full instructions for its use. It has cured thousands and will cure you. Mrs. G. W. Lake says: "Gunagathon is one of God's greatest earthly blessings to womankind." Investigation invited. We guarantee it will do all we claim. It costs nothing to give the remedy a trial. Gunagathon is truly what its name implies—"A Blessing to Woman," indeed. Write to-day. Address

THE CANADIAN GUNAGATHON COMPANY, Limited,
Department F. TEMPLE BUILDING, TORONTO, ONT.



There's a difference in gloves. See that you get the right kind.

Storey's Gloves

Are Standard for Excellence of Material, Fit, Style, Workmanship and Durability.

Manufactured in Acton for over thirty years.

W. H. STOREY & SON,
ACTON, ONTARIO.

THE GLOVERS OF CANADA.

A. R. McINNES & Co

Members Toronto Board of Trade.
Toronto Mining and Industrial Exchange.
Cable Address: ARM.
Codes: Moreing & Neal, Clough's, Bedford McNeil

MINING BROKERS

OFFICES: Rooms 3 & 4, No. 9 Toronto Street, Toronto.
No. 207 St. James Street, Montreal, Que.
No. 3 Merrill Block, Detroit, Mich.
No. 35 Broadway, New York.

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.

THE MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION of New York

Is now out with a new line of up-to-date policies on a 4 per cent. reserve basis, containing features not sold by other insurance companies. Its rates are also lower than its competitors, thus giving greater security at a lower rate—the all-important features in Life Insurance.

Energetic Agents wanted in every district to sell our popular policies. Correspondence solicited.

W. J. MURRAY, Manager,
Freehold Loan Building, TORONTO.

A PERFECT AD

OWES its perfection to good Printing.

Our Trade Mark is our best solicitor. It is found on many of the Catalogues, Booklets, etc., issued by leading Canadian firms.

It will please us to give you a price for your next job.

BROWN-SEARLE PRINTING CO.,
Jordan St, Toronto.



20th Century Xmas Bargain

The handsomest and most luxurious Easy Chair ever offered at a popular price

Only $7.69

Regular value $12.50. Packed free and freight paid to within four hundred miles.

This elegant easy chair is beautifully upholstered in French Tapestry (especially noted for its durability and rich, deep coloring), with fringe and cord to match, large roll head rest, drum arms, spring seat, back and edges, making a most comfortable and luxurious easy chair. Can be had in the following colors: Olive, Old Gold, Brown, Terra Cotta, Old Rose, Crimson, Nile, Myrtle, Fawn, Light Blue, Dark Wine, Bronze, Royal Blue.

We would advise our customers to place orders early goods can be held and shipped to order at any specified time.

Parties living beyond the 400 mile limit, by adding 75c additional, can have goods sent freight paid.

THE DUFFETT FURNITURE CO., Limited,
285 YONGE STREET.

CELEBRATED THE WORLD OVER FOR ITS UNEQUALLED FLAVOR.

KEEN'S D.S.F. MUSTARD.

FRANK MAGOR & CO.,
16 St. John Street, MONTREAL.
SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA.



Try LOG CABIN BAKED BEANS

Equal to any imported brand and much cheaper. Only Canadian products used in preparation.

FOR SALE BY ALL WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS.

CROSSE & BLACKWELL

Purveyors to  The Queen

Pickles, Sauces, Jams and Preserved Provisions

AGENTS: C. E. COLSON & SON, 10 St. John St., MONTREAL

THOUSANDS OF

BAIN WAGONS

SOLD ANNUALLY TO THE

BEST FARMERS

OF THIS COUNTRY.

You are invited to join the ranks by sending your order to

BAIN WAGON CO., Limited,
WOODSTOCK, ONT.

Telephone 60. Cable Address: HALMUR.

HALL & MURRAY

Members Toronto Board of Trade.
Members Toronto Mining Exchange.

MINING BROKERS

12 Yonge St. Arcade, : TORONTO.

All Standard Mining Stocks Bought and Sold. Developed and Undeveloped Mining Properties For Sale. Correspondence Solicited.

HOTEL ROYAL

HAMILTON, CANADA.

The finest and most comfortable Hotel in the West.

Remodelled and Elegantly Furnished

Rooms en suite with Bathroom attached on every floor.

RATES $2.50 to $4.00 Per Day.

FISHING TACKLE.





Trade Mark

ALLCOCK'S Stag Brand goods are the best. When you buy from us you buy from the largest makers and oldest house in England. Established 1800.

The Allcock, Laight & Westwood Co., Limited, 73 Bay St., Toronto, and Redditch, Eng. Exclusive manufacturers of the Celebrated Registered Trade Mark Stag Brand Hammocks.

BUY "HAGAR" SHOES

For Women, Men and Children.

MANUFACTURED BY

J. & T. BELL

OF MONTREAL

"HAGAR" SHOES ARE STYLISH.

"HAGAR" SHOES ARE COMFORTABLE.



Made in many styles for all purposes. Made so as to fit, give ease, grace and comfort to the wearer.

WE CONTROL THESE SHOES IN TORONTO.

H. & C. BLACHFORD

114 YONGE STREET.

Agricultural College, Guelph,

The kind of instruction and practical training needed by young men who intend to be Farmers, Butter-makers or Cheese-makers.

Send to the President for a copy of the College Circular.

WM. POSTLETHWAITE CABLE ADDRESS "PARKER, TORONTO." GEO. C. PARKER

CODES Moreing & Neal's Bedford McNeill's Clough's

PARKER & CO.

MINES, STOCKS AND REAL ESTATE

TELEPHONE 1001. 61 VICTORIA STREET, TORONTO.

Official Brokers Telford Yukon Mining Co., Limited

Members Toronto Mining and Ind. Exchange (Mining Section Board of Trade).

Representatives in all principal mining centres, including London, Eng., and Dawson City.

Correspondence invited. All communications receive prompt attention.

The Ontario Bank

CAPITAL PAID UP, $1,000,000. RESERVE FUND, $110,000. UNDIVIDED PROFITS, $40,360.

HEAD OFFICE - - - TORONTO.

DIRECTORS:

G. R. R. COCKBURN, ESQ., President. DONALD MCKAY, ESQ., Vice-President.
A. S. IRVING, ESQ. HON. J. C. AIKINS, K. D. PERRY, ESQ.
J. HALLAM, ESQ. C. MCGILL, General Manager.
D. ULLYOT, ESQ. E. MORRIS, Inspector.

BRANCHES—Alliston, Aurora, Bowmanville, Buckingham, Cornwall, Fort William, Kingston, Lindsay, Montreal, Mount Forest, Newmarket, Ottawa, Peterboro', Port Arthur, Sudbury, Tweed.

AGENTS: London, Eng., Parr's Bank (Limited). France and Europe—Credit Lyonnais. New York—The Fourth National Bank and the Bank of Montreal. Boston—Eliot National Bank.

TORONTO: Scott and Wellington Sts.; Queen St. W., corner Portland; Yonge and Richmond Sts.

THE . . . .

DODGE STANDARD WOOD SPLIT PULLEY

Is on sale in every business centre throughout the world. The aggregate output and sale of Dodge pulleys exceed those of all other wood pulleys combined.

Ask for Dodge pulleys. NONE OTHER IS AS GOOD. Let us point out the difference.

Send for 260-page Catalogue.

Dodge Manf. Co. of Toronto, Limited,

Office—74 York St., Toronto, Ont.

CARELESS MEN
often neglect to protect their families.

IMPRUDENT MEN
often insure without counting the cost.

CAREFUL MEN
insure their lives to protect their families.

PRUDENT MEN
exercise care in selecting a company in which to insure.

THE TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL LIFE

is the best company for the best risks.

It has the largest body of total abstainers classed by themselves of any regular company in America.

It gives total abstainers special advantages and should be the company of their selection.

Head Office—Globe Building, Toronto. HON. G. W. ROSS, President. H. SUTHERLAND, Man. Dir.

Canadian Pine Doors and Boxes
For Export Trade.

GILMOUR & CO., Trenton, Canada.

London Agent:
H. T. WALCOT, 17 Gracechurch Street, E.C.

SHIPPERS OF ANTHRACITE AND BITUMINOUS COAL.

BY RAIL AND VESSEL.

JOHN BOWMAN

Hardware and Coal Company

Granite Block, : LONDON, ONT.

Paints, Oils, Glass, Harvest Tools, Full Lines of Shelf and Heavy Hardware.



Gift Umbrellas.

An Umbrella is a useful Christmas Gift. You can buy them direct from the makers. Beautiful handles, plain, fancy and ornamental; silver, gold, pearl, ivory and dresden mountings. For example—Sterling Silver Mounted Gloria Silk Umbrella, paragon frame, steel rod, case and tassel complete, $2.00. Other Gloria Silk Umbrellas for $1.50, ranging as high as $10.00. You can select an Umbrella by mail.

EAST'S, 300 YONGE STREET,

At Corner of Agnes St., TORONTO.

PHONE 2291.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS ELECTRIC OR GASOLINE WORK.

McLachlan Electric and Gasoline Motor Co. Limited

MANUFACTURERS OF

FOR ALL POWERS LAUNCHES and HORSELESS CARRIAGES.

MOTORS....

ELECTRIC OR GASOLINE

94 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, CANADA.

BULLION No. 2

R. ROGERS, Rat Portage, SECRETARY.

PRESIDENT
Sir R. J. Cartwright, C.C.M.G

DIRECTORS:
JOHN MARTY, London, Eng.
D. C. CAMERON, Rat Portage.
C. E. CHADWICK, Rat Portage.
WALTER MACDONALD, Toronto.
R. K. SPROULE, Toronto.

Property adjoins Mikado to the southeast and has the Mikado contact vein, proved by diamond drill borings and extensive development work, as well as mill run showing equal values to the Mikado—averaging $15.00 per ton. A 20-stamp mill will be erected at once. For prospectus and full particulars apply

TELEPHONE 893. R. K. SPROULE, 37 Yonge St.

The Bain Book and Stationery Company

Successors to James Bain. Estab. 1830

96 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

A. E. Huestis . . . Manager.

CANADIAN EXPRESS COMPANY

FORWARDERS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION OF FREIGHT, LIVE STOCK, MONEY AND VALUABLES

To all principal points in Canada and United States. Direct and most expeditious service.

Half a Century's Experience.

Special Attention to Consignments for Foreign Countries. Special Rates on Fruit, Produce and Large Consignments.

Notes, Drafts, etc., Collected with Promptitude at Exceptionally Low Rates.

MONEY ORDERS.

The CHEAPEST and MOST DESIRABLE MEDIUM of transmitting MONEY in existence. SAFE and CONVENIENT. No form to fill out. Payable at par at any Express Office or Bank. Receipt given, and LOST ORDERS promptly refunded No "Red Tape."



Galvanized Steel Wind Mills,

Flag Staffs, Towers, Wood and Iron Pumps, etc., etc.

GOULD, SHAPLEY & MUIR CO

Limited.

Brantford, Can.

COFFEE!

Was yours good at breakfast this morning?

If not— Telephone 138.

G. H. COOPER, Grocer,

Successor to Caldwell & Hodgins,

250 Queen St. W.,

Who Imports, Roasts and Grinds the Highest Grades. TORONTO.

The BROWN BROS. Limited

Stationers, Toronto.

OUR SPECIALTIES ARE:
ACCOUNT BOOKS
LEATHER GOODS
OFFICE SUPPLIES
PAPER and STATIONERY
TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES
BOOKBINDERS' MATERIAL
PRINTERS' SUPPLIES
BOOKBINDING.

The Complete Stationery House. Est'd 1856.

King Street, East of Toronto Street.

T. & B.

MYRTLE NAVY

TOBACCO.

"Smoked Wherever English is Spoken."

MANTELS, GRATES and TILES. . . . .

Office and Store Fittings.

GET OUR ESTIMATES.

COBBAN MANF'G CO. Limited

Cor. Lake and Lorne Sts. Foot of Bay Street. Toronto

HENRY O'HARA. H. R. O'HARA. W. J. O'HARA.

H. O'HARA & CO.

(Two members of the firm members of the Toronto Stock Exchange.)

Stock, Debenture and Mining Brokers. Financial Agents

Buy and sell on the principal Exchanges. Money to loan at lowest rates.

TELEPHONE 915. 24 Toronto Street, TORONTO



Arctic Refrigerators and Van Kannel Revolving Doors...

MANUFACTURED BY

JOHN HILLOCK & CO.,

165 QUEEN STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Telephone 478.

TORONTO HAMILTON WINDSOR

Oak Hall

LONDON ST. THOMAS ST. CATHARINES

CLOTHIERS FOR MEN AND BOYS.

Our Clothing is absolutely dependable, being made in the present prevailing styles by the W. E. Sanford Manufacturing Co., Limited, of Hamilton. The value cannot be excelled.

OAK HALL, 115 to 121 King St. E., opp. Cathedral. 116 Yonge Street, Cor. Adelaide St. **Toronto**

W. SANFORD ALLEY, Manager.

The Oliver Typewriter

The Oliver Typewriter made its bows and solicited the patronage of the Canadian public for the **first time** through the columns of the **1898 Christmas Edition of The Globe.**

It now, through the same medium, begs to tender to that public, on the part of its manufacturers, **their heartfelt thanks** for the unprecedented support and appreciation it has received.

To inform them that already steps have had to be taken to **double the output** of machines from the Montreal factory.

To wish them **A Very Merry Christmas** and **A Happy New Year.**

THE LINOTYPE COMPANY,
156 St. Antoine Street, Montreal.
Toronto Branch 55 Victoria Street. Ottawa Branch 39 Sparks Street.



OUR STAFF 1899 AND 1900.

Central Business College...

YONGE AND GERRARD STREETS, TORONTO.

THE LEADING BUSINESS SCHOOL IN CANADA. OUR CATALOGUE TELLS YOU WHY. WRITE FOR IT.

W. H. SHAW, Principal.

THE LUXFER PRISM COMPANY LIMITED

LUXFER PRISMS AND ELECTROGLAZING.

DECORATIVE GLASS. FIREPROOF WINDOWS. PAVEMENT LIGHTS.

AGENTS FOR: WINSLOW BROS. ORNAMENTAL IRON WORK. MARCHESINI MARBLE MOSAICS. NEW YORK HYDRAULIC PRESSED BRICKS. PERTH AMBOY TERRA COTTA.

OFFICES 98-100 KING STREET WEST. FACTORY 29-31 PEARL STREET, TORONTO.

THE...

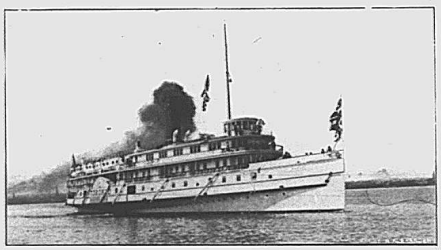
BERTRAM ENGINE WORKS CO. LIMITED

TORONTO, CANADA.

SHIPBUILDERS and ENGINEERS.

PASSENGER AND FREIGHT STEAMERS

TORONTO
CORONA
KEENORA
HIAWATHA
G. B. GREENE
MINTO
MOYIE
AHMIC
EMPRESS
NO. 35 } Building
NO. 36 }



SIDE WHEEL PASSENGER STEAMER "TORONTO."

TUGS AND BARGES

BRONSON
HAMILTON
PEMBROKE
NADINE
EDITH
HILDA
MADGE
BELLE
ETHEL



Speak Gently.

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

—G. W. Langford.

A FUR TRADER'S REWARD

BY BLEASDELL CAMERON



I.

THE TRADER was an uncommonly sick man; there could be no question of that. He lay, muffled in a fur coat, between buffalo-robes spread close to the fire, under a sloping roof of spruce boughs. Frequently, when the rigor of his malady was strong on him, a low moan escaped from his lips.

He was no stranger to these seizures during the heat; but they occurred rarely in winter, so that he had not thought to fetch remedies with him on this trip to the hunting Indians near the border of the Barren Grounds. And now the chill finger of death pinched his very soul. His cheek was white as paper and his brow wet like modelling clay; for this attack was the most dire in his experience. At the Fort there were drugs which never failed to give him prompt relief; but forty miles of tempest-ridden plain intervened between him and that haven of succor. They had had nothing to eat for the two days during which they had lain, storm-bound, in this bluff of firs on their way back; and their starving sled-dogs had deserted them and gone they knew not whither.

"Can ye go, François?" He looked anxiously at the half-breed dog-driver. The man crouched with his hands outstretched over the blaze, and his eyes did not shift from the coals as he replied doggedly after a minute's silence:

"De col', I never see him so bad like dis before; an' de storm, she's ver' wil'. It is far—de Fort; I not be abl' to fin' some trail."

"But you, Gladieu?" He turned to the other half-breed. "Ah, afraid, too; both afraid!" He hid his face and groaned.

"I'll go."

The Trader raised his head, surprised, and gazed admiringly at the tall clerk. He was little more than a youth, though in the set of his seventy straight inches there were both symmetry and power, and in his blue eye the light of a reckless courage.

"You? Oh, no. I couldn't sanction that." The Trader spoke slowly and with labor. "You'd lose your way. Why, man, these natives here know the region like a map; they've travelled it, up and down and crosswise, in heat and bitter cold, for twenty year—do ye understand? And yet . . . Pah! Madness, sheer madness. No, if I go, I'll not take ye, lad; ye're young to die, yet."

"Let me try it, Mr. Belcourt." Jameson was importunate. "I'll reach Providence with a whole skin, never fear. Anyway, I can't stand by idle and see a man I know tortured like this without a single effort made to bring him aid. Think of your family, Mr. Belcourt."

A shade of sadness crossed the Trader's brow. "Don't ask that o' me, Stanley!" he said in a constrained whisper. "It's hard enough without. If the storm lifts and I see Providence again, I'll not forget what ye were ready to risk for me the day but the odds are too great—ye'll not attempt it."

He turned away wearily and buried his face in the robes again.

Jameson, seated by the fire, watched him for a time in silence. He would not last many more hours, unless help arrived. And it would not come of itself. There was a chance . . . just one chance—and well he knew the hazard. Still, he was very strong; and his two-day fast could not in an appreciable degree disturb the confidence begot of that knowledge. And there are points of compensation in all desperate conditions, if we can but see them; he would at least be light for running.

And if he did not reach Providence? Well, he was alone; and men before him had spent their lives to less profitable intent.

He looked again at the Trader. He was sleeping now, between the intervals of his pain, the sleep of profound exhaustion. Jameson thought of the family at the Fort; and presently a pair of dark hazel eyes were looking approvingly at him out of the fireglow. He started to his feet.

"Yes, I'll try it," he said to himself, softly. Then, aloud: "François, you and Gladieu take your axes and cut all the dry wood the present state of your muscle will allow you to before dusk. Pile it up here in camp. The fire must not go out."

When they were gone he got his snowshoes and tied them on carefully. He pulled the hood of his black blanket capote over his head, tightened the belt about his waist, and drew on his beaver mitts. Then catching up a rifle, with a parting glance over his shoulder at his sleeping chief, he passed from the friendly fire on to the wide, white waste, into the lashing, smoking blizzard.

It was not more than nine o'clock in the morning, though no sun was to be seen. He ran quickly for two hours. The exertion, and the conscious merit of his attempt, despite his long fast, warmed and exhilarated him. Courage and hope mounted as mile after mile was put behind, until the fierce joy of overcoming seized upon him and his heart sang triumphantly in his breast.

But, without food, there is a sure limit to human endurance. Gradually, a faintness stole over him. He became chilled through and through and had an almost irresistible desire to lie down and sleep. The wind was so pitilessly searching, and the snow over which he staggered looked so soft and warm and white!

He knew the deadly danger of this feeling; it alarmed him and he struggled to throw it off. But as the time passed his brain grew clouded; he seemed to see lights, fires flashing through the whirling shot. And at length he no longer felt any anxiety at all, and he could think with pity of the helpless Trader and the famished men crouching above the lonely campfire.

Then he realized suddenly that his senses were taking leave of him, and he stopped and glared wildly into the enshrouding maze.

What was that? That black thing? He brushed the back of his mitt across his eyes to wipe away the rime and looked, hard, again . . . Ah! he was dreaming no longer, his senses were making a final rally; here was food, shelter—life!

He tore off his mitts. It stood broadside to him, this stalky creature, and motionless, with its back to the storm, and scarce twenty paces off. He was cool and collected enough now, though he had been flurried at first—standing with the frozen steel in his naked fingers, with hood thrown back and his clear blue eye looking steadily along the barrel. Everything rested on this aim. With a mute petition at his heart, he pressed the trigger, the wicked spit of the discharge rang sharply through the hissing of the gale, and on to his knees went a lumbering musk-ox.

Only for an instant, though. In the next he was up again and, with a hoarse bellow of rage, rushing at his assailant.

Jameson had pumped another cartridge into the chamber. He awaited the charge fearlessly, the gun still pointed, until the shaggy foretop almost touched the muzzle. Then he pulled again and leaped lightly aside. The clumsy animal plunged, like a toppling pine, downward, and the snow rose in thick clouds about him as he ploughed through it.

Jameson gave a whoop of delight. The elation of the victorious hunter for the moment dominated all other feelings; he forgot the dangers that beset him. But his mind soon reverted to more practical issues. He knew what to do now; he had heard an old half-breed buffalo-hunter tell. He slit the hide from the breast down with his sheath-knife and removed the entrails. Then he crawled inside. The back lay to the storm. He would get warm here; he would recruit his lost strength and then go on. He had travelled for a long time; it could not be much farther to the Fort. And he thanked God and the ox.

He cut strips from the carcase and devoured them ravenously. He had never eaten raw meat before and would not have believed it could taste so good. An hour had not passed until he was quite warm and he felt fresh and invigorated. He drew himself out of his odd refuge and, re-tying his snowshoes, went on as before. There was no halting now. He sped over the snow, though the storm still raged, and before darkness closed came out on the bank of the Yellow-Knife River. Then he knew that he was just three miles from Fort Providence, and at four o'clock he walked into the trading shop and said:

"Send fresh men with dogs to the chief at the bluff the other side of the Big Plain. Tell Mrs. Belcourt to put in some of his asthma remedy; he's got an awful attack. They're starving, too."

The old head-clerk looked at him in astonishment. "You don't mean to say——" he began; but Jameson was gone. The rescue party left at once, and at ten o'clock that night the grateful Trader had relief.



"I'll go."

Jameson awoke next day just in time to welcome the chief on his arrival at the Fort, safe and greatly better. He seized the hand of the clerk and wrung it until tears stood in Jameson's eyes. There were tears, too, in the Trader's eyes; though he did not speak.

II.

"Mr. Jameson," said Trader Belcourt one afternoon in the following Spring, "I said I shouldn't forget your grand action o' the past Winter. I placed the particulars before the Commissioner in Council, and I've just got word that you are advanced to a senior clerkship. That saves you three years' service as a junior clerk; you're so much nearer a commission. My congratulations, lad."

It was a big jump for Jameson. He felt elated. He was pleased at the promotion and the large increase in salary it meant, yet deep down in his heart there was something that gave him still stronger reason to rejoice. He had long secretly admired the Trader's daughter. He was handsome, strong, active and a gentleman; young men of his stamp were few in this wild land. Small wonder, then, if Jessie Belcourt had also felt an attraction, scarcely realized, for the young clerk. Then came his gallant rescue of her father and her heart was filled with gratitude, an emotion often but an affluent of the deep stream of love. And on the broad bosom of that mightiest stream these two young persons were soon embarked in the weeks that followed, happy in the present, in being all in all to one another, and with the sun shining for them alone in the blue above.

But Jameson had thought of marriage—if, indeed, he had thought seriously of it at all—only as a remote possibility. As a junior clerk he could not dream of asking for her hand. And there was the Major—he was the head of an Arctic expedition outfitting at Fort Providence—who made no secret of his unqualified approval of Miss Jessie as an extremely desirable young lady. In truth, the seasoned citadel of the Major's affections had



• • • "Plunged, like a toppling pine."

capitulated unconditionally to forces which had undesignedly besieged it—the marked personality, the fascination and dash of this dark-eyed North-land girl. He was ready, at a word from her to deliver up the keys, a thing, as she assured Jameson, she should never assent to his doing. He was almost as old as her father; and she did not admire his bald head or his bass voice. Besides, which was of more consequence than all else, she loved Jameson. This was another thing she told the clerk—but when was the mind of a strong lover ever wholly free from the wretched phantom of doubt? Her father appeared to think highly of the officer and—women had been known to change.

Now, however (and the thought set his heart to drumming wildly), everything was altered. And here was his opportunity. For the Trader still held his hand and, looking at him with kindly eyes, was asking if there was nothing more he could do, while Jameson confusedly murmured his thanks and thought it all out.

"There is something—I wished to ask you," he said hesitatingly at length, while the blood mounted to his ears. "I had not thought to do so—I mean not at present," he hastened to add. "But this makes a difference." He paused to gain courage, and then finished desperately: "I love your daughter, Mr. Belcourt; Jessie. I hope, with your permission, to make her my wife."

The Trader dropped his hand and took a step back. He did not reply at once, and when he did there was no kindness in the glance he turned upon Jameson.

"Have you spoken to her of this?" he asked; and his tone was ominously calm.

"Surely," was the answer. Jameson's voice faltered slightly. "And she—she—I have her consent."

"Ay; ye have her consent?" The Trader's choler was rising; he bit his lip. "Then let me tell ye, sir, that ye've yet to get mine, and that proposals o' marriage from apprentice clarks to the daughters o' their commissioned officers are not appreciated i' the Company's Sarvice. They're no in fashion." He was dropping into the Scotch vernacular of the country, as was his wont when angered. "Let me hear na more o' this folly. I've other plans for the girl." And he turned abruptly away.

Trader Belcourt had made up his mind that no daughter of his should wed a servant of the Company—no person less than a Chief Factor, at all events—and Jessie was his idol, his favorite child. The Trader had had his commission only ten years, though he had been nearly thirty years in the Service, and he was yet he knew not how far from the rank of Chief Factor. He did not realize that a man's place in the affairs of his world depends, not on circumstances, but on himself, and that this young fellow had qualities which would carry him high in the Service before he had nearly the years of the Trader.

Jameson was crushed. What did his advancement count for now? He seemed to hear the knell to all his hopes sounded when the Trader said next morning to him:

"Mr. Jameson, ye're now a full-feathered senior clark, and it's befitting ye're given more important wark. Ye'll take the charge o' the Devil's Drum—auld Fort Enterprise, ye ken. Ye're the man for the place, just; I look for the Opposition to find ye tougher metal than that dolt, McRae, that ye'll relieve. Start the morrow. Ye'll have leisure to cultivate the acquaintance o' your hunting Indians so that ye'll make advances wi' discretion i' the Fall. Come up the fifteenth o' September for your Winter outfit."

The Devil's Drum! A round hundred miles away, by lake and stream, and not a white man nearer than Fort Providence! It was banishment, exile. But he could do nothing but go—men did not question orders in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in the North. And go he did; but with a bitter, bitter feeling at his heart. His promotion had turned into a cup of gall for him.

III

It was the last day of September. Jameson had been for a fortnight at Fort Providence. He had managed, secretly, to see Jessie, and she was still true to him. She had persisted in her determination not to tolerate any overtures from Major Enfield; and though it was a sore disappointment to her father, he had apparently become reconciled to the hopelessness of his cherished plan, for he cherished his daughter yet more dearly.

"Get your outfit together, Mr. Jameson," he said to the clerk in a more friendly tone than he had used toward him since the Spring. "I'll be goin' with ye to inspect your post. We'll leave i' the morning."

The Trader was usually impatient about starting. In the past Stanley had been accustomed to: "Now, Mr. Jameson, what's delaying you?" Mr. Jameson this and Mr. Jameson that. But on this morning of the 1st of October he seemed to hang back. He loitered in the mess-room, walking aimlessly round, gazing abstractedly at the floors and walls, while the others waited. At length he roused himself with evident effort, as though shaking off a disagreeable feeling, and said briskly:

"Well, as we're going, I suppose we'd best be off. It's six, just."

Jameson got into the bow of the canoe with his dog, Chips; the Trader took his place in the centre, and the Indian steersman in the stern. At ten o'clock, aided by the strong current, they had made thirty miles, and put ashore at the head of a small island over which it was necessary to portage; for the river was like a mill-race on either side.

Just below was the Great Bend—a long, turbulent rapid. They launched the the canoe in the eddy wheeling slowly at the foot of the island and pushed off. The proper course was to strike into the channel on the right, keeping the bow of the boat well up, and paddle hard for the shallow water along the opposite shore. But the steersman must have been at fault.

The frail barque shot half into the surge, stopped, trembled for an instant—then it was riding away, bottom up, and three human beings were battling fiercely for life in the angry flow of Yellow-Knife River.

The Indian steersman had been thrown partly within the eddy, and he struck at once back for the island. The broad, deep streams which feed the Arctic seas are not warm, even in midsummer; and this was October. Yet he reached the shore in safety.

He faced about. The hands of the two white men were linked across the bottom of the canoe. The Trader was a large, unwieldly man and unable to swim. He could hear Jameson encouraging him—urging him to be calm. The canoe reached the bend at the head of the falls in the distance; the hands parted, there was a splash . . . then the Indian saw only the ceaseless river, a symbol of Time, flowing, flowing, between its silent, wooded shores.

A York boat's crew was working up the Great Bend, on its way from Snare Lake to Fort Providence. A stout Irish retriever ran to the bank opposite, sat down and sent out a piteous howl. The bowsman turned, with the pole poised in his hand, and exclaimed:

"Why, it there been't Stanley Jameson's dog!"



• • • "Then he fired again."

"Gosh!" echoed the guide. "So he be. Leastways, looks much like. But, i' th' name o' all thut's mystical, whut th' de'il's he doin' be the Bend?"

"The clark'll be on the road down till his post the now. The dog'll like have comed 'longshore and losed herself."

"Put in, men," ordered the guide. "We'll be takin' 'un aboord. The lad sets more store by yon pup than he's a silver-fox."

They poled for the little bay and, rounding a point, came upon an upturned canoe.

ams which feed the
in midsummer ; and
ached the shore in

ds of the two white
ttom of the canoe.
dly man and unable
encouraging him—
oe reached the bend
llstance ; the hands
. then the Indian
a symbol of Time,
ent, wooded shores.

rking up the Great
ke to Fort Provid-
ran to the bank
ut a piteous howl,
pole poised in his

ey Jameson's dog!"



gain."

"So he be. Least-
name o' all that's
e the Bend?"
down till his post
comed 'longshore

uide. "We'll be
more store by yon

and, rounding a
oe.



LIEUT. COL. OTTER AND OFFICERS OF THE SECOND BATTALION, ROYAL CANADIAN REGIMENT OF INFANTRY

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, SIR WILFRID LAURIER AND OTHER PROMINENT CITIZENS IN THE BACKGROUND

From photo taken specially for The Grand Trunk Bulletin before sailing for South Africa, by Livernois, Quebec.

"Eh, whut's here?" said the bowsman in a startled whisper.

A body floated beside it, tied by the wrist to the painter of the birch-bark. It was the body of Trader Belcourt.

They scarcely needed to be told by the Indian, whom they picked up at the island, how it had happened.

IV.

It was Christmas Eve at Fort Providence. From the mud chimneys at the points of the solid, square-roofed buildings light columns of smoke drifted slowly up into the frosty air, while the wee est star twinkled frantically overhead, as though afraid it should escape notice from the sons of men on this great night of Alleluiahs.

In the North the aurora borealis was shooting forth gorgeous scintillating panels of crimson and green and pink and lemon to the zenith with a silken rustling, until the wintry landscape beneath glowed to the reflection of the Aretic banners almost as bright as day. The thick-armored bosom of the great lake before the Fort boomed sullenly under the silent, rending might of the Frost King, and the caves below gave back rumbling echoes that grew faint and yet more faint as the rift cleaved outward to the centre.

A dark background of firs partially encircled the Fort; and under their quiet shadows at one point nestled a little plot with a white paling about it, inside which the officers and servants of the Honorable Company of Gentlemen Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay had one by one been laid to rest any time these two hundred years. The last to join that silent group had been Trader Belcourt, and a soft drapery of pure white covered the unbeautiful mound of bare earth, over which grass would grow in the Spring.

The Fort buildings were ablaze with light. To and fro across the square flitted hurrying figures, the walks answering to their steps with a crisp, ringing sound not to be mistaken.

"Whut's all the scurry, boys?" asked a grizzled, shaggy giant with black hair and eyes and the roll of his tongue like a snare-drum on the word "scurry"—John Slack, the veteran boat-guide, who had a Scotsman for a father and a Loucheux woman for a mother, and who had just come over from the servants' quarters to buy his "girl" a Christmas present of a pair of "English s'oes." "Whut's to do? Muny a Yul'-tide have I seed at thus aul' Foort, but ne'er a wan t' approoch th' like o' thus for acteevity. It's extr'ordinar', boy; extr'ordinar', whutever."

The man addressed was sixty, if a day, and, like his interrogator, of mixed blood, though the half of him which was white was French instead of Orknevan. He paused for a moment with a look akin to awe upon his swarthy features. "Boy!" he ejaculated in a dramatic whisper. "De Commissionaire been come!" Then he ran on.

Had His Majesty the Little Father of All the Russias happened in at Fort Providence, the incident would, perhaps, have occasioned only a mild degree of curiosity or surprise with the major part of its population. But the arrival of the Commissioner of the great Hudson's Bay Company at one of the two hundred posts under his supervision—that was an event! And the Commissioner and Christmas both hitting the post on the same night! It was something to place as a landmark in the history of the country alongside the Small pox Year.

But a yet greater surprise was in store for Providence on this long-to-be-remembered night, though this might well seem impossible. Down the road leading through the firs there sounded a lively tinkle of sleigh-bells and cries of "Eul! Eul! Jah! Jah!" and before the group in front of the trading shop had time to speculate on what was approaching, five big Huskie dogs came bounding through the high gate of the stockade, with a low cariole swinging at their heels, and pulled up short and panting furiously in the middle of the square.

"Drive to the waskiagan of Okemah Belcourt," said a deep voice from among the furs that appeared to fill the sleigh. The dogs turned off to a large house on the right, less brilliantly lighted than the others and which bore about it, somehow, an indefinite air of sombreness. A young man, with the aid of one of the Indian drivers—for he was stiff with cold—arose and, stepping out of the cariole, walked to the door and knocked. A tall girl in black, with the shadow of a great sorrow on her dark face, opened it. She started back with a stifled cry and placed her hands over her heart, while a wild look came into her eyes and her face went deathly pale. The stranger took a step forward and stretched forth his hands. Then, with a little scream and the one word "Stanley!" she fell swooning into his arms.

He carried her tenderly to a couch and sat down, still with his arms about her, and kissed her gently on the brow. Presently she opened her eyes.

"Oh, Stanley!" she cried. "You have come back to me from the dead. Speak—speak to me; tell me that it is so! I cannot believe. Say that it is not all a cruel dream!"

"I have come back to you indeed," he said, softly. "I have come back to you in the flesh."

"But how—how did you escape? And why did you not return to us at once? We thought that you were drowned—with him." Her voice sank with the last word.

He was silent for a time; then he said: "It is a strange story. It was my dog, Chips; I should never have got out but for him. The water was slack, but I was too spent and benumbed. I tried to save—



"An Indian hunter . . . found me."

your father. I tied his wrist to the painter of the canoe. Then I sank. After that it was all pretty much of a blur. I went down twice; then Chips had me by the shoulder. I struggled desperately and so at length, with his aid, reached the shore. I was completely exhausted, and lay, for I know not how long, unconscious. When I came to myself I was in a burning fever. Your father lay, drowned, off the shore. I wandered for a day in the woods, trying to reach Providence, but there was no trail, and my head went round and round. At length reason left me. Once, afterward, I became sensible of my surroundings. I was alone in the depths of the forest, lost and starving. In my ravings I must have scared the dog, driven him from me. I wandered, then, for several hours—ah! it was terrible!—and then reason in mercy forsook me again."

Jameson paused. The girl was listening as one in a trance.

"Go on!" she urged presently, under her breath.

"An Indian hunter, making the round of his traps, came upon my trail. He followed it and found me, dying, at the foot of a tree on the edge of the Barrens and more than fifty miles from the

place of the accident. It was the fifth day, I think, after it occurred; but you know I was very strong. These things I learned afterward, for for six weeks I lay delirious in the hunters' camp, to which he carried me.

"Well, the crisis was passed at length; it left me weak as a child, but, thank God, in my right



WHAT'S HIS NAME?

mind once more. As soon as I could be moved they hauled me on a sled to the nearest post—my own, as it happened, the Devil's Drum. I gained strength rapidly, and—this is the sequel!"

He bent slowly over until their lips and souls met in a kiss, long and strong and deep and full of a supreme and sacred meaning; for it was the symbol of the meeting and the mingling of two lives that from that moment no power of Earth should dissever, but only Death.

A door at the back opened, and Chips, barking and whining frantically by turns, tumbled over himself in his hurry to reach his master, upon whom he leaped with every manifestation of joy that a dumb brute can show. Jameson pressed his face into the silken fur of his neck.

"Ah, old boy!" he said tremulously, and his eyes grew moist. "There'll be a warm spot on the hearth and a warmer one in my heart for you to the end of your dog's days. And nothing too good for you to eat; you can have berry pemmican if you want it. How did you ever do it?"

Just before the Christmas dinner next day an interesting ceremony, which was witnessed by the whole population of Fort Providence, including Major Enfield, took place at the home of Mrs. Belcourt. It was conducted by the Commissioner, and at its close he said:

"Gentlemen, fill your glasses and drink to the health and happiness of the bride and her gallant husband—who, by God's favor has just received, in her, the Christmas gift of a lifetime—Chief Trader Jameson, commissioned officer in charge of Slave Lake District, with headquarters at Fort Providence!"

And Chips, who from his seat hard by on the musk-ox robe had intently studied his master's face during the ceremony, here set up a furious barking and so gave his unreserved endorsement to the entire proceeding.

Naming the Baby in Persia and Japan.

The naming of the child in Persia is made an event of great rejoicing and a time for the gathering of relatives. When the guests are assembled sweetmeats are eaten and then the infant, in its swaddling clothes, is brought in and laid on the carpet in the centre of the room by one of the priests. Five names are written on as many slips of paper and placed between the leaves of the Koran; a chapter is read from this book and then one of the slips is drawn at random. The name on the slip is the one the child has to bear through life, and the priest takes up the slip, pronounces the name in the child's ear and places the piece of paper in its clothes. Gifts and congratulations follow.

The custom in Japan is for the parents on the thirteenth day after its birth to take the child to the temple they attend, and the father gives three names to the priest, who writes each on a piece of paper. These are then shuffled about, with certain incantations, and thrown up in the air. The first that falls is the one chosen. This is then written by the priest on a consecrated piece of paper and given to the child's parents to preserve. The child then receives certain gifts, two of which are important. If a boy, two fans are presented; if a girl, a pot of pomade, and in each case a packet of flax thread is added, which signifies good wishes and a long life.

"H. M. S."

(Written after a visit aboard H.M.S. "Crescent," in Halifax Harbor, N. S.)

Oh! they're only little letters, but they mean a mighty lot
Not explained in dictionary, nor expressed in polyglot;
And I've learned a little lesson that I never knew before,
That we can't turn up our noses at a British Man-o'-War.

CHORUS:—

For there's that about the sailors, and there's that about the ship,
That makes you think a while before you give her any lip;
And you're only get to see her, and I bet that you'll confess
That she's mighty full of meaning, is an H. M. S.—

I've arrived at the conclusion that it really wouldn't pay
To kick up a rebellion were she anchored in the Bay;
For I think she's built for business, and likes a little gore,
And I'd hardly like to quarrel with a British Man-o'-War.

For I think you'd be unhappy if you weren't the best of friends,
For to have her for an enemy would hardly suit your ends;
In fact, I never saw the thing that I respected more,
Or wished so much to chum with, as a British Man-o'-War.

And if she's not a friend of yours, just leave her quite alone,
Don't come around and tease her if you prize your blood and bone;
For I'm under the impression that the day you would deplore
When you started out to meddle with a British Man-o'-War.

And if she's got an eye on you, as cruising round your coast,
You'd better waken up a bit, and look to every post;
For I'm pretty jolly certain that you can't lie round and snore,
If your harbor's lying open to a British Man-o'-War.

And if you've had a little tiff, why! do the thing that's wise:
Just call around, take off your hat, and then apologize;
Don't foster any foolish pride, altho' you may feel sore;
Take my advice—don't monkey with a British Man-o'-War.

Winnipeg, Canada. —E. Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake).

Moose Hunting in New Brunswick.

Impressive in size and crusty of temper though he is, the bull moose is not really a dangerous animal unless cornered. Nevertheless Chief Gabe of the Miliecte tribe relates a miraculous escape he once had from being trodden to death by a bull moose. Gabe was calling moose one moonlight evening in September, in company with an English officer, on a small barren in the Gaspereaux country. A moose responded down the stream that traversed the bog, and another was soon heard from a fire-scathed ridge across the stream. As they approached, the still night air was punctuated with their impressive grunts, and their lines of travel seemed to converge. Suddenly their notes of challenge ceased, and they were heard ripping the trees with their horns a few rods from each other. Soon this feature of the programme ceased also, and was succeeded by tremendous roars as the rivals rushed from their shadowy shelter of trees and met on the open bog. Gabe then told the officer to come on, and the two advanced quickly to the scene of battle. The opposing patriarchs locked horns in deadly strife. Aiming as carefully as he could by the light of the moon, the officer fired at the nearer bull and brought him to the ground. The next move made by the second bull was a startling one. Instead of seeking refuge in flight, he advanced with a tremendous roar upon the hunters. The officer fired again, but missed, and in an instant the bull was upon them. The Indian stood fairly in the pathway of the furious animal. In attempting to leap to one side, he stumbled over a projecting tussock and fell prone upon the ground. The moose rushed over him, breaking the Indian's leg with one of his massive hoofs. The moose ran only a few rods and then, turning about, began to bellow and paw up the bog. Though suffering intense pain, the old chief lay motionless on the bog and uttered no sound. Just then the moose scented the officer, who, having dropped his rifle, was crouching behind a bush. With lowered head, the bull advanced to the attack. Death was staring his patron in the face, when old Gabe, crawling swiftly on hands and knees, recovered the rifle and shot the animal dead.

One of the most famous moose haunts in this province is known as the Crooked Deadwater, which winds around the base of County Line Mountain. It was here that Henry Braithwaite, a veteran woodsman, had an unusual adventure in November, 1898. He was alone in his trapping camp, and, having seen during the day fresh signs of moose, decided, though it was long past the calling season, to try the effect of a call. At once he heard an answering grunt close at hand across the Deadwater. Reasoning that the bull would soon catch the scent of the camp, Braithwaite forded the stream. He saw a bull standing behind two trees, only his shoulder exposed. The guide fired, and to his surprise the moose remained motionless. At the report of the second barrel of the express rifle the animal dropped without a sound. As Braithwaite was preparing to skin the moose he suddenly became aware of the presence of another immense bull watching his proceedings with stolid interest. Braithwaite snatched up his rifle, hastily reloaded and fired square at the moose, but the animal showed no concern whatever. When the hunter fired the second barrel, the moose sank to the earth as silently as the first. The guide went over to bleed the second moose, when he heard a slight rustle behind him and, turning about, saw a third moose surveying him with open-eyed effrontery. This apparition, as Braithwaite explained, was too much for his stomach so soon after supper, and he dropped his rifle and bolted for the camp for all he was worth.

It is a sound maxim of moose hunting that it is the unexpected that may always be expected to occur. An Indian guide named Scoobie captured a moose after the first heavy fall of snow last winter, when he was just upon the point of giving up the chase. He had started the animal on a hardwood ridge. The animal at once took to the bed of Rocky Brook and ran up the ice, the snow there being not as deep as on the shore. The moose ran up the brook for several miles, the Indian following doggedly. At sundown, when Scoobie was nearly exhausted and the moose was still invisible, the Indian walked around a projecting point to take a last look up the frozen stream. To his amazement he saw the moose standing on the ice only a few rods away, making unsuccessful efforts to proceed. The Indian at once shot the moose, and then was able to solve the problem. It appeared that when the brook froze up, some weeks before, the water was at a high level as the result of a recent rain. After the ice had formed firmly the water fell away several feet. At this particular place the ice had bent or collapsed in the middle, leaving on either shore a steep slope which the moose was unable to surmount. His progress up the stream was also barred by a small cataract, also frozen and as slippery as glass. Every time the moose attempted to get up the shore, now on one side and now on the other, he slipped and slid toward the centre. Twice the Indian saw the sagacious brute deliberately raise his forefeet and bring them down like pile-drivers in his efforts to break the ice.—Fredericton Correspondence to The Chicago Inter-Ocean.



ST. JOHN'S HARBOR, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Photo by Geo. R. Waldron, New Glasgow, N.S.



THE BUD AND THE BLOSSOM.

nds and knees, recovered
dead.
is moose haunts in this
ooked Deadwater, which
County Line Mountain.
Braithwaite, a veteran
dventure in November,
is trapping camp, and,
fresh signs of moose,
past the calling season,
At once he heard an
d across the Deadwater.
l soon catch the scent of
the stream. He saw a
rees, only his shoulder
and to his surprise the
At the report of the
rifle the animal dropped
waite was preparing to
became aware of the
bull watching his pro-
Braithwaite snatched
and fired square at the
d no concern whatever.
econd barrel, the moose
as the first. The guide
moose, when he heard a
l, turning about, saw a
h open-eyed effrontery.
ite explained, was too
n after supper, and he
or the camp for all he

moose hunting that it is
lways be expected to
med Scobie captured a
all of snow last winter,
point of giving up the
nimal on a hardwood
e took to the bed of
and ran up the ice, the
ing not as deep as on
The moose ran up the
eral miles, the Indian
gedly. At sundown,
was nearly exhausted
was still invisible, the
around a projecting
last look up the frozen
is amazement he saw
ding on the ice only a
making unsuccessful
ceed. The Indian at
moose and then was
e problem. "It appeared
brook froze up, some
he water was at a high
sult of a recent rain.
ad formed firmly the
several feet. At this
the ice had bent or
e middle, leaving on
steep slope which the
ble to surmount. His
the stream was also
frozen and as slippery
se attempted to get up
nd now on the other,
ie centre. Twice the



SSOM.

te deliberately raise
wn like pile-drivers
—Fredericton Corre-
r-Ocean.

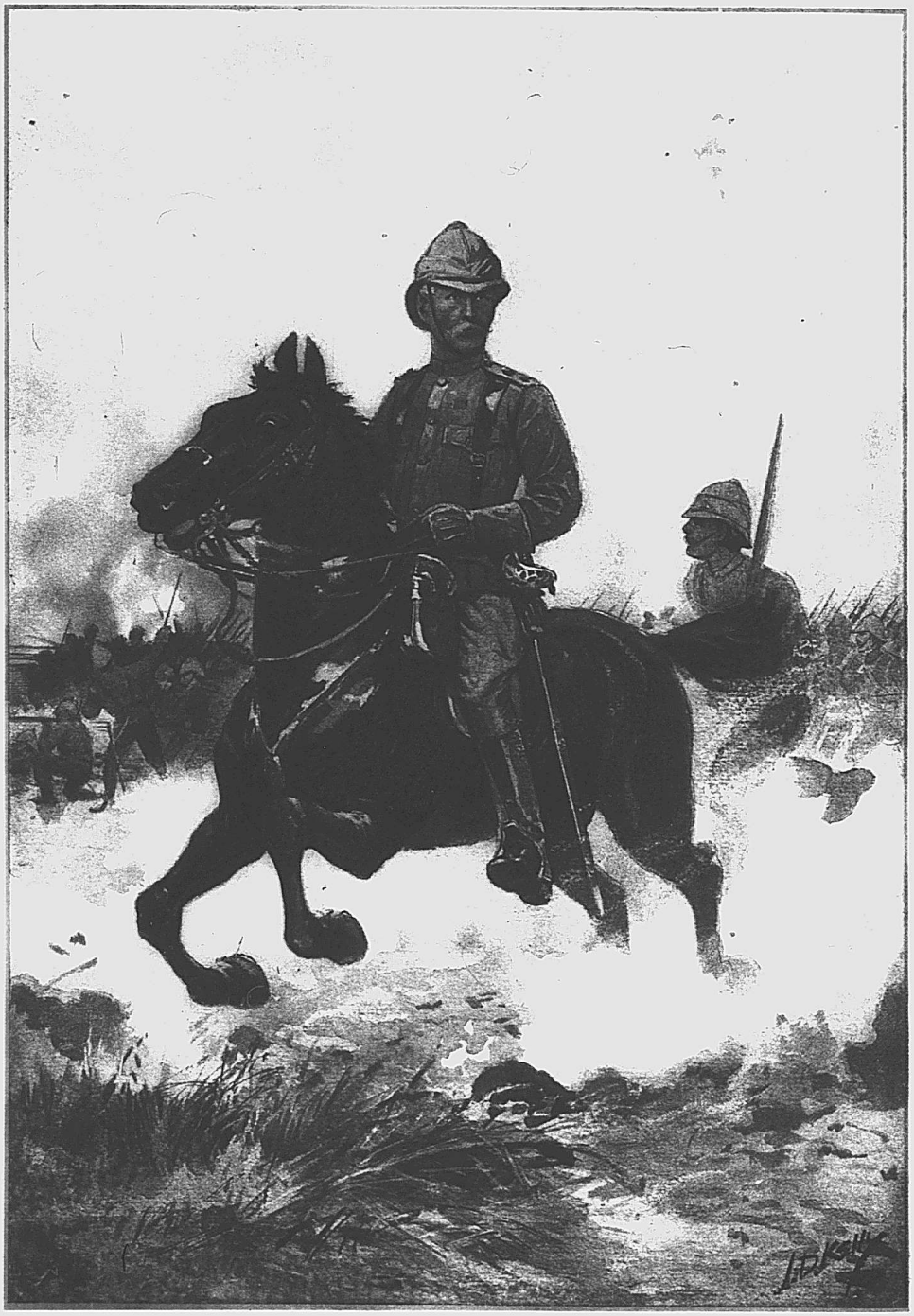




Photo by Wallace Scott & Co., Toronto.

CHILDHOOD.

I.

Fair as a star, rare as a star,
The joys of the future lie
To the eyes of a child, to the sighs of a child,
Heavenly, far, and high!

II.

Fair as a dream, rare as a dream,
The hopes of a future sure
To the wondering child, to the blundering child,
Fanciful, free, and pure.

III.

Fair is the soul, rare is the soul
Who has kept, after youth is past,
All the art of the child, all the heart of the child,
Holding his childhood fast.

Geraldine Hayden.

One More Christmas

BY MARJORY MacMURCHY

BARBARY was the Colonel's Widow. It seemed odd to think of an old lady of seventy-six as Barbary, but that had always been the way she thought of herself, although the Colonel was not the first man to leave her a widow. By no means. Barbary Flett, of a small village near Dublin, in Ireland, had married first so long ago and so happily that she could scarcely believe in it now except as a lovely dream. Her first husband's name had been Danger, but he had died, so much too soon. And then, as it seemed, the most convenient thing to do, since she could not hope to meet anyone like Maurice twice in a lifetime, she had married an Englishman with a grown-up family. It was while this marriage lasted that the unreasonable side of her nature had been unduly developed. In a few years he had died too, and eighteen months after that she had insulted his family and surprised herself by marrying Colonel Foster and coming out to Canada. Her second marriage was a great mistake, her third was a rash experiment, which Colonel Foster had insisted on risking in spite of Barbary's warnings. But, since her husbands had formed a habit of dying, he, too, failed of breath before anything more serious had happened, and he had been covered up in the little military burying-ground where the gravestones now are ranged in a row against the boundary fence to attract the attention of the passers-by.

So Barbary, very proud, rather well supplied with money, and quite an old-fashioned English lady, was left almost at the head of society in the colonial town, which thought well of itself even then, and had a way of impressing that belief on others. A good-natured, interesting, pretty place it was in its own small way, and Barbary, who had nothing to go back to in Ireland, thought she would stay where she was.

She went of course on Sundays to the Cathedral, at least they called it the Cathedral, although it faced the south. Whenever Barbary wished to be disagreeable she would speak of this mistake in its location and was always disappointed to find how little attention anyone paid to her. Barbary had the remains of a wonderful complexion and bright eyes, out of which she could see comparatively little, perhaps because she kept them bright by means of dark drops on a lump of sugar.

Barbary had a consequential port; it would have been cruel to call anyone who was so dignified stout, and lately she had taken to carrying a cane when she walked. She was a headstrong, vain, pleasure-loving old woman, but she had her good points and did not mean to be disagreeable, poor Barbary.

One afternoon she woke up from an uncomfortable nap in her arm-chair—she lived in fashionable, genteel lodgings on Lombard Street—and realized that she was very old and no longer of interest to anyone. A great weight of years and commonplace happenings had disguised the romantic, delightful, absorbing interest of her spirit from everyone but herself, and Barbary resented this dreadful mistake, felt how serious it was at seventy-six.

In consequence of this uncomfortable nap of hers she quarrelled with her clergyman, as was only natural. He was far too sincere and earnest a man to be always on good terms with a cantankerous old woman who still was more eager for admiration than for anything else in the world. So he set aside the Colonel's Widow from his round of weekly visitations until she had cooled a little, and in the meantime Barbary took herself and her cane across the street to another church. It did not mean anything in particular except that she had quarrelled with her own clergyman. She had transferred her allegiance several times before, twice at least to the Catholic Church, but she had always returned to the Cathedral as soon as the slightest interest was shown in her absence. This time she turned her steps on Sunday morning to the Presbyterian Church across the street, partly because she had a sentimental interest in the grey building: Colonel Foster's Scotch regiment used to attend services there, sitting in brilliant ranks in the gallery, a delightful antidote to the weariness of the younger part of the congregation, but they had been recalled to England long and long ago, not that it seemed long to Barbary.

There was, however, a new minister in the church across the street, a young man of whom no one could expect too much, and Barbary, who worshipped youth and good looks and fiery enthusiasm, leaned upon her cane as she slowly climbed the grey stone steps and dropped a bit of English silver into the collection plate guarded by two elders at the door.

There was something in that congregation that made Barbary more passionately eager than ever to be recognized as interesting again. She had once been so pretty and so captivating. Her esprit, as it had been called when she was young, had attracted so many. She did not feel that she had lost that, but it was concealed from everyone but herself behind the remains of that wonderful complexion, the bright eyes that could not see much, and the port that needed the support of a cane.



"Barbary helped up upon the benches some of the children."

To add to this, Christmas was coming, and Barbary had enjoyed Christmas very much when she was young. If she could only achieve for herself one more Christmas, one more thrill of enjoyment and anticipation, not merely the passing of a Day and a Name.

As it happened, fortunately for Barbary, an unheard-of thing was being discussed throughout all the circles of the Presbyterian Church. There were a number of charming ladies in that congregation who could not bear not to be engaged in something social and recklessly generous. Here was their new young minister, to whom the most meagre heart could not but turn, and who was yet, in after years, to leave a memory so bright behind him that he began to be spoken of with awe, as someone who had been almost perfect before he had gone away. But these were the joyful days of anticipation, and they certainly must do something to make him understand how kindly they felt towards him. Then there were these rows upon rows of children, their heads popping up over the high, square pews when they stood at prayers and disappearing again when that particular form of devotion was over, remaining unseen and unheard except when a dull thud proclaimed that someone who was very young had fallen asleep and rolled down among the footstools. The ladies almost wept when they reflected that possibly, probably, none of these children had ever seen a Christmas Tree, and so was inaugurated the great, unprecedented, never-to-be-paralleled festivity held in the old hall on Temperance Street that, if it is still standing, has fallen upon other uses.

Barbary was not asked to contribute to the Christmas Tree; she was not even asked to be present, poor Barbary, except in the general invitation addressed to the pews. But, moving in the best society as she did, she fearlessly conferred the honor of her presence upon the gathering. Going up King Street the afternoon of the great day, she bore down upon an excited lady whom she recognized by her curls, and wished to know what she might send for the children. Even the lady with the curls, who was considered an extravagant creature, gasped at what went into that parcel—toys and trumpets, and airy-faery dolls, and a little piece of gold in her hand for what they were going to give the minister.

"Let the children all have enough," said Barbary, grandly, and told the shopman to send the parcel with Mrs. Colonel Foster's compliments.

Barbary, who had been great so long that she was glad, once in a way, to court insignificance, asked for a seat in the midst of the audience, and there she saw, being naughty enough to enjoy it, the Mission School and the Church School meet and clash powerfully. She saw a resolute young teacher with a cane, at the very back of the hall, darting hither and thither with awful intent and utterly harmless performance. All Barbary's wild Irish spirit awoke and laughed with the boys, whom even she could dimly identify as they went past in an endless duplicating procession, wrongfully gathering in toys and bags of sweets not intended for them, until their short, round jackets bulged and broke open and there was a short period of retributive redistribution. It was Barbary who helped up upon the benches some of the lesser children, too small to have names of their own upon a list, and caused them to wave their little hands that said so plainly how empty they were. A doll dressed in plaid for the child who put one foot on Barbary's knee, and a white doll for the baby at home without a name of her own, The Baby, that was enough.

Then the lady with the curls appeared from behind the Christmas Tree and gave a great Bible—the very same Bible that used to rest on the claret-colored velvet cushion in the pulpit long afterwards—to the young minister, who stood up straight before her, with his hands behind his back, looking for a moment as if he were going to be shot, while she said something that no one could hear, but which was echoed by shouts of applause.

Then they sang, the shrill, sweet voices rising in a tempest of joy through a sadly-happy hymn that troubled Barbary's heart:

"List how yon harpers on golden harps play,
Come, come away, come, come away;
Falling and frail is your cottage of clay,
Come, come away, come away."

They were all so young and so happy. Poor Barbary's bright, half-blind eyes filled with tears, and her hands, over which the fine deep lace of which she was so proud fell softly, trembled. It seemed to Barbary that if Maurice had known how unprotected and lonely she was he could not have been satisfied to remain quietly in heaven—Maurice, who had died so long ago that sometimes Barbary quite forgot him.

But by the time she had reached her lodgings and was sitting in her comfortable room with a little supper on the table beside her, and the absurd

paper bag of sweets that the minister had given her perking up on her dressing-table, the only bit of Christmas in the room, Barbary felt better. She was quite cheerful when she tied on her night-cap, blew out the candle and climbed into the high bed; and then Barbary fell asleep and dreamed.

Barbary had been an Irish girl, and here she was again, so she dreamed, standing in the front room upstairs in the old house, her sister Belle sitting at one of the windows looking down at the quiet street. Barbary stood by with a little broom and dust-pan in her hands, for it was Saturday morning and, as their wise mother insisted, each of the girls had some work to do in the house at the week end. Belle had finished hers, and Barbary at least had begun, which was a good deal for Barbary. Yet she knew in her dream, nor thought it strange, that her mother had been dead long, long years, and she and Belle were alone. The cruel, obscuring years, the many things that had happened to her, had drifted away and her future lay before her again, bright and promising and attractive, uncompromised in any way to Barbary's eyes.

As she stood there idly talking the bell rang, and her sister ran down stairs to open the door. In a moment she came back again alone.

"Oh, Barbary," she said, "it is mother." What meaning there was in Belle's voice when she spoke that word! "She has come for us. She must not come into the house. We are to go with her. It is the end of the world."

The agony of joy that swelled in Barbary's heart!

"How good it was of God to send mother," she said, her lips trembling with emotion.

Then a horror fell upon her, and she held out the little broom and dust-pan in her hands to show them to Belle.

"Oh, Belle," she said, "I can't go; see, I haven't finished my work."

Belle looked at her aghast for a moment, and then replied, with a divine expression of comfort and exaltation:

"Yes, Barbary, you can. Don't you remember?—Two women were grinding at the mill; the one was taken and the other left. The one who was taken could not have finished her work."

They hastened down stairs, and there at the door stood their mother, her sweet face illumined, her bodily presence as familiar as if they had never been separated. The effect of it upon them was beyond words.

They walked up the street together in a strange, dim, exquisite light, and the air was as the air of a Spring morning when the first Spring wind blows. Presently they came to the house of a neighbor, and Barbary looked to see if no one were coming out to go with them; but the house was silent.

"Won't they be saved, mother?" she said, saddened inexpressibly by the thought of the exclusion of anyone.

"They have gone by the other road," her mother answered, and Barbary was quite satisfied.

Now that they had turned into the main highway she could see before them a great radiance in the East, something that leapt up in the sky like flames of gold, and yet that was not fire. The whole air rang to Barbary with a faint, indescribable melody.

The old woman stirred in her sleep and knew that she was dreaming. "It is a sign," she said to herself, with a wonderful, sudden lightening of all her anticipations, "a sign that I am going to heaven after all." And then Barbary turned over on her side, and in a few hours she was dead.

It was Christmas morning, and when the people with whom she had been the night before heard of it they said: "How sudden," "How dreadful," "How sad." Some of them even shed a few tears for Barbary. But they should not have done that; for it was the most joyful, the most beautiful thing that could have happened to her.



New Love and Old Love.

Time brought me many another friend
That loved me longer;
New love was kind, but in the end
Old love was stronger.
Years come and go. No New Year yet
Hath slain December,
And all that should have cried, Forget!
Cries but—Remember!

Window Gardens.

Few plants in the window garden will bloom much during the usually cloudy weather of December. Indeed, few will make much growth during this period. But with the advent of the new year, and the sunshine which generally characterizes the season after the holidays, plants will begin to put forth foliage and buds, and by February they will be at their best, if given proper care.

Many persons who grow plants think to start growth by feeding them with rich food. They apply this or that fertilizer in liberal quantities, and look for immediate and satisfactory results. In most cases they are sorely disappointed. Instead of encouraging lagging plants to vigorous and healthy development, their treatment is productive of serious injury, because the plants, being dormant, or nearly so, are not in a condition to appropriate the food furnished them. It affects them precisely as rich food affects the stomach of a person who is not able to assimilate or digest it. Often plants are killed outright by this mistaken kindness on the part of their owners. The proper time, and the only time when it is safe, to give fertilizers is when a plant is growing. Then, and then only, can it make good use of it. But at such times be careful about giving it in excessive quantities. Overfeeding is often as harmful as underfeeding. A plant can be fed to death as well as starved to death. If prepared fertilizers are used, follow the directions carefully which are given on the packages. If bone meal is used, a teaspoonful to a six- or seven-inch pot will be sufficient, and the application should not be repeated oftener than once in six weeks during the period of the plant's most active growth. Dig it into the soil about the roots of the plant, but do not let it come into immediate contact with the young and delicate roots. If prompt results are desired, be sure to get that which is finely ground. Coarse bone meal is a long time in dissolving. If liquid manure is used, let it be the color of weak tea. Use it once a week. Apply enough to saturate all the soil in the pot.

Plants in the living-room generally suffer greatly at this season from the dryness and excessive heat of the atmosphere. Furnaces and stoves seem to burn all vitality out of the air, unless great precautions are taken to impart some degree of moisture to it. Pans of water can be kept on the stove or register to give off, by evaporation, a steady supply of moisture. If care is taken to fill them as fast as the water is dissipated, and if the plants are showered daily, a degree of humidity will result which will make the atmosphere congenial to the plants in the window, and their growth and development will be far healthier than it can possibly be in a room where nothing is done to modify the objectionable conditions which prevail there. Look the window gardens of your friends over carefully, and you will find that in nine out of ten of them the plants are making a rapid but weak growth. This is because they are forced to an unhealthy development by the unnatural conditions which exist in most dwellings during the Winter season. They get too much heat and too little fresh air. The temperature ought to be kept at sixty-five or seventy degrees by day and fifty to fifty-five degrees at night, or as near these figures as possible, and on every pleasant day, in moderate weather, air should be admitted freely. The window at which the plants stand should not be opened, but a door or window at some distance from them can be used to admit it, and it will mix with the warm air of the room and lose its keen, frosty tang before it reaches them. Often a blast of cold air, coming directly in contact with them, will injure delicate plants almost as much as a touch of frost.

Care should be taken as regards watering at this time of the year. Plants at a standstill need but little water—just enough to keep them from wilting. When growth begins more will be needed, and it should be supplied in such quantities as to meet the demand of each plant. Remember that the only safe general rule to follow in watering plants is this: When the surface of the soil looks dry, give more water, and enough of it to penetrate all the soil in the pot. Never get into the habit of giving a little water every time you happen to think about it, if you want to grow plants well. Those who follow the little-and-often plan always have poor plants. The cause of failure is evident: the small amount of water given at each time of watering moistens the surface of the soil only, and, as this operation is repeated before it has a chance to dry out, the impression prevails that the soil must be moist all through. Such is never the case, as examination will show. Below the upper stratum of soil there will be found very little moisture, and that in the lower part of the pot will be dry. Of course, plants cannot be expected to do well unless the soil where their young roots are is moist, and these roots, as a general thing, are nearer the bottom than the top of the pot. Therefore avoid the little-and-often plan, and water your plants thoroughly when the soil indicates the need of an application.

Many potted bulbs will come into bloom at this season. Keep them at as low a temperature as possible, if you want their flowers to last well. It is a good plan to put them in the cellar or some other cool but frost-proof place at night. This plan can be followed to advantage with cut flowers also. Before retiring, place them in fresh water, after cutting off a portion of their stems, sprinkle well, and remove them from the parlor.—Eben E. Rexford.



Photo. by Lafayette, Ltd. London and Dublin.

IN A REFLECTIVE MOOD.



Photo. from Esson's Atelier, Preston.

THE FAMILY PETS.



"WILL YOU HAVE A CUP OF TEA?"

Photo by Frank Cooper, London.

Wild Roses on a Battlefield.

O'er all the field the roses grow
In perfect summer loveliness,
And give their balmy sweets to bless
All winds that blow.

Of the dark tides that ebb and flow
In angry battle's wild excess,
Little their shining leaves confess,
Little they know.

Benignly, joyfully, they grow—
Symbols of love and tenderness;
In this glad beauty none could guess
The graves below.

Kind Heaven withstood the angry press
Of mortal combat, bale, and woe,—
The field is won—the roses show
God's gentleness.

—Ida Whipple Benham.

The Passing Century.

BY JOHN LEWIS.

THE EVENTS of a century cannot be packed into a page, but something can be done with its leading features and tendencies — the channels in which events flow.

1. The advance of science, especially as shown in mechanical invention.

2. The progress of humane ideas.

3. The growth of democracy, especially as illustrated in Great Britain and its colonies and in the United States.

4. Increased rapidity in the communication of ideas.

5. The consolidation of nations and of industries. The "trust."

6. The increased diffusion and power of things written, especially of the novel and the newspaper.

7. The exploration and partition of Africa; the settlement of the west of North America; the end in sight of new regions for settlement.

This division is not strictly logical; some of the streams run into one another. Look at that world-wide opinion on the Dreyfus case, that judgment of civilized mankind which is more wonderful than the case itself. That is a product of the progress of science, making the world smaller or more compact, making the verdict at Rennes the topic of conversation all over the civilized world on the same day, letting France know instantly what the civilized world thinks of her. It is a product, also, of the feeling of common humanity, of the value of man as man—democracy and humane ideas combined. Take an instance from the life of George III. It is said that during his insanity he was treated with the cruelty common in his day, that he was even beaten by his keepers. It is absolutely certain that when sane he was permitted by the mistaken loyalty of his advisers to alienate America, at least to make the alienation take the form of a quarrel, and to delay the doing of justice to the Catholic people. To converse with him "intoxicated" Chatham and held his great intellect spellbound; but when he was stricken with the awful calamity of insanity, he could not, at first, command the decent, humane treatment that is the right of a pauper to-day. To-day a sovereign would not be permitted to overrule the wisdom of British statesmen; but, sick or afflicted, he would command all the resources of science and humanity. The progress of democracy, of science, of humane ideas, is illustrated by this incident.

Slavery has been abolished in the British Empire, in Russia, and in the United States — perhaps the three greatest world-powers of the day. Great Britain has become greater and more democratic — the quantity and the quality of its democracy have grown. Nearly all the European powers possess at least the machinery of free institutions. Extensions of the franchise, beginning with the Reform Bill of 1832, have made the British House of Commons representative of the people, while the supremacy of that House in legislation is acknowledged.

Human life is no longer taken for petty larceny, women are no longer harnessed to carts in mines, and little boys are not sent up chimneys, to be suffocated or roasted to death. This is something gained. Canada has grown from a colony of less than a quarter of a million to a free, self-governing community of five millions, with half a continent to grow in. Australia, a great nursery of freedom, is a product of this century. The population of the United States has grown from five millions to seventy millions. The population of the United Kingdom has grown from sixteen millions to forty millions.

This is the age, not only of the newspaper, but of the novel. "Waverley" did not appear until 1814; Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, the Brontes are all of this age, and they are the leaders of a whole army of novelists, some little known to fame, who have had



BABY GOLLIER.

an enormous influence on the thought of the century. The mind of a fairly educated man or woman is saturated with Dickens, or with Dickensian ideas, to an extent that is not always recognized. Dickens was not only an artist, but a social reformer, the pioneer in that sort of literature which is represented by "Looking Backward." Carlyle was inclined to belittle the humane and reforming spirit of his own day, but without it Carlyle might have eaten his heart out like Swift, or fought the blind, mournful, though courageous, battle of Johnson. He said himself that Burns and Johnson were fitter men to be kings than the Georges; but it was the science, the humane and democratic ideas of Carlyle's own day that made kings of the master-minds of literature.



RECONNOITERING.

The churches have felt the same influence. It is the secret of the instant and enormous popularity of Drummond's "Greatest Thing in the World" and of "Christian Socialism" and kindred movements.

But the age in which the Armenians were butchered in the sight of all Europe, the age in which negroes are burned at the stake in the sight of all America, has something else to do than to say to the eighteenth century, "I am holier than thou." The forces and tendencies which have helped to destroy old abuses have brought with them new evils and new dangers. Science itself is a good servant, but a bad master. While democracy has been apparently distributing political power, science has been concentrating industrial power. With that concentration has come an immense economy and increase of production, and a general diffusion of the means of comfort and education. But power lodged in a few hands is dangerous, whether the hands be those of kings and barons or of men with long purses. Our constitutions, obtained at the cost of toil and bloodshed, are framed so as to provide safeguards against old forms of despotism; it remains to be seen whether they can preserve freedom under the new conditions. In the terrible energy of modern armaments, science has brought us not peace, but a sword. Will democracy itself be a power for peace? Observe what is happening almost at the close of the century in three countries in which democratic ideas have been carried very far. France has been brought to the verge of ruin by jingoism and the worship of the army. The hero of the United States is the destroyer of the Spanish fleet at Manila. A peace meeting in London was not long ago broken up by a mob, the speakers threatened and refused a hearing. Will the old safeguards for liberty and justice be strong enough to withstand the power of money, of the political boss, and of the mob? These are questions which the twentieth century, girding on its sword in the strength of youth, must solve. The nineteenth has nearly done its work, and a year hence will lie in the vaults of the vast cathedral of Time, "where fierce indignation can torture the heart no longer." On its monument, for inspiration to the younger soldier, we may write the rest of that mournful epitaph on the tomb of Swift: "Go, stranger, and imitate, if thou canst, a champion, strenuous to the utmost, for liberty."

Simplicity.

A successful city physician said lately: "I went, when I was a student, to a course of lectures on natural science. The first was given by Professor Dart, a teacher of small repute in a preparatory school. He began in a pompous, sententious tone:

"'The primal laws of natural science are so recondite as to challenge the comprehension of the loftiest intelect.' This was followed by the statement of these laws in technical language, majestic and ponderous.

"He may have known what he meant," said the physician, "but I am sure none of his hearers knew. We listened, perplexed and anxious, for a while, and then gave it up, and sat careless and indifferent.

"The next lecturer at the college was a man who at that time ranked as one of the most learned scientists in America. The pupils were apprehensive. 'If we could not understand the little man,' they said,' what is the use of listening to the great one?'

"However, the hall was filled, more from curiosity to see the famous naturalist than from any hope of benefit. When the hour arrived a fatherly looking German stepped forward and, nodding kindly, said:

"'Young men, allow me to make a personal allusion. My father was a hatter, who lived on Third Street. His second wife was my stepmother, but kind and wise in her treatment of me. When I was a mere boy, I loved to study beetles and plants and birds. "Let him do it," she said. "It is good for him." When I was grown, she said, "That is his work. He must keep to it!" So it is owing to her that I have learned a little about these living things. I am now going to try to tell you something of the little that I know.'

"These simple words brought us in a moment into a hearty fellowship with the kind old man. The truths he taught us were told with the same homely directness, in striking contrast with the ambitious phrasing and obscure technology of the preceding lecturer. I never have forgotten them."—Youth's Companion.

"Hello, Smith; suppose a man marries his first wife's step-sister's aunt, what relation is he to her?" "First—wife—um—step-aunt—er—let me see; I don't know." Bright fellow—"He's her husband."

Over SEVENTY YEARS' Established Reputation.

NEAVE'S FOOD

BEST AND CHEAPEST FOR

Infants, Invalids and the Aged



SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, M.D. recommends NEAVE'S FOOD as "An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of infants and young persons; and, being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food.

NEAVE'S FOOD has for some time been used in

The Russian Imperial Family

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."—Lancet.

In 1-lb patent air-tight tins.

Wholesale Agents in Canada: **The Toronto Pharmacal Co., Toronto.**
Manufacturers: **Josiah R. Neave & Co., Fordingbridge, England.**

KEEN, ROBINSON & CO., Limited

Established 1742. **London, England.**



Manufacturers of

Keen's Mustard
Keen's Oxford Blue
Robinson's Patent Barley AND
Robinson's Patent Groats.



The Standard MUSTARD throughout the ENTIRE WORLD is

KEEN'S

Its reputation has been made entirely on QUALITY.

Do you eat mustard?
Keen's is the best.



Is your washing done at home?
Keen's Oxford Blue is the delight of the laundry.
Have you babies?
Robinson's Patent Barley and Robinson's Patent Groats are recommended by the medical fraternity throughout the world.

When the name on the Tin is KEEN'S It's the Best Mustard.

DEPOT For all the best English and German **RAZORS**



This cut represents Wade & Butchers "Special" brand. We have found it to be the most reliable of all the razors we sell. On receipt of one dollar we will mail you one. Your choice of three sizes, ½, ⅝ or ¾ inch round or square point, and if you are not perfectly satisfied we will take it back and refund you the money.

Nicholsons' Cutlery Store, 73 Yonge.

Linton Orthophonic Institute, ESTABLISHED 1870

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF

Stammering

AND ANALOGOUS SPEECH DEFECTS.

NO ADVANCE PAYMENT REQUIRED

THIS institution is under the personal direction of George Windsor Linton, originator of Linton's world-famed Orthophonic System. The only institution requiring no fee until a thorough cure is effected. It's thoroughness is thus attested, and by the cures it has effected since 1870.

LINTON ORTHOPHONIC INSTITUTE,
Write for Prospectus. **BROCKVILLE, CANADA.**

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Good Work, Pleased Customers

and a profitable business can only be had by using the best materials.

It will pay you to buy from us.

EAKINS & FERRIS,
48 Richmond St. West, TORONTO.

S. & H. HARRIS'S



Waterproof Harness Composition.

Ebonite Waterproof Blacking For Boots and Shoes, Harness, Trunks, Bags, etc. Requires no brushing.

Harness Composition Waterproof.

SADDLE PASTE Waterproof. For polishing Brown Harness, Saddles, etc.

Jet Black Oil—For Cart and Farm Harness.

Harness Liquid—For beautifying and preserving without labor.

SADDLE SOAP—For Cleaning Saddles, Brown Harness, Brown Leather Boots, etc.

Dubbing—Waterproof for Boots and Harness.

Merriman's Infallible Embrocation For Horses and Cattle.

Black Dye—For Staining Harness.

Polishing Paste—For Cleaning Metals and Glass.

Plate Powder—Non-mercurial.

FURNITURE POLISH

Shoe Blacking—Liquid and Paste.



MANUFACTURED BY

S. & H. HARRIS
LONDON, ENG.

And sold wholesale by Saddlers, Hardware Merchants and Storekeepers.

The Berlin Rubber

MANUFACTURING CO., Limited.



BERLIN RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.'S FACTORY.



Rubber Boots, Shoes and Mackintoshes

Our factory is equipped with the very latest machinery, which enables us to produce goods equal to

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

See that the "Daisy Brand" is on your rubber boots and shoes and waterproof clothing. It means the best value for your money.

JACOB KAUFMAN, President.
A. L. BREITHAUPT, Sec.-Treas
GEORGE SCHLEE, Manager

BERLIN RUBBER MFG. CO., Limited, Berlin, Ontario, Canada.

Santa Claus' Mail Bag.

Once more on Christmas Eve we meet,
Our dear old Santa Claus to greet;
Each year he comes to make his call
And bring good cheer to one and all.

Most children now have read in books
Just how dear Santa acts and looks—
His ruddy cheeks and bright, blue eyes,
His long, white hair, and beard likewise.

His distant home they also know;
'Tis built of ice and thatched with snow.
And there, far north, in Arctic zone,
He lives and works all year alone.

He takes delight in making toys,
And tries to please both girls and boys.
And thus his chubby, little hands
Make glad young hearts in many lands.

When nights grow long at Christmas time
(As nights will do in that cold clime),
He packs away his kit of tools,
His hammer, saw and plane and rules.

And opens up his cedar chest,
Takes out his furs, the very best,
His coat and cap and bearskin mits,
All latest style and perfect fits;



"TANTA CLAUS IS DONTA TUM."

And, last of all, his white fur robe
(The very finest on the globe),
So long and broad and thick and warm
'Tis just the thing for cold or storm.

He then brings out his big red sledge,
Fills it with toys quite to the edge,
And hitches up his six reindeer,
Puts on their bells and other gear.

And thus, in state, he drives away
To get his mail at Hudson Bay.
For now, to end all strife and doubt,
I've told the truth—the secret's out;

'Tis not the North Pole, nor Labrador
As some have stated heretofore,
But Hudson Bay, as we now know,
A land of cold and ice and snow.

And this is why he comes that way
The eve before each Christmas day,
For every letter he must read,
So as to know what children need.

He then in haste each parcel packs
In boxes or in paper sacks;
And when his reindeer have been fed,
And boys and girls are snug in bed,

He once more mounts upon his seat
And tucks his robe around his feet,
Then grasps the reins and cracks the lash,
And off he goes, just like a flash!

O'er frozen bays and fields of snow
Like rushing winds his coursers go,
Till soon his merry, twinkling eye
The city lights begins to spy.

And now this cunning little man
Begins to carry out his plan;
He knows that any sound or noise
May waken up the girls and boys.

So, to make sure, he stops his team
(All fleck'd with foam and hot with steam),
Then safely muffles every bell,
And pads his deer's sharp hoofs as well.

And then, with tread as soft as down,
They swiftly canter into town;
And e'en the watchman, on his beat,
Can't hear them coming down the street.

Santa Claus now feels his best;
No time he takes for food or rest,
But hurries here and rushes there
Until you think he's everywhere.

He knows that houses are so high,
And chimney-tops so near the sky,
That if he tries to sail all,
He must gain entrance through the hall.

This plan may seem a little new,
But Santa knows just what to do;
He never rings nor even knocks,
But with his key each door unlocks.

And long before the faintest dawn
He's made his calls and safely gone;
And every child who wrote a letter
Finds what he ask'd—or something better.

—Anna G. Williams.

His Dog.

The old blue farm wagon, with its load of fresh, green "garden truck," gave a pleasant touch of Spring to the city square, and the farmer had such a kindly face and such a homely air about him that many a man in the hurrying throng smiled half-involuntarily as he caught his eye.

But it was the farmer's dog on which the glances of the passers-by rested longest—a magnificent, pure-blooded Newfoundland, black as coal except for a little patch of white on his chest and a hint of grey with which advancing age had touched his muzzle. He stood on the kerb by his master, watching the passers with expectant eye, and wagging his tail in dignified approval whenever someone stopped to make a purchase.

By-and-bye one man, who seemed to have more leisure than his fellows, paused a moment to speak to him.

"What's his name?" he asked.

"Dow," promptly replied the farmer.

"Dow? That's a queer name for a dog."

"Yes, I s'pose it is, but it fits him. Neal Dow is his full name."

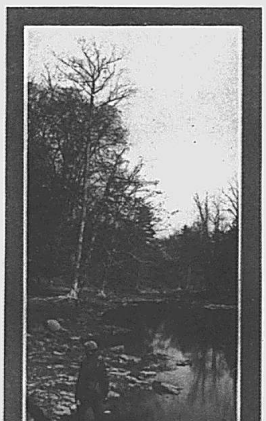
"Oh, I see. Temperance dog," said the stranger, smiling. "Never takes anything but water, I suppose."

"Yes, but he's more than that. He's a prohibitionist—a regular temperance reformer."

The stranger evidently wanted the story, and the farmer continued.

"Yes," he said, "Jim Snow, a hired man up our way, got him of a tin-peddler when he was about a year old. Jim was a good worker and a pretty decent fellow otherwise, but he never went to town without coming home the worse for liquor.

"One day, a week or two after he got the dog, he came home, as usual, staggering drunk. The dog was lying in the sun on the door-step. He had grown very fond of Jim, but this time, instead of running to meet him, he rose up growling, with the hair on his back as stiff as bristles, and every tooth in his head showing. Any man in his senses would have kept away, but Jim was too far gone to know what he was doing. He spoke to him, but the minute he started to go a step nearer the dog



THE SHORT CUT HOME. Photo by Rowley, Toronto.

fastened on his hand, and there he hung. Jim yelled, and the Spragues, where he worked, came running out; but the whole family had all they could do to make him let go.

"The next day the dog was as good-natured as ever, but when Jim came home drunk again a week later, he growled and snarled just as he had before, and finally went off to the barn and stayed two days.

"Jim kind of took the thing to heart. He'd had plenty of good advice before, but it didn't seem to take hold of him the way this did, and after it happened the third time, he said:

"'Well, if I've got so low my dog is ashamed to associate with me, I guess it's time to quit.'

"He stopped right there—never drank another drop, and never had another bit of trouble with the dog from that day to this.

"At the time it struck everybody as a mighty strange thing. We didn't know how to account for it. But about two years afterward the peddler told somebody how one time a drunken tavern loafer struck this dog's mother with a hot poker, and after that she would never let anybody who had been drinking come near her. I suppose her puppy got the trait from her."



A VETERAN OF 1812. Photo by Bogart, Toronto.

"But how came the dog in your possession?" asked the stranger.

"Well," said the farmer, with a twinkle, "you see my name is Snow—James Snow. I was the hired man. If it hadn't been for Neal, here, I might be a hired man yet, instead of owning a good farm. Poor old dog! He's getting well on in years now, but I ain't likely to forget him."

The Freelances.

We eat their cakes, and drink their wines,
And, inly scorning, praise their lands;
We gad about from hill to town,
With empty honors in our hands.

Our faces hem the foreign marts,
Strange pavements feel our marching feet;
We learn the number of their troops,
The speed and tonnage of their fleet.

Half proud, half humble, see us come
With swords to sell to foreign kings.
We drill the rabble that we scorn;
We share their glory and their rings.

By distant campfires hear us tell
Tales of the little town we knew
Where all the trees are magic green
And all the skies are magic blue.

In far-out lodges hear us sing
The songs that touch them to surprise—
Of quiet gardens in the sun—
Of peace—and of our ladies' eyes.

By dock and tide-way, cliff and field,
By silent wood and shouting ford,
We softly sing of rest and love,
Who live by turmoil and the sword.

Along the trails that twist and dip
We mark the mileage with our bones.
The frozen bergs have heard our curse—
Dark ways have cut us with their stones.

There is a place with open doors,
And shadowed walks and ancient trees;
But we must face the brazen day,
The white roads, and the thrashing seas,

Until we sight another plan—
With no more work and no more fun,
Where saddles rot and stirrups rust,
And dreams go on from sun to sun.

—Theodore Roberts.

ng to heart. He'd had
e, but it didn't seem to
this did, and after it
said :
ow my dog is ashamed
it's time to quit.'
—never drank another
bit of trouble with the

everybody as a mighty



Photo by Bogart, Toronto.

now how to account for
rward the peddler told
drunken tavern loafer
a hot poker, and after
nybody who had been
suppose her puppy got

g in your possession?''

with a twinkle, ''you
nes Snow. I was the
een for Neal, here, I
stead of owning a good
getting well on in years
get him.''

ces.

ink their wines,
ise their lands;
town,
our hands.

marts,
our marching feet;
eir troops,
of their fleet

ee us came
foreign kings
scorn;
nd their rings.

as tell
we knew
gic grey
agic blue.

ing
them to surprise—
n—
ladies' eyes.

and field,
outing ford,
love,
nd the sword.

and dip
with our bones,
rd our curse—
s with their stones.

doors,
nd ancient trees;
en day,
the thrashing seas,

ce
ld no more fun,
rrups rust,
n sun is sun.

—Theodore Roberts.


AMEN



By crag and lonely moor she stands,
This mother of half a world's great men,
And kens them far by sea-wracked lands,
Or orient jungle, or western fen.

And far out mid the mad turmoil,
Or where the desert places keep
Their lonely hush, her children toil,
Or wrapped in wide world honor sleep.

By Egypt's sands or western wave
She kens her latest heroes rest,
With Scotland's honor o'er each grave,
And Britain's flag above each breast.

And some at home.—Her mother love
Keeps crooning wind-songs o'er their graves,
Where Arthur's castle looms above,
Or Strathy storms or Solway raves;

Or Lomond unto Nevis bends
In olden love of clouds and dew;
Where Tronach unto Stirling sends
Greetings that build the years anew.

Out where her miles of heather sweep,
Her dust of legend to his breast,
'Neath aged Dryburgh's aisle and keep,
Her wizard Walter takes his rest.

And her loved ploughman, he of Ayr,
More loved than any singer loved
By heart of man amid those rare,
High souls the world hath tried and proved;

Whose songs are first to heart and tongue,
Wherever Scotsmen greet together,
And far-out alien scenes among,
Go mad at the glint of a sprig of heather.

And he her latest wayward child,
Her Louis of the magic pen,
Who sleeps by tropic crater piled,
Far, far, alas! from misted glen;

Who loved her, knew her, drew her so,
Beyond all common poet's whim;—
In dreams the whaups are calling low,
In sooth her heart is woe for him.

And they, her warriors, greater none
E'er drew the blade of daring forth,
Her Colin* under Indian sun,
Her Donald† of the fighting North.

Or he, her greatest hero, he
Who sleeps somewhere by Nilus sands,
Grave Gordon,‡ mightiest of those free,
Great captains of her fighting hands.

Yea, these and myriad myriads more,
Who stormed the fort or ploughed the main,
To free the wave or win the shore,
She calls in vain, she calls in vain.

Brave sons of her, far severed wide
By purpling peak or reeling foam;
From western ridge or orient side,
She calls them home, she calls them home.

And far, from east to western sea,
The answering word comes back to her:
"Our hands were slack, our hopes were free,
We answered to the blood astir;

"The life by Kelpie loch was dull,
The homeward slothful work was done:
We followed where the world was full,
To dree the weird our fates had spun.

"We built the brigg, we reared the town,
We spanned the earth with lightning gleam,
We ploughed, we fought, mid smile and frown,
Where all the world's four corners teem.

"But under all the surge of life,
The mad race-fight for mastery,
Though foremost in the surgent strife,
Our hearts went back, went back to thee."

For the Scotsman's speech is wise and slow,
And the Scotsman's thought it is hard to ken,
But through all the yearnings of men that go,
His heart is the heart of the Northern glen.

His song is the song of the windy moor,
And the humming pipes of the squirling din;
And his love is the love of the sheiling door,
And the smell of the smoking peat within.

And nohap how much of the alien blood
Is crossed with the strain that holds him fast,
Mid the world's great ill and the world's great good,
He yearns to the mother of men at last.

For there is something strong and something true
In the wind where the sprig of heather is blown;
And something great in the blood so blue,
That makes him stand like a man alone.

Yea, give him the road and loose him free,
He sets his teeth to the fiercest blast;
For there's never a toil in a far countrie
But a Scotsman tackles it hard and fast.

He builds their commerce, he sings their songs,
He weaves their creeds with an iron twist;—
And making of laws or righting of wrongs,
He grinds it all as the Scotsman's grist.

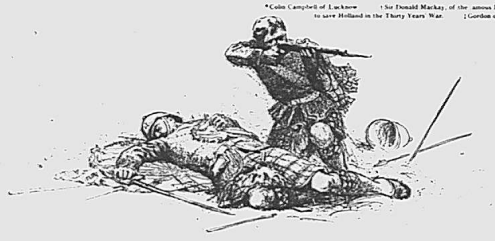
* * * * * *

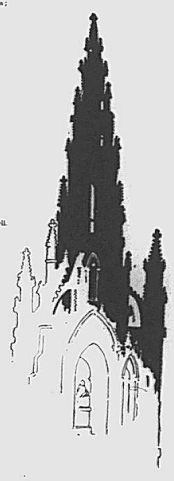
Yea, there by crag and moor she stands,
This mother of half a world's great men,
And out of the heart of her haunted lands
She calls her children home again.

And over the glens and the wild sea floors
She peers so still as she counts her cost,
With the whaups low calling over the moors,—
"Woe, woe, for the great ones she hath lost."

—W. Wilfred Campbell.

*Colin Campbell of Lucknow.
† Sir Donald Mackay, of the famous Dutch Regiment that helped to save Holland in the Thirty Years War.
‡ Gordon of Khartoum.

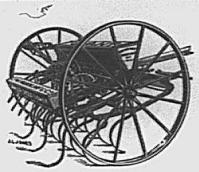




WARWICK BROS. & RUTTER,
Manufacturing & Importing
Wholesale Stationers
68-70 FRONT STREET WEST,
TORONTO

Ask Your Dealer for Our
Sterling Silver and **Fine Electro-Plated Ware.**
Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.
OFFICE AND SHOWROOMS
TORONTO


GIANT STEEL SECTIONAL CULTIVATOR.


GIANT SECTIONAL SEEDER.

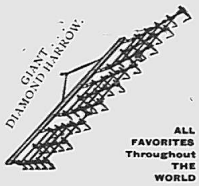
GIANT MACHINES PROVE HIGHEST GRADE



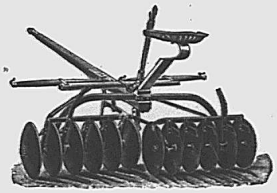
GIANT COMBINED DRILL.

FOR TILLAGE AND SEEDING.

THE MANN MFG. CO. Limited
BROCKVILLE, Ont., CANADA.



ALL FAVORITES Throughout THE WORLD


GIANT DISC HARROW.

SOMETHING GOOD FOR XMAS.
An Investment Policy in the
MANUFACTURERS LIFE...
J. F. JUNKIN, Managing Director. HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO

Pasteur Germ-Proof Filters. A positive Preventive of TYPHOID and all WATER-BORNE DISEASES.
They are easily attached to the ordinary house tap and should be in every home.
Aikenhead Hardware Co.,
6 Adelaide Street East.
Write for particulars.

FINE CUTLERY
BUILDERS' HARDWARE
MECHANICS' TOOLS
IRON STABLE FITTINGS
Bicycle Parts & Sundries
Morgan & Wright Tires.
Large Assortment. . . Low Prices.
The Yokes Hardware Co., LIMITED.
Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Streets, . . TORONTO.

Moore & Alexander
THE CANADIAN PHOTO-ENGRAVING BUREAU
HALF-TONE, ZINC AND WOOD ENGRAVING.
COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.
DESIGNING. ETC
16 Adelaide St West
TORONTO.





ENGRAVERS OF CHRISTMAS GLOBE Illustrations





18TH BATTALION, "HIGHLANDERS."

TORONTO.



IT WAS my father who spoke first; and he spoke to the Curé, Monsieur de Gonzague, who sat with his hand on a church book, and beside him on the table an aspirator for the holy water. "Look at her now," said my father. The Curé looked up at Elspie McGibbon, who had been plying her knitting needles. She had let them drop into her lap and was gazing straight at one of the candles, with never a movement of her eyelids.

Gradually a curious, fey expression crept over her face, her mouth grew long and wan and her beauty all drawn awry; the pupils of her eyes began to dilate and flutter. No one breathed, and the wind, stirring the shutter a moment before, quieted; and nothing moved without or within. Père de Gonzague rose to his height and made the sign of the cross over her and spoke a few words in the Latin and sprinkled her with holy water. But the maid never heeded; the distrait look still hung upon her face; her hands were laid useless in her lap.

"He must be near," said my father, under his breath, and I wondered how he dared to speak, for the flesh was moving cold upon my bones. Suddenly a sound came from without, and I felt as if someone had struck my head with a mallet. The sound was like a footstep outside the window, upon the gallery which ran all around the house. First a soft, padded stroke, then a clump, clump, like a footstep if the foot were half flesh and half bone.

It came slow and powerful, and we all rose to our feet, except my mother, who was overcome, and could only put her hands before her face, and Elspie McGibbon, who still gazed wofully at the candle without seeing anything. There we stood as if waiting for the Judgment. Père de Gonzague, my father, my uncle Bartholemie, strong Jacques Bondin, the farmer, and the housekeeper, Annette Valois.

The sound came nearer and nearer, then it ceased and began as suddenly on the other side of the house. We drew closer together. "Here, your honor," said Jacques, "I will go out and face it." He spoke to my father. He took up one of the candles and went towards the door; Père de Gonzague followed him, and I came after. When Jacques reached the door and opened it, I saw, through the moonlight over his shoulder, dark shadows in the elms, and in a moment "paff" came a stroke of wind, like a breath, and blew out the candle.

As we stood, scarcely breathing, the noise sprang up before us, so that we all started back, and as suddenly it seemed to walk beyond the windows of the parlor, where the light shone through chinks in the close wooden shutters.

A great dread got hold upon me, and I longed for my heart to beat. I heard Jacques saying, under his breath, "It is gone," and a long crying came up from the banks of the river.

It was just then, my mother said, that Elspie gave a great, deep sigh and shut her eyes; when she opened them she picked up her knitting and began clicking the needle, as if she had been asleep. "Were you dreaming, Elspie, dear?" asked my mother. The girl smiled, "Yes, I was dreaming." "And did you see the tall man again?" She nodded her head and smiled, like a maid who has a sweet secret.

Annette came running to us to say she had waked. "Down to his cabin I go," said Jacques, who was a resolute fellow. "I go with you," I said. I stepped before the Curé, and as I went on, clutching Jacques, I felt the holy water drop on me.

We went through the lilac bushes, heavy with scent, out into the white road under the elms. Soon we saw the moonlight flooding the Becancour and heard the brawling of the stream over the shallows. Even at some distance we could discern the regular outline of the house, with its low walls and heavy, overtopping roof. When we came to it there was no light and no sound. We walked around it slowly and Jacques laid his ear to the door. Joubert was not within.

When we returned the women had retired, my father had gone home with the Curé, and my uncle Bartholemie was sitting with all the candles still lighted. When my father came back we counselled together. We were on our Seigniory in the County of Nicolet, just two days from Quebec, when this thing happened.

Joubert had come up to the house and cast the evil eye on Elspie McGibbon. Annette found her leaning at the buttery door in a trance, with all the blood gone from her face, and Joubert gazing at her with a horrid smile. She screamed and flew at him, and when the maid came back to her senses she said that a tall, handsome man, who had beautiful eyes and a voice like a flute, had spoken to her.

It was Joubert who had spoken to her, Joubert with his hair-lip and his terrible whine. Jacques Bondin, the farmer, when he heard it, laid his hand on his head and swore by the saints to tear Joubert's heart out of his body. Every year we had come to the Seigniory with Elspie his love had grown stronger, and now it was fairly arranged that he should marry her.

The year before she was a slip of a girl romping at her work; now she was a young beauty, the masses of red-brown hair piled upon her shapely head, her dark-blue eyes vivid with light, and, above everything, the charm of her movement, her grace, which is to a woman what cadence is to music. And Joubert had cast upon her his evil eye.

We counselled together upon what should be done, but our plans did not go any farther than that night. My father would not look any further, saying that Père de Gonzague was to rummage in some old books he had and might find an ancient cure for the evil eye. So it was decided that Jacques should sit up all night in the dining-room, out of which opened the large room where Elspie and Annette slept; and I would hear of nothing else than that I was to watch with him.

My father went to bed, and Jacques and I sat facing one another; the broad oak table between us. The house was quiet, very quiet; again and again we trimmed the candles, and I found myself thinking what a pleasant thing it was to watch all night when I woke up in broad day and found Annette placing the dishes for the morning meal.

Elspie during the forenoon seemed herself again, helping Annette, as her duty was, but moving about with more languor than usual, and sometimes standing as if a vision had risen in her mind and charmed her. Everyone watched her, and it seemed impossible for Joubert to come near the house without our knowledge. But just after dinner we missed her suddenly; she seemed to disappear as we looked at her.

We each ran in a different direction to look for her, and down I went into the bee-hives, which stood in a circle behind some cedars at the foot of the garden. There she was, standing before Joubert, not near him, with her head slightly on one side, her arms hanging limply from her shoulders, her hands opened and relaxed.

When Joubert saw me he dropped one shoulder and began to cringe and fawn, like a dog afraid of a beating. His loose mouth tightened at one corner and his grey teeth shone in the folds of his lips. I seized Elspie by the arm, turned her about and led her to the house as easily as if she were blind. Looking over my shoulder at the door, I glimpsed Joubert's head and shoulders sliding along behind the hedge.

So soon as Elspie came to herself we had a scene; for Annette broke into a fit of weeping that seemed more violent than ordinary, for she was a thick, well-governed person, and no one had ever before seen a tear in her eye. When she got quieted, in my mother's room, with salts of lavender, she told, between sobs, what she had been keeping back, that in Beauce, when she was a young girl, she had known of just such another witching of a maid by an old devil, and nothing could be done about it; they even burnt him out of his hole, and carried the girl to the Convent, and cut off her hair, and the nuns said a myriad of prayers daily in her behalf; so many were the prayers that you could fairly see them flying out of the window like pigeons. But all of no use; the old "loup-garou" got at her at last. After this recital Annette relapsed into tears.

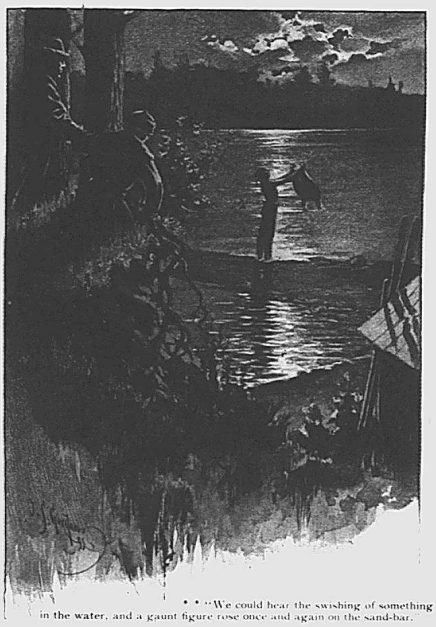
My mother, after a while, called Elspie into her room, where it was cool and dusky, and when she got her employed in turning the linen in the presses she asked her who she was talking with by the bee-hives.

"The man I was telling you of; the tall, dark, strong-looking fellow." My mother said she had not seen him and asked who he was.

"Oh," said Elspie, with a peculiar, shy smile, "I do not know his name; that I must not ask. But he came a long, long journey to see me here. He is a rich man; he has a domain in Portneuf, where he digs silver and gold out of holes in the earth."

My father had come in and was listening by the door, and my mother wrung he hands towards him, so distraught was she by the pity of it all. My father spoke quickly from where he stood and asked Elspie if she did not know well that it was old Joubert to whom she was talking. She laughed under her breath, a thing she would not have dared to do had she been herself, so careful was she in respect for my father.

"No, your honor," she replied, "it was not Joubert, I know Joubert; this man is fine and handsome, has the look of the rich in his eye. Joubert is the fellow with a mouth like an old hound; his hair is full of mould, and he has forgotten the feel of a sou between his fingers. I will



"We could hear the swishing of something in the water, and a gaunt figure rose once and again on the sand-bar.

tell your honor," she added, standing up, blushing like a pink peony, and with a little movement of grace and deference, "that this gentleman has asked me to marry him and live on his domain in Portneuf."

"And what about Jacques Bondin, honest, strong Jacques Bondin?" said my father, in his deepest voice.

"Jacques Bondin," said Elspie, as if striving with her memory; "yes, yes, yes." She repeated these words slowly, with a sigh between each. You could see her mind struggling like a little storm-beaten boat trying to land on a familiar shore.

They told me this at once, and I went and told Jacques Bondin. He sat down and bent his great, stubborn-looking back and let his head hang down to his knees. He was mighty enough to have broken Joubert with his own hands, but he knew that would not break the spell. All at once an idea came into my mind.

"Jacques," I said, "we will save her from him. I have an idea; only do you wait. I will see the Curé and then I will tell you; you must help me." Help! He grew up to his full six feet, and two tears, as hard as white marble, stood in the corners of his eyes. He held my hand so fast that I had to pull one foot off the ground.

If my plan was to be carried out that night, I must lose no time; so off I went to see Père de Gonzague. He had turned over all his books, but never a cure for the evil eye could be found.

When I told him my idea, he put his head on one side and pondered. "Well," he said at length, "carry it out; I will do my part."

Hardly waiting to thank him, I hastened down to the forge and had a talk with Hector, the blacksmith, and before I left him he was working with a will.

Then I went on to Joubert's den, which stood about four hundred yards from the river, in a thicket of trees and undergrowth. As I came down the path I saw him seated on his doorstep, but he did not see me until I stood before him, so intent was he on the work that he was doing. He had a small piece of dried skin laid upon his knees and was working at it with his fingers. He wore only a pair of breeches and a shirt. The former was well patched with clouts of buckskin; the latter was whole, but open at the throat, showing a fell of coarse hair at his breast.

His hands were enormous; each joint seemed as long as an ordinary human finger. His nose jutted like a promontory. Tufts of hair grew in the whorls and on the lobes of his ears. His head was sunken in at the temples, his eyes were wild and light. His skin was flushed unnaturally, as if a fire were burning underneath; and drops of sweat as large as beans stood out on his brow. His hair was black as pitch and hung in points on his shoulders, so matted was it with dirt that showed grey upon it. His feet were bare.

"Oh, Master Philemon," he said, snuffling the words out, "you are here at Joubert's little house?" He never raised his head; his eyes jumped one look at me and then fell back. His fingers kept clawing at the piece of skin.

"Yes," I said; "what are you working at?"

"Oh, nothing at all — just a little fancy of my own."

"You were up at the house to-day?" I said. He was perfectly motionless in a twinkle and held himself together, just as I have seen a rat stop dead still to listen when alarmed.

"Yes, yes, Master Philemon," he replied, relaxing his muscles.

"You're a sly old wolf," I said. "Our Elspie is crazy after you, and is all for marrying you."

"Ah!" he said, and moistened his lips with his bright tongue.

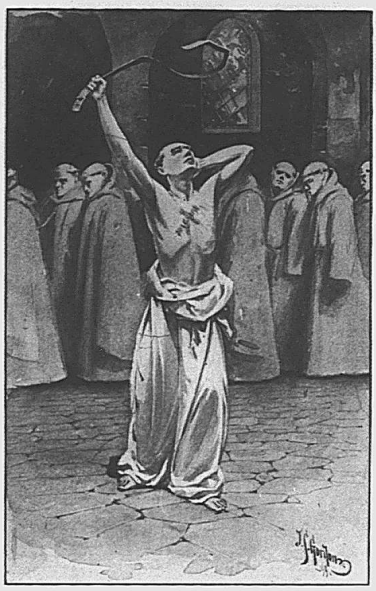
"You'll have to spruce your place up a bit before you bring her here to live." I could see a foul table and a broken pot on the hard sand floor.

"Not a bad place," he whined; "a sound roof from the rain."

"Bah! A girl of her quality needs more than a shelter. Look you, Joubert, before you come up to see her again you must wash your shirt; it's heavy with grease, man. You'd better go to the river and pin it down in the current for half a day." He looked down at the loathsome garment and fingered it.

"You're friend to me, Master Philemon, you're friend to me."

"I'd do far more than that for you," I said; "that's a bit of good advice." With that I left him and went back to Hector, who had forged me an iron cross about six inches in the standard and three inches in the cross-piece, and where they were joined he had fitted an iron handle a good two feet in length; and he had for me one of those braziers which roofers use, filled with charcoal, for Hector was a Jack of all the metal trades.



• • • "On his back and breast came out in a deeper red the sign of the cross."

I hid the brazier in the bushes by the path to Joubert's and carried the cross to the Curé, who blessed it for me through and through. Then back I went to the Manoir, carrying my well-fashioned, consecrated bit of iron, and found Jacques.

I was late for supper, and I had to hear that my mother had gone to bed with a terrible pain in her head. Everyone was wrought far beyond the usual anxiety for affairs gone wrong, save Elspie, and she was a-dreaming. They had been attentive of her, and Annette reported, with a shiver, that she had taken the crucifix off the wall of her room, a sure sign that she had been witched, and was looking into her clothes-chest, as if preparing for a journey.

My father walked heavily up and down the room with his hands behind him. He thought well of Elspie, who had been reared in our family since she was taken, a little orphan, from the foundling hospital. She was a great aid and help to my mother. He had planned her marriage with Jacques Bondin, and now everything was marred and in confusion by reason of an old villain whom he had suffered to live on his land and occupy one of his houses. The neighbors' gossip about him, that he was a were-wolf, "loup-garou," he had never heeded, and, to requite his faith, this evil had struck into his own family.

Père de Gonzague came in after an hour. My father heard, with a sigh, that no help could be got from his old folios; but I left them, certain that the Curé would win over my father to the second part of my plan, which was contingent upon the success of the first. I knew that they would all watch Elspie and prevent her from slipping away, and out I went to join Jacques Bondin.

When it was dark, before moonrise, we found the brazier and struck off the path into a dense growth of hazel which covered two arpents or more to the river bank. Our plan was to work back to Joubert's from the river; but when I broke through the bushes upon the bank, I saw a figure before me on a sand-bar.

The moon was floating up and long points of silver light shone upon the water. We listened; we could hear the swishing of something in the water, and a gaunt figure rose once and again on the sand-bar. Then I knew that Joubert had taken my advice!

Back we went till we struck the path which the old fellow had worn from his den to the water-side. Then we took to the bushes. Jacques placed himself about twenty feet nearer the water than my station. Soon I had the brazier alight and glowing, and before long, when I took the iron out of the fire, I could see the cross all red against the dark hazel leaves.

We must have been there an hour, when Jacques whistled. Joubert was coming up the path. In his hands he carried his shirt, wringing it and snapping the water out of it as he came. Just as he passed, Jacques stepped out and pinioned him from behind. He called out to me, "Loup-garou! loup-garou!" and as they advanced I met them with the iron, white hot.

Joubert was forced on and half carried by Jacques. I put the brand of the cross on his breast as nearly over his heart as I could, and Jacques spun him around like a top and I burnt him on the back a trifle deeper.

Whatever the creature was made of I cannot tell, for he never uttered a sound; and when Jacques let him go he loped up the path like a wolf and was out of sight in a turn behind the bushes. We made a detour and went back to the Manoir.

Then to carry out my plan there was a great bustling and hurrying, and disputing, and harnessing of horses, and some demurring on the part of Elpsie McGibbon. Around came the calash and the quatre-roux, and away we went to the St. Lawrence landing; my father, Annette, Elspie, Jacques and myself and two drivers.

Before midnight I had the satisfaction of seeing our sloop slide away in the moonlight, beginning her first tack for Trois Rivières. The drivers and myself jogged slowly homeward to Becancour. "They are separated at least, whatever else comes of it," I thought.

In the morning Joubert had disappeared, and he was never again seen in these parishes. Not even by rumor did he visit the haunt of his evil spirit.

And not many weeks after strong Jacques Bondin sailed over to Trois Rivières with all our family; for we thought well of him, and there was a wedding in the Cathedral.

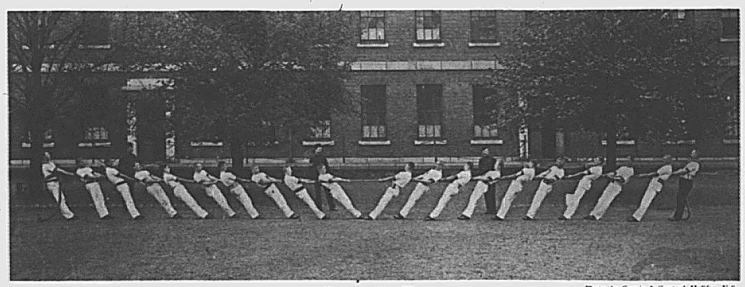
As time went by I forgot Joubert and his deviltry. Many years after I was visiting a monastery in the hills above Viger. My companion was a notary from St. Basil, who was well acquainted with the monks and their institution.

"There is one monk here who flagellates himself, Father Philemon they call him. Come, it is his hour; let us have a look at him."

We went from one cool hall into another: soon a door opened and the monks filed in, two by two, with a murmur of prayer. They stopped. One in the midst of them threw back his cowl and bared his body to the waist. There was something curiously familiar to me in his countenance. Taking a leather thong, while his brethren chanted, he began to beat himself over the shoulders and the breast. By-and-bye my companion nudged me.

"Look," he said; "it is a miracle." On his back and breast came out in a deeper red the sign of the cross. In a moment I had recognized him.

It was Joubert.



"WHICH WINS?" Photo. by Garvin & Gentzel, Halifax, N.S.

Athletic Sports at the Military Institute, Halifax, N.S.

Glory of Life.

The glory of our life below
Comes not from what we do, or what we know,
But dwells forevermore in what we are.

—Henry Van Dyke.

The Old Flag.

BY WILLIAM BANKS, JR.

THE year was 1820. In a great arm-chair on the verandah of the Douglas farm house an old man sat; his hands gently clasped, a vacant smile on his lips. Roses were blossoming in the little garden before him. Beyond the garden the green fields stretched away until they seemingly kissed the horizon. Birds sang; men at work in the fields shouted to one another, or to their horses. It was a perfect summer day, but the old man apparently could not see or enjoy its beauties. His blue eyes had no sign of intelligence in them; his slightest movements were those of a man whose mind is dead.

He did not look up when his son, John Douglas, a sturdily built man of thirty, accompanied by Joe Shilton, owner of the neighboring farm, walked up the little pathway of the garden to the verandah and sat down on its broad steps.

"An' he never speaks, John?" queried Shilton, jerking his head in the direction of the figure on the chair.

John shook his head slowly and answered, as he had done a thousand times: "Not to say anythin'. 'Casionally mumbles, but 'thout no sense. Just a string o' words."

A matronly looking young woman opened the door and came out on the verandah, followed by a woman much older, on whose face grief had printed heavy lines. She stood by the old man's chair, looking down on him with a world of love and sorrow in her eyes. The younger woman sat down near John and laid a firm brown hand on his shoulder.

"Well, wifey?" said he, affectionately.

"Well, John," she answered, with a pleasant smile; "tired?"

"Just a wee bit, Liza."

There was a silence for a while. Then Shilton asked: "An' he's bin like that sence he got cracked on the head at Queenston Heights?"

John answered with a simple "Yes."

"An' don't even know his own wife," muttered Shilton.

Conversation lagged. Each of the little group on the steps was thinking of the one great tragedy that had come within the scope of their simple lives.

The older woman bent down and kissed the lips of the man in the chair, her husband. Then she left the verandah, after a pleasant word or two with those on the steps, walked down the garden path and disappeared.

"Poor mother," sighed John; "she's a-goin' to the Elms, where they uster walk when courtin'. Always does this time o' year, an' comes home an' cries herself to sleep."

"How she loves him," Liza said, softly, and as she spoke tears dimmed her eyes.

"Where's Jack?" her husband asked, abruptly and almost fiercely. Liza knew that he spoke so merely to hide his emotion.

"I——" she began, when a shrill baby voice interrupted her.

"Mammy! mammy! see what I'se got. Me found it in the ole trunk," and Jack himself, a winsome little fellow of five, walked along the verandah toward them, dragging what at first sight looked like a small patchwork quilt.

"It's the old flag," said John, laughingly. "The little rascal! He's bin turnin' Dad's trunk inside out, I'll bet."

The child struggled along bravely and had almost reached his mother, when a voice broke in on his merry laughter. "Give it to me!" it cried, and the tone was one of a positive command. The child halted; the little group on the steps looked at each other in awed amazement.

The old man bent forward and, seizing the flag, snatched it roughly from the child's grasp. With a startled cry, the little fellow ran to his mother's arms. She folded him to her breast, but her gaze was fixed upon the old man. Her husband and Shilton were also watching him closely.

He laid the flag gently across his knees, and lovingly, tenderly, stroked its faded silken folds. His slender fingers traced the Union Jack design worked upon it, and he crooned softly and shook his head sadly when he came across some of the numerous shot-holes which it bore. In his eyes was the dawn of re-awakening intelligence.

Suddenly he raised the flag to his lips and kissed it passionately. Then he turned to the little group. They were watching him with anxiety and fear straining at their hearts.

"Who are you?" he asked, and the words came falteringly, as from the lips of one half dazed.



Photo. by Lafayette, Ltd.] [London and Dublin.

LATEST PORTRAIT OF LADY LOUISA TIGHE.

Lady Louisa Tighe was born in 1803, and was about twelve years old when present at the historic ball at Brussels, on the eve of Waterloo. This ball took place in a large school room on June 15th, 1815. The Duke of Wellington arrived late, and on being asked by Lady Louisa Tighe's sister (Lady Georgina Lennox) if the rumor of the approaching battle was true, the Duke replied, gravely, "Yes; and we are off to-morrow." Lady Louisa Tighe's brother, Lord March, was at that time A.D.C. to the Prince of Orange, and took the wounded prince to the village of Waterloo for surgical aid, and, fearing the prince might be recognized, he pulled the orange cockade out of the prince's hat. After the victory the Prince of Orange, with a battalion of Belgian soldiers, went in state to the Cathedral of Ste. Gudule, at Brussels, to return thanks, and Lady Tighe was present on that occasion.

John rose and took a step forward. The old man clutched the flag to his breast. "It is mine," he almost shouted; "ye mustn't touch it. I carried it at Queenston Heights yesterday. It is stained with my blood."

"Dad;" John began.

The old man laughed. "Nay, lad, I'm not thy Dad. Why, my boy is at the front doing his duty; and Lucy, dear Lucy, is at, at——" He faltered and looked about him in a hesitating way.

"Here," said John, quietly.

The old man looked at him. His gaze wandered; slowly his eyes took in the scene before him. "Yes, yes," he murmured; "but how did I get here? And I cannot stay; they want me at the front. Ye should be there, too; a strapping feller like you has no right to be skulkin' here. I must say good-bye to Lucy, and then——"

Again he looked around in a bewildered, helpless fashion and sank back into the arm-chair. "I—I—don't feel very strong to-day," he said, slowly; "I'll rest a little while. What is General Brock doin' now?" he asked, addressing John, who was now standing close by him; "an' where is the regiment?"

John laid his hand gently on the old man's shoulder, and answered, softly, "The war is over."

"Over! Impossible!"

The young man muttered to his wife and Shilton, "It's now or never." They nodded understandingly.

Aloud, John said, "It's a long story; shall I tell ye?"

"Not without Lucy," the old man replied, peevishly.

"She's visitin' neighbors," said John, gently, "an' she'll be back in a little while." Then, with infinite patience and tact, John told his father how the war had ended. As the tale proceeded the old man bowed his head and shaded his face with his trembling hands.

"And after Queenston Heights," John went on, "they brought ye home. They told us how brave ye were; how ye led the regiment when all seemed lost, and helped to turn defeat into victory. Where the greatest danger was there ye carried the flag, an' the boys followed ye. Blood flowed from your wounds, but ye never halted until the day was done, and ye fell all in a heap, a-huggin' the flag to your breast. An' they let ye keep it. Ye didn't know any o' us, to-this day. Mother kep' the farm a-goin' with my help. An' now the farm's our'n; an' ye know us ag'in, Dad, thank God, and we love ye."

The old man raised his head; tears were streaming down his furrowed cheeks. "An' ye are my son, an' this is your wife, and this my grandson," he murmured, brokenly. "God'll reward ye, my boy, for lookin' after me an' Lucy."

"She's my mother an' ye my father," John answered, "an' I love ye both."

"What do I look like?" the old man asked, suddenly.

Liza went into the house and, returning with a looking-glass, held it before him. Long he gazed at the face pictured there. At last he said, sadly: "I'm old and grey and helpless. Once I was like you, John, and before the war I was still strong and spry."

His son answered him: "But ye know us ag'in, Dad, an' ye'll be happy. Some o' your old comrades often come to see ye, an' now ye'll know them. What a grand time ye'll have fightin' old battles over ag'in! They're so proud of ye, too, Dad; ye are a great hero. An' think how happy mother'll be."

"Mother! You mean Lucy. She doesn't come," the old man said, pathetically, "an' my heart is breakin' for her. She'll help me to understan'. Everything is queer an' strange just now."

"Dad, do you remember the Elms?"

"Ay, lad, we courted there," and the old man's face brightened wonderfully.

"She's there now. She goes there every day this time o' year."

"God in heaven," came in trembling tones from the old man's lips, "how she must ha' suffered! Take me to her, John; I cannot wait, indeed I cannot."

He rose and handed the flag to Liza. "Put it where I can see it every day," he said to her. Then, "Now, John, I'm ready."

Leaning on his son's arm, he walked down the garden pathway to the road, and along the road toward the Elms, a little grove shaded by a number of fine elm trees.

As they walked, the old man questioned his son about Lucy, and gently John tried to prepare him for a great change in the appearance of the woman who had loved him all those weary years. "But she's beautiful yet, I know it," the old man said more than once; "it's the heart, John, that makes beauty, and Lucy's heart is of gold."

So speaking, they reach the Elms at last. The old man quickened his pace, and John had not the heart to restrain him. Entering the grove, they caught sight of the woman they were in search of sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree. Her eyes

were closed, her face turned heavenward; she was praying.

John drew aside. For a moment or two the old man stood and watched her. A great sob burst from his lips; he stumbled forward, his arms outstretched, his heart beating as wildly as on the day when, in this very grove, she had promised to be his wife.

She heard him; her eyes opened. "Lucy, Lucy!" he cried, and the next instant she was in his arms, crying unrestrainedly. But her tears were tears of joy.

If.

If we noticed little pleasures
As we notice little pains;
If we quite forgot our losses
And remembered all our gains;

If we looked for people's virtues
And their faults refused to see,
What a comfortable, happy,
Cheerful place this world would be!

—Adele R. Ingersoll.

Norman's Mother.

A TALE OF THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

BY EVA HAMILTON YOUNG.

THE midnight bells rang out joyously, and all the East was radiant with a strange glory, and the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy, and a multitude of angels sang a new song: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will to men. For unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

All day long the anxious mother had quieted the moans of her little one by telling over and over again the old, sweet story of the birth of a little child, who was cradled in a manger, with no softer bed than the fodder of the cattle.

But as the day wore on and the evening shadows lengthened into the gloom of night, the sick child fell into a fitful slumber. Presently, the midnight bells pealed forth their jubilant tidings, "Christmas morning! Christmas morning!" The mother murmured with a hushed, heart-breaking sob, as she bent over her darling and strove to cover him more warmly with the scanty coverings.

The child was restless and murmured in his sleep; visions of cattle grazing in the fields, of the shepherds watching their flocks on the lonely plains near Bethlehem, and of the wonderful Christ-child, flitted through his restless brain.

Through the window, the white moon seemed to gaze in pity on the mother, listening in silent anguish to the low, sweet tones of her darling

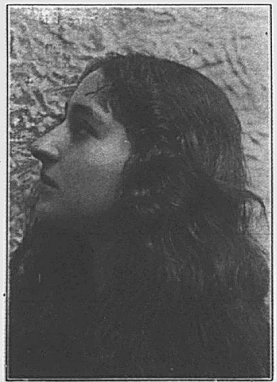


Photo. from life.] A STUDY. [Faton's Atelier, Preston.

repeating the oft-told story of Kriss Kringle, who the boy thought on Christmas Eve hovered over the homes of the good and dropped gifts through the chimney.

"Mother said he is sure to come," he babbled. "I hope he won't forget, because mother's good, and I wants lots of boo'ful things."

A spasm of pain for his disappointment surged through the mother-heart. "Oh, my child! my sweet! my darling! What can mother do?" she groaned. Her dark eyes were full of despair; she had fought desperately with cruel fate and failed. "Six years to-day," she said, slowly and thoughtfully, and the trouble in her eyes deepened as, from out the mists of the past, old scenes came back—thoughts of other days, the strange, fascinating days, when "dreams of delight that never were to be" had filled her soul with joy. The bitter contrast between the expectation and the fruition brought with it a passion of regret.

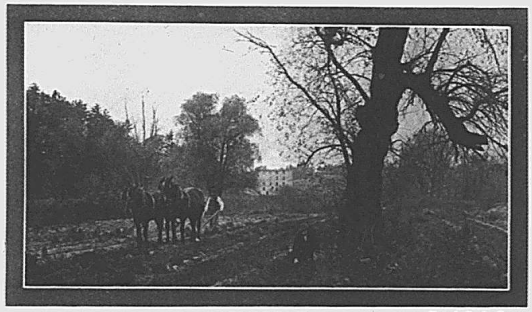
Six years before, Bessie Earle, a bright, beautiful girl, stood proudly beside her young husband, receiving the congratulations and good wishes of her friends for their future life together. No fears for the future clouded her bright anticipations; but it was then that Ralph Connor, with a curiously pained expression on his stern, set face and a far-away look in his eyes, said to her, "If you ever need help, come to me."

The wan but still beautiful woman remembered how the words had fallen on her gaiety like the warning notes of a "passing bell"; she had almost resented them; they seemed prophetic.

"What help can I ever need," she asked herself, "that my husband cannot give?"

Oh! the pity of it! The cloud was even then overshadowing the dawn, and soon all the bright promise was lost in gloom. The germs of a dread disease were lurking in the manly form—a sudden chill, and in less than two years the grief-stricken wife was alone with her child; poverty and care her only heritage.

Taking up the pen which death had shaken from her husband's palsied fingers, she bravely set



A BIT OF NEW LAND. Photo. by Rowley, Toronto.
One of the many picturesque spots along the Humber River, near Toronto.

her face to the task of providing for herself and child. Flitting about from place to place, seeing things and writing on them, she succeeded in keeping grim want away, but each year becoming a little poorer. Then one sad day little Norman's foot had slipped on the icy pavement. A simple thing; but all through the Winter the sad-eyed mother watched her darling suffer and fade away, needing the specialist she was too poor to pay.

But now, in the hour of her extremity, there flashed upon her consciousness the half-remembered request of the dear companion of her childhood and youth. It was long since she had seen him; indeed, she had held proudly aloof from all her old friends; but she knew that Ralph Connor was in the city, and a physician of no mean repute, rich, prosperous.

The blood rushed to her face, the tears to her eyes.

"Can I ask his help?" she questioned herself. "For myself, no! But for my child?" She turned her eyes about the room, as if in search of some alternative.

An atmosphere of refinement pervaded the plain tenement room, suggestive of its occupant. It was cosy enough within the radius of the glowing fire, all the cosier because of the cold and snow and boisterous wind that beat against the window pane.

Moved by a sudden impulse, she rose and went to the window. The morning star shone clear and pure. Day was dawning brightly; she watched with awe the first grey lines of light giving place to luminous waves of fiery radiance.

Down the street came a band of choir boys singing a Christmas carol; their young voices rose clear and sweet on the crisp air.

"Rejoice and be merry, set sorrow aside;
Christ Jesus, our Saviour, was born at this tide."

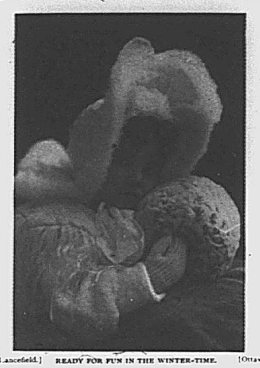
A determined look came into her face; she hesitated no longer.

"My boy," she said, "must have a share in this joyous Noel-tide"

She turned hastily to the table, whereon lay pen and paper, and wrote the following terse note:

"DR. RALPH CONNOR:

"Dear Sir,—My little crippled boy is in need of a physician's care—and—oh! he is so confidently



[Lancefield.] READY FOR FUN IN THE WINTER-TIME. [Ottawa.

expecting a visit from Kriss Kringle. Must he be disappointed? "(MRS.) BESSIE EARLE.

"Room 22, Carlton Terrace,
"Christmas Morning, 1899."

Without waiting to read it over, fearing her courage would fail, she sealed and addressed it; then, with the tense look still showing on her face, she went swiftly out of the room and down the narrow stairs to the first flat. Giving one of the few remaining pennies in her purse to a neighbor lad, she asked him to take the letter to its address at once.

Faint from long watching and anxiety, she returned to her room and threw herself upon the couch to await the issue.

One hour, two, and still she slept; but the sun had not climbed far up the azure dome ere there came a gentle knock at the door; then a louder one.

Norman opened his eyes!

"Mama, wake up," he cried. "He's come! Don't you hear him? He's come! Ah! Mama, open the door; I wants to see Kriss Kringle; I wants to thank him; I'se so afraid he'd forget," he babbled on, in childish ecstasy.

Bessie Earle, hardly knowing what to expect, hastily smoothed out the fold of her plain, black dress, glanced furtively at the fluffy mass of dark hair, and opened wide the door.

There stood a tall man of fine physique and distinguished air, a man in the prime of life, strong, gentle, true; a man to look up to, to lean upon.

"You needed me, I have come," he said, simply; and, holding hat and stick in one hand and an armful of parcels with the other, Dr. Connor stepped to the child's cot, thus giving the mother time to recover her equanimity.

"Well, my little man," he cried gaily, "do you mean to devour me with those big eyes? I'm not Kriss Kringle. I'm only his deputy. Just see the things he has sent you," he said, letting the parcels fall from his arm in a heap upon the cot.

"I am sorry for your trouble, Mrs. Earle," he continued kindly. "I hope you will not esteem it idle curiosity or impertinence if I ask you certain questions, as a full knowledge of the case is necessary for a correct diagnosis."

"How proud, and how beautiful she is!" he mused. "I will cure her boy, and she shall love me yet."

His gentle voice fell on her ears like an echo from out the happy past. She played nervously with the folds of her dress while he questioned her.

Very pathetically, because very simply, she told the story of her loss and trials.

"With your permission, Mrs. Earle, I will bring my friend, Dr. Stevens, to consult with me on this case. I see no reason why this little man should not recover the use of his limbs."

"I wish you had sent for me sooner," he said, with his eyes fastened on the eager face of the mother; "of course you knew I would come, gladly—thankfully even. If you only knew! If I could make you understand how hard it has been for me to see you struggling on alone all these years."



Photo. from Eason's Atelier, Preston.

AT NIGHT RETURNING, HIS DAY'S WORK DONE

"All true Work is sacred; in all true Work, were it but true hand labor, there is something of divineness."
—Carlyle.

A sudden impulse mastered him. Without waiting for preliminaries, remembering all that had transpired between them, and what he had repressed for years, he rushed impetuously into the middle of things, and a torrent of words leaped forth.

"Bessie," he said, "I love you, have loved you always! Come to me, my darling, I need you.



BRIGHT AS THE LARK.

I asked you once before and failed. Do not refuse me now. I will teach you to love me and to forget the sad past."

He got up and walked to her, holding out his arms. "Will you come?" he pleaded, with the longing of years of hope deferred in his voice.

The blood rushed to her face, a sudden gleam of happiness lit up her luminous eyes. She stood a moment irresolute; the child on the cot was revelling in an ecstasy of delight, unconscious of everything save the bountiful gifts of good Kriss Kringle.

Outside the Christmas bells were chiming the old, ever-new story of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

She stood up and placed her hands in his, saying with sweet gravity: "Ralph, I love you now, and God is very good to me."

He drew her close and bent his head until his lips touched her fair brow.

"Bessie, my darling," he said, "I love you with all my heart."

"I love Kriss Kringle," cooed the child.

Then the Christmas bells seemed to jingle the sweet refrain, "I love you! I love you!"

Scotch Genius.

In a recent address, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie called attention to the fact that Scotland, a little country far to the North, under dolesome skies, and swept by depressing mists and chilling winds, has been very fertile in men of genius. Every one of its generations during the last five centuries has produced a Scotchman to give literary expression to the emotions and imaginations of English-speaking peoples.



Photo. by W. H. Bowes, Brockville.

"WHAT WILL MAMMA SAY."

Mr. Mabie's explanation of this fertility is that there is something rich and grand in the race, something deep in its heart, which even the Scotch peasant has the insight to see and the power to express.

"Last summer," says Mr. Mabie, "I was talking with one of the foremost contemporary Scotch writers, and I said to him: 'Is there not a great deal of poetry among the commonest and most uneducated people in Scotland?'

"Said he: 'They are saturated with it.'

"One day in the early Spring he was walking along the side of a mountain in Skye, when he came to a hut in which lived an old man he had known a great many years. He saw the old man with his head bowed and his bonnet in his hand. My friend came up and said to him after a bit:

"'I did not speak to you, Sandy, because I thought you might be at your prayers.'

"'Well, not exactly that,' said the old man; 'but I tell you what I was doing. Every morning for forty years I have taken off my bonnet here to the beauty of the world!'

"Where untrained farming folk go out and take off their hats to the beauty of the world, it is there that we may expect to find poets.

"Peasants do not use the language of poets unless they have the souls of poets in them."

But whence comes the peasants' sentiment and power of expression? "It is my belief," answers Mr. Mabie, "that the Scotch people have derived their inspiration from their knowledge of the great poetry of the Old and New Testaments. Nobody can know the Psalms of David or the prophecies of Isaiah or that sublime Book of Job without being imbued with a keen imagination. So I believe that it is largely because of this that a little people so far to the North, so out of the reach of balmy skies and tropical influences, are so rich in the greater elements of thought and knowledge and art and life."



Photo. by Geo. R. Waldron, New Glasgow.

ON GUARD.

Flowers: A Hymn.

Emblems of Him who died
To be our Life and Stay;
Sweet creatures of the earth,
Bright triumphs of the clay.

In you the sunbeams glow
In every rainbow hue,
A world of loveliness
And glory meet in you.

A glory greater far
The Life and Truth hath said—
Than all the glory which
King Solomon arrayed.

Ye splendors of the grass,
How soon ye pass away;
To-morrow faded seen
Your glory of to-day.

If God the fleeting grass
Thus clothes, our Saviour saith,
Shall He not much more you,
O ye of little faith?

Shall He not me uphold
In darkness and decline?
And clothe a weary heart
With hope and help divine?

Renewed in Christ, shall I
Not likewise clothed be
In Him with loveliness
And immortality?

For this corruptible
Shall incorruption see;
This mortal shall put on
His immortality.

Flower of the ages, Thou
Exceeding Lovely One,
Myriads shalt Thou from death
Awake when Time is done.

Where flowers undying bloom
To sing triumphantly;
"O Death, where is thy sting?
O Grave, thy victory?

—D. M. M.



GETTING ACQUAINTED.

Our Christmas Holly.

BY MARTHA GRAHAM.

SHE came to us out of the snowy dawn of a Christmas morning; and because she was round, and red, and our chief Christmas decoration, we decided at once to call her "Holly."

She was the most wonderful baby; a complete success from the moment of her arrival. Coming as she did out of the magic of a Christmas Eve, when all the air was full of Christmas cheer and Christmas bells, and softly treading reindeer laden with wonderful presents, and far above the snow clouds the angels celebrating the birth of the first Christmas child, she was an object to be regarded with wonder and reverence. Her arrival, too, had been very cleverly planned, and with an evident eye for the dramatic, for just at the most exciting moment of the early morning, when five small white figures were flying around the half-lit nursery, examining the contents of ten well-filled stockings, in hysterical glee, old Nancy, her face shining with pride, in her new office of herald, opened the door with an air of awful mystery and electrified us all with the announcement:

"Young ones! you've been an' got a little sister!"

Poor Santa Claus! It was really too bad to eclipse him totally in the midst of his triumph; for even Noah's Ark and the new skates were flung wildly away, while the five crazy, white figures tore, with noiseless, bare feet, down the cold stairs, Nancy scolding far in the rear. We had to stand outside mother's door, however, shivering with cold and excitement, until Nancy chose to open the exhibition. It seemed ages until she appeared, at last, with a bundle in her arms; she went over to the fire and began to undo the mysterious heap of shawls with majestic deliberation, the number and volume of these wrappings only serving to whet our curiosity and render the ceremony more impressive. But, at last, even the little fleecy white shawl was removed, and there she was!

Yes; it was really and truly a baby! A positive, flesh-and-blood, living, breathing baby! We all gasped—five incredulous, delighted gasps at the sight. Such a wee, pink morsel it was, with pathetic mites of hands curled up to the tiny face; and such wonderful, silken hair, it made one hold one's breath to touch it, lest it might vanish; and then Nancy actually said we might kiss her, which seemed almost sacrilege, since she had just come from heaven; but we approached at length, and touched our lips to the soft, wee face, reverently and, oh, so gently. She made no objections, only opened her eyes (she had eyes too!) an instant, gave a wise little blink and closed them again wearily. It required Nancy's direst threats of being sent back to bed to keep us from shrieking with delight at this performance.

We could leave our new treasure scarcely long enough to swallow a hurried breakfast, and then we devoted the whole day to her service. Christmas presents, candies, sleigh rides, even the Christmas dinner, had to take a secondary place; even the turkey roused very little interest, for what could compare with a present sent all the way from heaven by the angels? We waited upon her with the most abject servility. Nancy's corner behind the sitting-room stove became an altar to which we brought poor Santa's discarded gifts and presented them with all the fervor of religious devotees offering sacrifice at a shrine. The object of all this devotion accepted everything with an impartial calm that was very impressive. Mother's tender smile, father's jokes, Nancy's wise prophecies and our lavish worship were all alike to her, and this lofty indifference, speaking of conscious superiority, rendered us still humbler.

Bobby alone stood aloof from the general adoration, and his callousness appalled the remaining four. His indifference dated from the moment he was turned unceremoniously out of mother's room while the new baby was allowed to come and go unquestioned. So, while the rest of us tip-toed round Nancy and got in everyone's way and begged for just one more peep at the baby's feet, the jealous Bob sat on father's knee and regarded the bundle of shawls with dark scowls. He could not resist the magic influence long, however, for when no one was noticing him he stole from the dinner table and, with a drumstick as a peace offering, entered the little, darkened room where the Holly sprig had been put to bed.

"Holly, I say, Holly," he whispered, pulling away the covers; "you tan have my bone, an' I likes you now pitty well."

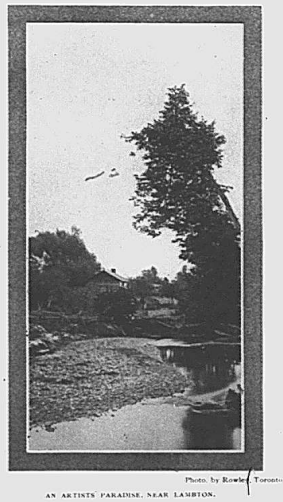
He peered into the little face to see how this attempt at reconciliation was being received, letting his curls fall over the tiny head. Fortunately, Nancy appeared at this instant, and, fearing this outburst of generosity might be too much for the frail little blossom, drove the supplicant from the presence.

All the long afternoon we sat round Nancy in an admiring circle, and gazed our fill at the precious bundle she gently swayed to and fro. For Nancy was ever of the opinion that babies required constant motion; and, as we had all been reared in this pleasant but rather unsteady fashion, it is not surprising that at the age of six Tom threatened daily to run away to sea, for to be brought up in Nancy's kindly arms was akin to being rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Alice sang, for Holly's edification, "The Maple Leaf Forever," for she must learn as early as possible to what a glorious heritage she was born. Tom explained minutely the mechanism of the sail-boat he had given her, and Tim promised she should sit with him at school, even though Billy Stokes occupied half the seat, for, if Billy objected, he would punch his head good for him, see if he wouldn't.

Then the neighbor women began to drop in, with smiles and whispers, to see the new arrival. We displayed our prize with great but pardonable ostentation, fairly swelling with pride as each friend, in turn, pronounced her the finest baby she had ever seen—and didn't we think she looked like Maud?—whereupon I got behind Nancy's chair and shed tears of joy.

At last our good fortune rendered us so proud and arrogant—as good fortune so often does—that we left the baby long enough to heap derision from the back porch upon the Brown children, our unfortunate neighbors, who had no better entertainment than sliding on the water-trough in the barnyard, and who hadn't had a baby for five years!



AN ARTIST'S PARADISE, NEAR LAMBTON. Photo. by Rowley, Toronto.

But our little Christmas Holly brought us something far better than the mere pride of possession. She was the harbinger of "Peace on Earth," in our home, at least, for never in the annals of the Merryday family was there such a period of harmony and good-will towards each other as that never-to-be-forgotten Christmas. Tom never doubled his fists the whole long day, and the erstwhile shouting, stamping Tim went round the house like an angel of silence. And how polite we were! With what elaborate care we tip-toed round even the most remote corners of the house, speaking always in whispers, as though our little Christmas present might be frightened away. She was to us the embodiment of Christmas; a tiny incarnation of its majesty and its love, sent to show us what Christmas is like in heaven, and perhaps that was the reason she could not stay, for the angels who dropped her into our home as they passed through the skies with their song of "Glory to God in the Highest" called her back just as the golden gates were closing away in the West.



A CANADIAN GIRL. Photo. by J. C. Walker, Brantford.

We gathered round her once more in the early morning twilight, but this time we gazed at her through hot tears. She lay in the same little room where we had welcomed her with such joy the day before, not soft and rosy now, nor wrapped up cosily, for the cold could never touch her more, but stretched upon a little table among the flowers, pale as a tiny waxen image, with her wee hands folded meekly upon her little bosom—just one short day. They might have spared her a little longer was the thought of five little bursting hearts as we laid our lost treasure in the churchyard and piled the purest snow around the tiny grave. But there came to us, even in the midst of our childish grief, a faint realization of her short, sweet mission on earth, and we understood, though vaguly at first, why she had inspired such reverence in our hearts, for we had approached very near the Eternal on that happy morning when we had almost feared to kiss her.

Many years have passed since that happiest, saddest Christmas, but the memory of the little angel we entertained unawares is still fresh in our hearts; and now, when we gather round the Christmas fire with father and mother smiling upon the unbroken circle, and dear old Nancy beaming from her corner by the fire, and while we hang the evergreens and mistletoe about the room, we always place one little sprig of green leaves and scarlet berries above the mantelpiece and say, with a smile full of tender memories—"This is for our little Christmas Holly!"

Our Children's Friends.

Reginald and Dorothy have democratic tastes; they choose their playmates with a fine disregard of clothes and manners; externals do not impress them particularly. They take their little neighbors as they find them, and are chums with the sons and daughters of people quite below their parents' social level. It is to be observed that, except for infelicities of speech, for slang and for false syntax, the children ordinarily take little harm from such contact, for children are children the world over, and there is often a fine breeding among the poor and untaught which compensates for the lack of training. The boy who eats with his knife and says "ain't" may have a well-developed sense of honor; the little girl whose play-time has been sadly abbreviated may have a kind heart, tender toward the dumb animals, patient with her little crippled sister, and just in its instincts and intuitions.

Nevertheless, we cannot allow Dorothy and Reginald to play with low-caste companions. Nor may we tell them why, nor too early sow in the virgin soil of their minds the idea of class differences and the inequalities of society. When Dorothy spreads her tea table and invites Biddy MacCree and Nora O'Connor and Gretchen Kustdaneer to help her at her doll's party, mamma must not interfere, the deed being done. If mamma hovers near and presides informally at the feast, she will be touched to see how essentially similar are the little ones, how little their point of view varies. But she will be within her own province if, exercising an invisible yet gentle tactfulness, she chooses her children's friends for them, providing from the earliest hours for her boy and girl associates in their own station — children who are brought up with the same regard to courtesy and gentle manners as are her own, children who will go to school and to college, in the far days to come, with hers, and from whose number they may in time select their friends.

We cannot refuse to take into account the educational effect upon children of their daily companions. Our boy is always looking up in admiration to a lad somewhat older and bigger than himself, and to him it matters not at all whether the boy be clad in fustian or in velvet. Let us choose with discrimination the larger boy, and foster the hero-worship without showing our agency in the matter. Sometimes it is an older brother or sister who forms the childish model, and this is an especially happy condition of affairs, since every family should be bound by something stronger and sweeter, if possible, than the mere tie of kith and kin, in itself one of the subtlest and most widely reaching influences on earth.

We never, outgrowing childhood, cease to be operated upon for good or evil by our daily associates. But in the childish years the mould is not fixed, as in the later periods of life. The character is still plastic, it is susceptible of much shaping, and our children, given us to direct, to guide, to restrain, are at the mercy of many apparent accidents. With children there must be much direct discipline; it must often be line upon line, precept upon precept. When this is fully acknowledged and estimated, there must again enter into the account the influences which come from other homes, from other ideals, from other schemes than ours, and other modes of living.



ON THE GRAND RIVER. Photo. by Park & Co.

We can hardly value too highly what our children may gain from their friends, nor can we too greatly deprecate the effect upon them of continuous and ill-chosen association. And often we need quite as much to guard them morally from children born to the purple as from those whose little hands have never touched anything like the traditional silver spoon.



BY T. G. MARQUIS.

"GORDON!"

"Alice!"

In the shadow of a log house on St. Louis Street, in Quebec, stood two figures in close embrace. One was a brunette of twenty years, the other a young soldier, not much older. He was clad in the garb of a habitant, but under his great coat he wore the uniform of the Continental army. For a time these two whispered names were all their full hearts could utter. At length the girl broke the silence.

"Gordon, you should not have taken such a risk as this. Know you not that General Carleton has grown very suspicious, and that every corner of Quebec is searched night and day for spies from your forces? O Gordon, that is a dreadful word! Come back to us! Uncle would pardon you, and the general would give you your old rank."

"Alice! Would'st have me false to the dictates of my heart? As our noble general, who has conquered all Canada save this rock, has said: 'The will of an oppressed people, compelled to choose between liberty and slavery, must be obeyed.'"

"But, Gordon—firing on your old companions-in-arms! How can you?"

"Dearest, you remember the old ballad I loved so much to hear you sing:

"'I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.'

"But it will soon end; before forty-eight hours have passed the red and black flag of the Continental army will float over these heights."

"Never, never! You taught me to fire a musket. Before I would see our British arms so degraded I would stand at the barriers and fight to the death; and so would every woman in Quebec."

"The barriers! What barriers?"

"Think'st I am going to let an enemy know our defences?"

"Nay, Alice, thou hast but little faith in me. I have more in thee. Listen! Our weather-wise ones have predicted a storm for to-morrow night, and when it is at its height Quebec will be taken; a triple army will clamber over your walls, and resistance will be vain."

"Why have you told me this? Why have you burdened my spirit with tidings I fain would pour into my general's ears?"

"I have done this, Alice, that you may be wise. We are sure of success; but many of the lives of the noble fellows who fight by my side and the noble men and women who hold these heights may be saved by you. Win we shall; but if we only knew the force against us and the fortifications we will have to pass, we could win with but little loss to either side."

"Gordon!" she cried, "Gordon! would'st have me a traitress? You know my woman's love would make me keep silence about what you have just told me; and you would use that love to make me betray my country. Go, before I learn to hate you! Already in our stolen meetings I have told you too much. Go! Oh, that I could recall the many things I have told this spy."

"Alice, take it not so. I was over-anxious to save my comrades and my old friends." As he spoke he threw his arms lovingly about her, but she broke from him.

"Go, go!" she cried. "List! Someone comes. Go! and never try to communicate with me again. Would to God I had not told you so much."

"Seize the spy!" broke upon their ears, as a lantern flashed full in the face of Gordon Ferguson.

The command was given by an old warrior in a colonel's uniform, and his companion, a young soldier, leaped forward to answer his bidding; but a swift blow sent him against his commander, and both fell to the ground. In the confusion Ferguson escaped, and no trace of him was left.

"So, jade!" cried the irate officer, "you are playing traitress. You have told him much."

"Yes, uncle, I have told Gordon Ferguson too much, but I'm no traitress."

"My niece! My sister's child! Here with this renegade, this spy, Gordon Ferguson! You will pay dearly for this. So this is how our plans have been revealed to Montgomery and his thieving cut-throats. Doubtless you have told him our latest plans. But General Carleton will deal with you; he has vowed to make an example of the first traitor caught, and now he will have a chance to keep his word."

In grim silence he led her to the Récollet Convent, where Carleton and his officers had taken up their quarters. Amazement was depicted on all faces as he led his niece into their midst. Carleton, weary with much watching and many labors, sat at a table scarcely able to keep awake, but as he caught sight of his most trusted officer he cried: "How now, Colonel! Why keep thy niece so late out of her bed?"

"She is no niece of mine; she is a traitress, caught in the very act of betraying us."

Carleton started; every sign of sleep and weariness left his face.

"A traitress! Impossible! I have here before me a bundle of papers and letters giving tidings of all the suspected within our walls, but your niece's name is not among them."

"It should be. I myself heard her tell that ingrate, that deserter, that spy, Gordon Ferguson, that she had already told him much about this city."

"Gordon Ferguson! This paper relates to him. He has been coming and going over our walls despite your lanterns and fire-pots and my sentries. So," he said, with a half smile, turning to Alice Dunlop, "you have been giving away my much cherished secrets."

"Sir, it is not true; I have told no secret; when I said I had told too much it was only because in our conversations" (and here she blushed as she confessed to clandestine meetings with her lover) "I had spoken of many things about our supplies and our numbers, but not one word did I utter about your plans of resistance at Près-de-Ville, or of the strength of your defences guarding the approaches to Mountain Street.

"So, ho! the women of Quebec know our plans; 'tis little wonder the enemy are so well posted."

"Believe her not, General," said the angry Colonel; "she has betrayed us."

"James Hamilton, I do believe her. Nay, more, I do not wonder that she has dared to meet Gordon Ferguson. He was a noble lad, and I would give five years of my life to have him back defending this fortress. If he is with the rebels he is following the dictates of his conscience. Poor fellow, when the awakening comes he will lament ever having raised his sword against his country. As I said, I do not believe that your niece is a traitress; but these are dangerous times—and one might do much for love. Guard her well, and see that she has no further chance of communicating with Ferguson. Good night, now; I must snatch some rest. While this glorious moon is shining there is no danger of attack. Good night! and, child," he said, kindly, "remember, I do not agree with your uncle. You are no traitress."

As he spoke he extended his hand to her; she grasped it, and, with a heart overflowing with gratitude for his magnanimous words about Gordon and his confidence in herself, pressed it to her lips.

"Your uncle," he added tenderly, "looks too grim to give you your good night salute; take your general's instead," and he leaned over the narrow table and kissed her kindly on the forehead.

James Hamilton was a stubborn Scot, and, despite his commander's words, he was convinced of his niece's guilt. Guard her well, he would; what harm she had done could not be undone; but she would not again see her lover while the Continental army blockaded Quebec. She was confined to her own room in his house on St. Ursule Street, and before her door he posted a trusted Highlander, one Ian McPherson, of the 84th Regiment, with the strictest orders against allowing her to communicate with anyone. In the morning McPherson was relieved by an older Highlander, but an equally trustworthy one, Donald McAndrews, who had been in Hamilton's command since he was a lad, and Alice Dunlop was as close a prisoner as if she had been in one of the cells of the citadel.

When her maid brought her her meals she was bright and cheerful and ate as if nothing had happened, as if no disgrace had befallen her.

"How's the lass?" asked old Donald of the servant.

"Never saw her brighter; she seems to enjoy her imprisonment."

"Ay! that's a bad sign. She's plannin' some deevilment," and he shook his head and tried to imagine what she could be plotting.

He was not far wrong. She had a will as strong as her uncle's, and his doubt of her honesty and this disgrace she would not endure. She was planning an escape, and she needed all her strength to sustain her; so she wasted none of it in melancholy brooding. When her evening meal was brought her in the early darkness of Winter, her maid uttered a sharp cry that alarmed the sentinel. He stepped to the door, and by the dim light of a single candle saw that, save for the girl no one was present.

"She has escaped!"

"Impossible! No one has passed the dure sin mornin'."

"She has escaped; there is no place in which she could hide save here," and the servant threw open a clothes press, showing that it was empty.

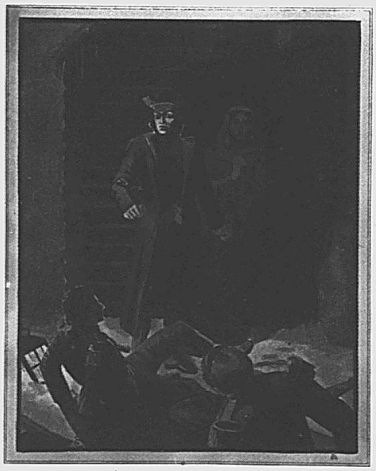
At this moment Colonel Hamilton entered the house, and at once hurried to his niece's room to see if all were well. To his horror he learned that she had escaped.

"Escaped," he cried; "then she had assistance. Which of you has done this?"

Both protested their innocence, but he only stormed about the room, threatening direful things unless her whereabouts were revealed. The terrified maid in the meantime discovered a rope hanging from one of the windows.

"See, see!" she cried, "she has escaped by means of this."

"So you have aided her!" shouted Hamilton, seizing the girl roughly by the arm. "Gave her the rope; you were quick to discover it."



• • • "A swift blow sent him against his commander, and both fell to the ground."

(ASSESSMENT SYSTEM)

Independent Order of Foresters.

HEAD OFFICE: TEMPLE BUILDING, TORONTO.

EUROPEAN OFFICE:
24 Charing Cross, Whitehall, London.

BENEFITS GIVEN BY THE I.O.F.

No other Society or Company gives so many substantial benefits for the money as the INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS, members of which secure, besides the social and fraternal privileges of the I. O. F. Courts or Lodges, the substantial benefits set forth under Sections "(A)" and "(B)" following:

"(A)" FOR THE MEMBER DURING LIFETIME.

1. **Free Medical Attendance** of the Court Physician within whose jurisdiction illness may occur, except where the Court has by by-law dispensed with free medical attendance. Some Courts, in addition, furnish medicines free, and in certain cases trained nurses.

2. **A Sick Benefit** of $3.00 a week for the first two weeks, and $5.00 a week for the next ten weeks, and as provided in the Constitution and Laws of the Order, $3.00 a week for an additional twelve weeks in any one illness. The Sick and Funeral Benefits are optional. It costs $2.00 extra to become enrolled for these benefits; the monthly premiums run from 40 cents to $1.00 per month, according to age at enrolment.

3. **A Total and Permanent Disability Benefit** of $250, $500, $1,000, $1,500, $2,000 or $2,500 (or one-half the face value of Mortuary Benefit Certificate or Policy) with exemption from further payments of assessments or premiums and Court dues, upon becoming totally and permanently disabled by disease or accident, which may occur at any time.

4. **An Old Age Benefit** consisting of exemption from payments of assessments or premiums and Court dues after reaching the age of seventy years.

5. **An Old Age Disability Benefit** which is available after reaching the age of seventy years, and consists of $50, $100, $200, $250, $300 or $500 (or one-tenth of the face value of Mortuary Benefit Certificate or Policy) payable yearly for ten years from the date of total and permanent disablement by the infirmities of age. If death should occur before the ten annual payments have been made, the unpaid instalments would be paid in one sum to beneficiaries.

6. **An Old Age Pension Benefit** payable annually during the period of disability, which the member can elect to take instead of the Old Age Disability Benefit, upon being adjudged totally and permanently disabled by the infirmities of age. The amount of the Old Age Pension Benefit depends on the amount of the Mortuary Benefit Certificate or Policy held, and the age at which the benefit is taken, according to the following

SCHEDULE OF PENSION BENEFITS.

Age.	$500	$1,000	$2,000	$3,000	$4,000	$5,000
70	$ 44	$100	$212	$ 321	$ 433	$ 546
71	47	106	224	341	459	577
72	49	112	236	361	486	611
73	52	118	250	383	515	647
74	56	126	266	406	546	686
75	59	133	282	431	580	729
76	63	142	300	458	617	775
77	67	151	320	489	657	826
78	71	161	341	521	701	881
79	76	172	364	556	748	941
80	82	184	390	595	800	1,006
81	87	197	417	637	857	1,076
82	94	212	448	685	919	1,155
83	101	228	483	736	989	1,243
84	109	245	519	792	1,063	1,336
85	117	265	560	855	1,150	1,445
86	127	287	607	926	1,246	1,565
87	138	312	659	1,006	1,354	1,701
88	150	342	722	1,102	1,482	1,863
89	168	378	798	1,218	1,638	2,058
90	183	416	879	1,342	1,805	2,268

"(B)" FOR BENEFICIARIES AT DEATH OF MEMBER.

7. **A Burial Benefit** of $100 (if member has elected to take the Old Age Pension Benefit) to insure decent burial.

8. **A Funeral Benefit** of $50 (if at the time of death member is enrolled in the Sick and Funeral Benefit Department) to assist in defraying funeral expenses.

9. **A Mortuary Benefit** for the widow and orphaned children, or other beneficiaries, consisting of $500, $1,000, $2,000, $3,000, $4,000 or $5,000, or so much thereof as has not been previously paid to the member.



ORONHYATEKHA, M.D., J.P.,
Supreme Chief Ranger I.O.F.



TEMPLE BUILDING, TORONTO,
Headquarters of the Independent Order of Foresters.

AMERICAN OFFICE:
6,436 Kimbark Avenue, Chicago.

COST OF MEMBERSHIP IN I.O.F.

FEES PAYABLE ON JOINING.

A Charter Applicant or Candidate for initiation into an existing Court, and taking $1,000 as Mortuary Benefit, is required to pay the following fees:

1. The Initiation Fee, which must not be less than $1 00
2. The Registration Fee, which is 50 cents for each $500 of Mortuary Benefit taken 1 00
3. The Certificate Fee, which pays for the Certificate of Membership 1 00
The Medical Examination Fee, which is 1 50

Total minimum Initiation Fees $4 50

A Candidate taking $2,000 of Mortuary Benefit would be required to pay $2.00 Registration Fee, and $2.00 for Medical Examination Fee, thus making the total cost of admission 6 00

If taking $3,000 Mortuary Benefit, the cost would be (Medical Examination Fee being $4.00) 7 00

If taking $4,000 Mortuary Benefit, the cost would be (Medical Examination Fee being $3) 9 00

If taking $5,000 Mortuary Benefit, the cost would be (Medical Examination Fee being $3.00) 10 00

ANNUAL COST AFTER JOINING.

Every Beneficiary Member is required (a) to pay the assessments according to age at admission, the amount of Mortuary Benefit taken and classification according to occupation, and (b) to contribute towards the working expenses of the Order in the form of Court dues (fixed by the members themselves at or above the established minimum rate), out of which are paid the expenses of the Court, the High Court dues and the Extension of the Order Tax.

For the above cost the I.O.F. gives the following benefits: (1) Free Medical Attendance by the Court Physician; (2) The Total and Permanent Disability Benefit; (3) Relief from any further payments or tax of any kind on reaching the age of 70 years; (4) The Old Age Disability Benefit at or after age 70; or (5) The Old Age Pension Benefit, and (6) The Burial Benefit.

Every member who secures a new Beneficiary Member in any month of any year IS RELIEVED FROM PAYING THE "EXTENSION OF THE ORDER TAX" for the balance of that year, beginning with the month following the initiation of the candidate.

Rates of Premiums for $1,000, payable by Members in the Ordinary or Preferred Class.

Age	Per Mo.	Per Year.	Age	Per Mo.	Per Year.
18	$ .70	$ 8.12	37	$1.30	$15.00
19	.78	9.36	38	1.36	15.72
20	.80	9.60	39	1.62	19.44
21	.82	9.84	40	1.68	20.16
22	.84	10.08	41	1.76	21.12
23	.86	10.32	42	1.84	22.08
24	.90	10.80	43	1.92	23.04
25	.94	11.28	44	2.00	24.00
26	.98	11.76	45	2.08	24.96
27	1.02	12.24	46	2.18	26.16
28	1.06	12.72	47	2.32	27.84
29	1.10	13.20	48	2.50	30.00
30	1.14	13.68	49	2.72	32.40
31	1.18	14.16	50	3.02	35.80
32	1.22	14.64	51	3.10	37.20
33	1.26	15.12	52	3.30	39.60
34	1.32	15.84	53	3.60	43.20
35	1.38	16.56	54	3.90	46.80
36	1.44	17.28			

Members in the hazardous and extra hazardous classes pay higher rates.

PROGRESS OF THE I.O.F.

The following table gives a comprehensive view of the progress made by the Order year after year since its reorganization in 1881, showing the membership, the benefits paid, the surplus on hand and the surplus per capita at the 31st of December in each year, and the record for 1899 to the 31st May:—

Year.	Total Membership.	Benefits Paid.	Total Surplus.	Surplus Per Capita.
1881	1,019	$ 1,300 00	$ 4,568 55	$ 4 48
1882	1,134	12,058 86	2,967 93	2 61
1883	2,210	9,493 68	10,857 65	4 91
1884	2,558	13,914 31	23,081 85	9 02
1885	3,642	26,576 99	29,802 42	9 18
1886	5,804	28,499 84	53,981 28	9 30
1887	7,811	59,014 67	81,384 41	10 41
1888	11,800	84,018 16	117,821 96	9 98
1889	17,349	116,787 84	188,130 30	10 84
1890	22,004	181,846 79	283,467 20	11 54
1891	34,393	261,436 21	408,798 20	12 65
1892	43,004	344,738 84	580,597 84	13 49
1893	54,484	392,185 93	858,857 84	15 76
1894	70,055	511,162 30	1,187,225 11	16 94
1895	86,521	685,000 18	1,560,373 46	18 03
1896	102,838	820,941 91	2,015,484 38	19 60
1897	124,685	992,225 60	2,558,834 78	20 52
1898	148,205	1,180,125 14	3,186,170 30	21 49

ORONHYATEKHA, M.D., S.C.R., TORONTO, ONT.

HON. JUDGE WEDDERBURN, P.S.C.R.,
HAMPTON, N.B.

VICTOR MORIN, S.V.C.R.,
MONTREAL, QUE.

JOHN A. McGILLIVRAY, Q.C., S.S.,
TORONTO, ONT.

H. A. COLLINS, S.T.,
TORONTO, ONT.

T. MILLMAN, M.D., S.P.,
TORONTO, ONT.

HON. E. G. STEVENSON, S.C.,
DETROIT, MICH.

Western Canada as a Field for Settlement

There yet remain upwards of **ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND HOMESTEADS** in Manitoba, Assiniboia, and Saskatchewan. 160 acres of the choicest land on the continent, and in the best locations, given to every head of a family and male adult 18 years of age.

RENTERS, FARMERS' SONS, MERCHANTS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN

Should bear in mind the following facts :

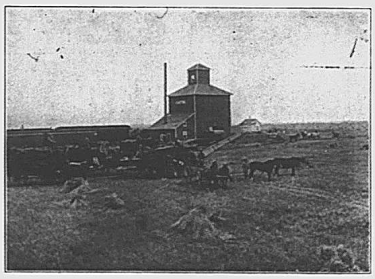
STATISTICS show that whether it is in raising grain, in pursuing Mixed Farming or following the Dairy Industry, the fertile lands of Western Canada are capable of yielding a profit of from $15 to $20 per acre yearly.

RAILROADS are being constructed in all the newly settled districts ; **SCHOOLS and CHURCHES** are convenient ; **TAXES** are merely nominal ; social conditions are good ; **CLIMATE** the healthiest in the world, and facilities for **MARKETING** the produce of the farm at the highest prices are the best.

Adjoining the **FREE HOMESTEAD LANDS** are lands that can be purchased at low figures and on easy terms of payment. The Gold Fields of Canada form an additional and valuable market for years to come for the products of Western Canada's farms.

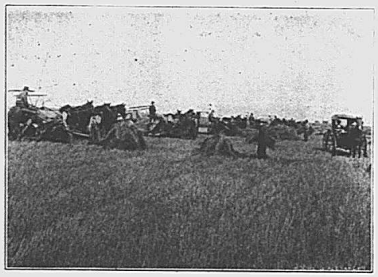
SOME ELOQUENT FACTS

As a result of the efforts of 42,000 Farmers in MANITOBA and the TERRITORIES there were raised in 1899 the following :



	BUSHELS
Wheat.....	39,500,000
Oats.....	29,000,000
Barley.....	7,750,000
Other Grains	508,000

Or an average of 1,800 bushels of grain for each farmer.



Such a Record as the above cannot be shown by any other country in the world

THOUSANDS OF LETTERS

From Settlers in Western Canada are in the possession of the Department of the Interior, attesting to the success that has followed settlement in Manitoba and the Territories. Many of these are from farmers who have gone from Kansas, Nebraska, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, the Dakotas, and other Western States, as well as England, Ireland, Scotland, and other European countries.

In the raising of Cattle alone many farmers have become wealthy in a few years, grass and hay being abundant.

Further information as to the advantages offered by Western Canada can be had by writing the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, and thus securing a set of Pamphlets issued by the Government, or by addressing any of the following :

LIST OF AGENTS

W. F. McCREARY, Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
The High Commissioner for Canada, 17 Victoria St., London, S.W., Eng.
Canadian Government Office, Liverpool, England.
H. M. MURRAY, 52 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, Scotland.
C. R. DEVLIN, 14 Westmoreland St., Dublin, Ireland.
M. V. McINNES, No. 2 Merrill Block, Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.
D. L. CAVEN, Saginaw, Michigan, U.S.A.
JAMES GRIEVE, Mount Pleasant, Michigan, U.S.A.
J. S. CRAWFORD, 214 West Ninth Street, Kansas City, Missouri, U.S.A.
BENJAMIN DAVIES, 154½ East Third Street, St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A.
T. O. CURRIE, Stevens Point, Wisconsin, U.S.A.
C. J. BROUGHTON, 1223 Monadnock Building, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.
W. V. BENNETT, 801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Neb., U.S.A.
W. H. ROGERS, Watertown, South Dakota, U.S.A.
N. BARTHOLOMEW, 306 Fifth Street, Des Moines, Iowa, U.S.A.
J. H. M. PARKER, 502 Palladio Building, Duluth, Minn., U.S.A.
WILLIAM RITCHIE, Grafton, North Dakota, U.S.A.

SUN INSURANCE OFFICE. FOUNDED A.D. 1710. FIRE

HEAD OFFICE: LONDON, ENG.

The Oldest Purely Fire Office in the World.

Canadian Branch: TORONTO, ONT.

H. M. BLACKBURN, Manager.

GEO. M. HIGINBOTHAM, GEO. S. LYON. } Toronto Agents.

Agents wanted in all unrepresented districts.

PAUL'S

SAFETY INKS and MUCILAGE

MANUFACTURED BY THE

Safety Bottle & Ink Co.,

Limited. New York—Toronto.

Principal Canadian Factory and Office—10 Wellington Street East, Toronto.



Russell House,

Ottawa, Canada.

F. X. ST. JACQUES, Proprietor.

Table and Pocket

CUTLERY

Cutlery Cabinets,
Chafing Dishes,
5 o'clock Kettles and Stands,
Dish Covers,
Hot Water Plates.

RICE LEWIS & SON LIMITED.

Cor. King & Victoria Sts., Toronto.

The Underwood Typewriter



The UNDERWOOD is a standard writing machine, embodying all the best features in typewriters, and containing the following advantages over them all:—

VISIBLE WRITING.—The writing on the UNDERWOOD is in front of the roll and "In Broad Daylight."

BILLING AND INVOICING DEVICE—Opening up a field of usefulness for the typewriter.

All Makes of Typewriters sold and rented.

Creelman Bros. Typewriter Co.

Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, London and Hamilton.

SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA.

Are You Interested in Advertising?

BUSINESS, now in its fifth year, is the only Canadian journal making a special study of the art and practice of advertising; edited by those who are experts in the business. Suggestions and pointers for every man who spends money in advertising.

A trial trip of four months for 10c if you name THE GLOBE.

The J. S. ROBERTSON CO., Publishers Mail Building, Toronto.

Some reasons why printers buy

Miller & Richard's TYPE

Celebrated Extra Hard Scotch Metal

In preference to any other . . . .

It is Lighter
It is More Durable
It is Perfectly Finished
It is Cast on the Point System.
It is Cast on Old Bodies.
It is Cast of Superior Metal.
Sorts can be Promptly Furnished.

It is as cheap as the most inferior type in the market. More type in stock than in all other printer's warehouses in Canada combined.

THE VERY BEST



The Aberdeen (FOR COAL)

The Victorian (FOR WOOD)

These beautiful Ranges have never failed and stand to-day models of perfection in operation, economy and appearance.

THE COPP BROS. CO., Limited

Hamilton, Toronto and Winnipeg

CANADA.

R. WILSON-SMITH,

FINANCIAL AGENT,

Member of the Montreal Stock Exchange.

Government, Municipal and Railway Securities Bought and Sold. First-class securities, suitable for trust funds, always on hand. Trust estates managed.

Standard Life Chambers,

151 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL

The SNOW DRIFT CO

Brantford, Ont.

Spice Millers.

Coffees, Extracts and Mustards.

Our brands are used by all the leading grocers from ocean to ocean



If you are interested in Fruit Spraying, Whitewashing, Painting or Disinfection work, ask for our 76-page copyrighted treatise on the diseases affecting fruit trees, vegetables and their remedies, and you will get it by mail. We pay the postage. Address SPRAMOTOR CO., 68-70 King street, London, Ont. Agents wanted.

CANADIAN BOOKS

The following works by Canadian Authors are published by GEORGE N MORANG & COMPANY, Limited.

Society Types. By Ko-Ko.
Reprinted from "Saturday Night." An interesting portrayal of local society. 16mo., cloth, with ornamental cover, 75c.

Nineteen Hundred.
A Canadian calendar for the year, with notes and pictured things suggesting the impress of the century on the land and its people. This beautiful calendar is the work of the Toronto Art League. Crown 4to., with ornamental cover designed by R. Weir Crouch, 35c.

Away from Newspaperdom and Other Poems.
By BERNARD MCEVOY.
Bound in cloth, square octavo, with cover and decorations by G. A Reid, R.C.A., Price, $1.00; paper, 50c.

Christmas in French Canada.
By LOUIS FRECHETTE.
With numerous illustrations by Fred Simpson Coburn. Crown 8vo, cloth, with upwards of thirty illustrations, $2.00.

Heart Songs. By JEAN BLEWETT.
Crown, 8vo, cloth, ornamental gilt top, $1.00; half morocco, $1.50.

The Forest of Bourg-Marie.
By S. FRANCES HARRISON.
Crown, 8vo, cloth, $1.25; paper, 75c.

A Sister of Evangeline:
being the story of Yvonne de Lamourie. By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. Crown 8vo, deckle edged, cloth, gilt top, $1.50; paper, 75c.

Nothing But Names.
An inquiry into the origin of the names of the counties and townships of Ontario. By HERBERT FAIRBAIRN GARDINER, M.A. Octavo, 560 pp. cloth, gilt top, $2.50.

Fife and Drum at Louisburg.
By J. MACDONALD OXLEY
Crown, 8vo, cloth, $1.50.

Canada and Its Capital.
With Sketches of Political and Social Life at Ottawa. By the Late SIR JAMES EDGAR, Q.C., M.P., F.R.S.C., Speaker of the Dominion House of Commons. With twenty-one photogravure illustrations. Large 8vo, cloth, $2.50; half morocco, $3.50.

A History of Canada.
By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.
Large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, $2.00.

Life of Jane Austen.
By GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.
Library edition, crown 8vo, half morocco, $1.50.

The Canadian Guide Book.
By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.
Cloth, limp, 12mo, $1.00.

Scottish Folk-Lore,
or Reminiscences of Aberdeenshire from Pinafore to Gown. By REV. DUNCAN ANDERSON, M.A., with an introduction by Prof. Clark. Crown 8vo, cloth $1.00; paper, 50c.

To London For the Jubilee.
By "KIT." 16mo, cloth, ornamental, gilt top, 75c.; paper, 25c.

Shakespeare: The Man.
By GOLDWIN SMITH.
An attempt to discover the character of the great dramatist from his writings. Cloth 8vo, 75c.

The Paraclete.
A series of discourses on the person and work of the Holy Spirit. By WILLIAM CLARK, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.C. Professor of Philosophy in Trinity University, Toronto. Being the Slocum Lecures 1899. Cloth, 8vo, $1.00.

GEORGE N. MORANG & COMPANY, Limited, TORONTO

PRIDOUT & MAYBEE,

LONG EXPERIENCE—CAREFUL WORK—

Special qualification for and experience in patent suits.

Pamphlet sent on application

103 Bay Street, - - TORONTO.

PATENTS

Top of Collars

WILL ALWAYS BE FOUND SMOOTH.

A new building, a new plant and the best of workmanship. Orders called for prompt delivery in all cases.

Standard-Star Laundry Co. LIMITED. 302-306 Church Street. PHONE 2444.

HORSES

Carriage Horses, Cobs, Saddle Horses, Drivers, Fast Roadsters, General Purpose Horses, Draught Horses, Ponies.

New and Second-hand Carriages and Buggies, imported English Single and Double Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Blankets, Rugs, Whips, Robes, etc.

Auction sales every Tuesday and Friday at 11 o'clock. Private sales every day.

Grand's Repository, Toronto.

WALTER HARLAND SMITH, Proprietor.

The best equipped establishment in the trade, and in the finest building in Canada.

THE HUNTER-ROSE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Printers and Bookbinders

Temple Building, TORONTO

No job too large for us. Nor none too small

The Toronto General Trusts Corporation

OFFICES AND SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS:
Southeast Corner Yonge and Colborne Streets,
TORONTO, ONT.

Capital, - - - $1,000,000
Reserve Fund, - - 250,000

JOHN HOSKIN Q.C., LL.D., President
HON. S. C. WOOD, W. H. BEATTY, ESQ., Vice-Presidents.

Under its Charter of Incorporation and the Letters Patent THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION has authority to undertake and execute every kind of trust, and financial agencies of all descriptions. Among the more important trusts, agencies and other offices which the Corporation is authorized to discharge, the following may be specially mentioned:

EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, TRUSTEE, COMMITTEE OF LUNATIC, GUARDIAN, RECEIVER, ASSIGNEE, LIQUIDATOR, ETC

Acts as Agents for EXECUTORS, TRUSTEES and others.
Accepts and Executes TRUSTS of every description from Courts, Corporations and Individuals.
Bonds, Debentures, Stock, etc., issued and Countersigned.
Estates Managed. Rents, Interest, Dividends, etc., collected.
Moneys Received and Carefully Invested.
Safe Deposit Boxes to Rent, absolutely secure. Bonds and all other securities guaranteed if necessary.
Wills, appointing the Corporation Executor and Trustee, are received for safe custody free of charge.
Solicitors bringing Estate or other business to the Corporation are retained to do the legal work in connection therewith. Correspondence invited.

J. W. LANGMUIR, Managing Director
A. E. PLUMMER, 1st Asst. Manager — A. D. LANGMUIR, 2nd Asst. Manager

This Label is on Every Garment

Hachborn and Sheridan
FIT BEYOND QUESTION

and is Your Guarantee of Excellence

Ask your dealer for
HACHBORN & SHERIDAN'S
Fit Beyond Question
CLOTHING

SEE THAT YOUR CLOTHING BEAR THEIR TRADE MARK.

Warehouses—
65 & 67 FRONT STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

The Dominion Brussels Carpet Co. Limited,
SHERBROOKE, QUEBEC.

WORKS REMOVED FROM ELORA.
Enlarged, improved facilities for turning out superior quality
Brussels and Wilton Carpets.
Goods made from Pure Canadian Wool.
Sell direct to best retail trade. Ten per cent better value given than can be had in imported goods.

ECZEMA, SKIN DISEASES

Cured in a few days by an invaluable discovery of an eminent chemist, consisting of a combination of powerful and harmless antiseptics. The works of Lister, Sir Morel McKenzie, Pasteur and a legion of savants have proved the brilliant success of antisepsis. **Dr. Rameau's Antiseptic Pomade**, carefully prepared according to the antiseptic method, will cure in a wonderfully short time Eczema, Sores, Ulcers, Barber's Itch, Pimples, and all skin diseases peculiar to children and adults.

The Agent can show a testimonial from a gentleman cured in four days of eczema of forty years standing, and many others from well known people. For sale by all druggists, $1. By mail, $1. THE DR. RAMEAU CHEMICAL CO., J. E. W. LECOURS, CHEMIST, AGENT, 339 CRAIG ST. MONTREAL.

Rodgers' Cutlery

Has stood the test of over two centuries. None genuine without our Corporate Mark—granted 1682.

REGISTERED TRADE MARK
GRANTED 1682

ESTABLISHED 1859.

H. R. IVES & CO.

QUEEN STREET MONTREAL

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of
BRASS AND IRON BEDS
IN THE DOMINION.

☞ We will be pleased to furnish CATALOGUES and PRICES to the Trade

Everything for the Garden Farm and Greenhouse

THE BEST SEEDS THAT Grow

For Size and Quality our BULBS Are Unequalled.

Canada's Greatest Seed House

Our Stock of Roses and PLANTS Is Unsurpassed.

CLEMATIS, VINES, SHRUBS SMALL FRUITS, ETC.

Illustrated Catalogues Free Send for one now.

THE STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO., Limited
TORONTO, ONTARIO.

ESTABLISHED 1852

GILLETT'S GOODS ARE THE BEST.

IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER
GILLETT'S LYE
MAGIC SODA.
GILLETT'S WASHING CRYSTAL
MAGIC BAKING POWDER.
GILLETT'S EXTRACTS.
ROYAL YEAST.

SIMMERS' SEEDS GROW
AND ARE ALWAYS
THE BEST THAT GROW

SIMMERS' SEED ANNUAL FOR 1900 MAILED FREE

A handsome **New Book of 100 Pages**—tells the plain truth about Seeds—including rare novelties which cannot be had elsewhere. Gives practical information of real value to all who would raise the choicest Vegetables and most beautiful Flowers.

☞ SEND FOR IT TO-DAY ☜

J. A. SIMMERS, SEED MERCHANT, TORONTO, Can.

Our Home-made and Health Brown Bread

Are Household Necessities to all families desiring to have only the Best and Purest Food on their table.

The Tait-Bredin Co., Limited,
Telephone 8134. 744 and 746 Yonge Street.

"Nay, sir, I did not. I swear I never helped her. But here is a note. I cannot read."

"It is addressed to me by the hussy," said the Colonel, seizing it.

"'Dearest Uncle,—Blame none for my escape. I have laid plans against such an emergency for weeks.—Your affectionate Niece.'

"Planned for weeks! So she feared detection and knew the consequences. Planned for weeks! Did I not tell Carleton she was a traitress? But she cannot get outside of the walls. She cannot have gone far. It has been dark for only an hour, and within that hour she must have left this house. We will search every corner of the city for her."

Search he did, but no trace of her could be found, and soon every officer and many of the citizens knew that Alice Dunlop had escaped from the city, and had gone over to the enemy with a full knowledge of the strength of the garrison and the vulnerable parts in the fortifications. Even Carleton was convinced, and as he pressed James Hamilton's hand he exclaimed: "You were right; but who would have thought it? She has a face like her mother's, and you know, James, what I thought of her. But 'tis strange what love will make us do! There was a time when, for her mother, I think I could have given up the keys of the citadel. Double the guards! It's going to be a stormy night. Keep your lanterns and fire-pots burning on the walls, and see that the men on the barriers are on the alert, and that they keep their muskets dry when the storm breaks. Tell Chabot and Picard to guard Près-de-Ville well, and send Sergeant Hugh McQuarters of the Royal Artillery to help Captain Barnsfare with the guns; and, by the way, be sure that they display no lights in the blockhouse."

James Hamilton hastened to do the bidding of his general, who in the meantime went from post to post to see that everything was ready for resisting a night attack. He knew that all his soldiers could not be trusted, and twice he made excuses to send officers who were reported disaffected to their quarters and replaced them by trustier men.

It was twelve o'clock before he and Colonel Hamilton met once more at the Récollet Convent.

"Have you had any rest to-day, James?" said the General.

"A good four hours' this morning."

"Then rouse me if anything of moment occurs. I must snatch a wink or two."

As he spoke he unbuckled his sword and, placing it on the table in front of him, folded his arms over it and was soon fast asleep.

The night had threatened to be stormy, and now the moon was no longer visible. Black clouds hung low over the snow-covered heights, and a piercing wind began to sweep in from the lower St. Lawrence. Soon the lowering heavens opened and a blinding snow-storm beat in the faces of the shivering sentinels.

Hamilton had strange forebodings. The rising gale seemed to warn him, and shortly after two o'clock he touched the General lightly. "I fear Quebec is in danger."

Carleton was on his feet in an instant.

"Have you heard anything?"

"No! But I cannot sit here; I must out into the storm."

"Well, I will with you; but they would be fools to attack us in such a blizzard."

"Ay! that's what I've been thinking, and it struck me they might think that we would think so, too, and take us off our guard. I am convinced they are now marching against us."

By this time the two officers had reached the street.

"Hark!" exclaimed Carleton, as he clutched his companion's arm. "You were not mistaken; they are attacking St. John's Gate. But our lads have repulsed them in short order. That was a British cheer. We may turn in again."

But, as he spoke, from the base of the cliff the roar of a heavy gun burst upon their ears.

"Hugh McQuarters meant business that shot. So the fools have fallen into my trap. By heavens! Chabot and Picard are peppering them; their militiamen have caught the spirit of your Scots. That cheer is music; again the enemy is beaten back. But all is not won yet; the firing has begun along the cliff facing the St. Charles. So they are going to take our barriers next. They have their work cut out for them; and even if they do, they will never get up Mountain Street. See what a line of them are beating their way along Sault-au-Matelot Street. The other attacks were evidently but feints. By God, they are brave fellows! None but British soldiers would have ventured out on such a night."

The firing had now increased, and, to add to the din, the alarm-drum, calling every citizen to arms, clamored its notes through the darkness, and the many bells of the city clanged out as they never clanged before. In the midst of the din a young lad in the garb of a seminary student rushed up Mountain Street, shouting: "To arms! to arms! Go to the second barrier, the first is already taken. Quick, or all is lost!"

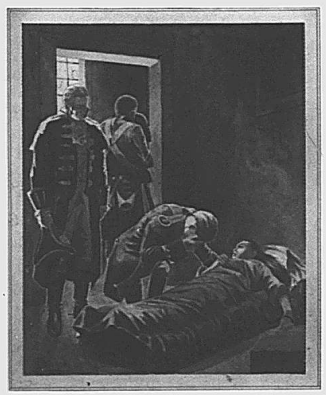
He did not wait to answer the questions poured



• • • "She is a traitress, caught in the very act of betraying us."

upon him, but, shouldering his smoking musket, rushed pell-mell down into the thick of the fight, heeding not the stray balls that splintered the rocks about his path. Down rushed a crowd of soldiers and citizens after him, and soon they were massed about the second barrier returning the hot fire of the foe. The struggle had begun in earnest. The first barrier had been taken with a rush; the dashing soldiers of Benedict Arnold had leaped through the embrasures and seized the guard. One only escaped from this position, the seminary student who brought the news of the disaster to the city. But they were checked at the second barrier. Take it they could not. The hot, rapid fire made them recoil, and, though time and again they beat fiercely against it, they could not scale the strong obstruction.

In the struggle none showed greater courage than the seminary student. He loaded and fired as deliberately as the veterans about him. Other students and citizens caught something of his ardor, and the Continentals, who had come up confident of success, began to despair under their destructive fire. Once they almost succeeded in scaling the barrier; but the watchful student, through the darkness,



• • • "Fell on his knees beside the prostrate girl."

caught sight of the top of a ladder. He could not reach it himself, but he pointed it out to a stalwart Canadian who stood beside him, and midst the exulting cheers of the besieged the ladder was pulled over the barrier.

The fight in the narrow street, scarcely twenty feet wide, became too hot, and Colonel Hamilton, who saw his brave lads falling right and left, ordered them to take to the houses for protection and shoot from the windows.

"Lad," he said, as he saw the seminary student about to pass into the house nearest the barrier, "you have done enough fighting for ten men. Go up to the heights! You can do good work there without much risk."

"That is the place for women and traitors, this is my place; my country needs me," and he rushed into the house and took up his position at the most exposed window.

Day had now broken, but still the fight went on. The enemy had likewise taken to the shelter of the houses, and their splendid marksmanship picked off every foe who exposed himself. One alone seemed to have a charmed life. The little seminary student took no pains to protect his person from their fire, but loaded and fired as calmly as if he had been at target practice. Through the sulphurous smoke of the room his comrades eyed him with wonder and admiration. Occasionally he would turn to them and ask for a loaded musket, but his place he would not yield. For two hours this severe fighting continued, but at last the good generalship of Carleton ended the struggle, and the gallant fellows who had made such a dashing effort to capture Quebec suddenly found themselves hemmed in between two strong forces and were compelled to surrender. In their final volley the lad who had fought with such daring, who seemed to court death, was struck in the breast and his musket, which he was about to aim at an enemy, fell clattering to the street.

A hardy Scot lifted him tenderly, and as he touched the wounded breast he uttered the significant words, "Mon! mon!"

"Nay, lads! dinna come near us. I know the lad; he needs air; I'll tak him ben the huse. Quick! Rin for a surgeon! But 'am feared the lad's wounded ta the death."

When the soldier, who was none other than Donald McAndrews, who had stood guard over Alice Dunlop, reached an adjoining room with his burden, he cried: "O lassie, lassie! how could ye ha' done it? This 'ill be a sair blow for my auld colonel. O lassie, lassie!" and the great tears rolled down his battle-scarred face.

"Nay, good Donald," she gasped, "take it not so; I have perhaps given my life for my country, like a soldier, Donald."

"Like a soldier, lassie! Ay, like a general! All mornin' as I watched you in the fecht I kep' thinkin' o' General Wolfe. He took Quebec, and you saved it. Had we not reached the barrier when we did, we'd never ha' kep' they dare-deevils out o' Quebec. But you mus'na speak! Take a wee drap o' this," and he pressed some brandy between her lips.

"And we thocht you a traitor," he groaned, as she revived under the influence of the stimulant.

In the meantime Guy Carleton and Colonel Hamilton were congratulating themselves over the decisive victory.

"But," said the sympathetic general, "we have lost many gallant fellows."

"Ay, and many a soldier was made to-night. There's a lad who won his spurs to-night who will yet take your place."

"Who's that? The unknown seminary student?"

"Ay, he fought like a demon, and every man about him caught his spirit. I was weakening once, but his courage gave me new hope."

"I'll not believe that statement, James. But let us see to our gallant fellows. Many are wounded."

From house to house they went, saying a sympathetic word here and giving a word of praise there, till at last they reached the house next the barrier.

"It was here the lad fought," said Colonel Hamilton. "I wonder what has become of him. I saw him at this window, fighting as coolly as if he had carried a musket for twenty years."

In the room where the smell of powder still hung several wounded men were being cared for by their comrades.

"War is hard, James," said Carleton, ever moved by suffering, "and I trust this is the last this continent will know. But where is our student?"

"Back at his books, I have no doubt. I was afraid he might have met with some mishap."

"Do you mean the seminary student who fought with such daring?" broke in a soldier who was bathing a wounded comrade's forehead and lips.

"Ay!"

"He's in the next room. Donald McAndrews carried him there and would let none of us come near him. I wish to God they'd hurry with stretchers, sirs; we might save some of our wounded lads if we could only get them to the hospital."

But he was interrupted by James Hamilton's horror-stricken cry: "Donald McAndrews! I

thought the face was familiar. I see it all now; it is my niece."

"Hast gone mad, James?"

But the words were not heard. Into the room he reeled and fell on his knees beside the prostrate girl and kissed her on the burning forehead.

"God be thanked, uncle, you have come. I was afraid I would not see you."

"O child, child! forgive me for mistrusting you."

"Uncle, I do not wonder that you did. But it is—best—that I—should die. Gordon had taken up arms—against England—and you—and me. I could never be his wife, and yet I love him. Uncle, my

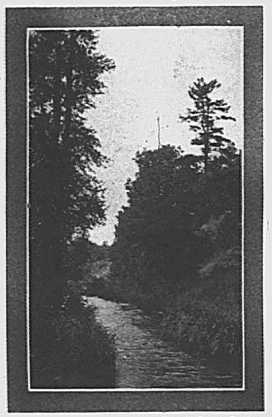


Photo. by Rowley, Toronto.

WHERE THE FINNY TRIBES ASSEMBLE.

action to-night was due to no hasty impulse. I have known that Quebec would be attacked by night, and I have planned for weeks——"

"Planned for weeks!" exclaimed her uncle, remembering her note.

"Yes, uncle, planned for weeks a way of taking part in the struggle if I were needed. This garb and a rope I concealed in my room—and your action—only made me join the fight a little sooner than I intended. General! Donald says I saved Quebec. Tell me it is so—and—'I die happy.' Those were Wolfe's words, I think."

"Yes, child! But for your warning and example the second barrier would have fallen and nothing could have kept Arnold and his heroic fellows from winning the heights."

"Thank God! But you must pardon Gordon. I saw him taken prisoner— I have given my—life—for Quebec. Do not keep him a prisoner for one hour. Tell him how I died, and you can trust to his honor not to leave Quebec."

"He is freed; and if he wishes to leave Quebec to-day, he may do so."

"Good-bye, uncle! Your traitress has cleared herself. Good-bye! . . . How this storm beats—this musket is useless . . . Uncle, don't blame Gordon . . . It will be daylight soon, and then Quebec will be saved!; but we must hold them in check—till day breaks. How dark it has grown—Will day never break—" and with those words her true young spirit took its flight.

A Mistake in Earnest.

On one occasion Lord Norbury of England observed an attorney of doubtful reputation prospecting in the dock for business, and determined to make an example of him. Just as the attorney was climbing over the rails of the dock into the court his lordship called out: "Jailer, one of your prisoners is escaping. Put him back." Back the attorney was thrust, and the following colloquy ensued: "My lord, there is a mistake here; I am an attorney." "I am very sorry indeed," said Lord Norbury, "to see one of your profession in the dock." "But, my lord, I am innocent." "Yes, they all say that," was the judge's reply. "But, my lord," exclaimed the now desperate man, "there is no indictment against me." "Then," said his lordship, "you will be put back, and if no one appears to prosecute, you will be discharged by public proclamation at the end of the assizes."

How the Lone Wolf Kills.

Afar the rich Muskokan woods
Were putting on their crimson hoods;
The air was golden, and the sky
Was blue and cloud-flecked. Still and high
Beyond, the stumps all charred and burned,
The landscape to a graveyard turned—
The graveyard of a forest gay
Till fire had seared its life away.
A partridge whirred; and thro' the clouds
The canny ducks fled south in crowds;
When from the woods there flashed a form
Like something driven by a storm.

A doe! and all alone she fled
Aweary—see her swaying head,
And, mad with fear, her eyes ablaze,
Her heart a-burst, her brain a-craze;
Her strength was failing, and she ran
As if last week the race began.
From log to log she bounded on;
Her strength was failing, going—gone!
Her lolling tongue was rasped and raw.
I raised my rifle when I saw,
In all his fierce and savage pride,
The wolf that galloped by her side.

His eyes were golden and his breast
Was flecked with foam, as was his crest.
His parted jaws were made to fright.
The red was studded thick with white.
He watched her with a sullen frown,
Yet never tried to pull her down;
He ran beside her like a friend,
For well he knew they neared the end.
She circled round an open space;
This was the finish of the race;
Stiff-halted, gasping for her breath,
And calmly waited for her death.

He paced around her proud and high,
Beholding with a critic's eye;
Then walked where grasses thick and green
Upon the loamy soil were seen,
And rolling like a happy elf,
Carefully cleaned and washed himself;
He closed his eyes and lay quite still
In triumph—then he rose to kill.
He paced around her just once more;
To her it seemed a thousand score;
He licked her lips so cold and blue,
Then snapped her pretty throat in two.

He drank her blood, he cleansed the wound.
Once more he rolled upon the ground.
Among his kind he was a king.
He did a splendid, noble thing;
He raised his head—unselfish beast—
To call his brethren to the feast,
To send a summons everywhere
For all his friends to come and share.
But ere his voice stirred hill and plain
My bullet split his heart in twain.
He madly struggled to her side,
And by his quarry sobbed and died.

The Khan.

Santa Claus' Busy Days.

BY ANNA G. WILLIAMS.

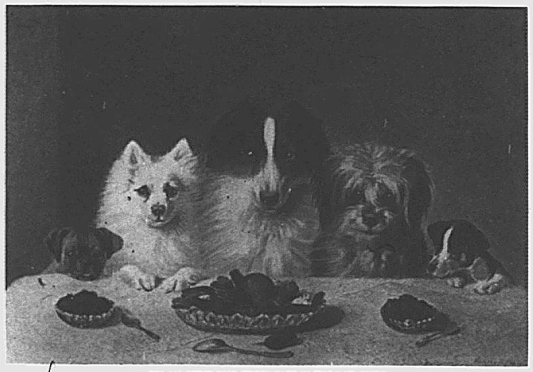
"DADDY, did you ever see Santa Claus?" asked Norman, looking up from a busy reading of the "Night Before Christmas."

"Yes, I have seen him once or twice," responded "Daddy."

"When?"

"Well, the last time was just about this time last year. I had come home from the office about nine o'clock and found you little ones snug in bed, and mamma had run over to the Watsons for the evening. I wheeled the sofa up to the fire, which was making a jolly noise in the chimney, and threw myself down on it and gave a great, big sigh.

"What's that for?" asked a little man in that big chair on the other side of the fireplace.



FOR ALL THESE GOOD THINGS MAKE US TRULY THANKFUL.



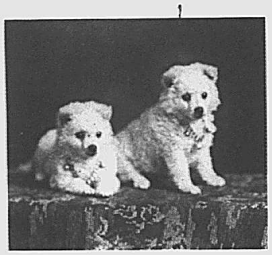
AT THE MISCHIEF AGE.

I looked at him, startled, for I had not seen him before, but there he sat, no larger than a baby, but fat and round, and dressed in red velvet and fur, and he stroked a long, white beard as his eyes, which were twinkling blue, looked steadily into the fire.

"Why," I said, "I'm very tired; this has been my busy day."

"Busy day? Pooh! you don't know what it is to be busy. Now, what have you done to-day that you think you have the right to say that?"

"Well, I have had to walk up and down the factory, see that all the goods were right, every



THE MASCOTS OF THE STR. TORONTO, SEASON 1899.

machine in order and every workman in his place. Then I had to open my letters and give fully twenty-five to my typewriter to write, and——"

"And you call that being busy! Would you kindly make a guess as to how many letters I have to answer to-night?"

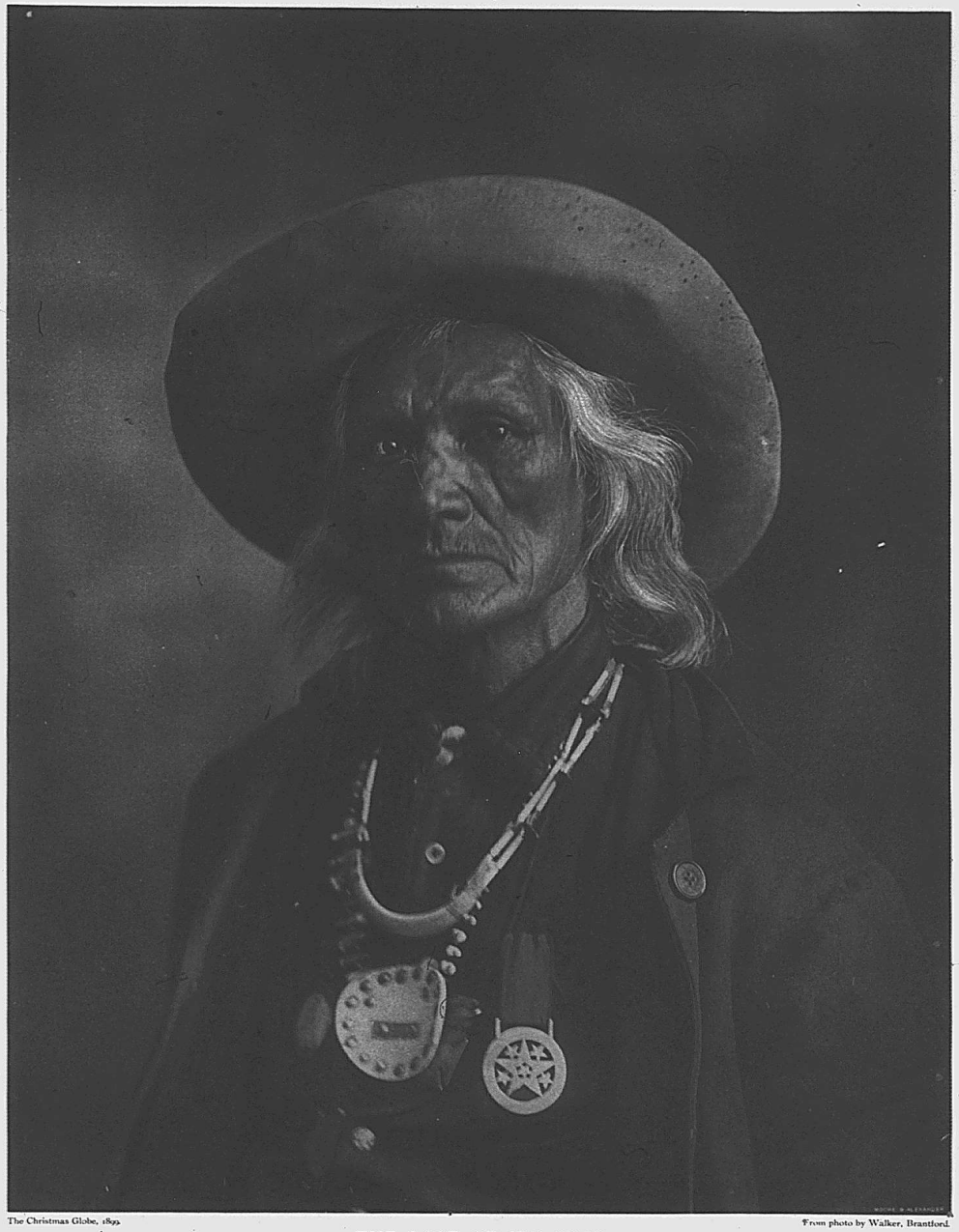
"Knowing you are Santa Claus," and here I got up from the sofa and bowed to him, "I suppose you would have a great many, especially around Christmas time—about—a—a—thousand."

"Oh, ho ho!" he roared, hanging over the arm of the chair and pressing his hand to his side, "a thousand!—oh, ho! a thousand! Well, well, Dunder and Blitzen! I have no less than two million four hundred and ninety-five thousand three hundred and twenty-seven letters to answer to-night, and I suppose as many more will come in to-morrow and the next day."

"Surely you can't write them all yourself?"

"Oh, no, I always used to have my elves do it for me by hand, but every year I get so many more that now I have to have them typewritten. And by the way," he continued, as if it had just come into his mind, "I thought you would not be at home till late to-night, and you have such a good, large room, and I have such a lot of visiting to do in this neighborhood, so I have told the elves to bring their typewriters here—but, of course, since you have come home earlier than I expected, we——"

"Why, don't think of it in the least!" I cried, "and if I am in the way, just tell me and I shall



The Christmas Globe, 1899. From photo by Walker, Brantford.

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.



Photo. by Sallows, Goderich.

IN HER TEENS.

go at once. I see now I don't know what it is to be busy."

Just then the clock on the mantelpiece struck ten and Santa jumped down from his chair and, running to the window, made a queer, clicking noise with his tongue, and soon after I heard the front door open and up the stairs came trooping ever so many little bodies, their feet making a quick pit-a pat on the bare wood. They all came towards this room, and Santa Claus, skipping to it, opened the door and in came over a hundred of the tiniest creatures, with funny, long bodies and thin legs that looked as if they would break under the weight of the typewriters they carried, three or four elves to each heavy instrument. I wondered how ever they would manage to push the keys down, but they soon settled that; for, as soon as the machines were in order, one little fellow jumped on each keyboard and stood there waiting for what Santa would say.

Of some letters several copies were made—of others, hundreds; those that just told the children to be good and that Santa would not forget their presents on Christmas. But there were others which I remember very well. one was to a little girl in a hospital in Germany. "You know, I was born in Germany," Santa told me. Well, this little child was very ill, and she had never had any toys or things like that, for her parents were very poor; but, while she was in the hospital, she had heard of the lovely presents Santa Claus brought the children, and she had asked only for a candy cane "with red stripes on it" and large enough to divide with the little girl in the next cot. This was the nicest thing the poor little girl could think of, but Santa was so pleased with her unselfishness that he wrote her a lovely letter, and the little elf who was taking it down on the typewriter, danced lightly around on the keys, as if he enjoyed writing it.

"My dear little Madchen," it said (you know Madchen is the German for little girl), "you do not know how happy it made me to see you so thoughtful of the little friend who is sick beside you! Be sure I shall not forget my little girls; I shall bring you the sugar canes and a lot of toys I have made especially for children to play with in bed. This bean-bag game will be fine fun for you, and this doll baby will be a little playmate for you always. The other things I hope you will like, too; and now, wishing, my dears all sorts of happiness on Christmas morning, I am, your loving Kriss Kringle."

"Huh! I guess I'll tear up the letter I was going to send," said Jimmie.

"Why," asked papa, "isn't it like the little girl's letter?"

"I guess not!" Jimmie answered. "I asked for a sled bigger'n Normie's and one game more'n Harold Davis gets, 'cause he always asks me, 'How many games did you get?' and when I tell him, he always manages to have one more."

"It isn't polite to count your presents," put in Addie, from the floor. "I guess some people won't have any presents at all, poor little children——"

"No, dears; and I think Santa's letter to you will be asking you to give some of these little girls and boys some happiness," said mamma, softly.

"Yes, we shall," agreed Norman, heartily. "I'll gather up all the toys I'm tired of, and fix them up as good as new, and give them away. But tell us some more about Santa Claus, papa. Did he take all the letters around to the houses himself?"

"No. He told me he delivered only the letters in the country in which he happened to be. "Do you want to see my new postmen?" he asked me. Of course I did want to, and, going to the window, he clapped his hands, and in a moment the roofs outside, which had been white with snow, locked grey, and I heard a great fluttering of wings, and in at the window came hundreds of pigeons with different-colored ribbons tied round their necks. He caught one, and, fastening a letter to its ribbon, whispered a name in its ear and it fluttered softly out at the window, and upon looking out we saw it fade, a tiny speck against the moon-lit sky.

"That is the way I send them to foreign lands. They carry them to the water's edge and, if they cannot find a passage on some ship, they give them into the keeping of some great fish or sea animal, and they carry them to the children on the other side of the water. All the birds and beasts and fish are my friends, you know, and I am the friend of the children."

Then he went on telling off his letters. "There is little Pat Dennis," he said; "he wants me to bring him a bag of 'praties,' as mother has run out and father is off on a spree. Poor children! a good dinner will warm their little hearts, and some nice, thick clothes their bodies, more than toys, though we won't forget those, either. By the way, have your children any clothes they don't want?" he asked me suddenly.



Photo. by Lily Bros., London.

AT SPRINGBANK, LONDON, ONT.

Here Daddy stopped and looked round the little circle.

"I have my old suit, haven't I mamma? I was going to give it to the girls to dress up in," said Norman, "but maybe that would fit Pat."

"I have that old brown dress."

"And I have my last year's mittens, and nurse might put new thumbs in them."

So, in a short time they had enough clothes in mind to clothe two or three families.

Then Daddy went on. "There was a letter to a little boy in Australia, where it is summer at our Christmas time, and this little fellow wanted a football and lacrosse sticks like you have here, instead of sleds, skates and such things as you boys ask for. He was a good boy, so I suppose Santa gave him his wish.

"But there were sad letters to children who had not behaved themselves during the year; some of these Santa decided to give another chance," said papa, looking at Teddy, who had cried at supper because he could not have meat; "but others he told that this year he felt he must leave them out, for there were so many good children that he could not afford either the time or money to give to the bad ones.

"While Santa was dictating these letters all the elves were hopping around on their keys, and the pile of answered letters grew so high on the floor that I was quite covered and could not raise myself when I tried. Suddenly a great 'bang' sounded, and frightened us all nearly out of our wits. I struggled to sit up, and a wind that seemed to come from every direction began blowing the letters all over. I at last managed to sit up, and found mamma standing beside me as I sat rubbing my eyes and looking for the little man in red velvet."

"Why don't you wash and dress yourself when you come into a court of justice?" asked a pompous London judge of a chimney sweep, who was being examined as a witness. "Dress myself, my lord!" said the sweep; "I am dressed as much as your lordship; you are in your working-clothes, and so am I!"

An Epitaph on Hamlet.

Rest, tired brain, perplexed with doubt no more,
No more with finite power to strive in vain
To scale the infinite; thy Babel tower
Of thought, that sought to touch the heavens, laid low.

Rest, tired heart, no more to ache with pain,
No more to beat against the ribs of wrong;
Wrong without remedy, grief unconsoled,
Scourges for dumb and wondering innocence.
The mould shall be a balm for all thy wounds.

John Lewis.

A Crazy King's Bedroom.

Half way between Munich and Salzburg is the third castle—Herrenchiemsee—built by Ludwig II. This great structure is incomplete, fortunately for already overtaxed Bavaria, for no one could surmise what its cost would have been. One room alone, the renowned bed-chamber, could not be duplicated for less than a million dollars. The vaulted ceiling is one great allegorical painting, the rounded cornice is covered with a score of richly framed mural paintings, the walls are panels of hammered gold of intricate designs, and even the floor is of a marvellous pattern. The only suggestion of the purpose of this wonderful room is the sixty-thousand-dollar bed with its canopy more magnificient than any that covers a regal throne. In the gorgeous dining-room he had erected a disappearing table, which dropped through the floor when a course was finished, and in its place came up another, set and served. He desired this so that servants would be unnecessary in the room and the most secret State matters could be discussed in safety.

Many people sought in vain to see the famous room at Herrenchiemsee. Once an actress pleased Ludwig so much by her recitation that she thought it an opportune moment to request permission to see his "most poetic bed-chamber." She was coolly dismissed for her effrontery, and the servants were ordered to fumigate the room in which she had been received.

Irish Love-Making.

A writer in Macmillan's Magazine, treating of "Love-Making in Ireland" relates the following anecdote:

A bashful lover wished to make a proposal of marriage, but his courage failed him, and he induced his sister to become an intermediary, he remaining outside the half-closed door, hidden, but within earshot, to learn the result. It was not favorable. The fair one saucily tossed her head, and replied: "Indeed, now, if I'm good enough to be married, I'm good enough to be axed!" Hearing this, the anxious swain thrust his head inside the door, and said, beseechingly: "Norah, darlin', w. . ye do what Maggie axed ye?"



Photo from Eason's Atelier, Preston

HER FAVORITE BEVERAGE.



The Christmas Globe, 1899. Photo by Cochrane, Hamilton.

A CANADIAN FRUIT FARM

(ON THE NIAGARA PENINSULA)



EVERY YEAR

A Legend of Northern Quebec

By Reginald Gourlay

Drawings by J. S. Gordon

IT WAS in this way that my friend Donald McIntosh, a Scotch barrister, whom I had long known and valued for his clear intellect and sterling qualities, came to relate the strange tale I now set down on paper. I must say here that the very practical nature and hard-headed common-sense of the man who told it, convinced me of its truth and caused it to make a deep impression on me.

As we sat smoking our pipes in my little study one night, some years ago, the conversation chanced to turn on some mysterious murders which had occurred in various parts of the United States, and which had, till then—as regarded their perpetrators—escaped all discovery on the part of the authorities. Some of these murders remain mysteries while I write this.

As we spoke of the complete manner in which the police had been baffled in their attempts to trace these crimes home to their authors, I chanced to make the trite remark, "that perhaps half or more of the murders that were committed each year escaped their vigilance, and that the oft-heard saying, 'Murder will out,' was one of the most conspicuous of popular fallacies."

"I don't know about that," said McIntosh, very seriously. "The justice of man the murderer may escape, perhaps; but I am well inclined to think that there is a deep and terrible truth contained in a sentence written by Charles Dickens: 'Let no man talk of murderers escaping justice and hint that Providence must sleep. There were twenty score of violent deaths in one long minute of the murderers' agony of fear.' And this agony of fear, mind you," he continued, "was an agony caused by direct supernatural terror, and was felt by no imaginative criminal, but by Bill Sykes, one of the most callous and brutal of ruffians."

"No doubt there's something in what you say old man," replied I, "though it surprises me to hear a lawyer and man of the world take the line you do. You must know by experience that conscience is lost—absolutely gone—in many criminals. Even the approach of death finds many a malefactor and atheist with a conscience as comfortably callous as the hide of a rhinoceros. After all, it is pretty much a matter of temperament."

"In the case of minor sins—perhaps, yes," said McIntosh, slowly and thoughtfully; "but in the event of murder, or some such deadly crime, I'm inclined to think that some influence works on the individual himself from outside; something permitted."

"Oh, come!" I said, laughing, "are you going to bring up the old superstition of the spirit of the murdered man hunting the murderer to justice?"

"Old and universal superstitions, as you call them, common to all races, mind you," said McIntosh, obstinately, "have generally great elements of truth in them. Look here," he continued, suddenly, "once I thought pretty much as you do about these things; but years ago a strange and dreadful case came under my own personal notice, which changed forever my views on this subject. I have never spoken to anyone, even to yourself, my oldest friend, about it—for many reasons. But all concerned in the affair are now dead, and it can be no harm to speak of it. It is very strange—and, remember, so true and terrible—that I almost fear to recall it, even to you. Would you like to hear the story?"

"Go on!" said I.

"It was in the early part of May, 1871," said McIntosh, "that I was making my way home from a short fishing expedition after trout and ouananiche in far Northern Quebec to a little French village from which I had set out into the bush, and whence I meant to return to the City of Quebec. I had one guide with me—François Le Maitre, a French habitant, as were all the inhabitants of this wild district, and a good fellow, as most of them are. We were about eight miles from the village at sunset, and being tired out with portages and fighting against a strong current, François and I pulled out our canoe in a good spot and went into camp.

It was twilight by the time we had pitched our tent and had supper, and François, who had been much opposed to our camping at all, and who, to my utter amazement, had wished to push on to the village although there was a bad rapid on the way, to run which, in the dark, would have been an almost certain smash-up.

After supper, he literally petrified me by renewing his request to "go on"—"to push ahead, while there was any light at all." Finally he blurted out "to move farther from here."

I couldn't get at his motives, try all I could; though at last, under strong pressure, he muttered something about the place where we were being "malin," i.e., ugly, uncanny. I tried hard to get something more out of him, for I knew what a superstitious lot the simple-minded voyageurs of Northern Quebec were at times, and thought there might be something interesting behind his uneasiness. But, though uneasy and frightened, he wouldn't be pumped as to the cause of his fear, and at last turned sullen, and went and shut himself up in the tent, as if he actually feared to look abroad on the spot where we were.

As he rolled himself in his blankets he said something that sounded like "Monsieur might find something more bad in the St. Rémi woods than shooting a rapid in the dark."

I saw the man was really frightened about something, so I forgave his unusual conduct; for François was both a brave man and a civil and clever guide. So I let him alone, lit my pipe, and strolled down to the river, as the moon was rising, leaving him to sleep if he could. I had been looking out over the beautiful, sparkling stream and the vast, barren wilderness of rocks and forest beyond, for some ten or fifteen minutes, when there was a slight crackling in the underbrush by the river, and a rolling of loose stones, and there stepped out into the little elevated open space where I stood—a man.

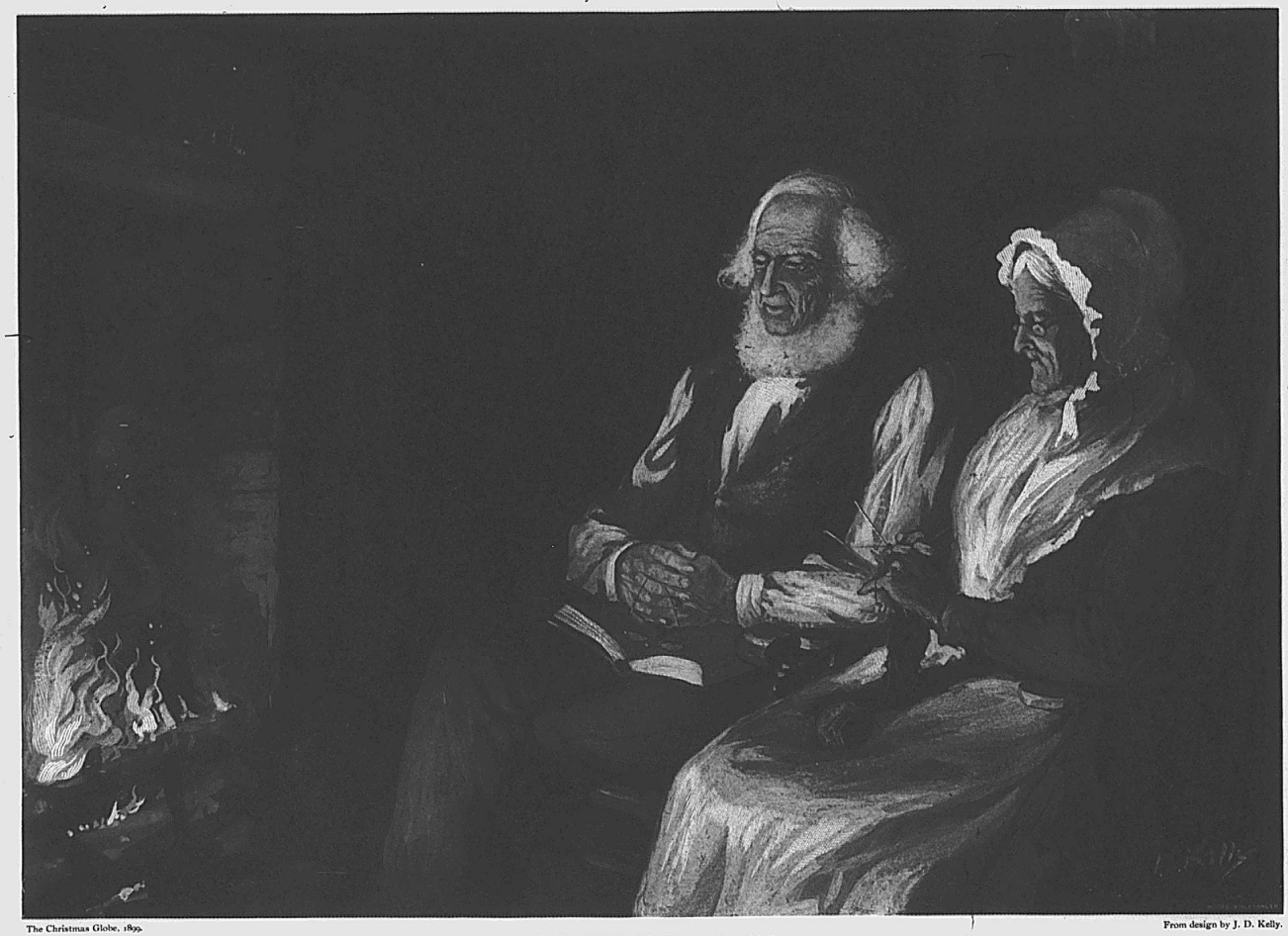
The moonlight was clear in the little open space, and as he came close to me I could see him distinctly. He was a French habitant, evidently a resident of the district, dressed in home-spun clothes, and moved steadily on, as one who knew his way and had an object in his journey. You know the backwoods saying, old man, "Every man is a friend in the bush"; so I stepped forward to greet him, and then I saw his face. It was not a bad face—rather an intellectual one for a man of his class; but there was a look on it that would have made you pick it out at once from a crowd of a thousand others. There was a look of dread, but, above all, of expectation of some horror to come, upon it; with a sort of set determination about it, too, which I know affected me with a strange feeling that was very like fear, and yet had pity for the man in it, too. I felt a similar mixture of repugnance and pity once for a murderer whom I saw brought out to be hanged, whose nerves had broken down and who saw close before him a horror he had no strength to endure.

I shook off the feeling with some self-contempt, and spoke to the man. "Bon soir, mon ami; you travel late. I'm camped close to here. You'd better turn in with us till morning. This is a poor country for night-walking." He started slightly.

"Bon soir, m'sieu," he replied, in a strange, strained voice, like one suppressing some strong



• • • "And Jean fell, shot below the shoulder-blade."



The Christmas Globe. 1899.

From design by J. D. Kelly.

THE TWILIGHT OF LIFE.

emotion. "Non, m'sieu, I cannot wait—I cannot stop—not an hour, not an instant! I am expected." A strong shudder went through him. "He is waiting for me."

There was something, even more in the man's strange, wild look than in his words, that sent a chill through my blood.

"Nonsense, man!" said I. "Do you know that you look too ill to travel at all? Devilish queer, in short. Better come with me."

"I rest in no man's tent to-night," he answered, in the same strange, wild way. "It is the twelfth of May. He calls me from the forest—from the dreadful place of crime. For the sake of le grand Dieu, that punishes a sinner, you must neither detain me nor follow me. I am Pierre La Rose; I am the Evil One's to-night!"



Josephine.

He shook off my detaining hand, parted the bushes, and was gone on his way up the river. I stood a few moments, undecided, and, to tell the truth, not a little shaken; for, though our dialogue sounds tame enough in the telling, there was something about the man himself that made me shrink from detaining him, or even talking with him a moment longer. So, after a short pause to pull myself together, I went back to camp to arouse François, and tell him about my strange rencontre. I found François awake, and unmistakably glad to see me.

"I met a strange fellow just now, François," I said. "He struck me as being off his base—said he had to meet someone in the forest; talked strangely, and looked more so. He oughtn't to be let wander off alone. Come along, and we'll follow him up, and try to get him back here. He said his name was Pierre La Rose."

François sprang instantly to his feet, clutching my arms in his strong agitation. "Ah, monsieur!" he cried, literally stammering with fright and nervousness; "you have met him—the accursed one! Mon Dieu! why did we camp so near the guilty place? Écoutez, monsieur," he continued, lowering his voice and looking about him, as one who feared invisible listeners. "Pierre La Rose is a murderer! Worse! Le bon Dieu has permitted that at this time of the year—the time of his crime—he shall be under the power of the evil soul of his victim, or of some bad spirit. He is 'drawn to meet him,' he says, 'at the place where he slew.' Let us go, m'sieu, à l'instant, lest we meet La Rose again and—that other!"

"Come, man!" I said, seeing the habitant was getting frantic with terror, "this will never do. Murderer or not, the man is crazy, and ought to be coaxed, or, if necessary, brought by force, back to St. Rémi. Where is he going? What murder did he commit? and when?"

"He is going, monsieur," said François, more composedly, but shivering and speaking low, "to a place not a quarter of a mile from here—up the river. Ah, mon Dieu! so close, so close! A wild place among great rocks, where the deed was done. There he meets that evil thing.

"As for the murder, monsieur, it was thus. If I tell you, will you come away, and at once?"

"I'll see," said I.

"Bien, monsieur. This night of May the twelfth, three years ago, this Pierre La Rose and his 'camarade,' Jean Thibeault, were passing that place I spoke of, on their way back to St. Rémi from a trapping and fishing trip.

"Pierre was gentil, galant, bon garçon then, beloved by all; Jean Thibeault—sullen, a vile tongue about women—enfin, a brute! He was a stranger in this district, but already had an evil name. There was bad blood, too, between the men on account of Josephine Dupont, to whom Pierre was affianced, and whom Jean was pursuing to win away from him, as Pierre knew; indeed, Jean made no secret of it. Then Jean, brute and scoundrel as he was, was handsome—so handsome; and could say sweet things to a silly girl when he liked. It seems they had quarrelled on the way about her. Enfin, m'sieu, they were passing that place. Pierre slipped off a high rock and broke his leg between knee and ankle. He called to Jean, who was in front. Jean turned and saw his plight, laughed, and passed on. As he went, he turned and said: 'Lie there, maladroit! till you are found. I go on to comfort Josephine.' Whether he was in earnest or meant only a brutal jest, I know not; but Pierre's French blood was in flames. He snatched up his rifle, and Jean fell on his face, shot below the shoulder-blade. A party coming up the river some days after found Jean's festering body, and Pierre near him—mad. When Pierre recovered his mind, he confessed all this to Père La Londe, our priest—a good man, and a wise; and when his punishment came upon him, others knew."

"But why, in the name of heaven," interrupted I, my legal instincts getting the better of me, "wasn't the man brought to justice for the deed? I don't think it could be made out anything worse than manslaughter. I'd swear that few juries would convict him of murder; though there's no betting on what a Canadian jury may do nowadays," I added, reflectively.

"Monsieur, the place was far away from civilization. La Rose's parents were respected and liked; he had many friends and relatives, and we had no wish to have one of our small community die a disgraceful death. And for Thibeault, he was—hated. Besides, Père La Londe said 'No,' even when Pierre wished to give himself up to escape the evil thing that called him—called him—always to the woods when the day of his crime came round. Why we knew not. But the priest knew more than us, and he was the servant of God. Assez! So poor Josephine Dupont entered the Convent of the Ursulines at Quebec.

"Pierre lived on among us, broken, pale, heart-stricken. He did good; helped all men; was much with the good priest. But when the anniversary of his crime came near, a strange terror, a restless horror, came over him. He said Thibeault called him to the woods to meet him where they were found; and there was something so awful in his terror, monsieur, that men feared to speak with him. The first time, the priest took him to the chapel on the evening of the twelfth of May, meaning to pass the dreaded night with him in prayer; but when two of our elder men, whom the father had asked to join in their prayers, came later on, they found the accursed one gone, and the priest lay insensible before the altar. Then all the parish said that the good God must have permitted the evil spirit to have power for a time, or he could never have drawn Pierre from the altar. But the priest never spoke of what he saw. Two of our hunters followed him the next time to the evil tryst, and came back in such deadly terror that they went away from their native district to the Settlements. They would only say that Pierre 'talked with the lost soul of Jean Thibeault of impious and awful things.'

"So it is ever, monsieur. When Pierre wanders back from these meetings, he is mad—really mad—and raves, and cries to God for mercy, till he falls into a long swoon, out of which he comes sane, but more broken, nearer to his grave, than before. Viola tout! And now, monsieur, partons! For the love of God, let us go."

"Écoutez, François," said I, for I had got my pluck back by now; "the poor fellow's a monomaniac, that's all, and should be brought back at once, before exposure kills him, as it will sooner or later. And I'm going to do it. Allons, mon garçon du courage! You're a brave fellow enough. Why, I've seen you face the charge of a bull moose without taking the pipe out of your mouth. Come along! We'll have La Rose in camp here in less than half an hour."

"I come, monsieur! Not for all the land in Quebec, or the money in its banks, would I follow La Rose to where he meets that evil thing!"

"Stay then," said I, really angry at his superstition, "and cover your head with your blanket, while I go and fetch him."

The poor fellow still tried to stop me; but I shook him off, and set out for the place he had designated, a little disturbed in mind, but quite determined, and as free from fear as you are now.

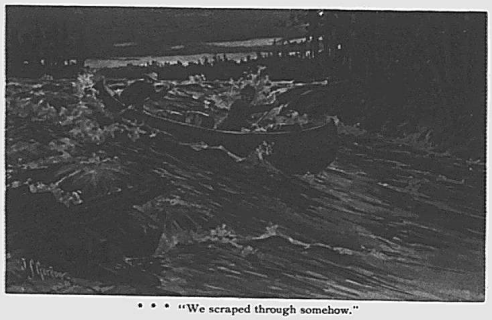
I soon found the place. There was no mistaking it. A desolate open space, strewn with great rocks; no growth of tree or bush on it, save here and there a stunted pine tree, showing black against the night sky. "One might almost declare," says Victor Hugo, "that some places are criminal." This looked like one of them. Crouched together on a large flat rock, in the midst of this space, was the man for whom I sought. He was talking aloud, at intervals, in a strange, unearthly, high-pitched voice. Every word he said was distinctly audible where I stood; and the man's words, and still more a certain dreadful atmosphere of horror and despair that seemed to surround him and to emanate from him, filled me with such a thrill of deadly terror as I have never felt, before or since.

Raving, screaming, cursing—all the extravagances of ordinary dementia—I had been prepared for; but this man's madness, if madness it was, impressed me as being the strangest and most awful I had ever seen or heard of. He seemed to be carrying on a conversation, or dialogue, with some invisible being—dreaded, hated, yet withstood and resisted. Often he would say, "You cannot always have power! God will save me at last!" Then a pause. "Yes, I will name Him!" Another interval. Then, with quick horror, "'Curse God and be at rest from your torments!' Never! Though He slay me, yet will I not deny Him!" Then again, after a still longer pause, "But in those places—those dreadful places of the lost—God is there also. He is stronger than you." Then (was I mad too?) I heard, or seemed to hear, like the low shiver of the forest, the words, "Others than the God we hate and fear have power there—and here."

And, with the words, a sudden overwhelming sense of a malignant, hostile presence drawing nearer and nearer to me, and a swift internal warning of deadly imminent danger—danger to myself—swept over me like a torrent, destroying nerve and courage. I fled like a coward—to escape from that place my only instinct. One glance at my face when I joined him was enough for François. We snatched our rifles, rushed down to the river, and, launching our canoe, were off.

Small to us appeared the dangers of the rapid, risked in the dark, compared to what was behind us in that accursed Place of Fear we had left. We scraped through somehow, and reached St. Rémi before morning.

As soon as it was practicable, I sought Père La Londe, and told him all I had seen and heard. He corroborated all François had told me, and added this strange theory of his own: "With regard to this unhappy man, it may be that the good God has permitted an evil spirit power over him for a time, in order that his great sin may be all, or in part, expiated here; and so he be spared much hereafter. You know," he said, with a slight smile, "we of the old Church believe in Purgatory; that is, in expiation of our sins after death, followed by ultimate salvation. If hereafter, why not sometimes here? All places and times are the same to God."



• • • "We scraped through somehow."

More than a year after, I received a letter from Père La Londe, a paragraph from which might interest you: "Poor Pierre La Rose died some days ago, in consequence of the exhaustion which always followed his strange yearly visits to the scene of his crime. He died penitent, hopeful—and, I trust, redeemed. But, for all that, till the day of his death, he had to pass through his awful ordeal—'Every Year!'"

ARCH. CAMPBELL, M.P. President. THOS. CRAWFORD, M.P.P. Vice-President. WM. GREENWOOD BROWN, Gen'l Manager.

THE Equity Fire INSURANCE COMPANY

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL $1,000,000.
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL $500,000.

FEATURES:
CANADIAN SHAREHOLDERS.
INSURES NON-HAZARDOUS PROPERTY ONLY AND IN FIRE-PROTECTED PLACES.
ALL RISKS INSPECTED AND EQUALLY RATED.

TORONTO, CANADA. Telephone No. 2413.
24 King Street West.

Are You Tired?

Do you feel run down—
Your work a burden—
In fact generally "No Good"?

Your Nervous system is out of gear. You can be cured by using

DR HOPE'S TINY TABLETS FOR TIRED NERVES

A Purely Scientific Nervous Specific.

BETTER THAN A TRIP TO EUROPE.

DR. HOPE MED. CO., TORONTO. LIMITED.



A GOOD INSURANCE POLICY IS AN "ANCHOR TO WINDWARD"

AND A STRONG PROTECTION IN CASE OF CALAMITY.

oooo

In the storm and stress of life you can rest secure, knowing that you have done your part, if you have made provision for your family by a policy of life insurance.

The Unconditional Accumulative Policy issued by the Confederation Life is absolutely free from conditions from date of issue.

The Association publishes an interesting set of pamphlets giving full particulars regarding its different plans of insurance, and will be pleased to send them on application to the Head Office, Toronto, or to any of the Association's agents.

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION.

W. C. MACDONALD, Actuary. J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director.

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO.

All the Merrier

Is Christmas if the home is well warmed. **Pease "Economy"** Furnaces and Combination Heaters help to make a Merry Christmas in thousands of Canadian homes.

J. F. PEASE FURNACE CO. LIMITED.
189-193 Queen St East, Toronto.

The Boiler Inspection & Insurance Company
TORONTO

Are you satisfied with the results obtained from your steam apparatus? Are your boilers safe? When were they last inspected?



Old and Young Alike Enjoy the

Gram-o-Phone
(ZONOPHONE.)

. . . and those who have heard it, and all its **reproductions,** are unanimous in their preference for the Berliner Gram-o-Phone.

Send for Catalogue and Prices. Sole Agents:

The Nordheimer Piano & Music Co. LIMITED 15 King St. East TORONTO.

THE . . .
H. A. Nelson & Sons
CO., Limited,
59 to 63 St. Peter St., MONTREAL.
TORONTO SAMPLE ROOM:
56 and 58 Front Street W.

Direct Importers of Dolls, Toys, Games, Sporting Goods, Fancy Goods, Druggists' Sundries, etc.

MANUFACTURERS OF
Brooms, Brushes, Woodenware, etc.

DIANA FORGET TO READ THIS!
A HOLIDAY GIFT BOOK.

John Imrie's Poems

330 pages, neatly bound in cloth and gold, with music and illustrations. Sent post free for ONE DOLLAR. Address
IMRIE, GRAHAM & CO.,
31 CHURCH STREET,
Toronto - - - - Canada.

Auld Scotch Sangs.

Seventy-one of them, with Words and Music, sent post free on receipt of
Twenty-five Cents.
Address
IMRIE, GRAHAM & CO.,
31 CHURCH STREET,
Toronto - - - - Canada.

Auld Scotch Readings.

Twenty-eight of them, such as "The Auld Sark Sleeve," "Sanders McGildshan's Courtship," "Watty and Meg," "The Hotel Bell," and 24 others of equal merit. Sent post free for TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Address
IMRIE, GRAHAM & CO.,
31 Church Street, Toronto, Canada.

Braw Scotch Pictures.

Size about 18 x 24 (beautiful in colors), such as: Gordons at Dargal, Gathering of the Clans, Scotland Forever, Burns and Scott and many others. Send for complete list free. 50c each, or three pictures for $1.00. Address
IMRIE, GRAHAM & CO.,
31 Church Street, Toronto, Canada.



THE NIMMO & HARRISON BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND COLLEGE,

I.O.O.F. Building, Cor. Yonge and College Sts., Toronto.

Highest legally qualified staff of teachers. Equipment complete. Highest results. Students enter any time. Prospectus and beautiful Map Calender (1900) free. WRITE FOR THEM.

THE
W. C. White Boiler Works
HUGH VALLANCE, Prop.

Builder of . . .
STEAM BOILERS, BOATS, BRIDGES, TANKS, Etc.,

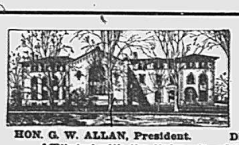
Nazareth, Brennan & Dalhousie Sts. MONTREAL.

United States Health Reports.
Worthy of the highest consideration for superior merit and excellence.

HELPEPPER

Expels all noxious vermin, Rats, Mice, Roaches, Bugs, etc.
Harmless to human beings. Put up in neat canister with self-stop.
All Grocers and Druggists sell it. 25c per canister.

Leeming, Miles & Co., Montreal,
General Agents for Canada.



Toronto Conservatory of Music
COLLEGE STREET.

HON. G. W. ALLAN, President. DR. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director.
Affiliated with the University of Toronto and with Trinity University.
Oldest and Largest Music School, Best Equipment and Strongest Faculty in Canada. Artists' and Teachers' Graduating Courses, Scholarships, Diplomas, Certificates, Medals. An Artistic Musical Education of the Highest Standard.
CALENDAR and SYLLABUS Mailed Free. Attendance 1,081 last season.
PUPILS MAY ENTER AT ANY TIME.
MAUD MASSON, Principal School of Elocution, Oratory, Physical Culture, Literature, etc.

THE . . .
CENTRAL PRESS AGENCY,
LIMITED.
F. DIVER, Manager.

We prepare, illustrate and place advertising matter in all papers.

We are Electro and Stereotypers and Photo-Engravers.

We sell Ready Set Plates for Newspapers.

OUR PRICES ARE BED ROCK.

83 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.



Human Hair Goods, Hair Dressing, Hair Ornaments.

Always the Latest Styles ; always the Finest Quality ; always Superior Workmanship, and constantly on hand the largest assortment to select from. No other house can offer the same advantageous inducements and guarantee satisfaction in every detail. Catalogue gratis.

W. T. PEMBER, 127, 129 and 778 Yonge St., TORONTO.

TELEPHONE 2275—3553.

The STANDARD Loan Company

(Incorporated and Registered under The Loan Corporations Act.)

HEAD OFFICE, - - 14 KING STREET WEST, - - TORONTO, ONT.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, - - $1,000,000.

DIRECTORS.

J. P. WHITNEY, Q.C., M.P.P., President.
ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, D.D., Toronto.
D. O'CONNOR, Q.C., Ottawa, Vice-Presidents.
H. Mc. C. HART, Esq., Manufacturer, Halifax.
T. R. ATKINSON, Esq., Capitalist, Simcoe, Ont.
ALEXANDER FRASER, Esq., Railway Contractor, Toronto.
W. S. DINNICK, Manager.

TRUSTEES.

The Trusts and Guarantee Company, Limited, 14 King Street West, Toronto.

BANKERS.

BANK OF MONTREAL, Yonge Street Branch, Toronto.

SOLICITORS.

MACDONELL, BOLAND & THOMPSON.

☞ Send postcard for pamphlet giving full information.

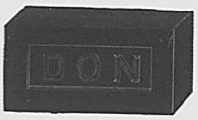


We Dye for People Everywhere

Regularly established branches in Montreal, Hamilton, London, Brantford, St. Catharines, Galt, Woodstock ; and agencies in all parts of the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Wherever you reside you can command our services as dyers and cleaners. Good work has brought us a good name everywhere. R. PARKER & CO., Dyers and Cleaners. Head Office and Works : 787-791 Yonge St., Toronto. Phones 3037, 3640, 2143, 1004, 5098.

PRESSED BRICKS...

Red, Buff, Brown and Cream in Plain, and Over 200 Ornamental Designs.



Registered Trade Mark "DON" on bricks guarantees them to be the only first-class goods made in Canada.

VITRIFIED PAVING BRICKS, ARCHITECTURAL TERRA COTTA, BRICK MANTELS.

TAYLOR BROTHERS, 60 Adelaide St. E., Toronto, Canada.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICES.

ESTABLISHED 1875.

A. E. PAVEY & CO

WHOLESALE IMPORTERS OF FINE

WOOLLENS

Clothiers' Trimmings and . . . . . Gentlemen's Furnishings.

331 RICHMOND STREET, LONDON, ONT.

La Toscana.

Made of choice Havana leaf and undoubtedly the best high grade cigar made in Canada. Absolutely pure and superior to any imported goods at twice the price. . . . . .

RETAILS AT 10 CENTS.

RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY,

5 & 7 De Bresoles St., Montreal.

PHOTO SUPPLIES.

CAMERAS

WE MAKE MOUNTS.

The W. A. LYON COMPANY LIMITED

130 BAY ST., TORONTO.

BURMESE BOND PAPER

Is a superior material for fine stationery for either home or office use. It has a perfect writing surface ; it is strong and durable, and has a handsome appearance. To be had of all stationers and printers. TRY IT.

CANADA PAPER CO., Limited,

TORONTO AND MONTREAL.

The Royal Electric Company,

FACILITIES UNEQUALLED. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Electric Lighting and Power Transmission Plants. Street Railway and Mining Motors.

MONTREAL. TORONTO.

Best Quality **COAL AND WOOD** Lowest Prices.



The ELIAS ROGERS CO. Limited

"MO-JA" Coffee is put up only in ½, 1 and 2 lb. tins. NEVER IN BULK . . . . . .

Remember the name, "MO-JA."

PUT UP BY . . . .

THE TORONTO COFFEE & SPICE CO., Limited.

Wholesale Importers and Manufacturers, - - 2 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

ROBINSON, LITTLE & CO.

Wholesale DRY GOODS LONDON, ONT.

THE WM. CANE & SONS MFG. CO. LIMITED

ALL LINES
PAILS,
TUBS,
WASHBOARDS,
CLOTHESPINS,
PAINT KEGS,
SYRUP KEGS,
PICKLE KEGS,
BUTTER TUBS, etc.



EVERY KIND
BUILDING
MATERIAL,
SASH and DOORS,
WAINSCOTTING,
SIDING, BLINDS,
SCREEN DOORS,
SCREEN WINDOWS,
SNOW SHOVELS, etc.

NEWMARKET, - - CANADA.

What the Trade Wants

YOUR OWN PAPER MADE INTO **Envelopes** ANY SIZE OR SHAPE

YOUR OWN PAPER—YOUR OWN LABEL—YOUR OWN BANDS.
NO NEED TO BUY FOREIGN GOODS
OUR GOODS ARE ARE MADE EQUAL TO THE BEST IN THE WORLD

The Trade will find it to their advantage to get our prices

L. P. BOUVIER, Envelope Manufacturer, 31 Lombard Street, Toronto

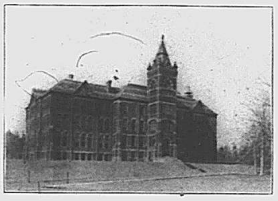
HENRY MILL PELLATT NORMAN MACRAE

PELLATT & PELLATT

STOCK BROKERS

Members Toronto Stock Exchange
36 KING ST. EAST
Correspondents in Montreal, New York, Chicago, Edinburgh and London, England

WESTMAN & BAKER
Manufacturers of
PRINTERS' AND BOOKBINDERS' MACHINERY.
78 Wellington Street West, TORONTO, ONT.



THE ONTARIO SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, TORONTO

The Provincial School of Engineering. Affiliated to the University of Toronto. Courses in Civil, Mining, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Architecture and Chemistry leading to degrees in the University. Completely equipped Laboratories and Museums. Calendar, giving all necessary information, including a list showing the positions held by graduates, mailed free.

L. B. STEWART, Secretary.



DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES
relieved and in many cases cured, the progress of deafness stopped, and sensitive ears protected from cold winds by
THE COMMON SENSE EAR DRUMS
which are made of soft rubber only and are ABSOLUTELY INVISIBLE and comfortable. Write for pamphlet and testimonials, showing be ofi. where deafness caused by measles, catarrh, fever, discharges, colds, etc.
THE COMMON SENSE EAR DRUM AND MEDICINE COMPANY, Limited, Freehold Bldg., Toronto, Can.
(Mention this Paper.)

PUREST AND BEST
Windsor Salt
As salt is used in the preparation of all foods, it is essential that none but the best quality should be used. The use of Windsor Salt ensures this.
The WINDSOR SALT CO., Limited
WINDSOR, ONT.



500 COPIES ONLY TO SELL
Scotland for ever
Charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo
The small cut above is a reproduction of one of our beautiful 12x16 Colored Phototypes, and is framed up in chocolate brown and gold line heavy mat.
Sent, express paid, on receipt of 25c. only.
Address, THE STANDARD ART CO.
103 to 109 Adelaide St. West, TORONTO



The McLaughlin Carriage Co. Oshawa CANADA
The Largest Carriage Factory In Canada
One Grade only and that the Best

Rossin House
TORONTO CANADA
A. & A. NELSON, Proprietors.

Winter Season, 1899 1900
The proprietors invite the attention of families and members of parliament coming to Toronto for the winter to the recently decorated and re-furnished rooms single and en suite which they have to offer. A large number of these rooms have been just equipped with the best modern grates and are mantles and with other improvements in the heating system, and extensive and costly re-carpeting, the Managers are confident to offer the Rossin House as a complete and luxurious winter home. A number of rooms with porcelain baths are now complete and available.

Our Customers Say that the
BOSS WASHER
IS THE BEST
Simple—yet perfect
WALTER WOODS & CO.
HAMILTON, ONT.

GANADA FOR



GANADIANS

Homeopathic Supplies Established 1868
Dr. Pearson s Hypophosferine
The great specific in NERVOUS DEBILITY, Neuralgia, Severe Nerve Pains, Mental Troubles, Deficient Energy, GRIPPE AND ITS BAD EFFECTS, Rheumatism, etc.
NO FAMILY SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT
Its virtues are invaluable. Sent postpaid for 50c. Send for "Family Guide."
D. L. THOMPSON
Homeopathic Chemist
Phone 1094 394 Yonge st., Toronto

BROWN BROS.
(Successors to HENRY T. BROWN)
MEAT MARKET
Dealer in all kinds of
FRESH AND SALT MEATS
TELEPHONE 830
2 ST. LAWRENCE MARKET
TORONTO

J. YOUNG
(ALEX. MILLARD)
The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer.
359 YONGE STREET
TELEPHONE 679
PRIVATE MORTUARY

Ontario Ladies' College
AND ONTARIO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

The highest educational facilities in Literature, Music, Art, Elocution, Commercial and Domestic Science. Elegant and capacious buildings provided with every comfort in steam-heating, electric lighting, etc. Healthful moral influences calculated to build up a refined and noble character. Apply for calendar and further information to

WHITBY, ONT.

REV. J. J. HARE, Ph. D., Principal.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR
Staunton Wall Papers
(THE NAME ON THE MARGIN OF EACH ROLL)
WHOLESALE ONLY
M. STAUNTON & CO., TORONTO
MANUFACTURERS

ARTHUR & CO., Limited.
Warehousemen and Manufacturers,
Glasgow, Leeds and London.
CANADIAN OFFICE:
10 Wellington Street East
TORONTO.
A. O. BUCHAM - - Agent.

THE BANK OF TORONTO, TORONTO, CAN. Incorporated 1855
AGENTS:
London, Eng.—London City and Midland Bank, Limited.
New York—National Bank of Commerce.
Chicago—First National Bank.
Buffalo—Manufacturers and Traders Bank.
Detroit—Detroit National Bank.
Correspondents in all Banking Towns in Canada.
Paid-up Capital, $2,000,000.
Reserved Fund, $1,800,000.
BRANCHES.
ONTARIO—Toronto, Barrie, Brockville, Cobourg, Collingwood, Gananoque, London, Peterboro', Petrolia, Port Hope, Stayner, St. Catharines.
QUEBEC—Montreal, Point St. Charles.
BRITISH COLUMBIA—Rossland.
Careful Attention Given to Every Description of Banking Business. Commercial Letters of Credit and Travellers' Circular Letters Issued, Available in All Parts of the World.
W. H. BEATTY, Vice-President. GEORGE GOODERHAM, President.
J. HENDERSON, Inspector. D. COULSON, General Manager.

IF IT'S . . .
Carling's
Ale or Porter
IT'S GOOD . . .
CARLING
LONDON

Rogers' Christmas Furniture Specials.

CHINA CABINETS
PARLOR CABINETS
MUSIC CABINETS
5 O'CLOCK TABLES
FANCY TABLES
FANCY STANDS

THIS year we have made full preparation to meet the increasing demand for dainty oddments in high-class furniture suitable for presentation. Our stocks are now about complete and will repay a careful inspection. The magnificent line of Fancy Cabinets in Mahogany and Vernis Martin we have on view are worthy of special mention. . . .

MORRIS CHAIRS
FANCY CHAIRS
EASY CHAIRS
GILDED CHAIRS
DESK CHAIRS
SECRETARIES

97 Yonge Street. The Chas. Rogers & Sons Company, Limited. 97 Yonge Street.

Lakehurst Sanitarium, Oakville, Canada,
FOR THE TREATMENT OF
LIQUOR AND DRUG HABITS
AND NERVOUS DISEASES.

A QUIET, HOMELIKE and HEALTHFUL resort situated upon the shores of Lake Ontario, and is one of the most HEALTHFUL SPOTS on the continent. Under the personal supervision of QUALIFIED MEDICAL PRACTITIONER. For all information apply to the
MANAGER, OAKVILLE, CANADA
Or to Double Chloride of Gold Cure Co., Limited.

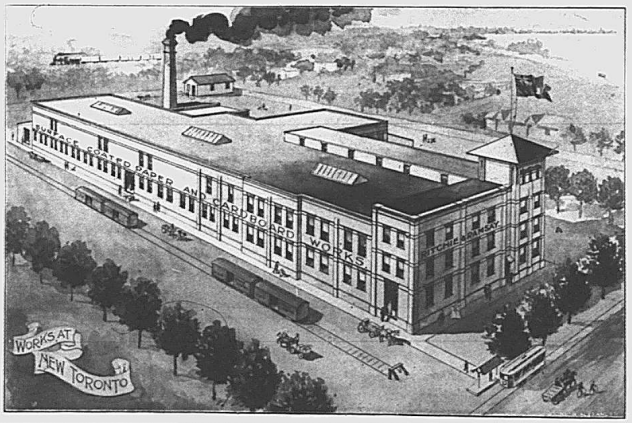
THE NATIONAL LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA.
Incorporated by Special Act of the Parliament of Canada.
Authorized Capital, $1 000,000
H. S. Howard, President.
R. H. Matson, Managing Director.
F. Sparling, Secretary.
Active agents wanted in unrepresented districts.

Wilson's Scales.

HIGHEST QUALITY, LOWEST PRICES
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
Highest prize at World's Fair, Chicago.
C. WILSON & SON,
70 Esplanade St. E., Toronto

Upper Canada College.
FOUNDED 1829.
Principal - - - G. R. PARKIN, C.M.G., LL.D.
Prepares Boys for the Universities and the Special Colleges.
The staff of the College now includes 13 masters holding degrees from English and Canadian Universities, with other special instructors.
Large grounds, excellent equipment, preparatory department for small boys, new finished hospital for dealing with infectious diseases—an English professional for cricket.
As the boarding and class room space in the College is now taken up on a limited number of applications can be received until new buildings are provided. Vacancies for 1900 will be filled in the order of application from this date, preference being given to younger boys.
November, 1899.

THE...
ABBOTT-MITCHELL
IRON & STEEL COMPANY OF ONTARIO, LIMITED.
Belleville, Ont.
ROLLING MILLS AND FACTORIES
ESTABLISHED 1899.
MERCHANT BAR IRON AND STEEL
All Sizes, Shapes and Sections.
FORGINGS, HEAVY AND LIGHT
CUT NAILS AND SPIKES
RAILWAY SPIKES
BOAT, MINE AND WHARF SPIKES
TRACK BOLTS
HOT PRESSED NUTS
BRIDGE RODS AND BOLTS
WASHERS, BURRS, ETC.
HORSE SHOES—Iron & Steel—light & medium.

RITCHIE & RAMSAY
COATED PAPER TRADE MARK CARDBOARD
TORONTO, CANADA
MANUFACTURERS OF
SURFACE COATED PAPER AND CARDBOARD
THE FINEST GRADES OF GOODS FOR
PRINTING, LITHOGRAPHING, PAPER BOXES, PHOTO MOUNTS
THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE AND SUPPLEMENTARY PLATES ARE PRINTED ON RED SEAL COATED PAPER


HAVE YOUR NEXT JOB OF PRINTING DONE BY THE



MURRAY PRINTING CO.

TORONTO.

TELEPHONE 1229

PRINTERS, BOOKBINDERS, DESIGNERS AND ENGRAVERS.

GLOBE BUILDING, COR. JORDAN AND MELINDA STS.

EDDY'S

MATCHES — QUALITY UNSURPASSED — BRUSHES

HAVE HAD AN ESTABLISHED REPUTATION FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY.

His PARLOR MATCHES contain NO BRIMSTONE and on this account are particularly noted for the absence of the sometimes objectionable fumes of the ordinary sulphur match.

Have passed the experimental stage and are pronounced by those who have used them to be SUPERIOR to any other make on the market.

WHEN IN WANT OF HOUSE, HORSE, SCRUB or STOVE BRUSHES, ask for EDDY'S

IN ADDITION TO THE FOREGOING, WE MANUFACTURE AND HAVE FACILITIES FOR SUPPLYING IN ANY QUANTITY

Woodenware, Indurated Fiber Ware, Washboards, Antiseptic Ware, Paper, Paper Bags

AND ALL KINDS OF Paper Products.

THE E. B. EDDY CO. LIMITED.

HULL-MONTREAL-TORONTO

QUEBEC, HAMILTON, KINGSTON, LONDON, ST. JOHN, N.B. — HALIFAX, WINNIPEG, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHNS, Nfld.

Wm. BARBER & BROS.

PAPER MAKERS

Make a specialty of . .

Machine-finished Book Papers, and High-Grade Weekly News

Also Make Colored Cover and Job Papers

Paper for Half-Tone Printing
Paper for Coating
Paper for Labels
Paper for Staining, etc.

JOHN R. BARBER, Prop.
E. FINLAY, Superintendent.
GEO. B. CHALLES, Selling Agent
Mail Building, Toronto.

Georgetown, Ont.

THE

ONTARIO MUTUAL ASSURANCE LIFE COMPANY.

THE HARTFORD OF CANADA.

ESTABLISHED 1870.

HEAD OFFICE.

WATERLOO, ONT.

AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE DOMINION.

ASSURANCE IN FORCE JANUARY 1ST, 1899, - -	$23,703,979
CASH INCOME, 1898, - - - - -	923,941
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31ST, 1898, - - - -	4,136,129
RESERVE FOR SECURITY OF POLICY-HOLDERS, 1898,	3,838,815
SURPLUS OVER ALL LIABILITIES, DECEMBER 31ST, 1898, ACTUARIES, 4 PER CENT., - - - -	271,197
SURPLUS, ON GOVERNMENT STANDARD, 4½ PER CENT.,	440,009

The Oldest, Largest, Strongest and Best Life Assurance Companies in the World are Mutual Companies.

The Ontario is purely Mutual, charging old line level premiums; it is owned and controlled by its policy-holders.

It holds Reserves for the security of its policy-holders based on the Actuaries' Table, with 4 per cent., being higher than the Government standard.

Its dividends to policy-holders under the quinquennial distribution of profits, declared in 1896, 1897, 1898 and 1899, were 10 per cent. higher than the estimates put in the hands of the Company's Agents for canvassing purposes in 1891, 1892, 1893 and 1894.

All desirable forms of insurance and annuities are issued by this Company. We have the best of everything that is good in Life Insurance. Our rates compare favorably with those of other Companies, and the actual results to policy-holders are unequalled.

MONEY TO LOAN on improved farms, church property, etc., at lowest current rates. Terms of payment easy. Costs low. Debentures purchased.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

ROBERT MELVIN, President, Guelph.

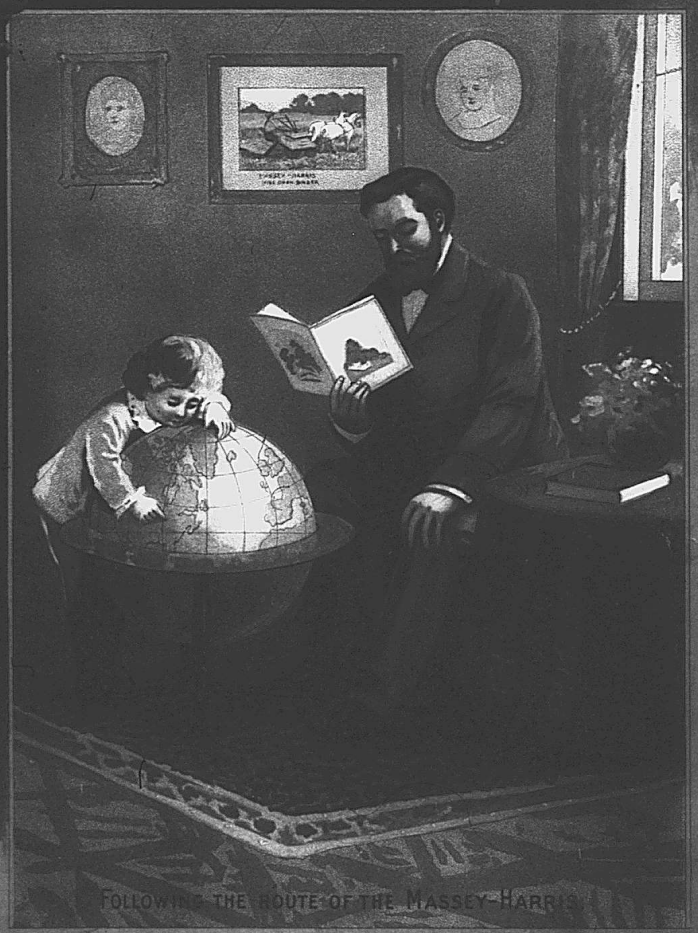
Alfd. Hoskin, Q.C., 1st Vice Pres. — E. F. Clement.
R. M. Britton, Q.C., M.P., 2nd Vice Pres. — W. J. Kidd, B.A.
Francis C. Bruce. — Geo. A. Somerville.
J. Kerr Fisken, B.A. — Hon. J. T. Garrow, Q.C.
Hon. F. W. Borden, M.D. — William Snider.
Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, P.C., G.C.M.G., Prem. of Can.

OFFICERS:

T. R. EARL, Supt. of Agencies. — C. S. FORREST, Loan Inspector.
J. H. WEBER, M.D., Medical Director. — MILLAR & SIMS, Solicitors.
GEO. WEGENAST, Manager. — W. H. RIDDELL, Secretary.



MASSEY-HARRIS Co. LIMITED.



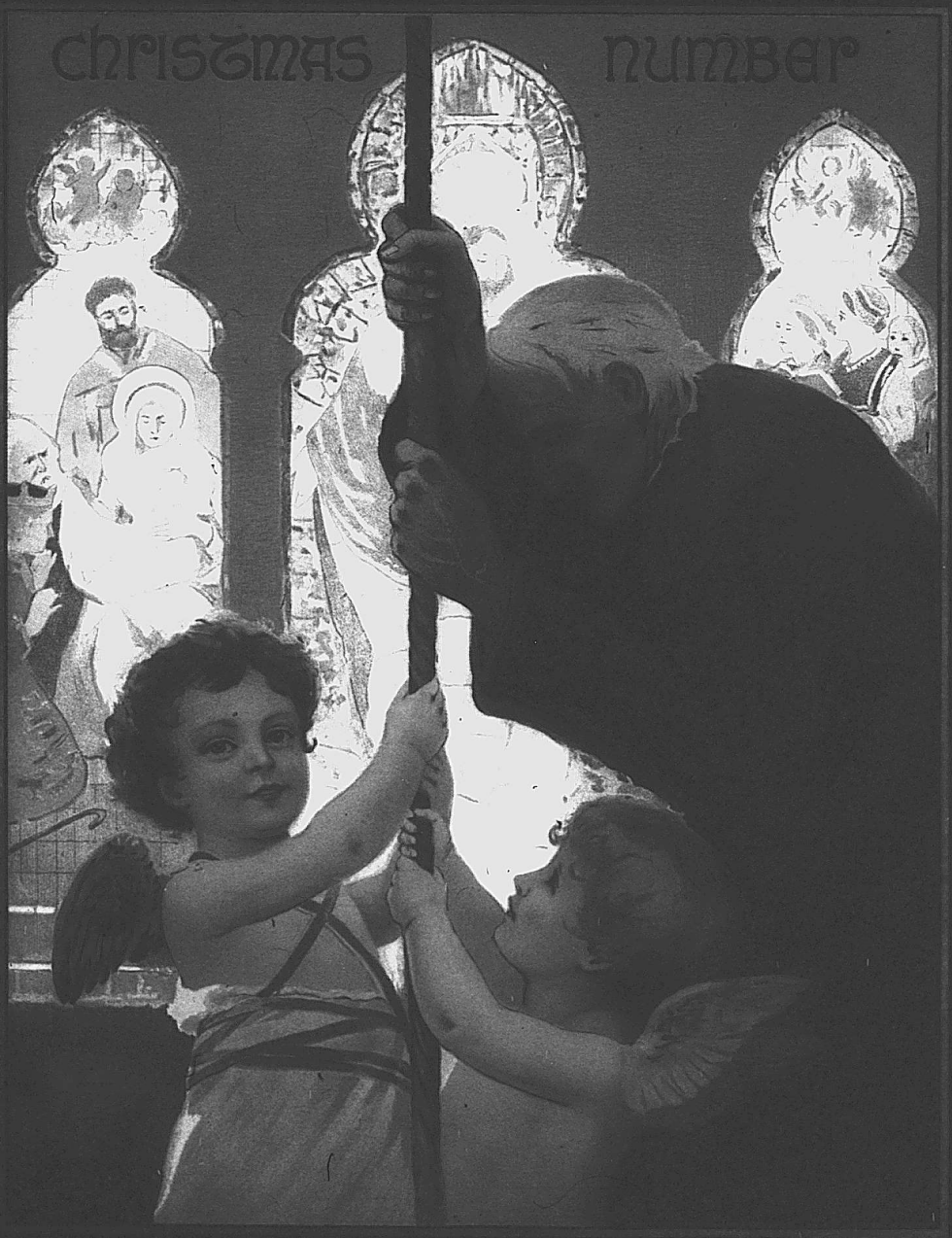
FOLLOWING THE ROUTE OF THE MASSEY-HARRIS

LANDS WHERE MASSEY-HARRIS FARM IMPLEMENTS LEAD.

CANADA.
ENGLAND.
IRELAND.
SCOTLAND.
S. AUSTRALIA.
W. AUSTRALIA.
VICTORIA.
NEW SOUTH WALES.
QUEENSLAND.
NEW ZEALAND.
TASMANIA.
GERMANY.
FRANCE.
RUSSIA.
NORWAY.
SWEDEN.
NATAL.
CAPE COLONY.
TRANSVAAL REPS
ORANGE FREE STATE
ARGENTINE REPS.
SWITZERLAND.
ITALY.
TURKEY.
GREECE.
ALGERIA.
AUSTRIA.
ROUMANIA.
HUNGARY.
DENMARK.
BELGIUM.
CHILI.
URUGUAY.

The GLOBE

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

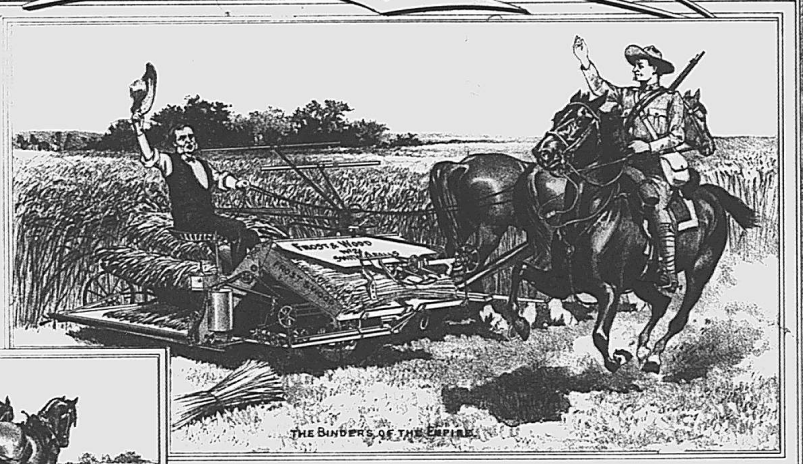


TORONTO, CANADA.

TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING CO. Ltd.

THE Frost & Wood Company
LIMITED.

BINDERS, MOWERS,
SINGLE REAPERS,
HORSE RAKES, DISC HARROWS,
SPRING TOOTH HARROWS,
CULTIVATORS, PLOWS, ETC.





Smith's Falls, Ont.
CANADA.

THE CONSOLIDATED PULP AND PAPER COMPANY, LIMITED.

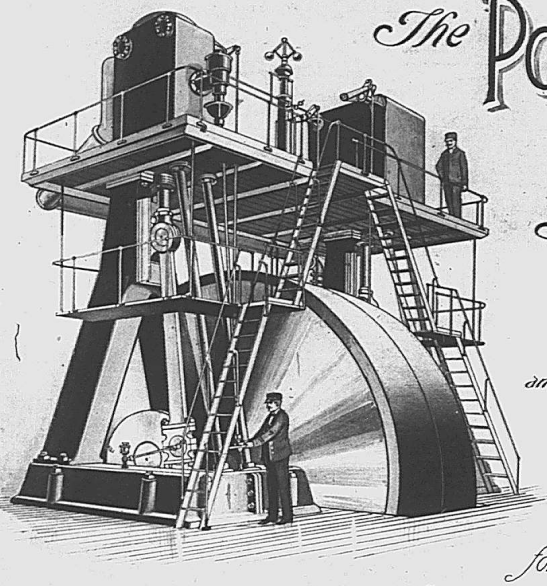
MANUFACTURERS OF
AND DEALERS IN
ALL KINDS OF PAPER.



HEAD OFFICE TORONTO

MILLS AT NEWBURGH, ONT.

MONTREAL BRANCH.



The POLSON IRON WORKS
Toronto, Canada.

ENGINEERS,
BOILERMAKERS,
and STEEL SHIPBUILDERS.

1500 H.P. Vertical Cross Compound Condensing Engine now building for the Toronto Electric Light Co'y





THE
National Life
Assurance Company
OF CANADA

Authorized Capital - $1,000,000

H. S. Howland, President.
Elias Rogers and W. D. Long, Vice-Presidents.
B. H. Matson, Managing Director.
F. Sparling, Secretary.
Agents wanted in unrepresented districts. Apply to
HEAD OFFICE:
TEMPLE BUILDING, TORONTO.

RENNIE'S SEEDS

Tested and Selected for all Soils

Catalogues Free.

WM. RENNIE, Toronto

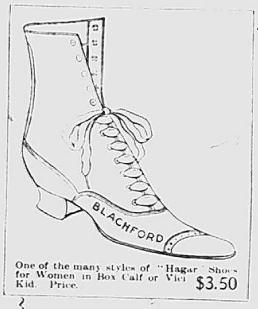
GORE PAPER MILLS

Established 1849

JOHN FISHER & SON,
Dundas, Ont.

MANUFACTURERS OF

First Quality | BROWN EXPRESS PAPERS



One of the many styles of "Hagar" Shoes for Women in Box Calf or Vici Kid. Price $3.50

EQUAL OF ANY.
EXCELLED BY NONE.

Hagar Shoes

Always Comfortable

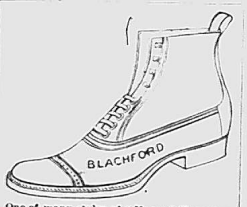
We know positively there is no other shoe in Toronto equal to our Hagar Shoe for men and women

Ask to See Them

If out of town write for styles and prices Only at

H. & C. Blachford's,

114 Yonge Street



One of many styles of "Hagar" Shoes for men in Patent Calf, Tan Calf and Box Calf. Price.. $5.00

The Verral Storage Co.

10 AND 12 BAY STREET, TORONTO

Phone 779

N.B.—Advances made on goods stored when required.

DURING THE YEAR 1900 THE

Mutual Reserve
Fund Life Association

HAS MADE FULL COMPLIANCE WITH THE RESERVE LAW OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA

Within a period of nineteen years the Mutual Reserve had paid in Death Claims the unprecedented amount of

$44,000,000

at an expense of only $33.81 to each $100.00 of benefit. The average expense of other principal companies amounted to $54.48 to each $100.00 of benefit.

The Mutual Reserve includes in all of its policies now written a provision for maintaining the full reserve required by statute of legal reserve companies.

The Mutual Reserve is a mutual company, conducted solely for the benefit of the members. It issues every kind of insurance policy required by and advantageous to insurers, and each policy is protected by a three and one-half per cent. reserve.

Energetic agents can secure good contracts to represent this great company by addressing—

W. J. MURRAY, Manager,

Freehold Loan Building TORONTO, ONTARIO





Minard's Liniment

Canada's Best Household Remedy. Well and favorably known from Halifax to Victoria.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO., PROPRIETORS, YARMOUTH, N. S.

DOMINION OIL CLOTH CO. LIMITED, MANUFACTURERS OF **OIL CLOTHS** OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Floor Oil Cloth, Carriage Oil Cloth, Table Oil Cloth, Enamelled Oil Cloth, Stair Oil Cloth.

Office and Works: MONTREAL, Que.

Branch Office: 1 Front Street, Toronto.

All Readers of The Globe

Should know that the lives of total abstainers are better risks for life insurance than those of non-abstainers.

They should know, too, that the

Temperance & General Life Assurance Company

Gives total abstainers the benefit of their better lives, either by giving them insurance on the without-profits plans at lower rates than any other company, or separate classification for profits.

The T. & G. has had a lower mortality in its Temperance Section than any other recorded experience with so large an exposure.

The T. & G. is truly the

Best Company for the Best Risks.

Correspondence solicited. When writing mention The Globe. Agents wanted in unrepresented districts. "Our Advocate" sent free to all applicants.

HON. G. W. ROSS, President.
H. SUTHERLAND, Man. Director.

HEAD OFFICE: GLOBE BUILDING, TORONTO



THE ONTARIO SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, TORONTO

The Provincial School of Engineering. Affiliated to the University of Toronto. Courses in Civil, Mining, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Architecture and Chemistry leading to degrees in the University. Completely equipped Laboratories and Museums. Calendar, giving all necessary information, including a list showing the positions held by graduates, mailed free.

L. B. STEWART, Secretary.

WINDSOR SALT

As Salt is used in the preparation of all foods it is essential that none but the best quality should be used. The use of Windsor Salt ensures this.

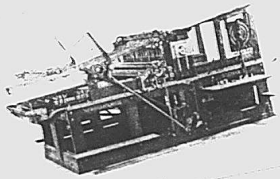
THE WINDSOR SALT CO., LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO.



RUSSELL HOUSE, Ottawa, Canada.

F. X. ST. JACQUES, Proprietor.

Our work is our best solicitor. Examine this book and then let us give you an estimate on your next job



The Letter Press Printing in connection with this number was done by the

Murray Printing Company

PRINTERS
BOOKBINDERS
DESIGNERS
ENGRAVERS

Globe Building, Corner Jordan and Melinda Streets, Toronto

Phone 1226



ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

Staunton Wall Papers

[THE NAME ON THE MARGIN OF EACH ROLL]

WHOLESALE ONLY.

STAUNTONS, Limited Toronto

Formerly M. STAUNTON & CO MANUFACTURERS

THE NATIONAL Electrotype and Stereotype Co. Limited

12 and 14 Adelaide St. West, TORONTO.

Plates for all Printing Purposes.

First-class work guaranteed. Estimates given. We make interchangeable plates in electrotype and stereotype for patent bases.

A PROMINENT FEATURE of the dyeing and cleaning done in these works is the real goodness of the work done. When that is promised everything else that you look for is included in it. Whether household articles or wearing apparel or your dainty plumes or costly laces, all is well done here.

R. PARKER & CO. Dyers and Cleaners, TORONTO

HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS,

787-791 YONGE STREET

BRANCHES—Montreal, Hamilton, Brantford, London, St. Catharines, Galt and Woodstock.

CANADIAN EXPRESS COMPANY

FORWARDERS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION OF FREIGHT, LIVE STOCK, MONEY AND VALUABLES.

To all principal points in Canada and United States. Direct and most expeditious service. Half a century's experience.

Special Attention to Consignments for Foreign Countries. Special Rates on Fruit, Produce and Large Consignments.

Notes, Drafts, etc. Collected with Promptitude at Exceptionally Low Rates.

MONEY ORDERS.

The CHEAPEST and MOST DESIRABLE MEDIUM of transmitting money in existence. SAFE and CONVENIENT. No form to fill out. Payable at par at any Express Office or Bank. Receipt given, and LOST ORDERS promptly refunded. No "Red Tape."

The John Morrow Machine Screw Co.



INGERSOLL, ONTARIO

J. YOUNG (ALEX MILLARD)

UNDERTAKER and EMBALMER.

359 YONGE STREET.

TELEPHONE 679.

PRIVATE MORTUARY.

The Christmas Globe.
1900

ESTABLISHED 1859

H. R. IVES & CO.

QUEEN STREET MONTREAL

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

Brass and Iron Beds

IN THE DOMINION.

☞ We will be pleased to furnish Catalogues and Prices to the Trade.

BRICK

Milton Brick was awarded the Bronze Medal at Paris in competition with the world. You should use this brick in your new house.
Brick Mantels a specialty.

Milton Pressed Brick Co.,
Limited.
Works and Head Office: MILTON, Ont.
DR. ROBERTSON, President.
J. S. McCANNELL, Managing Director.

ROLLER BEARING, GALVANIZED, STEEL WIND MILLS



GOULD SHAPLEY & MUIR CO. BRANTFORD, CAN.

POWER AND PUMPING MILLS
STEEL TOWERS AND FLAG STAFFS, IRON AND WOOD PUMPS, MAPLE LEAF GRAIN GRINDERS, BEE SUPPLIES

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

The Name of **Gerhard Heintzman** on a PIANO



is not simply that of a factory proprietor, but is also that of one of the greatest experts on tone-production and acoustics in America, who personally superintends the construction of every piano which leaves his factory. It is this fact which has rendered the Gerhard Heintzman piano

The Most Popular Piano in this Country.

A full line of these superb instruments can always be seen at our warerooms, 188 Yonge Street, Toronto. Catalogues and price lists mailed free on application.

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

188 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

BE SURE AND GET THE "GENUINE"

REGISTERED TRADE MARK,

Granted by the Cutlers Company. IN 1682.

Rodgers **Cutlery**

PAUL'S

SAFETY INKS and MUCILAGE.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

Safety Bottle and Ink Co
Limited.
NEW YORK—TORONTO.

Principal Canadian Factory and Office: 10 Wellington St. East, Toronto.

Our printing bears a stamp of excellence unapproached by any other.

Brown-Searle Printing Co.
TORONTO

Best Quality **COAL and WOOD.** Lowest Prices



The **ELIAS ROGERS CO.** Limited.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Guelph, Canada

The kind of instruction and practical training needed by young men who intend to be Farmers, Butter-makers or Cheese-makers.

FOR A COPY OF THE COLLEGE CIRCULAR, SEND TO

JAMES MILLS, M.A., President.

St. Andrew's College FOR Boys

"CHESTNUT PARK," Toronto, Ont.

Residential and **Day School.** Boys prepared for the Universities and Royal Military College. Collegiate work done. Large grounds.

SEPARATE RESIDENCE for juniors. Preparatory Section for middle boys.

Winter Term commences on Jan. 7th, 1901.

Rev D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., Principal.



Our Home-made and Health Brown

BREAD

are household necessities to all families desiring to have only the best and purest food on their table.

THE TAIT-BREDIN CO. Limited

Telephone 8134. 744-746 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

WANTED....

Young Men to Learn a Financial Business.

Permanent Position. Increased Salary.

Rapid Promotion to the Right Persons.

APPLY TO

The York County Loan and Savings Company,

Confederation Life Building, Toronto



XX TH Century Type

The only progressive and up-to-date PRINTERS' SUPPLY HOUSES in this country are located at . . . . . .

HALIFAX—146 Lower Water Street.
MONTREAL 787 Craig Street.
TORONTO—70 York Street.
WINNIPEG—175 Owen Street.
VANCOUVER—116 Columbia Avenue.

These complete, fully stocked establishments are all in charge of managers thoroughly informed upon all matters pertinent to the printing business and kindred industries.

EVERYTHING FOR THE PRINTER

J. J. PALMER, President.
J. T. JOHNSTON, Managing Director

Toronto Type Foundry Co., Limited







Drink Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea
The best in the World



A Christmas Carol,
Joyous, exulting and glad, can best be brought forth in the exquisite melody of a
NORDHEIMER PIANO. It is the favorite of artists and all those who are connoisseurs in music.
The Nordheimer PIANO & MUSIC CO., Limited,
15 KING STREET EAST.

BILLIARD
"XXth CENTURY ELECTRIC CUSHIONS"
are the latest improved Billiard Cushion. New substance and new forms in the rubbers. They are without equal for perfection in every respect. Order them if you want THE BEST. Large assortment of BILLIARD TABLES and SIMONIS CLOTH.
E. L. ETHIER & CO.,
Billiard Manufacturers,
88 St. Denis Street, Montreal

STARCH
Benson's Prepared Corn
FOR COOKING
Edwardsburg Silver Gloss
FOR THE LAUNDRY
Benson's Enamel Starch
FOR COLD WATER
The Edwardsburg Starch Company, Limited,
Cardinal, Ont.
164 St. James Street, MONTREAL
53 Front Street East, TORONTO



Bigley's Hot Water Heater.
The above is a cut of the most perfectly constructed, most effective and most economical device for combination heating. Will fit any hot air furnace. Manufactured by
R. BIGLEY,
96 and 98 Queen St. East, Toronto

J. H. WILLIAMSON
...Tailor
113 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONT.
Telephone 243.
We make a specialty of Full Dress Suits and gentlemen's fine clothing from imported goods.

THE Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation
HEAD OFFICE:—Canada Permanent Building, Toronto St., Toronto.
BRANCH OFFICES:—Winnipeg, Man., Vancouver B. C., St. John, N.B.
Assets, $23,000,000.
President, GEORGE GOODERHAM.
First Vice-President and Chairman of Executive Committee, J. HERBERT MASON.
Second Vice-President, W. H. BEATTY.
LOANS on Stocks, Bonds, and Mortgages at lowest current rates.
DEPOSITS received, Interest paid or compounded half yearly.
DEBENTURES issued in currency and sterling for sums and terms to suit investors, with half-yearly interest coupons attached.
WALTER S. LEE, General Manager.



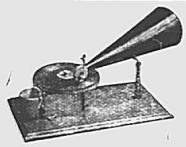








COX'S
Gelatine
Is distinguished by a "Checkered" Wrapper
Any Child
COX'S
J. & G. COX, Ltd., 105-107 Hudson St., N.Y.



GRAMAPHONE
The Most Suitable Xmas Gift
Price including 3 Records $10
The Nordheimer Piano and Music Co., Limited,
TORONTO.

Established 1845.
S. H. & A. S EWING
IMPORTERS OF
Coffee and Spices
Proprietors and Manufacturers of the Celebrated
Vienna Baking Powder
NO. 55 COTE STREET,
MONTREAL.





INDIAN CATARRH CURE
is the only positive internal cure for catarrh.
GUARANTEED FREE FROM OPIATES.
It is pleasant to the taste, perfectly harmless, and a specific for catarrh in all its forms, for hay fever and cold in the head . . . . . .
50 CENTS OF ALL DRUGGISTS
SAMPLE 10 CENTS FROM
INDIAN CATARRH CURE COMPANY,
28 LEMOINE STREET, MONTREAL

CARNIA LAMP OIL WATER WHITE
CARNIA LAMP
LIGHT OF ONTARIO
OIL
WATER WHITE and PRIME WHITE.
ENQUIRE OF DEALERS.
The QUEEN CITY OIL CO., Limited
SAMUEL ROGERS, President
TORONTO, ONT.

BURMESE BOND PAPER
Is a superior material for fine stationery for either home or office use. It has a perfect writing surface; it is strong and durable, and has a handsome appearance. To be had of all stationers and printers. TRY IT.
Canada Paper Company Limited
TORONTO AND MONTREAL

THE INK USED ON THIS PUBLICATION WAS MADE BY THE CANADA PRINTING INK Co TORONTO LIMITED

When Woman Loves
Cleanliness, Health, and Air free from disease germs, she doesn't depend on shiftless ways and allow typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria smallpox, etc., to get in without an effort to oust it. She buys
SPOONER'S
PHENYLE
DISINFECTANT
None better on earth. Holds Prof. Ellis' certificate. Stores sell it—25 cents per pound. Think of the trouble it saves. Just the tip for horse, cattle and hog growers. Send for circulars. ALONZO W. SPOONER, Port Hope, Ont. LYMAN BROS. & Co., Toronto.

PATENTS
FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.
TORONTO, MONTREAL, OTTAWA, WASHINGTON.

Christmas Globe 1900.



Camenae.

CHRISTMAS, A.D. 1900.

To-day is to the old Eastern city
Where long ago a lowly child triumphant was,
Trampled to dust beneath Time's careless feet
The wayside inn has long since passed away,
The children of another race play
Where once the angels sang the new found news,
Touched by the mystic bright Christ's dream.
The wise men, too, have gone. The shepherd boys
Who, with their fathers, saw the manger low,
Received Death's summons many years ago.

And yet it all comes back to us again
This tradition of Christmas morn. We see once more
The starlight beaming o'er Judean plains,
The Patriarchs sitting in the eastern door,
The guided sages in Messiah's court,
The infant Saviour, with pitying eyes
With love that ...
Compassion ...
The Son of Rig...
Arisen now ...

Yes! they come back ... memories
Born of our purer ...
Oh! dearest morn to us of all the year
Love's deathless promise ...
Though from our ...
Upon the ashes of past failures ...
We will build up again ...
All that this day suggests. Hope ...
Earth her full recompense, and ...
Shall point to where ...

Then let the Christmas bells ...
While Time on ... angel ...
Goodwill and Peace ...
And bring to us their gifts. Love's ...
Their balm shall soothe ...
For blessings ...
And we shall ...
Around us ...
While Trust ...
As Christ ...

Drayton, Ont., 1900. J. S. Dent.

A Christmas Message.



ONE YEAR MORE has passed over our heads and the boat goes on more swiftly toward the river. The blood is less riotous, the pulse less eager, a grave patience sits upon the tongue, and the discipline of life has won the head to kindlier judgment and the heart to tenderer sympathy for the young whose feet are just upon the threshold and for the old who falter in the way and weary for the resting time. If between the cradle and the grave we shall learn how to live we shall do much. If we but learn how to neighbor with our kind, how to love and how to trust, we shall have learned the best lessons that earth can teach, and we can lay the head upon the pillow at the end and hope that in His mercy and His charity He will forgive. It is not much that we can do at best. In this great loud world the strongest voice is only a whisper. For most of us our kingdom hardly extends beyond the walls that shelter us. If we can keep the sun in one woman's heart, the smile upon one woman's face, if we have wise counsel and patient love for a child, or two, or three, as God may have willed, we shall do well. If beside we can help some neighbor when his day of trial is on him, can cover up his fault, and put new hope into his life, there may be in our song of thanksgiving even an alleluia. If we have but heart and patience heart for those who trust us and patience with those who accuse us, we shall find that our worst hurts are mere flesh-wounds and that serenity and good temper heal and save. If we are hit in any sore spot we shall be wise if we do not show the wound; and in the rough conflicts that come to those of us who have to do with affairs of the people, small or great, it were better to die than to ask for mercy. Let us keep the head up and the courage strong. Just so certain as we win to-day we shall lose to-morrow, and as we are boastful and arrogant in the day of victory we shall be torn and trampled in the day of defeat. Let us keep our best fighting for the foe when he meets us in the gate in all the splendid insolence of his triumph, and even pity and be tender with him when he is at our feet, his fortune at its ebb, and his cause in the dust. It is only the fool who thinks that he will be always on the hilltop, and so piles stones in the valley on which, be sure, he shall fall when inevitable fate sets some other king upon the throne. The multitude is swift to change masters, and no one may foretell its humors or name its heroes for to-morrow or the day after. A century is just going out, and its closing days have been loud with war and bitter with wounds and death. It is long since we received the Divine call to peace and good-will among men, but it has not yet run its full errand in the earth. Still we like to think that the world grows better, and that the Divine courier is still upon his way, and that the century which shall soon issue from the womb of time shall bring that peace and healing to the nations which, strain our eyes as we may, we cannot yet discern even in the remoter distance.

J. S. Willison.



Two Blind Mice

(A Christmas Story)

By Francis E. Macartney

PATSY, come here this moment!"

"Oi won't."

A patter of flying footsteps, the "swish" of a woman's skirts, and Nurse Canfield was in full cry down the ward after a small son of Erin, to whose feet the fear of an impending bath had lent wings, while the grim old walls rang with childish laughter and the clapping of little feeble hands.

Round and round the ward they ran, and up and down it; the child dodging, twisting and turning as only a small boy can; the girl hard on his heels, now cornering him, now losing him, now almost touching the fluttering folds of his little nightgown, yet never quite effecting a capture.

"For ways that are dark
And tricks that are vain
The hospital kid is peculiar,"

misquoted a pleasant Scotch voice from the doorway.

"Oh, doctor, do help me!" Wyn exclaimed, pausing before the stalwart owner of said voice a breathless moment, her lovely, laughing face flushed with unwonted exertion, her grey eyes dancing, her auburn locks escaping from beneath a cap gone distractingly awry.

And the chase began all over again, the light laughter of the girl and the man mingling with the shrill, delighted treble of the children.

Fortunate indeed was it for those two imprudent young people that the Superintendent was not making rounds early that morning. For in all well-regulated hospitals, as the reader is doubtless aware, any familiarity between the nurses and the house-doctors is strictly forbidden. 'Twas largely owing to these stern regulations, Wyn demurely explained, that she and Kenneth MacLean were engaged.

"Little wretch!" panted Wyn, when the fugitive had at last been caught by MacLean and handed over to the luckless "probationer" detailed to superintend his ablutions. "What a chase he has given me! I was determined he should have that bath if I died for it."

"You may perhaps remember," she went on, sinking into a chair and fanning herself vigorously with her apron, "You may perhaps remember that when I was first promoted to the charge of this ward I carried myself proudly, as a young woman whose extraordinary merits had at last been appreciated?"

MacLean nodded.

"Well," calmly, "I realize now that I have been placed here for my sins. Of all trying places, a children's ward is the worst! Either they are breaking the very heart of you with the sight of their suffering, or"—with a gesture towards the door by which Patsy had made his late vociferous exit—"they are convalescent and acting like this."

"Poor little gerrl!" said MacLean, his voice hypocritically expressing the sympathy which his laughing brown eyes belied. "And to think that I should be the one to add to your torments! I just looked in to ask if you would take in a little blind gerrl from the surgical ward? She's lonely up there, poor little soul, (with no children to play with, and (for all the good we can do her) she may as well be treated down here."

"Blind!" exclaimed Wyn. "That reminds me, an Italian child was brought in last night whom I would like you to see. He is blind—hopelessly so, Dr. Fordham says—and his eyes are dreadfully inflamed. I thought perhaps you, Ken, (with all a woman's fond belief in the peculiar gifts of her lover) could suggest something to relieve them."

She led the way to a cot at the far end of the ward.

"Be very gentle," she whispered, stopping a few paces from it. "He's terrified at the sound of a footstep. (See, now how, as we approach, his arm goes up to cover his face! Oh, Ken"—with a pathetic break in the sweet young voice—"what can they have done to him to make him tremble like this?"

MacLean bent over the cot and gently pulled down the thin little arm from the wan little face.

"Done to him!" he exclaimed, his strong, dark, young face growing suddenly white with passion. "The brutes have deliberately blinded him. They've rubbed all sorts of stuff into his eyes—no doubt that he might be the better able to beg. God! think of the slow agony of it! No wonder he shrinks at a footstep! It makes one rejoice to believe in a hell," he muttered between his clenched teeth, "when one sees such helpless misery as this."

He applied a cooling lotion to the tortured, disfigured eyes, while the patient, the memory of other days strong upon him, fought like a mad thing.



• • • "MacLean bent over the cot."

"Poor mite!" Wyn said sadly. "If one could only make him understand. He either can not or will not speak English, and no one here speaks Italian. Think what it must be to lie here in the dark, and alone, not knowing whether one is among friends or foes."

"Best leave him alone," the doctor advised, tucking the bedclothes around the small, shrinking form with a touch as light as a woman's. "The child cannot live, and in his terrified state any attempt at nursing would be torture. Just place his food and drink within reach and leave him alone."

* * * * *

That afternoon Margie, the little girl of whom the doctor had spoken, was brought down from the surgical ward. She was a sweet, gentle child, with a small, dark, oval face and a heart full of sunshine. Before she had been among them a week she was the confidante of every child in the ward. Even blind Pietro—who still shuddered at the nurse's approach and cowered from the children—even Pietro suffered her to sit by his cot and hold his hand by the hour. He seemed to know that her soft little hand could never be cruel.

Christmas was about a fortnight away, and each childish heart beat high with excitement. One of the chronically ailing among the patients remembered waking there last Christmas morning to find a wonderful tree in the nurse's small sitting-room at the end of the ward, all blazing with candles and gorgeous with tinsel. She expatiated on its glories again and again to groups of hungry listeners, all eager to believe that, even then, the half was not told them.

In the heart of every such group one was sure to find Margie.

"Oh, I can't wait," she would say, clasping her hands in an ecstasy; "I can't wait till it comes!"

"But you won't see it, goosie," the ruddy-haired Patsy reminded her, bluntly. "Yer op'ration's a failure, and you won't never see nawthin' agen. I heard wan av the doctor men say so."

"Doctors doesn't know everythin'"; and Margie wagged her head sagely. "I know I'll see that tree, 'cause I've asked God to let me."

"Did yer ast for Pietro, too?" Patsy sternly demanded. Then, gathering from her abashed silence that she had not, "That's you, greedy," he cried, "hull hog or none."

"Let's do it now," Margie suggested. And straightway a prayer-meeting was held round Pietro's cot, Margie leading in prayer, Patsy crossing himself devoutly, and a small cripple of the Salvation Army persuasion coming in at appropriate moments with a "Yea, Lord!" or a telling "Amen," while Pietro, misunderstanding the children's kindly intentions, shielded his scarred little face with his arm.

After that Margie was as confident of the restoration of Pietro's sight as she was of her own.

"But, Margie," Wyn once said, seeking to prepare her for the disappointment that seemed inevitable, "even if you don't see the tree you must try to enjoy your Christmas. God is so much wiser than we are, dearest, that sometimes He knows it is best not to give people quite all that they ask."

"Oh, but you don't know Him," Margie answered, with her old, wise, little wag of the head. "That's to be God's Chris'mas present to me. And if He hadn't been going to give it don't you s'pose He'd have let me know?"

"And what do you want old Santa to bring you?" MacLean asked, taking the child on his knee during one of his stolen visits to his sweetheart.

"A doll," Margie replied, promptly, "with big blue eyes and golden hair—oh, I hope she'll have golden hair! You know, I'll be able to see her that morning if I never can see her again."

* * * * *

Christmas morning dawned cold and white and beautiful—a typical Canadian Christmas.

Too excited to quiet down early the previous evening, the children slept late, none stirring till a chorus of sweet, girlish voices in the corridor started up the Christmas hymn:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around."



• • "Just then Pietro sprang to his knees on the cot."

As the grand old hymn swept on under-nurses were busy hustling convalescents into warm wrappers and slippers, and bolstering up less fortunate invalids, and moving their cots forward that they might see.

One little bed only remained undisturbed—the one in which Pietro lay dying.

While the last verse was being sung the great doors at Pietro's end of the ward slowly parted, and the tree stood revealed, illuminated with tapers, weighed down with presents.

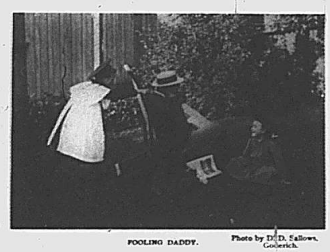
For a time the nurses and doctors were too busy distributing presents—to say nothing of keeping Patsy and several other small demons even worse than himself in order—to give Margie a thought.

Wyn was the first to notice her, standing on the outskirts of the crowd, the bandage pushed back from her eyes, a flaxen-haired doll in her arms.

"Well, Margie, and how do you like it?" she asked, referring, of course, to the doll.

The child came to herself with a sigh. "'Twas lovely," she said; "all glitter and light. Oh, Nurse Canfield, I saw it! I saw it!"

"You saw it?" Wyn went down on her knees, drew the child to her, and scanned the small, radiant



FOOLING DADDY. Photo by D. D. Sallows, Goderich.

face and poor, darkened eyes. "Child, child, what are you saying! You cannot see me?"

"No," Margie answered gravely. "But I did see the tree. I held Patsy's hand and I saw it."

"Telepathy, mind-reading, or whatever you call it," a "know-all" among the nurses made haste to explain. "You see, the children were all looking at the tree; and she says she was hold——" But the impromptu lecture was never finished.

Just then Pietro sprang to his knees in his cot, his arms stretched upwards, his sightless eyes fixed on the ceiling.

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" he cried in Italian. "Take me; oh, sir! take—me."

* * * * *

"So both Margie's prayers were answered," MacLean said to Wyn as they bent over Pietro's still, little form a few moments later. "Come, come, don't cry, little gerrl! D'ye mind the look on his face? I'll warrant he saw a far more glorious vision than she did."

The White Flag.

In this dark year that hastens to an end,
Yet that will bring for many days to come
The tear of memory to the orphan's eye,
The pang of heart-break to the widowed breast,—
Through lands of East and West; in Darien's wilds,
On Africa's sad fields, 'mid island swamps
Where our near kinsmen waged inglorious war,
And where enthroned, a crumbling mockery,
China sat brooding o'er her ancient lore
While western conquerors thundered at her gates;
Hate trod the grapes, the bitter grapes of strife,
And men are drunken with the red new wine.

Lord, from our lips dash the unhallowed cup,
For we are weak,—strength cometh but of Thee;
In mercy calm the nation's maddened pulse
That throbs tumultuous to the beat of drums.
From fields of carnage may we turn our eyes
Toward that day, of which this is a sign,
When the war flags of all the sons of men,
The flags that stir embattled hosts to deeds
Of desperate valor and of cruel wrong,
Shall wave no more, and in their place shall float
The banner of the Master, Bethlehem's child,
The fair white flag of universal peace.

Stewart Lyon.

Exploring a Norwegian Fjord

By Frank Yeigh

Of the hundreds of sea arms that penetrate the thousand miles of rocky coast line of Norway, the most remarkable in many respects is the famous Hardanger fjord, and as we sail over its sinuous length and drive along the lovely valley that lies at its head all types of scenery pass in panorama; all sizes and shapes of boulders and cliffs, of hills and mountains; all forms of sloping bank and curving shore, the fjord narrowing to a stream or widening to a lake; the waterfalls of high degree, and lower; only the waterside hamlets displaying a similarity of warehouse and wooden church, of white-painted inn and quaint shops.

The granite avenue changes its aspect as soon as the North Sea is left behind and the low, glacier-smoothed entrance hills are passed. As the boat follows the winding course of the fjord, the mountains gradually rise to a height of five and six thousand feet; here forming an unbroken wall of appalling grandeur; there breaking away into uneven heights, with fertile intervening valleys, peopled by a hardy and industrious type of peasantry, with headgear and costumes and manners quite distinct from the dwellers in neighboring valleys. The sublimity of these Scandinavian mountain clefts, where the waters are as deep as the hills are high, is enhanced by the atmosphere of legend and fable in which they are enveloped. One can easily understand Norse mythology amid such titanic creations. It is the ideal haunt of Thor and Hemir and Balder; the colossal home of the yotun or giant whose blood made the sea, whose flesh was the land, whose bones were the rocks, whose skull was the great vault of the sky, and whose brains were the clouds!



Photo by Lafayette, Dublin ROSES.

The human element in this northland of nature is one of the attractive features of a Norwegian tour. In the dark defiles live the descendants of the historic Norsemen of old—a democratic, freedom-loving, honest, hospitable and homely people. Quaint are their humble homes, restricted their farms, and narrow their lives. At the little village of Norheimsund, its winding street of frame houses facing a matchless panorama of mountain ranges and glaciers, our first experience was had with a Norwegian stolkjaerre, an old-fashioned, two-wheeled, springless cart drawn by a small-boned pony. Lines and traces were of rope, and the harness was minus collar, blinders, and other features of a more civilized outfit. The driver lad, perched behind us, on a seat precariously high and unstable, confined his remarks during the drive up the valley to some remarkable guttural exclamations addressed to the horse. The road was an excellent one, and wound picturesquely beside a twisting, noisy river. In a few moments the open water of the fjord was lost to view, and we were in a little world of a score of farms, with barns and houses ridiculously small when measured against the mountain barrier behind. The women were working in the abbreviated meadows, cutting the hay with short-bladed scythes, and packing the clover by hand between the rails of a hurdle or fence, where sun and wind would speedily cure it. The dames good-naturedly accepted the temporary help of the strangers, and probably obtained as much amusement out of us as we did out of the strong-limbed and ruddy-cheeked peasants. We walked part of the return way as the sun dropped behind the distant peaks and left its mantle of many colors in a world of wondrous beauty. A fall in a cleft of rock sang a song that distance softened to a lullaby. We overtook an old peasant woman, slow of step and over-bent, carrying her scythe and a bundle of fragrant hay. The wincey skirt, looped to the black waist, the poke bonnet of a past age, the neckerchief that had once been white, the seamed hands and creased face and dimmed eyes, made the poor old haymaker a veritable Mother Hubbard. Another sample of the seven ages was encountered at a rustic bridge: a pudgy Scandinavian of five or six summers, grave of face and curious of eye, who peered like a brownie from underneath the planking, and after, when a safe distance had intervened, ventured to issue from his hiding-place and gaze and gaze at the folk from another land until the tiny miniature of a Norseman was swallowed up in the gloaming. Regaining the village and the pier, a typical group of citizens propped up the weather-beaten warehouse as they solemnly smoked their cheap pipes and spoke not a word. Thus and there we left them, and perchance they may still be rooted to the same spot.

As we sailed away, the mountains of the Hardanger revealed on their uneven crests and in their deep-cut valleys the eternal ice of the giant Folgefond, a glacier of enormous extent, covering two hundred and fifty square miles. This frozen sea among the clouds was seen in the distance for many an hour of sailing before we entered the fjord. Now it glistened brilliantly in the clear, noonday sun, now it was dulled to a grey by the shadow of a passing cloud, and now made mysterious through a veil of mist or a robe of storm. The contrast is startling between the summer beauty of the valleys and the winter winding sheet of the hill tops—the region where "the frost of the ages hath wrought a silence."

At one spot winter and summer meet face to face, and audacious summer encourages a field of growing barley to wave its length of stalk within a few hundred feet of the Buarbrae, one of the many branches of the main glacier. In the heart of the Buarbrae is a gigantic ice grotto of a rich blue color, which is, however, inaccessible for other than expert mountain and ice climbers.

In the valley of the Odde, at the head of the Hardanger fjord, the drive is over the celebrated Telemarken road, formed out of detritus. The few farms in the circumscribed plain are composed of soil from the moraines of former glaciers. The scene, as we rattled over the roadway, rivalled the rainbow for coloring: the exquisite greenish-blue tints of the ice masses, the varied foliage of tree and shrub and heather and wayside flower, the brown and grey shades on the mountain slopes revealing and reflecting "many a touch of nature's genial glow," the quivering shades on the surface of the Sandevand, or the salmon lake, the white purity of the waterfalls with their gossamer veils of spray, the glorious sky above, the blue glory of the fjord hundreds of feet below us—the glory of it all! of God's world—of



Photo by E. J. Rowley A PASTORAL STUDY.

God's everlasting hills—of His still waters and valleys of peace—of His birds and flowers and sunshine and air—the glory of life in God's world!

Tennyson speaks in the "Princess" of "a myriad of rivulets hurrying through the lawn." The poet might have written of the Odde valley that a myriad of waterfalls hurried over cliff and precipice and ledge, down crevasses and chasms, adding their foaming waters to the turbulence of the torrent, and, later on, disappearing in the secret depths of the fjord. Each of the many arms of the

Folgefond feed from their cold caverns these streams that make the foses or falls of Norway; and who has yet succeeded in capturing the beauty of these precipitous streams in word or type? Who can find language for the rush of the great twin falls—the Lotefos and Skarfos—from divergent cuts in the brow of the mountain, and their union midway down, their combined precipitation under the old stone bridge and over the bed of jagged rocks to the rushing river in the valley? Who can adequately call by its right name of ethereal beauty the spray garment of the Espelandsfos just across the narrow gorge? Again one exclaims that He who made this world by His creative fiat was a wonder-worker among the mountains of Norway, and that He made the Hardanger the wonder of wonders.

The Passing of The Century.

"Come, let me tell thee, ere I go my way,
The greatest of the things that I have seen."
So spake the Century, drawing proudly up
His regal figure in its classic robe,
And pausing, with Historia at his side,
Before the portal of the Past, his foot
Already on the threshold. "Thou wilt write
My story in thy scroll, continuing
The eighteen chapters of the Christian age—
Telling the tale, as is thy wont, in prose—
In truth severe, and shorn of ornament;
Yet, such the marvellous record thou must write,
That earlier eyes, if they might read the tale,
Would deem it fairy lore, fantastical,
Or own that mortal men had grown to gods!
For thou must tell of things miraculous
To other eras, blest above these last
With the child-faculty of Wonder, which
Is now well-nigh outworn in human souls.
Think'st thou such readers could believe it true
That wingless mortals sweep o'er land and sea
With swifter flight than eagles? Or that speech,
Translated into lightning-flash, unites
All ends of earth in one community?
That Titan-powers, captive to puny man,
Patiently labor for him night and day,
Producing endless stores of useful things
And things of beauty? That a household toy
Of lifeless substance entertains his ease
With living human speech and music-strain
Perfect in tone as tongue or instrument?
That life itself, moving in varied scene,
May now be brought in pictured semblance
From lands far distant, to be reproduced
At his command upon a canvas screen
In detail all exact? That mimic moons
Light up his cities through the hours of night
With glow of mystic day?

"These marvels all
Thou wilt describe as plain, prosaic fact,
And take thy chance with Incredulity;
Nay, more than these; thou wilt set forth as well
The triumphs of the pen, the plough, the sword,
The mart, the forum, and the printing-press,
The schools of art and science—wondrous all!

"But let me tell thee, for my time is short,
The greatest of the things that I have seen
The latest but the noblest of them all—
The apotheosis of Free Government,
Set down as the event most notable
Of all that happened in my hundred years
That episode of war; in epic strain
Rehearse how Britain's free-soul'd colonies
Sprang to her side when the alarum rang out,
Sending across the thousand leagues of sea
Their valorous sons to service unconstrained;
And pouring forth their treasure, proud and glad,
To aid the Old Land's cause; no sight like this
Has any century hitherto beheld;
For never till Victoria's Empire rose
Has any throne bound its dependencies
By heart-strings to itself, and built on love
Its world-encircling might. Thy pen, perchance,
Has traced the record of some ancient power
Whose slaves obeyed—but 'twas with slavish fear.
Or thou hast known of formal pacts and bonds
That have compelled alliance mutually
Twixt state and state; but here is something new,
A spectacle pathetic and sublime
Whereat mere Power may weep, and tremble, too.
Yet not mysterious; open, simple, plain,
The secret of this wonder of the world:
Britain alone has nurtured Liberty.
With generous heart and open hand has given
To her possessions what herself most prized—
Freedom, home-government, full civil rights,
And with no selfish aim—pure motherhood,
Demanding but the mother-privilege
Of shielding her wide brood. So has it come,
Since nations still are form'd of human hearts,
That mellow gratitude at length has burst
Into a full-blown chivalry of love,
And that the gifts thus bounteously bestow'd
Have now returned upon her, thousand fold,
In fealty that counts not any cost
Of filial service in the hour of need.

"Set down, Historia, that in these my days
The world has witnessed the prodigious birth
Of a new nation, a world-ruling power,
A firm-knit people 'neath a single flag;
Diverse in clime and character, but one
In soul, and purpose, and blood-brotherhood;
Henceforth a Greater Britain to hold sway
O'er this distracted earth.

J. W. Bengough.



NOT a very large section of the british army was able to take its Christmas dinner in Pretoria, but the Canadian Mounted Rifles made a very strong effort to eat its 24th of May dinner on Transvaal soil at least. All of that day there was a great deal of speculation among the troops as to whether we would get over the Vaal and celebrate her Majesty's birthday within the territories of the chief of the two states against whom we were battling. There were dark rumors that Lieut.-Col. Evans had certain bottles of champagne which were to be used to drink the health of our gracious Queen, should we be fortunate enough to get across the Vaal in time. To men whose drink for many weeks had been for the most part muddy water, this seemed the wildest kind of a fairy tale, but man is prone to hope that the pleasant things will come true, and we gravitated towards that champagne with irresistible force.

As we neared the river a story was passed around that the troops in advance would at noon fire a volley across the river into the sacred soil of the South African Republic. I rode ahead to see this performance, but after riding a long distance got entangled in the numerous roads that branched over the veldt and finally had to take the back track. Coming to a farm house, I found some of our troops there, all being engaged in chasing ducks and chickens and geese about the yard. An officer had fixed a price on these, and the Dutch vrouw was doing an enormous business, but grumbling all the time at the shabbiness of the market price. It never occurred to her that if this were any other army than a British army, with Lord Roberts at its head, her poultry would have been taken without so much as by your leave.

The C. M. R. had gone ahead, I was told, and there was no hope of catching up with them. Our convoy was behind and I waited for it, knowing that it would surely lead me to my command. The order was that we should cross the river at Lindeque's drift. Long before we reached the river, however, night fell. The position was that unless the convoy caught up to the troops the latter would go supperless to bed. So, in spite of the dark, on we plodded. I have known some murkier nights, but not many. The difficulty of seeing was increased by a mist which brooded over the lands in the vicinity of the river.

The odd thing was that we seemed to be just on the eve of crossing the river all the time, and yet it ever and ever eluded us. It was like a nightmare. My riding horse was thoroughly beat out. I had given him to my Kaffir to lead while I had undertaken to drive the Cape cart. Although we could not see, we knew that most of the time a steep bank descended on our left hand. The best way, of course, would be to let the horses have their heads, trusting to their instinct to keep to the road. But the team walked slower than the general rate of the convoy, and had to be urged along every few minutes to diminish the gap between them and the team ahead.

There was lots of sound to guide us. The pagan screeches of the Kaffir muleteers, the cracking of their thirty-foot whips and the roar of the wagons as they plunged over stones formed a medley of noises not easily forgotten.



The spring board was built at Burlington Beach for the benefit of this dog's master, who went there each day to bathe. After seeing the boys jump off two or three times, the dog followed them in turn, and would go by himself several times every day to enjoy the fun.

At certain bad spots men with lanterns were placed, but one blinding glare from these plunged the driver who got a flash of it absolutely in the dark for the next half hour, during which one could merely inly pray that the ponies would not wander over the bank. We crossed at least one stream presumably connected with the main river, and, as I afterwards understood, so many wagons broke down at another of these ahead of us that the whole convoy had to be halted just where it was.

The particular spot at which our part of it halted was the most uncomfortable that could be imagined. It was simply a road cut out of the face of a stony semi-precipice. To get along in the dark from one part of the cavalcade to another was to risk one's bones at every step. To prepare a meal was not to be thought of. Blake, the major domo of C squad-



"WILL I GO NOW?" Photo by Walter Seldon, Toronto.



Designed and photographed by Mr. Lumsden, Toronto.

SWEETHEARTS THROUGH LIFE.

ron's officers' mess, did light a fire and make some tea that was strong enough to have pulled one of those bull teams across the Vaal. I had a Maconochie ration in my cart and Lieut. Eustace got a fire going with great difficulty. When there are no other means of cooking the ration you just put the tin in amongst the coals. When you hear a sharp crack it should be removed. We failed to hear this warning, and presently the tin exploded like a shell and spattered everybody beside the fire with a compost of hot meat, gravy and vegetables. Fortunately the tin itself whistled harmlessly by.

That finished our attempts to get supper. There was nowhere to sleep but on the road, and there we rolled ourselves up in our blankets on the ground,



ONE OF MONTREAL'S FUTURE FIGHTERS.

with a fervent hope that the horses would not step on us during the night. As I lay awake I could hear the men relating to each other where they had spent former Queen's birthdays, but it was the universal judgment that this was the most novel and possibly the worst of all.

As for the troops which we never reached, they spent the night waiting for us to catch up. Those who had the good fortune to have saved a hardtack from the morning munched it greedily, while those who had none tried to forget that it was the Queen's birthday.

I may say that that champagne was produced in due time, and although somewhat belated the Queen's health was drunk with special enthusiasm —and on Transvaal soil.

Two Heads, One Thought.

The words often quoted from "Ingomar, the Barbarian," "two souls with but a single thought," were beautifully illustrated by one of Sully's experiences in painting portraits. Two of his patrons were Monsieur Brugere and his wife. Both were old, and each wished to surprise the other with a New Year's gift. Monsieur first called on Sully and engaged him to paint his portrait. No one but the artist and the sitter was to know of the transaction, as monsieur intended to surprise madame on the first day of the year. The portrait was begun, and there had been several sittings. Then madame visited the artist's studio. Sully, seeing her enter, thought the secret had fared as secrets generally do, and was preparing to bring out monsieur's portrait. But madame prevented him from becoming a marplot by saying: "Monsieur Sully, you must paint my picture very quick; I wish to surprise monsieur, my husband, very much. He has long wished for my portrait, but I have refused. Now I wish him to find it hung up before his face on New Year's morning. So you will paint my portrait, and keep it very secret from monsieur." Both portraits were painted, and both secrets kept. On New Year's eve, after the Brugere family had retired, Sully contrived to place the two portraits in their parlor. Doubtless both monsieur and madame knew why the house was invaded at that late hour, and each thought, "Ah, there's my surprise!" In a day or two monsieur called on the portrait painter. "Aha, Monsieur Sully!" he exclaimed. "Now we have all played a trick! I trick my wife; my wife trick me; you trick both. Very early on New Year's morning madame get up and go into the parlor. I listen, and I hear her exclaim very loud, and laugh very much. So I go to her to enjoy the joke. "'Aha, my dear!' I say. 'Is it like?' "'You shall look if it is like,' said she; and there, by the side of mine, I found her picture. "'Aha, Sully has told you my plot and you counterplot me!' But I found it was the same thought in two heads." "And the mutual desire to produce an agreeable surprise," said the artist.

Good Word.

A little Irish maid, fresh from her native isle, has furnished her New England mistress with many a new phrase. "The sun has hard work to shine this week, Nora," said the lady to the maid, who was dusting her room one gloomy day. "It comes out for a few minutes, and then the clouds hide it for hours again." "Yes, mim," said Nora. "It's what you'd call bashful weather, mim; now isn't it?"



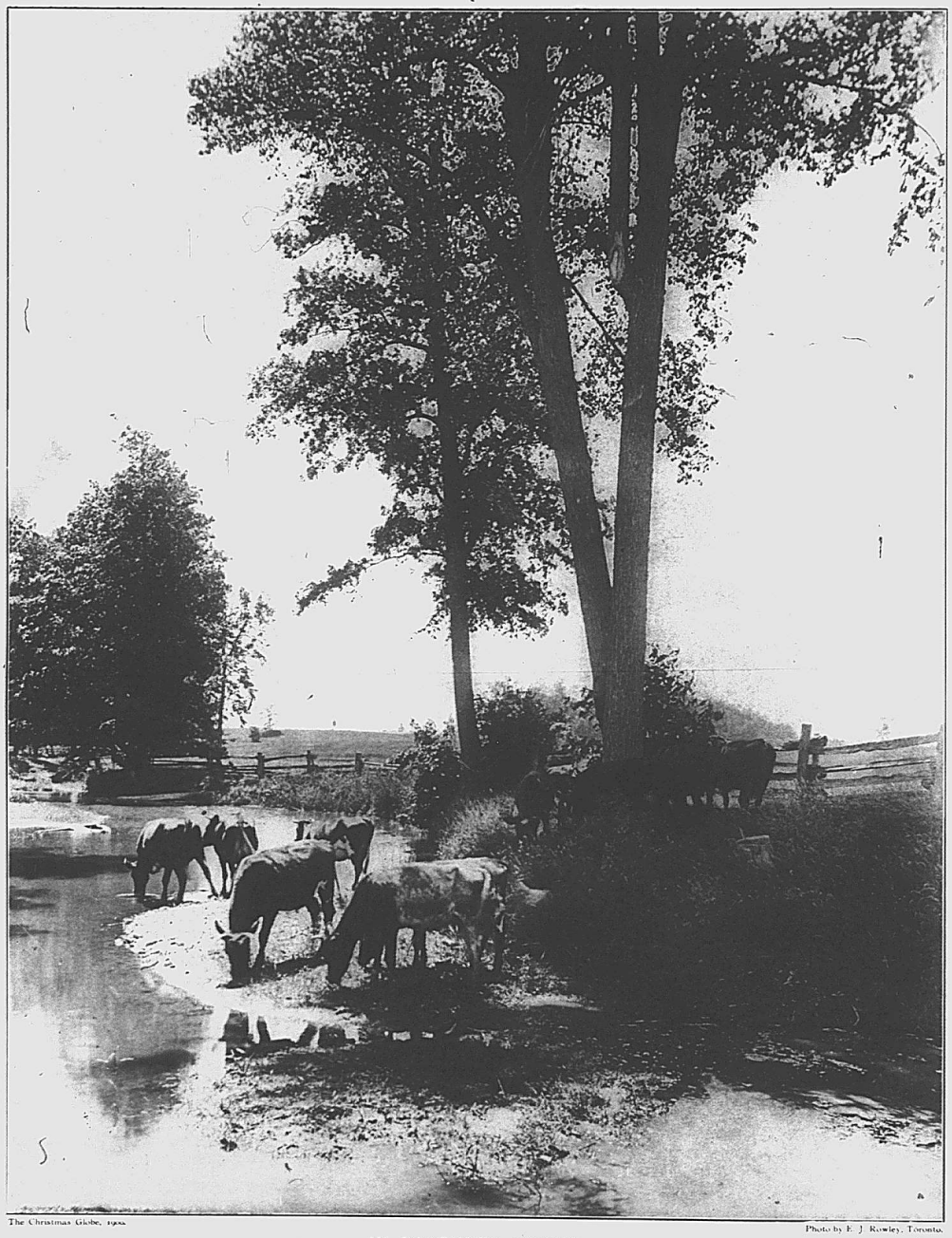


Photo by E. J. Rowley, Toronto.

IN PASTURES GREEN.



My little sweetheart of long ago!
I see her eyes and her wind-tossed hair,
And the long, long way that we used to go
On foot to school when the day was fair.
The morning sun on our faces shone,
And the world before us was all our own.

We crossed the bridge at the end of the town,
Beyond the hedges the meadow lay;
We could look across where the sky came down
To the ends of the earth, and far away,—
And we thought, for the distance seemed so fair,
That surely the gate of Heaven was there!

We passed through the quiet woodland dell,
Where the great trees met in an arching screen,
And the glinting, wavering sunbeams fell,
Like golden arrows, the boughs between,
Lighting the moss where the wind-flowers shook,
And the violet slept in her velvet nook.

Always new was that morning walk;
So much to think, and so much to say,
How full of wisdom our grave, sweet talk,
What treasures we found along the way!
'Mid all the wealth in the haunts of men,
Nothing so rare have we found since then!

A tiny nest, where the eggs were five,—
An empty nest, by the pathway's edge;
The myriad creatures that toil and thrive
In mossy crevice and nook and ledge,
Ant, and spider, and wood-mouse shy,
Butterfly, moth, and dragon-fly!

My little sweetheart of long ago!
Though school has ended, and life's sad page
Has taught us more than we care to know,
Have we wiser grown? Are we quite as sage
As we were in that far, sweet dreamland, where
We walked to school when the days were fair?

The Gayest Fellow in the World.

The Irish peasant is still, thank Heaven, what Sir Walter Scott called him, after the visit of the great novelist to Ireland in the early thirties—he is still "the gayest fellow in the world under difficulties and afflictions." He has a cheerful way of regarding circumstances which to others would be most unpleasant and disheartening. A peasant met with an accident which resulted in a broken leg. The neighbors, of course, commiserated him. "Arrah," he remarked with a gleam of satisfaction in his eye as he regarded the bandaged limb, "what a blessing it is that it wasn't me neck." Yes, the irrepressible Irishman has a joke for every occasion. Two countrymen who had not seen each other for a long time met at a fair. They had a lot of things to tell each other. "Sure, it's married I am," said O'Brien. "You don't tell me so!" said Blake. "Faith, yes," said O'Brien, "an' I've got a fine healthy bhoy which the neighbors say is the very picter of me." Blake looked for a moment at O'Brien, who was not, to say the least, remarkable for his good looks, and then said: "Och, well, what's the harrum so long as the child's healthy?" And yet a peasant to whom a witticism thus spontaneously springs may be very simple-minded.

A London tourist in Ireland was telling a bright and intelligent peasant of the wonders of the great metropolis. "Cheapside," he said, "is crammed with people. Piccadilly is the same. You can hardly walk in the Haymarket for the throngs;" and so on. "You don't say so," said the peasant, in amazement. "But tell me," he added, recalling to his mind the monthly fair which is held in the streets of his native village, "how do they manage with the cattle, sheep and pigs on fair days?" The peasants' passion for rhetoric, to which I have already alluded, still induces them to commit to memory imposing polysyllables which they often misapply, with the most amusing and grotesque results. I heard a nursemaid exclaim at a crying child in her arms: "Well, of all the ecclesiastical children I ever met you're wan of thim." A landlord in the south of Ireland recently received a letter from a tenant in the following terms:

"Yer honnor: Hopin' this finds you in good health, as it laves me at present, your bulldog Bill has assassinated me poor ould donkey."—From The Nineteenth Century.

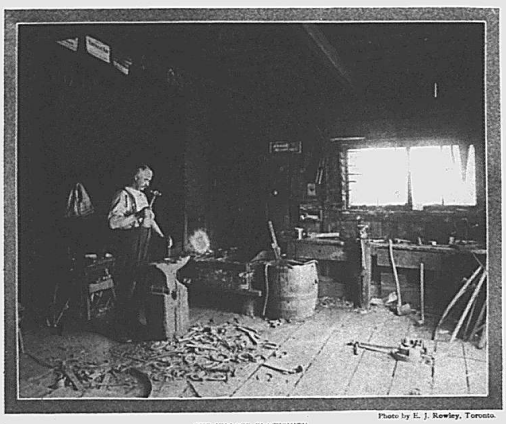


GOOD-BYE. Photo by R. K. Sallows.



"If I had the knack of slinging ink," said a young society man from a sister city, "I believe I could write a very entertaining book entitled 'The Confessions of a Palmist.' I used to enjoy quite a reputation as an amateur reader of the palm, and frequently laughed in my sleeve at the sensation I created at social gatherings. Without undertaking to impugn the good faith of anybody else, I don't mind admitting that my own performance was a harmless fake from beginning to end—in fact, it was started as a practical joke. It is the easiest thing in the world to become a drawing-room palmist. All one needs is audacity, a fairly good judgment of human nature, and a set of stock phrases. I was especially successful in 'reading the past,' which I did by means of certain glittering generalities. I would study the subject's palm for a while and then say, musingly: 'You had a serious illness or—er—accident in your boyhood—I think it was before you were ten years old.' There are very few men who have not had a serious illness or accident at that period, so I was pretty safe. I hit it at least nine times out of ten, and almost always the subject would give me a few cues himself, without realizing it. 'Yes,' he would say, in a tone of wonderment, 'I had a severe attack of scarlet fever when I was six.' 'Precisely,' I would rejoin, 'you can see for yourself where the line of life is badly crossed at that very point.' The 'important undertaking' was another stock revelation of mine that rarely missed fire. 'You have been meditating some important undertaking recently,' I would say. 'I can't make out exactly what it is, but it's something that will have great bearing on your future.' Now, every chap under thirty is continually meditating schemes he imagines to be important and believes will have a great bearing on his future, so that was a shot which simply couldn't fail to score a bull's-eye. As a rule my excited victim immediately blurted out the project he had on his mind and went away convinced that palmistry was an exact science. 'He told me a lot of things that nobody could possibly have known except myself,' was the way they usually summed it up.

"The two examples I have given will explain my method of delving into the past," continued the reformed palmist, "and in addition, of course, I 'read character' and 'foretold the future.' Both feats were absurdly easy. If I was dealing with a man, I generally told him that he had 'strong likes and dislikes;' that he was 'a bad enemy when aroused;' that he was 'naturally very sympathetic;' and that he 'possessed remarkable will power.' Those are traits that almost every fellow privately attributes to himself, and, needless to say, is highly delighted to hear them enumerated by the palmist. He will promptly admit the correctness of the diagnosis and wonders how anybody was able to size him up so accurately by merely looking into his hand. I used to also tell my subjects, by the way, that they were 'inclined to be slightly suspicious by temperament' and would be 'very hard to deceive.' Nothing pleases a man better, when he is being duped, than to learn that he is 'hard-to deceive.' He never fails to confess, modestly, that such is the case, and then unfolds his ears to hear the rest. I had a different and somewhat more complicated schedule for women, but the general principle was exactly the same, and I won't bore you with details. As far as the future was concerned, I simply let my fancy frolic, being careful to locate all big predictions sufficiently far away to give people a chance to forget 'em, or at least to get them a trifle mixed. In that manner I prevented my chickens from coming home to roost. Taken altogether, I made what the show people call 'a palpable hit,' and when I subsequently tried to explain that it was all a good-natured fake, nobody would believe me. Palmistry is a great art, but it could be practised just as successfully if the subject wore a pair of boxing gloves during the seance."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH. Photo by E. J. Rowley, Toronto.

Choice of Names.

Our Puritan ancestors regarded the worthies of Scripture with such reverence that they gave to their children as Christian names Ebenezer, Nebuchadnezzar, Obadiah, Hannah, Abigail and Mehitabel. That this custom is not entirely obsolete is shown by the fact that only a generation ago, when to the proud father of seven sons and two daughters came the crowning joy of his life in the birth of a third daughter, he chose her name from the Puritanical standpoint. A close student of Scripture history, he recognized the coincidence that in sex and numbers his family was the same as that of Job; therefore, regardless of all protests, he followed literally the words of the Old Testament, "He called the name of the third Keren-happuch." Notwithstanding the word is defined as "the child of beauty," it should have been accounted a misdemeanor, if not a crime, to burden a nineteenth century child with such a name.

Although the Bible names were often ugly and inharmonious, there came a time when Scriptural phrases were used with still worse effect. It is historical that "Praise-God" Barebones was a Puritan leather dealer of Fleet Street, who became the fanatical leader of the Parliament convened by Cromwell in 1653. His own name must have been satisfactory, as the one that he inflicted upon his son was "If-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-would-have-been-damned" Barebones. It is needless to add that the name was effectively shortened to "Damned" Barebones. Another historic name was "Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith" White, while one worthy of remembrance is "Kill-sin" Pimple.

No one may choose his surname, but parents have the responsibility of determining what the given name of the child shall be. The decision is for a lifetime, which makes it imperative that the momentous question should receive thoughtful consideration, instead of being settled in a moment of folly or caprice.—From The Chautauquan.

Bennie had never before seen any one crocheting. Turning to his mother, he exclaimed, wonderingly, "Mamma, Aunt Sue's knitting with a toothpick!"



Orchard Joy

BY

LAURA B. DURAND

"Oh, Earth, sweet mother, take us back!
With woodland strength and orchard joy,
And river peace without alloy,
Flood us who on the city's track
Have followed stifling, sordid years,
Cleanse us with dew and meadow rain,
Till life's horizon lights and clears,
And nature claims us once again."

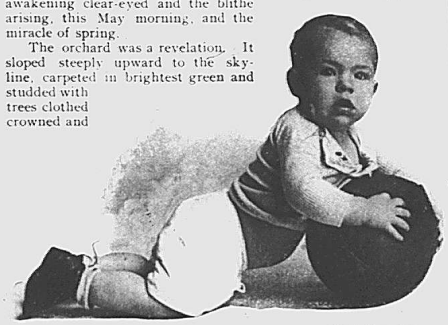
The long, straight road leading from Galt and forming the main street of Preston begins to rise abruptly towards its end where it forks and climbs on the one side, steep and stony, by orchards filled with ancient trees, and descends on the other, skirting the lovely Valley of the Speed, towards the artists' paradise, Doon. Fifty years ago a pioneer of the Huron tract built a house under the protecting side of the hill and laid out an orchard on the sun-soaked slopes. He passed in time to his reward, the traveller seldom asks his name, but his work remains, a source of rarest pleasure to us who have come after, recurrent with every year.

It was a May morning when first I chanced upon the scene. The night before I had come to the quiet inn, whose long, dull facade faces the Preston road, a fugitive from too constraining work and the city's friction and horrid noise.

"The loving earth that roots the trees
So closely to her inmost heart
Has rooted us as well as these,
Not long from her we live apart;
We draw upon a lengthening string
For months perhaps, perhaps for years,
And plume ourselves that we are free
And then—we hear a robin sing . . . ."

It was a call, sweet and imperious, and I had responded passionately, true to the vagrant survival in the blood. Then followed dreamless sleep, the awakening clear-eyed and the blithe arising, this May morning, and the miracle of spring.

The orchard was a revelation. It sloped steeply upward to the sky-line, carpeted in brightest green and studded with trees clothed crowned and veiled in shimmering pink and white, like a bride at the altar. Serenity reigned there and the silence that permits one to hear the humming of bees and the too long hushed melody of one's own heart. Reverently and with wonder I stepped over the threshold, took joy by the hand and fared forth with her.



BROCKVILLE, JR. Photo by Murray & Son.

The grass was still short and the earth moist from April showers. A myriad life was already moving there. Petals fell softly and a heavenly fragrance suffused the air. There was a spring bubbling up at an open space, where it deepened into a still, brown pool, and thence escaped by a hollowed path down the hillside to the road. A great motherly hen, yellow and pantaletted to the ankles, clucked and scratched solicitously about the pool, her responsive brood, tiny fluff-balls absurdly active, getting lost every minute in a handful of grass-blades. Their panic-stricken "tweet tweet" followed me as I went climbing.

From underneath the trees the weirdness of their shapes, hidden by the wealth of their blossoms, could be seen. Goblins and gnomes might have made their dwellings there. Age and every agony were pictured in the gnarled trunks and contorted branches. It was like Laocoon and his sons, struggling ineffectually forever. Yet the issue of the pain was this gracious beauty held aloft to heaven, perfume, color, shell-like flowers with golden centres, and then the fruitage! O, if pain did not smother the light of life in us! O, if our evil did not yield the consummate harvest!

I reached the highest point of the orchard, a grassy, wind-blown knoll and stood enchanted at the landscape.

"The day was a van-bird of Summer; the robin still piped, but the blue,
A warm and dreamy palace with voices of larks ringing through,
Looked down as it wistfully eyeing the blossoms that fell from its lap;
A day to sweeten the juices, a day to quicken the sap.
All round the shadowy orchard sloped meadows in gold, and the dear
Shy violets breathed their hearts out—the maiden breath of the year."

The brown, narrow road leading to the city bridges the river at the mill, behind which the pent-up waters raced like a flock of woolly sheep, and spread themselves, clinging to little points and miniature islands. Thence, reassured again, they flowed with a gentle serenity between the young hop-fields and emerald pastures starred with dandelions. There cattle browsed in their customary placid manner, and in a field adjoining a man in blue-jeans drove a plough. Above the bridge the Speed, which ought to be named the "Slothful," meandered, lined with fine, yellowing willows, through charming park-like woodlands from Hespeler. Over the treetops could be seen the extensive roofs of the manufactories near that place. Hills, dimly blue as distance makes them, swept the horizon on either hand; at my feet the spring was in tumult, and the sky above radiant with light. It is a puny soul which cannot accept a respite. I went a-maying.

"I care not for the old distress,
Nor if to-morrow bid me moan;
To-day is mine, and I have known
An hour of blessedness."

The birds had already established their households in the orchard. A robin ran nimbly over the sunlit lawn, cocked an eye at me, and, winging to his mate, flashed scarlet against the snow of the tree. An oriole broke into song in the freshness of the morning, questioning my intent: "Will you? Will you really, really, truly?" He loves an orchard, and in it, perhaps preferably, a tall pear tree. I have the memory of such a rich combination: mellow pears beside a swinging nest and an orange-breasted bird pinnacled against a sapphire sky, pouring out his musical dubiety. There was a red-eyed vireo in a mighty russet on a distant slope. Perchance he had watched me taking liberal tribute of the blossoms, for, though silent all the day, as I passed lingeringly home at evening he called: "You will rue it, you will rue it, you will rue it." Did he mean the maying? Ah, but his prophecy has never been fulfilled.

* * * * *

Summer grew to its height gloriously, declined in languor, and autumn had already woven her spells before I again stepped over that threshold and, breathless, lifted my eyes upon the orchard on the hill. It was a John o' Dreams day, soft like the other, but, oh, the difference. Under the haggard trees, where the sun had not touched it, hoar frost still glistened on the spent grass. Brown and yellow leaves chequered the thinning slopes, and the half-denuded branches traced grotesque shadows over them.

There had been enacted the perennial ancient mystery and the benediction. Vertumnus, the jocund god of the blossoming orchard, had wed with dear Pomona, and their mood must have been specially lavish as together they passed by.

Boughs hung freighted with her luscious symbols. Long ladders inclined among them, and up and down went the slow harvesters, while overflowing baskets lay beneath. Red or yellow or green fruit still hung at the highest points, tempting the venturous, and the ground was strewn with windfalls. I ran hither and thither, selecting, tasting and giving vent to my great gustatory joy. How delicious was the great oval-shaped fruit, red and yellow tinted, that covered the tree where the bold robin had built his nest; the flesh was firm in texture, creamy in hue, and succulent beyond measure.



A BIT OF NOVA SCOTIA.

One's teeth met and lingered there with a serious relish. The golden russets on the grass, cold from the frost, ravished the senses. I levied upon them, thinking of the red-eyed vireo's warning, more justifiable that day. I doubted whether the flavor of one variety of fruit were not superior till I had essayed another and speculated on the next.

In no modern orchard of spindlings could these rare grafts be met. Their like grow in the dreaming Acadian valleys, about the sunk hearthstones and forgotten wells of the martyred French exiles. This, maybe, was a Gravenstein, this harmony in orange and red, tender and crispy, spiced with juices—the goddess' own favorite. And this a Bellefleur, swelling towards the stem, mellowed to the heart by high August noons. Here was a twenty-ouncer, big and yellow, one held in both palms to bite; its tartly-sweet juices freshened the lips and made them scarlet. There was a choice redding with the long-sought for ideal of my childhood, the "water-core."

Were they named, these witchingly colored, sweet and sour, piquantly spiced, meltingly toothsome, fragrant fruits of the good brown earth? She had at least distinguished between them. But the splendid sun, the bracing wind, the mellow showers of a Canadian summer, were stored in every apple clinging to its twig.

The bird life was stilled, but under the rosy lady-apple trees a group of little black pigs were banqueting, their grunts forming the bass to the shrill treble of the yellow-haired children flitting among the pickers.

I climbed and reached again the utmost height, and saw the shadowy river loitering down a grey valley. The road, white with dust, ran towards the cloud-hung town. The hop-poles were stacked blotches on the blanched fields, and no living thing moved there. The orchard stood distraught, like one in renunciation of a great passion.

"And all around me the thin light,
So sere, so melancholy bright,
Fell like the half-reflected gleam
Or shadow of some former dream."





A. E. AMES. E. D. FRASER.

A. E. Ames & Co.

Bankers and Brokers,
20 King Street East,

Transact a General Financial Business.

Deposits received

Interest allowed at the rate of 4 per cent per annum.

Buy and Sell

HIGH-GRADE INVESTMENT SECURITIES ON COMMISSION.

PRESSED BRICKS...

Red, Buff, Brown and Cream in Plain, and Over 200 Ornamental Designs.



Registered Trade Mark
"DON"
on bricks guarantees them to be the only first-class goods made in Canada.

VITRIFIED PAVING BRICKS,
ARCHITECTURAL TERRA COTTA,
BRICK MANTELS.

TAYLOR BROTHERS, 60 Adelaide St. E., Toronto, Canada.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICES.

Perrin's Gloves



ARE UNSURPASSED FOR

FIT, ELEGANCE and DURABILITY.

They have been awarded the "Grand Prix" at the Paris Exposition of 1900.

ASK FOR THEM

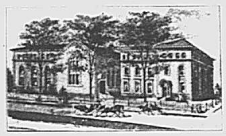
WM. POSTLETHWAITE Cable Address "PARKER, TORONTO." GEO. C. PARKER

PARKER & CO.

61 Victoria Street,
TORONTO, CANADA.

STOCK BROKERS AND FINANCIAL AGENTS

Represented in London, Eng.; Dundee and Stirling, Scotland; Dawson City, Y.T.; Rossland and Vancouver, B.C.; Spokane, Wash., and in all principal mining camps and centres.
Developed and undeveloped mineral properties for sale.
Members Toronto Mining and Industrial Exchange (Mining Section Board of Trade.)
CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.
CODES—Moreing & Neal's. Bedford McNeill's. Clough's



Toronto Conservatory of Music, COLLEGE STREET

Affiliated with the University of Toronto and with Trinity University.
HON. G. W. ALLAN, President.
DR. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director.
Unrivalled Faculty, Equipment, Facilities and Standard of Scholarship.
Students prepared for positions in colleges, schools, churches and concert work.
Scholarships, Diplomas, Certificates, Medals. Attendance 1,150 last season.
CALENDAR and SYLLABUS sent free.
PUPILS MAY ENTER AT ANY TIME.
MAUDE MASSON, Principal School of Elocution, Oratory, Physical Culture, Literature.

Largest Canadian Manufacturers
OF STOVES, TINWARE AND ENAMELLED WARE.

The McClary Mfg. Co.
LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL,
WINNIPEG and VANCOUVER

PROF. DORENWEND



Sends his **Xmas greetings** to his large number of patrons and the public generally, also wishes one and all a **Happy New Year.**

We invite those ladies and gentlemen afflicted with baldness to send for our Illustrated Catalogue free to any address giving full description of our Art Hair Goods styles in Wigs, Toupees' Bangs, Switches, etc. We send goods per mail to any address.

THE DORENWEND COMPANY OF TORONTO (Limited),
103 AND 105 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

The Northern Life

Assurance Company
OF CANADA.

Head Office: London, Ontario,

Has a class of policies that embraces every good feature for Protection and Investment.

WRITE FOR CIRCULAR.

HON. DAVID MILLS, Q.C.,
Minister of Justice, President.
JOHN MILNE, Managing Director,
London, Ontario.



THE TRUST AND LOAN COMPANY of Canada.

Established 1871

Authorized Capital £1,500,000
Paid-up Capital - - 325,000
Reserve Fund - - 177,425

Head Office: 7 Great Winchester Street, London, England.
OFFICES IN CANADA:
Toronto Street TORONTO
St. James Street MONTREAL
Portage Avenue WINNIPEG

Money advanced at lowest current rates on the security of improved farms and productive city property.

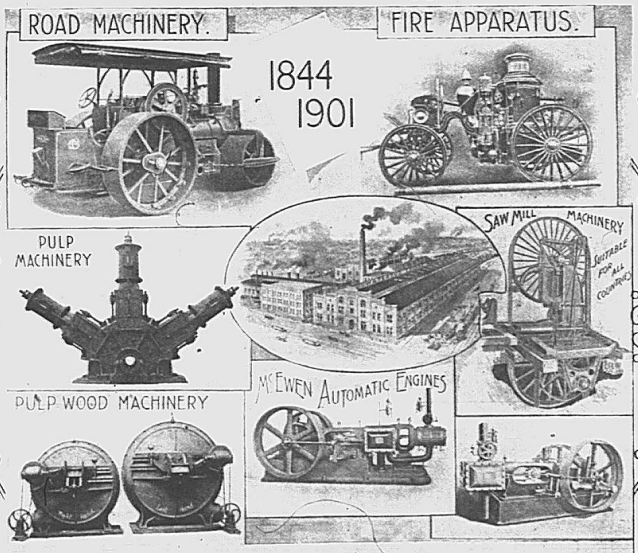


SPIRAL WOUND STRAW BOARD

MAILING TUBES

For mailing Show Cards, Lithographs, Posters, Circulars, Newspapers, etc. Manufactured by

J. F. ROSS, 560 King St. West, TORONTO



WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS COMPANY, LIMITED. Brantford, Canada.

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE. 1900.

BENEFITS GIVEN BY THE I.O.F.

In addition to the **Social** and **Fraternal Privileges** which a Forester enjoys by virtue of membership in this great Fraternal Order, the following substantial benefits are provided:

BY THE SUPREME COURT.

1.—**A Mortuary Benefit** of $500, $1,000, $2,000, $3,000, $4,000 or $5,000, payable to the Beneficiary on the death of the member, less the amount, if any, paid on account of Total and Permanent Disability Benefit.

2.—**Total and Permanent Disability Benefit on account of accident or disease** of $250, $500, $1,000, $1,500, $2,000 or $2,500, being one-half of the amount of the Mortuary Benefit held, payable to the member on being adjudged thus totally and permanently disabled; in addition, the member is relieved from all further payment to the Order; and on the member's death the balance of the Mortuary Benefit is paid to the beneficiary.

3.—**A Total and Permanent Disability Benefit on account of old age** (after the member reaches the age of 70 years) consisting of (*a*) the Old Age Disability Benefit, or (*b*) the Old Age Pension and Burial Benefit, at the option of the member, on being adjudged thus totally and permanently disabled.

(*a*) **The Old Age Disability Benefit** is $50, $100, $200, $300, $400 or $500, according to the amount of Mortuary Benefit held, and is payable annually for ten years; in the event of death occurring before the ten annual payments are made, the balance will be paid to the beneficiary of the deceased member.

(*b*) **The Old Age Pension and Burial Benefit** is a stipulated sum, graded in amount according to amount of Mortuary Benefit held and the age at which the member is adjudged totally and permanently disabled on account of old age, payable annually thereafter; and $100 payable at the death of the member to provide for the due and proper burial of the member. On a $5,000 certificate or policy at age 70 the annual pension payment would be $546; at age 75 it would be $729.

4.—**An Old Age Benefit.**—All members of the Order cease paying Mortuary Premiums and Court Dues when they attain the age of 70 years.

(FOR SUBORDINATE COURTS ONLY.)

5.—**A Sick Benefit** of $3 a week for the first *two* weeks, $5 per week for the next *ten* weeks, and, subject to the approval of the Executive Council, $3 per week for *twelve* additional weeks of any illness or disability. (The Sick and Funeral Benefits are optional. It costs $2 to become enrolled for them; the monthly payments to secure them run from 40c to $1 per month, according to age at enrolment.)

BY THE COURTS.

6.—**Free Medical attendance** of the Court Physician of the Court within whose jurisdiction the member is taken sick, except where the Court by by-law has dispensed with free medical attendance. Some Courts, in addition, furnish medicine free, and in certain cases trained nurses if deemed necessary by the Court.

The Executive Council

ORONHYATEKHA, M.D., J.P., S.C.R., Toronto, Canada.

HON. JUDGE W. WEDDERBURN, Q.C., P.S.C.R., Hampton, N.B.

VICTOR MORIN, B.A., L.L.B., S.V.C.R., Montreal, Que.

JOHN A. McGILLIVRAY, Q.C., S.S., Toronto, Ont.

H. A. COLLINS, S.T., Toronto, Ont.

THOMAS MILLMAN, M.D., M.R.C.S.K., S.P., Toronto, Ont.

HON. E. G. STEVENSON, S.C., Detroit Mich.



ORONHYATEKHA M.D.J.P.
SUPREME CHIEF RANGER
I.O.F.



The Five Cardinal Points

of the I. O. F. system, upon which its success has been established:

Its Liberal Policy.

Its Equitable Methods.

Its Capable Management.

The Prompt Settlement of Claims.

No Assessments at Deaths.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.

RECORD OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.

AS AT 31st DECEMBER EACH YEAR SINCE REORGANIZATION 1st JULY, 1881.

YEAR.	PREMIUM INCOME.		BENEFITS PAID.		Accumulated Funds.	Membership.	Assurance.	Death Rate per 1,000 Members.
	Mortuary.	Sick and Funeral.	Mortuary.	Sick and Funeral.				
1881..	$ 5,123 38	$.....	$ 1,300 00	$.....	$ 4,568 55	1,019	$ 1,140,000	4.50
1882..	12,470 16	275 30	12,000 00	58 95	2,987 03	1,131	1,276,000	11.00
1883..	18,422 34	965 27	9,000 00	493 68	10,857 03	2,210	2,400,000	4.73
1884.	**25,387 59**	**1,490 22**	**12,700.00**	**1,214 31**	**23,081 85**	**2,558**	**2,923,000**	**4.23**
1885..	33,233 14	2,479 57	24,300 00	2,276 99	29,802 42	3,642	4,233,000	7.76
1886..	50,495 32	4,372 46	25,000 00	3,499 82	53,081 28	5,801	6,764,000	4.85
1887..	79,183 51	8,588 55	51,300 00	7,714 67	81,381 41	7,811	9,120,000	5.78
1888..	112,701 22	14,150 89	73,000 00	14,018 16	117,821 96	11,800	13,714,000	6.43
1889.	**165,785 50**	**26,171 75**	**89.000 00**	**27,787 82**	**188,130 36**	**17,349**	**20,078,000**	**5.83**
1890..	238,029 58	45,704 13	125,000 00	50,846 79	283,907 20	24,604	28,498,000	5.18
1891..	340,085 03	58,000 14	200,100 00	55,336 21	408,708 20	32,303	39,395,000	6.40
1892..	459,121 32	70,904 01	231,350 00	63,338 82	580,507 85	43,024	53,243,000	6.25
1893..	607,050 21	88,501 89	329,030 52	69,146 34	858,857 89	54,484	67,781,000	5.47
1894.	**782,792 26**	**102,960 66**	**435,945 00**	**75,217 30**	**1,187,225 11**	**70,053**	**86,506,500**	**5.47**
1895..	907,908 23	121,540 19	500,330 00	91,099 52	1,500,373 46	83,521	108,027,500	5.67
1896..	1,210,701 79	137,678 63	712,507 76	108,434 15	2,015,484 38	102,838	128,781,000	5.50
1897..	1,402,237 71	154,081 00	883,147 95	129,077 65	2,558,832 78	124,085	154,510,000	5.56
1898..	1,738,352 81	171,520 38	1,037,381 42	138,183 76	3,180,370 30	148,265	178,311,500	5.67
1899	**1,976,528.48**	**182,766.50**	**1,256,975.03**	**173,225.30**	**3,778,543.58**	**163,610**	**194,792,500**	**6.30**

The Christmas Globe

1900



The Oak Hall Stores

(Retail Branches of the W. E. Sanford Mfg. Co., Limited)

Dealers in MEN'S AND BOYS' FINE READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHING, are favorably known all over Canada for reliability and fair dealing.

TORONTO, HAMILTON, LONDON, WINDSOR, ST. THOMAS and ST. CATHARINES

TORONTO STORES—115 to 121 King Street East and 116 Yonge Street.
W. SANFORD ALLEY, Manager.

The ONTARIO BANK

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED, $1,500,000.
HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO

DIRECTORS
G. R. R. COCKBURN, Esq., President. D. ULLYOT, Esq.
DONALD McKAY, Esq., Vice-President. HON. J. C. AIKINS.
A. S. IRVING, Esq. R. D. PERRY, Esq.
C. McGILL, General Manager.

BRANCHES—Alliston, Aurora, Bowmanville, Buckingham, Cornwall, Fort William, Kingston, Lindsay, Montreal, Mount Forest, Newmarket, Ottawa, Peterboro', Port Arthur, Sudbury and Tweed.

AGENTS—London, Eng.—Parr's Bank (Limited). France and Europe—Credit Lyonnais. New York—The Fourth National Bank and the Bank of Montreal. Boston—Eliot National Bank.

TORONTO { Scott and Wellington Streets. Queen and Portland Streets. Yonge and Richmond Streets.

THE WORLD-RENOWNED

T. & B.

Myrtle Navy

TOBACCO.

Geo. E. Tuckett & Son Co., Limited.
HAMILTON, Canada.



Have been awarded the

Highest Prize at the Paris Exhibition, 1900

This again illustrates the fact that the

P. D. CORSET

is still unequalled in

Style, Shape and Durability.

For sale at all Leading Dry Goods Stores throughout Canada.

THE

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE

Yonge and Gerrard Streets, Toronto.

With **TEN** regular teachers and capable assistants as are required, first-class equipment including **SIXTY** typewriting machines, and giving the most modern and thorough courses of training, stands in the front rank among business schools on the American continent. It is certainly the leading one in Canada. Prospectus free. Write W. H. SHAW, Principal.

HORSES

Carriage Horses, Cobs, Saddle Horses
Drivers, Fast Roadsters,
General Purpose Horses,
Draught Horses, Ponies,
New and Second-hand Carriages and Buggies, Imported English Single and Double Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Blankets, Rugs, Whips, Robes, etc.

Auction sales every Tuesday and Friday at 11 o'clock. Private sales every day.

GRAND'S REPOSITORY,
Toronto.
WALTER HARLAND SMITH, Proprietor.

SPRAMOTOR CO. LONDON, ONT.

If you are interested in Fruit Spraying, Whitewashing, Painting or Disinfection work, ask for our 84-page copyrighted treatise on the diseases affecting fruit trees and vegetables, and their remedies, and you will get it by mail. We pay the postage. Address SPRAMOTOR CO., 68-70 King street, London. Agents wanted.

THE ...

CENTRAL PRESS AGENCY, LIMITED.

F. DIVER, Manager

We prepare, illustrate and place advertising matter in all papers.

We are Electro and Stereotypers and Photo-Engravers.

We sell Ready Set Plates for Newspapers.

OUR PRICES ARE BED ROCK.

83 YONGE STREET, TORONTO
72 YORK STREET, TORONTO

St. Margaret's College, Toronto

A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Only teachers of the highest academic and professional standing employed. Application for admission must be made in advance. Places in the residence are now being taken for next year.

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON,
Lady Principal.

A Big Thing—Look Into It.



Prices and Samples Mailed Upon Request

ANTI-TRUST OILS

We import and sell every kind of oil known to the trade. Highest grade Pennsylvania burning oil under the brand of "Pennoline" is the best illuminator in the world. We are lead ers in the following:—
Cylinder, Engine and Machine Oils.
Lard, Castor, Turpentine and Linseed Oils.
Cup and Axle Greases.
Boiler Compound, etc.

THE ATLANTIC REFINING CO.
Cor./Esplanade and Jarvis Streets.
TORONTO, ONT.



The Berliner Gram-o-Phone

Louder, clearer and simpler than wax record machines of any price.
The Records are hard, flat and indestructible.
The only talking machine made in Canada.
Guaranteed for 3 years.

Best amusement producer on earth. Medal awarded at Toronto Exhibition, 1900. Write for Illustrated Catalogue FREE.

$15.00
Complete with Three Records.

E. BERLINER, 2315 St. Catherine Street, Montreal.

Are You Interested in Advertising?

BUSINESS, now in its sixth year, is the only Canadian journal making a special study of the art and practice of advertising, edited by those who are experts in the business. Suggestions and pointers for every man who spends money in advertising.

A trial trip of four months for 10c if you name THE GLOBE.

The J. S. ROBERTSON CO., Publishers
Mail Building, Toronto.

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

There are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College at Kingston. At the same time its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The college is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving the highest technical instructions in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of Canadian Militia. In fact, it is intended to take the place in Canada of the English Woolwich and Sandhurst and the American West Point.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and, in addition, there is a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects, which form such a large proportion of the college course.

Whilst the college is organized on a strictly military basis, the cadets receive, in addition to their military studies, a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all subjects that are essential to a high and general modern education.

The course in mathematics is very complete, and a thorough grounding is given in the subjects of Civil Engineering, Civil and Hydrographic Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The object of the college course is thus to give the cadets a training which shall thoroughly equip them for either a military or civil career.

The strict discipline maintained at the college is one of the most valuable features of the system. As a result of it young men acquire habits of obedience and self-control, and consequently of self-reliance and command, as well as experience in controlling and handling their fellows.

In addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds ensures good health and fine physical condition.

An experienced medical officer is in attendance at the college daily.

Five commissions in the Imperial regular army are annually awarded as prizes to the cadets.

The length of course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months' residence each.

The total cost of the three years' course, including board, uniforms, instructional material and all extras, is from $750 to $800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the college will take place at the headquarters of the several military districts in which candidates reside, about the middle of June in each year.

For full particulars of this examination or for any other information application should be made as soon as possible to the Deputy Adjutant-General of Militia, Ottawa, Ont.

Homœopathic Supplies. Established 1868.

Dr. Pearson's Hypophosferine.

The great specific in Nervous Debility, Neuralgia, Nerve Pains, Mental Troubles, Loss of Energy, Grippe and its bad effects, etc. Has cured hundreds—and will cure you.

No Family Should be Without It.

Invaluable in those troubles. Send card for "manual" containing valuable information. Phone 1994. Price, 50c.

D. L. THOMPSON,
Homœopathic Chemist,
394 Yonge St., Toronto.



LEADS THEM ALL

BOSS WASHER



—TRY ONE—

WALTER WOODS & CO., HAMILTON.

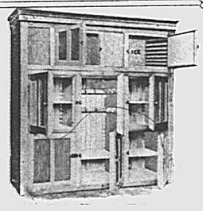
TYPE PRESSES

Miller & Richard

(Letter Founders to Her Majesty for Scotland)

EDINBURGH LONDON TORONTO

INK MATERIAL



Arctic Refrigerators and Van Kannel Revolving Doors

MANUFACTURED BY

John Hillock & Co.

Telephone 478. 165 QUEEN ST. EAST TORONTO











ROGERS' GIFT FURNITURE.



For Christmas, 1900, we have brought together a choice selection of decorative items in fancy furniture suited for holiday gifts. Included are many tasteful designs of our own manufacture you will not see duplicated elsewhere.

CHINA CLOSETS	MORRIS CHAIRS	SECRETARIES
PARLOR CABINETS	FANCY CHAIRS	FANCY TABLES
MUSIC CABINETS, Etc.	EASY CHAIRS, Etc.	FANCY STANDS, Etc.

97 Yonge Street. THE CHAS. ROGERS & SONS CO., Limited. 97 Yonge Street.



The Smith Premier Typewriter

won a diploma of **THE GRAND PRIX** (the highest possible award), in competition with twenty other typewriters at the Paris Exposition

NEWSOME & GILBERT, Sole Dealers, 68 Victoria Street, Toronto.

Second-hand Machines for Sale and to Rent.

THE NATIONAL DRESS CUTTING ACADEMY

Ladies learning dress cutting must also learn how to place their material so as to cut with advantage and be certain to get the proper fit. A large number of ladies have learned to be expert at dress cutting, but yet do not succeed in obtaining good fits. The cause of their want of success lies in their not knowing how to place the material when cutting it.

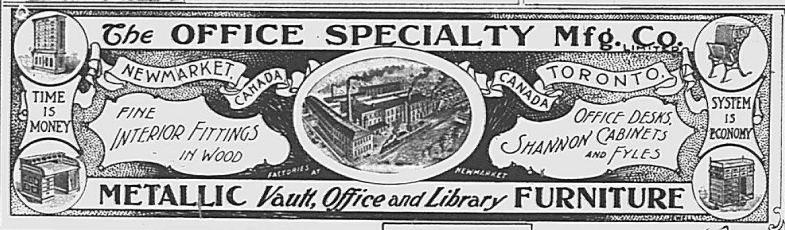
Madame Ethier has gone through a course of special studies in Paris to enable her to teach dress cutting thoroughly and completely

PATTERNS ARE ALSO CUT ON MEASURE

MADAME E. L. ETHIER. Late Pupil of the Celebrated Fashion House of Mr. Abbe Goubaud, Paris, France.



The OFFICE SPECIALTY Mfg. Co.



METALLIC *Vault, Office and Library* FURNITURE

Presbyterian Ladies' College Toronto

Bloor Street, opposite Queen's Park. Affiliated with the Conservatory of Music and Elocution. Dr. Edward Fisher, Musical Director. T. M. Martin, B.C.A., Art Director. Residence for Fifty Students. Day Pupils received.

The Home Life of the students is specially cared for by Mrs. MacIntyre. This is a very important factor in a young lady's education, and special attention is given to it. The residence is limited to 90 students. Send for 80-Page Calendar. Address,

Mrs. T. M. MACINTYRE, President
REV. J. A. MACDONALD, Principal.

NEARLY ALL GOOD CooKS USE



Clark's IMPERIAL Mince Meat.

It is sold in HERMETICALLY SEALED TINS.

SIZES 1's, 2's, 3's, 5's, and will keep any length of time.



The FARMERS' CO-OPERATIVE PACKING CO

BRANTFORD, CANADA.

This Company, in order to ensure its products being second to none, either in America or the Old Country, has secured the services of Mr. C. F. Hodges, for many years manager in a leading packing house in Waterford, Ireland. It has also imported skilled workmen who for many years worked under Mr. Hodges there.

Waterford, Ireland, has always been renowned the world over for its Bacon and Hams—they being unsurpassed for their delicacy of flavor and lusciousness. This Company intends to cure and turn out its goods in the same style. A great feature will be its sausages, a special expert being engaged for their manufacture.

The Company will also manufacture Lard and many other hog products.

Agents for the United Kingdom **J. & W. J. COURTENAY, London, Eng**

O'DEA'S

Business School

CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING, TORONTO.

WILL REOPEN JANUARY 2nd. A live and up-to-date school, bright and cheerful rooms, new furnishings—and no stairs to climb. Thorough instruction in Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship, etc.

C. O'DEA, Principal.

Winsor & Woodley



Carpenters and Builders, 117 to 121 Peter St. Toronto.

Phone 2216

Large stock of building material always on hand. Jobbing promptly attended to. Office Fixtures a specialty. Estimates furnished.



Pember's

127 & 129 Yonge St., Toronto

The Leading Art Emporium of the Dominion

COLES

719 YONGE ST TORONTO.

Caterer and Manufacturing Confectioner.

CHOCOLATES, BON BONS and FANCY ICES.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

ECLIPSE SOAP

Christmas Gift Pointers

UMBRELLAS

Silk and Gloria Silk, with exquisite and exclusive handles, made by us particularly for the Christmas trade. Umbrellas have come to be a gift in great favor.

Fine Leather Goods—secure the choice of the stock now—fine purses, pocket-books, shopping bags, music rolls, suit cases.

EAST & CO.,
Corner Yonge and Agnes Streets.

Established 1849.

CHAS. F. CLARK, Pres.
JARED CHITTENDEN, Treas.

BRADSTREET'S

Capital and Surplus - - $1,500,000

Offices throughout the civilized world.

Executive Offices,
Nos. 346 and 348 Broadway, N.Y. City, U.S.A.

THE BRADSTREET COMPANY gathers information that reflects the financial condition and the controlling circumstances of every seeker of mercantile credit. Its business may be defined as of the merchants, by the merchants, for the merchants. In procuring, certifying and promulgating information, no effort is spared, and no reasonable expense considered too great, that the results may justify its claim as an authority on all matters affecting commercial affairs and mercantile credit. Its offices and connections have been steadily extended, and it furnishes information concerning mercantile persons throughout the civilized world.

Subscriptions are based on the service furnished, and are available only by reputable wholesale, jobbing and manufacturing concerns, and by responsible and worthy financial, fiduciary and business corporations. Specific terms may be obtained by addressing the Company or any of its offices.

Correspondence invited.

OFFICES IN CANADA:

Halifax, N.S.	Hamilton, Ont.
London, Ont.	Montreal, Que.
Ottawa, Ont.	Quebec, Que.
St. John, N.B.	Toronto, Ont.
Vancouver, B.C.	Victoria, B.C.
Winnipeg, Man.	

THOS. C. IRVING,
Gen. Man. Western Canada, Toronto.
JOHN A. FULTON,
Gen. Man. Eastern Canada, Montreal.

MADAME IRELAND

CANADA'S HAIR SPECIALIST'S BONA-FIDE CHALLENGE.

BALDNESS

Positively Cured.

The above has been fully endorsed by the past nine years' successful treatment of the hair and scalp in Canada. HER TOILET SOAP is a perfect boon, leaving the skin like velvet. Her HERBAL OINTMENT and BRILLIANTINE cannot be equalled, used and endorsed by the medical faculty. Orders by mail or telephone. Head offices, Rooms 5 and 6, Birk's Building, St. Catharine street, Montreal. Tel. up 2,494.

UNIVERSALLY ESTEEMED

For { Mildness of Cure / Delicacy of Flavor

BEAVER BRAND HAMS & BACON

REGISTERED BEAVER BRAND TRADE MARK

Each Piece Skin Branded

INGERSOLL PACKING COMPANY

Pork Packers and Cheese Exporters. **INGERSOLL, CANADA**

GENUINE

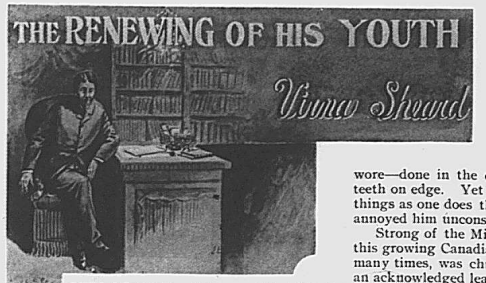
Starr Hockey Skates.

BEAVER PUCK-STOP AND MIC-MAC DESIGNS

Aikenhead Hardware Co.,
6 Adelaide Street East.
PHONE 6 and 104.

THE RENEWING OF HIS YOUTH

Vivian Sheard



JOHN STRONG—"Strong of the Mills," as he was known—shook the light snow off his great coat and hung it up as Mrs. Wilbur entered the hall.

"Have any messages come for me?" he asked.

"The telephone has been ringing all afternoon," she answered, in a long-suffering tone. "Matthews could not tell people where to find you."

"I was at the Board meeting, and afterwards went to see a weaver who was hurt; as for the telephone, it's a necessary evil, but any further calls may be referred to Malone, as I am going out of town in the morning. I must have a change, a rest, and it is not to be found here."

Mrs. Wilbur struggled with her curiosity, but it triumphed.

"Where are you going?" she inquired. Then, with an aggrieved air, "I'm sorry you didn't tell me you were ill, John."

"Ill? I'm not ill—only overworked. I've been sleeping too little—rather, haven't been sleeping; I seem to hear the noise of the machinery at the mill."

"You will be away for Christmas?"

"Yes; and New Year's."

"Oh!" answered the woman, in a tone that conveyed some sense of injury.

"Don't feel duty bound to spend the holidays here," Strong returned. "Matthews will look after things."

"I should not think of leaving when you were away," she said quickly; "but," after a moment's hesitation, "there is a little favor I might ask."

"Anything I can do, of course," he began.

"Thanks. A cousin of mine is teaching in the city this winter. Her class has closed early and it would be pleasant to have her with me while you are gone."

"Ask her to come, by all means, and make the usual preparations for the season."

"The puddings were hung and the mince-meat made some time ago, John."

"Ah!" he said; "you are one of the enviable few who beat time at his own game. I never catch up with him. Will you kindly send Matthews to me in the library?"

The black-garbed figure withdrew, and the man seemed to breathe more freely.

Mrs. Wilbur had been his uncle's wife, and was a woman who reduced domestic affairs to a science. Strong had needed a housekeeper, and she had needed the position, so the matter had been arranged by themselves and, Mrs Wilbur said, Providence.

No one could deny that she brought into the house a most depressing atmosphere. Her expression of countenance was that of a mourner at a perpetual funeral, and outwardly, at least, she was one of those widows who are widows indeed. Her crape gowns and unbreakable white caps affected Strong unpleasantly. The mourning breastpin she always wore—done in the departed Wilbur's hair—set his teeth on edge. Yet he had grown to accept these things as one does the jarring of a train, and they annoyed him unconsciously.

Strong of the Mills was a man of importance in this growing Canadian city. He had been mayor many times, was churchwarden of St. John's, and an acknowledged leader in all philanthropic movements of the people.

That he had not married was a grievance to many. As for himself, he doubted nothing that fate had given him her best gifts; yet withal sometimes wondered that in possession of them he was not happier.

Now as he sat waiting for Matthews he looked very worn. The hair about his temples showed the first touch of life's winter; the small lines around his eyes spoke of insomnia; compression of his lips of some irritation held in check; the droop of his broad shoulders of weariness unspeakable.



• • • "I certainly heard a banjo."

Matthews came in noiselessly and lit the lights.

"Dinner is served, sir—but you wanted me?"

"Yes; you may pack my things. I am going to New York in the morning."

"I'm glad you're taking a holiday, Mr. John—you look——" The old servant stopped hesitatingly.

"Eh! What's that? How do I look, Matthews?"

"Very tired, sir."

"Tired and old, you should say."

"Not old, sir; you be-ant forty-six yet."

"It isn't years that age a man, Matthews; but cares—cares and responsibilities."

"Well, Mr. John, you do have a sight of 'em, truly. An' no one to shafe 'em—that is, no one to share 'em at home, sir."

Strong glanced at him sharply.

"You mean?"

"I mean—asking yer pardon fer sayin' so—there aint nobody to lighten up the house, Mr. John. It does be that sort o' heavy an' dull now an' again with never the sound of a laugh in it—least when there's gentlemen to dinner—we bein' all so unusual quiet."

"And past the age when we laugh easily. Yes, yes; I see what you're driving at, old fellow."

Matthews followed him into the dining-room, chuckling softly.

"There ain't no harm in putting the idee in his head," he remarked to himself. "An' as fer the house, it's still as death. The great drawing-room's jest a living tomb since Mrs. Wilbur swathed all the furniture in linen like mummies. I'd let the sun in an' have the pianny open if t'was my way," he ended, going in to the serious business of serving his master.

John Strong had been away a week, when he received a telegram telling him that Malone, the manager-in-chief, was very ill.

To leave the mills without a head was like letting go the reins if one were driving a pair of three-year-olds. So Strong took the night train home and entered his house about four o'clock of the next afternoon. It was a raw, east-windy day; he had walked from the station and was chilled through. There was no sign of Matthews or Mrs. Wilbur. No fire in his library. He stood in the hall a moment, then started up the great, dim stairs. About midway he halted, as one who listens.

"I certainly heard a banjo," he said, half aloud. "Yes; there it goes again. A banjo!" He took a step down and waited, listening.

Presently a song came floating upward, a negro lullaby, sung in a soft contralto voice, and the rich, southern dialect was perfectly rendered.

The man retraced his steps, following the sounds. They led him to a little reception room which opened into Mrs. Wilbur's parlor. He entered this room, to find it empty. The music had stopped as abruptly as it began, and Strong stood looking about rather puzzled. The door leading to the parlor was wide open, though a high screen stood across the entrance. He hesitated a moment, then drew this screen a bit to one side, and looked in.

A fire blazed away in the grate opposite him, and Mrs. Wilbur sat in front of it in a rocking chair. She did not rock, as she was not that kind of a woman, but sat bolt upright and sewed vigorously. Strong was not conscious of seeing her, or the fire. What he saw was a girl perched lightly on the edge of a table that stood in the centre of the room. She wore a light blue flannel blouse and a lacy white tie. Her hair was the color of a daffodil, and her complexion like those leaves of a blush rose that lie nearest its heart.

A banjo rested against the table, and on a row of chairs in front of her was a most surprising line of dolls; some in that state in which beauty is said to be adorned the most, some in ball gowns. One she held, a black doll of huge dimensions and gaudy apparel, and she was braiding its wool into tiny pigtails and tying them with yellow ribbon.

"Yes," said the girl, looking across at Mrs. Wilbur; "I was a week making this one—after school, of course. She was awfully hard to stuff. I bought a pattern for her but it must have been copied from something abnormal, for the neck was missing and the feet looked like boats. So I unstuffed her and cut her over to suit myself. "Oh!" with a sigh, "I had such a time! But Blanche Agatha Johnson is colored, you know, and I couldn't have given her a white doll for Christmas."

"Do you mean to say you have to teach negroes?" exclaimed Mrs. Wilbur, wheeling around.

Strong stepped back, feeling a trifle guilty, but with a sudden determination to wait for more music if it were forthcoming.

"Why not?" asked the girl, with a rippling laugh. "I like darkies. We children had the dearest old nurse, old Mammy Keiza. It was she who used to put us to sleep with that lullaby I just sang."

John Strong blessed her memory and drew a shade nearer as the banjo was lifted and its soft "plank," "plank" sounded in the fire-lit room. She sang the tender good-night song, and afterwards "Carry me back to ole Virginny." Into her voice crept a plaintive tone that suited the words; listening, one could almost feel the drowsy warmth of the Southern twilight and smell the magnolia blossoms.



• • • "Don't you know skates are things that reduce people to the same age."



• • • "I fancy I see them a-comin' down the aisle."

Strong had no doubt the girl caught her trick of singing such songs from the melancholy blacks, and though it seemed most perfect art, it was quite unstudied.

"There, Cousin Mahala," she said, after a moment's silence; "don't you like that?"

"Well, my dear, it certainly is not the music I most enjoy. A banjo is hardly a ladylike instrument—it is too suggestive of a minstrel show."

The man felt himself growing savage.

"Is it?" returned the girl. "I never was at a minstrel show, you see."

"Neither was I, my love, but Mr. Wilbur has told me of them."

"Well," answered the other, "if I am ever married I shall request my husband to take me with him to one." Then, changing the subject, advisedly, "It was perfectly lovely of you to ask me here, Cousin Mahala. You can't imagine how absolutely hideous my room is—where I board. It was papered in '61, they tell me. The carpet is one of those Brussels that age can only wither, never wear out. Fancy a Paris green carpet with baskets of magenta roses all over it—and harps! Furthermore, there is something wrong with the bed they have given me; it is wavy, and the mattress is filled with corn-cobs."

Strong said something under his breath. His conscience told him to go, and he made several attempts, only to resume his former position.

"Yes," the girl went on; "corn-cobs or nutmeg graters, I haven't decided which. There are shades to the windows made of brown paper, with a snow scene on them done in something that shines. The ceiling is painted pink, and as it has flaked off a good deal it looks as though it had the measles. There is a red paper Niagara Falls in the grate, and above the mantel hangs a sea-green looking-glass which would take the last remnant of conceit out of anybody. Oh! I had no heart to try and improve the place, so I just tacked up a picture of Ellen Terry and keep my eyes on that."

"The mornings at school are a delight, but the evenings in that chamber of horrors!" The girl threw out her hands expressively and stopped. "This is the house beautiful," she said, after a pause. "The house beautiful." Then, irrelevantly, "Tell me what Mr. Strong is like, Cousin Mahala."

"He is a tall, fair man, my dear, and wears a Van Dyke beard," Mrs. Wilbur replied. "He was my husband's nephew, you know, and is rather like him—only not so handsome."

The listener in the room beyond smiled grimly.

"Is he very old?"

"Oh, no! He's about my age, I should say."

Mrs. Wilbur was past fifty.

"Is he?" said the other. "But you know," reflectively, "it is dreadfully hard to tell how old a man is who wears a beard, for it adds ages."

John Strong turned on his heel and left the room; the temptation to listen to the girl's beautiful voice—to watch her—was something he would not give in to longer.

It had been like a little play—a harmless enough thing—yet he had not thought it possible of himself that he would knowingly overhear any conversation.

He went up to his room and crossed to the mirror, then looked at the reflection of his face long and steadily. "Perhaps people would take him to be more than fifty—half a century! No, no; he was forty-five, thank God. There was yet something to his balance. It was his beard that piled the years on. Fool that he was to wear such an abomination."

With nervous haste he got out his razor, and in a few moments it was done.

Then he gazed at himself again. He certainly looked younger, much younger. And his chin was not bad; it needed no apology.

The man wondered how old he would now strike a person as looking—a person who had not seen him before.

He went downstairs and found Matthews.

The old man stared when he saw his master.

"Why, Mr. John! you're home, sir! I shouldn't have known you, sir. No accident, I hope?"

"No, no accident to me, but Malone had been taken suddenly ill. Light the library fire and ask Mrs. Wilbur to speak with me."

"Yes, sir."

Soon Mrs. Wilbur came, her crackling skirt heralding her entrance.

Strong rose and turned his back to the hearth.

"I will be home for Christmas after all," he said, "and New Year's. Business brought me back. Your friend? You were expecting some friend, were you not? I shall be most happy to have her stay. Your plans need not be altered."

"Thank you, John," she answered, a chill in her voice. "Jean Waverly is here, but as you are home I should not think——"



IN THE EVENING. Photo by Pollard, Lansburgh

The man frowned. "Miss Waverly will remain, as a matter of course," he said. "She is a connection of yours, I believe?"

"Yes; her father was my cousin, and I am glad to befriend his daughter, though she disappoints me. She seems very frivolous, and I cannot find a trace of her father in her. Richard Waverly owned a plantation in the South. His wife was no helpmate, but was a butterfly of a creature. They managed to lose everything, one way and another. Now they are gone, the children have to make their own way, poor dears. There are three—Dick and Virginia and Jean."

"Indeed," returned Strong. "I do not remember having heard of them before. We will dine a little earlier, as I must go and see Malone directly afterwards."

"You have dispensed with your beard," she said, as though imparting information. "Well, it has made you look decidedly odd."

He gave a short laugh. "Odd, has it? It was a mistake, you think?"

"Undoubtedly, but one that time will remedy, should you so desire."

Her tone was acidity itself, and as she left the room a decided uneasiness disturbed her usually serene mind.

Dinners are not things we are given to remembering—we who dine every day—but John Strong never forgot that one. Jean Waverly sat at his right hand, and before they arose from the table he felt that he had known her all his life—that is, all of his life that counted. Girls had been to him unsolvable mysteries. They generally regarded him with a mingled respect and awe he felt he was not entitled to. But here was one who looked into his eyes with a charming steadfastness which belied hidden thoughts, and her manner cancelled the years between them.

By the time dessert was served Strong found himself trying to prove by a hastily constructed family tree that he and Jean Waverly were cousins also, though Mrs. Wilbur, who lacked in humor, insisted it was absurdly impossible.

He cleverly led his guest into telling him that she played on the banjo, and received the information with an amount of astonishment that caused his conscience—which was that of a churchwarden's—to be troublesome afterwards; yet, following the subject up, he suggested that they try some duets later in the evening, as his one accomplishment was an ability to play chords in limited keys upon the piano.

Mrs. Wilbur's heart hardened as she heard. As for the man, he talked that he might the better watch the rose-leaf face beside him.

For it was Jean Waverly's way to be interested in people. Her fashion of listening was an implied compliment. The little breathless exclamations she put in here and there while they talked, the lifting of her lovely brows, the pursing of her scarlet lips, was flattery most dangerous—though in truth she gave it in good faith.

After dinner they went into the drawing room, and the girl slipped her arm around Mrs. Wilbur's unyielding waist and smiled into her cold eyes when they were alone.

"Do you know, Cousin Mahala," she said, gently, "I fancied you were a trifle, just a trifle, wet-blankety about those duets; perhaps you have a headache or had rather much of my banjo this afternoon."

"Oh, no, my dear," she answered, quickly; "it is your imagination. I shall be delighted to hear the music."

"That's all right, then; still, you must not let me trouble you. Dick wanted me to go to him this Christmas, but," with a sigh, "there were such lots of reasons to prevent it."

"When you came to take me out of that room of mine, it did seem such a rescue, Cousin Mahala."

A momentary sympathy stirred the woman's frozen heart.

"Make yourself at home here, my child," she said. "I am sure Mr. Strong seemed quite to like you."

"Do you think so?" Jean answered. "Well, perhaps I do make friends easily. Anyway," she continued, "I tried to be as nice as I could, for I felt sorry for him, Cousin Mahala."

"Sorry!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilbur. "Why, my dear, he is the richest, most influential man in the county."

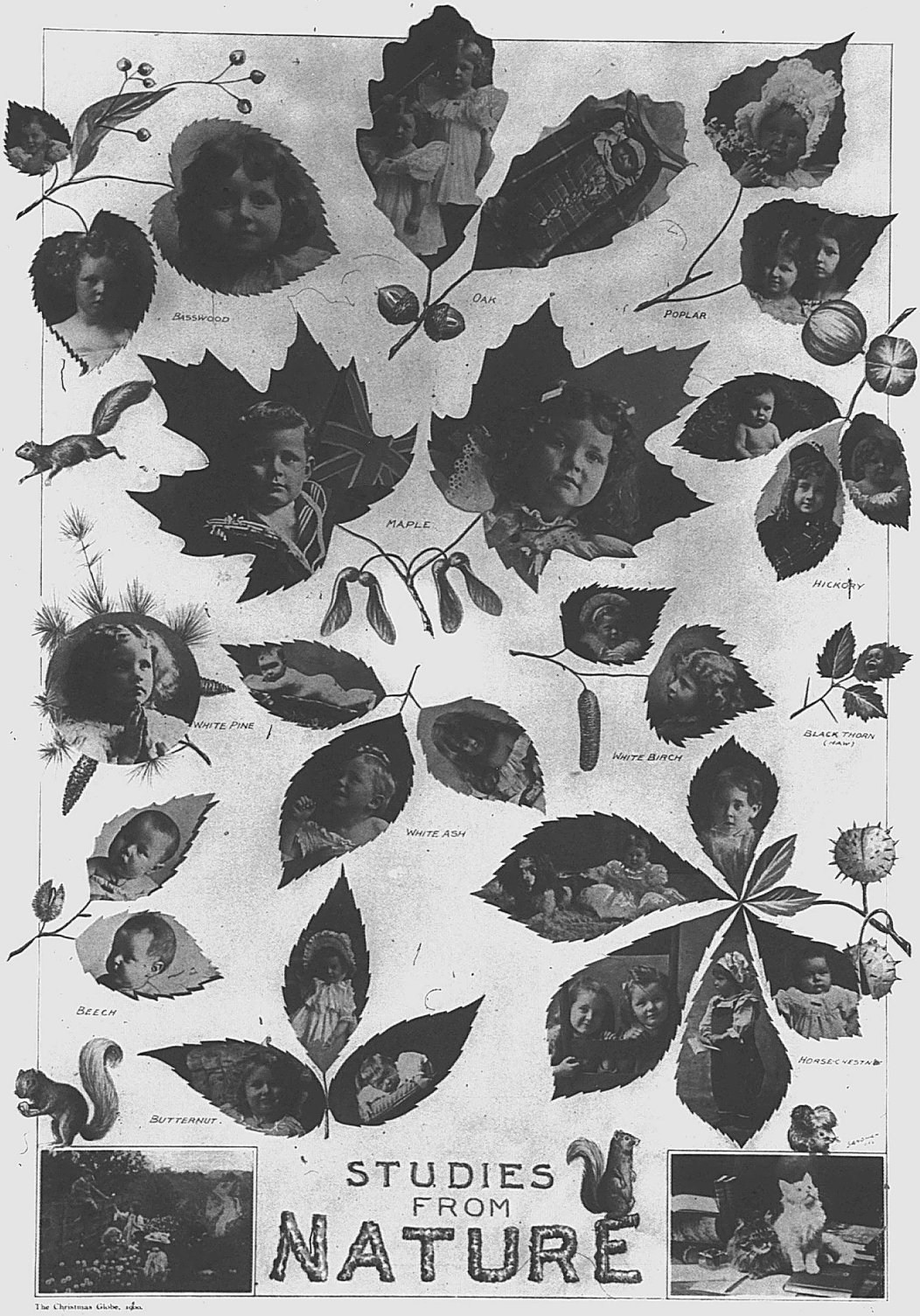
"Possibly. Yet he did not strike me as being radiantly happy. No, he looked as though he had not taken time to be young, or had not known how to get the fun out of things."

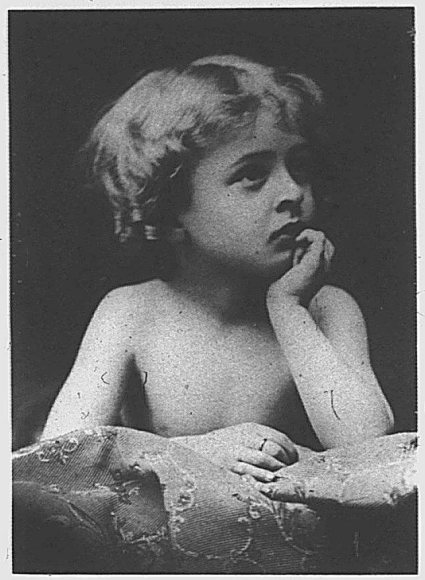
"Fun is not one of the objects of his life."

"No," answered Jean, shaking her pretty head; "I should not think it was; but fun, or pleasure, or whatever you call



THE BLOOM OF YOUTH.


BASSWOOD
OAK
POPLAR
MAPLE
HICKORY
WHITE PINE
BLACK THORN (HAW)
WHITE BIRCH
WHITE ASH
BEECH
HORSE-CHESTNUT
BUTTERNUT
STUDIES
FROM
NATURE



"OUR BOY." Photo by Dears Sisters, Port Huron.

it, is a necessary ingredient in life—like salt in porridge, don't you know. I fancy," with a little laugh, "I fancy Mr. Strong has found his porridge without salt."

"He seemed very bright this evening, so I don't understand you in the least, Jean," said Mrs. Wilbur, frigidly.

"I was afraid you wouldn't," the girl replied, a smile still in her eyes. "I was afraid you wouldn't, Cousin Mahala."

Afterwards old Matthews, from the hall, listened to the sound of a banjo and piano. Matthews was not a higher critic, and the music brought a mist to his faded eyes.

"That little Miss Waverly, she made the dinner pass pleasant, an' the evening go off tremendous likewise," he soliloquized, as he locked the great outer doors for the night.

The grounds about John Strong's house sloped to the river, and the banks were covered with cedars growing as they sweetly willed.

The wind-swept river was ice-locked now, and it lay like a silver-grey ribbon uncoiled across the white country.

The next afternoon Jean Waverly entered Mrs. Wilbur's parlor dressed to go out, a pair of skates dangling over her shoulder.

"You are surely not going on the river alone, Jean?" inquired Mrs. Wilbur, taking in the situation.

"Yes; unless you will come with me," she said, nodding. "Skating is my one craze, for I learned late in life, just at the time people always take things worse."

"Dick taught me, and he says I'm a credit to him. Oh, if you could see Dick skate, Cousin Mahala! But I can cut eights," she ended, with pride.

"I don't believe in young women cutting capers on the ice," replied Mrs. Wilbur, primly.

"Well, I can't," said Jean, her eyes dancing; "I can only do eights. Come and watch me, that's a dear. It's so inspiring to have an audience."

Mrs. Wilbur did not follow to watch her, but John Strong did. As he came towards his house he noticed diminutive footprints in the unbroken snow upon the lawn. They led to the river, and as there were no return tracks curiosity prompted him to discover why they had taken that direction. On they went down the bank to the river's edge, where they broke off into innumerable curves and sharp, fantastic lines.

The man stood on the ice and waited. Presently a girl's lightly poised figure swung round a bend and came towards him. Her red dress showed vividly, for it was the only bit of color, save the glittering gold of her hair, in all that black and white landscape.

She came onward as the bird flies, and smiled and waved her hand.

A pang of regret for the years of his life that were behind struck through him, for this girl he watched seemed at the moment the very embodiment of youth, a thing that age must perforce pass by untouched.

Strong looked into the lovely face as she stopped beside him, at the deep blue of her eyes, the curves of her cheek that the frosty wind had kissed—and he knew his own heart.

"Oh, where are your skates?" Jean cried. "Don't wait; there's an hour's daylight, I should think."

"How do you know I skate?" he asked.

"I thought all Canadians did. It should be the national sport. I,—why, I am only a Southerner, but see——"

"I saw," answered Strong, smiling.

"Then tell me you think I do well," she said. "I adore compliments."

"I think I never saw anything so beautiful," he began.

"Thank you, thank you,—that is more than I expected," Jean answered. "Now come and skate."

"I am too old."

"Too old!" She gave a little incredulous laugh. "What nonsense! Don't you know skates are things that reduce people to the same age? Oh, to think of having all this ice and never using it!"

"Spoken with Yankee shrewdness," said Strong, smiling.

"I am from the South," she retorted, with a flash in her eyes. "Now listen. I will go as far as that clump of cedars and back six times. Then you must be here with your skates."

"I had a pair," he said, "once."

"Find them, find them!" she cried, swinging slowly away.

Ten minutes later Strong was fastening the steel runners into place. His fingers trembled a bit with the task, for such a keen, unreasonable desire to go a-skating had entered into him as that which possesses the soul of the average boy early in winter—before the ice is safe.

Jean watched him with impatience. "At last!" she exclaimed, as the spring snapped into place.

"We will take a spin up the river as far as the old mill," said the man, going out to meet her.

"Ah," she said, looking up at him, "you skate like Dick," and he understood instantly that approval with her could go no further.

On they went, past the row of great poplars that stood outlined against the sky, as dark and watchful as sentinels, on beyond the silver-white meadows, on and on, facing the setting sun that stained the ice with bars of red and gold. The wind sang its old song through the pines above and drifted the perfume of them across the river. The air was like wine—wine that sparkles and is cold.

When they turned homeward one great star hung its silver lamp in the East, and the young moon crept up the sky, that was of a rare blue-green, like the depths of the sea.

The ringing of their skates cut through the stillness, and the gaunt and leafless trees seemed to bend down and listen. The fires in the Western heavens turned to ashes, and twilight fell, while they two, going swiftly through the silence, felt as much alone on the frozen river as though the rest of the world were dead.

Lights were gleaming from the house as they drew near it.

"I've been gone rather long," said the girl, with some misgiving at her heart. Then, glancing at the tall figure beside her, "I should not have persuaded you to come."

"I'm not sorry you did," he answered briefly.

Nevertheless the two entered the presence of Mrs. Wilbur as though she were a grand inquisitor. But instead of questions she treated them to a silent disapproval, which congealed the air of the room and was as difficult to endure as though it had been merited. Conversation flagged in such an atmosphere, and dwindled down to polite commonplaces wearying to the soul. Yet Strong caught the little defiant expression in Jean Waverly's eyes and answered it by a look which said he would be on the river the next afternoon. Ay! and the next, and the next, should she so wish it; and they understood each other as well as did little Pip and Joe,



ME AND BILLY.

the gentle blacksmith, telegraphing their sympathies across the table what time Pip's sister was upon the rampage.

It was just before Christmas they decided to have the Christmas tree, and Mrs. Wilbur suggested it, though unintentionally.

One evening Jean Waverly had been talking of the kindergarten, and of how she told the little ones the story of the Christ-child, before the class closed.

"Although it was rather too early, we had a tree," she said, "and the children and I made gorgeous things to go on it. On the top we put a big star made of cardboard, covered with alum, and it glittered most beautifully. That, you know, was to help them understand the star in the East. I told them afterwards of the wise men riding on their great white camels slowly towards it. Yes, and of the shepherds who watched their flocks by night. Of course," she went on seriously, "we don't have any lights or toys on the tree—the school is too poor; but we have candies on it, and it is pretty to look at, and the only bit of Christmas some of the wee dears get. Do you know," she said, after a pause, "it was Martin Luther who began Christmas trees?"

"No! Don't you? Well, he did. He was riding home through the fir woods one frosty Christmas eve late at night and saw the stars twinkling down through the dark branches. At the edge of the forest he cut down a fir tree and carried it home. Then he set it up, fastened candles upon it, and in the morning lit them, so that the children might realize something of what he had seen. Yes, and their little gifts he had tied on to the branches also. I always feel that I love Martin Luther for that. It makes him seem very much like the rest of us. Don't you think so?"

When she turned to Strong with that expression in her eyes and said, "Don't you think so?" he invariably said he did.

"I would quite like to see a Christmas tree again," remarked Mrs. Wilbur, pensively, some remote memory softening her features.

"You shall," said Strong. "We will have one. I will furnish the tree and its adornments, while you and Miss Waverly may invite whom you like to enjoy it."



WHY THERE WAS A SHORTAGE IN FURS. Photo by R. R. Sullivan.

"How heavenly!" cried Jean, her eyes alight. The next moment she felt that this exclamation as a vote of thanks was altogether inadequate, but a tightness came to her throat that left her without other words.

Mrs. Wilbur felt as people often do whose wishes have been suddenly granted. She tried to look pleasant, but, unhappily, failed.



A GRAND OLD MAPLE.
This tree is a short distance from St. Thomas, on the road to Sparta, and is a good sample of our Canadian emblem.
Photo by Rev. T. Copeland

"There are my kindergarten children, Mr. Strong," said Jean. "May I ask some of them?"

"Ask them all," he said, shortly.

"And you," she continued; "you will want some of the mill people's children."

"Their name is legion," he answered.

"Oh, yes," said Jean, nodding wisely; "but we'll select those who need a Christmas tree. There may be some who won't find a blessed thing in their stockings, poor lambs—these are the ones, you know, Mr. Strong."

"Whoever advised you to take up kindergarten work was very wise," said the man, softly.

"I love the children," Jean replied. Then, rather guiltily, "Some more than others, I'm afraid; but still I do love them, and try to make their path to knowledge as flowery as possible. Oh, Cousin Mahala," looking inquiringly at her, "there are the children, you know; we mustn't forget them."

Mrs. Wilbur was slow to respond, having to ransack her list of acquaintances to discover whether she knew personally a single child.

"Most of the young persons I would be likely to know have good homes of their own," she remarked, gathering up her work and leaving the room.

"Oh, dear!" said Jane Waverly, ruefully. "It is plain to see she don't enjoy the idea."

"No," returned Strong. "Her tone of voice swept over us like a cold wave; but it don't matter. Why should it? See," leaning towards her eagerly, "we will go together, you and I, to-morrow, and buy the toys. I never bought toys in my life, but you will know the sort of things. There should be strings of silver and gold balls, I fancy, and clock-work affairs that wind up, and animals, animals of all nations, and picture books. As for the sweets, we'll buy them in quantity."

"Sweets!" she said, laughing. "How delightfully English that sounds. We always say 'candies' down South; but by any name they taste as sweet, and I am so fond of them."

"Are you? I wish I'd known," he answered, regretfully. "I might have, of course, but such things," apologetically, "haven't been much in my line; they've been as foreign to my nature as—as Christmas trees."

"Probably both are an acquired taste with some people, but I've enjoyed them from the beginning," Jean answered. "I forgot to tell you, I have some dolls. Oh, quite a lot. I made them myself for the children, and you'll let them go on the tree, won't you?"

"Ah," said Strong, "I remember. Yes, they may go on the tree—all but one—I want that."

"Why?" questioned the girl, looking up. "How can you possibly know about those dolls?"

"I do, though—and the one I want you were holding when I first saw you. It is black and has an orange dress and scarlet apron. It seemed to harmonize with the banjo and the lullaby. I shall put that doll in the library, where I can see it, and then I shall often imagine—or dream—the rest of the picture—unless——" He broke off abruptly as Mrs. Wilbur entered the room.

"One of your school children has come to ask for you, my dear," she said to Jean. "I left her in my parlor."

As the girl left the room the woman crossed to the hearth and sat down opposite Strong.

"I heard from Richard Waverly to-day," she began, in her metallic voice. "He is very grateful to us for having paid Jean some attention. There is a line for you."

The man bent and lifted a fallen log back upon the fire. "I shall be glad to hear it," he answered.

With much crackling of paper Mrs. Wilbur slowly unfolded the letter and searched for the paragraph.

"Ah, here it is," she said. "'Be good enough to tell Mr. Strong that I appreciate his great kindness. When my sister is married I intend to go to Canada and will thank him personally.'" She put the letter back in its envelope and returned it to her pocket, then raised her eyes to Strong's face. Over it had fallen a gray shade—it looked hard, unreadable. Neither spoke for a moment, but suddenly John Strong rose and laid his hand on her arm. His eyes burned with a dangerous light.

"I had forgotten," he said, hoarsely. "There is another sister. Which does he mean? Quick! Do not keep me waiting."

Mrs. Wilbur gave a short, nervous laugh that broke and ended, for she was frightened. "How should I know?" she replied. "What affair is it of mine—and—and how can it affect you?"

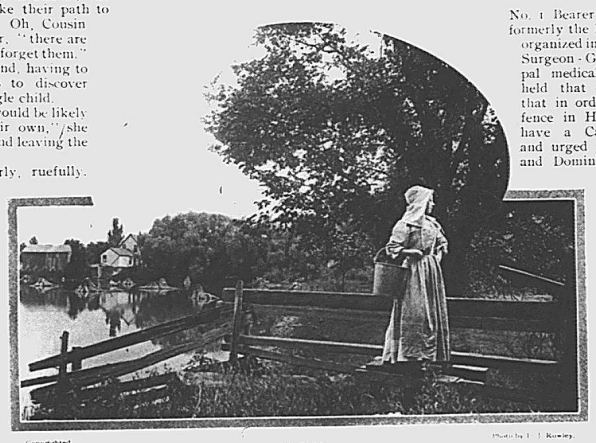
For answer he turned and left the room.

He found Jean Waverly in the little parlor. She was strumming softly on the banjo. The child had gone. Strong strode over to her and stood a moment, his breath coming fast.

The girl glanced up, then laid the banjo down.

"What is it?" she asked. "What has happened to you?"

"There has come a letter—from Washington—from your brother. He says he is coming to Canada when his sister is married."



Copyrighted. WAITING. Photo by T. J. Rowley.

"Yes," she said, wonderingly. "Dick always talked of coming north."

"Oh, it is not that," he cried; "but—but do you not see what it means to me? Which of you is it?"

"Which of us is engaged?" she questioned, the pink creeping up in her face. "Oh, it is Virginia—Virginia, of course."

John Strong caught the little hand that she had raised against her heart and lifted it to his lips.

"Now you know," he said, "you can see—how it is as far as I am concerned. I love you—I love you, and I feared——" He stopped, but his eyes did not leave her face. "I will wait," he said, "with what patience I can—till you learn to care—only tell me I may wait."

Jean gave a little, tremulous laugh. "Oh, whatever would Cousin Mahala say?" she answered, breathlessly, looking up through her lashes.

"She will say, among other things," replied Strong, drawing the little figure to him, "that it is a case of May and December."

"Oh, she shall not!" cried Jean. "She shall not—but I would not care in the least if she only called it—June—and—Indian summer."

It was the day they were married that Mrs. Wilbur stood alone in her room. The May sunshine came through the open windows. A robin was whistling from the pink and white apple trees just across the garden, but she did not hear him as she took off her stiff new bonnet and folded the heavy veil.

"When I think of John Strong in future," she remarked, cuttingly, "I shall always say to myself, 'There's no fool like an old fool.'"

But Matthews stood at the hall door and looked over at the river, singing on its way to the sea. A gentle breeze lifted his white hair, and his worn face was mild and shining. A wedding favor fluttered from his black coat.

"I fancy I see them a-comin' down the aisle," he said softly; "she with the beautiful smile in her eyes, and the dimple a-flickering in her cheek. An'—for the master—why, bless my soul, if he looked more'n twenty-five!"

A thousand miles of mighty wood
Where thunder storms stride fire-shod,
A thousand plants at every rod,
A stately tree at every rood,
Ten thousand leaves to every tree,
And each a miracle to me
Yet there be men who doubt of God!
Joaquin Miller.



No. 1 Bearer Company, Army Medical Corps, formerly the Halifax Bearer Company, was first organized in Halifax in September, 1898. When Surgeon-General O'Dwyer, now the principal medical officer at Aldershot, England, held that position in Halifax, he realized that in order to complete the scheme of defence in Halifax it would be necessary to have a Canadian Army Medical Corps, and urged the matter on both the Imperial and Dominion authorities. In this he was ably assisted by Lt.-Col. Neilson, the present Director-General, and Lt.-Col. Tobin. As a result, and after a great deal of work on the part of these gentlemen, the company was authorized, and recruiting began in September, 1898. Lt.-Col. Tobin, A.M.S., was the first commanding officer, and had no difficulty in raising the company up to full strength. He was assisted by Lieuts. Cashton Jones and Ross. Col. Tobin, who had been in the Imperial service, had recently taken a course at the Depot and Training School of the Royal Army Medical Corps at Aldershot, England. The company made good progress, and were able to take part in the general mobilization of the troops of the Halifax Garrison on the 1st July, 1899, being the first time that a medical unit was ever seen in Canada. Col. Tobin retired in November, 1899, and was succeeded by Major Jones, who had in the meantime been through a course at Aldershot.



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.



OFFICERS, N.C. OFFICERS AND MEN.
No. 1 Bearer Co., Halifax, Canadian Army Medical Corps.

THE DEAN & THE DEVIL



By ALBERT R. CARMAN.

THE DEAN of the faculty of theology at Doncaster College had long been a great trouble to his friends—especially to his lady friends; and most especially to his unmarried lady friends. Indeed, people who had never spoken to the Dean, and other people who could not have with certainty distinguished him from a half-dozen of the more unkempt and bewildered-looking of the professors, were worried about him. It was all over Doncaster that the students borrowed his money as fast as it was paid him, and that few or none of them ever returned these loans. This, of course, was not true, but it was none the less worrying to those who thought that it was.

There was unimpeachable authority, however, for the story that he put on one of his housekeeper's collars one Sunday morning by mistake, and sat in a deep gloom all through the sermon because he thought himself in danger of apoplexy. As for the borrowing legend, he had been victimized once by a young scapegrace sent down to Doncaster College by a rich father on a strictly limited allowance, much as he might have been sent to a reformatory; but the whole-souled way in which the boys, too poor to make up the amount out of their own purses, piled penance on the borrower by compelling him to work, surreptitiously, in the Dean's garden made that worthy gentleman unpopular as a money-lender for years to come.

The Dean had never married. It really would be more correct to say that the Dean had not yet married; for he was not an old man, having not long entered the dignified decade of the forties. But it is safe betting that nine out of ten of the people of Doncaster would have chosen the first form of expression if they had had occasion to refer to the Dean's bachelorhood; for with every preoccupied step, with every swing of his uncarved-for coat, with every introspective glance of his eye, he proclaimed himself a man long set apart from the activities and interests of other men—a contented dweller in the cloister of scholarship. Any of his lady friends would tell you that he had passed by many chances to marry, and most of them would give names and dates—though not always the same names and dates. To be a maiden lady in Doncaster with a taste for attendance at Richmond Road Church (the Dean's) was to be "spoken of" as a candidate for the Dean's wedding ring; to carry him a cup of coffee at a church "sociable" was to "file an application"; to attend college was to hurl one's self at his head. But the Dean was as unconscious of all such chatter as he was of the circumstance that some men took pains to keep a "crease" in their trouser legs. He felicitated himself in strict privacy on the fact that he was very polite to all ladies and very courteous to all gentlemen, including in this latter class every student on the college rolls, by which he won great love from the boys. The jocose familiarity of some men with women gave him a feeling of superiority; though he was never done marvelling at the little advantage it brought him with the ladies themselves.

After a time, however, Doncaster became accustomed to its Dean, and he sank to a sort of conversational "staple," to be enjoyed when nothing more pressing clamored for consideration. He was ranked next to "the college boys," who, in turn, stood just below the weather; but a church wedding would temporarily throw all three into the shade. Still, the moment that either of the trio "did" anything new, their innate superiority at once asserted itself. One fine Springtime the Dean shot suddenly to the front and stayed there for several times the usual "nine days"; and this in spite of the fact that the spring was early that year, and that there were rumors of "cribbing" at the college examinations.

It happened in this way: One of the oldest professors in Doncaster College had once had a son—a little less than the Dean's age—who argued from his ability to "recite" on the platform of his college society the possession of histrionic genius, and who therefore took to "the stage." That was a nine days' scandal in its time, and the professor bowed under the shame of it for years. His wife never lost sight of the lad, however, and when he died, after some years of buffeting and disappointment, in a little hotel at a "one-night stand," where the company had been compelled to leave him sick, she knew that he had left a widow; and, much as her evangelical training taught her to shrink from this "woman of the footlights," she felt it her duty to offer her son's widow a home. When the letter came accepting the offer, the professor and his wife were literally inundated by a surging tide of confusing emotions such as their secluded, scholastic life had not brought to them for many a year. She was actually coming there to live—an actress! Yet she was the girl their Robert had loved. What an opportunity to lead her feet into the right path! But—but what would she think of their bespectacled



"That the responsibility lay upon them to do something about it."

evenings on either side of the reading lamp? The wife wished that she had got the long-talked-of new carpet for the dining room; the professor wondered if after all he had not better give up the practice of wearing carpet slippers in the evening and try to find comfort in the leather ones with no heels that the boys seemed to like. Ah! But why think of such things? Robert was dead—dead. There stood a forlorn row of his old college books on his shelf, in so stiff an order that you knew at once that he he was dead. But would an actress care for books of any kind? Could she read? Why, of course; had she not written? And thus the mental turmoil until the heavy-lidded, tremulous-mouthed, simple-souled woman came.

She had been in Doncaster a twelvemonth—though Doncaster had seen little of her—when the great scandal connecting her name with the Dean's broke out.

It is really marvellous how slow the people were to see what lay under their eyes. The Dean had actually been at the professor's three evenings for tea—an unprecedented outburst of sociability for him—before Mrs. Jamieson was ready to perform the feat, at which she was an adept, of "putting two and two together." In this case it was putting three and one together, but the result was quite properly the same.

"Do you know what I suspect?" she asked while making an afternoon call on Mrs. Thompson. Mrs. Henders and Miss Brisbane were still there, though they were making signs of being about to hurry on to the next "port of call" on their lists.

"Why, what?" said Mrs. Thompson, encouragingly, while the other two ladies stiffened into attention.

"I think that the poor, ridiculous old Dean is in danger of being caught at last."

"Oh, the Dean!" flouted Miss Brisbane, getting up to go. "He's always being caught."

"But, Miss Brisbane, do you know who is after him this time?" demanded Mrs. Jamieson, fixing that young lady with the stare of one whose information is not to be put aside in that way.

"Let me see," mused Miss Brisbane, tapping the toe of her boot with her parasol; "what girl has recently grown up into range of the Dean?"

But Mrs. Jamieson could not wait for the playing out of such a game of posturing; and so she broke in on the young lady's dainty fooling with—

"It is the actress!"

Miss Brisbane sat down. No one spoke, but the three pairs of eyes were concentrated on Mrs. Jamieson's face. She felt her power, and enjoyed it a moment before going on. The corners of her lips just tasted of a smile, which was to her what a chuckle is to a man. But to enjoy it further was to cast doubt on the genuine importance of her news; so she went on:

"He has taken tea at Professor Campbell's three times in not more than a week and a half——"

"Gracious!" from Mrs. Henders, and "Not the Dean!" from Miss Brisbane.

"And they have been seen walking together in the garden; and he has actually bought a new hat; and—oh, lots of evidence."

It was all true. Even the Dean suspected it himself. His housekeeper knew it perfectly; but, though possessed with the liveliest desire in Doncaster to "tell something new," she solemnly resolved that wild horses would not draw this shameful secret from her. That very afternoon she could hardly keep herself from entering the Dean's study and summoning him to come to his senses. Nor would the summons have been altogether ill-timed. The Dean was sitting at his wide desk preparing a lecture on the moral meanings of some of the Greek myths, while right in front of him lay a mass of lilac blossoms with the stems tightly bound about with folds of coarse brown paper, carefully damped. Near at hand lay a volume of French poetry, which the Dean frequently picked up, looked at fixedly, and put down again in, if possible, a more conspicuous position, remarking to himself each time with the emphasis of a long-forgotten duty recalled by accident: "Now, I must not forget to return that this very afternoon." The book was the property of Professor Campbell. Then he would go on writing his lecture. Presently, however, his eye would fall on the brown paper wrapping about the stems of his bouquet; he would touch it with his finger, exclaim in surprise and carry it over to the plain earthenware water pitcher that stood on his washstand, when, dipping his hand into the neck of the pitcher, he would sprinkle the

paper wrapping as he remembered to have seen women sprinkle clothes. Then, if he did not pull out his watch hurriedly or go to the window and stare abstractedly out on spring verdure that covered his garden, he would settle down with a great business-like air to his work.

At half-past four precisely he fitted on his new hat, looked in the glass with attention, frowned at his lean, serious face, tried the effect of pulling his moustaches to one side, buttoned his coat and looked at it from several sides, unbuttoned it and thrust his hands in his pockets and looked at it with a trifle more satisfaction, tried the effect of a jovial smile, gave it up with a sigh, concluded to button his coat after all, picked up the lilacs and went solemnly out, trying to look as if he always carried flowers when he took a "constitutional." First he carried his bouquet like a lamp, then he held it under his arm like an umbrella, then he let it swing carelessly in his hand. But in a few minutes he was back again in a breathless hurry. He had forgotten the professor's book, which was the sole reason he had for calling at the Campbells' that day. On his way down the street he was greatly bothered about what he would do if Professor Campbell were out. He found himself in the cool parlor, with its shiny, slippery, black hair-cloth furniture, in spite of this difficulty, however; and in his pleasant relief at this it occurred to him for the first time that he had solved the problem unconsciously by asking for "Mistress Robert Campbell." Then he blushed to his forehead, but listened with new eagerness for a foot on the stair.

Presently he heard it. It was a running step, and when the thick mat at the bottom silenced it, there came the "swish" of draperies along the hall carpet. It was a bright face that came through the door, though you instantly felt that the background was sorrow. It was, at the first glance in that half-light, a fresh, youthful face; but too soon a bunch of wrinkles showed on the side of the neck, and you saw that the muscles had relaxed just under the eyes. It was "enter Miss May Day" played with much spirit by "Madame June." The figure was filling up, but "the actress" knew how both to dress and carry it. Her step was in its teens, but, after she had shaken hands with the Dean, she stood with the solidity of the late "thirties." Still, she kept her face lighted up, and the dear Dean never dreamed that this rare light could be turned off and on like the stage "electrics" in a theatre.

"I suppose you are enjoying this fine spring weather," observed the Dean.

"Oh, amazingly," replied Mrs. Robert. "Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you."

"What beautiful lilacs!"

"I brought them to you."

"Ah, that's very kind of you. Let me take them and put them in water without another moment's delay. I always feel that cut flowers out of water are suffering."

"I have noticed," said the Dean, gravely, "that you often seem very closely connected with what we might call the nerve system of nature. You might almost have dwelt in a wood like a dryad. How magnificent it would be"—his enthusiasm kindling—"if we had more of the freedom of the old Greek life to-day!"

The Dean often thought that even he might have married if he could have mated with one of the noble women of classic literature. So much did he live in his library that Greece, Judea and Rome—but especially the two former—were nearer to that innermost life in him, where we keep our standards of excellence and our most cherished prejudices, than were the social activities of Doncaster. What he chiefly disliked in these little modern wars, in which for the pleasing of his friends he took an irritated interest, was that events were constantly happening in them which compelled a change in his conclusions. They were not comfortably finished and petrified by the passage of centuries, so that a man might moralize over them without fear that his best thinking would be rendered of no avail by a new victory or an unexpected surrender. When he heard discussion of brave deeds his first thought was of Achilles and Leonidas and



"IT WAS EVER THUS." By permission of Cochrane, Hamilton.

Gideon, and talk of beautiful women brought to his mind Helen of Troy and Judith. It was a certain stateliness of enunciation that Mrs. Robert Campbell had learned on the stage which first attracted the attention of the Dean. Then she had a way of wearing plain, swaying robes which just faintly suggested to him the costume of his beloved Greeks. If she had but bound her hair in the fashion of one of Alma-Tadema's free-limbed maidens, the Dean would have rioted in classic allusions.

She had, at all events, knowledge enough to follow his lead, and her interested queries soon had him in full flow of description of "the freedom of the old Greek life" which he envied. Ah, here at last, he was thinking, was a woman who cared for the things he cared for—who did not interrupt his talk of Athenian foibles to enquire whether the college boys thought of bringing a singer or an elocutionist to their closing entertainment this year.

The general outbreak of bells that announces "six o'clock" warned him that he must go, which he did in great good humor with himself and a high esteem of Mrs. Campbell's intelligence, carrying the professor's book of poetry with him. He met the professor outside his gate, chatted with him a few moments—mainly on the surprising exhilaration of the spring air—and then stamped sturdily off home, still carrying that important poetic collection in his hand.

Now, this was all very well for the Dean and "the actress"; and the professor was not wholly unhappy, though he had his misgivings. But religious Doncaster and the faculty of Doncaster College and the congregation of Richmond Road Church were stirred to their several and similar depths. It would have gone hard with the most irreproachable woman who presumed to appropriate and monopolize the Dean. Miss Helen Austin still declined to be reconciled with four different families in the church because of the things they said of her three years before when the Dean took her to a lecture and a concert in swift succession and rumor had picked out her bridesmaid. But when the aspiring woman was a widow and an actress and, moreover, seemed very near success, nothing could keep back the flood.

Everybody was asking everybody else why somebody did not do something about it. But the days wore on and no one did anything, except the Dean, who never lost an opportunity of seeing her whom he found great pleasure of late in fancying in the wide-spaced forest recesses of Olympus, though other Doncastrians relegated her to a lower classic abode. The mould of Mrs. Simpson's mind was Jewish rather than Greek when she said that she "really believed that the devil, knowing that it was no use to go at the Dean like a roaring lion—for he'd never get near him like that—took the form of this shameless actress."

Things were in this state on the 11th of June. The Dean always remembered that there fell a soft, warm summer rain that day in the afternoon, but at night it cleared off and the stars were shining at ten. This was because the rain kept him from calling at the Campbells' in the afternoon, he having no rain-proof excuse; while when the ten o'clock bell was ringing over at the college buildings he was standing on his front steps wishing Professor Saunders, who had spent the evening with him, a not too cheerful "good-night." The air was laden with the scent of revived vegetation, and the gravel path was sticky with the wet.

Several things had been "done" at last on this day. In the morning the president of the college had consulted with several of the older professors on the subject of the Dean's apparent infatuation, and reached the decision that the consequences of allying himself with "the actress" must be placed with great kindness but also with great plainness before the Dean. They concluded that the best way to do this would be to invite the misguided man to meet them in private conference at the president's house one week from that morning (Wednesday), and to send him the invitation at once by his most trusted friend, Professor Saunders, who would intimate to him the purpose of the conference, thus giving him time to think the matter well over and to prepare himself to listen to the counsel of his brethren. No one can say now that this plan could not have succeeded, for the professor and the Dean parted that night, after an evening of such intimate talk as two worldly men could never have suffered themselves to have, "more in sorrow than in anger." The Dean had been too long a disciple of the ethical school that his friend represented not to feel the full force of all he said, and his training permitted him to fall easily into the mood of the penitent under the lash when he could even hear his mistress assailed in a submissive spirit. Then, too, renunciation of "the actress" pictured itself to him in the similitude of a noble martyr of exalted spirit, watched in wet-eyed admiration by his friends, looking sadly upon an inconsolable woman, robed in black and with bowed head; but looking upon the resisted temptation pretty often, sometimes in the Campbell pew, sometimes, perhaps, in the Campbell house, and even on rare occasions in the seclusion of the Campbell garden.

But the president and his colleagues had not reckoned with the exploits of zeal which are not to be outdone in perilous possibilities, not even by the achievements of well-intentioned stupidity.

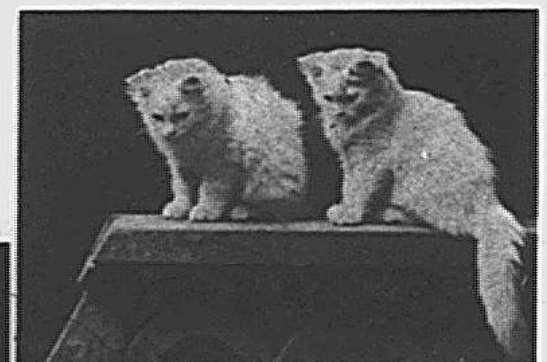






It was not only the president who had seen in the Dean's bright face a stern summons to duty. Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Jamieson and Miss Brisbane had met at the home of the former on the day before this fateful Wednesday, and decided—nearly twenty-four hours before the learned collegians—that the responsibility lay upon them to "do something about it." As they were a little afraid of the Dean, they determined to appeal to the conscience of Mrs. Professor Campbell. Accordingly, they called on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Simpson, who was a woman of direct manner and very little "foolish weakness" when in the path of duty, took up the subject at once.

"Mrs. Campbell," she said, "we have come here to-day to take up our burden, and say some things to you which you may be sure we do not like saying. You can make it very hard for us if you do not receive what we say in the spirit in which it is said." And Mrs. Simpson paused for—well, apparently, for the purpose of swallowing something hitherto lodged in her throat.







Copyrighted. FRITZ AND HIS ADMIRERS. Photo by Lyon, Preston.

Mrs. Campbell picked at her dress nervously, and said in a low voice that she hoped she had the Christian forbearance to hear whatever was for her good. This was a large hope, indeed, for she knew as well now as she did after the three ladies had gone away just what it was they wished to say.

"Well," continued Mrs. Simpson, "we thought that it would not be out of place for us to say to you—you naturally not hearing anywhere near as much about it as we do—that some of us would like to ask—or rather to ask you to ask yourself, if it would not be better for one we all revere and respect if a certain person in—in your—eh—household should go away for a little holiday?" The last three or four words were spoken with brightness and a smile.

There was silence for a minute or two, Mrs. Campbell still picking at her dress. Suddenly she jerked out:

"She don't run after him."

"H'm!" said Miss Brisbane, and then looked pointedly out of the window.

"Now, Mrs. Campbell," protested Mrs. Simpson, soothingly. "We shall only get to saying things that we will find it hard to forget if we go to discuss this matter. You know how infatuated he is."

"Yes," from Mrs. Campbell, in a low, matter-of-fact voice.

"Now, couldn't you manage a holiday?"

"I don't know where the poor child would go. This is her only home."

"Well, well. If you see your duty, Mrs. Campbell, we've done ours. Ways and means we can leave to you and the professor—and" (as an afterthought) "the Lord."

"I'll speak to the professor when he comes home," said the professor's wife, not without misgivings as to how he would treat the question. And at this promise the three relaxed the tension of the "rack."

When they arose to go, their victim revived a little, and she said:

"Oh, I wish the Dean would leave us alone!"

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Jamieson; "it's too silly of him. But we can't expect a man to be wise in everything."

Meantime up on the landing of the stair crouched a figure which constantly dabbed at its eyes with a wet handkerchief, and murmured to itself:

"She never once thought I was good enough for him! She never once thought I was good enough for him!"

When the visitors moved as if to go, the figure sprang up and for a moment a tigress with quick breath and flaming eyes and vibrant hair poised there on the landing. Then it shrank into a forlorn woman with sagging cheeks and a miserable, quivering droop at the corners of the mouth, who crept stealthily up the remaining steps and into the plain, back bedroom which had been the possession of "the actress" for a peaceful twelvemonth. There she threw herself on the bed and snook with stifled crying.

Staid respectability had been a passion with Lottie Pettit, now known to us as Mrs. Robert Campbell, ever since she had discovered that there were two worlds, divided from each other by the footlights of the stage. She was born on the bright side of the footlights. Her mother was an actress, and she herself had begun her stage career as an infant in arms, who is represented in the second act—after an interval of eighteen years—by a hard-faced, hard-voiced, carefully-coopered bundle of vivacity with a glittering smile. But so soon as she had reached "years of discretion"—and contrary to the common notion they come early in the real stage-world—she had as great a longing to pass through the waving heat curtain that rises from the footlights as ever did stage-struck maiden of the outer world to pass that mystic curtain in the other direction. She wanted to get off the stage and away from the theatre, and into the quietude of that life which knows nothing of either. She was a "home-struck" girl, confined to the stage—one lone traveller from the yellow to the grey, in curious contrast with the many who hurry along the opposite way.

It was this as much as anything that attracted her to Bob Campbell when he came fresh from that secluded nook in Doncaster to the tinsel and the glare, bringing with him many a sign of his origin which she loved and he hated. Then he died, and his mother offered her a home. It was finding the harbor after a long, long voyage. How she loved the staid, honest household with its simple ways! The sweet, wholesome mother-heart that was always the same from day to day; that knew no jealousies or feverish rivalries or petty ambitions; how it rested her! The unworldly professor, with his kind voice and his honest eyes, that never looked on a woman except in respect; how she reverenced him!

Then long after came the Dean. Here was a man to trust, a mind to look up to! A woman of different life would have asked many things of the Dean that he never even knew that he lacked; but "the actress" was tired to death of men with rolling voices, and men with majestic poses, and men with "centre of the stage" society graces, and all the rest of it. She liked that familiarity of his hand with books, and was willing that he should not know how to "dress" until she could teach him.

But now even the mother-heart who loved her had to admit that if she should rest her poor cheek upon the Dean's shoulder the odious "grease paint" of the stage would fatally discolor his black coat. Ah, how hateful it was—and how hopeless!

* * * * *

The Dean remained immersed in his mood of chastened melancholy after his talk with Professor Saunders until late in the following afternoon. Then Mrs. Campbell's maid brought him a little note. It was addressed to him in Mrs. Robert's hand. He opened it musingly, sadly, and read:

June 11th, 18—

My dear Dean:

I am leaving for New York to-night, but cannot go without letting you know how fully I appreciate your great kindness and patience with poor stupid me. I am going back to my old life, but shall always remember what you have taught me. It would seem incredible to you how much you have taught me; but the best thing I ever learned from you was how good some men are.

I think you will never understand why I go away, and I cannot tell you. But Mrs. Campbell will know, and she will tell you that it is not badness in me.

Oh, do believe me, I shall always be a good woman. I have only one way to earn my living, and I know you do not like it, but it is not bad—it is only tiresome.

Now, good-bye, and God keep me. I was going to write "God keep you," but I need it worse.

Your friend,

Lottie Campbell.

"To-night!" ejaculated the Dean. And, hatless, he hurried down the street through that quiet June afternoon to the Campbell house. There Mrs. Campbell showed him the date. It was written yesterday, and Lottie had been gone already nearly twenty-four hours.

"What did you let her go for?" demanded the Dean.

"We didn't know," said Mrs. Campbell. "She went to bed right after tea, and we never suspected anything until Sarah found two letters in her room this morning; one for me and that one to you."

"I suppose that I could not see your letter?" he asked, wistfully.

"N—o; I'm afraid not."

"Why—why did she go back to that awful life?" he asked, with constrained fierceness.

Mrs. Campbell, remembering the admonitions of Mrs. Simpson, shook her head. She would add no fuel to the flame.

"I suppose," he went on, slowly, "she found us dull. Yes, I—I am a poor figure of a gallant. Do you know, Sister Campbell, that the faculty over there"—and he nodded his head toward the college and twisted his face as one who had the will to smile but could not—"feared that she might marry me, and they—they thought it wouldn't do."

"Yes," said Mrs. Campbell, putting stern restraint on herself, for she longed to tell him that it was only to save him from that marriage "the actress" had gone away.

"Did you know?" he asked, surprised that she was not surprised.

"Yes."

"Oh, of course; the professor would hear of it."

"No; Mrs. Simpson called."

"Mrs. Simpson? A zealous sister!" And he sighed.



"We can be married this afternoon."

"Ah, well," he went on presently; "I could not have hoped for anything different. Look at me!"—and he cast his eyes deprecatingly down over his loose apparel and then ran his fingers through his greying hair. "The stage," he added, with a touch of jealousy in his voice, "has many fine-looking men in its service."

"She went away," said Mrs. Campbell in even tones, but with a note of desperation that startled him, "so that by no chance could you suffer from the scandal of marrying her."

He stared at her with starting eyes. "How did she know?" he demanded.

"She overheard Mrs. Simpson talking to me yesterday."

"That—that—that—woman!"

Mrs. Campbell turned her head aside, for she was crying.

"Mistress Campbell," thundered out the Dean—it was his pulpit voice—"will you tell the professor that I leave for New York to-night; and will you further ask of him that he communicate with the president and tell him that I will marry your daughter-in-law if I can find her; and if"—the vigor went out of his voice—"she will say that she loves me."

* * * * *

He would have found her more easily if he had known that she had three names. While he was searching theatrical New York over for Mrs. Campbell or Lottie Campbell, "Miss Luella Lovekin" was



Photo by James Fisken, The Atelier, Preston.

HESTER.—A CANADIAN GIRL.

travelling much the same route, looking for an engagement. At first she wanted a "speaking part" in a drama, out of respect to her Doncaster friends; but at last she was ready to take her old place as a minor soubrette. The Dean, with his flapping broad hat, his long coat and his earnest face, made his hesitating enquiries at all the theatrical agencies and theatre offices he could hear of, sometimes venturing upon a description of her he sought, when he grew hopeless of finding the name known, that should have secured him an engagement preparing press notices for any actress on the American stage. At one place where he called three times they got to calling him "John Storm" in search of his "Glory."

It was at a cheap theatre that he found her Tuesday afternoon; and to his everlasting comfort he never knew in what a role—and what a dress—she appeared the night before. By luck, someone remembered Bob Campbell and his marriage to "Luella Lovekin," so that at last the weary Dean was put on the right track. She came out to him in the "lobby," and after one quick look in her eyes he drew her tenderly to his breast without a word.

When he spoke it was only to say: "We can be married this afternoon."

"But the college?"

"The college can spare me better than I can you."

The professors who were to have remonstrated with the Dean assembled—for lack of knowing anything better to do—at the president's the next morning. And it turned out that they could not have chosen better. The president read them in a low voice a letter from the missing man, in which he announced his marriage to Mrs. Robert Campbell and enclosed his resignation.

"The year's work is over," he wrote, "so that my staying away now can do no harm. . . . I shall never forget your loving kindness toward me. You tried your best to save me—but she was far better worth saving. . . . I do not for a moment think that I am acting wrong. To cast her off was to drive her to the stage; I shall bring her back to the home. . . . If you should wish to communicate with me, address —— Hotel, Boston."

These good men sat in council for an hour; and then they sent him this telegram, signed by all present:

"The faculty of Doncaster College expect their Dean of Theology and his bride to be present at convocation."

When the students took the horses out of the carriage in which the pair sought to drive up to Professor Campbell's from the station the day preceding convocation, and dragged them along amidst cheering and rollicking choruses of the college, the Dean beamed on them all with ecstatic delight, and whispered over and over again to the woman who sat at his side—a perfect presentation of the character of a Dean's wife, born to the rank—"A Roman triumph, my darling; a Roman triumph!"

The Story of the Maple.

"Did you plant trees on Arbor day when you were a little girl, grandma?" asked Jessie, when she had been telling grandma about the Arbor day exercises at school.

"No, my dear," grandma replied; "they didn't have Arbor day when I was a girl; but my little Delia planted a maple tree on the first Arbor day that was ever observed in Nebraska. I have good reason to remember it, for it's been a very useful tree," said grandma.



"It is more than twenty years ago," she went on, "that a day was set apart for tree-planting. Every one was pleased with the idea and wanted to plant trees. And how many they did plant! They planted windbreaks, and street-trees and fruit-trees, and shade-trees in the door-yards.

"Delia was only seven years old, and no one thought she was big enough to plant trees. But she was full of the spirit of the day, and she got an armful of twigs and made farms all over the back yard.



"Your grandpa and the boys were setting trees along the street. I wanted a maple by the back door, but grandpa said it would take too much room; and besides, the ground was so hard there, he said, he thought it would die if he set it.

"And little Delia spoke out, just in fun, 'Why, I'll plant you a maple tree, mother!' And she ran into the front yard and dug up a little seedling that had come up under one of the maples there, and then she ran back and planted it by the kitchen door.



"It was just a part of her play. She never dreamed it would grow; but the queer part of it was, it did grow. There came a heavy rain that night, and I suppose that gave it a good start. Anyway, it began to grow, and it's kept on ever since; and we're sitting under it now!" said grandma.

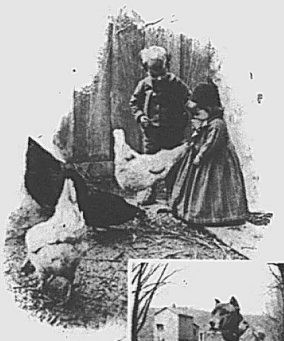
"What!" cried Jessie, jumping up. "This great, lovely tree? Isn't that splendid!"

"Yes," said grandma; "and, as I said, it's been very useful. I've done my washing under it in the summer-time for ten years. And when your grandpa gets tired of working he comes and sits here to rest; and he's never once said that he thought it took too much room. Yes, I have your mamma to thank for this tree, my dear."



THE LITTLE DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENT, OR WHAT KINDNESS WILL DO.

1. The Offer. 2. Refusal. 3. Persuasion. 4. He Yields.



OUR LITTLE CITY COUSIN MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THE OLD PET MEN.



WATCHING FOR HIS MASTER, AN ACTUAL EVERY-DAY OCCURRENCE.

Solemn Praise.

The wife of a tenor singer says that, of all the tributes paid to the beauty and pathos of her husband's voice, the one which touched her most had in it an element of humor despite its gravity.

She sat at a concert, directly in front of two old ladies, whose comments on the soprano who graced the occasion were far from flattering.

"She can sing bigh," said one of the old ladies, "but some way I'm not moved by it, Sarah."

"I should think not," returned her friend, decidedly. "The woman lacks soul."

Later, when the tenor sang, his wife listened half anxiously to hear what the old ladies would say of him.

"O, Sarah!" exclaimed the one who had not been "moved" by the soprano, "O, Sarah, what a sweet singer!"

"Yes, and what a voice for a funeral!" exclaimed Sarah. "If we could have secured him for father's funeral, it would have made a beautiful occasion!"

The Mill Stream.

Clear, down the mountain 'neath the arching green,
And o'er mossed boulders dappled by the sun,
With many a leap the laughing waters run.
They tumble fearless down each dark ravine,
And roam through caves where day has never been,
Until at last the open pool is won,
Where, by their prisened strength, man's work is done
In that old mill which branching cedars screen.

Here, all day long, the massy logs updrawn
Against the biting saw are loud with shrieks;
Here, too, at night are stars and mystery,
And nature sleeping, and all round at dawn
The rugged utterance of mountain peaks
Against the infinite silence of the sky.

Quebec. Frederick George Scott.

Ruskin's Doctrine.

John Ruskin, the great English critic and philosopher, who died recently, represented in art and in literature many good old Saxon notions, the greatest of which was the duty and necessity of combining earnestness of motive with patient, honest work. Beauty was indeed his gospel, but he could see no beauty in a man; a picture or a thing unless the man or the thing were true, good and essentially moral.

The superficially or merely sensuously beautiful was to him not beautiful at all; a thing created or done must be done with an idea behind and in it.

For this reason, Ruskin loved the work of the hand. The good ditch-digger, still more the good blacksmith, was to him a true artist. He did not like, in fact he disliked, the work of machines from which the idea, the spirit, of work was absent. He once wrote:

"It is no man's business whether he have genius or not. Work he must, whatever his hands find to do. If faithfully and conscientiously done, it will be the thing God meant him to do, and will be his best; if restlessly and ambitiously done, false, hollow and despicable."

Ruskin loved men who work with their hands, and his books are in great part written to them. To a large extent, no doubt, his words failed to make a direct impression on the people he most wished to reach, but his ideas were taken up and repeated to them by teachers whom they understood better.

Indeed, the ideas of any man or woman who believes in earnestness, in inflexible sincerity, in patient, honest toil, in right and true dealing between men, and in the supremacy of the heart above things merely of the head, and who can express this belief, can never be lost to the world.

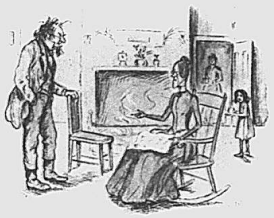


AVIN bin ast to rite a peese fer the Xmis Globe noospapper i set down & take pen in hand to do it accordin, and i spose it will be futtin with the seesin to take fer the subjick of my remarks Crismis times at jenkins Corners, ware i wus born & brung up & hes lived bout the hull of my life. tho this vilege haint growd nothin to speek of sense i fust seen it moren fifty yeers ago yit it dont by no meens hev the same kine of crismis it ust to hev in them erly times fer one thing the snow es a ginrel rool haint so deep ner the wether so cole es in them ole days to my way of thinkin, but ime tole this is jes imagnashin on my part and a sine ime gitin ole, but i dont bleeve it. i kin rekleck wen i ust to go to the school house wadin throo snow bout up to my neck & now i dont ginrely ever no it to be moren up to my nees. But then wus the good ole times i kin tell you, and they wus lots of fun at Crismis. Wen i wus jes a littel yungster the hull fambly of us ust to hang up our stokins & git em filled by Sandy Claws & the ole feler cum round ever trip thout fail. then thay wus a goose or turky fer dinner with puddin & al the fixins you kin think of & our ants & unkels wus thare frum al over the erth etin and drinkin till thay coodent harly do nothin but sleep. and in the aftnoon we wus lowed to go out and play in the snow & do jes bout wot we liked. When we hed growd bigger & i wus es i sposed one of the yung gents of the Corners & hed cum to hev a likin fer the girls



• • • "Wadin throo snow bout up to my neck."

& keepng cumpny with em, it wus my cheef delite to go to the crismis partys. We ust to git into a big bob slay with pe straw & plenty buflo robes a hull lot of us, and drive to some farm round the diggins a few miles out & hev jes a hi ole time playin kissin games and singin songs & hevin a dance. We brung a cuppel of fidlers long with us & thay wus ginrely a parler orgin in the house so the musick wus fust clas. Yude otter saw the dancin we dun. some of the ole fokes jined in & i hev saw ole ladys hoe it down with fancy steps sech es you dont see nothin like it nowdays. ive quit dancin now & i gess everbudy hes, fer i dont call it dancin to go wawkin round takin hole of hans and lettin go agin whitch is called by the name of dancin in the presint day. Them ole partys ust to wine up with a squair meel fer the hull outfit of us & the way we dun justis to punkin pize biled ham & so 4th wus a cawshin. but alas alas, them days is gone & we wunt never see em no more. Things is did difrent now & Crismis haint the same to me no shape ner way. i dont see no hangin up stockin business es they haint no yung uns in my dwellin house. i spose that is did yet ware you kin fine chilren thet reely beleeves in Sandy Claws. but i gess they haint menny of that ole fashind kine left, septin sech es hes got parints with ole fashind sense & dont think thase eny harm in beleevin sech things even ef thay haint true. My muther on to my wife's side Misses Snodgrass, is one of them fokes thet thinks it haint rite to bleeve in Sandy Claws & when they spoke bout hevin a shine up to the methdis church las crismis & Lije Wheetcroft wus a goin to ack as Sandy an gin the chilrin presnts offen a Crismis tree she wus rite down on the hull idee & ixpressed her mine bout mister Wheetcroft in sech a stile es wood made that gents hare stan on end ef heed herd her & ef heed had any hare only hees bald es a badger. She sed it wus a skandlis shame fer a methdis recordin stuart to dress hisself up and ack out a lie to fool pore littel boys and gals & she put her foot rite down and sed ef our little hired gal was lowed to go she wood git rite up & leeve jinkins corners & never darkin our dore agin longs she lived. Wel, i bleeve i cood stood this so fur as ime conserned & i wus wilin to sakrifise my felins of afeckshin fer the ole lady



• • • "She said it was a skandlis shame."

on ackount of the prinsipel of the thing and to stan up fer the rites of the pore chile which wus lookin forrid with delite to the sundy scool Crismis tree, but my wife coodent bare to hev no fallin out with her muther & fer the sake of peese i hed to set down on my own feelins. wen we tole littel Susay that sheed got to stay home she putty ni broke her hart weepin & i jis felt meen enuff to kick myself & do sumthin of a simler kine to the unfeelin and redicklis ole critter whitch hed bin the caws of this fambly trubbel. ime rite glad to stait thet i got even with her fer it. Wen the evenin cum fer the show i ses, well you kin do es you pleese fokes, but ime a goin up to see the fun at the methdis church. so i put on my cap & mufeler & started rite out, heerin poor littel Susay sobbin es i closed the dore. Wen i got thare thay wus a big croud but i see sumthin hed went rong es thay wus glume on to the juvnile faces. it apears Lijey Wheetcroft hed bin took sick in the evenin & sent wurd he coodnt cum, so it looked es tho thay coodent be no sandy claws fer em & the hull afare mus be a fizzel. No,



• • • "The kine lady is a goin to give you fifty sents for a Crismis present."

i ses to the preecher, not by no meens, i gess i kin do it jes es good es Lijey. So thay wus delited & the preecher got up & tole the childrin ole Sandy wus cummin to see em after al so cheer up & thay did cheer fer bout five minits. Wel, i got the fancy close on in the dressin room, a big fur cote with a belt round it stufft with pillers till i was bout the fatest feler you ever see, fur trousers, mocksins on to my feet & a fur cap with a top like a church steepel, i hed on a wig of wite hare down to my sholders & big wite wiskers & my nose & cheeks painted red & i swan they want a sole on erth wood no me, in fack i coodent bleeve it wus C jinkins myself wen i looked in the glass. this is bettern Lijey wood a bin ses the preecher, cus he is moren six feet tall & stuters so feerful he cant make a speech nohow. but he ses Caleb, yure Sandy Claws to the verry life. So i got the baskit on my back & the littel evergreen tree to carry & wen we stept outen the dressin room thay wus a shout of suprise. Wel the afare wus a big sucksess & wen i had did my part i retired & wus agoin to take of the things when a idee cum in my hed bout misses Snodgrass. i ses to myself ile do it, blame me ef i dont. So i jes stepped outen the vestry dore & made a bee line fer my dwelin house & gin a solem rap at the dore. Misses Snodgrass herself cum to the dore with a candel & wen she see the figger on the step she ni fainted. i jes made a bow & she ses who be you & wat is wantid. i cood see she wus tremblin with feer. dont you no me, i ses in a deep down vice. No she ses, you haint Mister Wheeteroft ime sertin & yit—— No i ses, ime not Mister Wheetcroft i am one you hev dared to say is a mere fabel & don't reely exist. I am Sandy Claws, I ses. She jes helt up the candel & staired throo her specks & i cood see she wus gitin paler & paler. You hev a chile in this house name of Susay, i ses in a stern vice. Yes sir, she kinder wisperd. You hev bin cruel to her this day & made her weep & now, even now i ses, she is sobbin in her littel bed & her piller is damp with the teers of unhapiness. in this you have offended me, i cum to avenge my own. The ole lady putty ni dropt the candel she wus so scairt. hev mercy she ses, but i dident reely spose thay wus any Sandy Claus, i dun wot i thot wus rite, but she ses, ime wilin to make amends, hev mercy on a pore ole woman. Step one side, i ses es stern es before, & with that i wauked rite in to the parler & stood thare. Now i ses, bring the child hear; get her brung at wunts. Misses Snodgrass wus trimblin sose she cood jest git to the stare door, she opend it & ses Matildy bring deer littel Susay down hear immediate. My wife sed sumthin back & her muther replide never you mine you do es i tell you & be quick about it, bring her down immediate. I spose Matildy notised thay wus sumthin out of the common fer next minit she cum down leedin Susay by the hand in her littel nite gownd and moren half asleep. You coudent tell which of em wus most sprised by the figger in the parler. Susey, my



• • • "I jes set in the kitchin and smoked for a bit."

deer child i ses, cum to the arms of yure Sandy Claws whitch loves you and all the littel ones. So she cum & i put my arms round her & kist her, wile my wife wus cryin & Misses Snodgrass wus standin thare like she hed bin struck with a club. Now i ses, wickid & unbeleevin womin, git down on yure nees & ast the childs fergiveness fer yure behavier so unbecomin to crismis time. She dun it, thout waitin a minit. Now Susay deer i ses, hole out yure gownd es the kine lady is agoin to give you fifty sents fer a crismis presen. Susay dun it with sparklin ise & the ole lady got out her purse & dropt the munny in the gownd tho it wus mitey tuff agin the grane i cood see. That's rite i ses, now gin her a kiss & say thank you mam. The chile dun it very pretty. Now you kin rise maddem i ses & take the chile to bed. Wen thay wus gone i took off the cap & wig & wiskers & jes ses, Matildy my deer. My wife gin a start & putty ni cride out. Hush i ses, dont let on bout this, it hes bin a good lessin to yure muther & she needs it. We heerd the ole lady oumin so i put on the wig & so 4th agin, & wen she cum in i ses, farewel, maddem, ile col agin nex crismis so you kin gin an acount of your ackshins, so hev a care, farewel. So sayin i departid, and a minnit or so arterwards i cum in the back dore in my plane close. I hed changed & washed my face in the wood shed. I jes set in the kitchin & smoked fer a bit. Misses Snodgrass cum in thare & sposed i must bin home all the wile but she diddent say nothin

bout the vissiter sheed hed, & nex mornin she dident make no remarks bout the afare at the Methdis church & i haint never herd her make no slitin rermaks bout Sandy Claws sense that time. in fack my wife tells me thet ef thays a simler crismis tree fer the yungsters this crismis its moren likely Misses Snodgrass will send sum presents fer it & be thare to see Sandy give em out. i gess thay haint reely no child in jinkins corners bleeves in Sandy Claws moren my respected relatif, & i kin notise she is more gentler with littel fokes then she wus a spell ago.

Wunderschoen.

When Love rides down the forest way
Alone upon his prancing steed,
On some dream-haunted, happy day,
The vagrant gods his passing creed
When Love through flowery woodland rides
One day into my fair domain,
Which dearer is, whate'er betides,
Than any castle dear in Spain—
Or if he come a royal knight,
Or lover of some princely line,
Or, better than a king bedight,
A simple forester divine,
I have no thought that he will string
Sapphires on my breast and brow;
I only ask that he may bring
Greeting dear and tender vow.
Not in any scornful mood
Should I him love once deny,
Yet ever thus by fancy wooed
This heart shuns even love's golden tie.
Love imperious his must be,
Tho' I thrice should say him nay;
Armied he must win from me
What my heart holds his for aye.

While still in dreams his face I see,
Nor of his voice the rapture know,
A sound more beautiful, that thrills,
Than centaur's hoofs on hollow hills,
Love's harbinger, drifts unto me
On every little wind that blows.
* * * * * * *
When Love rides up the forest way,
I with him on his pacing steed,
Over sunlit spaces,
By solitary places,
Whithersoever as we stray,
The wood gods follow where we lead.
All day an undersong, the sum
Of olden dreams, heart's love unspoken,
To ecstasies the passioned soul
Rapts in silences unbroken.
Nor hath love need of any word;
Heart speaks to heart when lips are dumb,
Its truth reflects from all things fair,
A leaf, a flower blue, a bird,
A rainbow in the shining air.

Who loveth these more worthy proves
Thro' steadfast years the soul's desire,
To its diviner level moves
Illumined by love's chrismal fire.
* * * * * * *
Dreamheld, where the shadows fall
At eventide across the fountain,
Listing where the veeries call
Heart to heart adown the mountain;
Thine to teach me that the light
Love lends unto lonely stars
In twilit spaces of the night
The pathway to my soul unbars—
Mine to learn love's tenderness
In the close shelter of thine arms,
To feel thy spirit's pure caress
Dispelling all love's light alarms,
To find a heaven in thine eyes
Beyond the seventh paradise.—Helen M. Merrill.

Neighborly.

Robert Southey, poet laureate of England, is still remembered and loved by the old people of the lake country who were once privileged to be his neighbors. All the memories of the dale that can now speak of him tell of one "who was not a man who said much to anybody except he kenned 'em, and then he wad nivver gae by wi'out passin' t'daay." The author of "Life and Nature at the English Lakes" talked with a number of the old inhabitants about the poet and scholar. "Vera kind he was," said one, "and weel thowt on, ye knaw. A partic'ler man to look upon, but not a man as iver cracked on with anybody a deal." "Remember Soothey?" said another. "Ay, bairn, wha cou'd forgit him? Sic a tall, slender man, wi' sic eyes and sic a head of hair—a vara partic'ler man" (meaning a very noticeable man) "was Robert Soothey." "He was a reg'lar church-gaer," remarked a third, "and he looved a halliday. He could gae out all wedders. If it were fine he would have a beuk in his hand and be gaan slow, and if it were wet he would step awa' grandly. There was no pride aboot Soothey. He moast always wore clogs, and all the bairns wore clogs, and he had a fawn-colored, all-round cwoat, and a cap with a web to it; and that was his rig; vara plain, you mind, but vara neat, but he never wore swaller-lappeted cwoats, for a' they was in vogue." It is pleasant to think that a man who is remembered by the world for his great talents should be best remembered in his own community as a kind neighbor and a good man.



OF COURSE we were awfully sorry that grandmamma was ill, and it did seem jolly queer to think of having a Christmas without mother and daddy—Bobby bawled when that fact struck him, and Kitty got pretty red and wet about the eyes—but still we could not help hurrahing a little when mother told us that Auntie Gwen would come and look after us till she and daddy got back. You see, we never really knew Auntie Gwen till last winter, because she had been at school in Switzerland ever since Kitty and I were babies. But when she came home last fall she came to stay with us, and mother gave an enormous party for her, to introduce her to people so they'd know to ask her to all their parties. And she and mother—and daddy, too, pretty well—just spent their days and nights cavorting round. And if you'd only seen the clothes Auntie Gwen had! My eye! when she had 'em all packed to go home the hall and music-room were simply jammed with trunks! Kitty and Bobby and I played wholesale grocer with them all the morning till the expressman came.

But no matter how many places she had to go to, nor how many people came to see her, Auntie Gwen always had lots of time for us.

Unless she had to go to something very special, the hour just after dinner belonged to us, and she wouldn't give it up for anybody. She used to tell us such stunning stories, and while she talked she'd let Kitty play with her hair, take all the hairpins out and put it up in all sorts of queer, boggly ways. She always sat on the rug before the fire, and her hair was so long it would trail away out behind her. It was all ripply and curly and shiny, and looked so pretty I used to get my own fists into it sometimes; then when Martha'd go to do it up she'd get ripping mad at me because I got it into such awful knots and tangles. But auntie would only laugh.

Mother generally has her breakfast in her room, and daddy doesn't toddle down to his till nearly ten o'clock; so auntie always took hers with us, and she'd keep us fairly howling, telling us about the people she had met the night before. One day we laughed so hard Kitty nearly choked herself to death. We had to turn her upside down and thump her back and squeeze her throat and do all sorts of things before she got her breath again, and she had hiccoughs all morning, which made Miss Spense so mad—she's our governess—she gave Kitty two extra pages of French translation to do, to teach her to remember her manners. But Auntie Gwen came into the schoolroom after luncheon and helped Kitty with it, and then she took us all to the museum; so that on the whole we were rather glad Kit's manners weren't quite right. And that was the day we first met Captain Rossmore.

Auntie had on her grey suit that day—I remember that because she was going to wear another, and we all voted for the grey, she looked so stunning in it—and one of those cocky little hats ladies wear, you know. We were all trailing down the street on our way home, when all at once we heard a voice say:

"Miss Van Orton! I am fortunate!"

Of course, we all stopped, and Auntie Gwen's face simply beamed.



* * * "And altogether you never saw such a messy-looking thing in all your life."

I never saw her look so pleased; her eyes were fairly jumping.

"Captain Rossmore!" she said. "When did you come to town?"

Then they shook hands, and auntie introduced us all to him, and he took off his hat to Kitty, just as he had to Auntie Gwen, which tickled Kit most into fits; she's only ten, you know, and pretty small for that. Then we told him where we'd been, and he asked us if we weren't a little hungry. Of course, that caught Bobby, and he piped right up that he was starving, as Miss Spense hadn't let him have any dessert because he had spilt the gravy. Miss Spense always has her dinner with us at a quarter to one before she goes home. Auntie got a little red when Bobby shot that off, but she kind of smiled at Captain Rossmore, and he trotted us off to a cafe, and such a spread as we had! I could not begin to describe it. We started in with salad and went right down to ice cream and chocolates. Every little while auntie'd say: "Captain Rossmore, they really must not have anything more; they will all be ill."

But he'd just laugh and say: "They're enjoying it so, Miss Van Orton, and so am I. Do let us." And then he'd order a fresh lot.

Auntie Gwen just took a cup of chocolate, and while we kids stuffed she and Captain Rossmore talked, all about the jolly times they'd had on the ship, and what they'd each been doing since they'd left it. It turned out that he'd just come back from a trip to the south, and was staying with his sister, Mrs. Garton, who lives on our street.

When we got home auntie asked him in to meet

mother and get a cup of tea. I never can see the sense of these everlasting dribbles of tea ladies are always offering people—you never get more than a good-sized thimbleful; but Kitty says they're the excuse for lots of other things I can't understand 'cause I'm a boy, and when I'm grown up I'll be hot after them, too. That's the cheeky way she always talks, as if she knew it all and I was her infant grandson, when the truth is I'm a full year older than she is. But that's the way with girls. Kitty herself never feels so mighty big and important as when mother occasionally lets her sit in the drawing-room and get a gulp of tea and an inch of toast or a macaroon.



OUR JERSEY FRIENDS. Photo by E. J. Rowley, Toronto

Well, after that day Captain Rossmore was always coming to the house, and he used to send auntie the most scrumptious flowers, and he kept us kids filled with candy. He and auntie went riding and driving and skating all the time, and auntie stopped showing us her programmes, like she did at first. Kit found one, though, one day, and, if you'd believe it, out of twenty-four dances five had J. A. R. opposite them, three had Rossmore, four had R. and two had Ross, and every single R. was made the same way. That made fourteen dances for him, and I suppose he thought he was pretty cute, putting them that way.

When Christmas came he sent her a perfectly lovely little book. It was bound in white kid, lined with pale-green silk, and had her monogram on it in gold. Inside it was full of queer little water-color pictures, and the print part of it was poetry. I can't pronounce the name, but I can spell it—"The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." The last word means tent-maker, auntie says, and it was verses written by a Persian poet ever so many years ago. Auntie fairly worshipped that book; it was the only thing in her room we were forbidden to touch. She used to pore over it every night, Martha told us, and one night when Kitty had coaxed auntie to let her sleep with her she said she woke up just in time to see auntie kiss it before she put the light out.

Then one day in January auntie came into the schoolroom covered with snow; she had been out walking with Captain Rossmore. She was all out of breath, but her eyes were sparkling and her cheeks were as red as a snow-apple. Bobby was lying on the sofa when she came in, and he just made one dive for her and put his arms around her.

"Auntie Gwen," he cried, "you're the beautiful lest lady I ever saw!" That made her cheeks still redder, but she kissed us all, and we took off her coat, and I shook the snowflakes out of her fur while Kitty took her hat off. But she wouldn't sit down. She stood looking into the fire a minute, then she turned suddenly and held out her arms.

"Come, my darlings," she cried, and there was the queerest little ring in her voice. "Come and kiss the happiest woman in the whole world, and tell her that you love her."

Well, she squeezed us pretty nearly to death, and then she told us that Captain Rossmore was going to be our uncle, and that Kit and I would be pages at the wedding.

After that Captain Rossmore just about lived at our house for a month. Then one day, when I had a headache and was lying on the lounge in mother's room while she read to me, Auntie Gwen came in suddenly. She was as white as anything and had the queerest look in her face. Mother noticed it as soon as I did, for she put down the book and said: "Gwen, dear, what is the matter?" in the most anxious voice.

Auntie walked over to the fire and began to take her gloves off. Then she said, without ever looking at either of us:

"Captain Rossmore and I are no longer engaged, and I think I shall go home to-morrow, Edith."

"You should have seen mother jump. She went up to auntie and put her arms round her. "Gwen, dear," she said, "tell me what has happened. If you have had a little misunderstanding, be sensible, dear, and make it up. You——" But auntie took mother's arms away very gently.

"It is not a question of misunderstanding, dear," she said, "but of understanding, full and complete. Fortunately we have discovered our mistake in time. We have passed quite out of each other's life. Please never mention him again, dear. Will you ask James to bring up my trunks?"

And she kissed mother's forehead, and went out of the room before you could say Jack Robinson.

Mother stood staring a minute, then she went piling after her, and I shot into the schoolroom to tell Kitty and Bob.

You never heard such a row as we kicked up. We were tearing down the hall to auntie's room, when mother met us. She talked to us very seriously, telling us something had happened that auntie did not want to talk about, and that we must promise not to ask any questions nor mention Captain Rossmore if we wanted to see her before she went away.

Of course, we promised, and then we tumbled into her room, and we kissed and squeezed her so hard we made her cry, and she told us she loved us more than anyone else in the whole world.

Martha was helping her pack up, and all the things that Captain Rossmore had given her were in a pile by themselves on the bed—all but the little white book with the gold monogram on it. I saw that in one of the bureau drawers, and all her dance programmes were beside it.

It was dreadfully dull after auntie went home. She sent us lots of lovely presents and jolly letters, but we missed her most awfully. So you can guess how we jumped round when mother said she was coming back again to stay with us till Grandmamma Preston got better.

We just about ate her up when she came in, and oh, what stunning times we had! Mother let our Christmas holidays begin as soon as she and daddy went away, so that we had all day long to go about with auntie. In the evenings we made Christmas presents while she told us stories, and we were all as happy as canaries till two days before Christmas, when something perfectly awful happened.

Auntie had taken Bobby out to buy his presents for Kit and me, and we two were going to write a letter to mother. The ink in the schoolroom bottle was all batty, so Kit said she'd go and get auntie's. She was gone such an everlasting time I went after her, for I just guessed she'd gone off on some other tack—she most always does when she's sent on a message. Sure enough, there she was on her knees by auntie's table, gazing at some pictures in a magazine, with the ink-bottle in her hand.

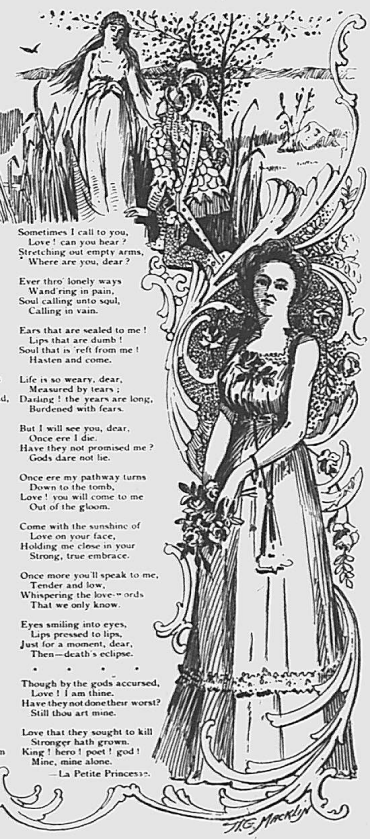
"Kitty!" I said; and I must have called out pretty loud and sudden, for she gave an awful jump. The glass cover flew off the bottle, and before we knew what was happening about a tablespoonful of ink fell plump on the white cover of auntie's precious Tentmaker's book.

My eye! but we were in a blue funk! Kitty, after the manner of girls, began to cry like a waterspout.

We took the book into the bathroom, and Kit went down and got a cup of milk, because we remembered Martha used milk to take the ink out of Kit's blue dress. We scrubbed that thing with milk; then we took soap; then Kit found a bottle of stuff labelled to clean kid gloves, and we tried that; but everything we did only made it look worse, and all the stuff we put on ran over the edges and trickled down the pages and blotted and smudged the marks auntie'd filled the margins with, and altogether you never saw such a messy-looking thing in all your life. When we opened it and saw the inside, Kitty gave up. She flopped right down on the bathroom floor and cried so hard I didn't know what on earth to do. Her nose swelled up all over her face and her pretty eyes nearly disappeared.

You see, it wasn't that we were afraid auntie would scold, for she never did that; but we knew how much she thought of that book, and that it

AVE ATQUE VALE



Do you remember, dear,
Can you forget?
That in another world
We two have met?

Met, loved and parted, dear,
Parted in pain—
Pain that will vanish when
We meet again.

Swiftly the memories come
On fancy's wing—
I was a princess, dear,
You were a king.

Fair was our kingdom in
Yon realm of song.
Swiftly at joy's command
Time swept along.

Glad in our perfect love,
Swift sped the hours;
No love in all that land
Equal to ours.

Nothing of pain we knew,
Fear we knew not.
Dear, was it strange if we
Sometimes forgot?

Love great as ours awakes
Anger in heaven.
"Unto the gods alone
Homage is given."

Do you remember, dear,
When at the throne,
Facing the jealous gods,
We stood alone?

Dear! I was not afraid,
Clasping your hand.
Fearless you stood erect,
King-like and grand.

Daring the angry gods,
Scorning to pray.
Love in my eyes you seemed
Greater than they.

Sudden the skies grew dark,
Cold grew my heart
Was it the gods who spake:
"Ye twain must part.

Down to the sinful star
Ye twain shall go,
Share in her miseries,
Taste of her woe.

Sing her the tender strains
Heaven loved to hear,
Take as thy sure reward
Earth's mock and jeer.

Ye who the cup of joy
Carelessly quaffed
Drain to the utmost dregs
Pain's bitter draught.

Ever thro' lonely ways
Wander in pain,
Soul calling unto soul
Ever in vain.

Clasped in each others arms
Heart pressed to heart,
Heard we the sentence dread,
We two must part?

Earth's shame and misery
I could have borne,
All the gods' jealousy,
All heaven's scorn.

But to be parted, dear,
Never to meet,
That was the bitterness;
All else were sweet.

Swiftly the lightning sword
Flamed thro' the sky;
All heaven seemed to frown
On us, but I,

Strong in my mighty love,
Weak in my pain,
Knelt at the judgment-seat,
Pleaded in vain.

Save for this single boon,
Bitter and sweet,
Once ere the shadow falls
We two shall meet.

* * * *

Ages have come and gone
Since we last met;
Still I remember, dear—
Could I forget?

Ages may come and go,
Still I am true,
Dearest! my heart has room
Only for you.

Sometimes I call to you,
Love! can you hear?
Stretching out empty arms,
Where are you, dear?

Ever thro' lonely ways
Wand'ring in pain,
Soul calling unto soul,
Calling in vain.

Ears that are sealed to me!
Lips that are dumb!
Soul that is reft from me!
Hasten and come.

Life is so weary, dear,
Measured by tears;
Darling! the years are long,
Burdened with fears.

But I will see you, dear,
Once ere I die.
Have they not promised me?
Gods dare not lie.

Once ere my pathway turns
Down to the tomb,
Love! you will come to me
Out of the gloom.

Come with the sunshine of
Love on your face,
Holding me close in your
Strong, true embrace.

Once more you'll speak to me,
Tender and low,
Whispering the love-words
That we only know.

Eyes smiling into eyes,
Lips pressed to lips,
Just for a moment, dear,
Then—death's eclipse.

* * * *

Though by the gods accursed,
Love! I am thine.
Have they not done their worst?
Still thou art mine.

Love that they sought to kill
Stronger hath grown.
King! hero! poet! god!
Mine, mine alone.

—La Petite Princesse.

THE MACKLIN

would pretty nearly break her heart to see it in that state.

I cleared up the mess we'd made, and then I wrapped up the book and put it in my pocket.

"We won't say anything about it to auntie to-day," I said to Kit; "and to-morrow I'll take all our money and go down town and get her another."

That idea brightened Kitty up a bit, till she suddenly remembered that auntie read it every night, and so she would be sure to miss it before the next day, and that set her off again. So I told her to go and lie down on a sofa instead of the floor, and I'd go right off then and get the new one. I took the old copy with me so I'd be sure to get the same, and off I set.

Well, I guess I went into a million shops that afternoon, and I came to the conclusion that our greatly-cracked-up city has the craziest lot of shops in the world, and the biggest set of dunderheads to wait in them. I told them all just exactly what I wanted and showed them the book. "Oh, yes," they'd say, and then they'd trot out brown Omars, pink Omars, blue Omars, green Omars, leather Omars, silk Omars, cloth Omars—but never a one had a white kid Omar lined with pale-green silk.

When six o'clock came I had to give up. I was turning the corner, feeling pretty batty, when I butted into a tall gentleman and nearly knocked him down. I looked up to beg his pardon, and—well, you could have keeled me over with a straw, if it wasn't Captain Rossmore, that we all thought was down in Africa. He seemed awfully glad to see me, and asked after us all quite anxiously. While I was telling him that Auntie Gwen was with us, it occurred to me that if he would tell me where he had got the book I'd be saved no end of trouble, so I told him the whole story. He took an awful lot of interest in it, and when I showed him the hideous wreck he wasn't a bit angry at seeing his pretty present in such a state. In fact, he laughed.

"It is rather bad," he said. "The inside's worse," I had to confess. "It was the sight of the inside settled Kit."

I opened it at a little picture of a man and girl under a solitary tree in a big wilderness. It had been an awfully pretty picture, but all the wet had made the colors run like sixty and had splashed all over the verse under it. Captain Rossmore read the words, slowly:

> "Here with a loaf of bread beneath the bough,
> A flask of wine, a book of verse—and Thou
> Beside me singing in the wilderness
> And wilderness is paradise enow."

"What's that?" he asked, pointing to an inky splash in the margin.



IN THE PASTURE FIELD.

I told him it had been one of auntie's marks before the flood got at it. We looked at it closely and made it out to be a date—February the somethingth—and there were two words underneath in Latin or French; I couldn't make them out. I asked Captain Rossmore if he could, but he wrapped the book up and put it in his pocket before he answered me, and he looked as pleased as Punch about something. Then he told me not to worry, for he had the exact mate to that white and green Tent-maker, and he'd give it to auntie with the greatest pleasure in the world—that is, on three conditions: First, that he was to give it to her himself the next day; second, that I was not to let auntie have the least suspicion that he was in town until he told her himself; and third, that he was to take charge of the damaged book.

Of course I agreed to everything and went home as merry as a grig, the only thing that troubled me being the fear that auntie might miss her book before the next day. But I needn't have worried, for when I got home I found that Kit had made herself down ill with crying. Her head was aching like fury, and auntie put her in her bed and stayed with her all evening. I managed to tell her about Captain Rossmore, and the poor kid got a lot better on the spot. She was just about well the next morning, and we were all at breakfast when James brought a note to auntie. She read it out to us. It was from Mrs. Garton, asking the whole bunch of



"LET US LAUGH WITH THEM." Photo by Walker & Henry, Brantford.

us to go in that evening to a Christmas tree party she was having for Reggie and Alice and some of their cousins. Of course, we were all crazy mad to go, especially Kit and me, for we guessed Captain Rossmore meant to give auntie her book then. We did up the presents we had for Reggie and Alice and each other, and I took them over to Mrs. Garton's and asked her to let them be put on the tree, too. Then we spent the rest of the day driving round to different places with Christmas presents.

Auntie bought bushels of swell flowers, and we went to all kinds of hospitals and homes and queer, poor little places with flowers and Christmas grub. It was bully fun. We had luncheon down town and did not get home till nearly seven o'clock. That gave us just about time to take dinner and get dressed for the tree. We did not get off without one scare, though. Just as we were ready to go auntie came out of her room and asked anxiously: "Children, did any of you see that little white book that is always on my table?"

Well, you could have heard a speck of dust fall. Kit and I were in the study, and she just looked at me and turned as white as a sheet. I felt desperate and did the first thing that came into my head. I lit a match and threw it into the waste paper basket. It was full of silk scraps and tissue paper, and in a second it was all in a jolly blaze.

Kit gave an awful yell: "Auntie, the house is on fire!" As auntie came running, I grabbed the basket and rushed into the bathroom with it. I dumped it into the bath and turned the water on, and it was soon out; but the flames had jumped up so high and so hot that they'd burnt my tie, scorched off my eyebrows, blistered my nose, and smoked my face as black as a sweep's. You can bet there was excitement then. I felt mighty mean when auntie talked about my cool courage, presence of mind and prompt action, without ever asking one question about how the thing was set blazing. Bobby trotted out his best blue tie that Aunt Kate brought him from Paris, and he always keeps wrapped up in tissue-paper, and insisted upon my wearing it, and Kitty rubbed cold cream on my damaged nose with the air of a Florence Nightingale. In fact, she did it so thoroughly she ran it right into my eyes. I suppose it was a pretty bad thing to do, but it just saved my bacon, for in the fluster auntie quite forgot to ask any more embarrassing questions about her little white book.

I can't begin to describe the Gartons' Christmas tree. It was an immense big fellow, all twinkling and blazing with lights and sparkling glass icicles, and there was cotton-batting snow over everything. It was simply swell.

We had a party first, you know, and then we all sat down in the drawing room, the music room door was thrown open and there was the tree, with the jolliest old Santa Claus you ever saw standing beside it. He had long white hair and beard and was all covered with real snow. We children pretty nearly brought the house down when we saw him. He made a nice little speech and then asked Reggie Garton and me to help him distribute the things as he cut them off the tree. The first sound of his voice made auntie jump awfully, though it was terribly squeaky. I was sitting beside her, and she got as white as snow, then as red as Santa's coat, all in half a minute.

It was the greatest fun, giving round the things. Santa Claus would say something funny about everything he handed out, and we had a ripping good time. When nearly everything was off the tree he took down a little square box tied up with blue ribbon. "Miss Gwendolyn Van Orton," he said. "Given to me to forward by one who laments in the wilderness."

I took it over to her and slipped into my seat to watch her open it. Sure enough, it was the exact counterpart of the Tent-maker we'd spoilt, only that besides auntie's monogram it had a twisted J. A. R. in the upper corner. There was a sheet of paper slipped inside the book by the wilderness picture. There were four lines written on it; it looked like a verse of poetry, but of course I did not try to read it.

Auntie did not say a word, and I was just going to tell her everything when Santa Claus called me to help him with the rest of the things.

When the presents were all given out we trooped off to supper. Auntie and I were almost the last to leave the drawing-room, and we were just going out of the door when Santa Claus came up and said to auntie: "Will you give me one minute, dear?" And there was no squeak in his voice then. I could feel auntie tremble. She looked down at me and there were tears in her eyes. "Run on, Roy dear," she said; "I'll be with you in a little while." Of course, I went, but I couldn't



I SEE YOU.

help seeing her hold out both hands to old Santa, and hearing her say, with a funny little catch in her voice: "Jack, I'm sorry!"

People sometimes have very queer ideas as to the length of "a little while." Everyone was going home before I saw auntie again. Kit and I were just starting to look for her when she and Captain Rossmore came along, beaming just the way they used to last winter, only even more so.

Auntie put her arms around us both and squeezed us hard. "Auntie," said Kitty, as soon as she got her breath, "did Captain Rossmore tell you about the Tent-maker? We're awfully sorry. We—"

The Preacher down at Coles.

BY JEAN BLEWETT.



He was not especially handsome, he was not especially smart—
A great, big, lumbering fellow, with a soft and tender heart.
His eyes were gray and honest, his smile a kindly one;
He wore his parson's suit and hat on days of state alone.
At other times he went around in tweeds the worse of wear,
A blue cloth cap set jauntily upon his thick, gray hair.
He seemed to care so little how he looked, or how he dressed,
That he tried the patience sorely of the ones who loved him best.

For a preacher, so they argued, should be dressed like one, of course.
But in the winter it was tweeds, in summer it was worse;
Ducks and flannels would be grimy if the sad truth must be told,
For he spaded up the gardens of the people who were old;
And he raced down dusty highways at most unministerial rate,
Going errands for the people who really could not wait.
His coatsleeves would be short an inch, his trousers just the same,
For his washerwoman had them every week that ever came.

He cared so little how he looked, and never seemed to think
That linen, duck and flannel were such awful things to shrink.
His wife, she was the primmest thing, as neat as any doll,
And looked like one when walking by her husband big and tall.
It almost broke her heart that he would never give a thought
To how he looked, or do the things or say the things he ought.
Sometimes, though well she loved him, quite high her temper ran,
For 'tis hard on any woman to have such a careless man.

Think! when the Conference President came visiting the place,
The preacher down at Coles, he had a great lump on his face.
One eye was black as it could be—he looked, so I am told,
More like a big prize fighter than a shepherd of the fold.
"How did it happen?" questioned him, the visitor so wise,
With hint of laughter on his lips and in his twinkling eyes.
"Old Betsy Brown," he did begin—his wife broke in just here:
"A cross-grained spinster, here, close by, who hates him, that is clear,
And never did a woman have a meaner tongue than hers.
The slighting things she says of him, the mischief that she stirs!"

"Fields have we," said the President, "in country and in town;
Believe me, madam, most of them can boast a Betsy Brown."
The preacher stroked his blackened eye and laughed good-naturedly.
"She doesn't like me very well, but what of that?" said he.
"The other night I found the poor old spinster sick in bed;
She didn't want no praying done, she very quickly said.
So seeing that she was so ill—she really couldn't stir—
I thought, with care and patience, I could milk the cow for her.
I stroked old Spot caressingly, and took my little can;
But Spot, she knew, and I came back a sadder, wiser man."

The preacher down at Coles, he was no orator at all,
But sick, and sad, and sinful, he went to see them all;
Not that he ever seemed to find a helpful thing to say—
In fact, as far as talking went, he might have stayed away.
They seemed to like to have him, though—I think his big right hand
Gave such a grip that all the rest they seemed to understand.
Some of the congregation would have liked a different man;
He couldn't hope to please them all—few ministers that can.





Once at a district meeting, the grim old miner, Bowles,
Stood up and spoke his mind about the preacher down at Coles.
"There ain't," he said, "you know it, too, a better man than he;
And you fault-finding, pickey folks—I say it reverently—
If the Lord should take an angel and gently turn him loose
To preach up here, do you suppose he'd suit the whole caboose?
Not much! It's human nature to growl at what we've got;
But this man is a better preacher than we deserve—a lot!"

He did preach curious sermons, just as dry as they could be,
And the old folks slumbered through them every Sabbath peacefully.
But they all woke up the moment the singing did begin,
And not an ear was found too dull to drink the music in;
For though the preacher could not boast an orator's rare tongue,
He could make the heart-strings quiver when he stood up there and sung.
Oh, the wondrous power and sweetness of the voice that filled the place—
There was not a soul that harkened but grew purer for a space.

And men could not choose but listen to the singer standing there,
Till their worldliness slipped from them, with its selfishness and care.
Mourners turned their eyes all misty towards some little cross of white
Where their darlings slumbered peaceful all the day and all the night.
Listening, faith leaped triumphant over sorrow, loss and pain—
Heaven was not a far-off country, they would see their own again.
And the white-haired men and women wished the singing need not cease,
For they seemed to see the beauty of the longed-for land of peace;
For that voice led upward, upward, and its sweetness naught could stem,
Till they seemed to catch the glory of the New Jerusalem.

He was such a curious fellow, this preacher down at Coles!
One winter day the word was brought to town by Miner Bowles
That in a little shanty in the hollow by the mill
Were children gaunt with hunger, a mother who was ill.
The squire talked of taking a big subscription up,
And talked, and talked, while in that house was neither bite nor sup.
Oh! these talking folks, these talking folks! the poor might starve and freeze
If the succoring and caring were done by such as these!

The preacher down at Coles, he had not very much to say.
He harnessed up the big roan horse and hitched it to the sleigh,
And lugged off so much provision that his wife said, tearfully,
She did not have "a pie or cake left in the house for tea."
He filled the sleigh with baskets and bundles, such a pile:
There were wood and clothes and victuals—everybody had to smile
As they watched the old horse canter down the cross-road o'er the hill
To the little cheerless shanty in the hollow by the mill.

He built a blazing fire, made the children warm their toes,
While he listened to the mother's tale of miseries and woes.
He brought in a bag of flour and a turkey big and fat—
The preacher's wife had meant to dine the "Ladies' Aid" on that.
He brought in ham and butter, and potatoes in a sack;
A pie or two, a loaf of cake, and doughnut such a stack!
For his wife and her good housemaid had been baking many a day,
For the "Ladies' Aid" would dine there—he had brought it all away.

He brought in a pair of blankets and a heavy woollen quilt.
Betsy Brown, who happened in then, said: "I thought that I would wilt."
For these things the active members of the missionary band
Had gathered for the Indians in a far-off, frozen land.
"These belong unto the Lord, sir," Betsy said, "I think you'll find."
But he answered very simply: "Very well; He will not mind."
To see him making tea for the woman in the bed
"Made me wish I had been kinder to the preacher," Betsy said.
Though he was so big and clumsy, he could step around so light.
And to see him getting dinner, to the children's great delight!

It was not till he had warmed them and fed them there that day
That he whispered very softly: "Little children, let us pray."
And he gave them to the keeping of a Father kind and wise
In a way that brought the tear-drops into hard old Betsy's eyes.
She wished she had not scoffed at him, and when she said "Amen,"
Other folks might flout the preacher—Betsy never would again.

He took up the Red Cross movement, but the people down at Coles
Shook their heads. "A preacher's work," they said, "is saving precious souls."
Lawyer Perkins, at the meeting, rose and said: "The cause was good;
But—well, it did encourage men to shed each other's blood."
Broker Jones said: "Times were dreadful; stocks were down, mines did not pay—
Not a cent could he contribute, he was very grieved to say."
Old Squire Hays "was buying timber—needed every cent and more.
Farmer Blake was out of funds, too,—then the miner took the floor.

"Wish," he said, "our hearts were bigger and our speeches not so long;
I would move right here the preacher tunes us up a little song.
Sing? I wish you could have heard him—"Maple Leaf" and "Union Jack."
Grand Old Lion of Great Britain, with the great cubs at her back.
Warmer grew the patriot feeling, listening to such songs as these.
"The flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze
Drew the purse from out the pocket of old Lawyer Perkins' coat
"For our boy," he said, "a hundred," with a big lump in his throat.

As a last encore the preacher sang a stirring little song
Made by Kipling, whose expressions are at times a trifle strong,
But who can reach the hearts of us, and make us understand
That we owe a lot of homage to the soldiers of our land
Calling them the brave defenders of the dear land of our birth;
Proving that the British army is the grandest one on earth.
Hip, hurrah! Three cheers for England! Oh, it was a lively scene!
And they fairly raised the rafters when they sang "God Save the Queen."

"Now we'll take up the collection," said the wily Miner Bowles;
And they showered in their dollars, did the people down at Coles.
"Here is fifty," said the broker; "'tis the best that I can do.
You would have us in the poorhouse if you sang your sermon through."

The very careless fellow still goes his cheery way,
Unmindful of what people think or of what people say.
Some still are finding fault with him—he does not mind it much;
Laughs when they make remarks about his clothes, and shoes, and such,
Declare his sermons have no point, and quarrel with his text,
As people will. But, oh, it makes his pretty wife so vexed.
"I think," she says, "as much of him as any woman can;
But I'd like to make him over, he is such a careless man."

There are some that think him "perfect," sing his praises with a will:
He has labored for the Master, he is laboring for Him still;
And the grumbling does not hurt him, nor the praises sung abroad,
For such things seem only trifles to the man who works for God.

Simon Bowles summed up the total in his own original way
When he spoke at the convention that was held the other day:
"Never knew a better worker, never knew a better man.
Lots of preachers are more stylish, keep themselves so spick and span.
You could tell that they were preachers if you met them strutting round
Over on the Fegee Islands—long coat, silk hat, I'll be bound.
Our man's different; but I tell you, when it comes to doing good,
There's not one can beat him at it, and I want it understood.
Ask the sorrowful and sinful—ask the weak ones he has raised—
Ask the poor folks and the sick folks, if you want to hear him praised.
Orator? Well, maybe not; but when it comes to saving souls,
Even Talmage isn't in it with the preacher down at Coles.

JM DELANEY

But auntie kissed her and made a very queer speech. "Don't, darling," she said, "You and Roy and the Tent-maker—my bread, my wine and my book of verse—have together brought me the one thing needed to make my wilderness a paradise. And I don't deserve it. I—"

Then Captain Rossmore thought it was his turn to interrupt. He put his arm around auntie, kissed Kitty and shook hands with me, all the time making funny remarks about wildernesses and ink blots. I suppose auntie understood him, for she laughed, though there were tears in her eyes, and said: "How can you joke about it, Jack?" But Kit and I hadn't the ghost of an idea what he was driving at. We did gather, however, that spoiling that book was about the best thing we've done yet, and Kitty is feeling awfully cocky about it.

Mother and daddy came home Christmas morning, and we had the jolliest time we've ever had in all our lives. Captain Rossmore came to dinner, and mother let us stay up till eleven o'clock. Captain Rossmore told us to call him Uncle Jack, and we've promised to spend next Christmas day with him and Auntie Gwen in their new house.

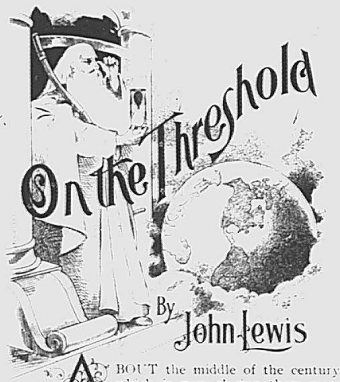
I Will be Silent.

I will be silent, that the wise
May wisdom teach me, day by day;
'Tis only clattering fools despise
The tongue that doth no thoughts betray.

I will be silent. Nature speaks
Alone when human lips are mute.
The voices of the mountain peaks
Await the stillness absolute.

I will be silent, and the flower
Perchance its magic will disclose;
'Twere more than worth a quiet hour
To win the secret of a rose!

The hush of day, the calm of night
Will unveil mysteries to my soul,
Till heaven may open to my sight
Through nature's ever-changing scroll.



ABOUT the middle of the century which is now closing there were dreams of universal peace and brotherhood; but the century closed as it began, with the minds of men full of war. Yet the progress of the period is clearly marked by the difference in the stage on which the drama is played. The Napoleonic wars were almost exclusively European. The career of Napoleon would perhaps have been one of unbroken triumph if he had kept strictly within the cockpit of Europe. He met disaster when he hurled his legions against the two powers which first recognized that they had interests beyond Europe—Great Britain and Russia. The commanding position of these two empires today is due to their early recognition that the theatre was to be enlarged; while a third great nation, the American Republic, has arisen beyond Europe. The wars of the closing years of this century have been fought, not in Europe, but in Asia, in America and in Africa. The sick man at whose bedside the great powers are so anxiously watching is no longer Turkey, but China.

This centrifugal process, drawing power and interest from Europe to the rest of the world, has been one of the leading phenomena of the nineteenth century, and is likely to be one of the leading phenomena of the century on whose threshold we stand. It is seen in the growth of the United States, which, beginning the century with a little more than the present population of Portugal, ends it with double the population of France. It is seen in the growth of Canada and Australia, which, being of little account at the beginning of the century, are now virtually nations in themselves, each with a prospect of a career not unlike that of the United States, though with British connection maintained. It is seen in the extension of Russian power over Asia, the establishment of Russian seaports on the Pacific Ocean, and the building of the trans-Siberian railway; and, so far as one can judge now, development in the twentieth century will be mainly in eastern Asia, in Australia, in America, north and south. Europe seems bound to lose its paramount position, though, of course, it will always retain a large measure of power, importance and interest. Because Great Britain and Russia were early in recognizing the coming of the new order, they will not suffer like the rest from the shifting of the centre of power. A time may come when Canada and Australia will each be as populous and wealthy as England, and when, therefore, England will no longer be the dominant partner in the empire. But if the union be still preserved, and the form of government be adjusted to meet the changed condition, the empire will not suffer, any more than the United States would suffer if Illinois became as populous as New York.



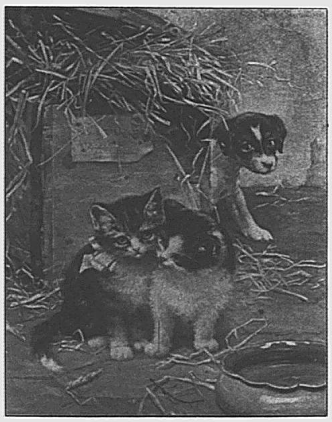
TRILLIUMS. Photo by Arthur Beales, Toronto.

About twenty years ago a statistican, quoted as an authority by Mr. Gladstone, predicted that in 1980 the population of the United States would be 800,000,000. His notion that the population would double itself every twenty-five years has already proved to be fallacious. He left out of sight the fact that as population begins to press upon the means of subsistence the rate of increase becomes slower. The United States can no longer offer unlimited free land to the newcomer, and every year the export of food becomes smaller in proportion to the amount consumed by the American people. The indications are that this process will go on; that the future progress of the United States will be industrial and commercial rather than agricultural; that owing to the growth of the industrial and commercial classes the people will tend more and more to consume their own food, so that by the close of the century they will no longer have a very large surplus to export. Of course, this is all guessing, and the whole calculation may be upset by some unforeseen movement; for instance, science and inventive genius may be concentrated upon the increase of the food supply, and grim necessity may some day force such a concentration. But for some years to come the tendency will probably be as indicated. The United States will undoubtedly continue to grow in population, wealth and power, and the irritation caused by the freaks of some of its politicians ought not to blind us to the fact that the nation is sure to play a very large part in the drama on which the curtain is rising.

Without entering into a minute comparison of the area, climate and resources of the United States and Canada, it may be said that the main difference between them is one of development. If Canada in the next century is likely to achieve a much more rapid growth, relatively, than its neighbor, it is simply because there is more room in which to grow. Canada seems destined to take the place of the United States as an exporter of food to Great Britain, for the reason that it is so much farther from the point at which its people will consume their own food. It has more land to spare, and will have more food to spare. The expectation, therefore, of very rapid growth in population and wealth is founded not upon national vanity, but upon the most sober calculation of the probabilities.

But when we have considered the possibilities of growth of the United States and Canada we are not by any means done with the tale of America. South America has nearly as large an area as North America, with less than half its population. It is one of the greatest fields for development in the world, and it is really wonderful that the mighty powers of the world, with all their land-hunger, have shown so little activity in this quarter. It is now probably too late for France or Germany to repair the error, if so it may be called; the United States would undoubtedly fight for the protection of, the independence of, any of the South American nations. As new outlets for surplus population become scarcer and more valuable, the importance of South America will be more and more recognized. On the whole, therefore, it seems likely that the growth of America, north and south, will be one of the most important of the permanent tendencies of the coming century, and when we remember that America is about four times the area of Europe the magnitude of the coming changes may be appreciated. We have plenty of food for reflection in our own remarkable position, politically connected with Great Britain, geographically with the continent which contains the richest and largest undeveloped or partially developed regions in the world.

It is observed that the closing years of this century, full of manifestations of scientific, commercial and military energy, are not remarkable for intellectual productions calling for deep thought. It is a bustling rather than a meditative age. There are many clever poets and novelists; there is no thinker whose words strike upon the ear like some mighty voice of nature. We go to our current English literature for cleverness, brightness and force within certain limits; not for serenity, majesty or prophetic vision. In Parliament, on the platform, in the pulpit, there is a similar lack of commanding



IS IT SAFE?

figures. This may be only a passing tendency. One of the surprises which the new century has in store for us may be some revival in the intellectual or spiritual domain. There is always a tendency to exaggerate the importance of any fashion which is passing under our eyes for the moment, and to assume that it will be permanent. A generation ago the tone of English thought was marked by a certain languor and scepticism, contrasting strongly with the briskness and bustling impatience of the present day. This mood, too, may pass, and the coming generation may witness a revival of the intellectual glories of the early years of the reign of Victoria.

Rightly Viewed.

This is, after all, the reasonable—as it is the modest—way to view it: "Aren't you afraid that your daughter will come home from college knowing more than you do?" "Well—we shall consider our money thrown away if she doesn't."



"Cheerfulness is the sunny ray of life."

Cheerfulness in the home is increased with music's aid, and in thousands of homes through the use of

BELL
Pianos and Organs

All the qualities so much sought after by artistes are in evidence in "Bell" instruments.

BUILT TO LAST A LIFETIME

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND IN USE.

If you have not already an intimate acquaintance with

- THE APOLLO PIANO PLAYER
- THE ORCHESTRAL MULTI-TONE DEVICE
- THE ILLIMITABLE REPEATING PIANO AOTION
- THE ORPHEON ORGAN PLAYER
- THE ORPHEUS SELF-PLAYING ORGAN
- THE SERAPHONE OR PIPE EFFECT FROM REEDS

An investigation will repay you.

The Bell Organ & Piano Co. Limited
GUELPH, ONTARIO.
TORONTO MONTREAL HAMILTON SYDNEY, N. S. W. LONDON, ENG.



ARCH. CAMPBELL, M.P., President. THOS. CRAWFORD, M.P.P., Vice-President

The Equity Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY.

Capital $1,000,000.00.
Head Office—24 King St. W., Toronto.

Canadian Shareholders.
Strong Board of Directors.
Reliable Agents.
Equitable Rates of Insurance.

JOHN RICHARDS, WM. GOVENLOCK. } Inspectors.

FRED. J. HOLLAND, Winnipeg, General Agent Manitoba and Northwest Territories.

WM. GREENWOOD BROWN, General Manager.

ESTABLISHED 1874 Phone 868

WHOLESALE FRUITS

The old reliable commission house wishes you a merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. From foreign countries we handle Oranges, Lemons, Grapes, Bananas, Pineapples, Nuts, Dates, Figs, etc., etc., while in our own Canada we handle all kinds of small fruits, Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Poultry, Game and Farm Produce of all kinds. EXPORTERS OF CHOICEST CANADIAN APPLES. Quick sales and prompt returns guaranteed. Highest bank references. Square, honest dealing our motto.

W. H. SMITH & CO.,
36 & 38 Church St., Toronto, Can.

ROBERTS & CO.

SOLICITORS OF

Banque du Peuple Building, Montreal. **Patents**

No Patent—No Pay

Mr. Wm. S. Roberts has examined, prepared and prosecuted more than 15,000 applications for patents. Having been Examiner in the United States Patent Office for twelve years, his wide knowledge of patents, patent laws and intricate inventions will be of great service to inventors wishing to secure patents. Roberts & Co., will send their Red Book—Inventors' Manual—to interested persons, on application.



Acetylene—Brightest—Cheapest.

GAS GENERATORS
MANUFACTURED BY THE

Eclipse Acetylene
GAS COMPANY

ARE THE MOST ECONOMICAL. Light your house, hotel, office or factory

Address 443 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL

E. J. Rowley

STUDIO—435 SPADINA AVENUE, TORONTO

Awarded

...Gold Medal

at the Paris Exhibition among a thousand competitors.

Artistic Photography Our Specialty.

As if you had your fingers there. This is the way my appliances hold

RUPTURE

They provide that IN and UP pressure so essential to safety and comfort. Deaths innumerable are due to Rupture. False modesty prompts many to hide the affliction (thinking it to be of a sexual nature) until too late. It is also safe to say that poor fitting trusses cause more agony and danger than where a truss is not used at all. Some say, "once ruptured, always ruptured." I do not agree with that theory. Let me know all about your condition and I will give you advice and help you to obtain perfect security and an ultimate cure. Call or send for my little book.

C. H. DORENWEND, M. E. & R. S.
93 Yonge Street, Toronto

4% COUPON DEBENTURES.

The Central Canada Loan & Savings Company

Issues Debentures to run for one, two or three years in sums of $100 and upwards. Interest at rate of 4 per annum, payable half-yearly.

Capital $2,500,000.00
Assets 6,256,074.00

HON. GEO. A. COX, President
E. R. WOOD, Managing Director
F. W. BAILLIE, Secretary.

UNION ASSURANCE SOCIETY

Instituted in the Reign of Queen Anne A.D. 1714.

Capital and Accumulated Funds Exceed
$18,000,000

ONE OF THE OLDEST AND STRONGEST OF
FIRE OFFICES

Head Office—81 CORNHILL, LONDON.
Canada Office—Corner St. James and McGill Streets, MONTREAL.

T. L. MORRISEY, General Manager
THOS. BRUCE, Inspector.

AGENCIES

HARE & MACKENZIE, Montreal.
J. H. MORISSETTE, Quebec.
G. O. DICKSON OTTY, St. John, N.B.
ALFRED SHORTT, Halifax, N.S.
HYNDMAN & CO., Charlottetown, P.E.I.
E. K. SPINNEY, Yarmouth, N.S.
J. E. BURCHELL, Sydney, N.S.
W. & E. A. BADENACH, Toronto.
CHAS. H. CARRIERE, Ottawa.
GEO. H. MERRITT } London, Ont.
F. R. LEYS }
W. A. SPRATT, Hamilton, Ont.
W. R. ALLAN, Winnipeg, Man.
D. C. McGREGOR, Vancouver, B.C.

AND IN ALL TOWNS THROUGHOUT THE DOMINION.

The
Imperial
Insurance Co., Limited, of London,
..FIRE

ALFRED W. SMITH,
General Agent, TORONTO

The Iroquois

Refitted—Refurnished.
Popular Hotel.
Popular Prices.

Toronto, Can.

JAMES K. PAISLEY.



First Manufactured A.D. 1742

KEEN, ROBINSON & CO., LIMITED

LONDON, ENG.

MANUFACTURERS OF

KEEN'S MUSTARD,
KEEN'S OXFORD BLUE
ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY,
ROBINSON'S PATENT GROATS.

THE BLUE OF BLUES AND DELIGHT of the LAUNDRY



CANADIAN AGENTS:
FRANK MAGOR & CO., 16 St. John Street, Montreal

J. B. ARMSTRONG MFG. CO. Limited

[The Guelph Carriage Goods Company] **Guelph, Canada.**

MANUFACTURERS OF

VEHICLES IN THE WHITE AND BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES FINISHED



Medals Awarded. { Paris, 1878; Toronto, 1882; London, England, 1886; Melbourne, 1888; Chicago, 1893; Quebec, 1894; Paris, 1900.

Moore & Alexander

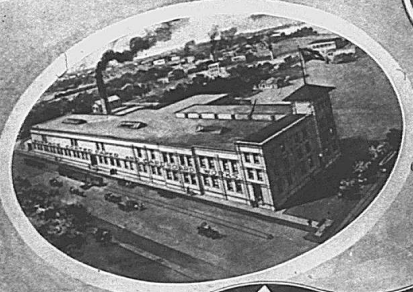


Designers and Engravers

16 Adelaide St W. Toronto

The Engravings in this Book are Samples of our Work.





Ritchie and Ramsay

Toronto

Manufacturers of

SURFACE COATED PAPER & CARDBOARD

THE FINEST GRADES OF GOODS FOR

Printing, Lithographing, Paper Boxes, Photo Mounts.

The Christmas Globe and Supplementary Plates are printed on Red Seal Coated Paper.



Largest & Best Equipped Plant in the British Colonies

Corner King & Bathurst Sts Toronto.



The Cover Plates & all Lithographic Work in this Number were executed by this Coy

Toronto Lithographing Co. Ltd.

Lithographers Black or in Colors.

Photo Lithographers For All Purposes.

Color Printers Three or Four Color Processes.

Engravers By All Processes.

Map Engravers Copper or Stone.

Printers Fine Catalogue Work.

High Class Work Only.

Cutlery Cabinets and Carvers

SUITABLE FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS

Sterling and Plated Silver Forks and Spoons

RICE LEWIS & SON, Limited,

CORNER KING AND VICTORIA STREETS, TORONTO

We Are Always Glad

to hear from anybody in

The Grocery Trade

Lucas, Steele & Bristol,

HAMILTON, ONT.

THE

H. A. Nelson & Sons

COMPANY, Limited

59 to 63 St. Peter Street, MONTREAL.

TORONTO SAMPLE ROOM:
56 and 58 Front Street West.

DIRECT IMPORTERS OF

Dolls, Toys, Games, Sporting Goods, Fancy Goods, Druggists' Sundries, Pipes, Cigars, etc.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Brooms, Brushes, Woodenware,

Etc., Etc.

Write for Catalogue.

Toronto Carpet Manufacturing Company, Limited.

Ingrain Carpets
Art Squares, Stairs & Terries
Axminster Carpets and Rugs
Smyrna Whole Carpets
Rugs and Hall Runners

The Bain Book and Stationery Company,

Successors to James Bain. Established 1850.

96 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

A. E. HUESTIS, MANAGER.

CHRISTMAS GOODS.

Framed Pictures

Originals, Fac-similes, Carbons, Engravings, etc.

Frames

Florentine, French, Old English, etc. Gold, Bronze, Fancy Woods.

H. J. Matthews,

95 Yonge Street.

A free exhibit of original paintings in gallery.

Upper Canada College.

FOUNDED 1829.

Prepares Boys for the Universities and the Special Colleges.

Principal:
G. R. PARKIN, C.M.G., LL.D.

The staff of the College now includes fourteen masters holding degrees from English and Canadian Universities, with other special instructors.

Large grounds, excellent equipment, preparatory department for small boys. Newly-finished hospital for dealing with infectious diseases. An English professional for cricket.

As the boarding and class room space of the College is now taken up only a limited number of applications can be received until new buildings are provided. Vacancies will be filled in the order of application from this date, preference being given to younger boys.

November, 1900.

EDGAR & MALONE

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c.

TELEPHONE 372.

E. T. MALONE, Q.C., J. F. EDGAR, A. L. MALONE, FRED. LANGMUIR.

The Toronto General Trusts Corporation, The Central Canada Loan and Savings Company, The Provident Investment Company and The Imperial Life Assurance Company of Canada.

OFFICE:
GENERAL TRUSTS BUILDINGS,

Corner Yonge and Colborne Streets, 59 Yonge Street, Toronto.



LIGHT YOUR HOME WITH **SUNLIGHT GAS**

THE BEST LIGHT IN THE WORLD

No more expensive than coal oil. Write for particulars to **The Sunlight Gas Co.,** Limited.

1 Little St. Antoine St., Montreal.

SEE TESTIMONIAL BELOW.

NURSE'S HOTEL, THE HUMBER, TORONTO, Feb. 7, 1900.

THE SUNLIGHT GAS CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL, P.Q.

GENTLEMEN,—I have used your machine for the past four months and must say that I am well pleased with it.

The light is most beautiful and economical.

I am using sixteen lights, most of them being used from 5 to 10 p.m., and six from 5.30 to 7.30 a.m., and for the whole time these are in use I only consume five pounds of carbide.

I shall be most happy to give any information to any intending purchaser. I remain, yours truly,

C. NURSE.

A $5,000 Income Bond in the

Imperial Life

GUARANTEES:

[1] The payment of $250 per annum for 20 years, beginning at the death of the assured, and

[2] The payment of $5,000 twenty years after the death of the assured, and

[3] Cash, Loan and Paid-up Values, increasing annually, after three annual premiums have been paid.

This form of insurance is particularly suitable for business and professional men, inasmuch as, on the maturity of the policy, the Company agrees to invest the entire principal, guaranteeing to the beneficiary an annual income of 5 per cent., and at the end of twenty years to hand over the original sum ($5,000).

Further particulars furnished on application to

DR. D. LOWREY,
GEO. I. RIDDELL, B.A. } City Agents, 24 King Street E. Toronto, Ont.

SUN FIRE INSURANCE OFFICE

Founded A.D. 1710

Head Office, LONDON, ENG.

The Oldest Purely Fire Office in the World

Canadian Branch: Toronto, Ont.

H. M. BLACKBURN, Manager

GEO. M. HIGINBOTHAM, GEO. S. LYON, } Toronto Agents.

Agents wanted in all unrepresented districts.

E. T. CARTER,

WOOL, HIDES AND SKINS

83 AND 85 FRONT STREET EAST, TORONTO

Successor to JOHN HALLAM.

Established 1865.

Correspondence Solicited

LONG EXPERIENCE—CAREFUL WORK.

Special qualification for and experience in patent suits.

Pamphlet sent on application.

RIDOUT & MAYBEE

103 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

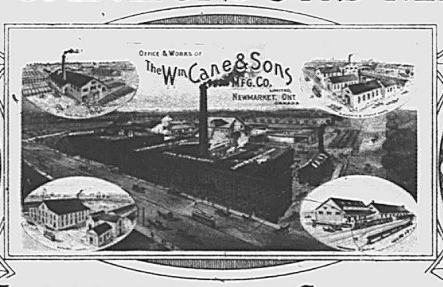
PATENTS





THE WM. CANE & SONS MFG. CO. LIMITED.

All Lines
Pails,
Tubs,
Washboards,
Clothespins,
Paint Kegs,
Syrup Kegs,
Pickle Kegs,
Butter Tubs, Etc.



Every Kind
Building
Material,
Sash and Doors,
Wainscoting,
Siding, Blinds,
Screen Doors,
Screen Windows,
Snow Shovels, etc.

NEWMARKET, CANADA.

THE perfect fit, the excellence of manufacture and the fashionable appearance of

THE Northway GARMENT



has made them the most sought after in Canada.

Our Ladies' Tailor-made Suits and Jackets are worn by the best dressed women in every part of the Dominion.

Ask your dealer for **The "Northway Garments,"** and if he does not handle them write us and we will send you the name of the merchant in your town that does.

John Northway & Son,
32 Wellington St. W., Toronto.

Photographers
In every part of the British Empire say that

CADETT PLATES

Give the best results, are the easiest to use and save you money. Write us.

EAKINS & FERRIS,
48 Richmond Street,
TORONTO

The Queen's



TORONTO, CANADA

Celebrated for its home comforts, perfect quiet, good attendance and the peculiar excellence of its cuisine. Delightfully situated near the bay, on Front Street, convenient to business centre, railroad depots, steamboats, etc.

McGAW & WINNETT,
$3 Per Day Up — Proprietors

WHOLESALE MILLINERY

OUR BEST *Wishes* TO YOU.

THE D. McCALL CO., Limited.

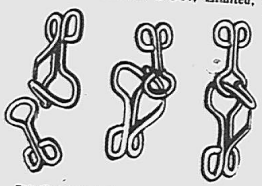
The Snap Hook and Eye

TO LADIES Struggle with dress fastenings is a thing of the past if you use "Snap Hooks and Eyes." No groping to find the end of the hook. No contraction of the body necessary, a slight pressure of the eye on the hook locks it securely. Cannot become unfastened unless you desire it, and a whole waist can be unhooked in less time than a single hook of the old kind.

CLOSED BY A TOUCH
OPENED BY A PULL



Sold by all retailers, Wholesale only by
GORDON, MACKAY & CO., Limited, TORONTO



This illustration is three times larger than actual size steel, tempered in oil, and will not rust nor corrode.

Are made of the finest carbon spring

The T. E. Braime Mfg. Co. Limited

FACTORIES AND SALESROOMS:
YORK ST., TORONTO

Overalls, Smocks, Shirts

WE MANUFACTURE EVERY GARMENT WE SELL

We make goods for workingmen only, and we have studied our business. Every garment bearing this trade mark is guaranteed by us. We use only good materials, and even our cheapest lines are well made. Look for this trade mark, and if it is not to be found in your town write direct.

THE T. E. BRAIME CO., LIMITED., TORONTO



FACTORY OF

THE MINERVA MANUFACTURING CO.

LIMITED
10 to 12 Front St. West
Toronto

MANUFACTURERS OF
WHITEWEAR, BLOUSES,
DRESS SKIRTS, ETC.
HIGH CLASS GOODS ONLY





No. 2 VICTORIA
Specially designed for long distance runs
Price according to finish and capacity

Canadian Motors

LIMITED
710 to 724 YONGE ST
TORONTO

MANUFACTURERS OF **AUTOMOBILES**
ELECTRIC MOTORS STORAGE BATTERIES
and all kinds of ELECTRIC VEHICLES and EQUIPMENTS. Lighting by our Storage Battery a specialty.

Having the lightest and most efficient Batteries and Motor in the world, we can consequently build the neatest carriages. Our carriages are safe, clean, noiseless and easily controlled. One single lever governs both speed and brake.

Each carriage has Electric Gong and Electric Lights furnished by the Storage Battery; they also have Electric Foot Warmers, when these are specified.

The speed of our vehicles can be arranged from 1 to 20 miles per hour, to suit the purchaser.

For hill climbing our carriages have no equal.

We were awarded the medal at Toronto Exposition in September, 1900.



ELECTRIC DELIVERY WAGON
Price on application





Workingmen

Read This

AT EASE

The **"All-Over" Overall,** a combination suit. Engineers, firemen and mechanics —this is what you have felt the need of but probably did not know it.

DO YOU CATCH THE IDEA?

Illustrations show the appearance of garment when the workman is standing ERECT and when BENDING, jacket part ADJUSTS ITSELF as wearer raises his body.

NO BRACES NO BUTTONS

FREEDOM OF ACTION, absolute covering in any position. No dust. No danger of being caught in the machinery.

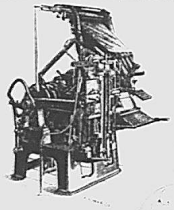
For further particulars write to

Gordon, Mackay & Co., Limited
Corner Bay and Front Streets,
TORONTO, or

The Braime Mfg. Co., Limited,
72 York Street, TORONTO



AT WORK

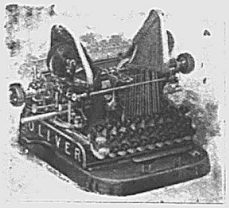


The Linotype

WISHING YOU A
MERRY CHRISTMAS
and a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

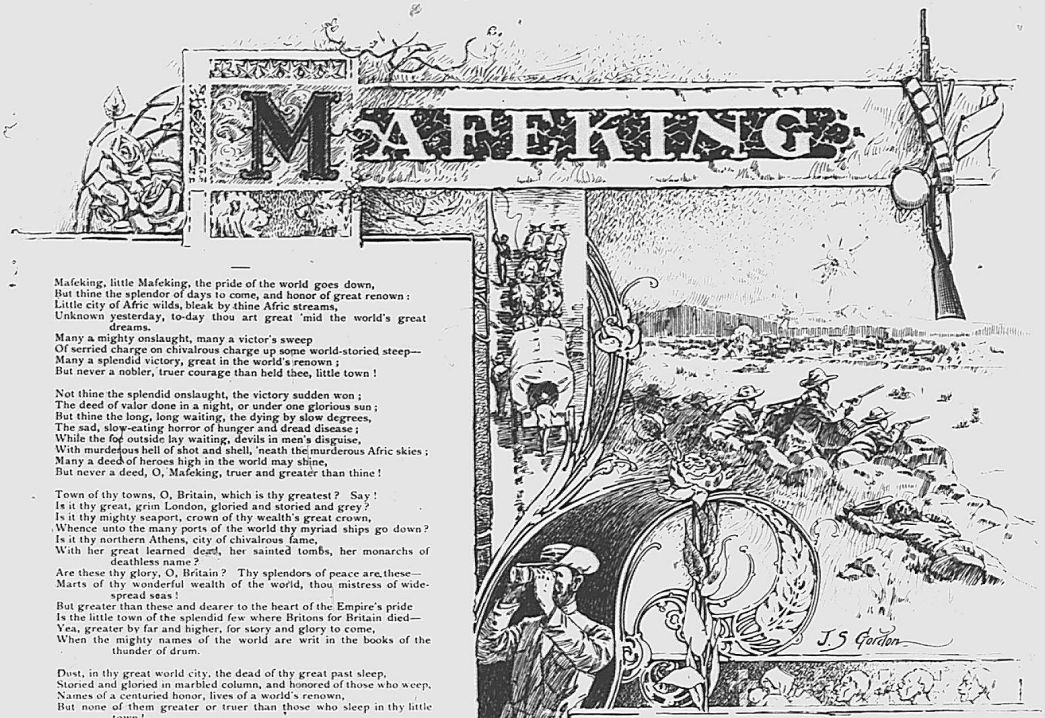
THE LINOTYPE COMPANY,

156 St. Antoine St.
Montreal



The Canadian Oliver Typewriter

MAFEKING.



Mafeking, little Mafeking, the pride of the world goes down,
But thine the splendor of days to come, and honor of great renown:
Little city of Afric wilds, bleak by thine Afric streams,
Unknown yesterday, to-day thou art great 'mid the world's great dreams.
Many a mighty onslaught, many a victor's sweep
Of serried charge on chivalrous charge up some world-storied steep—
Many a splendid victory, great in the world's renown;
But never a nobler, truer courage than held thee, little town!

Not thine the splendid onslaught, the victory sudden won;
The deed of valor done in a night, or under one glorious sun;
But thine the long, long waiting, the dying by slow degrees,
The sad, slow-eating horror of hunger and dread disease;
While the foe outside lay waiting, devils in men's disguise,
With murderous hell of shot and shell, 'neath the murderous Afric skies;
Many a deed of heroes high in the world may shine,
But never a deed, O, Mafeking, truer and greater than thine!

Town of thy towns, O, Britain, which is thy greatest? Say!
Is it thy great, grim London, gloried and storied and grey?
Is it thy mighty seaport, crown of thy wealth's great crown,
Whence unto the many ports of the world thy myriad ships go down?
Is it thy northern Athens, city of chivalrous fame,
With her great learned dead, her sainted tombs, her monarchs of deathless name?
Are these thy glory, O, Britain? Thy splendors of peace are these—
Marts of thy wonderful wealth of the world, thou mistress of wide-spread seas!
But greater than these and dearer to the heart of the Empire's pride
Is the little town of the splendid few where Britons for Britain died—
Yea, greater by far and higher, for story and glory to come,
When the mighty names of the world are writ in the books of the thunder of drum.

Dust, in thy great world city, the dead of thy great past sleep,
Storied and gloried in marbled column, and honored of those who weep,
Names of a centuried honor, lives of a world's renown,
But none of them greater or truer than those who sleep in thy little town!
Men and women and children, England, these were thine;
Hearts that knew one duty, to die but never repine!
To fight and to suffer for England, for the glory of England's name!
To fight and suffer and struggle, but never that one great shame,
To yield old England's honor unto the world's wide blame!

Weeks, long weeks of waiting, watching for succor to come;
To burrow in earth like rabbits, to wake to the thunder of drum;
Through months, long months, life-eating nights of fever and pain,
Days of watching and hunger borne with a brave disdain;
Bodies disease-racked, deathward, lips firm-fixed to the foe,
To send to the traitor's "Surrender" the Briton's thundering "No!"
To answer them back with their cannon to the last gun's last grim round,
As Britain has answered ever, afloat or greatly aground.
These be thy soldiers, O, England! Care for them, honor them, thine!
Greater than bulwarks of granite or iron, thy bulwarks from brine to brine!

Months that eked out slowly, as long-drawn miseries go;
Inside hunger and care and pain, outside the angering foe;
With grim death treading daily the streets of the little town,
Where gaunt-eyed sorrow in woman's guise went patiently up and down.
While near in the woman's laager the children's graveyard grew,
Headstone after headstone, till the toddling feet were few;
And hope deferred grew paler, as under the Afric sky,
Moment by moment, as drowning men sink, they watched their loved ones die.
This for thine honor, O, England; and may thy heroes be few
To suffer the sorrows for thy great sake thy heroes of Mafeking knew!

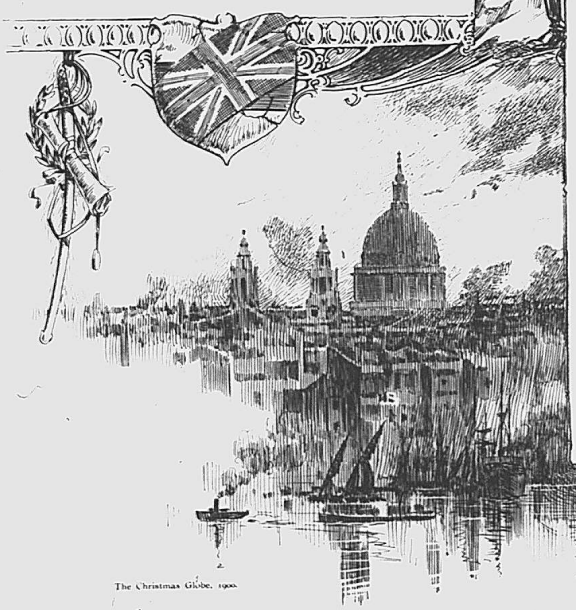
Bravely, as brave men ever, they bore up day by day,
Toiling to hold the city's might and the evil foe at bay,
With the minute gun at morning their sole, dread matin bell,
And the hideous hum of the maiming shot their only funeral knell;
Till after months of slaughter, and famine, hunger and pain,
There broke on their ears the ringing shout of British cheers again;
When bursting through the circling lines, in the early morning's glow,
They beat the grim leaguerer back in defeat, and conquered the conquering foe.

Never such mad, wild cheering had the leaguered city known;
Never such laughing and shaking of hands in the streets of the little town;
Never such solemn prayers to God as rose to Heaven that day
From lips of men who pray and fight as Britons fight and pray.
These be thy heroes, O, England, these be thy brave sons, these,
Greater than bulwarks of granite or iron, thou mistress of world-wide seas;
These be thy sons who come at thy call where the ends of the wide earth meet;
These be thy sons to conquer and save, but never to know defeat.

Town of thy towns, O, Britain, which is thy greatest? Say!
Is it thy great, grim London, gloried and storied and grey?
Is it thy mighty seaport, crown of thy wealth's great crown,
Whence unto the many ports of the world thy myriad ships go down?
Is it thy northern Athens, city of chivalrous fame,
With her great learned dead, her sainted tombs, her monarchs of deathless name?
Are these thy glory, O, Britain? Thy splendors of peace are these—
Marts of thy wonderful wealth of the world, thou mistress of widespread seas!
But nearer than these and dearer to the heart of the Empire's pride
Is the little town of the splendid few where Britons for Britain died—
Yea, greater by far and higher, for story and glory to come,
When the mighty names of the world are writ in the books of the thunder of drum.

—W. Wilfred Campbell.

Privy Council Office,
Ottawa, Canada.



LOVE'S MYSTERY.



IT was an "Afternoon" in Farrell Skipwith's studio in New York, which meant the highest form of artistic pleasure. In that charmingly lighted and furnished apartment was to be found that atmosphere so rarely enjoyed in New York society—repose, and repose very far removed from a suspicion of dullness; a prevailing mezzo-tint, as it were, which mellowed even the voices which in other surroundings became harsh and strident.

Among the assembly of beautiful women, with a sprinkling of literary and artistic men, one woman shone conspicuous by the beauty of her statuesque form and perfectly chiselled face; she gave the impression of having been carved in some rare alabaster that had some inward glow of phosphorescence; her complexion gave a suggestion of immense latent vitality, but her eyes were usually as cold as gems, while the almost too perfect curve of her lips indicated repression.

Heavy coils of dead gold hair lay low on the nape of her neck, and gave one the impression of that precious metal before it had passed through the refining fire. There was a curious half-contemptuous look in the half-closed eyes, as they rested on the faces of the men who tried to raise a look of interest in their baffling depths. At last her utter indifference was rewarded, and she found herself left alone with the pictures that lined the walls. "Posing as usual," remarked a woman gazing at her through her lorgnettes. "Mrs. Van Schureen always delights in her own society when there are artists about; she knows that they can admire her best when she is not surrounded." This spiteful critic addressed her remarks to a very young and insignificant specimen of manhood by her side. "She can have as much of their admiration as she likes; she's a vast deal too heavy for my taste," he answered.

"Did she ever sit on you, Hollier?" broke in another of the men, drawing up a chair to the side of the pretty being whose sharp sayings always delighted her men friends.

So the ball passed lightly from hand to hand, but the subject in question appeared utterly oblivious to the fact that she, rather than the pictures, afforded them food for conversation. She was truly a most beautiful woman; not only her beauty but her conduct defied criticism, and for that reason, if for no other, she inspired venomous comments, for the world, after all, will pardon what it can condone, but there is no pardon for those who dare to baffle its scrutiny. Van Schureen gave ample food for gossip, and according to the natural order of things his wife should have availed herself of the excuse of doing the same. But she did not; her conduct was as perfect as her dress, and that was saying a great deal. She was accused of posing, as she happened to have a figure moulded upon the most classical lines, and she seldom followed the fashion to such a degree that this fact was hidden, adapting rather the fashion of the day to her own inimitable style of face and figure; consequently as she stood apart from the throng of fashionably dressed people, the distance was heightened by reason of her striking individuality, and the "cruets of society," who hold the spices and vinegar of social intercourse, branded her as a "poseuse."

Farrell Skipwith had long had a commission from Van Schureen to paint his beautiful wife; but Skipwith was a curious man, he always took a long time to consider before consenting to paint the portraits of a certain class of people, and there were times when he left commissions so long unfulfilled that people were obliged to look upon his reluctance as a polite refusal. He was without a doubt a genius of the 19th century, and there are so few; or is it that the complex personalities of this extraordinary age make the art of portrait painting a much more difficult affair than the old masters had to face? In ages past, when the world moved so much more slowly and types were vivid and distinct, the men and women must perforce have been less elusive in their characteristics than those of the present day.

Farrell Skipwith was not always a popular painter; there were those who declared that he libelled his sitters, while an opposing faction protested that the consummate genius of the man lay in his power to portray the very soul of the man or woman who came within range of his brush.

The Van Schureen menage was an enigma to Skipwith; the wife should either have been pathetic or vindictive, in consequence of her husband's conduct, but so far as the world could see she was simply passive, and no one could tell what passed through the brain hidden by the long-lashed eyes of deepest gray that looked so coldly at the world and gave no sign of inward disturbance.

Agnes Van Schureen moved slowly from picture to picture until she reached one which seemed to attract her attention. It was curious what interest she could find in the study of a middle-aged charwoman, why this exquisite example of feminine creation should stand as if entranced before such a subject. The vivid contrast that these two types of women made was interesting, to say the least of it. The stately gentlewoman, with her tiny cup of Russian tea held in a perfectly gloved hand, seemed to have nothing in common with the face that looked directly into hers from the frame. This was not an uncommon type, and far from being a lovely one; folded patiently on the lap, the toil-worn hands showed raw and knotted against the coarse blue apron; the picturesque aspect of poverty was absent; only the romantic phase of a hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door was depicted.

A droll fancy for a man like Skipwith to choose to paint this woman of an age so avoided by the masters of the old school, who could find no beauty in that period of life so well described by a French author as "the desert of a woman's existence, when, unless grandchildren have come to prattle about her knee, she finds herself alone, her children gone from the parent nest, and, as adds the cynical author, the husband, ten to one, looking for a younger and fairer face." "The purgatory of middle age facing her; illusions of youth all past, a prey to the stern reality of the moment."

Such a woman gazed with steadfast eyes at the living woman facing her, a living, breathing creature with youth, loveliness, and the thousand and one aids that wealth, colossal wealth, can give to beauty, for Agnes Van Schureen had married a man rich enough to lead people to suppose that she had taken him and his unenviable reputation at a commercial value. But the world had to "suppose" many things of Agnes Van Schureen, for she was not a woman to take the world or any portion of it into her confidence.

"You like that picture?" The question was asked by the man whose brush had laid on the colors. She did not answer at once, and again he asked the beautiful woman at his side, "You like that picture?" She turned slowly and answered his question with another, "Who is she?" It was such a simple little query, but the tone expressed a certainty that the answer would mean much. For a moment Skipwith was startled; the tone was new; not that he should have been surprised, having seen enough of the world to know that a beautiful picture or poem, or perchance a chord of music, will unravel the mystery within us



• • • "It was curious what interest she could find in the study of a middle-aged charwoman."

of our own sub-conscious thought, bringing to light in one instant what human companionship and human sympathy have been powerless to crystalize into coherent thought.

"Come," said Skipwith, imperatively, "give me your cup. Ah, your tea is cold; let me get you another cup, and then if you will come into my own

particular den I will tell you who she is." One moment," and he called a waiter to bring fresh tea, then quickly guided her through the guests towards a heavily-curtained door, which he unlocked, ushering her into a tiny room with the litter of hard work on every side, and with a rough study of the portrait that had so interested her standing against the wall. In this instance the face had a vivid scar painted with terrible power on the right temple, and the whole treatment of the subject showed less repression than the finished portrait, while the pathos and tragedy and eager look of enquiry in the poor eyes, combined with a look of steadfast courage, gave a saintly tinge to the worn face.

The large divan in the corner was sheltered from the glare which fell from the high windows by a canopy of rich eastern embroidery upheld with immense spears. The woman sank back among the rich-hued cushions and laid her untasted tea beside her, while she drew off the long, soft suede gloves, revealing hands of such exquisite modelling and so fine a texture that all unknowingly the artist fixed his eyes on the glowing whiteness which showed against the sable fur trimming her dress. Her face was hidden in shadow from the canopy which fell low over the divan.

"I am going to bore you."

"I don't think so," she said slowly. There was no attempt on her part to parry the remark, no coquettish desire to please or flatter the man, only the hesitation in her own mind whether the story he had to tell would correspond with the one she had read from the expression of the portrait.

"Tell me—that scar on her face." "Ah, he said, "that has no business there; it is not visible in the finished picture." "Yes; even there I saw its shadow," she said. He smiled. "Your eyes are quick; I thought it was painted out." "So you really think it won't bore you to listen to my story?" "No." "Well, first let me pile these cushions behind you—the divan is a hollow sham without a mountain of cushions.



Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

PEEK-A-BOO.

Is that right?" He had deftly piled the mass of down cushions so that her face was not so much in shadow, and he placed himself so that while he told the story of the picture her face would tell him so much he would fain know of her own life.

"Do you mind my asking," he began abruptly, "have you any children, and do you love them?" For a moment there was silence, and then a voice he hardly knew as hers came, "Yes; I had one—a cripple." "Forgive me," he stammered; "I did not know, did not mean to pain you; but now I know you will understand my poor little story."

"I saw her first," he said, and then, "Do you mind smoke? No; well, may I?" holding up a cigarette. "Thanks so much; it is so much easier to yarn when I smoke. I saw her first in this studio—not in this room, however, somewhere in the very early hours of the morning. I was painting that picture of 'Dawn,' which the critics (many of whom had only seen dawn under hazy conditions)



Copyrighted. Photo by F. J. Rowney, Toronto.

DOROTHY.

were good enough to pronounce a masterpiece. She was a charwoman sent to clean my studio, for although dust is supposed to be the favorite atmosphere of artists, I have for it an actual aversion.

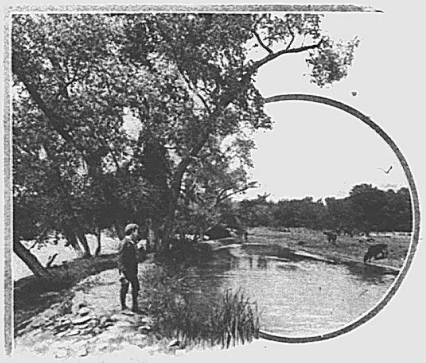
"I think she must have been at work for three mornings before I really took any notice of her—that is, to say more than 'good morning.' I was working with feverish energy to make all I could of a certain effect of light just after dawn. It did not strike me at first what an unearthly hour it was for a woman to be about, and when it did I was startled to hear her answer to my query as to why she was so early astir. 'There's little time for those as wants to make a living. In the hours of daylight, sor, competition is mighty keen, and my spells leave me little time for good work—they come mighty quick of late.' 'Spells,' I said; 'what spells?' 'I don't quite know as how the doctor calls them, sor, but they take me in the head ever since I hurted myself here,' and she turned towards me the poor scarred temple, showing a mark indicating how nearly fatal the hurt had been. 'How did you get it?' I asked; but as I held a paint brush between my teeth my remark cannot have been understood, for I remembered afterwards that it had not been answered.

"I got interested in the woman by degrees, and by the time my dawn effect was finished I had gathered the fragments of a story odd enough to put on paper. She had been a wife, but that seemed a mere incident; what she was when I knew her was, par excellence, a mother, and the mother of an only son. Where that son was, I could never find out; there was no need to seek his place of habitation—he lived, that was certain; and morning after morning I listened to anecdotes that would fill pages all about that boy, from babyhood to manhood. It was not chapter and verse; it came in broken chords amidst the swish of floor mops and the banging of the feather duster. I would work hard, and she would scrub industriously and then break in (her face hidden as she knelt with rounded shoulders, and the strong light falling on the scant grey hair), 'Did ye ever see the like of a baby boy for destroying the furniture, sor? My boy would break every chair in the place galloping them round, playing horses—but in those days I could better afford to buy new chairs.' Then would come an interval of noisy silence, and then, 'Boys do love to chew gum—why, I could never see, unless it were to get the jaw strong for baccy.' Another duet between brush and rubbing cloth, and, 'The West is a great place for a boy to start in life, isn't it, sor? They tell me that is the place to make money.' 'Yes, and lose it, too,' I was brutal enough to answer.

"In the end I became curiously interested in the poor rugged form and thin grey hair of the worker before the dawn, and the day came when I asked her to sit for me. I don't think she liked the idea, but the pay I offered was tempting, and when I smilingly remarked that when 'the boy' had made his 'pile' out West he would come and offer me a good price for the picture, the eyes so set in wrinkles, and which looked as if dust and soapsuds had irritated the lids, filled with a new-born hope, and she consented.

"It was not altogether easy to explain why I asked this woman to sit for me, and I daresay sitting as a model was as tiring to her as the hardest day's work, and that is saying a good deal, for she told me that the work began between four and five in the morning and lasted until late at night. I don't wonder that she had 'spells,' as she called them, for the work was beyond the power of human strength to stand. I began to fear that the prime incentive to all this effort was greed, greed for money; but I found out my mistake. The mysterious son was the inspiration—she wanted it all for him. 'Was he an invalid?' 'No, not exactly,' and seeing that she did not wish me to question further, I solved the problem in my own mind by thinking that he must have embezzled his employer's money, and that she was obliged to help to pay it back; as, from all I could gather, the son was a youth without vices, only 'unfortunate,' as the poor mother said, wiping away her tears with the coarse apron she wore."

Skipwith looked towards the picture as he spoke and smoked in silence for a few minutes. The woman who listened to his story leaned forward for a moment with her chin resting in the hollow of her palm; but he turned unseeing eyes on the beautiful face—his mind was enwrapt in the history of the being he had so well portrayed. 'It was curious,' he muttered; 'curious. Her life must have been among coarse, almost brutal, people; the man she married had been a brute; he beat her at times, she said. But she married young, and after that her only shelter and salvation was the great, egotistical, fatal mother love; it kept her blind to the evil of the world, kept her aloof from all luxury as we define the word, made her live with unseeing eyes, bent with the weight of labor and infirmity, and yet with a courage as great, and a source of happiness as deep, as if earth's treasures and heaven's glories were in her poor hands. Talk of the dreams of the opium-eater! They



WHERE THE WILLOWS GROW.

were as nothing compared with the incense which filled her nostrils day and night in her great hopes for the future of her boy. I began to be infected with her enthusiasm and to weave with her dreams which go to retrieve so many lives from that most terrible starvation, 'heart-hunger.'"

Mrs Van Schureen sank back among the cushions, and for a moment drew aside those white hands that Skipwith had so long fixed his gaze upon. "Well," he continued, "I was foolish enough to make an offer to ask a friend who was daily turning over

thousands of dollars, to invest her little savings for her. She was grateful and ready to trust me with those hard-earned savings. When the picture was nearly finished I asked her to look at it. The exclamation of pain which fell from her lips as her eyes fell on the portrait startled me. 'For the love of the Almighty don't paint in that hideous scar, sir!' she entreated. I vainly tried to induce her to see the necessity of truth in art, but she silenced me by an abrupt and powerful plea. 'Yes, sir, but truth is too cruel at times, and for very shame we have got to hide it.' So this was the weak spot in the armor of my friend—her womanly vanity. She did not see the power and skill I had used in the painting of that picture, she only saw the disfigurement of her poor face; but I was wrong—more than half of us are wrong in regard to the motives and actions of our fellow-mortals."

Skipwith paused reflectively. He half hoped that his listener might be led to interpose a remark apropos of his last platitude—the majority of women would have felt called upon to break the silence that ensued, while Skipwith lit a fresh cigarette with undue deliberation, rising to hold the tiny modicum of tobacco and delicate tissue against the flame of a costly eastern lamp which burned low in the corner—but he had to bear the burden of the silence he had induced.

"That picture was all but finished, when I had to go south to shake off a nasty attack of grippe, and I almost lost sight of my sitter on my return. One day I got a note from a priest asking me to go, as an act of charity, to a hospital in connection with a convent, where a woman was lying at the point of death, and was most anxious to see me. Of course, I went, and there found my poor model who had so interested me. But the picture would have to be finished from the first study I had made; she would never leave the hospital alive. It turned out that she was a parishioner of the priest who had sent for me. Naturally, the woman wanted to know that the money invested was in good hands. Her delight knew no bounds when I told her that, thanks to the interest my friend had taken in this 'widow's mite,' the amount she had put into my hands had doubled and trebled. The priest was appointed, with me, executor, and he seemed neither willing to act in this capacity, nor even to speak of the business part of this sad affair. She died the day after this interview, and then Father —— came to see me; he was most anxious that legal steps should be taken by which the money left to our care should be tied up so that the man who was soon to claim it should not be able to touch one penny of the principal. I did not agree with him, for I felt that this money should be disposed of according to the wishes of the woman who had earned it, literally with her heart's blood, for hard work, scant food and the 'spells' so often alluded to had certainly shortened her life.

"I asked where the son, Phelen, Ned Phelen, was to be found. The priest seemed distressed at my question, but as it was a matter of business I insisted on an answer, and it staggered me when I got it. This dearly-loved boy, whose virtues and accomplishments were the theme of his mother's confidences, was a convict, serving his term for having nearly killed his devoted mother while in a drunken frenzy. The mother had refused to testify, but he was convicted on the evidence of the neighbors. She had only partially recovered, and the 'spells' alluded to were the direct outcome of the injury which finally killed her. She had lived only long enough to earn by dint of superhuman exertions the money she believed would give her boy a chance to start afresh in the West. She had begged the priest not to tell me, hoping that I would not guess the pitiful story. To her the boy had the most charming countenance in the world. If he did wrong it was the curse of heredity, his father being a man of violent temper and dissipated habits.

"I eventually saw the youth after his discharge from prison; indeed I had sent for him to come to the studio to show him his mother's picture, which I hoped might awaken tender feelings and soften the lad's heart. A more ill-favored mortal I never saw. Criminal was written in every feature. He chewed diligently while in the studio, and his only comment on his mother's portrait was: 'Bet yer got the old girl to the life; but where's the mark I served my time for ginnen her?' This was the son that she feared might see the scar and shudder in every moral fibre. He had no moral fibre; the priest was right when he said that he would end on the gallows. He had not, so far as I could tell, one redeeming feature; his redemption must have lain in the love he managed to inspire in one faithful heart. But," and Skipwith made a gesture of repulsion, "to think that this great-hearted woman should have done what she did, lived as she lived, with only short respite from pain, for eight mortal years, her day's work a matter of fourteen hours, and in constant dread of the attacks, which they told me at the hospital were frightful in their nature, and yet happy in the delusion concerning this one child, happy in wasting this superabundance of love and devotion on such an object!"

Suddenly the woman sitting back in the shade rose, and faced, not him, but the picture of the woman who had suffered all those things for an unworthy being, and with a gesture of passionate intensity she stretched out her lovely hands glittering with costly rings towards those toil-stained ones, red and with those terrible crevasses which come from too hard labor, and in a voice ringing with passionate protest she cried: "No! a thousand times no! Do not say it was for naught she gave her heart's blood and the daily sacrifice of a pure life. Human expiation is no false doctrine. It is the only solace for us whose heart-beats are worn out in the effort to kindle a pure flame in hearts either hewn out of stone or dead from corruption! To us it is permitted!" and the voice took a triumphant ring. The mask had fallen, and face to face with a great work of art the secret of a woman's life was revealed. With an inarticulate sound she half turned towards the man who was silent in the presence of those two women who told their inner lives to him, and then with one more glance at the steadfast face on the canvas, she passed rapidly out of the room. The door closed behind her, but Farrell Skipwith smoked on. Suddenly he looked at the picture and smiled. "So you were sisters," he said, "bound by links forged in the same fire." He rose to go; at his feet had fallen a long, soft, scented glove, and he did a curious thing for a man who was not in love—he lifted it from the floor and reverently pressed it to his lips.

The next spring exhibition in the Art Gallery was a magnificent one, but the picture of the year was the portrait of Agnes Van Schureen, painted by the celebrated painter, Farrell Skipwith. The critics vied with each other in trying to do justice to the work without detracting from the value of the subject. They were strangely quiet, these groups of worldly men, who would stand and gaze at this portrait without any of the usual comments as to particular features and their respective merits. But the women? Well, the women said: "Don't tell me that Farrell Skipwith is not in love with Agnes Van Schureen. No man could paint such a picture without being in love with the subject." But the fashionable world has so many verdicts to pronounce that it must needs be at fault in some cases.

Van Schureen was at first proud of being the possessor of such a splendid work of art, just as in the first year of his married life he had been proud of owning such a beautiful and novel plaything, but later he objected to the light in which it hung, said it gave an uncanny look to the eyes, and had it moved to a part of the room where his wife would have to face it when they dined at home. The light was better, without doubt, but Van Schureen was careful never to glance at the portrait as he left the room.

In Agnes Van Schureen's boudoir hangs a copy of the picture by Farrell Skipwith entitled "A Charwoman." It is not in keeping with the rest of the pictures in the room, but it has a place of honor over her exquisite Sheraton writing table, and she often lays down her pen to gaze at the picture. The two faces have learned to smile at each other, as if they shared a great secret. LALLY BERNARD.



By permission of W. J. Hall, Concord, N. H.

AN APRIL DAY.

A gush of bird-song, a patter of dew,
A cloud, and a rainbow's warning,
Suddenly sunshine and perfect blue
An April day in the morning.
—Spofford.

New Member.

A pun so good that it was not only pardoned but enjoyed was once made in a reply to Lord North. It could not have been made outside of England, where a clerk is invariably a "clark." Lord North had just begun to make his annual budget speech in the House of Commons when a dog, which had wandered in, lifted up his voice in a series of lively yelps. "By what new opposition am I attacked now?" inquired Lord North, facetiously. "I think, my lord," replied a voice well known to most of the hearers, "it was the member from BARKshire."



The Christmas Globe, 1900. Photo by Pollard, Tilsonburg.

HAPPY CHILDHOOD.



He that beats his son unjustly is unmanly. He that forces his son to do an unlawful act is a coward. A man may act unmanly and be a coward; but some day it will come back to him. It may come as coals of fire, but it will come. Smugglers are not exempt. They may have slumbering consciences, but coals of fire burn deep.

Captain Sharkey often struck his son Jack to force him to do an unlawful act. Had it not been for Lucy White he would have narrowed and stunted his intellect, would have made of his own son a very devil like himself. But Jack Sharkey loved Lucy White. That saved him.

The father and son and Mike Maloney manned the Sea Dog, a trim screw-propeller of slight dimensions. She was as black as a stoker, and as smutty. Once a week she dropped anchor just within shelter of a small port on the Canadian side of Lake Erie. Outsiders knew not whence she came nor whither she went.

Mike Maloney was a good mate for the Sea Dog, a fit associate of Captain Sharkey. He would do anything for money; that is, anything that gave him a chance to cover his tracks.

Jack and Mike often rowed into dock to spend an hour at the tavern on the hill. Sometimes Jack went alone. There he met Lucy White, the innkeeper's daughter. An attachment soon developed.

One night as they sat on the edge of the bluff, water lapping sands a hundred feet below, and the green starboard light of the Sea Dog gleaming wistfully through the fog, Jack told Lucy that he was disgusted with himself, his father, the Sea Dog, and the whole business.

"What business, Jack?"

"I can't tell you, Lucy; I gave my word not to. But I'll make you my wife if you'll trust me, if you'll come away with me."

"In the Sea Dog?"

Jack shuddered.

"No; in your own skiff."

"When?"

"To night. We can make some port in time to catch a train to-morrow. Then we're free."

"But mother, Jack?"

"You said you loved me."

"But I didn't know—I'm afraid."

"So am I, Lucy, to go back with those two men on the Sea Dog."

"Ah, Jack, you scare me! There's something awful about that boat. Folks say she's for no good."

"Lucy, mother died years ago. I promised her that when I grew up I'd stick by father. I've done it. But she didn't know what she asked, poor woman! I've submitted to everything; I've even at times forgotten the little good that she had a chance to teach me. But when I saw you it all came back. And now I want to stick by father, but I can't do it by going back to the Sea Dog. I should leave, but I'll never go without you."

"But are you sure you love me, Jack?"

"Can you doubt it?"

"But what'll I do?"

"Run across and get what things you want to take, and I'll go down and rig the skiff. When we reach port to-morrow I'll make you my wife. I've an uncle at Montreal in the shipping business. I'm a good wheelsman, and he said that any time I wished to go he'd put me on a sea-going steamer. Anyway I'd not be long out of work, for I know the lakes like a book."

The girl threw her arms about his neck and clung to him for a moment. Then she ran home and put some things together.

When she arrived at the boat-house, Jack was ready to start. He caught the breeze on the port tack, and sailed without a headlight. The fog had thickened.

Lucy knew the course better than he, so she took the tiller, while he stood as watch in front. They cleared the end of the pier on the starboard tack, sailing under a fair wind. A half-mile out they put about again, and just as the sails tightened the smut-black hull of an anchored vessel rose in front of them, her green and red lights gleaming weird and threatening.

Neither spoke. Lucy swerved the skiff slightly and nearly grated the port side aft of the dreaded Sea Dog. As they passed alongside both heard a voice: "He's out late, by heaven!" But the flapping of the sails made indistinct the rest of the sentence.



• • • "At that moment the sail filled, the skiff moved—they were off."

A mile out the wind dropped suddenly. In a few minutes there was a dead calm. The skiff was at a standstill; she seemed not to be even drifting.

They could do nothing but wait. Jack said that the breeze would soon rise again; but in that he erred. At daybreak the lake was smooth.

Captain Sharkey stood on the forecastle of the Sea Dog. He raised his glass and recognized his son in a calm a mile out. A woman was with him. The captain shouted to Mike.

They soon lowered the yawl and made quick progress toward the helpless runaways. A slight breeze began to rise with the sun. The two men pulled a long stroke, for they knew that if Jack caught the breeze he would outsail them.

The splash of their oars a hundred yards from the skiff roused Jack. He sprang up and called to Lucy.

They had yet time to get away.

Everything seemed tangled. The ropes wouldn't pull the sails. The pulleys seemed twisted.

The two men were rapidly coming nearer.

"Take the tiller, Lucy; I've got the mainsail going now. We haven't time to trim."

"Stop or we'll shoot," shouted Captain Sharkey.

"Don't be frightened, Lucy; they've no gun."

They had yet a dozen seconds.

Jack misjudged the breeze and threw the boom to the port side. The breeze was too light to throw the canvas back.

The two men from the Sea Dog came up broadside with the skiff. They stood up, and just as they were about to step from one boat to the other Lucy reached out and gave the stern of the row-boat a sharp jerk, jolting the occupants into the water.

At that moment the sail filled, the skiff moved—they were off.

But no! Captain Sharkey had thrown his headline into the skiff, and when it tightened the knotted end caught in the rigging.

The row-boat was in tow. The two men were scrambling into it.

Jack hurried to loose the tow, but couldn't slip the knot. He drew a knife and cut the rope. It was too late, however, for his father had already caught the end of the skiff.

They all sailed back to the Sea Dog. The father and son went aboard. Mike and Lucy took the skiff to the boat-house.

Shortly after Mike returned, the Sea Dog cut anchor and moved westward. A few days later she returned, and the same mystery surrounded her movements.

Lucy went down to the beach, and wandered up and down at intervals during two days. Not once did she catch sight of Jack. The second night, as she walked back to the tavern, she met Mike. He was in a jovial mood.

They chatted awhile, and then Lucy asked if Jack had forsaken them.

"The ould man won't let him lave the boat worse luck to him."

Lucy darted a glance from her black eyes at Mike.

"I'm glad you're free, Mike."

"Sure, they say an ould burd's no game."

"Ah, but you're a young man, Mike."

Lucy's dimples and rounded form pleased Mike even as much as her words.

"It's blarneyin' ye are now, sure."

"Don't you see I'm hinting for you to come on land another night. But I guess I'd better send a word to poor Jack. Give him a dig in the side, Mike, just like that, and say: 'Three taps and a low whistle.' Tell him to night, just to keep him awake."

Mike laughed with Lucy, and then started toward the Sea Dog, chuckling.

"Three taps and a low whistle," he muttered. "Bedad, he's been gettin' his grog after hours."

About midnight Lucy took a canoe and paddled noiselessly down the slip. She could see the lights of the Sea Dog tossing up and down in a heavy swell. A storm was coming. By the time she skimmed alongside the black hull of the dreaded vessel the lake was considerably disturbed. 'Twas one of those storms that suddenly lash Lake Erie into fury.

The girl had difficulty in keeping balance while she tapped three times with the paddle and gave a low whistle. She waited a few minutes before repeating the call. She worked thus from port to starboard aft, nearly capsizing every time she raised the paddle to tap.

Jack, meanwhile, lay in his bunk meditating. He had intended escaping that night by swimming ashore, but the heavy sea made him hesitate. He would look out once more to see if the storm were ceasing. Before he reached the window he heard Lucy tapping and then the low whistle. The message was explained. He thrust his head out in time to see the canoe capsize in the trough of a wave.

The girl was a plucky swimmer, and would have struck out for the shore had she been free of her skirts. She clung to the upturned canoe until Jack threw her a line.

Not a word was said. It was not until Lucy had been drawn up through the window that they spoke in low whispers. They decided that she should remain hidden in the hold until the following night, when they would both swim from their uncomfortable quarters.

But their scheme was frustrated. Early in the afternoon of the following day the anchor was raised, and the Sea Dog started on one of her mysterious voyages, carrying in her hold the pretty daughter of the innkeeper of a small lake port.

Lucy could see nothing. The only thing to distract her attention was the monotonous thump of the engine and an occasional visit with food from Jack.



The Christmas Globe, 1900. Photo by W. A. Couse, Sarnia.

THE EVENING STAR.

Some time during the next day she knew that they had entered a port, for numerous whistles could be heard, and when the engine stopped the noise of moving craft was distinct.

A few hours later she heard the sounds as of rolling barrels. Then the engine began again.

After what seemed to her days, the screw began to work more slowly. Then suddenly it stopped. She heard the anchor drop.

Curiosity and morbid fear made her creep to the companion-way and look out. Horrible sensations of fright ran through her as she groped her way in the dark passage. 'Twas very dark there. When she looked out she saw that it was night. She almost shouted, she was so terrified. Everything was quiet; an air of mystery and the devil surrounded her.

She went farther and saw that the vessel's lights were out. Above stars were shining. She could see that the boat was in mid-lake. A creaking, grating noise could be heard. As her eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness she discerned the black outlines of a vessel lying alongside the Sea Dog. Footsteps coming toward her caused her to retreat into the hold, a horrible sensation of fear taking possession of her. Again she heard a noise as of rolling barrels. Then the engine began once more. She composed herself somewhat, and finally fell asleep. When she awoke the boat was at anchor. Jack was standing over her, with her breakfast in his hand. Beside him stood a huge, ill-appearing man, Captain Sharkey. He had noticed Jack enter with the breakfast.

"How long have you been here?" he asked Lucy.

"Two nights."

"Two nights! Were you up the lake with us?"

"Yes."

"You saw what was going on last night?"

"I didn't see much; but I was so scared I couldn't stay below. I heard——"

"Enough. By the Lord Harry! we'll require to extend your visit. Jack, follow me."

The two men went above. Mike had just returned from the village.

"Lucy White's drowned," he said.

Captain Sharkey made a sign of silence to Jack.

"Drowned?"

"Yis; it's the talk o' the port. Her canoe and paddle wiz washed ashoore yisterday."

Captain Sharkey's eyes gleamed.

Jack saw the expression of his face, and shuddered. All day he watched the movements of the two men, and managed to catch parts of their conversation. Toward evening the girl was taken from the hold and locked in the Captain's bunk.

Shortly after dark the Captain told Jack to go aft to his bunk, as they would make an early start next morning. Jack obeyed, but instead of turning in he got all the money he could find, which was not much.

He kept watch along the passage. In a few minutes he saw his father go to the forecastle. Then Mike came stealthily toward the Captain's bunk, unlocked the door and entered.

Jack slipped after him. At the door he heard Lucy scream slightly. He didn't enter, knowing that the girl was in no immediate danger. He listened a few minutes. Then Mike came out; but Jack had slipped into a corner, unnoticed.

Mike went forward to the Captain. Jack could hear their conversation.

"Will she consent?"

"Niver a bit."

"Did you warn her?"

"Oi did."

"Then pitch her over. Be sure you strangle her first."

Jack slipped into the Captain's bunk.

"Hurry, Lucy; throw off your skirts and leave your arms free."

"Where's the Captain?"

"In the forecastle. Take off your boots."

"I left them in the hold. Where are we?"

"A good swim from the lighthouse pier."

"Where's Mike?"

"Forward. He'll be back in a minute. When he enters I'll grab him from behind the door and scare him into silence."

"I'm ready."

"Dive and come up in the shadow of the lighthouse. I'll follow."

Mike entered.

Jack gripped him by the throat, and choked him to the floor.

"You say a word, Mike, and you're a dead man."

Mike held his tongue.

The girl dropped into the water, and Jack followed.

The Captain heard the first splash, and hurried to his bunk.

"Did you muff it, Mike?"

"Niver a bit."

"You strangled her first?"

"She wiz as dead as an ister."

"What's all this stuff?"

"Sure, she wiz half naked."

"You slumbering idiot! They'll suspect foul play."



A STUDY. From the studio of J. F. Kowley, Toronto.

"Faith, I didn't know her clothes wiz off her."

"You crafty liar, you tore them off. Take them down and burn them. We must pull out of this port to-night. Rouse Jack."

Mike burned the clothes, and then returned to the Captain.

"Jack's not in his bunk."

"Where is he?"

"I dunno."

They searched the vessel.

An hour later the engine began to thump, and the prow of the Sea Dog pointed westward.

* * * * *

Three years later a light vessel, The Jerry, not unlike the Sea Dog, tied up at Detroit. A stranger came along and offered to charter her for two days at terms that the owner couldn't refuse. He was to have his own crew and to sail light.

He waited until he saw the Sea Dog start down the river from the other side, then he followed. He seemed to know every move.

The two vessels sailed within sight of each other until after dark, when they drew nearer. An hour later a signal was given and all lights were extinguished.

The Sea Dog cast anchor. The Jerry came up alongside and dropped anchor also. A gang plank was slid between.

Four men from The Jerry walked across into the Sea Dog. Two of them handcuffed Captain Sharkey, while the others marched Mike and another of his type at the point of a revolver into The Jerry. Captain Sharkey followed and was seated in the dark in the main stateroom.

Soon the room was lighted with a lurid light. Captain Sharkey looked out and saw the Sea Dog adrift, with flames shooting high from every quarter. He watched her in silence till she had burned to the water's edge.

"My God!" he then said, turning from the scene. "They have burned her, and I am a prisoner."

In a few minutes the Captain of the Jerry came into the room, which was again dark.

"Captain Sharkey," he said, "your career on the Sea Dog seems to have come to an abrupt end. You are my prisoner, so I think it well to tell you your position. You will have to answer to several charges. I have received information that for a number of years you have periodically taken clearance papers from Walkerville to some other Canadian port for a cargo of barrelled whisky. Likewise periodically the Captain of The Jerry has taken clearance papers from Detroit to some other American port for a cargo of barrelled whisky. Your barrels were filled with genuine malt whisky, but his barrels contained water. At night, as you attempted to do an hour ago, the Sea Dog and The Jerry would meet in mid-lake and exchange cargoes. The Jerry would then steam into Toledo, Cleveland or Buffalo, with a consignment of Canadian malt whisky, having clearance papers from Detroit. The Sea Dog would go into port for a few days, pour the water out of the barrels, and then return for a fresh consignment. Do you deny it?"

"I can't deny it."

"There is yet a graver charge. Before burning the Sea Dog, my men searched the hold and found there the shoes that were worn by Lucy White the night she was supposed to have been drowned. Do you deny it?"

"I know nothing of it."

"Do you see that boat coming yonder?"

"Yes."

"You will be transferred to her, where further explanations will be necessary."

A splendid palace steamer soon came up alongside The Jerry. Captain Sharkey was taken aboard and again shown to the main stateroom, which was brilliantly lighted. He walked in and was immediately followed by his own son.

"Jack!" he gasped.

"Yes, father, it's me."

"Where did you come from?"

"Oh, I've been all over."

"They've caught me at last, Jack. What'll I do?"

"Be sorry you haven't a chance to start better."

"I wish I had."

"Would you do it?"

"Would I?"

"Father," Jack said, taking him by the hand, "it was me came up on The Jerry. It was me talked to you after we brought you over. I set fire to the Sea Dog myself. I hope you're not sorry."

"But I can't look you in the face, Jack."

"You'll be all right when you get on the right track."

"But what am I to do?"

"Run this boat; she's yours."

"Mine?"

"Yes, I've been down to the South Africa diamond fields. Struck it rich."

"What's her name?"

"The Lucy White."

The Captain turned pale and trembled slightly.

"She'd never run with that name, Jack."

"Yes, she would. Why, here's Lucy now. You should be proud to have her named after such a girl."

For a moment the Captain wouldn't believe his eyes. At last he took Lucy's outstretched hand.

"I can't stand much more, Jack. I thought Lucy was drowned. I don't know what to say. You are too good to me. I guess I'm a little shaky. How can I ever repay you?"

"Lucy says your berth is ready, and that you'd better turn in. We'll talk it over in the morning."

But in the morning Captain Sharkey of the ill-fated Sea Dog had gone on a long voyage.

The Christmas Globe 1900







The Dominion Bank.

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO.

Capital (paid-up) $2,000,000
Reserve Fund $2,000,000

DIRECTORS | Hon. Sir Frank Smith, President; E. B. Osler, M.P., Vice-President, W. Ince, W. R. Brock, T. Eaton, Wilmot D. Matthews, A. W. Austin.

BRANCHES

Belleville, Brampton, Cobourg, Guelph, Huntsville, Ont. Lindsay, Montreal, Napanee, Orillia, Oshawa, Seaforth, Uxbridge, Whitby, Winnipeg, North End

TORONTO—Dundas Street—Corner Queen. Market—Corner King and Jarvis Streets. Queen Street—Corner Esther Street. Sherbourne Street—Corner Queen. Spadina Avenue—Corner College.

Drafts on all parts of the United States, Great Britain and Europe bought and sold.
Letters of Credit issued available at all points in Europe, China and Japan.

T. G. BROUCH, General Manager



OPEN THE YEAR ROUND

HOTEL KRESS

AND MINERAL BATHS,

PRESTON, ONT.

New house, new furnishings, with all modern improvements, warm and comfortable throughout the winter months. These waters are marvellous in their cures of rheumatism, lumbago, gout, kidney troubles, etc. Write for rates, etc.

The Boiler Inspection and Insurance Co.

TORONTO

JOHN L. BLAIKIE, ESQ., President.
E. W. RATHBUN, ESQ., Vice-President.
GEO. C. ROBB, Chief Engineer.
H. N. ROBERTS, Secretary-Treasurer.

Are you satisfied with the results obtained from your steam boilers? Are your boilers safe? When were they last inspected?

Over SEVENTY YEARS' Established Reputation.

NEAVE'S FOOD

BEST AND CHEAPEST FOR

Infants, Invalids and the Aged



SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D., ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, recommends Neave's Food as "an excellent food, admirably adapted to the wants of infants and young persons; and, being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."

NEAVE'S FOOD has for some time been used in the

RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."—Lancet.

In 1-lb. patent air-tight tins.

Manufacturers: JOSIAH R. NEAVE & Co., Fordingbridge, England.



Every Travelling Trunk and Household Ought to Contain a Bottle of



Eno's "Fruit Salt"

A Simple Remedy for Preventing and Curing by Natural Means All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, etc.

The effect of Eno's "Fruit Salt" on a disordered, sleepless and feverish condition is simply marvellous. It is, in fact, nature's own remedy, and an unsurpassed one. Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Limited, "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., ENG., by J. C. ENO'S Patent. Wholesale of MESSRS. EVANS & SONS, Limited, Montreal, Toronto and Victoria, B.C.



Hamilton's Irish Homespuns

make the finest and smartest shooting suits and costumes.

Correct for ladies and gentlemen.

Guaranteed hand-woven and hand-spun from pure wool only.

From 42 cents. yard.

Also made up. Fit and smartness guaranteed. Moderate charges for tailoring.

Patterns free on application.

The White House, Desk 30
Portrush, Ireland.

S. & H. HARRIS'S



Waterproof Harness Composition.

Ebonite Waterproof Blacking
For Boots and Shoes, Harness, Trunks, Bags, etc. Requires no brushing.

Harness Composition—Waterproof.

SADDLE PASTE—Waterproof. For polishing Brown Harness, Saddles, etc.

Jet Black Oil—For Cart and Farm Harness.

Harness Liquid—For beautifying and preserving without labor.

SADDLE SOAP—For Cleaning Saddles, Brown Harness, Brown Leather Boots, etc.

Dubbing—Waterproof for Boots and Harness.

Merriman's Infallible Embrocation
For Horses and Cattle.

Black Dye—For Staining Harness.

Polishing Paste—For Cleaning Metals and Glass.

Plate Powder—Non-mercurial.

FURNITURE POLISH

Shoe Blacking—Liquid and Paste.



MANUFACTURED BY

S. & H. HARRIS

LONDON, ENG.

And sold wholesale by Saddlers, Hardware Merchants and Storekeepers.

THOUSANDS OF

BAIN WAGONS

SOLD ANNUALLY TO THE

BEST FARMERS

OF THIS COUNTRY.

You are invited to join the ranks by sending your order to

BAIN WAGON CO., Limited
WOODSTOCK, ONT.

ESTABLISHED 1868.

Sold By all Reputable Merchants.



From Ocean To Ocean.

If you want the best, if excellence of Material, Fit, Style, Workmanship, Durability and Finish is an object, get STOREY'S goods. They never disappoint.

GLOVES AND MITTENS, MOCCASINS and SHOE PACS, TRAVELLING BAGS, LEATHER BELTS, ETC., ETC.

W. H. STOREY & SON,

ACTON, ONTARIO

THE GLOVERS OF CANADA



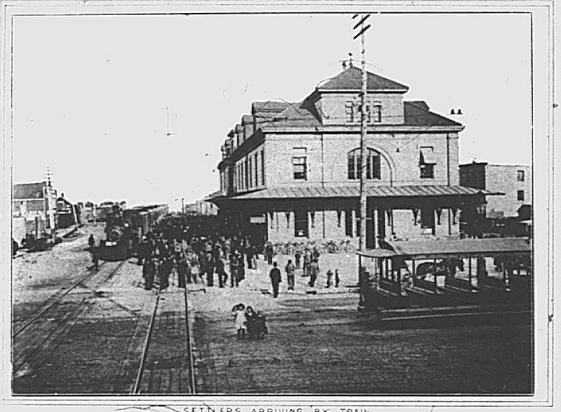


THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1900

FREE FARMS.

THOUSANDS OF FREE GRANT HOMESTEADS (160 ACRES) STILL AWAIT SETTLERS IN WESTERN CANADA.


A WESTERN RANCHE


SETTLERS ARRIVING BY TRAIN

The payment of a small office fee and the performance of very simple and easily fulfilled settlement duties will secure a Crown Patent for one of these Homesteads, and both before and after the issue of Patent the Homesteader is LORD OF HIS DOMAIN, and exercises every right of ownership of the land covered by his certificate of homestead entry.

EXPERIENCE shows that the lands of **WESTERN CANADA** are unexcelled for **GRAIN GROWING, MIXED FARMING** and **DAIRYING.**

RAILROADS already exist or are projected wherever settlement extends, **SCHOOLS** and **CHURCHES** are convenient, **TAXES** are exceedingly light, there is no compulsory **MILITARY SERVICE,** the **CLIMATE** is the healthiest in the world, and facilities exist for **MARKETING** the produce of the farm at the highest prices.

In addition to other markets the **GOLD FIELDS OF CANADA** form a valuable and convenient market for the products of the farms of **WESTERN CANADA.**

Adjoining the **FREE HOMESTEAD LANDS** are lands that can be purchased at low figures and on easy terms of payment.

THOUSANDS OF LETTERS from settlers, testifying to their success in Western Canada, are in the possession of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa.


SETTLERS TREKKING NORTH FROM THE WESTERN STATES


A SASKATCHEWAN ELEVATOR

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS VICTORIA B.C.

WRITE TO THE SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION OTTAWA

For further particulars, or address any of the following:—

W. F. McCreary, Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba; The High Commissioner for Canada, 17 Victoria Street, London, S. W., England; Canadian Government Office, Liverpool, England; H. M. Murray, 52 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, Scotland; C. R. Devlin, 14 Westmoreland Street, Dublin, Ireland; W. L. Griffith, Western Mail Building, Cardiff, Wales; M. V. McInnes, No. 2 Merrill Block, Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.; D. L. Caven, Columbus, Ohio, U. S. A.; James Grieve, Box 822, Saginaw, Michigan, U. S. A.; J. S. Crawford, 214 West Ninth Street, Kansas City, Missouri, U.S.A.; Benjamin Davies, 154½ East Third Street, St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A.; T. O. Currie, Box 76, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A.; C. J. Broughton, 1223 Monadnock Building, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.; W. V. Bennett, 801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Neb., U.S.A.; W. H. Rogers, Box 116, Watertown, South Dakota, U.S.A.; N. Bartholomew, 306 Fifth Street, Des Moines, Iowa, U.S.A.; J. H. M. Parker, 530 Chamber of Commerce, Duluth, Minn., U.S.A.; William Ritchie, Grafton, North Dakota, U.S.A.; E. T. Holmes, Room 6, Big Four Building, Indianapolis, Ind., U.S.A.

HALLS for the free temporary accommodation of intending settlers and their families are maintained by the Canadian Government at Winnipeg and various other points in Western Canada.

The officials at these Halls, and the Government agents everywhere, are always ready to furnish full and reliable information and advice to all newcomers



ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE
WHITBY, ONT.

Palatial buildings, beautiful grounds, healthful surroundings and the highest educational advantages, in short, an almost **ideal home** for students seeking exact scholarship as well as the culture and refinement that mark the true gentlewoman. For calendar apply to

REV. J. J. HARE, Ph. D., Principal.

The Provincial Trust Company
OF ONTARIO (Limited)

PRESIDENT—SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT.
VICE-PRESIDENTS—S. F. McKINNON ; JAMES SCOTT.
ACTING MANAGER—W. J. M. TAYLOR.

OFFICES AND VAULTS **Temple Building, Toronto**

Is authorized by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council to act as

EXECUTOR
GUARDIAN
ASSIGNEE
ADMINISTRATOR
COMMITTEE
LIQUIDATOR

and can undertake any manner of trust.

THE BROWN BROS.
LIMITED
Stationers and Paper Dealers.
OUR SPECIALTIES ARE:

ACCOUNT BOOKS
LEATHER GOODS
OFFICE SUPPLIES
PAPER and STATIONERY
TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES
BOOKBINDERS' MATERIAL
PRINTERS' SUPPLIES
BOOKBINDING

51-53 Wellington St. West, Toronto.

OUR XMAS SPECIAL.



THIS HANDSOME TURKISH COUCH Only

$8.90

Packed free & freight paid within 400 miles. Regular selling price, $14.00.

Elegantly upholstered in the famous "Monarch Velours," closely tufted, spring head, sides and seat, soft as a cushion, fringe, etc., to match, alike on both sides, making the most magnificent couch ever placed on the market. In the following shades:—Myrtle, golden brown, crimson, olive, navy blue, nile and terra cotta. Sample of covering sent upon receipt of 2c stamp.

THE DUFFETT FURNITURE COMPANY, Limited, 285 Yonge St., Toronto

LATEST FICTION.
PAPER, 75c.
CLOTH, $1.50.

SONS OF THE MORNING,
By EDEN PHILLPOTTS (author of "Children of the Mist," etc.)

THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH,
ZANGWILL'S MASTERPIECE (author of The Master," etc.)

To get the latest and best fiction WRITE for our Fall Announcement . . . . . .

W. J. GAGE & CO., Limited,
PUBLISHERS, TORONTO

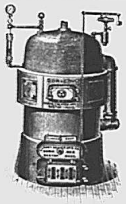




JOHN BOWMAN
HARDWARE & COAL COMPANY

Paints, Oils, Glass, Harvest Tools, Full lines of Shelf and Heavy Hardware. Shippers of Anthracite and Bituminous Coal by Rail and Vessel.

GRANITE BLOCK, LONDON, ONT.



The Gurney Foundry Company, Limited.
MANUFACTURERS OF

Boilers, Radiators, Cast Iron Steam Fittings, etc., etc.

TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG and VANCOUVER, CANADA

L. BABAYAN & CO.,
191 YONGE ST., TORONTO
(Opposite Eaton's).
Largest Importers in the Dominion of Genuine

Turkish AND Persian Rugs

Embroideries, Egyptian Jewellery and Novelties

Also all sorts of Oriental Art Goods. Rare and antique Persians a specialty. Tel. 804.







MAKES MORE BREAD TO THE BARREL THAN ANY OTHER FLOUR.

OGILVIE'S REGISTERED TRADE MARK REGISTERED HUNGARIAN CANADA

OGILVIE'S REGISTERED TRADE MARK FAMILY FLOUR BEST

OGILVIE'S REGISTERED TRADE MARK REGISTERED GLENORA PATENT

MAKES A LARGER LOAF THAN ANY OTHER FLOUR.

THE STANDARD FLOUR OF THE DOMINION

W. W. OGILVIE MILLING Co
MONTREAL AND WINNIPEG

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE. 1900.





Building Materials

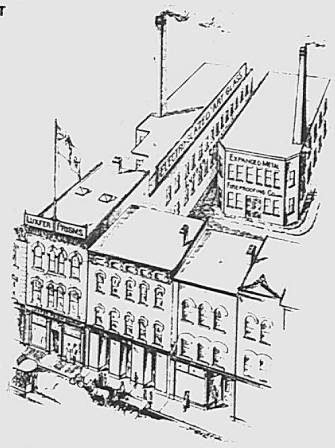
Staple and Artistic.

The products of the arts and sciences at the price of ordinary materials.

SEE OUR PERMANENT EXHIBITION

SOME OF OUR GOODS.

LUXFER PRISMS
ART GLASS
PLATE GLASS
SHEET GLASS
MARBLE MOSAICS
ORNAMENTAL IRON
TERRA COTTA.
PRESSED BRICKS.
INTERLOCKING RUBBER TILES
EXPANDED METAL LATH AND FLOORING.
MICA COVERING for Pipes & Boilers



Luxfer Prism Company, Limited.

98 AND 100 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

W. A. MURRAY & CO. Limited

MANTLES
COSTUMES
MILLINERY
SILKS
DRESS GOODS
LACES
HOSIERY
LINENS
MEN'S FURNISHINGS
TAILORING
CORSETS
TRIMMINGS
RIBBONS
CARPETS
CURTAINS
PRINTS
FLANNELS
SHOES
TRUNKS
GLASSWARE
STATIONERY
BOYS' CLOTHING

Everything in Dry Goods

This store is foremost in Canada's merchandising, with twenty-two departments filled with the choicest and rarest things that the world produces. Not alone in Fabrics do we excel, but our designing and making of Dresses, Costumes, Mantles and Millinery have a continental reputation for tastefulness and elegance.

Our Mail Order Department

For out-of-town customers we maintain a thoroughly efficient mail order service. Samples and price lists whereby we bring our twenty-two departments right to the homes, so to speak, in every part of this great Dominion, are cheerfully sent. Readers of this advertisement are cordially invited to write for samples of whatever they require. Our qualities are considerably better than can be secured out side this store. Prices are somewhat less too

W. A. MURRAY & CO. Limited

17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27 King Street East.
10, 12, 14, 16 Colborne Street
TORONTO

THE
Home Savings and Loan Co., Limited.

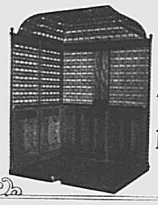
Capital... $2,000,000.

HON SIR FRANK SMITH, President. EUGENE O'KEEFE Vice-President.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED from twenty cents upwards; interest at current rates allowed thereon.

MONEY LOANED ON MORTGAGE of small and large sums; convenient terms of repayment and at the lowest rates of interest. No valuation fee charged. LOANS ON COLLATERALS of Stocks, Bonds and Debentures.

JAMES MASON, Manager. ***78 Church St., Toronto.***



Elevators Dumb Waiters

Any motive power---all purposes.

MILLER BROS. & TOMS
MONTREAL, QUE.
Established 1869.

THESE TWO BRANDS



of The Dominion Brewery Company's Ales are EXTRA CHOICE, made from the best Canadian malt and the finest Oregon, Bavarian and Canadian hops.

The White Label

Brand stands first all over the Dominion.

The Jubilee

Brand has a great reputation and pronounced by connoisseurs to be equal to anything on the market.

These brands can be had at all First-class Hotels and Liquor Dealers throughout Canada.

The XXX Porter of this Company cannot be excelled.



The Dominion Brewery Co., Limited,

WM. ROSS. Manager.

QUEEN STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

900.

CO. Limited

ytbing in Goods

ost in Canada's merchandis-
wo departments filled with
arest things that the world
one in Fabrics do we excel.
ind making of Dresses, Cos-
Millinery have a continental
fulness and elegance.

er Department

stomers we maintain a tho-
ail order service. Samples
reby we bring our twenty-
ight to the homes, so to
rt of this great Dominion.
Readers of this advertise-
invited to write for samples
require. Our qualities are
than can be secured out
ices are somewhat less too

CO. Limited

TORONTO

ors
nb Waiters

--all purposes.

OS. & TOMS

EAL, QUE.

OS



ONTO, ONT.



THE LAST FAREWELL.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE "CHRISTMAS GLOBE" 1900.



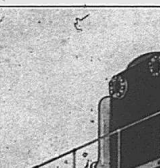
SUPPLEMENT TO THE "CHRISTMAS GLOBE" 1900.

"WELCOME HOME."



SUPPLEMENT TO THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1900

NIGHT.



The POLSON IRON WORKS
Toronto, Canada.

ENGINEERS,
BOILERMAKERS,
and STEEL SHIPBUILDERS.

1500 H.P. Vertical Cross Compound Condensing Engine now building for the Toronto Electric Light Co'y





THE
National Life
Assurance Company
OF CANADA.

Authorized Capital - - $1,000,000

H. S. Howland, President.
Elias Rogers and W. D. Long,
Vice-Presidents.
R. H. Matson, Managing Director.
F. Sparling, Secretary.
Agents wanted in unrepresented districts. Apply to
HEAD OFFICE:
TEMPLE BUILDING, TORONTO.

RENNIE'S SEEDS

Tested and Selected for all Soils

Catalogues Free.

WM. RENNIE, Toronto

Established 1849

GORE PAPER MILLS

JOHN FISHER & SON,
Dundas, Ont.

Manufacturers of
First Quality
BROWN EXPRESS
PAPERS



One of the many styles of "Hagar" Shoes for Women in Box Calf or Vici Kid. Price. $3.50

EQUAL OF ANY.
EXCELLED BY NONE.

Hagar Shoes

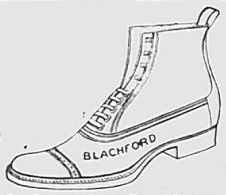
Always Comfortable

We know positively there is no other shoe in Toronto equal to our Hagar Shoe for men and women

Ask to See Them

If out of town write for styles and prices
Only at

H. & C. Blachford's,
114 Yonge Street



One of many styles of "Hagar" Shoes for men in Patent Calf, Tan Calf and Box Calf. Price..... $5.00

The Verral Storage Co.

10 AND 12 BAY STREET,
TORONTO

Phone 779

N.B.—Advances made on goods stored when required.



DURING THE YEAR 1900 THE

Mutual Reserve
Fund Life Association

HAS MADE FULL COMPLIANCE WITH THE RESERVE LAW OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

Within a period of nineteen years the Mutual Reserve had paid in Death Claims the unprecedented amount of

$44,000,000

at an expense of only $33.81 to each $100.00 of benefit. The average expense of other principal companies amounted to $54.48 to each $100.00 of benefit.

The Mutual Reserve includes in all of its policies now written a provision for maintaining the full reserve required by statute of legal reserve companies.

The Mutual Reserve is a mutual company, conducted solely for the benefit of the members. It issues every kind of insurance policy required by and advantageous to insurers, and each policy is protected by a three and one-half per cent. reserve.

Energetic agents can secure good contracts to represent this great company by addressing—

W. J. MURRAY, Manager,
Freehold Loan Building TORONTO, ONTARIO



Minard's Liniment

Canada's Best Household Remedy. Well and favorably known from Halifax to Victoria.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO., PROPRIETORS, YARMOUTH, N. S.

DOMINION OIL CLOTH CO. LIMITED, MANUFACTURERS OF **OIL CLOTHS** OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Floor Oil Cloth, Carriage Oil Cloth, Table Oil Cloth, Enamelled Oil Cloth, Stair Oil Cloth.

Office and Works: MONTREAL, Que.

Branch Office: 1 Front Street, Toronto.

All Readers of The Globe

Should know that the lives of total abstainers are better risks for life insurance than those of non-abstainers.

They should know, too, that the

Temperance & General Life Assurance Company

Gives total abstainers the benefit of their better lives, either by giving them insurance on the without-profits plans at lower rates than any other company, or separate classification for profits.

The T. & G. has had a lower mortality in its Temperance Section than any other recorded experience with so large an exposure.

The T. & G. is truly the

Best Company for the Best Risks.

Correspondence solicited. When writing mention The Globe.

Agents wanted in unrepresented districts.

"Our Advocate" sent free to all applicants.

HON. G. W. ROSS, President.
H. SUTHERLAND, Man. Director.

HEAD OFFICE: GLOBE BUILDING, TORONTO



THE ONTARIO SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, TORONTO

The Provincial School of Engineering. Affiliated to the University of Toronto. Courses in Civil, Mining, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Architecture and Chemistry leading to degrees in the University. Completely equipped Laboratories and Museums. Calendar, giving all necessary information, including a list showing the positions held by graduates, mailed free.

L. B. STEWART, Secretary.

WINDSOR SALT

As Salt is used in the preparation of all foods it is essential that none but the best quality should be used. The use of Windsor Salt ensures this.

THE WINDSOR SALT CO., LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO.

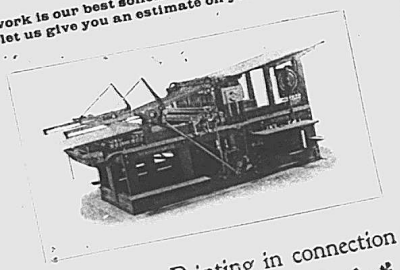


RUSSELL HOUSE, Ottawa, Canada.

F. X. ST. JACQUES, PROPRIETOR.



Our work is our best solicitor. Examine this book and then let us give you an estimate on your next job



The Letter Press Printing in connection with this number was done by the

Murray Printing Company

PRINTERS
BOOKBINDERS
DESIGNERS
ENGRAVERS

Globe Building, Corner Jordan and Melinda Streets, Toronto

Phone 1226

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

Staunton Wall Papers

[THE NAME ON THE MARGIN OF EACH ROLL]

WHOLESALE ONLY.

STAUNTONS, Limited Toronto

Formerly M. STAUNTON & CO MANUFACTURERS

THE NATIONAL Electrotype and Stereotype Co.

Limited.

12 and 14 Adelaide St. West, TORONTO.

Plates for all Printing Purposes.

First-class work guaranteed.
Estimates given.
We make interchangeable plates in electrotype and stereotype for patent bases.

A PROMINENT FEATURE of the dyeing and cleaning done in these works is the real goodness of the work done. When that is promised everything else that you look for is included in it. Whether household articles or wearing apparel or your dainty plumes or costly laces, all is well done here.

R. PARKER & CO.

Dyers and Cleaners, TORONTO,

HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS,

787-791 YONGE STREET

BRANCHES—Montreal, Hamilton, Brantford, London, St. Catharines, Galt and Woodstock.

CANADIAN EXPRESS COMPANY

FORWARDERS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION OF FREIGHT, LIVE STOCK, MONEY AND VALUABLES

To all principal points in Canada and United States. Direct and most expeditious service. Half a century's experience.

Special Attention to Consignments for Foreign Countries. Special Rates on Fruit, Produce and Large Consignments.

Notes, Drafts, etc. Collected with Promptitude at Exceptionally Low Rates.

MONEY ORDERS.

The CHEAPEST and MOST DESIRABLE MEDIUM of transmitting money in existence. SAFE and CONVENIENT. No form to fill out. Payable at par at any Express Office or Bank. Receipt given, and LOST ORDERS promptly refunded. No "Red Tape."

The John Morrow Machine Screw Co.



INGERSOLL, ONTARIO

J. YOUNG

(ALEX. MILLARD)

UNDERTAKER and EMBALMER.

359 YONGE STREET.

TELEPHONE 679.

PRIVATE MORTUARY.



APPLE BLOSSOMS



THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE Co of Canada.

FORMERLY THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE

HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONT.

A POLICY IN IT PAYS

AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE DOMINION

Assurance in Force January 1st, 1900	$26,945,441
Cash Income, 1899	1,051,403
Assets, December 31st, 1899	4,663,553
Reserve for Security of Policy Holders, 1899	4,324,081
Surplus Over all Liabilities, Dec. 31st, 1899, Actuaries 4 per cent.	302,855
Surplus, on Government Standard, 4½ per cent	491,394

This Company is the only purely Mutual Canadian Life Company; it has no stockholders to share in its profits; all its surplus belongs solely to its policyholders and is returned to them in dividends, reducing their premiums to actual cost.

In Life Insurance "The Mutual Principle" is admittedly the best, and in the words of a leading F. I. A. "is the only one by which the participating members of a Life Insurance Company can receive a full equivalent for their money. It gives insurance at net cost, while the soundness of the principle, and the stability of such institutions, are proved by the fact that the largest and most successful Life Companies in the world are mutual."

Mervin Tabor, author of "Three Systems of Life Insurance," also avers that "the largest and best life insurance companies in the world are mutual."

In its profit-earning powers, in its financial stability, in its steady growth, and in every other important feature, this Company has no superior in Canada.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

ROBERT MELVIN, President, Guelph; ALFRED HOSKIN, Q.C., 1st Vice-President, Toronto
B. M. BRITTON, Q.C., M.P., 2nd Vice-President, Kingston.
RIGHT HON. SIR WILFRID LAURIER, P.C., G.C.M.G., Premier of Canada, Ottawa.
FRANCIS C. BRUCE, Hamilton; J. KERR FISKEN, B.A., Toronto; E. P. CLEMENT, Berlin;
W. J. KIDD, B.A., Ottawa; GEO. A. SOMERVILLE, London.
HON. F. W. BORDEN, M.D., Minister of Militia and Defence, Ottawa.
HON. J. T. GARROW, Q.C., Goderich; WM. SNIDER, Waterloo.

OFFICERS

J. H. WEBB, M.D., Med. Director; MESSRS. MILLAR & SIMS, Solicitors; WM. HENDRY, Consulting Actuary; T. R. EARL, Supt. of Agencies; C. S. FORREST, Inspector of Loans.

ROBERT MELVIN, President, Guelph. **GEO. WEGENAST, Actuary and Manager.** **W. H. RIDDELL, Secretary, Waterloo, Ont.**

WM BARBER & BROS.

Paper Makers

GEORGETOWN, ONT.

MANUFACTURERS OF

MACHINE-FINISHED BOOK PAPERS, Wove and Laid Antique or Smooth Finish.

COLORED COVERS in Every Standard Color and Grade carried in stock or made to order in one thousand lots; also POSTERS in Five Colors.

We make a specialty of Paper for Half-tone Catalogues, Society Journals, Religious Weeklies and Litho Labels.

JOHN R. BARBER, Prop.
GEO. H. MARSHALL, Supt.

GEO. E. CHALLES, Selling Agent
Mail Building, Toronto

EDDY'S MATCHES

Have an established reputation covering half a century.

His **PARLOR MATCHES** contain **NO BRIMSTONE**, and on this account are particularly noted for the absence of the sometimes objectionable fumes of the ordinary sulphur match.

QUALITY UNSURPASSED

Indurated Fibre Ware

Pails, Tubs, etc.,

have largely SUPERSEDED the ordinary wooden articles for domestic use. TRY THEM.

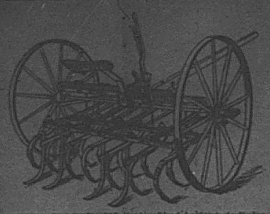
In addition to the foregoing we manufacture and have facilities for supplying in any quantity

WOODENWARE, PAPER, PAPER BAGS and all kinds of PAPER PRODUCTS.

The E. B. EDDY COMPANY, Limited

HULL MONTREAL TORONTO

QUEBEC HAMILTON KINGSTON
LONDON ST. JOHN, N.B. HALIFAX ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND
WINNIPEG VICTORIA VANCOUVER



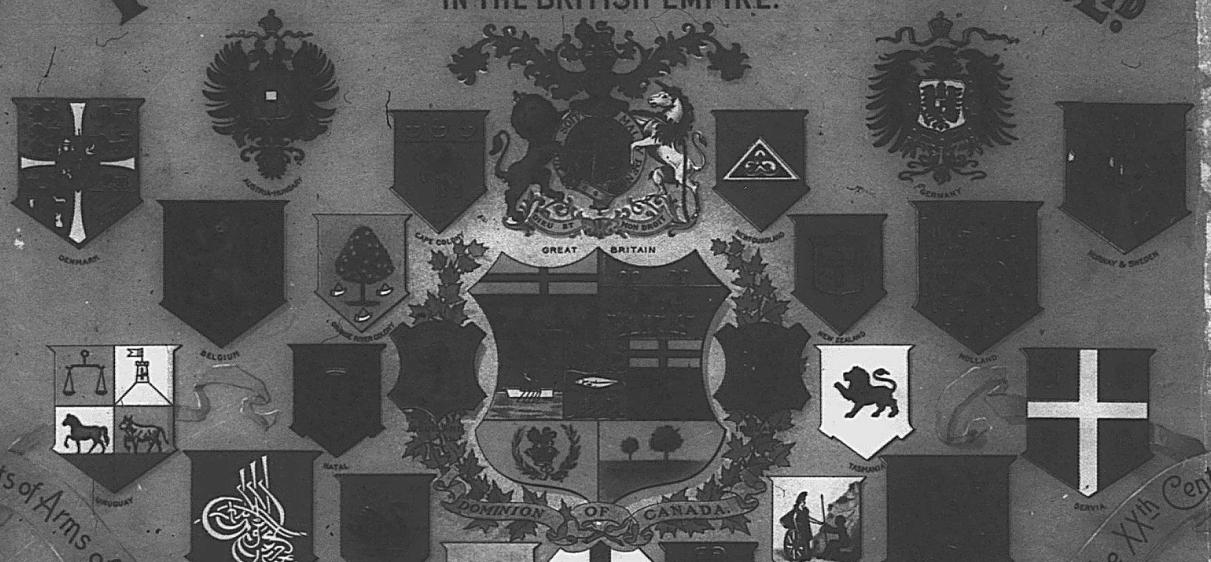
MASSEY-HARRIS CULTIVATOR.- Used in all lands for all kinds of cultivating, by the leading agriculturists.



MASSEY-HARRIS DRILL.- Without an equal for seeding and sowing and adaptable to all conditions of soil.

MASSEY-HARRIS CO. Ltd

LARGEST MAKERS OF FARM IMPLEMENTS IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.





MASSEY-HARRIS MOWER.- Everywhere recognized as the highest type of grass cutting machine.

WINNERS OF GRAND PRIZE

PARIS (FRANCE) EXPOSITION.

-1900.-



MASSEY-HARRIS BINDER.- Universally conceded to be the best machine for harvesting all kinds and conditions of grain crops.


THE GLOBE
CANADA

HIGH GRADE CULTIVATING & SEEDING IMPLEMENTS, ETC. ETC.

HIGH GRADE HAYING & HARVESTING MACHINERY, ETC.

THE

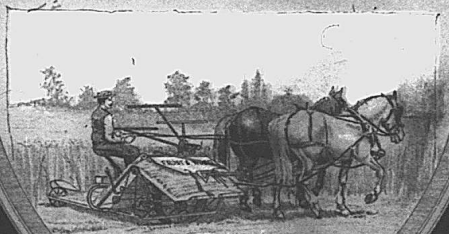
FROST & WOOD Co.

LIMITED.

SMITH'S FALLS,

ONTARIO, CANADA.





LIGHT STEEL BINDERS.
FRONT CUT MOWERS.
REAR CUT MOWERS.
HORSERAKES.
LIGHT SINGLE REAPERS.
CULTIVATORS.
SCUFFLERS.

HOE DRILLS.
SHOE DRILLS.
SECTIONAL SEEDERS.
SPRINGTOOTH HARROWS.
SPIKE TOOTH HARROWS.
DISC HARROWS.
GANGPLOWS.

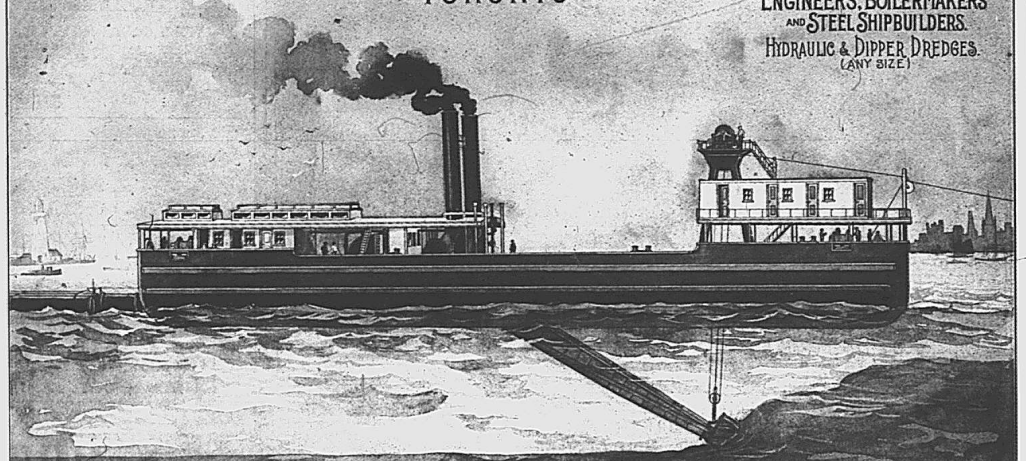
QUALITY'S THE WINNER

FIRST IN DURABILITY.

The Polson Iron Works,

TORONTO

ENGINEERS, BOILERMAKERS AND STEEL SHIPBUILDERS.
HYDRAULIC & DIPPER DREDGES. (ANY SIZE)



36 INCH HYDRAULIC DREDGE "J.I.TARTE" NOW BEING BUILT FOR THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT.

SPIRAL WOUND STRAW BOARD

MAILING TUBES

For mailing Show Cards, Lithographs, Posters, Circulars, Newspapers, etc. Manufactured by

J. F. ROSS, 560 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.



RENNIE'S

PRIZE BEGONIAS 6 SCARLET, PINK, WHITE, YELLOW / PINK, SCARLET (Single, Double) 50c

CATALOGUES FREE POSTPAID

WM. RENNIE, - TORONTO, ONT.

L. J. ROWLEY

PHOTOGRAPHER.
435 SPADINA AVE. TORONTO

Telephone Main 3733.
Artistic Photography our specialty. A large collection of landscapes and portrait studies on exhibition. Visitors always made welcome.

PATENTS

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.

Head Office—Toronto. OFFICES: MONTREAL, OTTAWA AND WASHINGTON

TYPE PRESSES

Miller & Richard

(Letter Founders to H r Majesty for Scotland)

EDINBURGH LONDON TORONTO

INK MATERIAL

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

There are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College at Kingston. At the same time its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving the highest technical instructions in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of Canadian Militia. In fact it is intended to take the place in Canada of the English Woolwich and Sandhurst and the American West Point.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and in addition there is a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects, which form such a large proportion of the College course.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive in addition to their military studies a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all subjects that are essential to a high and general modern education.

The course in mathematics is very complete and a thorough grounding is given in the subjects of Civil Engineering, Civil and Hydrographic Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The object of the College course is thus to give the cadets a training which shall thoroughly equip them for either a military or civil career.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the system. As a result of it young men acquire habits of obedience and self-control, and consequently of self-reliance and command, as well as experience in controlling and handling their fellows.

In addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds ensures good health and fine physical condition.

An experienced medical officer is in attendance at the College daily.

Five commissions in the Imperial regular army are annually awarded as prizes to the cadets.

The length of course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months' residence each.

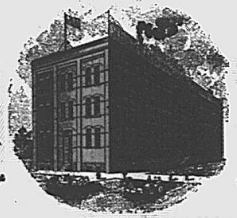
The total cost of the three years' course, including board, uniforms, instructional material, and all extras, is from $750 to $850.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College will take place at the headquarters of the several military districts in which candidates reside, in May of each year.

For full particulars of this examination or for any other information, application should be made as soon as possible to the Adjutant-General of Militia, Ottawa, Ont.

ESTABLISHED 1868.

Sold By all Reputable Merchants.



From Ocean To Ocean.

If you want the best, if excellence of Material, Fit, Style, Workmanship, Durability and Finish is an object, get STOREY'S goods. They never disappoint.

GLOVES AND MITTENS, MOCCASINS and SHOE PACS, TRAVELLING BAGS, LEATHER BELTS, ETC., ETC.

W. H. STOREY & SON,

ACTON, ONTARIO

THE GLOVERS OF CANADA



WE ALSO SUPPLIED 26 TENPLATE SUCCESS SCREENS, 13-72" WET MACHINES AND A COMPLETE PULPWOOD PREPARING PLANT. HAULUP CUTTING OFF SAWS, BARKERS AND CONVEYORS.
WE BUILD SAWMILLS OF ALL CAPACITIES, PORTABLE OF 3000 TO LARGE MILLS OF 200,000 DAILY, BAND AND CIRCULAR ALSO PONY BAND MILLS, MOST MODERN DESIGNS WE MANUFACTURE
ROAD MAKING MACHINERY
FIRE FIGHTING APPLIANCES
ENGINES BOILERS AND MARINE WORK

WATEROUS, BRANTFORD, CANADA.

Homeopathic Supplies. Established 1868.

Dr. Pearson's

Hypophosferine.

The great specific in Nervous Debility, Neuralgia, Nerve Pains, Mental Troubles, Loss of Energy, Grippe and its bad effects, etc. Has cured hundreds—

WILL CURE YOU.

No family should be without it. Invaluable in those troubles. Send card for "manual" containing valuable information. Phone 1291. Price 50c.

D. L. THOMPSON, Homeopathic Chemist, 334 Yonge Street, Toronto

---

THE

Central Press Agency (Limited)

83 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

We prepare, illustrate and place advertising matter in all papers. We are Electro and Stereotypers and Photo-Engravers.

WE SELL READY SET PLATES FOR NEWSPAPERS.

Our prices are bed rock. | F. DIVER, Manager

THE NATIONAL ELECTROTYPE AND STEREOTYPE COMPANY, Limited

12 & 14 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO

PLATES FOR ALL PRINTING PURPOSES.

First-class work guaranteed. Estimates given. We make interchangeable plates in electrotype and stereotype for patent bases

---

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

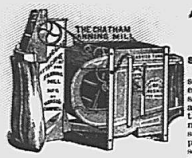
GUELPH, CANADA.

The kind of instruction and practical training needed by young men who intend to be FARMERS, FRUIT GROWERS, BUTTER MAKERS OR CHEESE MAKERS.

FOR A COPY OF THE COLLEGE CIRCULAR, SEND TO

JAMES MILLS, M.A., President.

A DOZEN REASONS



Why Every Farmer

Should Buy a Famous CHATHAM FANNING MILL

(1) It is a combined grain separator, grader, timothy seed saver and fanning mill, adapted to cleaning grain of every description. (2) It has bagging attachment which saves the labor of one man. (3) It is easy to turn and has a capacity of 60 bushels per hour. (4) It does cleaner work than any other mill made. (5) It is durable, there being nothing about it to get out of order. (6) It will pay for itself in a short time. (7) It will enable you to get better prices for your grain. (8) It will enable you to save grass seed from grain. (9) It will enable you to keep your farm clean. (10) It has special sieves for all classes of work. (11) It is sold on a positive guarantee—your money back if you are not satisfied. (12) You can buy it on time if you like. Send for full description and prices.

THE M. CAMPBELL FANNING MILL COMPANY, Limited, Chatham, Ont.

Writing and Placing

Advertising

That's our business. We can handle the whole of a client's advertising—planning, preparing, placing and printing—or any part alone. Leading merchants and manufacturers in Toronto have been among our clients for more than a decade. We will satisfy you as we satisfy them.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON ADVERTISING AGENCY,
MAIL BUILDING, TORONTO

A. E. AMES. E. D. FRASER.

A. E. AMES & CO.

Bankers & Brokers

18 KING STREET EAST,

Transact a general financial business.

Deposits received.

Interest allowed at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.

BUY AND SELL

High-grade Investment Securities on Commission.

THE ONTARIO ..BANK..

HEAD OFFICE: - TORONTO

Capital Authorized	$1,500,000
Capital Paid-up	1,300,710
Rest	350,000
Profit and Loss Account	16,996.04

DIRECTORS

Geo. R. R. Cockburn, Esq., President; Donald Mackay, Esq., Vice-President; Hon. J. C. Aikins, A. R. Irving, Esq., R. D. Perry, Esq., Hon. R. Harcourt, H. Grass, Esq.
CHARLES McGILL, GENERAL MANAGER.

BRANCHES

Alliston, Aurora, Bowmanville, Buckingham, Que., Cornwall, Fort William, Kingston, Lindsay, Montreal, Que., Mount Forest, Newmarket, Ottawa, Peterboro', Port Arthur, Sudbury, Tweed.
Toronto { Scott and Wellington Streets. Queen and Portland Streets. Yonge and Richmond Streets.

AGENTS

London, England—Parr's Bank, Limited.
France and Europe—Credit Lyonnais.
New York—Fourth National Bank and the Agents Bank of Montreal.
Boston—Eliot National Bank.

Best Quality. COAL AND WOOD. Lowest Prices



THE

ELIAS ROGERS CO.
[Limited]

LONG EXPERIENCE,
CAREFUL WORK

Legal and technical experts, solicitors and counsel in patent suits.

Pamphlet on patents, trademarks, etc., sent on application.

PRIDOUT & MAYBEE

103 BAY STREET, TORONTO

PATENTS

HORSES

Carriage Horses, Cobs, Saddle Horses, Drivers, Fast Roadsters, General Purpose Horses, Draught Horses, Ponies. New and Second-hand Carriages and Buggies. Imported English Single and Double Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Blankets, Rugs, Whips, Robes, etc.

Grand's Repository

53-59 Adelaide Street West. "Annex" 18-28 Nelson Street, TORONTO.

WALTER HARLAND SMITH. Proprietor.

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit

"BETTER THAN PORRIDGE." To prepare "Shredded Wheat" for breakfast, dip the biscuit in cold water; allow the water to drain off; then place in a soup plate; cover over with another plate, and place in a hot oven for three or four minutes; remove, adding hot or cold milk and sugar to taste. A FINE COOK BOOK FREE. By sending your name and address on a postcard to J. Hewitt, 61 Front Street East, Toronto, and mentioning The Christmas Globe, you can get a fine cook book, containing 200 recipes, sent to your address, absolutely free of charge. Besides the recipes, this book contains much information valuable to the careful housewife. Send for it to-day. You will be delighted with it.



RUSSELL HOUSE,

OTTAWA, CANADA.

F. X. ST. JACQUES, PROPRIETOR.

THE BAIN BOOK AND STATIONERY COMPANY,

SUCCESSORS TO JAMES BAIN. Established 1850.

96 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

A. E. HUESTIS, MANAGER.

The Dominion of Canada

GUARANTEE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY.

Authorized Capital	$1,000,000
Dominion Government Deposit	$52,618.60

GUARANTEE INSURANCE.
ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
SICKNESS INSURANCE.

Head Office—Lawlor Building, Toronto.
Geo. Gooderham, President.
J. E. Roberts, General Manager.

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1901

The Alexander Engraving Co.

Successors to MOORE & ALEXANDER



PHOTO ENGRAVERS

16 ADELAIDE ST W

TORONTO, ONT.

PHONE MAIN 2158

"Quality is Recognized as a Rank and Power."

BELL ART PIANOS & ORGANS

Possess qualities which command recognition wherever seen or heard.

Enquire where you will, the answer comes: "Bell instruments are good and to be relied on."

Why they are good results from the careful selection of materials, then the selection of workmen who know how to put all together in the most effective manner, aided by constant supervision and direction from competent heads of departments.

A notable advance in piano construction came through the introduction of the Illimitable Repeating Action, and with which only the Bell Piano is equipped, this provides an easy, elastic touch, with facility for repetition, even surpassing many grand pianos, to which such qualities were in the past alone attributed.

Investigation of these claims invited by

THE BELL ORGAN & PIANO Company, Limited

GUELPH, ONT.

BELL ART WAREROOMS

146 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

2261 St. Catherine Street, MONTREAL.

BELL AGENCIES in every important centre throughout the civilised world

BELL PIANOS
BELL ORGANS
BELLOLIAN SELF-PLAYING INSTRUMENTS
PALMER PIANOS
COMPENSATING PIPE ORGANS

TELEPHONE MAIN 1226

PRINTERS
BOOKBINDERS



OUR NEW ALL-SIZE ROTARY WEB PRESS.

Murray Printing Company

Globe Building, Jordan & Melinda Streets

TORONTO

THIS EDITION OF THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE WAS PRINTED BY US



BOVRIL

Is the most perfect form of easily digestible nourishment, a boon to the invalid and a treat to the epicure. It strengthens the system and is the surest safeguard against colds and chills Ladies when shopping, or business men whose affairs compel the postponement of meals, will find it invaluable, as it can be prepared in a moment.

BOVRIL

IS LIQUID LIFE

ESTABLISHED 1859.

H. R. IVES & Co

THE OLDEST AND LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF

BRASS AND IRON BEDS

IN THE DOMINION.

Queen Street, Montreal



HIGHEST HONORS PARIS EXHIBITION 1900.

PERRIN'S GLOVES



TRADE MARK.

ARE UNSURPASSED FOR

FIT, ELEGANCE and DURABILITY.

They are made in the best styles and newest shades.

ASK FOR THEM

ESTABLISHED 1845.

S. H. & A. S. EWING

Coffee and Spices

MONTREAL COFFEE & SPICE STEAM MILLS, 55 COTE STREET, MONTREAL.

WHERE CRESCENT STEEL ENAMELLED WARE IS MADE



ENAMELLED, STAMPED JAPANNED, GALVANIZED LITHOGRAPHED & TIN WARES

THE THOS. DAVIDSON Mfg. Co LIMITED

MONTREAL.

P. D. CORSETS



Highest Prize Paris Exhibition 1900

Guaranteed in

Fit, Finish and Durability

Worn wherever women dress well. That is the secret of their

ENORMOUS SALE IN CANADA

Do You Wear Them

Your dry goods dealer will fit you. One hundred styles to choose from.

Dominion Oilcloth

Company, Limited

Manufacturers of Oilcloths of every description—FLOOR OILCLOTH, CARRIAGE OILCLOTH, TABLE OILCLOTH, ENAMELLED OILCLOTH, STAIR OILCLOTH.

Office and Works—MONTREAL, QUE.
Branch Office—1 Front St., Toronto.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by engineers who are Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. The Inventors' Help, 125 pages, bound, mailed to any address upon receipt of ten cents. Marion & Marion, New York Life Building, Montreal and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

E. H. GAY & CO.

BANKERS AND BROKERS

CANADA LIFE BUILDING — **BONDS** — MONTREAL

MUNICIPAL - RAILROAD - CORPORATION

OFFICES AT BOSTON, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND MONTREAL.

Madam Ireland

CANADA'S HAIR SPECIALIST.

Madam Ireland's **TOILET AND SHAVING SOAPS**, Herbal Ointment and Brilliantine are KNOWN EVERYWHERE, USED EVERYWHERE and ENDORSED EVERYWHERE. Try Madam Ireland's Hair Preparations—will positively cure

BALDNESS

Full descriptive literature. Mail orders promptly attended to. Address MADAM IRELAND SHAMPOOING PARLORS, EMPIRE BUILDING, MONTREAL, CANADA.

RODGERS CUTLERY

CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY.

See that this EXACT MARK is on each blade. It indicates the HIGHEST GRADE in all lines of cutlery.

JAMES HUTTON & CO., MONTREAL Selling Agents for Canada.

LADIES OF CANADA

What could be more suitable for a

HOLIDAY GIFT

Than a box of . . . .

GRANDAS CIGARS

Equal to any imported cigar at double the price. You can get them in any good cigar store. Packed in boxes of 10, 25, 50 or 100 cigars.



THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

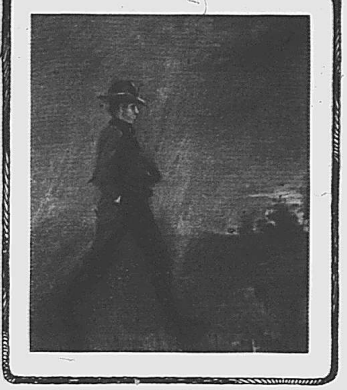
CHRISTMAS is the festival of the affections. These affections are working all the year: they are, perhaps, the strongest of all the forces by which the world is moved; but for the greater part of the time we are a little shy and shamefaced about them. We like to proclaim our contempt for "gush" and sentimentalism. The great forces of nature move in the same quiet way. The roar of Niagara is only the result of the ceaseless flow of many quiet waters, placid lakes and rivers, and gentle rains. One oak falls, it has been said, with a deafening crash; a forest of oaks grows in silence. The storm that creates such an impression of power, with its warring winds and thunder and lightning, is a feeble thing compared with the sunlight. So, for the most part, the affections do their work in silence, without noise or pomp, apparently less important than many feebler things. People pride themselves on their physical strength, their intellectual keenness, their command of wealth. The affections are not things to be shown or made a matter of boasting. To talk much of them, except in certain sacred and secluded places, is regarded as a sign of weakness. If an expression of affection escapes it is under some decent covering—a gruff voice and a severe countenance, or perhaps a little chaff or banter, spoken with trembling lips. But at Christmas time these hard-worked servants, the affections, are allowed to dress themselves in holiday garb and display themselves on the streets and hold high carnival. It is a sort of innocent saturnalia. People confess themselves openly and without shame to be governed by the softest and most tender of human feelings. The newsboy, sleeping or crying on the cold doorstep, has all his papers bought up, and the cynic who says that sleeping and crying are only tricks of his trade is frowned upon. Hard is the necessity that prompts such tricks. People who have been declaring that the institution is a nuisance rush out at the last moment and buy absurd things for everybody. Enough benevolence is abroad to make all the world happy, but perhaps it is not all well directed. In some places there is too much Christmas cheer, bringing headaches and indigestion next day, and in others there are unfulfilled dreams of turkey and pudding. In some the costly mechanical toys are thrown aside by children wearied by the profusion. Other children gaze wistfully through the shop windows at cheap dolls, tin trumpets and Noah's arks. Some stockings bulge out, and others hang with a pathetic limpness. Yet there is good-will enough to bring a merry Christmas to all, if only the channels were provided. Charity does something, but something finer and more tactful than charity in its ordinary sense is needed—some giving to the poor that is like the giving in the family—cordial, gracious, bringing no feeling of humiliation, blessing him that gives and him that takes. Is it possible that we carry our gruffness and reserve about the affections a little too far, and so fail to draw all that we might from this source of energy? Physical science has been much occupied in recent years with the use and conversion of power. The sun draws up the water into the clouds, the rain falls, filling the streams that feed mighty rivers and lakes. At an Ottawa or a Niagara this giant is taken by the hand and made to serve the purposes of man, to manufacture for him, to carry him, to furnish heat and light. Majestic edifices are outlined in light, completing the circle that began with the shining of the sun. About half a century ago there was a school of writers, headed by Dickens, who drew upon the power of the heart as the scientists draw upon the sun. Was not this effective? There was at that time a remarkable spirit of "enthusiasm for humanity." From its dream of a universal peace there has been a rude awakening, but it may be that the dreamers were not wholly deluded, but only a little in advance of their time. The world awaits its moral scientist who, in his quiet laboratory, shall devise plans for gathering up and using the unseen force of the moral world. Or shall we say that such a scientist came nearly two thousand years ago, and that the first Christian message has yet to be fully comprehended?

JOHN LEWIS.

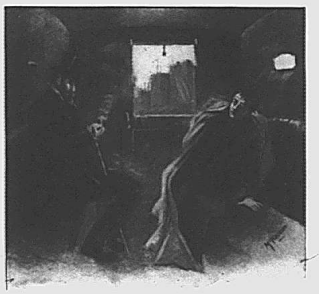
A YOUNG PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY JEAN BLEWETT





WHEN Dick turned the bend in the road Mrs. Strathy sank down among the yellow stubble; when his cheery whistle came floating back she began to cry, as only a woman of her temperament could cry. He had gone, the boy of the house, the apple of her eye, the pride of her heart. True, she had sent him—made him go—but now that she was alone, she felt she could not bear it. What would life in that lonely place, remote from civilization, be worth without the helping hand, the glad presence of Dick?



"I'm afraid I have no business here, sir."

"I can't bear it," with a glance toward the cottage, which grew greyer and grimmer than ever in the softly falling rain; "there is no use talking, I can't bear it. I want him to get to school, I want him to have a chance, but how am I going to get through the days?" She rocked herself to and fro in her misery; and still the rain fell, still the grey sky leaned close to the grey earth, still the wind went complainingly over the yellow stubble fields, still the memory of the lad's light-hearted whistle rankled in her bosom.

She had kept up through the days of preparation, had helped him plan; without a quaver in her voice, had told him that rather than grow up in ignorance he must be willing to do anything and suffer anything.

"Two days' tramping will take you to the railway station. Two dollars and forty cents will take you to Winnipeg, where you'll find good schools, and somebody willing to board and lodge you for your work," she had said. "It seems kind of tough; still, lads make up their little bundles and go off in search of gold and think it no hardship at all. I'm sure I'd rather go searching for knowledge. It's the one that has to fight his own battles and make his own way in the world that comes out best."

And when Dick, with that sublime faith in himself which belongs to boyhood, had remarked that he didn't care a red cent for his poverty, or for all the difficulties in the way, but that he couldn't possibly go off and leave her to run things alone, she had actually laughed.

Supposing father was an invalid and needed lots of care, what was to hinder her from getting along all right? The summer's work was done, there was flour in the barrel, fuel in the shed, and for company—well, to be sure, company was scarce; but what matter? Go! Of course he must go! The day was coming when he would thank heaven his mother had been wise enough and strong enough to make him go. This, and a great deal more.

After all her brave speeches, here she was huddled up by the roadside, a limp bit of wretchedness, with the courage and big ambitions pressed out by the weight of this separation. And he had actually gone whistling away!

If they could only go with him! But the homestead, stretching out drearily in the rain, was all they had. It was poor enough, monotonous enough, but it was at least a home. Here she must stay; here she must toil. Her face was deadly pale; a shiver ran through her. By and by her pluck and spirit would come back, but as yet she could only cry bitterly. The wind tossed her hair, the rain washed the tears from her cheek. She was wet through, but did not feel equal to going into the empty house.

"Well?" queried Dick's voice, and she looked up to see his bright young face beaming on her. "What a sly little mother she is!" he went on, as he lifted her to her feet, "making believe she is glad to get me off her hands, and then carrying on like all sorts as soon as I'm out of sight?"

"Dick," tremulously, "how could you do it?"

"Why, you made out you couldn't be happy if I didn't go! I'll chuck the whole business up and stop right here with you; that's what I'll do."

"No, no! I mean, how could you whistle as you went? You didn't feel sorry at all."

He laughed. "A bluff, mother, a bluff. I wasn't going to be outdone by a slip of a woman in a blue calico frock, was I? You kept that upper lip of yours so stiff, it's a wonder it didn't crack. Then, I come back and find you crying your eyes out here in the stubble-field. Come on home."

He put a strong arm around her and turned toward the house.

"Wait," she whispered, "wait a minute, Dick." She leaned her head on his shoulder and put her arms about his neck. It was so good to touch him again. Sarah Strathy was a good woman. What she whispered in the ear of the Father as she stood there I know not; but when she lifted her head there was a wonderful strength and sweetness in face and voice.

"Nay, Dick, you must not come back," she said, "nor must you lose any more time in comforting me. I am myself again. It—it breaks my heart to part with you; but go you must. Don't come back to the house; it will only make it harder. Go your way, and God be with you!"

"But, mother, you need me," he urged. "You can't do the chores and build the fires. I've got some learning and can wait for the rest. Let us put this thing off for another year."

"Not for another day," she answered. "Good-bye, Dick!"

They kissed each other like the sweethearts they were, and he turned again to the highway.

"Dick," she called after him, "take off your cap." He took it off and waved it at her.

"The rain has made your hair all curly. You'll have another barber than your proud old mother from this time forth. Don't let it be cut too short, Dick. Just below the ear is the proper length." He was rounding the bend—he was out of sight. She went up the path with lagging feet. From the open door of the cottage the invalid called querulously for her to haste and give him his bowl of soup.

When Dick reached his journey's end nobody paid any attention to him. The inhabitants of that busy, bustling city were used to seeing queer little men with queer little bundles. Dick did not care. He looked about him, and made up his mind that he liked the place. The wide streets were full of people, the store windows were gay, the sky overhead was blue where it wasn't purple. He had only a little—a very little—money; but he had a healthy red in his cheek, a coltish friskiness of step, and more than one rich man would have been content to change places with him as he went whistling down Main street. At the corner of Portage avenue he stood still and laughed at the antics of a team of oxen till half the people in the immediate vicinity



"Before she could get to the door it was pushed open by two great fellows."



The Christmas Globe, 1901.

From painting by Ben Austrian, Reading, Pa.

HER FIRST BROOD.

MIRAGE

(To E.A.D.)



As one who entering an unknown land
Sees in the distance gardens cool and fair,
Where spreading palm-trees girt a city grand
With golden domes which poised in the still air
Outshine the sinking day, while fountains bland
Invite the road-worn feet, he dreams that there
And joyful speeds, to find but desert sand,
Stretch out night-fall, and fled the vision rare.

So I, a pilgrim in this weary place,
Come by long ways to hope of happiness,
Nursed in my heart a love that gave me grace,
Quickened my parts, and saved in days of stress,
And near the night of life, before my eyes,
I see it fade, a dream, in the far skies.

Laura B. Durand.

laughed with him. The oxen were hitched to a waggon in which was seated a young squaw. They were all unused to city ways, those oxen. With the evident intention of getting out of the throng they made wild passes across the street. Now the wheel of the waggon grazed the handsome carriage of no less a personage than the Lieutenant Governor of the Province. Down came the whip on each spotted back and away went they toward a passing street car in a headlong fashion that gave a nervous old lady hysterics on the spot. They charged a fruit vendor's cart, and were proceeding to regale themselves on his wares when a merchant, who had been a rancher in his day, took them in hand, and, by much manœuvring, got them turned down a quiet street.

Dick's step grew a trifle heavier as the day waned. Into stores and offices he went, looking for work; but nobody seemed in need of him. He ate the last of the sandwiches his mother had done up for him, and still felt hungry. Past old Fort Garry he went, on across the bridge spanning the river, up a pretty street until he reached a park. It was growing quite dusk now, so he went into the park and laid himself down in a sheltered nook to sleep. There is not much sentiment about a healthy boy of fourteen, but, all the same, Dick's thoughts flew back to the homestead and dwelt there till the lump in his throat warned him that he was in danger of getting homesick.

"First thing I know I'll be snifflin'," he muttered, and, turning on his side, fell fast asleep.

The bells of St. Boniface waked him as they rang out clear and sweet on the morning air. He had only a bun for breakfast, and if there is anything that whets a growing boy's appetite, instead of assuaging it, it is a baker's bun. The second day was a repetition of the first. The third day found Dick in a bad way, and left him worse than it found him. Before the end of the week he was pale with hunger. Some of the gladness was gone out of his heart, but not all. It would take a lot of privation to conquer Dick.

He is a lucky son who resembles his mother says the proverb, and the strength of character which helped Sarah Strathy to send the one she loved best in the world away from her lay underneath the sullenness of Dick's nature. On a miserable day, when he was so ravenous he dare not look at food lest he should beg it, and so weak he could hardly walk, he crept into a cab opposite the City Hall, and covering himself fell asleep. When he wakened the cab was rattling over the pavement and a very tall, very dark gentleman sitting opposite was regarding him with attention. Dick scrambled up. "I'm afraid I've no business here, sir," he cried.

"I'm afraid you haven't," returned the other, promptly. "I engage a cabman to take me about the place, and come on a youngster in the best seat, with the best rug over him—a youngster with a crop of curls which mind me of—but never mind that—and eyes—what color are your eyes?"

"They were blue when I looked in the glass last, which was a week ago." As Dick said this he smiled over at the dark man, and the dark man smiled back at him. "Haven't paid much attention to my appearance of late."

"'Pon my soul you look it! Let me see, you're some lad has run away from school." The dark man looked very wise. "Yes, run away from school."

"No," said Dick, with a comical face, "I'm a boy that has run away to school. Do you live here?"

"No! Thank the Lord, I don't! I've spent the best of my life in California getting rich, and now I'm on my way back East, back to the prettiest spot on God's earth, a country town so near the sea that you can smell the brine and hear the roar day and night. Someone will be glad to see me—perhaps. Relatives generally have a warm welcome for the prodigal who comes home loaded with spoil." He talked more to himself than to the boy. Presently Dick's head began to swim; he felt faint and sick.

"I think I'd better get out," he said; "there's something wrong with—me—I'm afraid. I'm gone all queer."

The dark man looked annoyed. "Have you had an illness? No? Then what the deuce is it? Here, put your head on my shoulder. Don't you dare faint. What eyes the lad has!" This last as Dick flashed a smile up at him.

"You needn't be scared," volunteered the young worthy. "I may be pretty hungry, but I'm not hungry enough to faint; not just yet awhile, anyway."

The dark man knocked on the glass with a gold-headed cane. "Drive like all possessed to a good hotel—no restaurant!" he called out to the driver. "Young man," turning to Dick, "you forced your company on me in the first place; now, I suppose, you'll want to go to dinner with me, eh?"

"I want to, but I won't," said Dick, listlessly; "too much like begging. I thought if you lived here you might want to hire a boy about my size. I want to go to school, but the board and clothes and books seem hard to find, and—"

"I know a man who will take you. Who is it? I'll tell you at dinner. Ah, I've got you now. You stiff-necked youngster! Over a tenderloin steak, with fried potatoes, and hot rolls and coffee, we'll discuss the matter. Not a word till then." He put one large hand gently on Dick's head, which lay on his arm. "His hair and eyes are so like someone's; his face—but I'm growing as full of fancies as a woman."

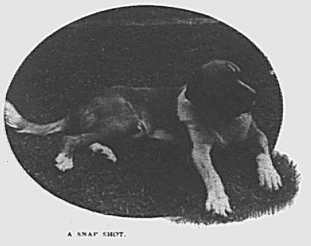
Dick enjoyed that meal. In after life he sat down to many feasts, but never to one so good as the chophouse dinner. Later the stranger took him to an office, and presented him to a solemn-looking man, who sat in a leather chair, with these words: "Robert, here is a boy that's hankering after algebra, and history, and Greek, and Latin, and I want him to get his fill of them. He is too independent to take money, and I haven't any work for him. You give him a place and make him feel at home, will you? I start East to-morrow."

"Very well. I'll take him on trial," said the man in the chair. "He may come at nine to-morrow morning."

"Are you willing to be taken on trial? Speak up, youngster," said his new friend.

"You bet I am," came the prompt reply. "Much obliged to you both."

Then began the new life for Dick. He was so anxious to give his employer satisfaction that he nearly wore his legs off rushing around, and in such desperate earnestness over his studies that he nearly wore his brain out. The right kind of a boy is almost sure to succeed. He knows what he wants to do, and wastes no time in dreaming. The week of disappointment and deprivation had not shaken Dick's faith in himself. His plans were made, and he meant to carry them out, asking help and brook-



A SNAP SHOT.

ing hindrance from no one. He would have done it, too, if circumstances had not interfered; for my blue-eyed, brown-haired, poorly-dressed boy from the homestead was not the stuff of which failures

don't! I've spent
getting rich, and
ack to the prettiest
wn so near the sea
hear the roar day
d to see me—per-
a warm welcome
loaded with spoil."
to the boy. Pre-
; he felt faint and

he said; "there's
afraid. I'm gone

looked annoyed.
llness? No? Then
Here, put your
. Don't you dare
e lad has!" This
a smile up at him.
e scared," volun-
rthy. "I may be
I'm not hungry
t just yet awhile,

locked on the glass
ane. "Drive like
od hotel—no res-
out to the driver.
ing to Dick, "you
on me in the first
se, you'll want to
, eh?"
won't," said Dick,
h like begging. I
d here you might
about my size. I
ol, but the board
s seem hard to find,

who will take you.
you at dinner. Ah,
You stiff-necked
a tenderloin steak,
and hot rolls and
the matter. Not a
put one large hand
d, which lay on his
like someone's; his
ncies as a woman."
after life he sat
to one so good as
the stranger took
him to a solemn
r chair, with these
that's hankering
Greek, and Latin,
them. He is too
haven't any work
nd make him feel
to morrow."
n trial," said the
at nine to morrow

n on trial? Speak
nd.
mpt reply. "Much

Dick. He was so
tisfaction that he
round, and in such
dies that he nearly
kind of a boy is
ows what he wants
ming. The week
n had not shaken
ns were made, and
ng help and brook-



would have done
interfered; for my
dressed boy from
of which failures



The Christmas Globe, 1901.



STUDIES.

are made. But things were to be made easy for him. His room was a box of a place, cold and cheerless; his fare none of the best; he had had many a hard knock, many a hurt since coming to Winnipeg; but not a hint of these things crept into the letter he sat writing home one bleak December day.

"Dear mother," he wrote in a bold hand, "the boss says I can't get off a week Christmas, so don't look for me. Want to see you and Dad, but must grin and bear it. Am afraid you'll freeze looking after your own fires and doing chores this ripping cold weather." Here he stopped to draw a mental picture of the little mother, and when he continued his eyes were so dim he made a poor show of penmanship. "Whenever I think of it I feel a mean pig, off here taking things easy and living on the fat of the land"—he chuckled, remembering the sour bread and bacon which had constituted his dinner—"but I'll make it up to you some day. I am well, and trust this will find you the same. Sorry about Christmas, but sure to make it Easter.

"Yours, DICK."

Two days before Christmas came his change of fortune. It was for the best, I suppose. Thinking of that patient mother, I am sure it was; thinking of that bold, big-hearted Dick, I am not so sure. He was such a born fighter. But, anyway, the change came. In walked his friend of the cab, with the hint of a smile on his saturnine face.

"Well," he said, shaking hands, "I found out back east that you're my nephew. You may know how hard-up I am for relations when I come away up here hunting a scrub of a boy. Are you glad?"

Dick thought of the dinner in the chop-house, and his eyes danced. "Oh, I'll put up with you," he said, and both laughed.

"And, now, do you know what we're going to do? We're going to buy the makings of the best Christmas dinner we can find, and we're going out to that prairie farm of yours, and Sarah's going to cook it. None of that," as Dick's face went pale with excitement. "Come, out with you and help me do the buying. Think up everything your mother has ever wanted, and we'll proceed to invest in it. She was sweet as a peach when I saw her last; blue-eyed, gritty sort of a girl. It will be the surprise of her life, eh?"

It was. Never had such a dreary Christmas Eve come to her. Since she had read Dick's letter, brought her by a passing neighbor, her step had been slow, her eyes heavy. She stirred the fire, shivering a little as the wind beat against the window. She was so disappointed. She had kept strong on the thought of seeing him; had pictured herself running to meet him at the bend in the road. The tears gathered and fell, and the ache in her heart would not lighten. Into his room she stole and knelt down by the bed. That soul is never wholly sorrowful that has in it a simple faith in the watchful care and loving kindness of the Father of us all. Sarah Strathy rose, smoothed the pillows with her hands, went out and took her place by the invalid's side. By-and-bye her sweet voice rang softly out in a song of thanksgiving:—

"Praise God for losses and for gain,
The year's full joy, the year's deep pain,
For tears to weep, and songs to sing,
For grieving and for comforting."

But what was that? Surely a sound of bells—and—yes, clear on the frosty air a whistle she would know among a thousand. Before she could get to the door it was pushed open by two great fellows, and she was being kissed by both in a way that took her breath.

"It's all right, Sadie," cried the one who seemed a stranger, and yet no stranger. "We've come to take Christmas dinner with you. Ah! You know me now. Well, well, it makes a fool of a man to have anyone so glad to see him. Little Sis," blowing his nose, "your hardships are over. I thought maybe I wouldn't find one of the flock left, but here you are with a husband—your hand, brother-in-law—and a boy to be proud of. You didn't grow a bit after I left home. Your head came to my shoulder then; it comes to my shoulder now," wiping his eyes. "Girl, you don't know how good it seems to see you. I've been saying over and over the tail end of a bit of verse about home-coming, which runs:—

"God grant you find a face there
You loved when you were young!

And I've found it, thank God. I've found it, Sadie."

"Supper, Mammie, supper!" cried Dick, "I'm almost famished. What do you say to oysters, Dad!"

"Not so hungry as you were the first day we met, I'll wager," said his uncle, and went on to tell the story of the cab ride.

"Were you so near starvation?" cried Mrs. Strathy, pityingly. "Cold and hungry and alone. My poor Dick!"

"Oh! I didn't mind," returned Dick, cheerfully. "I was bound to hang on. A boy can stand all sorts of hard times, but he can't stand being licked out."

Mrs. Strathy and Uncle Richard looked meaningly at each other, and the invalid, who was holding fast to Dick's hand, actually chuckled.

"There's a sleigh full of good things, Dad. You never saw such a blessed St. Nick as your new relation in all your life," went on Dick.

Over by the stove Uncle Richard was saying: "We'll buy back the old place, and pretend we're boy and girl again. Your husband will grow stronger there, and, as for Dick, he shall have the best education that our colleges can give him." And Dick's mother was whispering over and over, "God is good! God is good!"



ISN'T HE LOVELY.

FAST RUNNING.

Of course a witness in court ought to tell the exact truth, but sometimes, as in this instance, he can convey a very clear impression without being quite definite:

Attorney—"You say you saw shots fired?"

Witness—"Yes, sir." Attorney—"How near were you to the scene of the affray?"

Witness—"When the first shot was fired, ten feet from the shooter."

Attorney—"Ten feet; well, now, tell the court where you were when the second shot was fired."

Witness—"I didn't measure the distance."

Attorney—"Speaking approximately, how far should you say?"

Witness—"Well, it approximated to half a mile."

WHERE IS CHRIST'S TOMB?

Sar Peladan, one of the best known occultists in Europe, has written to the Pope, informing him that after several months' investigation in Palestine he is satisfied that Christ's tomb is not in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but on Mount Moriah, beneath the cupola of the Mosque of Omar. According to Sar Peladan, the mistake in regard to the true location of Christ's tomb, which dates back for several centuries, may be easily accounted for. The Christians, he says, after being driven from Mount Moriah, in 969 by the Fatimites, who had by that time transformed Constantine's building into a mosque, were authorized to build in the quarter reserved to them a new church in honor of Christ,



ASLEEP.

and this is the church which the Crusaders supposed to be the true location of the holy sepulchre.

THE SONGS OF THE PEOPLE.

The songs of the people forever will last:
They bind, as with magic, the present and past,
Like gems firmly fixed in the circlet of time,
Their radiance illumines each country and clime.
In castle or cabin, wherever we roam,
Fond memory reminds us, "There's no place like home."
Our fancy oft roves by the banks o' the Doon,
On the braes wi' the wild rose that faded sae soon;
Where the birds sing sae blithely, the bright woodbines twine,
There steals through the stillness the strains o' "Lang Syne."
We weep o'er the grave by the murmuring stream,
"Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream."
Through death's desolation and darkness we feel
A link and a light in "The Land o' the Leal,"
And many a struggle and sorrowful sigh
Is silenced to sleep "In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye."
O' fair "Annie Laurie" we'd fain get a view,
An' bonnie Maxwellton, where first fa's the dew.
"By the banks o' Loch Lomon" the singer would stray
And sob out the sadness in "Auld Robin Gray."
When the breath from the queens of the garden has flown
"The Last Rose of Summer" stands blooming alone.
Not a Scotchman but leaps with new fire to the fray
At the name of Prince Charlie and wild "Scots Wha Hae!"
To the pilgrim afar on the feathery foam
There rises the thought, "Do They Miss Me at Home."
"The Exile" still sighs for the Emerald shore,
And the proud harp of Tara that waketh no more.
Oft, "Oft in the Stilly Night" tarries he there
By the lakes and the fells of "Killarney" so fair.
The old darkey's banjo wakes trembling with pain
As his heart sadly turns "Down the Swanee" again.
Once more he is roaming the cotton fields round
And grieving for "Massa down in de cold ground."
"I'se gwine back to Dixie," he whispers, "some day,
Where de orange blossoms grow." I must hasten away.
The sweet shepherd psalm, as it floats o'er the hills,
Still leads to green pastures and clear, peaceful rills.
The rod and the staff and the promise ne'er fail
To strengthen the soul in the shadowy vale.
We cling to the sure "Rock of Ages" at last
Till tempest and terror and peril are past.
There's many a lay of sublime minstrelsy;
But the songs of the people are dearest to me.

H. Isabel Graham.

FUNNY INCIDENT AT A ROYAL DINNER.

The following incident afforded much amusement to the late Kaiserin Augusta, and for long afterward used to be told amid considerable merriment at the Prussian court. A deputation of country folk came up to Berlin to lay a petition of some importance before the King. After the business part of the day was over his Majesty graciously asked all the gentlemen to dine with him.

At the dinner one of the guests, after looking round the room to see if he was being observed, put a couple of packets of bonbons into his pocket to take home to his children as a souvenir of the royal table. The eagle eye of the chief master of ceremonies, Count Stillfried-Alcantara, observed him, and, after dinner, being fond of a joke, he walked up to the deputy and gave him two packets of bonbons, with the words: "Pray, give these to your children."

The Queen, who was standing hard by, overheard the word "children," and, glad of a subject of conversation with her guests, who were not well versed in court topics, turned to the deputy and said: "How many have you?" The latter, already upset by Count Stillfried's attentive kindness, felt completely exposed and unmasked by the Queen's question. He fancied the question referred to the packets of bonbons, so he replied in a stuttering and hesitating tone: "Four, your Majesty; but only two are mine; the other two are from Count Stillfried!" The Queen looked horrified, not knowing they were all playing at cross-purposes, and Count Stillfried had to explain to her; then she laughed as heartily as the Count.

THE SWEETEST LIVES.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The Book of Life the shining records tells.

Marian B. Smith.

THE MESSENGER.

My path was a path of roses; pleasure serene my lot,
I lived for myself and no one else; the Christ I had forgot.
Each day—though it brought its sorrow, and burden, and toil, and care
To the rest of my fellow-creatures, who eased their lives by prayer,
And made the world a happier place, by virtue of their worth,
I wasted—keeping my eyes shut to the trouble and sin on earth.

The God looked down from heaven, with whom I reckoned not.
Upon His earth He saw me live—an ugly, selfish blot.
His heart was touched with sympathy, pity and love divine.
"My grace shall make him useful; My love shall make him shine."
So into my life—my selfish life—He sent a wondrous thing:
Some attribute of God himself His messenger did bring.

* * * * * * * *

Washed ashore with the wreckage—the only spark of life
Saved from that night of disaster, shipwreck and deathly strife.
They carried her up to my mansion, weeds from the sea in her hair—
A bit of flotsam from the deep—a child, quite young and fair.
Anger, surprise, reluctant consent, each governed me a space.
I halted—"Keep her? Yes! I would." 'Twas done by a look at her face.

Old Time sped on—I watched her grow up to her maidenhood.
To me the object of her life seemed to be doing good.
The humble cot and modest hut her cheering presence felt,
As oft upon the crude earth floor with heart so pure she knelt,
Praying the God of Heaven (whom I knew would hear her cry)
That as He taught them how to live, He'd teach them how to die.

The well-springs of my heart were touched; strange joys within me breathed;
And I silently watched my flotsam girl, as around her life she wreathed
Unselfish acts of character, that, controlled by the Master's hand,
Brought peace for warfare, ease for pain, and light throughout the land.
I copied her—my life's been bright since first she came to me:
The messenger the Master sent—the small waif of the sea.

Harold J. Hill, Brandon.



AWAKE.

A SCOTCH PECULIARITY.

Here and there among the papers read before the British Association in Glasgow were a few that had popular interest. One of these bore the truly appalling title, "The Frequency and Pigmentation Value of Surnames of School Children in East Aberdeenshire." The author had found, as a result of long and careful fact-gathering in his district of Scotland, that surnames and complexion go together to a remarkable degree. Among the most frequent of the names in the territory he had covered, Whyte, oddly enough, was particularly dark in coloring. So were the names of Cruikshank, Stephen and Paterson. On the other hand, Wallaces, Frasers, Grants and Parks were blonde. Robertsons and Gordons were dark. Persons named Scott, Grant or Thomson were most likely to be red-headed, whereas members of the Johnston, Walker, Forbes, Burnett and Watson families had the least percentage of red in their coloring.



MAGGIE PAPAKURA, MAORI PRINCESS.

From photo kindly loaned by Mr. C. S. Candler, Toronto.

A NEW ZEALAND NATIVE PRINCESS

Maggie Papakura, whose photograph appears on this page, is the Maori Princess who escorted the Duke of Cornwall and York through the geyser and hot spring district of New Zealand during his recent visit. The Hon. Richard Carroll, a full-blooded Maori and Minister of Native Affairs in the New Zealand Cabinet, escorted the Duchess. Maggie Papakura is the daughter of one of the present chiefs of the Maoris, and lives at Whakarewarewa, one mile from Rotura, New Zealand. The implement in Maggie's hand is the Mere, made of green stone, and is the native weapon in warfare, all their battles being hand-to-hand conflicts. The feather garment, called "mat," is made from feathers of the Kiwi, a small bird without even the semblance of wings and rapidly becoming extinct. The feather with white tip worn in her hair is the Huia feather, worn only by chiefs and their families. Maggie is a highly cultured lady, and writes and speaks the English language as fluently as if she were a Briton born. The Maoris are, as a tribe, the most intelligent aborigine people yet discovered, and are adopting the ways of civilization with great avidity, in fact many of them showing almost phenomenal intelligence and ability in the management of their affairs.

THE BRIDE OF DEATH.

"But tell us of the bride," we said.
"So one with him she seemed to be,
The bridegroom's kiss upon her lips
Lay almost visibly."

"Her dress?" "Oh, roses, roses white,
That heaped the hands, the neck, the breast.
Of her, the whitest rose of all
That ever bridegroom pressed."

"A glad look?" "Yea, the raptured look
Of one that drops from out her slim
Sweet hands all other gifts of life,
To hold them out to him."

"Her dower?" "She brought him nothing, save
Her loveliness, her life, her breath.
He gave her wealth." "And title?" "Yea,
The old, old name of Death."

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

It is said that Japanese florists have succeeded in cultivating a rose which looks red in the sunlight and white in the shade.

WORDS.

Has any one ever noticed how many words that denote violent action begin, not with "fi," but with "sp. "Sarah Grand's favorite words, like spank, spark, spasm, speed, spill, spin, spit, split, splinter and splutter, spring, spurn and spurt, all begin with these mysterious two letters; while spears, spurs and spikes, if not violent in themselves, generally conduce to nearly as many violent actions in others as their neighbor, spite. Is it possible that the effort necessary for pronouncing effectively words beginning with this diphthong in itself suggested the idea of violence? If so, it can only be to English ears, for Italians and Spaniards manage to lisp out "sp's" prettily enough.

While on the subject of words, it may be noticed that a new word to describe a gentleman who is, if anything, overcareful of his appearance is a felt want. Coxcombs, bucks, macaronis, swells, mashers and dudes have all had their day, and the two last names are now hardly, if ever, heard. Yet the new word, when it comes, must not have any contemptuous signification, as have fop or toff, but must be an epithet such as a self-respecting man would receive in the spirit of Lord Foppington, who, when styled the prince of coxcombs, replied that he was "proud to be at the head of so prevailing a party." The French some time ago found the exact word wanted in "vingtieme," which seems to have quite replaced the "incroyables," "muscadins," "petits creves" and "gommeux" of the past.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE WRITING ON THE CARPET.

During the Shah's last stay in Paris he paid a visit to the Gobelins, where he showed a most appreciative interest in all that he saw. Before a remarkably fine Persian carpet, given to the museum by M. Goupil, he remained for some time interpreting for himself the symbolical allusions thickly embroidered upon it, which, however, he declined to translate into French. A few days since the mystery was cleared up. There arrived in Paris the manager of the imperial carpet weaving factory in Teheran, who stated that he had been commissioned by the Shah to study the methods of manufacture in use at the Gobelins. To him the director applied for a solution of the legends of the carpet which had so captivated the Shah. Thereupon the Persian began to read out a running translation: "A carpet for the ruler of the earth; superiority for his feet; how beautiful it is; it is in his cabinet and knows his secrets. It is pleasant as Paradise, and brighter than the Academy of Mari (a Persian painter), for it contains all the colors of China. The nightingale coming to perch upon it cannot tear itself away from its loveliness. Neither winter nor autumn can ever change the tints of this carpet." This is a good deal for one carpet to signify, but critics say that it is justified in holding a high opinion of itself. It is 300 years old.

OUR COUNTRY.

Land worthy of the noblest song,
In nationhood that standest strong;
Land where brave-hearted Britons long
For Briton's weal;
Have lived, upholding Britain's laws,
Or fought and died for Britain's cause,
As true as steel.

We, sons of thine, and proud to claim
The honor of that honored name,
Unite in long and loud acclaim
In praise of thee,
And pledge again our loyal love,
Far-emblemed in the blue above,
Deep as the sea!

Land of our love, our hearts shall still
Responsive 'neath thy banner thrill,
While with united heart and will,
In peace or war,
Our noblest powers we ever bend
To prosper thee, thy rights defend,
Thy foes debar.

Nor shall the Great United Three
Forgotten pass in praising thee;
Canadians all, and loyal, we
Are Britons still;
And moves within our veins the tide
At Britain's name in filial pride
With warmer thrill.

And Thou, our God, may still our eyes
To Thee in filial faith arise
For this, the land we dearer prize
Than life or light;
Be guide and guardian of our land,
That still our people's hearts may stand
For God and right.

William R. Wood.

GOLDEN OF THE SELKIRKS.

A trail upwinds from Golden;
It leads to a land God only knows,
To the land of eternal frozen snows,
That trail unknown and olden,

And they tell a tale that is strange and wild
Of a lovely and lonely mountain child
That went up the trail from Golden.

A child in the sweet of her womanhood,
Beautiful, tender, grave and good
As the saints in time long olden.

And the days count not, nor the weeks avail,
For the child that went up the mountain trail
Came never again to Golden.

And the watchers wept in the midnight gloom
Where the canons yawn and the Selkirks loom,
For the love that they knew of olden.

And April dawned, with its suns aflame,
And the eagles wheeled and the vultures came
And poised o'er the town of Golden.

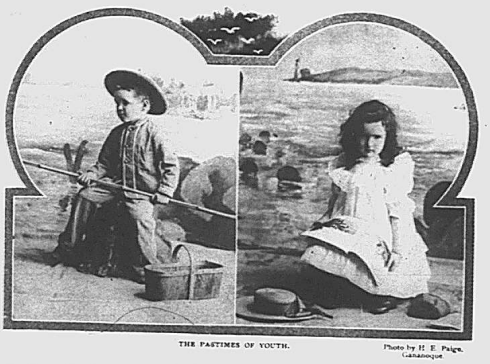
God of the white eternal peaks,
Guard the dead while the vulture seeks
God of the days so olden.

For only God in His greatness knows
Where the mountain holly above her grows,
On the trail that leads from Golden.

E. Pauline Johnson.

TEMPTIN' O' PROVIDENCE.

"I ca' that a real temptin' o' Providence," said Sandy B——, as he stood watching one of the balloon ascents that were made in connection with a Glasgow East End "Carnival." So absorbed was he in the spectacle that he was all oblivious of the approach of a cyclist, who ran against him and knocked him down, the rider himself also sustaining a fall. Fortunately neither was hurt. As Sandy struggled to his feet he exclaimed—"Dod, I think they're safest up i' the balloon aifter a'."



THE PASTIMES OF YOUTH. Photo by H. E. Paige, Gananoque



One of Canada's Leading Banking Institutions

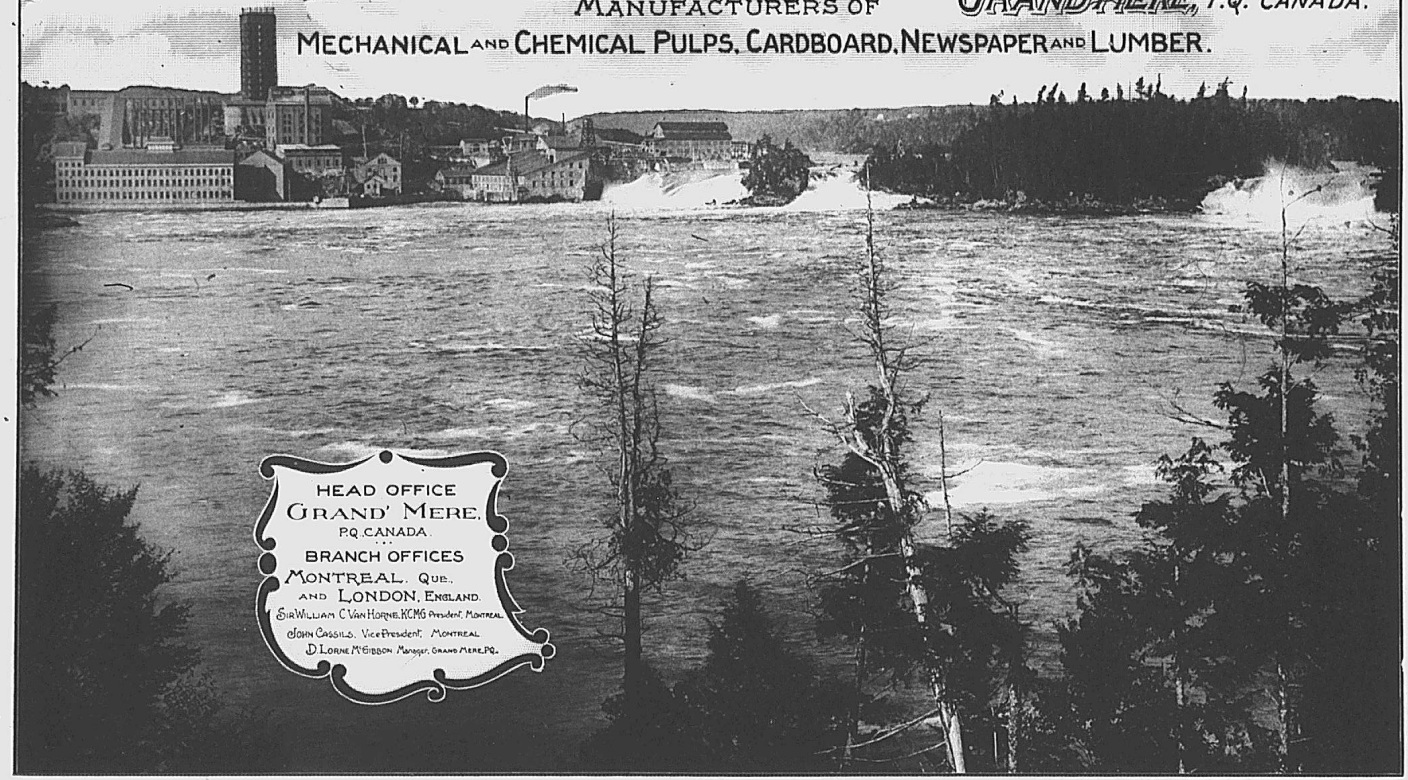
THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE and some of its Branches.

THE LAURENTIDE PULP COMPANY, LIMITED.

GRAND'MERE, P.Q. CANADA.

MANUFACTURERS OF

MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL PULPS, CARDBOARD, NEWSPAPER AND LUMBER.



HEAD OFFICE
GRAND' MERE,
P.Q. CANADA.

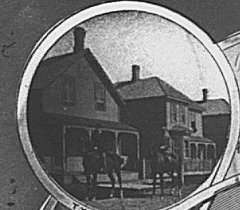
BRANCH OFFICES
MONTREAL, QUE.,
AND LONDON, ENGLAND.

SIR WILLIAM C. VAN HORNE, K.C.M.G. President, MONTREAL.
JOHN CASSILS, Vice-President, MONTREAL.
D. LORNE McGIBBON, Manager, GRAND MERE, P.Q.

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1901

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1901

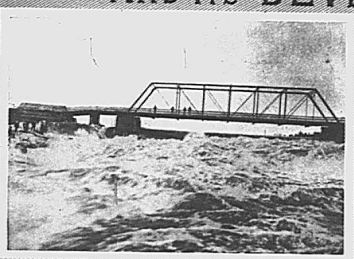
STURGEON FALLS DISTRICT
AND ITS DEVELOPMENT


TYPICAL HOMES.


FROM THE C.P.R.


A SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.


ONE OF THE NATIVES.


THE WATER-FALLS.




THE DAM IN COURSE OF ERECTION


SMOKY FALLS ON THE STURGEON RIVER.


THE HARBOR

At the threshold of the new Ontario which is attracting the attention of the world lies the Town of Sturgeon Falls, whose future as one of the cities of Canada is already assured; assured because of its situation on the great highway of the continent, where the wealth of the spruce and pine of this vast district must be developed. Here the waters that drain more than 3,000 square miles of territory find an outlet, and carry with them the products of the vast forests, to be made into paper and other wood products.

Here already the first steps have been taken to harness up the mighty power of the river, which will furnish propelling force to drive any kind of industry that wishes to locate on its banks.

Here not only industries for the making of paper and lumber will find ample facilities for expansion, but any kind of industry that requires hard or soft wood for its raw material, for abundance of maple, oak, birch, elm and ash is within easy reach; in fact, at its very door. Here and everywhere around it—the whole district is tributary to the town—the soil when cleared makes the possibility of farming unlimited. The soil in places is a sandy loam, with clay subsoil, in other places a clay loam, and is peculiarly adapted to raising potatoes and all kinds of vegetables, while hay and grain on the heavier land have been a marked success. Hundreds of comfortable homes are springing up on every side, and a few years will see it the equal of, if not vastly superior to, many of the more prosperous parts of the older agricultural settlements. Here, and always to be here, is the huntsman's, fisherman's and trapper's paradise, so easy of access is it to the thousands of little lakes that are scattered all through this district, just, in fact, at its back door. It is a pleasure and health resort all the year round, for the climate, if rigorous in winter, is most healthful and enjoyable. Many are those who, delicate and consumptive, have sought health, and not in vain, in the rough life of the lumber woods, with plain shanty fare, where bacon, bread and beans have been the staples. Here they can enjoy all the benefits without the hardships and privations of the camp, if they want to. The snow under foot is dry, and the air crisp and ozonized in the highest degree. The absence of high winds, with the forests everywhere, gives to this district such distinctive claims that it is destined to play a most important part in the question of sanitariums. The snow goes, summer is almost immediately present in these regions; and such summers! The ice-cold streams from hundreds of lakes buried in the forest recesses form highways in every direction for the tourist, sightseer or sportsman, who, traversing river and lake and portage, lies down at night by the camp fire, marvelling that he is only tired, never exhausted. Muscles, appetite, eye, ear, indeed, his whole physical nature, are aroused, and in an atmosphere never sultry and always bracing he inhales an air as exhilarating as wine. In minerals the district is rich. Large deposits of galena, iron and copper ore have been discovered in the district surrounding Lake Temagami, about thirty miles directly north of the town, during the past two years, and, with the advent of transportation facilities, many valuable mines are sure to be operated. Already several mines are being opened out, and show rich prospects. A charter for a railroad to run from Sturgeon Falls north to Lake Temagami, the most beautiful lake in Ontario, containing 1,800 islands, has been granted by the Dominion Government, and is already surveyed, upon which, it is expected, work will soon be started.

Sturgeon Falls was incorporated as a town by special act in 1895, being then only a small village, but its grand situation and certainty of growth were even then very apparent. It has now a population of about 1,800, which will likely be doubled in the next three years. The town is lighted by electricity, and waterworks and sewers are in process of construction. The magnificent waterfall is owned by the Paper Company and the Electric Light and Power Company.

The Electric Light and Power Company offer power at the minimum of production.

Extensive pulp and paper mills are in process of construction, will be shortly in operation, and when completed will employ hundreds of hands.

The town has four churches and two schools, public and separate. The Public School Board has lately completed a magnificent school building, costing $10,000.

The building of the French River Canal will make Sturgeon Falls a lake port, and it has a magnificent harbor of over thirty acres in the centre of the town, with over forty feet of water in the river all the way to Lake Nipissing, a distance of four miles. This, with the splendid service of the transcontinental and "800" trains of the C.P.R., assures excellent shipping facilities. There is at present a splendid opening for a flour mill, foundry, machine shop, furniture factory and any kind of woodenware manufacturing. Sites and power will be furnished on most reasonable terms.

For any information required address


STURGEON FALLS, LOOKING S.E.

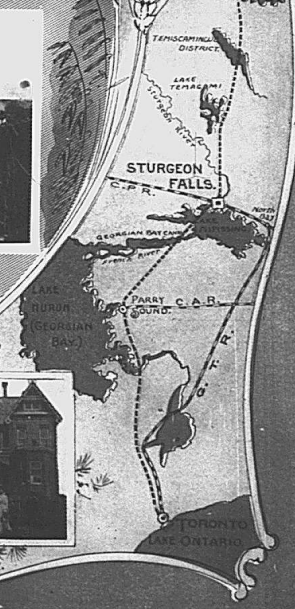
IMPERIAL LAND COMPANY
LIMITED.
STURGEON FALLS
ONTARIO, CANADA.


PUBLIC SCHOOL.

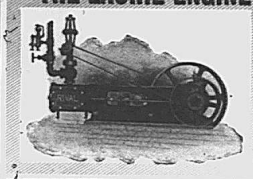

ON THE RIVER.


THE HOME OF A RETIRED FARMER.





THE LAURIE ENGINE COMPANY, MONTREAL



LAURIE CORLISS ENGINES (60 to 6,000 h.p.)
LAURIE RIVAL ENGINES (3 to 50 h.p.)
FEED WATER HEATERS.
CYCLONE ROCK CRUSHERS.
WATER WHEELS.
MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES.

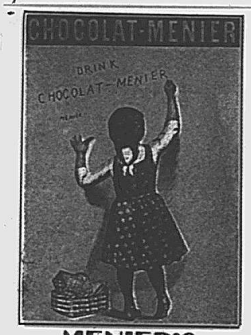
Estimates given for installation of complete steam plants anywhere on the planet.
Our long and successful experience in steam engineering ensures satisfaction.
Advice upon power problems and difficulties cheerfully afforded.



BEEF IN THE HIGHEST FORM OF NUTRITION IS | Ask your grocer for it. In glass jars . . . .

Clark's Wafer Sliced Beef.....

SLICED TO WAFER THINNESS AND READY FOR LUNCHEON OR SUPPER.



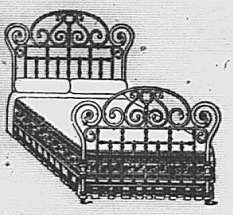
MENIER'S
—BREAKFAST—
COCOA

HERDT & CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE DOMINION,
150 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

GEO. GALE & SONS

LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF

BRASS & IRON BEDSTEADS



Cuban and New Dominion Wire Mattresses.



MONTREAL WAREROOMS.

Superba, Moss Hair and other

MATTRESSES

WATERVILLE, QUEBEC.

MONTREAL WAREROOMS:
1884 Notre Dame Street.

We only use English lacquer upon all our brass bedsteads and brasswork.

You can't find a better Table Salt than

Windsor Salt

You can try, but you'll have your labor for your pains.

Best Grocers Sell Windsor.

Winsor & Woodley



Carpenters and Builders, 117 to 121 Peter St., Toronto.
Phone Main 2216.

Large stock of building material always on hand. Jobbing promptly attended to Office Fixtures a specialty.
Estimates furnished.

4 PER CENT.
INVESTMENT BONDS
OF THE
CENTRAL CANADA
LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY,
TORONTO,

Affords an absolutely safe and profitable investment for sums of $100 and upwards.
INTEREST allowed from date money is received.
INTEREST paid half-yearly.
MONEY can be withdrawn upon giving 60 days' notice.
CAPITAL AND ASSETS, $7,500,000
HON. GEO. A. COX. - PRESIDENT

CATERERS AND MANUFACTURING CONFECTIONERS.
OUT-OF-TOWN CATERING A SPECIALTY.

Goles'

719 YONGE STREET
TORONTO

THE SUGARS MADE BY

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refinery

SEE THAT YOUR GROCER SUPPLIES THEM TO YOU.

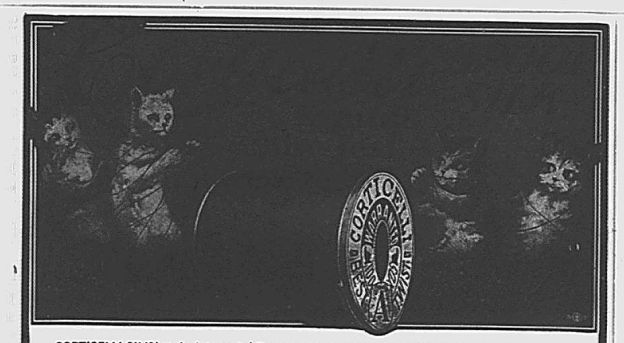
ARE THE PUREST AND BEST.

ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING COMPANY, Limited, MONTREAL, QUE.

The John Morrow Machine Screw Co.
Limited



INGERSOLL, ONTARIO



CORTICELLI SILK has absolute merit. Every spool has honest value—no light-weight, short-measure goods
CORTICELLI SILK sews smoothly—no kinks, no knots, no weak places.
CORTICELLI is as good silk as can be made.
LADIES—If you do not receive CORTICELLI HOME NEEDLEWORK MAGAZINE send 10 cents for sample. No lady should be without it. Only 35 cents a year, of four issues. A work of art. Address:

CORTICELLI SILK COMPANY, Limited, - ST. JOHNS, P.Q.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE
FOUNDED 1829.

PRINCIPAL: G. R. PARKIN, C.M.G., LL.D.

PREPARES BOYS FOR THE UNIVERSITIES AND THE SPECIAL COLLEGES.

The staff of the College now includes fourteen masters holding degrees from English and Canadian Universities, with other special instructors.
Large grounds; good equipment. Hospital for dealing with infectious diseases. An English professional for cricket.
The College is now full, but any vacancies which occur are filled according to precedence of application.
A Preparatory School to accommodate sixty young lads in residence and forty day pupils is now in course of construction, and will be ready for occupation during 1902. No effort will be spared to make the equipment of this building as perfect as possible for healthful school life.
November, 1901.

M. P. CARD, GUELPH, ONT., HAS RECEIVED THE ONLY

ROYAL TESTIMONIALS

EVER GIVEN FOR

CANADIAN TOMATO CHUTNEE

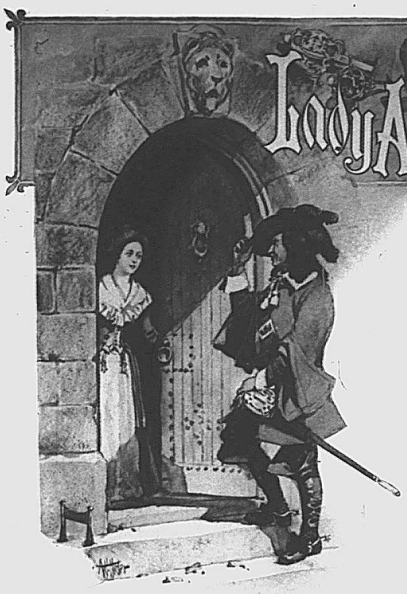
ALSO MANUFACTURER OF

ANGLO-SAXON CHUTNEE

Prepared by M. P. CARD, Guelph, Canada, Canadian Tomato Chutnee & Anglo-Saxon Pickle Factory. Sold by wholesalers.

Lady Alice Deane

by William Bayne



'TIS indeed many years since I came in Prince Charlie's train to this quaint old town of Derby. But the events of those days are still clear in a mind which ofttimes forgets the events of more recent years. I was born near Paris, my parents having fled to France on the failure of a political conspiracy in which my father, Sir Allan Fraser, of Glasgow, had taken no small part. At twenty-three years of age I found myself an orphan, tall and strong, 'tis true, but with no other means of livelihood than my miserably small pay as captain in the foreign legion of the French Army. Five years later I sailed with Prince Charlie for Scotland.

You know the story of our march to Derby town. Outwardly we made a brave show; but I was not alone in the belief that the enterprise was already a failure. When we entered the town I was ordered to take possession of this dear old castle, and with my command keep strict guard upon the roads leading to the town from the west. With old Malcolm McDonald, who had followed my father's fortunes and now followed mine, walking by my side, and fifty Highlanders at my back, I walked through the wooded grounds, across the gardens, up the broad stone steps to the ponderous oaken door. Upon this I rapped sharply with the basket-like hilt of my claymore. The door was not opened, and I rapped again fiercely; in truth, I hammered as hard as I dared without running the risk of damaging my weapon. Then the door was swung inwards. Already I had one foot over the threshold when a sweet voice, broken somewhat by fear, asked: "Gentlemen, what do ye here?"

The voice was music; but sweeter still the speaker. Tall she was, but so well formed that her figure was in no way out of true proportion. And her face—well, I did not then take in all its beauty, but was only aware that it was beautiful beyond all description, and surmounted by a wealth of auburn hair.

"My lady," said I, in some confusion, "I am Captain Allan Fraser, of the Prince's army, and my orders are to take possession here."

She trembled somewhat at this and uttered a low "Not that; not that."

There was an awkward pause, and I heard old Malcolm muttering: "Umph! She micht be a Hielan princess instead o' a sonsy English lassie."

"I have the honor of addressing——?" said I, waiting for her to help me out of the difficulty.

"Lady Alice Deane," said she, with a low curtsey. "My father is away with the King's forces. They did not expect the Prince's army here, I think," she said, with a pitiful attempt to smile.

"Lady Alice——," apd I stopped, for of a certainty my heart was beating so strangely I knew not what to say.

"Except for the old servants, I am alone—and—, and I am motherless."

I thought of my own sainted mother then, and, "Malcolm," I cried, "take the men to the carriage houses, and do you also prepare a place for me there; and hark ye," I went on, "this castle, by the Prince's orders, must be protected." Now that was a well meant lie, and will not, I hope, weigh much against me in the final reckoning.

Malcolm and the men did my bidding, leaving me standing on the steps. I played with the worn silk tasseling on the hilt of my claymore, half wondering why I lingered, and yet not caring to depart.

"How can I thank you, sir?" said Lady Alice, softly. "Perhaps some other day my father——." And then I bowed, turned, and ran down the steps, only to reproach myself later for so rude and abrupt a departure.

On the following day, as was my custom, I spent an hour in sword and rapier exercise with Malcolm, who, despite his seventy years, was still vigorous and wondrous skilful in cunning plays. At the close I threw myself on an old wooden bench by the side of a footpath running through the castle grounds, and began to sing a French song.

"What a pretty air, French, is it not?" said a voice that had been echoing in my ears since yesterday.

I jumped up, and there, close by the bench, was Lady Alice.

"You speak truly, my lady," I said, "'tis indeed a pretty air, though my voice is too rough to do it justice. There is an English translation," I went on, as she sat down on the bench while I stood before her, "and it runs something like this:

"Brown eyes, sweet brown eyes.
I——"

"Sir," interrupted my lady, and perchance her tone had in it something of reproach.

Surprised, I looked at her, straight in the face. I saw the blushes deepening on her cheeks, and saw also that her eyes were brown; the clearest, richest brown in all the world.

It was my turn to blush now, and to plead, as she half rose as though to leave me.

"Nay, my lady," I urged, "stay but long enough to forgive me. Truly I had not noticed. I—I—"

"Their color?" she said, with a smile that told not only of forgiveness, but, as I thought, some interest in the sinner.

"Their color," I repeated after her, mechanically. Then, and to this day I cannot clearly understand what prompted me, I took from my bosom the little locket containing miniatures of my mother and father, opened it and handed it to her.

"My mother and father," I said, "died within one year; father first in battle, mother of a broken heart."

"You have suffered also," she said, with her own sweet eyes still bent upon the miniatures; and then, after a little pause, she added softly: "You have your mother's blue eyes."

You must not think that she lacked any degree of true womanly modesty because she accepted my invitation to walk around the grounds; Lady Alice was ever all that a good woman should be. And as we walked I told her of my life in France, my service in the wars, and something of life at the court. She questioned at times, or laughed at some quaint story, but, almost without my knowing it, she led me on until my talk was only of my mother, her sorrows, her love and her death.

"I must return," she said at last; "it grows late, and chilly, too," and indeed the wind was somewhat biting. "My mother," she said, as she turned to go, "was like your own: so dear a friend, so true a guide; the world is better for such women."

She would have walked away then, but I begged her to stay one moment. She looked at me, half consenting, half hesitating.

"Lady Alice," I said, and my voice sounded strange to my own ears, "look at me and say, 'Captain Allan Fraser, I hate you.'"

For a moment she looked at me, a world of reproach in her eyes. Then once again I saw the blushes darkening, her bonnie cheeks. I marked how her lips trembled, and her beautiful head drooped like some stricken flower. And so she left me, without replying in words; but I was well content.

"God guard you, my lady," I said.

I take it that every man who finds a heart responsive to his own does not reckon the date of his discovery by days, months or years. Rather he will say to himself: "That heart has been mine from the day my love was born." So it seemed to me that I had known Lady Alice all my life; that she had played with me in my father's house in Paris; that she had prayed for me when, on the threshold of manhood, I went out to my first campaign; that she had hailed my safe return with happy tears and fond caresses. It mattered not to me that I was embarked upon a hopeless and desperate venture; the armies of King George, nor time, nor death itself, could kill that which had blossomed in my heart, and, as I fondly hoped, in the heart of my dear lady. And so, with head erect and lightsome step, I walked to and fro, building castles which, despite the dangers of the time, seemed to me to be resting on very solid foundations.

On the following afternoon, accompanied by old Malcolm, I made a short visit to the town, leaving two sturdy sergeants, in whom I had confidence, in charge of my command. On returning I walked in the direction of the old bench, and on nearing it heard my lady's voice.

"Let me pass, sirs," she was saying, and fear was mingled with entreaty in the tone.

I hastened forward, Malcolm still following me, and saw Lady Alice standing in the pathway. Before her and barring her progress was one Captain Denby, like myself, an adventurer, but a man without honor. Another man stood by the side of the pathway, and him I instantly recognized as Prince Charlie. The latter was laughing gaily; none of the party had noticed myself and Malcolm.

"Let her pass, Denby," cried the Prince, "though, by my faith, 'tis a pretty bird, and Fraser, the sly dog——"

"First a kiss," Denby shouted, coarsely.

My lady attempted to slip past him. He was too quick for her; another instant and his lips might have soiled her bonnie cheek, but I sprang forward and struck him full upon the mouth, felling him to the ground.

"Guard him, Malcolm," I commanded.

The old man laughed grimly as he replied: "Ay; th' waur for him an' he daur tae move."

The Prince's handsome face was flushed with anger as I turned to him.

"Your Highness——," I began.

"How now, Captain Fraser," he interrupted, haughtily; "call your man off from Denby, and report yourself to headquarters."

"Not so fast," I replied, softly enough, though my anger was almost without restraint. "Lady Alice," I said, without turning my head, "you may proceed. I will settle with these who call themselves gentlemen."

"'Tis yours to explain, your Highness," I continued, still striving to keep my temper.

"Sir!" he flashed, "you overstep the mark. I shall neither explain nor argue with you."



• • • "I repeat, the occupants of this castle must be respected."



THE LAST LOAD. Photo by E. J. Rowley, Toronto.

"That is as it may be," I answered, doggedly, "but, mark you this—an' I catch Denby on these grounds again I'll hang him."

In a second the Prince's rapier was out. "On guard, sir; on guard!" he cried, but I did not draw.

"Your rapier is no match for my claymore, your Highness, and, moreover, I have no desire to harm you so that you respect the occupants of this castle."

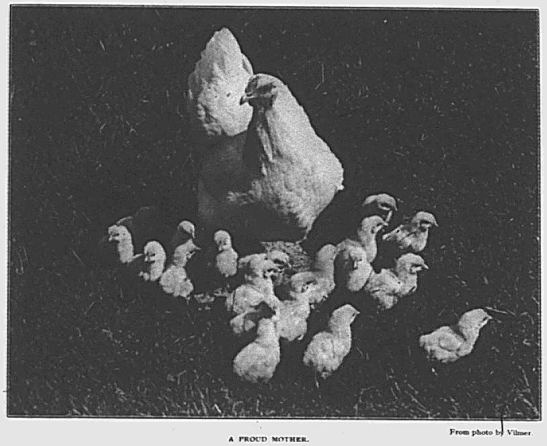
Rage was almost choking him, and he made so swift a lunge at me that I had to draw back nimbly to escape. My claymore was out almost before he recovered himself. I did not wait for any niceties or pretty play. The advantage was mine, and, knowing it, I simply struck one swift downward blow with the flat of my claymore, breaking his rapier near the hilt.

"Your Highness," I said, as he stood in confusion, scarce knowing what to do or say, "I repeat—the occupants of this castle must be respected."

Then came one of those marvellous changes of mood which I had so often marked in the Prince. His anger seemed to leave him on the instant, and he stood before me the charming, debonair, handsome gentleman who had enlisted me in his cause at Paris.

"I accepted Denby's suggestion that we call upon the lady of this castle," he said, quietly, "and, of course, your men did not stay their Prince. Perchance, having only a few hours agone been entertained by Lord Thaner, we were not quite fit for the venture. So far as concerns myself, I am content to let the matter rest. Should Denby demand satisfaction at some future time I suppose you will grant it."

"Willingly," I answered, though my wrath was cooling quickly and my thoughts were not of combat.



A PROUD MOTHER. From photo by Wilmer

Malcolm allowed Denby to rise, and the Captain joined the Prince. The two walked away together. Malcolm looked around him, uttered an expressive "Umph!" and promptly followed them. When he had gone a little way he called out, slyly, "Look ahint ye, laddie."

I turned swiftly; Lady Alice was standing there. Without a word she took my proffered arm, and we walked slowly toward the castle.

By this time 'twas growing dark. We reached the broad stone steps and there halted; the little hand on my arm was trembling now.

"Lady Alice, we leave to-morrow," I said, gently.

"To-morrow!"

"Yes, my lady; the venture has failed."

It was so dark now I could barely distinguish the outline of her face.

"I was walking toward the old bench," I said, slowly, "in the hope of—of—seeing you, when I heard——"

"I, too," she murmured, brokenly, "had hoped that—that—" and then I knew that the tears were falling.

I bowed before her, and taking the locket, with its miniatures, from my bosom, pressed it into her hands. "You know," said I, "what it is. 'Twill hearten me to think that it is in safe keeping should misfortune——"

"Hush," she murmured, and then, in answer to my pleading, placed into my great hands that which I knew to be one of her dainty gloves.

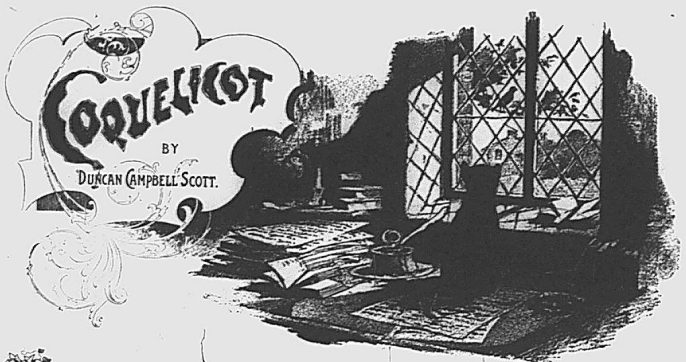
Then I heard, as though afar off, my lady's voice, saying, "Allan, Allan, you must never forget." I felt upon my brow the soft impress of my sweetheart's lips. I heard her voice once again: "God—keep—you—Allan," and then she left me, and the darkness of the night seemed to have entered my heart.



HOUSE-BOATING ON THE GEORGIAN BAY.

* * * * * * *

Her father found me on the field of Culloden, with old Malcolm lying dead across my own sorely-stricken form. He pleaded for me with the King, and finally obtained my pardon. Can you not guess the rest?



THERESA GOSSELIN met Coquelicot for the first time on St. John's Eve. She saw approaching her a small black kitten, with all the impudence of youth involved in a bearing as resolute as that of a tiger. He walked straight upon her, and she stepped to one side; her eyes looked down upon his little strong back; his brilliant green eyes flashed up at her.

She put out her hand to him; it was useless, he must surely belong to another. She pursed up her lips to chirrup to him; what folly, he could never be hers. Such a completely perfect black kitten must already have a place of his own in the world. But she loved him with all the extravagance of love at first sight. She could not restrain herself. She called to him. At the same time she took a step or two; if he did not heed she would go on and never look back.

To her joy he turned and followed her with a confident and reckless air. She called to him again; on he came; he had evidently no idea of leaving her. Her heart beat inteusely with excitement; she suffered the joy of assured possession mingled with the timorous uncertainty of probable loss. He was surely hers, this prodigy which paced resolutely behind her; no, he was not hers; someone would appear suddenly and claim him! Buffeted by such thoughts she first half stooped to catch him up, then half ran for a few yards to be free from the pang of separation. But the black kitten proceeded calmly, as if his mind was fixed.

An observer would have seen in the group simply a little dark woman, clad quaintly in some fashion of her own devising, glancing every moment over her shoulder at a small and vigorous kitten. But the scene for both actors had a deeper import; it was the first meeting of two spirits destined for mutual comfort since the beginning of things. So they proceeded until Teresa stood before her house. There she stooped and caught him up.

"I will call him 'Coquelicot,'" she said, behind her closed lips, remembering "Mere Michel" and her cat. Then she paused a moment before opening the door. What if Hector should object? Then she would have to put Coquelicot out on the sidewalk. She kissed his little black head.

Hector was crouched over a table when she entered his room. He was writing, with his shoulders as high as his ears. The strong light from a western window aflame with the sunset threw his shadow upon the wall. She put Coquelicot down upon the floor.

"See, Hector, dear, what I have brought," she said, timidly. He turned his head and seeing nothing he rose and faced his sister. He fell into his favorite attitude, thrusting the tips of his fingers into his breeches pockets and holding his elbows close to his sides. Very tall, and as thin as a flail, he looked like shadow rather than substance as he peered down at the stranger.

Coquelicot sat between them, in nothing amazed or perturbed by his surroundings. Teresa trembled, wondering what would be the outcome of the inward debate, which would be law to her. Suddenly Hector sniffed, and without another sound turned round again to his work. Teresa caught up Coquelicot and departed silently, swiftly, joyously. She could interpret these oracles of her brother's, and his action meant:

"Keep the cat if you like; but for me I have begun my great work, 'The Comparative Jurisprudence, and let him not disturb me."

Judge of the transformation which even a small black cat can work in the life of a human being. For years, even from a time before her mother died, Teresa Gosselin had been a slave to her brother Hector. Even at the time that Coquelicot arrived she had not discovered that he had imperfections. She shared his opinion that he was misunderstood; that his powers had been overlooked and belittled; that he had been the victim of a cabal in which circumstances had joined hands with his rivals to crush him.

But they had not succeeded; no!



"She saw approaching her a small black kitten."

They might have driven him from the bar; he might no longer be able to go into the courts to follow his calling, but they had not conquered him. He had yet that tremendous plan of a "Comparative Jurisprudence" which he would hurl upon his enemies triumphantly and extinguish them forever. He would talk endlessly and dryly on this eternal subject, inspired by gin and water, which beverage had clasped hands with a weak character to bring Hector Gosselin as low as he might fall in this world. His father had given him a good education and the profession of an advocate, but dissipation drove him from the courts.

He would have ruined himself entirely and left his confiding sister without a roof for her head or a sou for her portion; but by a prudence which seemed to have foreseen events, old Pere Gosselin had left the small ancestral house and his little fortune to Teresa; the former so bound that it could not be sold, and the latter in Government bonds that could not be alienated. So that, although Hector had long ago ceased to contribute a cent to the expense of the menage, they managed to exist in comparative comfort. Their little capital produced just five hundred dollars, and by the time Teresa had paid her fixed charges, the taxes and the insurance on the house, there was a trifle over four hundred dollars left. With this she made out very well.

She kept Hector looking decent, that is, she patched and repatched his old coat and at rare intervals she purchased a new garment or a pair of shoes, but these seasons were always full of anxiety, for he had to be watched carefully lest he would rush off and pawn his latest acquisition. He had an allowance which he promptly spent. The boys called him "The Lizard."

He could rarely be seen darting furtively in and out of the house or trotting along the street, his hands in his breeches pockets, his sharp elbows jutting far behind his thin back. His bearing was a perpetual shiver, and his face, grey about the nostrils and chin, wore a crafty and at the same time an apologetic expression.

Fancy years spent in the company of this person, who was scarcely an individual, who could not bestow affection, and who could not perceive it in another, whose talk was as vain as the pleadings of a rusty weathercock. Fancy a woman's faith and love beating forever upon this rock, or rather lapsing upon this semblance of a rock, which was merely shadow, and vanished to let the wave of love and service pass by.

Teresa—specially gifted by nature to give all and receive nothing—still had unfulfilled yearnings for something whose love would flow in upon her in return for her own; something which would nestle and allow itself to be mothered. She had hardly an acquaintance in the village. Hector long ago had driven them all away. No one, except perhaps Hermisdas Godbout, saw anything in her but a little old maid, who looked as if she had "words in her mouth," and who was growing a trifle browner each year. Hermisdas Godbout, who kept a small store next their house, was friendly toward her, but then she did not often see him, for he was a great giant, enormous in height and bulk, weighing nearly four hundred pounds. His voice was so clanging and tremendous, his roaring laugh so overpowering, that he frightened little Teresa.

Into this parched existence, then, stepped Coquelicot, a perfect cat! He understood Teresa as comprehensively and intimately as if her disposition and character had been his perpetual study through years of transformation; and she understood him. At least she understood him as well as it is possible for a human being to know a cat.

To her great and inexpressible joy he showed her plainly that he loved her. He bunted her with his small black head, rumbled affectionately in the depths of his throat, laid his paw lightly upon her cheek. He changed her life radically, awaking all the dormant playfulness which had lain hidden so long in her nature. He discovered a girlish gaiety which invented plays for him because he was a kitten, and a demure amiability which understood his contemplative moods as he grew older.

It was strange and fortunate that these two came together just upon the threshold of Hector's great undertaking, "The Comparative Jurisprudence." If it had been otherwise, if Coquelicot had not come, how would Teresa have spent those days and nights when her brother was engaged in frantic scribblings, covering myriad reams of paper with incoherent monologue, with platitudes repeated and again repeated until the mass of the whole knew neither beginning nor end?

How could she have existed merely warming food and patching clothes for this egotist, whose mania it was to spin nothing from nothingness. She would have lived; yes, she would have believed that those sheets, marred in their fairness by the grotesque characters, had an immortal life; that as they lay piled up in the old chest, which her father had built in the room with his own hands, they were really matters of power and would bring her brother to repute and honor. Coquelicot's presence, in fact, had not banished that belief; it remained in her mind, fixed; but her life beyond it was humanized.

Hermisdas Godbout became at once interested in the new arrival; he offered a clean cracker box for

his bed, and Coquelicot reciprocated by making a sally behind his counter and producing three mice! He kept one eye on the cat, and always seemed to know where he was. On summer evenings when he heard Teresa's gnat-like voice imploring heaven for Coquelicot, or making use of small stratagems to get him home, he would bellow from his veranda:

"Mademoiselle Gosselin, Monsieur Coquelicot has climbed the telegraph pole across the road,



OUR BANANA BOY.

chasing the Lefebre's yellow cat with the black face"; or from the depths of his shop, his terrible voice making the small objects spring upon the shelves:

"Mademoiselle Gosselin, Monsieur Coquelicot is asleep with two blades of catnip under the counter."

Coquelicot's advent and subsequent development had not in any way jarred the complaisance of Hector, who labored hugely at the "Comparative Jurisprudence." Teresa studied to keep her companion forever shut out from the room, which had a bright attraction for the cat, with its sunny southern windows and the view of a strip of sod below maples, out of which birds dropped continually upon the sward.

It was only when Hector darted out, leaving the door ajar, that Coquelicot had the chance of making an excursion. It was upon such an occasion that Teresa found him seated upon the writing table. He



Photo by Mrs. (Rev.) A. T. Ingram, Coldwater.

THREE PAIR.

was seated upon a fresh sheet of the "Comparative Jurisprudence," his tail slowly distributing the wet ink into fringes upon the original characters. A large puff-breasted robin was secure upon the other side of the glass. Teresa snatched him, too late; the sheet was ruined! Boldly she tore it up, substituted the one preceding it and departed into her own realm. What would follow?

At noon, with a trembling that was little better than a shudder, she brought Hector his cabbage soup, fragrant with chives. Her fear was quite needless. The inspired one had gone on, unconscious of the raid which had taken place in his absence. All chapters, all paragraphs seemed alike to him. Coquelicot was safe!

As the years went by and the great chest grew full of manuscript and Coquelicot began to show that he was old, Teresa, always timid, apprehensive and full of the small alarms that storm a loving heart, began to move under a shadow. Her mind went often into the future; she began to live two lives; one, that of her ordinary pleasure, comforted by her cat; one, that of a possible future melancholy, when she would have lost him.

She was troubled when she saw him growing old; troubled as to the manner and time of his death. She dreamed sometimes that he had been worried by hungry, wolf-eyed dogs, and she often rose up to convince herself by feeling him in his box and hearing his reassuring purr. She was frequently harassed by Hector in a way which led her to spend long hours in disconsolate musings. The great book was approaching completion (the chest was nearly full), and she was called upon to decide how it could be published.

Hector averred that it was quite useless to ask a publisher to issue such a work. It had ever been the lot of the genius to be thwarted by the publisher, and there was no doubt in his mind that every publisher belonged to the cabal of advocates, judges and miscellaneous persons who had conspired against him.

While Teresa, who had always managed the affairs of the little household, was troubling her brain over some plan to gain the coveted fifteen hundred dollars which Hector said was necessary, he had formed a plan of his own. He would have been perfectly willing to carry it out then and there, but he felt that he would have to win over Teresa, and to this he proceeded cunningly.

First he began to enlist her closer sympathy in the "Comparative Jurisprudence" itself. On certain evenings of the week he would call her into his room, and as she sat in the shadow with Coquelicot on her lap he would declaim until his throat cracked like a clarionette played with a weak lip. He would work himself into a woful frenzy, casting the sheets of manuscript from him in showers. Teresa, who already believed sufficiently in the "Comparative Jurisprudence," was stunned by the enormous obscurity, by the volume of the sentences which rolled upon one another like clouds, which seemed never to end and never to begin. She laid all the fault of noncomprehension upon herself, and what she called her poor, stupid head.

Coquelicot would often approach a juster criticism by drawing himself up into a sitting posture, a shudder would run through his whole frame, ending convulsively in his shoulders. Then he would stiffen his ears and give a huge yawn, look disconsolately at the floor for a few minutes and then fall to licking himself over! Upon one occasion when Hector had passed the bounds of his ordinary tone and ascended into something which, to Coquelicot, might have sounded like the clamor of many of his enemies, his back sprang into a bow, he bared all his fangs and spat viciously.

Although she had not been accustomed to share the noon-day bowl of broth with her brother, Teresa had now to give up her comfortable meal in the kitchen, with Coquelicot perched upon the table, and have her late with Hector in the room where he worked, ate and slept.

It was at this meal that he gradually unfolded his fanatical scheme. So little did he understand Teresa that he stumbled upon the first step. He could not comprehend a devotion so unalloyed and simple. He indulged in verbose hints, in obscure allusions, when a plain statement would have served his purpose.

At length, by a progression of faint and half defined images, through many days, Teresa found herself in possession of his thoughts. A sudden picture flashed upon her from these incoherent details. The references to the value of their house, the probability of their comfort in any other abode, the amount of their insurance, the chance of a fire, what they would do if the insurance money was paid to them, instances of persons who, in his experience, had succeeded in destroying their property and obtaining the insurance; all these tangled, seemingly inconsequent observations at last joined themselves into a proposition that thus should the money come for the publishing of the "Comparative Jurisprudence."

At first Teresa could not adjust her thoughts to this scheme. It seemed to be an easy way out of the difficulty, but she had a horror of it which pursued her even in dreams. But her hatred had no definite shape, and over against it was the power which Hector had always held over her. This plan of his own making was cast into an iron law; she could not oppose it.

After all, what did she need if she could have Coquelicot; she was a little leather-faced old maid and had no other true friend in the world. When he was dead and gone she could perhaps get another cat! No! She looked at him as he lay, his head upon his outstretched paw, light standing in white blotches on his glossy coat. No! There could never be a second Coquelicot. Sometimes she wished in despair that she might be taken first. It would be easier for Coquelicot; he would not miss her so greatly as she would miss him.

Hector wrote the last word of the "Comparative Jurisprudence." It was ended. The great oak chest was full. This latter circumstance determined his labors, for his last word might as properly have been the first.

For two days without his task, in the hazy days of May, he was full of unrest, of futile eager busi-



CHUMS.

Photo by Falconer, Dublin.

fiess, darting hither and thither, sometimes standing at the street corners in his favorite attitude, his shoulders hunched up to his ears, his eyes puckered with a silly, self satisfied smile.

The boys had never seen "The Lizard" so active and they began to clamor after him, and one fiercer than the rest, as he was clearing for home, threw a stone which struck him on the foot. He hopped along, chattering to himself, afraid to resent the blow. Reaching his door he put one foot over the threshold, withdrew it, and faced about. He stood a moment looking reproachfully into the road, then drew himself up indignantly, but as he heard the voices of the urchins nearer and nearer he collapsed suddenly and stepped into the house.

That day at dinner Hector gave the finishing touch to his plan. Mumbling into his soup bowl, he said to Teresa:

"And if something could be destroyed which one of us loves very much then no person could have any suspicion. We could rush in to save it at the last moment, and people would hold us back."

Teresa did not comprehend, but there was something so insinuating in Hector's eye, glancing over her shoulder toward the window, that she looked around. Coquelicot, unseen by her, had marched across the floor and leaped up to the sunny window-sill. There he sat, looking dreamfully into the garden. Her heart stopped beating, as if held in a giant's hand. Her head fell down on her breast. She saw nothing but terrible blackness. She comprehended, and fear made her numb. She rose and stood as if bearing up under an enormous weight. She reached Coquelicot without falling, and carried him to her own room. There she lay for hours, realizing nothing but a dumb grief, her beloved cat secure in her arms. At intervals, striving to be free, he would touch her cheek with his small



The Christmas Globe, 1901. From photo by F. W. Guerin, St. Louis.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

rough tongue. At last she allowed him to go, and lay there alone, with no movement of life, with hardly a reflection. She was aroused by the voice of Hermisdas Godbout bellowing:

"Mademoiselle Gosselin, Monsieur Coquelicot has had his supper off the remains of the two catfish that Lefebre's boy caught in the Blanche, and is crying at the back door."

His clanging tone revived her. She realized that she was not without a friend; that there was someone who would care for her cat, whatever might happen to her.

At one o'clock that morning there was a peculiar light in the kitchen of the Gosselin house. It fluttered up like a pale blue flame and then died down for a moment. A figure that seemed enormously tall sprang toward the door which led to the main part of the house. It lingered there while the light flickered up from the flames wavering in the corner and spreading gradually along the floor.

The light grew until it discovered the shape of Hector, his face pallid with excitement, his jaw hanging loose with fear. Suddenly the flames, moved by some gathering draft, swirled with a roar and leaped toward him. He vanished.

It was nearly half an hour after that the slumbering village was startled again into life. Hermisdas Godbout, aroused from his first sleep, rolled off his low couch and saw fire breaking through the Gosselin roof beside the chimney. A fitful light appearing and disappearing at a window in the back room showed that the fire had made its way into the main part of the house. Above this room Teresa slept. The villagers, rushing together from all directions, met before the house, which was momentarily growing more distinct in the light which fell from the fire through rolling smoke.



MORNING.
Photo by Haynes.

They rushed together with hoarse, unnatural shouts—men and women; the men clamoring for water, swinging pails and axes with a terrible energy; the women, half clad and with eyes staring from pale faces, were huddled together in groups.

The first comers had battered at the door, and Hector, dissimulating, had put his head out of the window to enquire what was the matter. Poor Teresa was awakened by his yells and sprang up terrified. She had fallen asleep, weary with trouble. The wall of her room was hot, smoke began to pour up from a stove-pipe hole in the floor. Hastily huddling on a few garments, she joined a group of women on the sidewalk. They were voluble in sympathy, but she could only wring her hands.

With a mighty noise the water carts began to arrive: barrels set upon wheels, filled by pailsful at the Blanche. And the rickety hand engine, dragged by thirty pairs of arms, appeared, clanging its resonant bell. The house had been invaded by more men than it could hold, who were struggling with one another, cursing with excitement, endeavoring to save furniture, but breaking it in the press and confusion.

Flying from the upper windows were articles which should have been borne down the stairs, and crashing through all obstacles appeared at the door a zealous helper, his arms full of pillows! Upon the edge of this confusion danced Hector, gesticulating like a maniac, and shouting until his throat cracked.

No one paid the slightest heed to any direction issued by anyone. The enormous voice of Hermisdas Godbout could at intervals be heard bellowing to half a dozen active fellows, who, amid the fall of sparks, had covered his roof with blankets over which they were dashing buckets of water. Gradually the flames had made their way into the hall; the stairway was smoking. At length Hector had got the ear of one man disposed to listen to something but his own voice. Hurriedly this fellow collected five others, and they rushed into the front room. There, in the middle of the floor, where it had already been moved, was the chest, weighty with the "Comparative Jurisprudence."

They lifted it to the door, it would not go through; to the window, it would not go through! Old Gosselin had built it in that room, with his own hands, and of such dimensions that by no means short of a breach in the wall could it be moved out. Suddenly the fire burst through the door leading to the back room, and the men, dropping the chest, with a yell sprang into the open air.

The engine could not be got to work, the suction pipe had cracked in twenty places; the valves were as dry as chips. The volunteer fire corps had come to blows and were wrangling like demons. A circle of useless water carts was drawn around the outskirts of the crowd, each with its infuriated driver bawling incoherencies, and its frightened horse snorting at the fire.

So soon as Hector had ensured, as he thought, the safety of the "Comparative Jurisprudence" he sought out Teresa. Her moment of action in this tragedy had come. She seemed quite beside herself. With a scream she rushed toward the burning house. Her words could be heard above the roar of the flames and the clamor of excited men:

"Coquelicot, my cat; my dear cat, asleep in the back room; let me save him!"

On she rushed; for a moment it seemed that everything, even the fire, withheld its voice and gazed at the little ineffectual figure going to destruction to save her cat! Then someone caught her, and in the silence thundered Hermisdas Godbout:

"The poor little fool has gone daft. Here is Monsieur Coquelicot; she gave him to me last night. Boys, bring her over here."

In the glare of the fire stood the Titan figure of Hermisdas, and held aloft on his shoulder appeared Coquelicot, seated calmly amid the tumult, eyes wide upon the crowd and the light, but moveless as if carved in jet for a temple of the goddess. Teresa was borne toward her divinity, to all appearances lifeless.

The uproar closed in again and the fire engine was shaken convulsively and a little water overflowed the nozzle. The excitable crowd cheered.

The man whom Hector had instructed to save the important chest sought him out and told him that it could not be moved. He looked toward the house in despair. Already smoke was pouring from the top of the front room windows.

"Come on!" he cried.

In through the door he went and a moment later appeared at the window. The smoke blew out from behind him, and through it he scattered the sheets of the "Comparative Jurisprudence." They fell down in showers, multitudes of them, covering the ground broadly like the leaves of the horse chestnut after the first hard frost.

Thicker came the smoke, and more tumultuous grew the shower of sheets, until suddenly the rim of the upper casement was ringed with fire. Then, amid a thick outpouring of smoke, one or two fugitive pages fluttered out and down. With a shout for help three men rushed forward; but the sword of fire at the door waved them back, and the inner draft blew a mass of flames from the window.

At dawn the furious scene was quieted, the discordant noises had ceased. The eternal progress of the universe had brought up the morning stars to look down upon the place where Hector Gosselin and his "Comparative Jurisprudence" had mingled in ashes.


IN HIS WORKING CLOTHES
From Bryant Studio, Belleville

It was hardly a week after when Teresa, bearing Coquelicot in her arms, walked into the presence of Hermisdas and the Inspector of the Insurance Company and told her story. Any payment was out of the question and the Inspector departed with his forms. But Hermisdas afterwards shook her with his voice:

"Little fool, why didn't you take the money? I knew it all the time. Didn't I know that 'The Lizard' had set fire to the kitchen? Bah!"

There were other things which Hermisdas did not know, but which appeared to him dimly at times, as curious circumstances remembered from dreams, or as questions which have but shadowy answers.

Why had Teresa given him Coquelicot that evening? Why did she hurry away afterwards with averted face, never once looking behind, but seeming ever about to turn tremulously? Why was she rushing into danger to save something which she knew was safe? Why?

Only Teresa could have answered his questions, and Teresa was silent. In truth, did she ever think what she had planned to do to save her cat; what sacrifice she had intended to substitute for that enormous thing of her brother's devising?

In a little while, after a few tears, these questionings passed away, like the charcoal and ashes which Coquelicot used to bring back from the ruin upon his paws, but which disappeared in the rains of one summer. They lived under the huge shadow of Hermisdas Godbout, to whom Teresa, as prudent as her father, willed her little fortune and the charge of her cat.

But who could think of one deprived of the other. Let us, then, imagine Teresa and Coquelicot growing old together, never to be separated, never to know the half of life gone, one never to live on with the loneliness of remembered affection, as of some spirit always present but ever beyond communion.

Or, if this be impossible, let us never think of Teresa alone, as before the advent of her companion. Let us imagine Coquelicot surviving, through a few years of golden tranquility. Always dignified, benignant, considerate; always reflecting upon ancient fables and fragments of lore otherwise hidden in an Egyptian darkness; always dreaming inconceivable things, until he, too, has gone to his heaven, leaving for a little while upon earth the memory of a perfect cat.



A PROMISING FAMILY
Photo by McArthur & Cairns, Sarnia.

Have the courage to "cut" the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced that he lacks principle. "A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities," but not with his vices.

THE JOYS OF A CHRISTMAS HORSE.

I wish I was a Christmas horse
And carted toys around
To houses during Christmas week,
When snow was on the ground!

I think I'd step a little higher
And toss my bridled mane,
All twisted tight with ribbons bright,
And straps without a stain.

And, when I stopped, I'd look around
And laugh and wink my eye
To see the things the man took out
So quiet-like and sly.

Whether a rockin'-horse so fine,
With real hair, mane and tail;
Or ships all painted red or blue,
Made on dry land to sail;

Or dolls with crinkly yellow hair,
That move their arms and speak;
Or cows that when they turn their heads
Just give a little squeak;

Or little forts with straight tin men,
And captains with lead swords;
Or stages where the dolls can act,
Or books and drawin' boards.

All these and other things I'd see;
My heart would thump with joy;
I'd envy every little girl
And every little boy.

But then, perhaps, I'd look and see
Some children peepin' out;
Of course I then would straight pretend
'Twas business I's about.

Jes' cartin' round old tins and pans
And waffle-irons and jars,
And rice and starch and rollin' pins,
And soap in big, long bars.

The children'd turn away again
And, pouting, then would say:
"I guess there's nothing there for us
But wait till Christmas day."

And after that I'd canter on,
To stop at many a door,
And leave at each some pleasant gift,
And then be off for more.

Oh! I wish I was a Christmas horse,
And drew a cart of toys
From house to house in Christmas week
For little girls and boys.

A. E. Goss.

TWO WAYS OF DOING IT.

Here is a pleasant story which, according to The Youths' Companion, has never appeared in print, but is known to be true. The poet Walt Whitman was, as is well known, dependent during most of his life upon the kindness of his friends and admirers for a support. A few years before his death, one of these friends called upon him in his little house in Camden, a suburban town of Philadelphia.

"Well, Walt," he said, "how goes it this winter? Any subscription needed for Christmas?"

"No," said Whitman, "no. I'm at work now. I'm in the employ of George Childs. He pays me fifty dollars a month."

"You at work! May I ask what is your occupation?"

"Why, I ride in the street-cars. I fall into talk with the drivers and conductors, and find out which of them have no overcoats, and guess at their size and notify Childs, and then he sends the overcoats. It's not hard work," said the poet, thoughtfully. "And then, you know, it helps Childs along."

David Christie Murray, the well-known author, told in print some time ago the story of the hardships of his first years in London. After carrying about his manuscripts in vain from one publishing house to another, he found himself penniless and homeless. He slept upon the Thames embankment for two nights. For two days he had not eaten food.

On the third morning he was standing on London bridge, looking gloomily into the black water, when the editor of a newspaper who knew him passed with a hasty nod. He hesitated, looked at him and came back.

"O Murray," he cried, "you are just the man I want! Can you spare a couple of hours?"

"Yes," said Murray, dryly.

"I want an article on—on Columbus for to-morrow. Birthday article. Nothing labored—no dry dates. Something light, fanciful—you understand? Go to the office. You'll find paper and pens ready. Send it to my desk. And, oh, by the way, I may not be there in time. We'll settle in advance," thrusting a couple of sovereigns into his hand.

"I wrote the article," said Murray, "and found out afterward that the birthday of Christopher Columbus did not come for months. From that day success came to me. That man saved my life."

Of almsgiving, as of the giving of advice, it may be said:

Its value all depends upon
The way in which it's done.

HEAD OF THE HERD.

Do animals ever feel the fine sense of responsibility which human beings term noblesse oblige? It would seem so, past all doubt, from a pretty story told by Dr. Wood Hutchinson, in the Contemporary Review.

Doctor Hutchinson was hunting one day with another ranchman on the tablelands of the Platte River, when they caught sight of a small group of antelope grazing upon the slope of a hill about two miles away.

Making a long detour to get down the wind, the men hobbled their horses and crawled—it seemed about three miles—mostly on their stomachs and elbows, until they found themselves, hot and sandy, at the back of the ridge on which the antelope had been seen.

Up this ridge they crawled, their hearts in their mouths, while the animals must have grazed up the slope to meet them, for the men suddenly looked up and saw a superb prong-antlered head silhouetted against the sky-line. Instead of taking a steady aim as they lay Doctor Hutchinson and his companion went crazy at once, leaped to their feet and blazed away wildly at six frightened antelope who went dashing down the steep slope like so many jack-rabbits.

Of course they missed everything, and dropping their empty guns, they drew big six-shooters and began popping at the antelope as they dashed up the opposite side of the narrow valley.

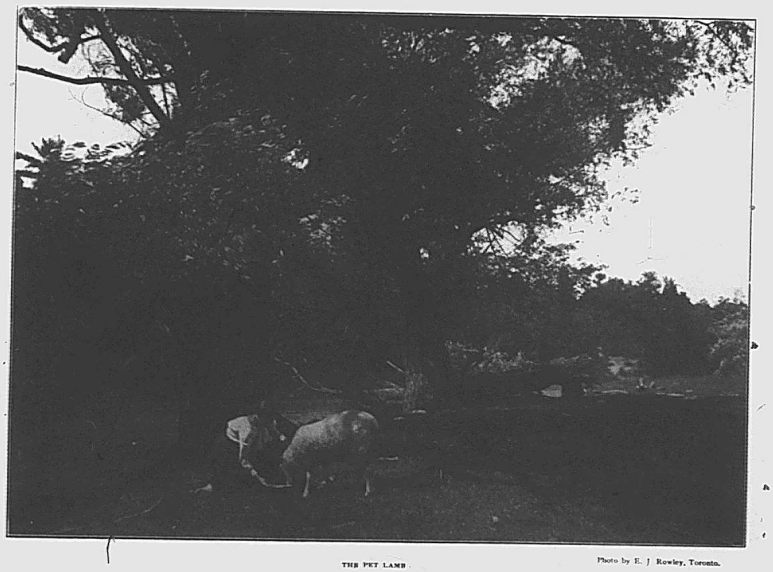
Suddenly they noticed the biggest buck drop behind the others, and for a moment they thought he was wounded. To their astonishment, however, he turned again, and they saw what he was doing. He was defying them, to distract their attention, until the does and fawns could make good their escape!

The little herd soon reached the top of the ridge, plunged over, and were lost to view; but their plucky champion stood proudly for several seconds on the summit, stamping his feet angrily at the ranchmen, until a backward glance assured him that his family was out of range behind the hill, when, with a last toss of his head, he whirled and was after them like a flash.

"For some reason or other," says Doctor Hutchinson, "we didn't think of reloading our rifles for another long-range shot, but took off our hats to him as he went over the ridge, and had the decency to be glad we had missed him."



THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.
A CHARACTER SKETCH DRAWN BY THE SEA.



THE PET LAMB. Photo by E. J. Rowley, Toronto.

Some Adventures of Prince Tiny

By Percy Blanchard

ONCE upon a time, but not so long ago but that our grandmothers might remember it, there lived in the Kingdom of Petto some wee small folk, whom they called the Little People. None but a bird can get to that far country; only the stars can tell just where it is.

One day there came from the Land of Men a little graybird, and as he flew about from tree to tree, wondering where he was, at last he hopped to the ground to rest in a forest where Prince Tiny, whose father was King of Petto, was hunting. Prince Tiny was all alone in the woods; and in stumbling over a log he had lost his sword. Just as he came near the very place where the graybird stood, out from behind a tree, right at him, sprang a big fierce tiger. No one was there to help him. His sword was gone, but quick as a wink Tiny ran fast to the graybird, caught him close by the leg and gave a shout. Off flew the graybird, Tiny holding tight. Far and away from the tiger, over the tops of the trees they went; over the seas, the fields and farms, till at last the graybird came to the ground in a garden near a house.

They were in the land of the Grown Up People.

Poor Tiny was very hungry. After looking about, for the place was new and strange to him, he manfully started for the house and went in at the open kitchen door.

"Good morning, ma'am," said Tiny.

The woman stopped at her work and looked down at the floor to see who spoke with this sweet little voice.

"Why, you dear little thing," said she, "where did you come from?"

"I am Prince Tiny, from the land of Petto, and I was wrecked in your garden, off a bird, ma'am," said Tiny.

"Why, you must be hungry, Tiny!"

So Tiny had to tell how hungry he was and what a long trip he had made, and all that; and the lady lifted him up on to a table and offered him a big raisin.

While he started to eat part of the raisin he perched on the edge of the bowl in which she was mixing a plum cake and chatted away as happy as could be. But whether it was the going round of the spoon that made him dizzy, or the sifting in of a little flour that blinded him, or the shaking of the dish, or perhaps he felt a little fly-sick; anyhow, Tiny fell into the batter, and before the lady noticed it she had stirred him right into the cake. Then, with the pan, he went into the oven.

Poor Tiny was in trouble now. Soon it began to get hot, even for Tiny. So he gathered some cool raisins into a bunch and cuddled in among them, and laid quiet, till at last the cake was baked and brought out of the oven.

As it got later, Prince Tiny could hear the woman's husband coming home and the tea dishes being arranged.

When supper was almost over the lady went and brought the cake; and the husband, with the big bread knife, started to cut it up.

If Tiny had been hot before, he felt cold enough now, as he heard the big blade slicing through the cake. What if it should strike him and cut him in two!

At last, right close to his ear came the big knife. The raisin he was leaning against was cut in halves. Now was his chance. Before the knife came down again Tiny gave a tremendous kick, shoved out the other half of the raisin and jumped out through the hole and down on to the plate.

"Sakes alive!" said the woman when she saw Tiny, "if that isn't the dear little fellow that I was telling you about. He must have been in the cake all the time. Will you have some tea, deary?"

"No, thank you, ma'am," said Tiny; "I had my supper in the cake; but I would like a drink."

So, after he had drunk nearly two drops of milk, he began to tell the man his adventures and how he had lost his sword before the tiger attacked him, and all about his trip with the graybird.

Then they all laughed, and the man said he would make him a new sword. So, after tea, the man got a needle and made it flat, and sharpened the edge of it so that it would even cut an eyelash. Then he put on a little handle.

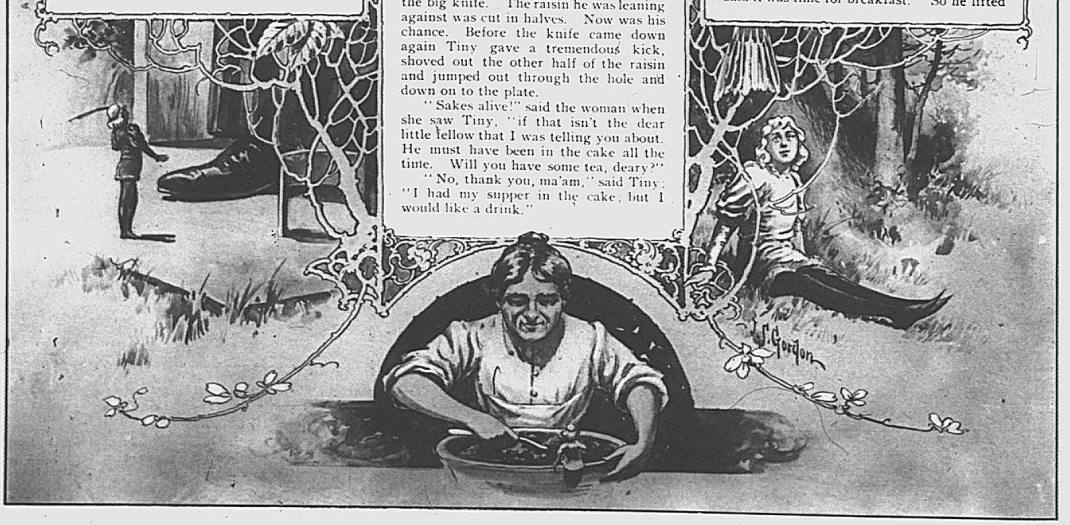
When Prince Tiny stuck his sword into his belt and stepped out so handsome the man said that such a fine little Prince as he should have a horse.

Now, the man had a trap in the closet, and when he went to look sure enough there was a little live mouse in the trap. So the man got a glove from his wife and cut it up into strips, and made a lovely little bridle and a saddle. For stirrups he got two eyelets, and Tiny polished them till the brass shone like gold.

Then the mouse was carefully harnessed, and Tiny hopped on his back and waved his shiny sword. Round and round the table they galloped, till at last, just as the mouse was leaping over a saucer, Tiny's hand slipped on the rein and the mouse gave a big jump right off the table, away across the floor, and then ran into his hole, with Tiny still on his back.

Tiny told the mouse that he should not have been so bad, but the mouse said he was afraid that perhaps when the ride was over the man would put him back into the trap, or maybe give him to the cat, and, anyway, he would rather be back again in his little home. So, as it was getting dark and late, Tiny and the mouse cuddled up together in the warm nest and slept through the night till daybreak.

When morning came the little mouse said it was time for breakfast. So he lifted





up a small piece of wool in the floor of his bed and got out from under it two bits of cheese, some crumbs of soda cracker and a wee taste of salt fish.

Now a big fierce rat lived in the wall near by, and when the cheese was brought out the smell of it came to the rat. Then the rat thought that he would like some of that cheese, and started to find it.

The mouse and Tiny heard him coming, sniffing along and talking low to himself:—"I smell cheese (sniff, sniff). I smell a fat mouse (sniff, sniff). I am going to have cheese and mouse for breakfast" (sniff, sniff). At that the mouse got very frightened, and Tiny could feel the poor little thing shivering. So at that Prince Tiny stood up and drew out his sword and said:—"Don't be afraid, little mouse; let us wait here and I will fight."

The rat was creeping nearer. Nearer he came, till at last Prince Tiny could see his two beady eyes glitter, his sharp teeth shine, and just as the fierce rat was going to spring at them Prince Tiny gave a leap forward and drove his sword out with all his might. Deep into the rat he drove it, right through throat and neck, and over fell the rat without another gasp.

How glad was the little mouse when the cruel rat was killed; and as Prince Tiny wiped the blood from off his sword and put it again in his belt the mouse said:—"Let us go away from here." So, eating their breakfast without another word, they then stepped past the big dead rat, and, going from wall to wall, came at last to the bright outdoors.

Here they said good-bye to each other, and, while the mouse turned off by a little dark path, Prince Tiny walked out into the daylight.

It was a very lonesome place; no little people; no little anything, hardly. And then Prince Tiny thought of his journey, and of how lovely it was sailing away up over trees and houses through the clear blue sky, and he felt still more lonesome.

At last, as he was sitting down by a maple tree, what flew near him but the dearest, sweetest little yellow bird he had ever seen. It was so pretty and it sang so sweetly that Prince Tiny spoke to it.

The little yellow bird at first was afraid when he saw Tiny, for though Tiny was so small, he was man-shape, and the yellow bird was afraid of boys and men.

But at last, as Prince Tiny spoke so pleasantly, the yellow bird got over being afraid and came right close to him.

And there they stayed and talked, and got to be great friends. So Tiny told about the trip with the graybird, and how he killed the rat; and the yellow bird told about the lovely berries and the honey in the woods, and about the fierce owls and hawks; and they got to be better friends than ever.

So then they agreed that they would live together, and that the yellow bird would take Tiny on its back as they journeyed, and that Tiny, with his sharp sword, would fight for the yellow bird, and that they would share whatever they got with each other.

It was long past dinner time, and so they said they would go away to the forest. Tiny sat astride the yellow bird's back, where the pretty golden feathers of its neck and shoulders were so soft and downy, and away up in the air they went, carried along by the strong little wings of the yellow bird. On and on through the warm afternoon they flew, away to the land of the sunset.

But all at once Prince Tiny felt a little shiver in the yellow bird; for, away up above them, high in the sky, was what seemed a little dot, a wee speck, but which the sharp eye of the little yellow bird knew to be a fierce hawk.

Nearer and nearer came the hawk, for he had seen the little yellow bird, and he loved to eat just such a birdie for his supper. The yellow bird flew fast, but the hawk flew faster still, and now he was so near that Prince Tiny could see his cruel claws. Nowhere could they hide; it was all open sky and field. So Prince Tiny said that they must fight; but the dear little yellow bird was so frightened.

"Don't be afraid, little birdie," said Prince Tiny, "we will fight; and, if at last he eats us, why, surely we fought."

So out came the glittering sword, so sharp, so strong. Then Prince Tiny took off his belt, the belt his sister gave him long ago; and one end, the buckle end, the yellow bird caught in its beak, and the other end, to brace him, Prince Tiny held. Then he stood up, and his little feet were steady.

The yellow bird kept flying fast, but the great hawk came nearer, till at last his shadow was right over them. "Never fear," said Tiny, "while we keep in the shadow, the sun will not dazzle our eyes."

But the hawk was close now; just above them.

"Drop quick!" said Tiny, and the yellow bird flew downward.

But down, down came the hawk, right after them.

"Now turn! Now up!" shouted Tiny, and as the little yellow bird dodged side-

J. G. Gordon

ways up, the great hawk shot close past, and at that very minute Tiny's sword struck out and cut the hawk clean through and through.

The battle was over, and down below them, falling, falling, fluttered the hawk, stone dead; until at last, with a great thud, he landed in a chicken yard, and the hens and turkeys, glad that their enemy was dead, turned on him and tore his body bone from bone.

Prince Tiny could not help giving a little cheer when he saw that they had won; but the little yellow bird felt cold and shivered.

Soon they came to the forest; and first they got to eat some acorns and some honey; for the yellow bird knew where to find these things.

Then, as the little yellow bird still felt cold and frightened, and shivered, they went away up on a poplar tree, and out on a smooth green-barked limb the little yellow bird sat in the sun.

But not for very long was it, for an owl, roused out a little early, flew nearby and saw them. "Surely that was a nice, sweet yellow bird," he said to himself, and then flew back to look again.

It is hard to kill an owl; but Tiny remembered that an owl cannot see very well by daylight. So, quick as wink, he told the little yellow bird not to move; and then, with the point of his sword, he marked out all around the edge of the yellow bird's shadow which was on the poplar bark.

"Now hide! Be quick!" he said; and as the yellow bird darted into a clump of leaves Tiny, with his sword, cut out the green bark where the shadow had been, to show the yellow wood that was beneath, the very picture of the little yellow bird.

Hardly had Tiny finished when the hungry owl came back; and thinking that what he saw on the limb was still the little yellow bird came fierce and straight at the wood.

Oh, what a smash his big head got. Between his cat-eyes hard he struck against the limb, and crash, his skull and neck were torn and broken, and the owl went tumbling down to the ground below, quite dead.

So then, Prince Tiny climbed quickly down the tree (the little yellow bird was so frightened it couldn't move), and, sword in hand, looked at the owl, and saw that it was dead. Then he covered it up with leaves and hurried back to the little yellow bird.

Where would they sleep? Perhaps, in the dark, another owl might come, maybe this one's mate. So they hunted, and at last, up in a spruce tree, they found a knot-hole, big enough inside, but so covered up with hard black gum as to be too small at the door for anybody but Prince Tiny to get in. He had no notion of letting the little yellow bird stay outside all night, and the yellow bird advised him to cut away the gum with his sword.

And so the hole was made big enough, and there, inside, on the moss of an old squirrel's nest, they slept soundly till morning.

But though the sun was high in the morning sky, it seemed still very dark in their little room. Prince Tiny went to the door hole, and, just think, the hole had got so small that he could hardly get out; and surely the little yellow bird, much bigger, never could creep through. Now, it happened this way: that when, the night before, he was cutting away the gum, his sword had slipped and cut into the green bark, and all through the night the balsam had been running, and now the hole was almost closed up.

Prince Tiny tried hard to cut the balsam away with his sword, but though the sword was sharp the sticky balsam stuck to the blade so that it would not cut—it only made it worse.

Then he called the little yellow bird, and the yellow bird tried to pick the balsam out, but the balsam stuck to the little beak and the poor little thing could hardly open its bill.

So then Prince Tiny sat down and began to think. This was the worst fix they had been in yet. Poor yellow bird, must she stay here alone and die? And Tiny promised the little yellow bird that if she never could get out he, too, would stay, and he would bring her food and never leave her. And for a little time they both sat there and never spoke a word.

But all at once Prince Tiny jumped up and laughed. "Stay here alone for just a little while. I have a plan. Wait, soon I will be back." And the little yellow bird knew truly that he would keep his word and would come back soon.

Quick through the wee small door he squeezed; quick down the tree trunk and away he ran 'till he came to a little round hill he had seen near by. On the top of the hill he tapped three times. In answer, out came a little ant, then ten, then more, till a thousand were around him.



DAY DREAMS.



BLARNEY.

Then he told them.

"Do you like owl meat?" he asked.

"Why, yes, they loved owl meat; no meat was there they liked so much. Where was it?"

"Can you chew gum?" he said, "sticky gum, balsam?"

"Oh, yes," they said, "we learnt at school."

"Well, then, come with me," said Prince Tiny, "and if you will do some work for me I will give you a whole owl." Then he ran towards the spruce tree, and the little ants came as fast as they could.

But Tiny was in such a hurry, and they seemed so slow, that he out with his sword and whiff!—he clipped off a flower, a pretty bluebell. "Climb in!" he shouted, and when some twenty ants had clambered in he threw the bluebell up across his shoulder, and calling to the other ants to hurry, shinned the spruce tree right up to the squirrel's nest, and set the ants to work.

"There," he said, "chew, chew all that balsam off, make the hole big, still bigger"—and the ants worked hard and fast.

At last the balsam was all gone, the ants were done, and the little yellow bird came out. Weren't they glad!

So now for the promised feed for the ants. Down they all hastened. Some in their hurry jumped, for they wanted their owl meat. And the little yellow bird, with Tiny on its back, flew down; and when the leaves were taken off there was the owl. Then the ants had feasts for many a day; for the owl was very big and fat.

But Tiny and the yellow bird refused to stay. Off through the forest to a little lake they flew, where lilies and white violets grow wild, and the butterflies live through the summer long.

Beech nuts they ate and berries dipped in honey from some flowers the yellowbird knew; and for a drink were dewdrops gathered in the blossoms and green moss.

Then they sat down and rested; and, in the shadow of a little fern Prince Tiny told the yellow bird about his father and of the happy people of his home, and as the sun grew hot the little yellowbird stretched out its wings, and with Prince Tiny there astride its downy neck, away they flew, far, far and away; fast through the fleecy clouds, over the pine trees and the mountain tops, to the Kingdom of Petto, back to the Land of the Little People.

CHRISTMAS HOMING.

The lights of home will shimmer warm,
The fair Canadian logs will burn,
And softly in, from space and storm,
The vagrant sons will all return.

Beneath the high-hung mistletoe
Jeannette will feel upon her face
The touch of lips she used to know—
A lover from the outer space.

Dear shades you deem beyond recall
Will cross the floors with tender tread,
The dusky stairs and narrow hall
Will know the converse of the dead.

When Christmas candles glimmer fair
All down the spread of Christmas cheer,
Each guest will feel, beside his chair,
The man whose hand he held last year.

Shades of the living and the dead—
The vagrant ones will all return
Proud eyes, torn breast, and boyish head,
To watch the Christmas faggots burn

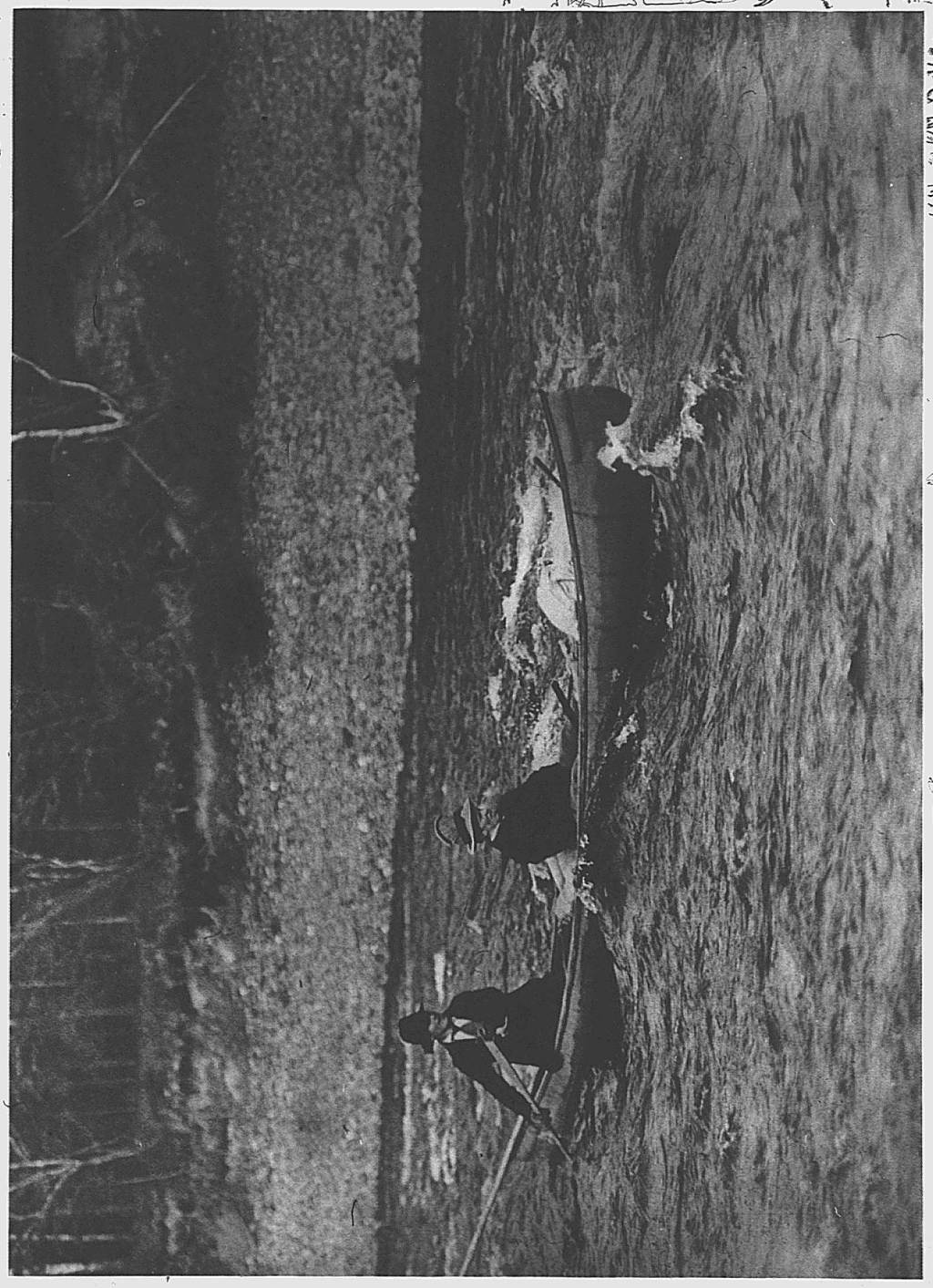
And death, and sin, and time, and space
Will fade, when in from out the wrack
O butter snows each quiet face
And daring heart comes softly back.

Theodore Roberts.

St. John's, Nfld.

VIVID PHRASING.

Elizabeth Harrison in her "Study of Child Nature," says that children begin to learn the intellectual value of words as soon as they are familiar with them in their material relations. "Sweet," "sour," "rough," "crooked," as applied to character, mean something to them when they have investigated them first through the senses. Occasionally they translate the new meaning rashly, and make laughable mistakes. One morning we had hyacinth bulbs; we explained them, and then compared them with the blossoming hyacinths on the window-sill. A day or two after an onion was brought in to us by a child, as another fat, round flower-baby for us to plant. I had some difficulty in making the children see the difference, but finally, cutting the onion open, I blinded their eyes and let them smell first the flower bulb and then the onion bulb. An hour or two later one of the little girls spoke in an irritated, petulant voice to her neighbor, who had accidentally knocked over her blocks: "Look out!" said a little one on the other side of her, "or you'll have an onion voice soon!"



ON THE RESTIGOUCHE

THE EMOTION OF MADEMOISELLE.

BY CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS

AN EPISODE OF ACADIE.



I.

"OT, indeed, Captain Allen, I see not where is the so great dishonor of it," protested Mademoiselle de Beaurivage, with a mocking smile that forbade us to take her words too seriously.

"To understand your annoyance, it is, indeed, not difficult," she continued, our English a little strange and marvelously sweet upon her scarlet lips. "To have one's plans all told to one's enemies, that must, indeed, annoy. But why the so great scorn of some brave man—oh, very brave he must be



• • • "The savages had lain in wait."

—who comes all alone among his enemies and risks a fate the most horrible to serve his King and his Flag!"

Two or three of the younger men—boys, scarce as yet one year acquainted with the razor—applauded her words, although, to do them justice, I knew they had no sympathy with such sentiments—a spy being just a spy all the world over. But they were dazzled by Mademoiselle's bright eyes — as who would not be—and the gay melody of her voice bewildered them—as whom, alas, did it not bewilder! — and they knew only that her words ravished their ears. For my part, however, I was vexed to hear her, whom I knew to be the soul of honor, speak so lightly of dishonor; and I feared vaguely that she might be misunderstood here in this lonely little garrison town of Halifax—an islet, as it were, in a sea of enmity, where suspicions flew loosely as thistledown at a breath, and everyone's business had an interest to his neighbor.

"A spy is execrable, Mademoiselle," I answered with some austerity. "An honorable cause cannot need service of dishonor."

The occasion was a ball at the Governor's house, within the stockades of Citadel Hill. The excitement of the founding of the city—thrown, as it were, across the Atlantic from England to overawe the restless Acadians and keep a check on the intrigues of France in Nova Scotia—had long died away and left a dulness wherein intrigue and gossip flourished. With France, indeed, we were nominally at peace; but between us and the French of Ile St. Jean and Ile Royale there was ceaseless petty reprisal. The savage Indians of Nova Scotia were used by our enemies as safe tools, for which they could at need disclaim reponsibility. Of late, we of the Governor's Council had found that our most secret plans were being betrayed, so that they were frustrated even in their birth; and we were raw with angry apprehension. More hot than politic, I confess — seeing it was conceivable that on such a night the traitor might be one of our company and within earshot. I had eased the swelling of my wrath by remarking upon the fair rope which we had in readiness against the capture of the scoundrel. It is possible that my righteous vehemence against the despicable trade of spying was warmed and heightened a little at the moment by a dissatisfaction with life at large, for Mademoiselle, I thought, had been treating me with something of indifference, and I was tired from puzzling of my wits to discover wherein I had failed in my homage. Then and thence it was that the strenuousness of my denunciation had stirred her to her laughing protest.

Now, however, when I answered her directly, and with a bluntness not all in accord with my wonted hesitation of deference—I being the most devout and assiduous of Mademoiselle's servitors—I observed that a slight, quick change passed over her face. The brightness of it seemed, though but for an instant, to be dimmed by a breath of trouble or of fear. My heart contracted with sharp self-reproach at the thought that perhaps my abruptness had hurt her. But no, the shadow—if it were a shadow—was gone in an eye-wink. There was the same scarlet in the maddening bow of her lips, the same indescribable radiance of the smile on her small dark face, the same magical green light, as of sunshine snared in emeralds, in her disastrous eyes, as she answered, sweetly argumentative still.

"But, indeed, Monsieur, if your so ingenious Mr. Pope is to be accounted worthy of trust, surely Prince Ulysses and Prince Diomed, those most brave princes, did once serve their cause as spies; and that most great poet, Homer, sang of it for a glory to them both—is it not?"

Now that one swift shadow, as of pain, upon Mademoiselle's face had melted all my black humor. If she were wilfully getting herself misunderstood

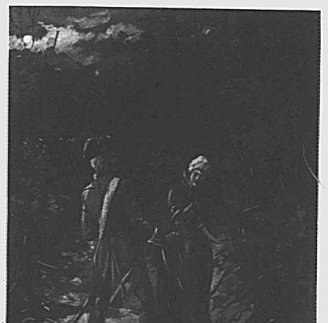


• • • "And paddled away among the islands."

I could no longer be stern toward that caprice. And what matter the caprice, seeing that no sane man in the colony could be capable of misjudging such sweet innocent raillery as hers! And if she had been unkind to me earlier in the evening—what then? Most like, it was my own morose temper that imagined it. In any case I had forgotten. She was my lady forever, and the old kindness was in the look that blessed me now—the old kindness, with something of an appeal that pierced me, though I could not interpret it. My love for her she had known for months—to all Halifax, forsooth, it was patent enough—but in that brief moment, somehow, I was allowed to see in her eyes what I had scarce even been allowed to hope before. In the intoxication of that sudden knowledge the chatter of voices at my elbow sounded far away, as if heard in a dream. I think I tried to answer her in some such formal phrase as:

"It pleases Mademoiselle de Beaurivage to make sport of the most devoted of her slaves."

But while I was speaking our eyes were meeting in the depths. Then, suddenly, she took away her yielding gaze, and glanced aside with a certain anxiety. I became aware that some unexpected news was passing from mouth to mouth about the crowded room. It was bad news. Faces fell as it travelled—women's faces paled, and men's grew dark. Of the little circle about us none looked at us (though, for a moment or two we might, perhaps, have been conspicuous), but all turned toward the coming word.



• • • "So it was you!"

It reached us. It was tidings of ambuscade and death. A young ensign of our garrison, Bullard by name, with a squad of six men under him, had been sent down the south coast on an errand to the Acadians of La Heve. The matter had been planned and executed with all secrecy, as we believed. But—the traitor again! The French had got word of it. The savages had lain in wait, and seven English scalps were on their way to Quebec to earn the blood money!

The sounds in the room changed. There were sobs in place of gay laughter. There were curses,



Photo by James Arthur, Windsor and Detroit.

A SCHOOL GIRL.



Photo taken on board the yacht Estella by Arthur Beaire, while waiting before the start.

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

and vows of vengeance. The face of Mademoiselle had grown ashy pale, even to the lips, and her small hands clenched themselves.

"She feels it as if she were one of ourselves, God bless her!" I thought. I moved close against her side, and was about to take advantage of the general confusion to whisper in her ear some word of intimate understanding, when I saw that we were observed. The keen and critical eyes of Mr Grey, the Attorney-General, were watching Mademoiselle's face with a scrutiny which I felt inclined to resent. Just then a footman came up and murmured something to Mademoiselle. She turned to me, laid her hand in mine for an instant in farewell, let her eyes rest in mine with that appeal which I adored but did not understand, and asked me in a constrained voice to take her to her father.

"I will call to morrow, my lady, my queen," was all I had time to whisper, as we made our way through the crowd. Her lips framed "Yes" in answer, but made no sound.

I watched her on the arm of her erect old hawk-faced father, the Sieur de Beaurivage, as she went to make her adieux to the Governor and his wife. The Sieur de Beaurivage was one of the few among the Acadian gentry who had loyally and uncompromisingly accepted English rule. Since France had formally ceded Acadia to England, he held himself therefore English, and took the oath of allegiance and accepted office under the English Crown. The old man's face was very black.

"He feels not only the grief we feel," said I, turning to a knot of bystanders, "but shame for his countrymen as well."

"Yes," said Mr Attorney-General Grey, at my elbow, still eyeing the pair curiously. "He feels it. Another man in his place might be subjected to enquiry, but de Beaurivage is as much above suspicion as the Governor himself. He thinks he is on the trail of the traitor whose foul work has brought this disaster upon us. But—I see that his fair daughter appears even more distressed by the bad news than any of our own women are. It has hit her hard. I don't think she had any tender interest in poor Bullard, had she?"

"Oh, no!" said I, with confidence.

"Then," said he in his cool, level voice, looking me straight in the eye, "why has this murder of half a dozen Englishmen hit the lady so hard, I wonder?"

A suspicion of his horrible meaning began to force itself upon me. I suppose a dangerous look crept into my astonishment as I drew closer to him and met his gaze significantly, saying—

"What do you mean, Grey? You don't intend to imply——"

But he interrupted, laying a steady hand on my arm:

"Come, come, Allen, don't get excited. I imply nothing. I but enquire, and examine, and keep watch, as it is my duty here in this colony. I must suspect everyone till we find the traitor. But I will do no injustice. And nothing, you know, could be more embarrassing to us than to find a traitor in the family of such a man as Monsieur de Beaurivage. Indeed," he went on musingly, "such a discovery might be more dangerous to us than anything that the traitor could do!"

"Let me say this, then, Grey," said I, coldly: "If the duties of your office should compel you to let your suspicions rest for a moment upon a lady like Mademoiselle de Beaurivage, I very solemnly warn you not to put those suspicions into words till you have proofs. The colony needs your services, so you should take care of yourself!"

Being a strong man, and cool-headed, the man of law, without resentment, gave careless and half amused assent to my demand, as I turned away in fierce heat to make my farewells. The incident had fixed my purpose. That very day a kind of clue, faint enough, indeed, had come into my possession, which promised a possibility of tracing that miscreant of a spy. I had hesitated, the work of a ferret being in no wise to my taste. But now, when I faced the fact that suspicion was likely to fall, however lightly, upon the white name of Denise de Beaurivage, my senses were sharpened for the trail.

I would run the spy to earth, wherever his burrow, in order to guard the name of the woman I loved from smirching tongues and slighting glances. I sought to escape at once from the Governor's house; but it turned out that he had business with me which detained me for nigh upon two hours. Then I hurried off to my own quarters, my head on fire with schemes and indignation. At my threshold I was met by my orderly on the way to fetch me, with word of one awaiting me with tidings which he refused to deliver into any ear but mine.



Photo by Miss Ellerton, Richmond Hill.

A NOON-DAY SIESTA.

I found my visitor inside. He was one Doolan, a sort of retainer of mine, trapper and fisherman, from whom I had had the clue upon which I was even now proposing to work. He had come with new and pertinent information. A cloaked figure, which he had followed at safe distance, had stolen from the town a little while before, taken a short trail through the woods to the shores of the upper basin, unearthed a canoe from some hiding-place and paddled away among the islands. In that troubled time and perilous neighborhood such a journey could be for no good purpose. It was more than suspicious—it was damning—and my heart leapt when I saw the traitor thus given into my hand. The shadow which had fallen so suddenly and incomprehensibly upon my lady's fame should be lifted by sunrise.

II.

My plan was of the barest simplicity, and no time was lost in the making of it. Doolan led me straight to the spot where he had seen the canoe set out. He was a stout fellow, shrewd and devoted to my interests, whom I could depend upon absolutely at a pinch. I posted him some way off where I could call upon him should the need arise. But this being a matter of grave delicacy, such as might involve I knew not what high personages, and there being but one man to deal with it, I judged best to have no witness, as well as no assistant, and to trust to my own resources, seasoned as they were by many a year of wilderness shift and crisis.

From where I posted myself, at the end of the trail, where the thin sedge was beaten down by the launching of the canoe, I commanded a wide stretch of glimmering water. It was the time of a moon past the full, but the sky was darkened by a thick and patchy rack of moving clouds. From time to time the moon flashed out for a moment, revealing the harsh shores fringed with rank on rank of pointed fir-trees, and the spacious reaches of the upper basin ruffled with soft winds. But for the most part the light was scant enough and very misleading, so that my over-attentive eyes at first made an approaching canoe out of every drift of intense shadow. Then they grew tired of being fooled. Thus it was that the low chunk and gurgle of a paddle, plied somewhat carelessly, fell on my ear before I had actually discerned the canoe gliding up to the line of sedges. Noting that the craft had but one occupant, I fell back, noiselessly as an Indian or a lynx, to a place on the trail which I had selected for my ambush.

I was so close to the trail that I had merely to lift my arms to seize anyone who should pass by. Never before, as I remember it now, had suspense been so keen as in those few moments of waiting. My nerves, usually calm, were wrought up to a curious pitch. The stress of my own feeling annoyed and puzzled me. Very loud sounded the slight sounds of landing, the swish of the dragging canoe, the rustling as it was lifted and hidden in the bushes. Then hasty footsteps, which made no effort to be furtive, approached. A cloaked figure—small and slight it seemed—was before me. It passed—and my heavy arms fell upon its shoulders, crushing it to the ground in such a way that it could turn no weapon upon its assailant. There was a frightened cry—a woman's voice that pierced me like steel in the heart; and I loosed my grip, springing to my feet in a sort of panic. Then from behind the drift of clouds the moon came, white and clear; the huddled figure half rose upon its knees, and——

It was the face of Denise de Beaurivage that looked out on me with wide eyes of fear from under her disordered hood!

In that moment I wished that I might be stricken dead. The numbing horror of it still darkens my first flash of remembrance. I staggered back and sat down weakly on a tree trunk.

"So it was you!—Oh, my God!" I muttered, staring at her.

She rose to her feet and the terror left her face. She even smiled, and came nearer to me, as she exclaimed—

"It is I—and you have not only frightened me, but you have hurt me!"

She spoke in her own tongue, being excited, and I, apprehending the more slowly because the French is never instant to my ear, only looked at her in stupid silence. There was room within my brain for but one idea.

She paused, hesitated, and a dismay came into her eyes at my blank silence.



A GLIMPSE OF NEWFOUNDLAND FROM THE JERSEY SHORE.

"Whom did you think to catch, Monsieur?" she asked presently. "Did you think it was the spy?"

My senses came back to me as she spoke, and the one thought uppermost was the hideous fear lest others should find out the terrible truth into which I had rushed in my blindness—lest others, alert like myself in the common interest, might, in their turn, have followed me! I got up, stepped to one side, and seized her hand.

"I don't care if you were the spy," I protested, vehemently. "You did not understand. Your words to-night showed that you did not understand—and then your horror when you saw the terrible consequences of your acts. I don't care about what you were! You are the woman I love, and I have a right to protect you. You did not know! You did not understand!"

She had withdrawn her hand from my grasp at my first words, and watched me with great eyes.

"But I am not the spy, Monsieur," she said, simply; "I could not play the spy!"

I scarcely heard, and certainly gave her half-comprehended words no heed. Would she say black was white? It was all too plain; and I thought she might in some way be juggling phrases, giving me some subtlety that might be twisted to a semblance of the truth. But I was consumed with fear lest Doolan's curiosity should overcome his sense of obedience and bring him to enquire how I was faring. He would be loyal to me, I knew; but I could not tolerate the thought of him knowing about Mademoiselle.

"I know you did not mean to betray us in that way!" I answered, trying to think how I should get her back to her own home with least risk of discovery. "You did not understand; but it is ruin, hideous ruin, if you are seen. Let us return another way. You must be hidden. There are terrible suspicions already. Won't you come?" I pleaded, laying my hand gently on her arm and trying to lead her back toward the canoe.

But she shook off my hand and faced me proudly.

"I am not a fool, Monsieur, and I do not lie. I have told you that I am no traitor. Do you believe me? Do you think I am the spy?"

Now, I was a little slow in getting my ideas turned over, unable to reverse opinion on the instant. I began, indeed, even as she spoke, to hope again. In fact, my heart did believe her. I knew from the joy, the transport, which surged through me at her words. Yet I could not at once make answer just as she wished—though in the next breath I would surely have done so. As it was, I answered merely:

"I love you, Denise; I love you. Oh, come; come at once!"

But she—she wheeled like a flash and sped away down the trail toward the city.

In two bounds I had overtaken her and seized her by both arms, and set myself in front of her to bar the perilous way.

"Forgive me!" I implored in an eager whisper. "I do believe you. Of course I believe you. I am stupid, and did not quite understand that difficult language of yours at once. But others may



LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU.

not believe you. You must not go back by this path, my lady—I beseech you."

She drew back and looked at me, reproach, anger and hesitation conflicting in her face.

"But you speak to stop me, only," she said, in English, "to make me go the other way. You do not trust me. If you think I am so dishonorable you cannot love me. Please let me pass, at once, Monsieur!" And her marvellous eyes flashed suddenly with imperious command.

Looking into her eyes, into her clear soul, I marvelled that I had been able to doubt her for an instant. Why, there were a thousand explanations, and the only one impossible was that she should be unworthy.

"Beloved," said I, "I swear to you that I believe and trust you as if your inmost heart was bare before me. I was blind and deaf for a moment, and for that moment I can never forgive myself. But I know that you are all that is noble and true, and your word is more than all the proofs in the world could be!"

In response she turned and began to walk slowly back along the trail toward the canoe. But presently she stopped, confronting me again; and again there was that strange appeal in her eyes which I had seen when she bade me good-night at the Governor's ball.

"But if I cannot now explain? I know it must look so bad, this to-night! If I cannot explain, will you still believe and trust?"

"Explain when you will, my lady, or not at all!" said I. "I would know but what you would have me know."

A sort of glory went over her face, and tears came into those supreme eyes, as she impulsively laid both her hands in mine!

"Then you shall know now," she whispered. "It is your right to—" but the words were crushed upon her mouth as I drew her into my arms. When presently she found words to speak again she murmured brokenly:—

"It is—my brother—from Quebec. It was he—and I knew—but it was not possible to persuade him to go away. Now he is sick—most sick—it is on the island, la-bas!"

"Yes," said I, cheerfully, "your brother!" I heard her words, but was thinking of her lips.

"He sent for me to-night," she went on. "He desired that I take papers for him—but never would I touch them; no, indeed, no! But he is sick; he has the fever; and I must help him. What shall we do?"

How my heart thrilled at that "we"!

"We will make haste to remove him to a safe neighborhood, beloved!" said I, drawing her again to me. "And when he is well we will bind him over to enterprise more befitting an officer of France and a son of the Sieur de Beaurivage. He will give his word, no doubt."

"My dear," she said, leaning against me, "can you help me? Is it right? Is it not of necessity that I act alone?"

"Indeed, no!" I answered, decisively. "It is my duty to help you. Think how it would embarrass the Government to catch the son of your father in this plight! We must act at once!"

Holding her so, consenting, with one arm about her shoulder, I set a whistle to my lips and blew sharply. My mind was made up on the sudden. Straight arose a crashing in the bushes not far off.

"What is it?" she asked, shrinking closer into my embrace.

"Just my trusty Doolan," I said. "He is faithful and discreet. We may need him to help, so I shall tell him and seal his mouth!"

Then turning my back once more on the canoe I led her down the trail to meet the approaching footsteps.

"Is it that we go this way?" she asked in surprise.

"It is quicker, Beloved," I replied. "And if we should chance to be seen, it is different now! Shall I not know how to guard my wife against evil tongues?"



PLAYMATES. Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.



COAXING THE SUBJECT. By permission of Miss Elston, Richmond Hill.

THUMBS.

The disparagement of the usefulness and importance of the thumb implied in the expression, "His fingers are all thumbs," seems undeserved, in view of the important part the thumb formerly played in the social customs of the people and the very important part it plays in our own lives.

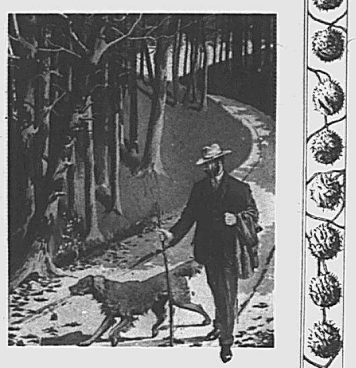
Lord Erskine, in "Institutes," states that among certain of the lower ranks in Scotland the final settlement of a bargain was always signalled by the "licking and joining of thumbs."

Selden, in "Titles of Honor," says that kissing the thumb was a characteristic of servility. The clergy, the rich and the great were in receipt of this honor from their tradesmen. From the remotest days of antiquity the practice of licking the thumb has always been regarded as a solemn pledge or promise, existing, according to Tacitus and other authorities, among the Goths, the Iberians and the Moors, and it may also be traced through successive periods down to our own times.

MID AUTUMN WOODS & FIELDS

By R. H. COATS.

"THE BOOK OF NATURE IS SET THICK WITH PARABLES AND LIVELY STONES—AND GETTETH SHORT OF LEAVES."



NOW should a great, clumsy Irish setter, so fat and so old that a single half day under the gun would make him hobble for a week, know beyond any shadow of fallibility as I come out of the house this afternoon that I meditate the kind of a walk which has nothing at the end of it? I carry not a trace of the sportsman, so-called, about me, by which he might guess—nothing, except it be the emblem of the noble and bloodless sport of the road, the staff long enough to grasp with a firm hand about a foot from the thin end while the other thumps on the ground. It has just gone four o'clock, the hour I usually walk down, in this country place, for the morning's paper, when Dan would follow as solemnly at my heel as his age befits. To-day he comes bounding from somewhere stablewards all romps and wriggles, and making a silly spectacle of himself generally in a vain endeavor to impart sinuosities to a waist long grown globulous. Pathetically plain are the workings of natural minds! Dan is a logician, who, like some others, is not very careful about his premises. The day is one that calls on dogs and men with many voices to come forth. Dan argues from the weather to himself and from himself to me, and forgets, alas! that a man must sometimes pay a price for being civilized.

This morning the sun climbed half way to the zenith through a bank of warm, ocherous fog, a delightful effect in the early hours, before he became the usual stabbing dagger-point of light, from which men draw their life and hide their faces, but was only a benign, pervading luminosity over the whole eastern sky. Yet, with no countervailing pall of cloudy weather! There were shadows, vague, huge blotches of dim opacity that moved when you moved, yet with nothing definite or precise about them. The rime lay long on the grass and the fence tops. Everything of metal stood with great beads of sweat, and your breath hung about you in graceful spirals and trailers of fog. And this with the dome of the heavens one radiant blue and the bracing tang of frost overnight in the air! A hapless state of things for one chained to the desk of duty! Then, as if at a signal, as the morning grew and broadened, the mists began to lift and fade, the sun breathed more and more upon them with his hot radiance, and they fled away like guilty things into the low-lying places and dells of the earth; and left only the purple haze of what may be (for the month wanes and already a day of bitter rain has changed to snow, which lay for a strange brief hour upon the ground, fulfilling the condition), the first day of Indian summer to wrap the world as in the mantle of a dream.

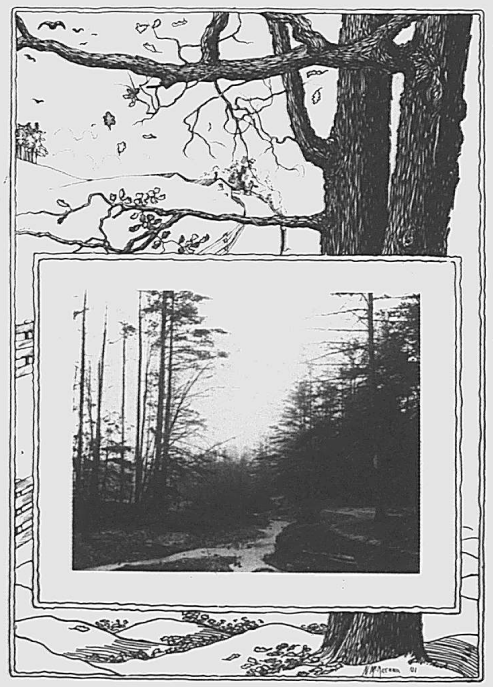
I would like to prove that this is the very summit of our northern year. For my part I wait for it as a lover for his mistress. While others are tritely mourning the death of summer, I am silent with a happiness too full to be communicable in the coming of October. Alert and listening, I catch the first faint rustle of her dress—never could she take me by surprise—and presently behold her, weeks away, perchance, walking lightly down the pathway of the seasons, like a woman to stay a moment or an hour, as it were, to suit her mood. For the real October, the trance that falls upon the waiting year when the pageant of summer, as with drum and trumpet, has marched by, is not a thing to be measured by so many weeks and days. A month ago I saw one morning in the maple that fronts my window a single leaf touched red by the frost—one, and no more. But it was an omen. The parched meadows, the reaped fields and the darkening green in the leaves of August are the first note of all, as amid February snows one awakes sometimes wonderingly, and with a stirring in the blood, to the first warm sun of spring. Yet another morning, and the asters and the zinnias in the garden are bent double. But why weep? The birds are gone—they have done nothing but wrangle for weeks. When the hawks begin to congregate high in air, a rare thing for the solitary creatures, the autumn is fairly set in. Then, day by day, new glories are marshalled into the spectacle. Purple and crimson and gold—these are the banners she unfolds amid soft airs and nights cold for sleeping. I sing the matron over the maid. I prefer the Dutch school to the Italian for the delight of the savage soul of man.

It is scarcely an hour from sunset this afternoon of October that I straighten the litter on my table and sally forth into the air. On many a day I could say a word for tobacco—never for the cigar, which is for men in cities—but for the plain, honest briar and the yellow plug that is cut in the hand. To-day it would be profanation; I would as soon think of smoking in a temple. October is all-satisfying. Inside where I have been sitting an early fire is kindled, and the smell of it goes through the house. (What an event of the year it is when, some chill September evening, its first yellow blaze leaps and crackles on the hearth!) But my window stands open, and through it, where a rejuvenated fly is buzzing between panes, the shadows long and slanting from a sun within two months of turning have been gathering and making themselves felt since three o'clock—a warning and a challenge to seize the hour. My coat is on my arm and the country lies before me.

There is a balm in the breeze as it whirrs in your ears that belongs to no other month of the year—mild, but with a crisp and pungent quality of its own, and a sub-taste of all the delicious, invigorating acids. Summer and winter are mingled in that cup. It runs along the veins like good old wine. The sky above is blue, mottled with great white sailing masses of cloud; stupid, staring creatures, if you like to imagine life in them, that seem there for no purpose in life. Low down it merges into a pale mauve that melts into grey above the tree-tops. There is nothing of the morning's fogginess in this air—dry, keen, thrilling. That blue film shrouding the beaver-meadow and clinging to the northern slopes of the hills is only the indefinable badge of the season. Smoke enters into it. The great swamp thirty miles away is burning. Some anxious encroacher upon its preserves plays with fire as regularly as the autumn returns, and for weeks the scrub will smoulder and fume till the gathering rains put an end to it. The soft, peaty odor of the burning "black-muck" is in my nostrils.

What direction? There is nothing to the road but patches of dust and mud, showing with what copious alternatives of sun and shower October is drenching us this year. The sun catches the wire of the telegraph and runs off far as the eye can reach, dainty as a thread of gauze and with a glisten like the dew on a spider's web. How the eye is held and soothed by it! But I would rather follow my chickens. What are they after there at such unwonted distance from the barn? for your gallus is a home-dweller, with none of the wild blood that sends the turkey wandering afield as early as the first green thing in May. No doubt that little black-coated gentleman, latest songster of summer, whose cheerful trilling even now throbs in the air, is the lure. Dan darts in among the murderers, and for once I do not check him. "Dear little vaulter in the sunny grass" (which I hope may do for the cricket), you have a pleasant place to dwell in, among the clean, yellow stubble—tall as forest trees to you—where the moist black earth is breathing perfume and the tender young clover spreads its close-woven mat between.

How pretty the house is as you see it thus—buildings and trees together in the level fields. Was it the Romans called certain of their houses islands? The Romans seldom made a metaphor—when they did they made a good one. You might easily, through half-closed lids, make a sea of these smooth, rolling fields, and the most delightful of bosky islets of my clump of house, barns and windbreak. The sun takes the bricks with a snowy sheen; the maples, like sentinels gorgeously uniformed, stand about in orange or yellow or red, as the freak takes them, with my pines and cedars adding their bizarrerie of sober greens. As a further diversion in the color scheme the outbuildings show a weather-painted grey—pale and silvery where the sun strikes, deadly dull in shadow. Is the composition eccentric? It is there, and it does not offend. From the foot of this island of mine a trailing shadow makes night of the field for a quarter of a mile beyond, for the two-fold reason of the month and the hour. For further background I





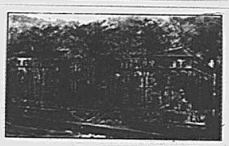
BRILLIANT LIGHT AT SMALL COST

The Meriden Hydro-Carbon Arc Light System possesses far greater illuminating power than Gas, Kerosene Oil or Electricity at **less than half the cost.** The best in the market for **Streets, Parks, Lawns, Factories, etc.,** and specially adapted for towns and villages. Easily managed and not affected by storms. **The illuminations** at the Toronto Industrial Exhibition and on Queen's Avenue during the visit of H. R. H. the Duke of York with the Meriden Light have never been equalled in Canada. It is **brilliant, efficient, economical.** Get the best light and save money as well. Call or write.

120 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.
Phone Main 1627.

THE MERIDEN HYDRO-CARBON ARC LIGHT COMPANY, LIMITED

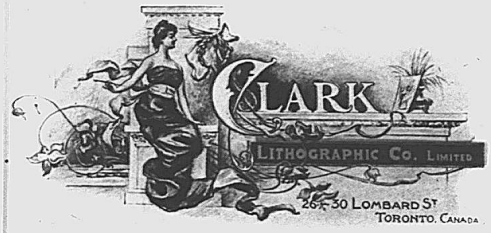
St. Monica's School
(Formerly Rolleston House)
Residential and Day School for Girls.
170 Bloor St. W., Toronto, Canada.
University Preparation. Kindergarten and Preparatory Departments. First-class qualified teachers. Music, Art, Languages, Elocution, Domestic Science, Etc.
Beautiful location—extensive grounds.
For particulars apply to
MISS PHILLPOTTS, Lady Principal.



Toronto Conservatory of Music, COLLEGE STREET.
AFFILIATED WITH THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO AND TRINITY UNIVERSITY.
SIR JOHN A. BOYD, K.C.M.G., President.
DR. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director.
The Best Equipment and Facilities and Strongest Faculty in Canada.
Students prepared for positions in Colleges, Schools, Churches and Concert work.
Artists' and Teachers' Graduating Courses, Scholarships, Diplomas, Certificates.
Pupils may enter at any time. Calendar and Syllabus free.
MAUDE MASSON, Principal. School of Literature and Expression. Strong Faculty.



THE CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE
Yonge and Gerrard Streets, TORONTO
A strong, reliable school. Thorough courses in Accounting, Shorthand, Typewriting, Telegraphy. Twelve capable teachers. Eighty Typewriting Machines. Fine equipment throughout. Enter any time. Circulars free. Write
W. H. SHAW, Principal.



THE McLACHLAN ELECTRIC AND GASOLINE MOTOR CO., LIMITED
Manufacturers of GASOLINE ENGINES for Boats and other purposes; also, Electric Light and Power Apparatus.....
115 Bay Street, TORONTO, ONT.

THE INK USED ON THIS PUBLICATION WAS MADE BY THE CANADA PRINTING INK Co TORONTO LIMITED

ELECTRICAL WORK
We keep a large staff of electricians and wiremen, and are in a position to do electrical work of every description. Wiring of Residences, Business Houses, Factories, etc. Interior Telephones, Annunciators and Bells. Repairs of every kind.
Telephone Main 1475 day or night.
The HOLMES ELECTRIC PROTECTION CO. OF TORONTO, LIMITED
10 MELINDA STREET.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC LIMITED
In affiliation with the University of Toronto.
F. H. TORRINGTON, MUSICAL DIRECTOR.
Examinations in Music in February and June.
College Examinations lead up to Mus. Bac. Degree, University of Toronto.
School of Expression—H. N. Shaw, B.A., Principal.

THE C. TURNBULL CO., Limited
MANUFACTURERS OF
LADIES', CHILDREN'S AND INFANTS' PERFECT-FITTING RIBBED VESTS, DRAWERS, UNION SUITS, ETC.
OUR SPECIALTY- Ladies', Children's and Men's Full-fashioned Fine Woollen Underwear. All garments stamped Unshrinkable "CEETEE" Finish. WE GUARANTEE POSITIVELY UNSHRINKABLE. Ask your dealer for it.
The C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT, Limited.

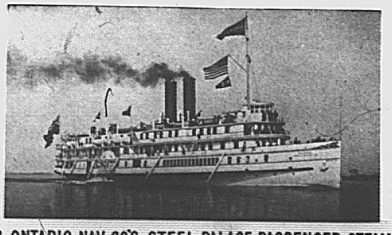
EAST'S For Fine Leather Goods



A Seal Purse for Ladies, with plain or silver corners
50c.
Beautiful Gift Umbrellas of Gloria Silk and Wool, with Pearl, Dresden and Silver-mounted Handles, $1.50. Trunks from $1.50. Dress Suit Cases, $4.00.
EAST & CO., 300 Yonge St., Toronto.

THE BERTRAM ENGINE WORKS CO.
TORONTO. LIMITED.
DESIGNERS & BUILDERS OF ALL KINDS OF STEEL STEAMERS.

MARINE ENGINES



MARINE BOILERS

RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAV. CO'S. STEEL PALACE PASSENGER STEAMER KINGSTON.

The Benefits Given by the I.O.F.

In addition to the **Social** and **Fraternal Privileges** which a Forester enjoys by virtue of membership in this great Fraternal Order, the following substantial benefits are provided:—

BY THE SUPREME COURT.

1.—**A Mortuary Benefit** of $500, $1,000, $2,000, $3,000, $4,000 or $5,000, payable to the Beneficiary on the death of the member, less the amount, if any paid on account of Total and Permanent Disability Benefit.

2.—**Total and Permanent Disability Benefit on account of accident or disease** of $250, $500, $1,000, $1,500, $2,000 or $2,500, being one-half of the amount of the Mortuary Benefit held, payable to the member on being adjudged thus totally and permanently disabled; in addition, the member is relieved from all further payment to the Order; and on the member's death the balance of the Mortuary Benefit is paid to the beneficiary

3.—**A Total and Permanent Disability Benefit on account of old age** (after the member reaches the age of 70 years) consisting of (*a*) the Old Age Disability Benefit, or (*b*) the Old Age Pension and Burial Benefit, at the option of the member, on being adjudged thus totally and permanently disabled.

(*a*) **The Old Age Disability Benefit** is $50, $100, $200, $300, $400 or $500, according to the amount of Mortuary Benefit held, and is payable annually for ten years; in the event of death occurring before the ten annual payments are made, the balance will be paid to the beneficiary of the deceased member.



ORONHYATEKHA, M.D., J.P. SUPREME CHIEF RANGER I.O.F.

The Benefits Given by the I.O.F.

(*b*) **The Old Age Pension and Burial Benefit** is a stipulated sum graded in amount according to amount of Mortuary Benefit held and the age at which the member is adjudged totally and permanently disabled on account of old age, payable annually thereafter, and $100 payable at the death of the member to provide for the due and proper burial of the member. On a $5,000 certificate or policy at age 70 the annual pension payment would be $546; at age 75 it would be $729.

4.—**An Old Age Benefit**—All members of the Order cease paying Mortuary Premiums and Court Dues when they attain the age of 70 years.

(FOR SUBORDINATE COURTS ONLY.)

5.—**A Sick Benefit** of $3.00 a week for the first TWO weeks, $5.00 per week for the next TEN weeks, and, subject to the approval of the Executive Council, $3.00 per week for TWELVE additional weeks of any illness or disability. (The Sick and Funeral Benefits are optional. It costs $2.00 to become enrolled for them, the monthly payments to secure them run from 40c to $1.00 per month, according to age at enrolment.)

BY THE COURTS.

6.—**Free Medical Attendance** of the Court Physician of the Court within whose jurisdiction the member is taken sick, except where the Court by by-law has dispensed with free medical attendance. Some Courts, in addition, furnish medicine free, and in certain cases trained nurses if deemed necessary by the Court.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS







HEAD OFFICE OF THE I. O. F.
and the Arch erected by the Foresters illuminated in honor of the visit of the Duke of Cornwall and York.

THE FIVE CARDINAL POINTS

of the I. O. F. system, upon which its success has been established:—

Its Liberal Policy.
Its Equitable Methods.
Its Capable Management.
The Prompt Settlement of Claims
No Assessments at Deaths.

THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL:

ORONHYATEKHA, M.D., J.P., S.C.R., Toronto, Canada; HON. JUDGE W. WEDDERBURN, Q.C., P.S.C.R., Hampton, N.B.; VICTOR MORIN, B.A., LL.B., S.V.C.R., Montreal, Que.; JOHN A. McGILLIVRAY, K.C., S.S., Toronto, Ont.; H. A. COLLINS, S.T., Toronto, Ont.; THOMAS MILLMAN, M.D., M.R.C.S.E., S.P., Toronto, Ont.; HON. E. G. STEVENSON, S.C., Detroit, Mich.

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM

Record of the Independent Order of Foresters

Showing Yearly Premium Income, Yearly Disbursements for Benefits, Accumulated Funds at End of Each Year, Yearly Membership Record, Yearly Assurance Record, Death Rate per 1,000 Members.

YEAR	PREMIUM INCOME		BENEFITS PAID		Accumulated Funds	MEMBERSHIP		ASSURANCE		Death rate per 1,000 members
	Mortuary	Sick and Funeral	†Mortuary	Sick and Funeral		Total	Increase	In force at end of Year	Increase during Year	
*1881	$ 5,123 38	$	$ 1,300 00	$	$ 4,568 55	1,019	650	$ 1,140,000	$ 742,000	4.50
1882	12,470 16	275 30	12,000 00	58 80	2,907 93	1,134	115	1,276,000	136,000	11.00
1883	18,422 34	983 27	9,000 00	493 68	10,857 63	2,210	1,076	2,490,000	1,214,000	4.73
1884	25,387 59	1,490 22	12,700 00	1,214 31	23,081 85	2,558	348	2,923,000	433,000	4.23
1885	**33,233 14**	**3,479 57**	**34,300 00**	**2,276 09**	**23,902 42**	**3,642**	**1,084**	**4,283,000**	**1,360,000**	**7.76**
1886	50,495 32	4,372 46	23,000 00	3,490 82	53,981 28	5,804	2,162	6,764,000	2,481,000	4.83
1887	70,185 54	8,588 55	51,300 00	7,714 67	81,384 41	7,811	2,007	9,120,000	2,356,000	5.78
1888	112,291 22	14,150 89	73,000 00	14,018 16	117,821 90	11,800	3,989	13,714,000	4,594,000	6.43
1889	165,785 50	20,171 75	89,000 00	27,787 82	188,130 36	17,349	5,549	20,078,000	6,364,000	5.85
1890	**238,529 58**	**45,704 13**	**125,000 00**	**56,846 79**	**283,967 20**	**24,604**	**7,255**	**28,498,000**	**8,420,000**	**5.18**
1891	340,985 03	58,000 14	206,100 00	55,330 21	468,708 20	32,14 6	7,000	39,205,000	10,897,000	6.40
1892	459,121 32	70,994 61	281,350 00	63,398 82	580,597 83	43,02	10,721	53,243,000	13,848,000	6.25
1893	607,650 24	86,501 89	323,039 59	69,146 34	838,837 89	54,484	11,460	67,781,000	14,538,000	5.47
1894	782,792 26	102,900 66	435,945 00	73,217 30	1,187,223 11	70,02	15,571	83,906,500	18,625,500	5.47
1895	**997,968 23**	**121,540 19**	**590,330 66**	**94,669 82**	**1,560,372 46**	**86,521**	**16,446**	**108,027,500**	**24,121,000**	**5.67**
1896	1,210,261 79	137,678 63	712,597 75	108,434 15	2,015,484 58	102,838	16,317	128,791,000	20,763,500	5.59
1897	1,402,237 71	154,981 06	803,147 95	120,077 65	2,558,832 78	124,685	21,847	154,510,000	25,719,000	5.56
1898	1,738,352 81	171,526 38	1,037,381 42	138,183 76	3,181,370 30	148,235	23,550	178,311,500	23,801,500	5.07
1899	1,970,528 48	182,768 50	1 250,975 03	174,225 30	3,778,543 58	163,610	15,345	194,792,500	16,481,000	6.39
1900	**$2,204,092.89**	**$195,590.32**	**$1,381,860.94**	**$163,284.70**	**$4,483,364.44**	**180,717**	**17,107**	**$210,564,500**	**$15,772,000**	**6.53**

*Half Year's Business from 1st July to 31st December. †Includes Total and Permanent Disability and Old Age Benefits.

Accumulated Funds, 1st August, 1901, $4,666,732. **Total Benefits Paid to 1st August, 1901, $10,286,709**

Radnor

THE EMPRESS of TABLE WATERS

"Radnor is a purely natural water, brilliant, pleasantly sparkling and delicate to the taste."—The Lancet, London, Eng.

"Radnor is the most refreshing of natural mineral waters for table use, and mixes well with any wine or spirits. It takes its place in the front rank of table waters."—The Nursing News, London, England.

A. KELLY EVANS, - - Agent,
TEL. MAIN 3354. 25 FRONT STREET EAST, TORONTO

The Standard Fuel Co.

OF TORONTO, LIMITED. NOEL MARSHALL, Manager.

Youghiogheny for STEAM PURPOSES | **COAL** CANNOT BE EXCELLED | PLYMOUTH FOR DOMESTIC USE

Telephone 4103. TORONTO RAILWAY CHAMBERS, KING STREET EAST.

L. BABAYAN & CO.

40 King Street East, Toronto

LARGEST IMPORTERS IN THE DOMINION OF GENUINE

TURKISH PERSIAN RUGS

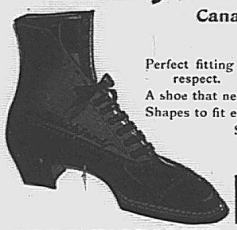
Carpets, Embroideries, Damascus Brassware and Novelties. Also all sorts of Oriental Art Goods. Rare and antique Persians a specialty. Telephone Main 3068.

BEANS FOR SALE

IN CARLOAD LOTS OR LESS.

The Canada Flour Mills Company, Limited,
CHATHAM, ONTARIO, CANADA

"Hagar"



Canada's Greatest Shoe for Women.

Perfect fitting and satisfactory in every respect.
A shoe that needs no breaking in.
Shapes to fit every foot.
Styles to suit all occasions.

EXCLUSIVE AGENTS IN TORONTO:

H. & C. Blachford
114 YONGE STREET

PARTICULAR CARE PAID TO MAIL ORDERS.

MANUFACTURED BY J. & T. BELL, MONTREAL

MATTHEWS ART GALLERY.

As usual at this season our stock is replete with all the new things in Original Paintings, Facsimiles, Carbon Prints, Engravings, etc. All the latest designs and new ideas in Mouldings and Frames.
Early inspection invited.

MACKENZIE & COMPANY,
95 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

PAUL'S SAFETY INKS and MUCILAGE

MANUFACTURED BY THE

Safety Bottle & Ink Co., Limited

Toronto. New York. London, Eng.

Principal Canadian Factory and Office—16 Wellington St. East, Toronto.

Canadian Express Company

Forwarders of Every Description of Freight, Live Stock, Money and Valuables

To all principal points in Canada and the United States. Direct and most expeditious service. Half a century's experience. SPECIAL ATTENTION TO CONSIGNMENTS FOR FOREIGN COUNTRIES. SPECIAL RATES ON FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LARGE CONSIGNMENTS.

Notes, Drafts, etc., collected with promptitude at exceptionally low rates.

MONEY ORDERS

The cheapest and most desirable medium of transmitting money in existence. Safe and convenient. No form to fill out. Payable at par at any express office or bank. Receipt given, and LOST ORDERS promptly refunded. No Red Tape.

THE YORK COUNTY LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY

[INCORPORATED] OF TORONTO, CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE: CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING TORONTO

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.
A. T. HUNTER, LL.B., Vice-President.
V. ROBIN, Treasurer
E. HUBT, Supervisor.
R. H. SANDERSON, Building Inspector.

BRANCH OFFICES

TORONTO WEST—Cor. Queen and Dovercourt.
HAMILTON—30 Hughson Street.
LONDON—Dundas and Clarence Streets.
WINNIPEG—3 Ottawa Bank Building.
HALIFAX, N.S.—39 Sackville Street.
OTTAWA—66 Bank Street.
MONTREAL—Canada Life Association Building
VANCOUVER—627 Hastings Street.
ST. JOHN, N.B.—Jardine Block.

Why Go South

If you desire change and recuperation. Visit the famous

ST. CATHARINES SALT SPRINGS

Baths in charge of physician and staff. Massage a specialty. Send for booklet to THE ST. CATHARINES MINERAL SPRINGS AND SANITARIUM COMPANY

"THE WELLAND," ST. Catharines, Ont.

THE ONTARIO SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE TORONTO



The school constitutes the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto.

Full courses in Civil, Mining, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering leading to degrees in each department.

The Calendar, which contains a list showing the positions held by graduates, will be mailed on application. A. T. LAING, SECRETARY.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES



relieved and in many cases cured; the progress of deafness stopped, and sensitive ears protected from cold winds by the

COMMON SENSE EAR DRUMS

which are made of soft rubber only, and are ABSOLUTELY INVISIBLE and comfortable. Write for pamphlet & testimonials, showing benefit where deafness is caused by sunstroke, catarrh, fever, discharges, colds, etc. The Common Sense Ear Drum and Medicine Company, Limited, Freehold Bldg., Toronto, Can. Mention this paper.

PACKARD LAMPS

The Packard Electric Co. [LIMITED]
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

UP-TO-DATE KARNAK CIGARETTES

NO PASTE

Our costumes bear a stamp of excellence in finish and style unapproached by any other

BOCQUET, BLOEM & CO.

Ladies' Tailors, Costumiers. 110 KING ST. W. TORONTO

E. T. CARTER,

Successor to JOHN HALLAM. Established 1865



WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Foreign and Domestic Wools, Hides, Skins, Tallow, Etc.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

83 AND 85 FRONT STREET EAST, TORONTO

Chatham Wagons

BUILT FOR EVERY REQUIREMENT.

FACTORY AND HEAD OFFICE.

CHATHAM, ONT., CANADA

Drink Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea
The best in the World

THE MONROE IMPROVED GOLD CURE.
Safe and Reliable Treatment for the Cure of . .
Alcohol, Morphine Cocaine and Tobacco Habits.
Endorsed by The New York Journal of Health. M. J. McKAY, Proprietor, WINDSOR, ONT.

The Boiler Inspection and Insurance Co.
TORONTO

JOHN L. BLAIKIE, ESQ. PRESIDENT.
E. W. RATHBUN, ESQ., VICE-PRESIDENT.
GEO. C. ROBB, CHIEF ENGINEER.
H. N. ROBERTS, SECRETARY-TREASURER.

Are you satisfied with the results obtained from your steam boilers? Are your boilers safe? When were they last inspected?

USEFUL CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR YOUR MECHANICAL FRIEND.
SPRING CALIPERS
SPRING DIVIDERS
SURFACE GAUGES
STEEL SQUARES
MICROMETER CALIPERS
AIKENHEAD HARDWARE CO. Phone Main 3800. 6 ADELAIDE STREET EAST.

CORNER KING AND YORK STS
RATES $2.00 PER DAY
Iroquois Hotel
TORONTO, CANADA
G. A. GRAHAM, PROP.

Over SEVENTY YEARS' Established Reputation.
NEAVE'S FOOD FOR Infants, Invalids and the Aged
GOLD MEDAL AWARDED, WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1900.



SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D., ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, recommends Neave's Food as "an excellent food, admirably adapted to the wants of infants and young persons; and, being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."

NEAVE'S FOOD is used in the RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."—Lancet.
In 1-lb. patent air-tight tins.
Manufacturers: JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., Fordingbridge, England.

THE BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL
A CHURCH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
Wykeham Hall, College Street, TORONTO.
Thirty-fifth Year
President: The Right Rev. The Bishop of Toronto
An excellent course of Manual Training, Domestic Arts, Cooking, Plain Sewing, Dressmaking, Millinery, Lace-making, Art and Ecclesiastical Embroidery, also Leather Modelling and Chip and Wood Carving. Music and Painting in all their branches by the best masters. For Calendar, apply to MISS ACRES, LADY PRINCIPAL.

Every Travelling Trunk and Household Ought to Contain a Bottle of



Eno's 'Fruit Salt'
A Simple Remedy for Preventing and Curing by Natural Means All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, etc.
The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' on a disordered, sleepless and feverish condition is simply marvellous. It is, in fact, nature's own remedy, and an unsurpassed one. Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Limited, 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., ENG., by J. C. ENO'S Patent. Wholesale of MESSRS. EVANS & SONS, Limited, Montreal and Toronto, Canada.

Are You Alive
To your own interests? Then you will become a customer of these dyeing and cleaning works, where by the most improved methods we re-dye or clean your articles of wearing apparel—those of home use—curtains, draperies, carpets—almost any thing. We make for economy always.
R. PARKER & CO.
Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto
Head Office and Works: 787-791 Yonge Street. Branches: Montreal, Hamilton, London, St. Catharines, Woodstock, Galt, Brantford.

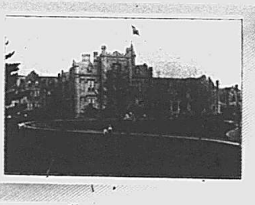
S. & H. HARRIS
WATERPROOF
HARNESS COMPOSITION

Brilliant, Beneficial



Unrivalled

SADDLE SOAP.
SADDLE PASTE—Waterproof.
HARNESS LIQUID.
JET BLACK OIL—For Harness.
BLACK DYE—For Staining Leather.
CURRIERS' DUBBING—Black or Yellow.
BRITISH POLISHING PASTE For Cleaning Metals and Glass.
EBONITE WATERPROOF BLACKING
MANUFACTORY: LONDON, ENG.
AGENTS FOR CANADA: B. & S. H. THOMPSON & CO., MONTREAL



ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE
and Ontario Conservatory of Music and Art, WHITBY, ONT.
Palatial Buildings, Beautiful Grounds, Healthful Surroundings. Up-to-date Equipment and the ablest staff of specialists to be found in any similar college in this country. For Calendar and further information address
REV. J. J. HARE, Ph.D., Principal.

THE POLICIES OF THE
Manufacturers and Temperance and General Life Assurance Co.
Are sought after because of their
Simplicity;
Entire absence of conditions and Restrictions after issue;
Non-forfeiture clause;
And up-to-date regulations
Regarding cash, loan and paid-up values;
And because of the strength of the Company, which has over $27,000,000 of business in force and a total security to policy-holders of over $4,500,000.
HON. GEO. W. ROSS, President. J. F. JUNKIN, Managing Director.
Head Office: - - - TORONTO.

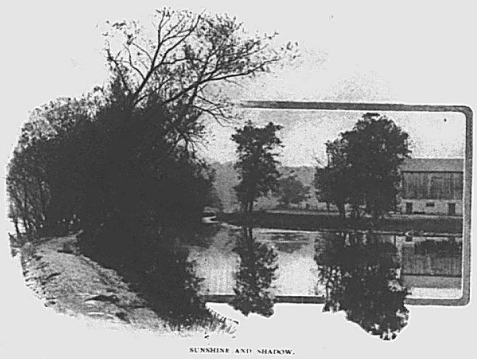
have a bit of sky that shows up clean as in an etching every chimney and whirligig, and, springing through all, the top of a silver birch that bends slowly over eastward like a priest at his orisons. The heavy winds here are from the west.

And the town lying asleep a mile away! A minute since it was all aglow and blinking in the sunshine. Now every tree and house is blue-black. That huge cloud, white as wool on the south, thunderously grey on the north, is the magician. Everything in its shadow seems on a sudden to have come quite near. The church tower stands up square and frowning. A tall thread of a factory chimney throws up a funnel of wood smoke into the air so slowly that you see every ring and curl as it silently unfolds. Someone is busy.

All this gorgeousness in the leaves, as if the hills were a heap of blazing fuel and the woods its flame, is the slow chill of the ground working upward. Thus cold science says. I prefer to think of it in the old way, of Jack Frost stealing like a thief in the night, in the hour of moonset, when all the world is sleeping, among the boughs and branches and laying a finger here, and here, and here. His breath is like blood on all it touches. It is like the murder-stain on the floors of old English castles which will never wash out nor fade.

The orchard puts no faith in gaudy garmentry. If you would have color, say the gnarled and reeling trees, look at the sleek apples on our boughs. Barrels stand under them, and the pickers are busy with pail and ladder. Their jests ring out as they leisurely munch and pick. How white the mild acids of the fruit make their teeth!

Face the sun. He is kindly. There all the color vanishes as with the sweep of a hand. The hayricks stand like figures in a silhouette. A solitary elm, with its leaves off, makes an uncanny picture—the death's head in the landscape. How the leaves crackle as they part from it! Dust to dust! It is a sad moment, this, in the life of a tree. Now, too, you may see what has been tickling your face so persistently since you set out—multitudes of little gnats soaring about quite like instruments of fate. The whole air towards the sun is dancing with their ephemeral millions.



SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

Why do that far-away bell and the puffing of the train sound so loud? Because it is Indian summer. I can think of no other reason for this sensitiveness of the atmosphere both to sight and hearing. And the sparrows are going to bed already. It takes them half an hour of riotous conclave before they can settle for the night in the creepers about my window. These are the people who wake me so early o' mornings; it is not their fault if I have not the three graces of the proverb. That train is for the city now, a hundred miles away in this country of distances. How it roars over the bridge beyond the town, the woods thundering back the sound a hundredfold. There is a scarcely palpable breeze, yet the windmill is speaking to the whole countryside. The bell a minute ago told the letting-out of the little school a mile back on the concession road. Now you hear the shouts of the children and the battles of the rival bands as they part for the night. Down in the river flats the meadow-larks are calling out their long, full notes, sweet and clear as in the first days of spring. Do they ever go away so long as the snow leaves one little patch of open ground!

(My dog looks helplessly up at me as I straddle the friendly fence; a half an hour gone and our walk no more than begun. The cattle have seen him afar off and are coming on the run from all quarters of the field. Now they stand in a ring around us, heads down and their great eyes blankly staring. Curiosity rather than anger is the meaning of their tremendous sniffing: Dan knows them for what they are, and when they come too near just lifts a lip with ever so slight a noise. Whereupon they back discreetly off for a minute.)

Shall we cross the wheat? It will do it no harm. Being fall sown it is the freshest of green things now, passing its time of youth like a child born to aged parents, when all the rest of nature is mellowing and mature. Pluck up one of the clean little blades, if you can without breaking it, soft and brittle as it is with all the juices of spring. There is the seed, a useless pulp. The white rootlets spread out below, the stalk springing from their midst and turning upward toward the sky, just as surely as the others burrow down and take their grip of the earth. No mistake about direction! Have you ever seen malt made? Then you know how root and stem meet and go on their separate ways here in the dark earth.

What a delicate picture is this—earth wet and black, overspread with a wavering sheen of unsullied verdure that the silk-weaver might strive after in vain. Here and there the catch has failed. Something clogged a drill here, and away across the field goes the wide black streak of its barren progress till a jolt set the seed free again, and the green line recommences. The Canada thistle is here, impudent and tender. In the bits of lighter soil the stones show white as milk with the bleachings of rain and sun.

See that white fellow take wing yonder with a twitter half of anger, half derisive! He is the plover, our tame substitute for the lapwing of Scottish moors. * * * * *

These are the woods, austere and cavernous, half disrobed for the long sleep of winter. They have spread their carpet. The autumn feast of the nuts is ready. Not a nook nor cranny of the ground, not a smooth grassy glade but is buried beneath a pall as obliterating as the snow itself. The leaves that hung a day ago so red and beautiful above lie under foot now, a uniform rusty brown, all life gone out of them. If you close a hand on one it is dust. Among them the beeches and chestnut trees have scattered their prickly burrs, and bursting forth are the rich red nuts with their fillets of silver grey. And if the fields were fragrant, how speak of the woods? The air, redolent of all the soft, piney smells—spruce, and hemlock, and tamarack, all trees that cast not the slough—mingles with these the odor of the fallen maple leaf, sweet as its sap. Gather a few of these together, strike a match, and see the rich aromatic smoke pour forth, ending in a



From painting by Ben Austrian.

THE INTRUDER.

[O Child Buried in a Meadow]



Thou liest sinless in the sunlit grasses,
The golden summer round thy sunny heart,
And every gleam and gentle breeze that passes
Seems of thy rest a part.

The cricket, the cicada and the bee
Sing sweet their summer cadence round thy rest;
And the wild summer blossoms, glad and free,
Bloom bright above thy breast.

Thou wert not made for life and its mad sorrow,
Its eating evil, hate, and aching pain;
Thy happiness was rounded one short morrow
Of childhood sweet and fain.

Glad neighbor to the lives of wood and meadow,
The wind and sun companions to thy joy,
For thee earth held with scarce an argent shadow
Life's gold without alloy.

Earth hath not held a spirit purer, rarer,
Than thee abroad, winged by thy sunny heart,
With air and sunlight, innocent sweet sharer,
Shut out with joy apart.

And when death came and weaned thee from thy play,
And life's last night loomed shouldering up his hill,
Thou dreamedst it was love's lips at close of day
That kissed thee to be still.

W. Wilfrid Campbell.



J. E. LAUGHLIN.

burst of vivid flame. Tread it out before you leave it. * * * Yonder, Carrion Crow built his nest, lofty and invisible when he tenanted it. The red squirrel is making his usual fuss over an intruder. But the chipmunk is abed for the winter, curled up and very stupid beside his pile of white, shelled beechnuts. The general air of the woods is one of desertion—a vast cathedral to which one enters and ponders and hears his footfall echo along the aisle.

There is a deadly sound to that axe ringing through the crowded interstices of the forest. The farmers are early getting out their wood this year. It means death to many a noble tree before the winter is done. Even as I stop to listen, a sudden sound of rending comes on the wind; the crashing of branches follows; there is the dull blow of the trunk on the earth; and the last protest of a life of dignity and beauty has been spoken against encroaching and insatiable man. Follow the axe sounds. Deeper in, the underwood increases and the trees themselves, closer planted, soar upward straight as wands for a breath of the sun and the sky. We cross a clearing presently where raspberries grow and the burrs cling tight, well knowing that it is high time to get their wares off their hands. The sounds grow clearer. Suddenly I catch the white gleam of the cleft wood.

We have found them. Two lithe, middle-sized men in cowhides, derry trousers and flannel shirts, open at the throat, showing muscle in billows everywhere — many nations of ancestors already merged into the new type. They handle an axe with the nicety of artists. All intricacies of grain and cross-grain are known to them at a glance of the eye. When a knot interposes, wedge and mallet come into play. The sound lacks the clear cut resonance of the axe, but it carries farther. When the block is only twisted in the grain they split it with alternate blows, one holding his axe in the cleft while the other strikes home, till with a final shriek the billet lies in two. Put your nose to a bit of the newly cloven wood if you would smell the most delicate aroma distilled in nature's laboratory.

The river is very low, a mere succession of dark hued pools, still and shadowy, the water tinkling over the stones between in a long, low song of inexpressible sweetness. Its wide, dry bed almost hurts the eyes, so blinding white it shines in the sun, except where some subsiding eddy of the springtide had heaped a little mound of sandy earth in which the swamp grass has caught and now waves luxuriantly. As I show myself on a sudden over the brink of the water, scrambling down the bank that shuts the valley from the country round, a bass sunning himself near the top catches sight of me the moment I first see him. Off he goes, stately as a ship, in a sort of dignified alarm. One flick of the tail and he moves as at mere volition — the eagle of these inland waters.

It is unwise to judge these rivers of ours by any one month of the year. If you could see this docile streamlet in the first spring freshet, dashing roods of ice floes before it and piling them up on one another with a crash! Then its hoarse voice speaks to the country for miles around. Then, too, beware should it take thought of a new channel. No power of man could curb it then. That bank yonder, haunt of the nocturnal coon and where the fox has had his den for generations, recedes a quarter of a mile; its feet are grown up with trees a yard in thickness; yet the river was there of old, and one day will revisit its ancient haunts. That deeper pool, where the shattered and twisted timbers point with tortured gestures at the sky, marks what a river of this sort will do when they bridge it with dams. One year it fretted at the barrier, then ruined the rash builder like a snap of the fingers. Far below, you may stumble some day on the rotting timbers, where, after taking its sport of them for a mile, it tossed them high on a jutting bank. There let them lie.

(Brer Muskrat is a veritable ostrich. When he went under that stump the other day he left his quarters out. I gave him the tip of my rod and he left in a hurry. To-day he permits no such familiarity, and there is but a circle in the water to show where he sank.)

We have walked the river a mile, and it is time for the homeward turning. Heigho, the bank is steep! A drink at the spring, half way up? How pretty the sodden leaves are at the bottom as the touch of your lips sets them uneasily stirring. Sure 'twas at such a mirror Narcissus fell in love. But see the sun! He has his chin on the western woods! I might have known as much from below by that great pink cloud in the east and the little rags of red straight above. His ruddy face bespeaks good weather for to-morrow, and a fair beginning to our Indian summer. Over the fields, as I make across them for the road that takes me home, comes the autumn chilliness, creeping up in the gathering dusk out of the valleys and woodlands. Dan has come to heel without ordering. The road is wet with dew. The wind is dead; the mill-wheel stands darkly pointing where the last flaw left it. A little bird is chittering somewhere out of the gloaming. At home, I know, there are bright fires and the supper laid under the cheerful lamplight.

Do I believe in nymph and dryad, in ancient Pan and the Satyrs, and, as the moon swings up into the east, in Cytherean Venus leading out the dances of the Graces, "imminente Luna"—as the old poet sings? Not here, not now, though a pagan can find no language but this of the old Greeks and Romans. It is the Indian, the despised and the rejected one, who, far more beautifully and mystically, spiritualizes rather than materializes the things of nature, to whom we must leave the peopling of these lands and woods with the gods that are in them. For when October, fairy-cheeked and with tresses dishevelled, like the damsel of the old Persian hymn ("O Thou, to the arch of whose eyebrow the new moon is a slave"), bids one bind on his shoulders the thread of paganism, he is a poor fellow who must not, "abandoning his heart and rapt in ecstasy," run after her even to the place where reason forsakes him, to quaff of her full goblet.

CANADA, MY COUNTRY!

My country! To this longing heart thou'rt dear!
For I was born where maples crown the hills,
Where skies are blue as blue eyes filled with love,
And where green pastures stoop to kiss the rills,
Where tasseled corn-fields rustle in the breeze,
Where, line on line, the old farmhouses stand,
Where school bells ring and farmers whet the scythe,
Amid the vales of my dear native land!

My country! To this longing heart thou'rt dear!
For I have dwelt for years upon the plain,
Where the cloud-shadow glides all silently
Over the prairie and the seas of grain,
Where all the day long the hawk soars overhead,
Where all night long the coyote strangely cries,
Where the winds blow forever, high or low,
And the round landscape melts into the skies.

My country! To this longing heart thou'rt dear!
And oft I dream of scenes in thy domain:
I see the tall, sad grasses rise and fall
On the salt marshes by the Acadian main,
By its green shores, by white-walled hamlets fair;
I see the river Cartier sailed of yore,
And all the fir-crowned mountains of the West
Bending their heads to list the ocean's roar.

W. H. Belford.

The whole human family is under forty-five principal governments, of which only six are absolute monarchies and fifteen are limited monarchies.

A spaewife, examining the hand of a young swell, told his fortune thus:—"Young man, until you reach the age of 35 you will be very hard up." The young man, thinking riches would then flow, mildly inquired, "And what then?" The spaewife was equal to the occasion, and promptly replied, "Oh, by that time you'll get used to it."



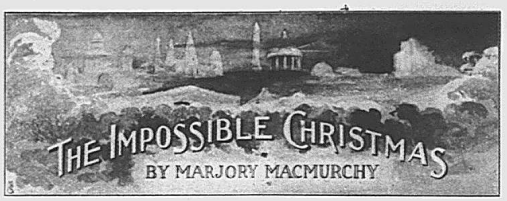




The Christmas Globe, 1901.

By permission of E. Woodbury Hunt, Concord, Mass.

CLARIBEL.



VANESSA had been told that she had already experienced several Christmases; but as far as she was concerned this was a mistake. She might have taken part in celebrating Christmas as an unconscious member of her family, but she had not been aware of it. They had probably let her sleep too long in the morning, as her elders had a habit of doing when anything exciting was going to happen; and then had waked her up and smiled and said it was Christmas. What was Christmas that it would enable her to open her eyes from a deep sleep and fall into raptures over it? But this humiliating ignorance belonged to other years: Vanessa was going to meet Christmas on an equal footing this time, or die for it.

Although no grown-up person would have suspected her of it, Vanessa hated being enthusiastic about the wrong thing. There were appearances in this world that falsely assumed an interesting aspect at first, and turned out to be considered beneath the intelligence even of a child of eight. Vanessa had found this out for herself some time ago; and now by instinct she kept the corner of her eye trained on her grown-up surroundings. If they paid no attention to an object on the street that Vanessa was tempted to find wonderful, she would call her attention to heel again; and, suspended from her mother's finger that went on holding Vanessa long after they had abandoned themselves to the comparative safety of a street car, she would try to display deep intelligence about crossings and shop windows, in the hope that some day, perhaps, her mother would agree with their neighbor, Mrs. Platt, and say that Vanessa was clever. So far she never had agreed.

"Mrs. Brown, my dear, that child of yours is wonderful. She makes me so sorry for my own children, poor things. But what could they expect, with their mother's brains? I never was one to think."

All Vanessa's consciousness immediately drifted to the ear next her mother and Mrs. Platt.

"But what dear little children you have, Mrs. Platt. They can all read, I believe. Vanessa cannot read. She has never been to school, of course; and her father and I think it just as well that she should have no lessons at home. But still Vanessa cannot read."

Vanessa's ear at this would shrink back, mortified. No; her mother knew that she was not clever. But Vanessa could never give up trying to be a little clever, for her mother's sake. That was one reason why she was so careful about her enthusiasms. There was a man, for instance, on the corner with blue and pink balloons. How they floated! What made them float like that? Vanessa's mind became so buoyant from gazing at them that she believed if she were only tied to the end of a stick she might sway and flutter upward in the air in the same way. But after all, were the pink and the blue balloons really wonderful? She would try Mrs. Brown on the subject.

"Mother, see the man on the corner with the balloons? Aren't they pretty, mother? They float, don't they, mother, dear!"

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Brown would respond, absently, doing a housekeeping sum about groceries and stockings in her head, "balloons are made to float."

Clearly from Mrs. Brown's tone there was nothing wonderful about balloons. Vanessa was not clever yet; but, after all, it was only her mother that she wanted to think her clever.

For this reason she had been very cautious about Christmas. She had explored the mind of everyone she knew to see if they thought it was wonderful; and they all did. Christmas, it seemed, was the real thing to expend one's heart upon. Priscilla, Maud, Hector, Rafe, her mother, her father, even; Jane Sors, who did the family washing; Martha, who had been in the kitchen ever since Vanessa could remember; they all said that Christmas was Christmas, simply the biggest thing that Vanessa could imagine. She knew that they were not deceiving her; she could see that they meant what they said.

So Vanessa braced herself for Christmas. She clung to life tooth and nail, lest any shred of Christmas should escape her. Her enthusiasm went in, and became all the more deadly since she could say so little about it in comparison with her feelings. Christmas could bear all the pressure that Vanessa was able to put upon it; then let Vanessa struggle with it properly.



• • • "Vanessa's fixed idea was that Della Brown should have her doll.

Christmas was a particular day in the year: good; but what did that mean? People gave one presents. Perhaps that was it. If she were only given the right presents she would exhaust Christmas. The vague, intangible blessing that there was in Christmas trembled and grew vast before Vanessa's eyes. Her mind was always on tiptoe after it. It was her sunset, her morning star. Every little prayer, little repentance and little joy that Vanessa had ever known gathered themselves into Christmas, and drew her, fascinated, after them. She would be good, oh she would be clever, if she could only just manage to get her arms round whatever it was that was so lovely about Christmas. She couldn't understand what it meant; but they weren't deceiving her. Mrs. Brown, with her shining eyes, when Vanessa asked her if Christmas was really the greatest day in all the year—Mrs. Brown herself, who was a wonderfully pretty creature as well as being Vanessa's mother, was responsible for the greater part of Vanessa's delirium. If someone like that were to put her hands upon your head when you were praying at her knee don't you suppose, if you were a little girl, you would believe that in the cool of Christmas day, at least, not only men and women would walk upon the earth? There was no reason, as far as Vanessa could see, why a state of eternal ecstasy was not immediately obtainable, at least on Christmas day. They all assured her that it was true; it is not very surprising that she should believe them.

Vanessa reformed her way of life as far as possible. Something wonderful was going to happen to her on Christmas day; and if she were not ready for it there would be another little girl who was a wicked sinner and had found life a fleeting show: the hymns said that was what happened, and Vanessa was uncommonly well up in hymns. She longed for Christmas night and morning. The Delectable Mountains never looked fairer at the very end of life than Christmas did to Vanessa Brown the first time she could remember. These white, shining, beautiful, far-away towers on the very edge of the sky of December, that was Christmas; and there Vanessa was going to enter in for ever, ever more.

After a certain number of conversations as to what Christmas really meant, Mrs. Brown advised Vanessa to think about the subject for herself. There was no use trying to put a brake on Vanessa's mind; she would just have to run up against Christmas on her own account. Mrs. Brown smiled a little, couldn't help thinking that Vanessa was a little goose, although she loved her, and decided that Christmas was going to be a difficult day. Since she could do nothing for Vanessa herself, Mrs. Brown abandoned her youngest to the rest of the Brown children; let them jumble up their minds together on the subject.

Priscilla and Maud, on being consulted, seemed to know all that one needed to know about Christmas; they handled the festival with ease and directness.

"At Christmas we all give father and mother a present. We will take your money and put it with ours, and buy them a lovely present."

Yes, of course; they must all give father and mother a present; Vanessa assented to that. But, wasn't there something else? That had not been her idea of Christmas, precisely.

Well, then, of course, each of them would get a present; one in the morning at home, and several during the afternoon at the family Christmas tree, which was held for convenience at the house of Mrs. Major-General Swinerton Brown, who had lived in India, and was called by all the Browns Grandmother Begum, no matter how distantly they might be related to her.

Vanessa let herself sink into an atmosphere of bliss. It was through these presents Christmas must operate. If she only got the right presents how happy she would be! But she could not tell what kind of presents would have this effect. She must ask Priscilla and Maud.

Didn't she know? They looked at her askance. What would Vanessa need to be told next! Why, what did she want? People were happy at Christmas if they got what they wanted. But Vanessa didn't know. Not candy; oh, Christmas wasn't candy; not picture books, not a skipping rope, not a toy trumpet, nor a toy cart.

Then, said Priscilla and Maud, with the decision of human beings who have had experience, and handling Vanessa's mind as if it had been a newborn babe, it must be a doll. Why, of course, it must be a doll, with hair and eyes and clothes, fair or dark hair, eyes that could shut or would always remain open, clothes sewed on, or, on the contrary, removable by hand, according to the price.

Vanessa sighed with relief as the great thought filled her mind. It must be a doll. If she had a doll (she had several already, but this one must be different) she would never be unhappy nor disappointed again. All the blessings that Christmas could give would flow down to Vanessa through a doll.

She never questioned what Priscilla and Maud had said; she knew now exactly what she needed for Christmas, and in the midst of her furious absorption in the acquisition of this doll she remained unaware of the astonishment of Mrs. Brown. Was it really a doll that Vanessa wanted? Oh, yes; Priscilla and Maud were sure; they had heard her say so. She hadn't seemed fond of dolls before; but Vanessa now was regenerate. It was the mother nature stirring in her little bosom after a somewhat



• • • "She needed no one to tell her that she ought to go to sleep.

hardened youth of eight years' indifference to dolls, said Mr. Brown, with a choke in his voice. Was it indeed? said Mrs. Brown, thoughtfully.

The adverse side of Christmas for Vanessa became concentrated in a cousin, Della Brown. Della Brown had been invited to stay with them for Christmas, because she was an orphan and could only live with an aunt who had brought her up by hand, so Vanessa had heard people say, after her mother died. It didn't make any difference to Della that Vanessa was the youngest of the family, or that she was considered rather interesting in her own way by her brothers and sisters. She was younger than the rest of them were, and that meant, or should mean, a state of subjection. The rest of the family were in the habit of leaving the secret contents of Vanessa's mind alone; but for Della to know a thing was to tell it, regardless of the

REUNION OF THE REESOR FAMILY AT MARKHAM, JULY 17TH 1901.

There are over nine hundred descendants of Christian Reesor living in Canada. This gathering of about four hundred of the family was held on the 17th July last, and is probably without a parallel in the history of Canada. Christian Reesor (1747-1806) was a U. E. Loyalist and settled in the township of Markham in 1804, with his wife, Fanny Detweiler, and six children—Peter, John, Abraham, Christian, Elizabeth and Barbara. The centennial anniversary of this event will be celebrated by another reunion of the whole family in 1904. His father, Peter R. (1713-1804), was a Swiss Mennonite minister. The family fled from Switzerland, at the time of the religious persecutions, to Upper Bairen, and from there Peter R., with his wife and two children, emigrated to America and settled in Lancaster County, Pa., in 1739, and engaged in milling and farming. One of the family name, Frederick Reiser, born 1401, was a Waldensian Bishop and a leader in the Reformation at the time of John Huss. He, with his companion and patroness, Anna Weiler, suffered martyrdom at Strassburg in 1458.



agonized look on a face framed in black curls that might seem touching to one's immediate relatives, but was as nothing to Della. In some occult way she became aware of the glow in Vanessa's mind in connection with a doll; and at Grandmother Begum's on Christmas afternoon Vanessa could see her moving from one Brown to another, always with her mouth at the one angle, always with a finger that would have liked to be pointed at Vanessa were it not for the fact that Vanessa's own Mrs. Brown had told her that it was not considered polite for little girls to point.

"Vanessa wants a doll; and say; I know that Vanessa is going to get one. She's awful mocny about dolls. Say, I helped Grandmother Begum pick it out for her."

Vanessa knew what she was saying; she knew that everyone was feeling a little sorry for her, except the younger Browns, who, like Della, pitied her because she was a silly kid; and for the life of her Vanessa couldn't see why. She sat beside her mother, her mind divided between an inclination to put one finger in her mouth or to put out her tongue, just a little way, at Della. The Brown blood was beginning to stir faintly in Vanessa's heart, although the glamour of her expectation had not yet faded an atom. When Della gave Vanessa a chance she might receive a surprise.

Hector and Rafe, Priscilla, Maud and Della, and all the other young Browns, went up and down before Vanessa's eyes on their way to and from Grandmother Begum's Christmas tree, bulging with possession, and quite unaware that they were walking crooked when they came back in their anxiety to see what their various families had given them.

Then Grandmother Begum waved her hand at Vanessa, and they all began to cry. "Vanessa, here's your doll. Oh, what a beauty! Vanessa, take it in your arms. Here's your doll. Take your doll. Say thank you. There, now you have your doll. Don't let anyone take it from you."

She couldn't speak. Tears were tumbling down her cheeks. She pushed away Della, who wanted to see the doll, although she had helped Grandmother Begum to choose it. Where could she go? What could she do to discover if the doll had really plucked the very heart out of Christmas?

There was, fortunately, in the middle of the next room a large table covered with a cloth that hung down on every side. Regardless of her dignity and of Della's contempt for her as a baby, Vanessa crept in underneath the table to hide herself and the doll. No one said anything to her. Was it possible that they guessed that Vanessa had something in her arms so much bigger than the doll that she was like to be overcome by it? In any case they left her alone, a little passion underneath the table, quite sure that she was being laughed at, but too near the brink of what souls and bodies mean to care about that.

She took the doll in both hands, held it up before her, and looked straight into its eyes. The doll looked back. Vanessa shook her head a little and folded her lips. Then she laid the doll in her arms and rocked it gently for a while as she knew mothers did with their babies. Where was the glory? Something inadequate and immovable about the doll smote her like a blow from an invisible hand. Was this all the doll could do for her? Was this Christmas? This!

They had given her a doll! Only a doll! A senseless, stupid, thoughtless, speechless thing. And she had expected—what had she expected? Heavens, what had she thought a doll was? Della would have said. Vanessa didn't know; but not this. The look that wasn't a look in the eyes that were so obviously meant to smile maddened her. The pressure of the unresponsive body against her living bosom struck to her very heart. She had made a mistake after all.

Was there nothing that she could do about it?

* * * * * *

When Vanessa crawled out from beneath the table she was in what is described by devotees of child life as a mood. A child in a mood is marked by a glittering eye, a breathless look about the skin, and a determined refusal to have the cause of her excitement discussed by those who know her best. But the main characteristic of the child in a mood is a fixed idea. Vanessa's fixed idea was that Della Brown should have her doll.

If Vanessa had been at home she would not have had a mood, nor would she have tried to make a delusion of Della. Mrs. Brown was not the lady in whose presence such an atmosphere survived. But Vanessa knew enough to feel that many things may happen in a crowd. All this was most inarticulate in her mind, but it was there.

"Grandmother Begum's doll!"

Yes; that was what Vanessa meant.

The Brown mothers exchanged significant glances. Dear little thing; it was because Della had no mother of her own that Vanessa wanted her to have her doll. The Brown mothers were not surprised. Vanessa's own Mrs. Brown was known to bring up children beautifully. But no one would have guessed from Della's surprise and Vanessa's glare that they loved each other.

"Keep your pretty doll, dear. Tell your own aunty what is the matter with Vanessa. Della can have another doll to take home with her if she wants it."

No; Della must have no doll but Vanessa's. Would Vanessa sleep that night if Della didn't have her doll? No, indeed, Vanessa wouldn't. She was vastly obliged for the hint. She knew exactly what course to take with the Brown mothers now.

But her own silent mother all this time was being confirmed in a suspicion that a sudden departure for home would be the best thing that could happen to Vanessa.

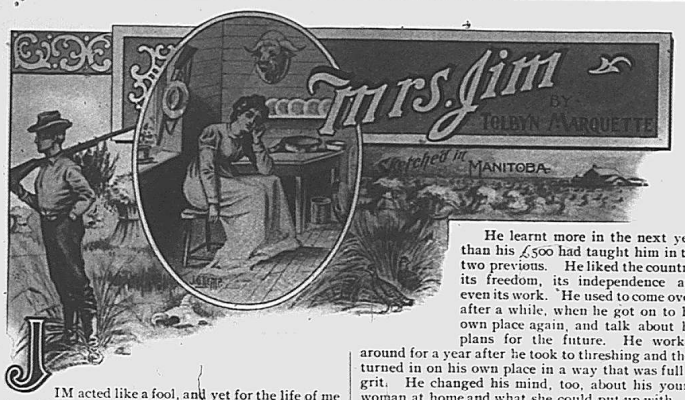
Della had the doll that had wounded Vanessa, but which Della admired excessively; and Vanessa was requested to do the one thing she wanted to do: she had to go to bed.

She needed no one to tell her that she ought to go to sleep. All good little girls sleep on Christmas night just the same as on other nights. But before she could sleep and forget the disappointing world of daytime, her mother's lips, as soft as roses, were pressed against her cheek. She saw Mrs. Brown's face, lovely through the shadowed light, bending over her; and the child's breast, that had ached at the touch of a doll, was lifted like a flower to meet the bosom of her mother.

"Would you like me to sing to you before you go to sleep, Vanessa?" asked Mrs. Brown.

Oh, if she would! cried Vanessa. Held in that look, that she could not understand, but that meant more to her than if it had been an angel's, Vanessa knew in some incommunicable way for a moment that she had not been altogether denied her sweet, far-away, never-to-be-quite-realized dream of Christmas.

Worrying is one of the greatest drawbacks to happiness. Most of it can be avoided if we only determine not to let trifles annoy us, for the largest amount of worrying is caused by the smallest trifles.



JIM acted like a fool, and yet for the life of me I can't help being sorry. The worst of it is, there's no one really to blame. Jim came out at twenty-two, with the spirits of a boy, the heart of a woman (worse luck) and the luck of an Englishman.

He took up the quarter section next to mine, spent what cash he had first go-off, took it into his bullet head that all the honest men were rogues, and the few that weren't square were honest, and landed after two years without a cent of his £500 left, no improvements to speak of on the place, and not even any practical experience.

I hadn't much opinion of him then. Besides, I was one of the fellows whom he'd made up his mind was a sharper, because I wanted to give him a word of advice when he first came on the east quarter of 33—our section. However, I knew he was down on his luck, and had come to hardpan; and when he showed up one evening at my shanty I wasn't sorry to see him.

I wish Jim's lady love could have seen him then; it would have saved him a heap of trouble. He came in and sat down, lit his pipe and chatted away about various things, until all of a sudden he started in about his own affairs. Well, you know, the fellow must have been just starving for some one to talk out to. I believe he'd have talked to old Danny Ruggles!

"It's not for myself I care a rap, Douglass," he said; "but, you see, I'm engaged."

"The dickens!" said I. "Who to?"

"Oh! not here," he said; "we were engaged before I came out. It's pretty hard on her, you know. If it cost me £500 to find out I was a fool, that's my own look-out; but she's waiting there, you see."

"Humph," I said, "it was hard enough without that. I suppose she doesn't want to break it off?"

"I beg your pardon?" he said, politely.

"Oh! nothing," I said. "Why don't you write to her to come along? You could soon start alright, and two pairs of hands are better than one."

"Good Lord, Douglass! what would you have me bring her to?—Why, there's not even a pig-sty on my place that's weather-proof."

"I could let you have a set of logs," I said.

"Thanks, old fellow; but that's no use. She couldn't stand it, and no more could I."

"All right," said I; "that settles it. If I were some of you fellows' fiances waiting there in the old country, hanged if I wouldn't come out and hurry you up a bit, all the same."

He talked a little more, and seemed to find some comfort in letting me see what a fool he'd made of himself. He must have been feeling pretty seedy, for he'd never let out like that before since he'd been in the country. I can't say I thought the worse of him for it.

A few days later I heard he had joined a threshing gang, and then I knew his pluck would see him through.



• • • "He gave a grip that said the rest."

He learnt more in the next year than his £500 had taught him in the two previous. He liked the country, its freedom, its independence and even its work. He used to come over, after a while, when he got on to his own place again, and talk about his plans for the future. He worked around for a year after he took to threshing and then turned in on his own place in a way that was full of grit. He changed his mind, too, about his young woman at home and what she could put up with. I expect four years' waiting was getting monotonous.

How those girls who have so little real grit in them (thank the Lord, there aren't many of them) can wait the time they do, sometimes, for some fellow out in the colonies, when they must have other chances, I don't pretend to know. I suppose an imaginary martyrdom to constancy in a comfortable home is easier than to be a good wife in an uncomfortable one. Anyway, she'd waited for him.

I'd been away from home for a couple of months, and was coming up on the train to Burrow, our nearest station, a distance of forty-five miles from us. There was a young lady in our car whom I noticed, partly because of her wearied expression, which was not unnatural after fourteen hours in a slow train; and partly because she remained among the last passengers as night fell, and seemed, like myself, to be bound for the terminus of the line, as it turned out she was, and I carried her valise out for her and saw her into the wagonette that represented the one hotel at Burrow.

I went to a friend's house next day, and on walking up from town, where I had been all morning, I was considerably surprised to see the young lady comfortably installed on Mrs. Ramsay's best sofa, with a piece of embroidery or some such stuff in her hand. Mrs. Ramsay introduced me to her—Miss Rainsford—but though I did my best for twenty minutes, I could not make much of her.

Languid, haughty, with a superior air of boredom that I had seen before. By accent—"London city!"

"A dreadful country." "Did I really live here?" "A Canadian. No; was I really?" "Was not Canada a funny place?" She had not sufficient energy to open her teeth in order to speak properly—and she drawled. She viewed the nakedness of the land over a rampart of chin. She was very good-looking and fashionably dressed.

"How did you come upon her?" I asked Ramsay, as I helped him hitch up his horses after dinner.

"Oh, poor girl, she came to meet her fiancé, and he didn't turn up. Rather awkward for her. I made her acquaintance at the Royal this morning. Janey asked her up here till he comes. I guess you know the fellow—Jim Stratton. He comes from down your way."

"Stratton!" I exclaimed. "He's on the same section. You don't say so. So that's her."

"Well, you'd better go in and descant on his virtues," Ramsay said, gathering up his reins, laughing.

Jim's wife! You know it somehow knocked me endways. And Jim was such a bright, plucky, vigorous fellow. What did he see in her? And then it struck me that Jim had changed since he had come out four years ago. He had learnt to work. He had learnt to know the country and its ways. He liked many things and many people now, that he once looked down upon. She hadn't changed, except to get more "sot in her ways." She'd never get on out here!

I thought of Jim's log house. He was as proud of it now as if it had been a palace. But I thought of his exclamation, "She couldn't stand it," and wondered why he had altered his opinion. "Jim has changed, and thinks she has," I said to myself. And in a couple of days they'll be tied together! I wonder if his fancy has painted her another guess sort of young woman altogether?

Then I went in and tried to look at her in a new light. On the third day Jim turned up. The mails had been delayed by snowed-up trails, and he hadn't got her telegram. He was in a nice wax at the idea of her waiting so long, and awfully obliged to Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay for keeping her; as well he might be. He turned up at nine o'clock on Wednesday night, and Ramsay brought him straight up to the house. I kept out of his way, and wished I was out of it for good. The new light had not been a bit more favorable to Miss Rainsford than the old one.

"Useless lumber," was all I could bring myself to say.

Mrs. Ramsay was a busy woman, with a small rough "help," six children, three farm hands, and a house to keep in the pink of perfection. Miss Rainsford sat on that sofa, as I'm a living man, with her bit of fancy work, and never so much as offered to wipe a dish for her.

When I saw Jim at half-past seven next morning watering his horses, I felt like knocking him down.

"Well, Douglass, following your advice, you see. Two pair of hands; do you remember?"

"I congratulate you, my dear fellow! When does it come off?" I managed to say.

"Ah, at once," said Jim, rather nervously. "I must get right back; came off in a hurry, and couldn't get anyone to look after the chores. Ramsay insists that it comes off here. Awfully good of him. He's gone down to see the clergyman already. I'm off to get the license."

I went down with him. Of course the man who sold the licenses must needs have gone to his brother's threshing. Ramsay drove out for him. We never did anything by halves.

"Have you got the ring?" I asked Stratton.

"By Jove, no!" he exclaimed, "I'll go and get one."

The jeweller had not arrived at his shop. It was only nine, and his business was not a rushing one. I went and knocked him up at breakfast. A wedding was of sufficient interest to make him very complaisant. Finally we got the ring, parson and license into Mrs. Ramsay's sitting-room. Jim and his bride were united, and at 10.30 got into the jumper and departed.

"Well?" said Ramsay, as we returned into the house.

"Poor girl!" said Mrs. Ramsay, shaking her head. "She's not been accustomed to roughing it."



AT THE END OF THE DAY.

"Poor fiddlesticks!" said Ramsay. "She'll make him a rattling good wife, I shouldn't wonder. She is a fine-looking girl."

"Humph," I said. "Can she make bread, Mrs. Ramsay?"



The Christmas Globe, 1901. Photo by Lyonde, Toronto.

CHRISTMAS IN THE HOSPITAL.

Well, she couldn't; but that would not have mattered so much. She could have learnt—but I rather think she never intended to. Selfish she was, and capable of living only one life; the one she had been brought up in. Perhaps she was not to blame, and certainly he wasn't. They were a pair of fools. Jim talked at first with enthusiasm of his farm, his prospects, his stock, their stock, the pretty house they'd build, the happy home it would be. Stock! What was a calf to her?—so much veal. She preferred an ox in quarters. A house! She thought of a house in the suburbs of London, of a flat, or even one of a row. What was a frame house to her? She talked of the want of "servants," of the different "position," and hinted at a desk in her uncle's counting-house for Jim—Jim who had learnt the pleasure of walking over his own land, of saddling and riding his own horses, of sowing and reaping his own grain, of living a free, independent life of hard, healthy, manly work. To change it for the bondage of spending so many hours a day over another man's figures, bending over a desk, day by day, month after month, year after year! Poor Stratton! He was like a fly caught in a web. He laughed at the idea, he growled at it, he stormed at it. But Mrs. Stratton never let it go. She never gave in to the life, and she never performed her part. The little house, built with bright hopes, became dismal, cheerless, uncared for, except in a half-hearted, incapable sort of way.

Jim was full of hope at first. Of course she felt strange. She'd soon get used to it. It only took her ten months to get her way. Threshing came round. Jim had a capital crop and he was proud of it. They were to have the threshers, a gang of twenty men, a day and a half. I went over to see about having them next. It was 11 o'clock when I went to the house.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Stratton," I said. "Jim's got a fine sample of oats."

"Ye-es?" she drawled.

"Can I do anything to help you?" I asked. "You've got a contract to feed them."

"I've got some pork boiling," she said. "I hope it will be done in time!"

"When did you put it on?" I asked.

"Half an hour ago."

"Well, you've plenty of bread?" I said, covering my dismay.

"Oh, ye-es," she said, "two loaves."

"Good Lord, Mrs. Stratton!" I exclaimed, "how do you expect to feed those men at 12 o'clock?"

Jim's gun and cartridges stood in the corner. I had noticed a covey of prairie chickens as I crossed the stubble behind the house. I seized the gun. In fifteen minutes I came back with a dozen chickens. I got out a baking tin and a frying pan. In ten minutes more those chickens were skinned and quartered. Mrs. Jim looked on in an indifferent sort of way over that insurmountable chin.



FEEDING THE CHICKENS.

Outside, the busy hum and roar of the thresher floated on the golden October air, and among the choking clouds of dust I could see Jim's figure on the strawstack. I had intended going to him and giving him a hand there; but they were full now with other work.

Of course she would have had plenty of neighbors' wives in, but she had managed to offend them all so thoroughly, and was so little use at return work, that her threshing found her alone. While I was busy over my chickens, I set her to making baking powder rolls for the twenty or thirty men expected in to dinner, but on coming over, when I had finished, I found about enough mixture for a genteel tea party of ten. I set to work at them myself, and with prairie chickens and rolls, Mrs. Jim's pork potatoes and dried apples stewed, we had a sumptuous repast ready by 12.30, when the men finished a setting and came in.

Jim gave me a look of thankfulness as he took in the situation, and came to his wife's side to help in the operation of carving and distributing. Mrs. Jim had so far got into the swim of things that she actually made an effort to be equal to the occasion. I had the satisfaction of seeing her look disconcerted over her efforts to keep twenty-five cups filled with tea and hand Jim plates from one side of the long table.

In fifteen minutes the tables were empty, the men out and our morning's work demolished. Mrs. Jim gasped. Jim looked positively triumphant. I fancy he thought she was taking hold at last. "You're a brick, Isabel," he said. "Mrs. Jones couldn't have done it better. You'll turn out a farmer's wife yet!"

The satisfaction in his tone was quite pitiful. It showed what it meant to him.

"That ought to pay her up," I thought to myself.

Mrs. Stratton had been surveying the empty tables. She turned as he spoke and looked at him for a moment, then threw herself into a chair, her arms on the table, her face on her arms. "That I should come to this. To wait on a crowd of dirty men and hear you—you—congratulate me on it." Her voice was broken by sobs. Jim's face was a study.

I left abruptly. I was too thoroughly mad to do anything else. I got Mrs. Smith to give her a hand for the rest of the time and drove her over. Then I went on to the strawstack with Jim.

It was a month later that Jim came over to my shanty. It was about eight o'clock and I had just got the horses done up and had my supper. There was about an inch of snow on the ground, and it was cold. He didn't say much—took a fill of tobacco and sat down by my stove. I didn't take much notice of him at first, but after awhile I fell to studying him. He was another sort of chap to what he had been when first he came out to thirty-three—filled out and able and ready to stand up to anything. The five years had been the making of him. He'd got his experience and paid for it; but not too heavily, I guessed. Anyway he'd got his start and was likely to keep it if Mrs. Stratton didn't take the go out of him. I was smoking and watching him, when he looked up and met my eyes. He held them for a moment, then stooped forward and knocked his pipe ashes out.

"Damn it," he said.

He got up, put on his fur coat, and stood for a moment with his hands in his pockets.

"The sale is in a fortnight," he said, in an expressionless sort of way. "Good-bye, old fellow."

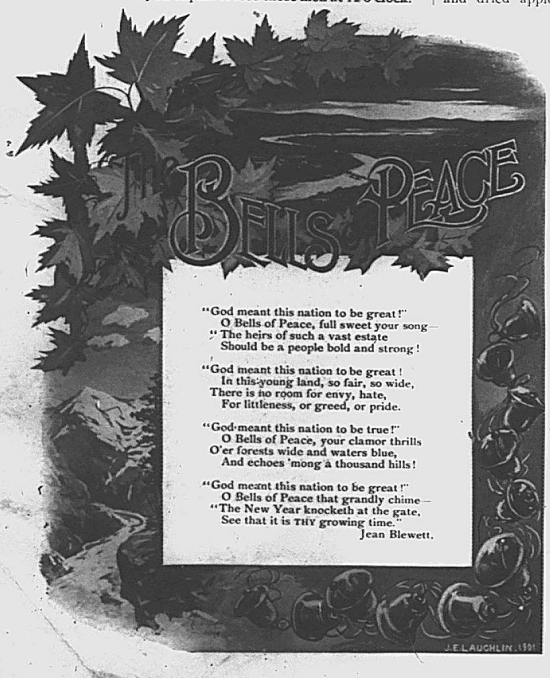
He gave me a grip that said the rest, and went back to Mrs. Jim.

THEN AND NOW.

France, in the eighteenth century, had great possessions and vast possibilities; in India, Pondicherry is all that now remains of that vanished dream of eastern empire. In North America her dominion extended from ocean to ocean; with her great military power she threatened the very existence of the English. To-day the sole remnants of New France in the west are two rocky islands, St. Pierre and Miquelon, off the south coast of Newfoundland.



HAPPY DAYS.



OH! BLESSED CHRISTMAS DAY.

(1901.)

I.

One sentence unto death reprieved by Love—
(A boon no heart can fully understand,
By tender pity and forbearance planned.)
Oh, gaugeless mercy from the Throne above!
Ring out, ye bells, the meaning of to-day—
The new dawn here, the old night passed away.

II.

In answer to Grief's cry, forgiveness won—
New laws proclaimed for man, the old laws dead—
A gift from God of sacrificial bread,
In the Royal Presence of His martyr'd Son
The seeds of peace and gladness broadcast sown
In hearts where thorns and weeds may long have grown.

III.

Oh, mother earth, why grieve, then, 'neath the pain
Of sin and death? Dost thou not hear the rhyme
Of angel voices from the star-blessed plain?
Born there when Christ was born, in strains sublime,
To never die while Death shall walk with Time!
Oh, mother earth, hark, how in ecstasy
Above the winds of fear still swells that chime,
Repeating its "All hail" to-day to thee.
Love's sacrifice can still guilt's sin-born gale;
Accept, and thou shalt answer back, "All hail!"

T. C. Dean, Drayton.

KING QUALITY SHOES

Wear longer, fit better, and have a style about them equalled by none. They're made by skilled Union Labor, which, with the experience of 30 years back of them, makes the KING SHOE the CROWNED SHOE of all Canadian makes. Ask your dealer for a KING SHOE, and do not take a substitute. Look for the name on sole or lining.

KING QUALITY RUBBERS

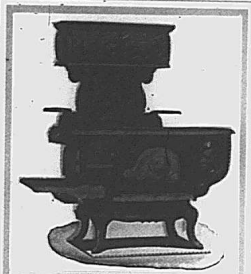
THE J. D. KING CO.
MANUFACTURERS TORONTO

KING QUALITY SHOES

OAK HALL, CLOTHIERS

EVERY garment we sell is made by The W. E. Sanford Company—makers of the Finest Ready-to-wear Clothing in Canada. That's your guarantee for satisfaction in what you buy, and our warrant that when you do buy we can count you on the list of "once a customer, always a customer." Just now we're showing an exceptionally fine range of Woollen Clothing for Men and Boys.

115 KING EAST TORONTO 116 YONGE



Peninsular Ranges

"We make them for people who want the best."

SEND FOR AN ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

CLARE BROS. & CO.,
PRESTON, ONT.



THE QUEEN'S ROYAL, NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.
ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR SUMMER HOTELS IN CANADA.

THIS photograph of the Royal Party was made by the kind permission of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales while staying at the Queen's Royal, where they made their home, October 12-14, 1901. (Photo copyrighted by Galbraith, Toronto



COME IN

We give a special invitation to come in and inspect our Plumbing Goods, Gas and Electric Fixtures. We feel sure we can meet you, not only in price, but in quality.

The KEITH-FITZSIMONS CO.
(LIMITED)
KING STREET, TORONTO

Men Receiving Small Salaries . . .

Write for particulars of the new system adopted by the CROWN LIFE of receiving premiums in monthly instalments.

A great benefit to all persons wanting the best forms of insurance but who would find it difficult to provide for yearly or half-yearly premiums. . . . . .

The Crown Life Insurance Company,

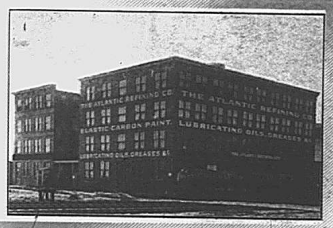
Head Office : - - - - - TORONTO.

HON. SIR CHARLES TUPPER, Bart., G.C.M.G., C.B., President.
JOHN CHARLTON, M.P., - - - Vice-President.
GEO. H. ROBERTS, - - - Managing Director.

CYLINDER
ENGINE
GENERAL MACHINERY
DYNAMO
LARD
NEATSFOOT
LEATHER
LINSEED

OILS

GREASES AND SPECIALTIES.



ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

PENNOLINE COAL OIL

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

THE ATLANTIC REFINING CO., Toronto, Ont.

The Berliner Gramophone



A Most Suitable Xmas Gift.

Send For Price Lists.

The Nordheimer Piano & Music Co., Limited,
HAMILTON, TORONTO, LONDON.



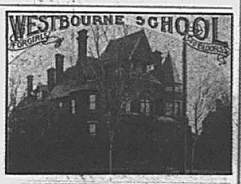
DORENWEND'S HAIR GOODS

ARE ACKNOWLEDGED BY ALL TO BE THE BEST.

We manufacture Ladies' and Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Bangs, Wavy Fronts, etc., and sell wholesale and retail. Mail orders promptly filled.

CATALOGUE FREE. Address

THE DORENWEND COMPANY OF TORONTO, Limited
103 and 105 Yonge Street, Toronto



Miss M. Curlette, B.A.
Miss S. E. Dallas, Mus. Bac., } Principals.

Engineers and Boiler-makers

ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

HIGHEST CLASS CORLISS AND MARINE ENGINES.
STATIONARY AND MARINE BOILERS.

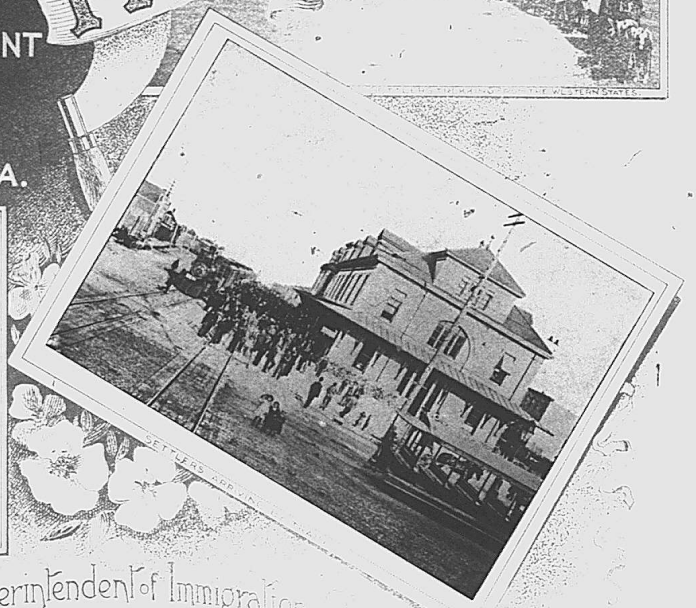
ALL KINDS OF TANK AND PIPE WORK.

JOHN INGLIS & SONS, Strachan Avenue, Toronto, Canada

FREE FARMS



THOUSANDS of FREE GRANT HOMESTEADS (160 ACRES) Still await Settlers in WESTERN CANADA.



The payment of a small office fee and the performance of very simple and easily fulfilled settlement duties will secure a Crown Patent for one of these Homesteads, and both before and after the issue of Patent the Homesteader is LORD OF HIS DOMAIN, and exercises every right of ownership of the land covered by his certificate of homestead entry.

EXPERIENCE shows that the lands of **WESTERN CANADA** are unexcelled for **GRAIN GROWING, MIXED FARMING** and **DAIRYING.**

RAILROADS already exist or are projected wherever settlement extends, **SCHOOLS** and **CHURCHES** are convenient, **TAXES** are exceedingly light, there is no compulsory **MILITARY SERVICE,** the **CLIMATE** is the healthiest in the world, and facilities exist for **MARKETING** the produce of the farm at the highest prices.

In addition to other markets the **GOLD FIELDS OF CANADA** form a valuable and convenient market for the products of the farms of **WESTERN CANADA.**

Adjoining the **FREE HOMESTEAD LANDS** are lands that can be purchased at low figures and on easy terms of payment.

THOUSANDS OF LETTERS from settlers, testifying to their success in Western Canada, are in the possession of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa.



Write to the Superintendent of Immigration [illegible]

for further particulars [illegible]

W. F. McCreary, Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba; the High Commissioner for Canada, 17 Victoria street, London, S.W., England; Canadian Government Office, Liverpool, England; H. M. Murray, 52 St. Enoch square, Glasgow, Scotland; C. R. Devlin, 14 Westmoreland street, Dublin, Ireland; W. L. Griffith, Western Mail Building, Cardiff, Wales; M. V. McInnes, No. 2 Merrill Block, Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.; D. L. Caven, Columbus, Ohio, U.S.A.; James Grieve, Box 822, Saginaw, Michigan, U.S.A.; J. S. Crawford, 214 West Ninth street, Kansas City, Missouri, U.S.A.; Benjamin Davies, 154½ East Third street, St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A.; T. O. Currie, Box 76, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A.; C. J. Broughton, 1,223 Monadnock Building, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.; W. V. Bennett, 801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Neb., U.S.A.; W. H. Rogers, Box 116, Watertown, South Dakota, U.S.A.; N. Bartholomew, 306 Fifth street, Des Moines, Iowa, U.S.A.; J. H. M. Parker, 530 Chamber of Commerce, Duluth, Minn., U.S.A.; William Ritchie, Grafton, North Dakota, U.S.A.: E. T. Holmes, Room 6, Big Four Building, Indianapolis, Indiana, U.S.A.

HALLS for the free temporary accommodation of intending settlers and their families are maintained by the Canadian Government at Winnipeg and various other points in Western Canada.

The officials at these Halls and the Government agents everywhere are always ready to furnish full and reliable information and advice to all newcomers.



CUTLERY CABINETS AND CARVERS

Sterling and Plated Silver Forks and Spoons.

RICE LEWIS & SON, Limited,

CORNER KING AND VICTORIA STREETS, TORONTO.

SUITABLE FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS.

PRESBYTERIAN LADIES' COLLEGE, TORONTO

Rev. Wm. Caven, D.D., Principal of Knox College, Visitor and Adviser. Miss Margaret T. Scott, formerly Principal of the Model School, Toronto, Principal. Rev. A. McMillan, Lecturer. Full academic course. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music and Elocution. T. Mower Martin, Art Director. Also Primary Day School Department, forenoon session. Properly qualified teachers and the most approved methods. The highest record of pupils passing matriculation and University examinations. Applications should be made in advance to S. W. MacINTYRE, President.

INSURE HEALTH BY BAKING WITH

Queen City and Monarch Brands of

FLOUR

THEIR PURITY GIVES STRENGTH. Ask your grocer for "QUEEN CITY" AND "MONARCH" BRANDS. Take no other.

QUEEN CITY MILLS

TORONTO JUNCTION.

ARCH. CAMPBELL, - - PROPRIETOR

LATE J. YOUNG.

ALEX. MILLARD

UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER

359 YONGE ST., TORONTO, CAN.

Telephone Main 679.

PRIVATE MORTUARY.

WM. BARBER & BROS. PAPER MAKERS

GEORGETOWN

MANUFACTURERS OF

MACHINE-FINISHED BOOK PAPERS—Wove and laid antique or smooth finish.

COLORED COVERS in every standard color and grade carried in stock or made to order in one thousand pound lots; also POSTERS in five colors

We make a specialty of Paper for Halftone Catalogues, Society Journals, Religious Weeklies and Litho Labels.

JOHN R. BARBER, Proprietor.
GEORGE H. MARSHALL, Superintendent.
GEORGE E. CHALLES, Selling Agent, Mail Building, Toronto.



ESTABLISHED 1856.

THE GURNEY SCALE COMPANY

MANUFACTURERS OF

STANDARD SCALES

HAMILTON, CANADA.



Bigley's Hot Water Heater.

The above is a cut of the most perfectly constructed, most effective and most economical device for combination heating. Will fit any hot air furnace. Manufactured by

R. BIGLEY,

96 and 98 Queen St. East, Toronto

Minard's Liniment

Canada's Best Household Remedy. Well and favorably known from Halifax to Victoria.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,

PROPRIETORS,

YARMOUTH, N. S.

MILTON BRICK

Are made in red and buff colors and have no equal in Canada. They carried off the highest award given at Buffalo in competition with the largest firms on this continent.

The MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO.

Works & Head Office—Milton, Ont.

DR. ROBERTSON, President. J. S. McCANNELL, Managing Director.

JOHN HILLOCK & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

Arctic Refrigerator and the Van Kannell Revolving Door

165 QUEEN STREET EAST, TORONTO. Telephone Main 478

SUN FIRE

Founded A.D. 1710.

INSURANCE OFFICE.

Head Office, LONDON, ENG.
The Oldest Purely Fire Office in the World
Canadian Branch: Toronto, Ont.
H. M. BLACKBURN, Manager.
GEO. M. HIGINBOTHAM, GEO. S. LYON, } Toronto Agents.
Agents wanted in all unrepresented districts.

The Home Savings

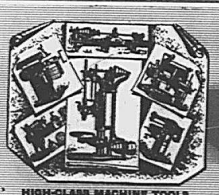
AND LOAN COMPANY, LIMITED

Capital Authorized, $2,500,000
Capital Subscribed, $2,000,000

EUGENE O'KEEFE, President.
JOHN FOY, Vice-President.

Deposits Received from 20 cents upwards; interest at current rates allowed thereon.
Money Loaned on Mortgage—small and large sums; convenient terms of repayment and at the lowest rates of interest. No valuation fee charged.
Loans on Collaterals of Stocks, Bonds and Debentures.

JAMES MASON, Manager. 78 Church Street, Toronto



HIGH-CLASS MACHINE TOOLS

H. W. PETRIE

DEALER IN

New and Second-hand Machinery
Engines and Boilers.
Iron and Wood Tools.
Water Wheels, etc.
Gas and Gasoline Engines.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. H. W. PETRIE, TORONTO

MACHINE TOOLS

Agencies at { PARIS, FRANCE. MOSCOW, RUSSIA. LONDON, ENGLAND. MONTREAL, QUE. VANCOUVER, B.C.

Head Office and Works DUNDAS, ONT. Established 40 years.

JOHN BERTRAM & SONS COMPANY, LIMITED

THE CANADA SUGAR REFINING COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL

Manufacturers of REFINED SUGARS of the well-known brand

Redpath

OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY AND PURITY, MADE BY THE LATEST PROCESSES, AND THE NEWEST AND BEST MACHINERY, NOT SURPASSED ANYWHERE.

THE QUEEN'S

TORONTO, CANADA.

Celebrated for its home comforts, perfect quiet, good att[illegible] and the peculiar excellence of its cuisine. Delightfully [illegible]ated near the bay, on Front Street, convenient to business centre, railroad [illegible] steamboats, etc.

McCAW & WINNETT, - Proprietors.
$3.00 PER DAY UP.

ANCIENT ORDER UNITED WORKMEN OF ONTARIO.

LARGEST, OLDEST, SAFEST, BEST and MOST ECONOMICAL FRATERNAL BENEFICIAL ORGANIZATION IN THE PROVINCE.

Protect your family at little cost by enrolling your name in Canada's Leading Fraternal Benefit Society.

FOR INFORMATION APPLY TO ANY SUBORDINATE LODGE OR

Geo. P. Graham, M.P.P., Past Grand Master, Brockville; T. M. Cornett, Grand Master, Gananoque; M. D. Carder, Grand Recorder, Confederation Life Building, Toronto; F. G. Inwood, Grand Treasurer, Temple Building, Toronto; A. G. F. Lawrence, Grand Solicitor, Freehold Loan Building, Toronto; J. Milton Cotton, M.D., Grand Medical Examiner, Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

"Fortune knocks once at every man's door."



There is a fortune awaiting you by investing in the Stock of the London Sugar Refining Company, Limited.

This stock will pay you 25 per cent. to 5 per cent. paid by any other stock

Christmas Souvenir of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall mailed free to every person sending ten names and addresses of their men and women friends who have money and are looking for good, safe reliable investment.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS ADDRESS

LONDON SUGAR REFINING CO. Limited

TEMPLE BUILDING, LONDON, ONTARIO, CANADA.

FOR FINE CORRESPONDENCE

Duchess Stationery

... IS CORRECT STYLE.

Made in invitation and correspondence sizes of paper, with new, fashionably cut envelopes, and for sale by the leading Stationers throughout Canada. Samples mailed on application to

Warwick Bros. & Rutter

MAKERS OF HIGH-GRADE STATIONERY. TORONTO, CANADA

W. G. JAFFRAY,

(MEMBER TORONTO STOCK EXCHANGE)

Stock, Bond and Investment Broker

EXECUTES ORDERS ON COMMISSION ON ALL PRINCIPAL EXCHANGES.

15 JORDAN STREET. TELEPHONE MAIN 357. TORONTO.

CHAS. F. CLARK, President. JARED CHITTENDEN, Treasurer.

ESTABLISHED 1849.

BRADSTREET'S

Capital and Surplus, - - - $1,500,000

Offices throughout the civilized world.

Executive Offices—346 and 348 Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

THE BRADSTREET COMPANY gathers information that reflects the financial condition and the controlling circumstances of every seeker of mercantile credit. Its business may be defined as of the merchants, by the merchants, for the merchants. In procuring, verifying and promulgating information, no effort is spared, and no reasonable expense considered too great, that the results may justify its claim as an authority on all matters affecting commercial affairs and mercantile credit. Its offices and connections have been steadily extended, and it furnishes information concerning mercantile persons throughout the civilized world.

Subscriptions are based on the service furnished, and are available only by reputable wholesale, jobbing and manufacturing concerns, and by responsible and worthy financial, fiduciary business corporations. Specific terms may be obtained by addressing the Company at any of its offices.

Correspondence Invited.

OFFICES IN CANADA—Halifax, N.S.; Ottawa, Ont.; Vancouver, B.C.; Hamilton, Ont.; Quebec, Que.; Victoria, B.C.; London, Ont.; St. John, N.B.; Winnipeg, Man.; Montreal, Que.; Toronto, Ont.

THOS. C. IRVING, Gen. Man. Western Canada, Toronto, Ont.
JOHN A. FULTON, Gen. Man. Eastern Canada, Montreal, Que.

TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY CO., LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: 70-72 YORK STREET, TORONTO

Everything for Printing

When wanting **ANYTHING** used in the Art of Printing from a hair space to a fifty thousand dollar plant, order from

Canada's Leading Printers' Supply House

Branch Warehouses { HALIFAX, N.S. / MONTREAL, Q. / WINNIPEG, MAN. / VANCOUVER, B.C. } Toronto Type Foundry

COATED PAPER

KINLEITH PAPER COMPANY LIMITED

Manufacturers of

BOOK & LITHO PAPERS

COATED PAPERS





108 CRAIG ST. MONTREAL
SELLING AGENCIES
TORONTO 403 MANNING BUILDING

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

CARD BOARD

K

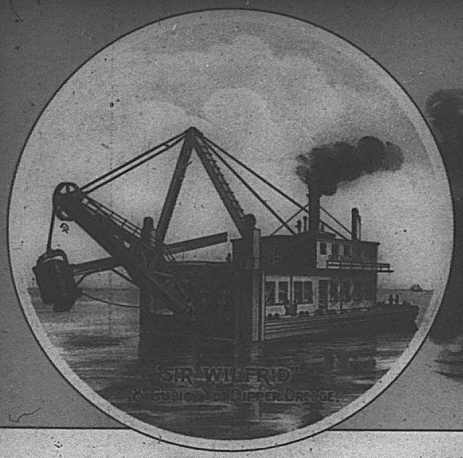
Manufactured by

RITCHIE & RAMSAY, TORONTO.

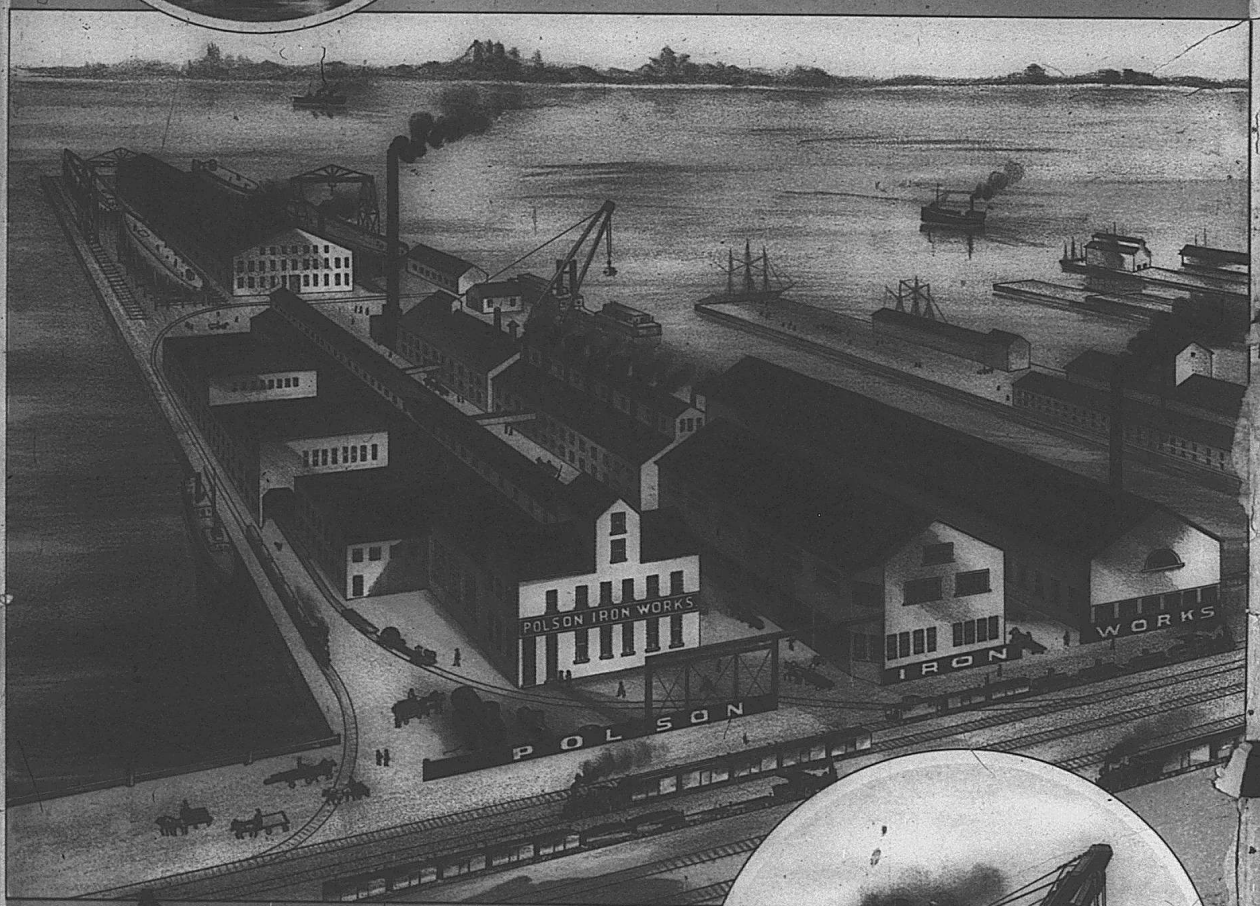
COATED PAPER

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE IS PRINTED ON RED SEAL COATED PAPER.

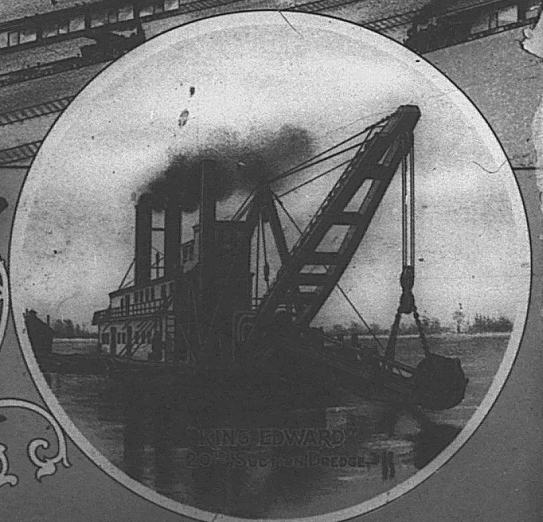




THE POLSON IRON WORKS TORONTO



ENGINEERS,
BOILER MAKERS,
& STEEL SHIP BUILDERS,
HYDRAULIC & DIPPER DREDGES.
(ANY SIZE)





Blowing Bubbles

Supplement to the Christmas Globe, 1902

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Canada in the Year 1902 by GLOBE PRINTING CO., Toronto, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

Photo from life by Jas. Arthurs, Windsor and Detroit.

The Christmas Globe 1902

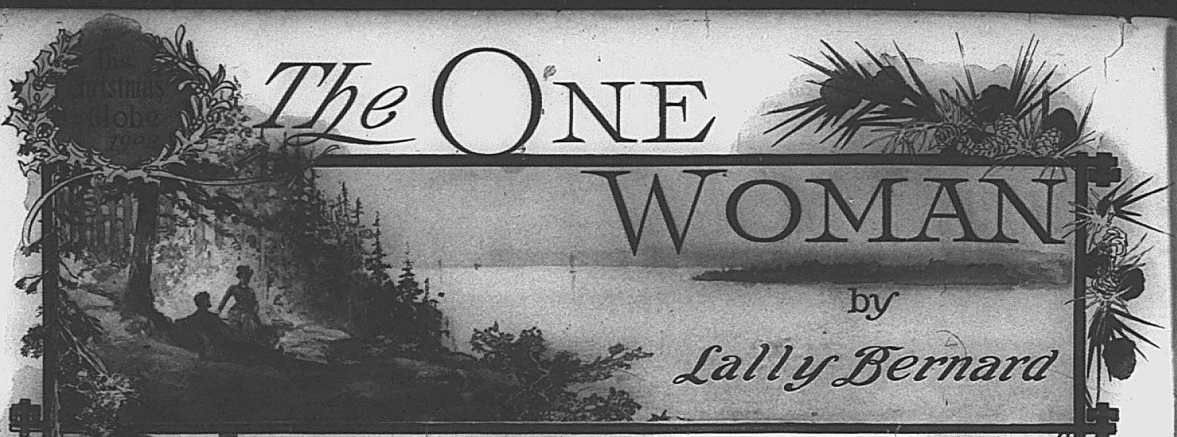




CHRISTMAS AND ITS LESSONS.

CHRISTMAS, and men go about the streets with jubilant steps, and eager faces, and open hands. No other festival gets so near the divine in human hearts. To-day the child is king, woman the viceroy and man the subject. Few lives so drear as to miss altogether the shining of the stars of Judea. Few homes so bare that no gift enters. Few hearts anywhere that are not touched by the sweet memories and traditions of Christmas. This was never so bountiful a world as now, and never ran so many feet upon errands of mercy and healing. It is only now and then that men are revealed. Many of those upon whom we pass censorious judgments have an inner life of loveliness and self-sacrifice, and it is only in such seasons of thanksgiving that we catch glimpses of the soul within. It may be that during all the year their hands have been busy with secret benefactions. The charity that we know and the goodness that we see are not half so much as that which passes unrevealed. Where one goes upon his deeds of beneficence in vulgar pomp and pride a multitude go with stealthy steps and cover their benefactions with a divine reserve. It may be that the world must still age and whiten through many generations before all its children shall breathe the higher air and walk the radiant uplands. There is plenty of woe and want; enough of greed and oppression. But still the new day is fairer than the old, and never were mercy and justice so mightily enthroned in the hearts of mankind. By their slums the nations are shamed. By their poor they are held to judgment. Creeds pass and theologies wane, but the Sermon from the Mount makes its royal progress across the earth, and the teachers of all the schools exalt its simple goodness and brotherliness. The burden of the poor, the hapless, the inefficient rests heavily upon humanity. The thought grows and deepens that this earth provides enough and to spare for all its children, and that somehow for all there should be work, and bread, and peace, and comfort. Never has the sun shone down on a more pathetic thing than a strong-armed man, with wife and children dependent on him, pleading in vain for leave to labor in this world into which he was unconsciously born and in which he must live out all of nature's sentence. "Give us this day our daily bread" comes up with an infinite pathos from that weary multitude in all the great cities who live upon the edge of want and touch hands with sorrow and suffering all the days of their lives. It is not enough to fill their hands with gifts on Christmas Day, and preach them unctuous sermons on the virtue of contentment and the will of Providence. We must carry the Christmas spirit into all the year, and labor in the schools, in the churches and in the parliaments to reform the conditions which beget paupers, and create slums, and make the broken remnant outcasts from the cradle. It is too much to hope that there shall ever be an end of poverty and misfortune, but the day will surely come when no man shall seek in vain for leave to work, no woman know want, no child go hungry.

J. S. W.



The One Woman

by

Lally Bernard

[illegible] day in midsummer, which might fairly [illegible] ling," and the cicada, with its dust-[illegible] lessly sang a refrain which echoed the [illegible] til the last letter, drawn into a note [illegible] died away in the distance like the vibrating strain of a telegraph wire on a frosty winter [illegible] day.

A man and a woman sat on a ledge of rock shaped like the back of [illegible] huge marine monster, a rock capped and fluted with [illegible] stunted hemlocks and firs, the crevices filled with [illegible] smelling mosses and ruddy-tinted lichens, [illegible] way into nothingness among the tall meadow [illegible] flowers peculiar to that part of the world known as Canada [illegible] bas.

[illegible] lay the broad, moving sea, the highway for [illegible] ships, yclept the St. Lawrence River. Beyond, [illegible] the mysterious distance, was the great [illegible] Laurentians, blue and purple, regal and [illegible] the strong noonday glare. In spite of the [illegible] of the August sun, there were freshness and vitality [illegible] breeze which swept up from the gulf as the [illegible] against the stream and the cool breath of the ocean caressed the mighty river.

[illegible] of the Adam and Eve who lounged in this [illegible] Eden? Were this a fiction the man would have to be young and handsome, the girl radiantly beautiful. Alas! this is a story of what actually did in truth occur, and Adam had [illegible] summers, and Eve was just a happy, [illegible] of womanhood, who had found her way [illegible] French-Canadian village as the [illegible] whose pencil and pen are well [illegible] magazine world.

[illegible] yes." "You are sure [illegible] no," replied [illegible] with that curious little upward inflection [illegible] "why" which indicated clearly the [illegible] of the North American continent from [illegible] name.

Colin MacDuff lit his pipe with that degree of deliberation which a well-toned and long-cared-for pipe merits, while the girl watched with lazy eyes the gnarled and weather-beaten hands as they performed this almost sacred right.

To those who did not know Colin MacDuff—and there were few or none of the inhabitants of that part of the country who did not know his history—it might have been difficult to determine his nationality; but on this they could never mistake, and that was his claim to good blood, for, in spite of the gaudy make-up of his costume, the wrinkled skin and closely-ground, grizzled head, which to-day was bared to the sun, Colin MacDuff was unmistakably a gentleman in the best sense of the word.

No matter if his occupation was that of a porpoise hunter, and if he spent the best part of his existence among Indians, half-breeds and habitants, and only indulged in a visit to Montreal once in many years, everyone knew that the day had been when the captain of the porpoise boat had been a decidedly smart officer in her Majesty's service and had hobnobbed with royalties and "made the pace" for many a sober citizen when martial valor was most conspicuous in drawing-room conquests.

You could hardly call Colin MacDuff handsome. The man who spends his life face to face with the perils of tide, current, squall and ice imbibes a certain ruggedness of aspect, in keeping with his occupation, which one does not associate with the term handsome.

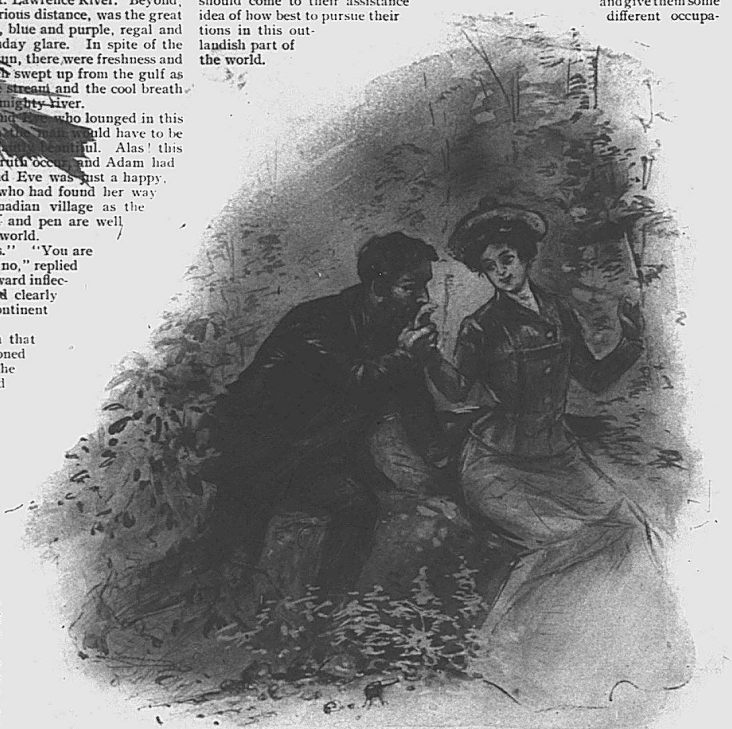
As a recompense for the almost hidelike skin and wrinkled eyelids common to master mariners the world over, he had caught something of the eternal rejuvenescence of nature, and the lithe activity of his movements contradicted the landmarks of time which had whitened his temples.

Beatrice Desmond—I think it was the name which first attracted Colin, who was a devotee of Thackeray's works—watched with amusement the involuntary habit, which was a striking characteristic of the man beside her, that of ever and anon raising his head and scanning the horizon as if in search of some possible enemy or prey, animal or human. The contrast of his utter reposefulness when at rest and the tremendous activity of his action and glance fascinated her by its almost stag-like quality.

Six weeks previous to the opening of my story Beatrice and Miss Wells had taken up their abode in a small whitewashed, chalet-like cottage belonging to one Pierre Gagnon, who, with his family, had retired to a small log edifice in the rear of the cottage, and who not only supplied his tenants with all the necessaries of a modest menage, but with domestic help as well.

The two American women were entirely new types to Colin MacDuff, who approached them, or rather accepted their overtures of friendliness, with that caution and circumspection common to a man of his calling and characteristic of the nation from which he sprung.

There was little need of wariness, for Beatrice Desmond frankly admitted that, from the first moment that gossip had made them cognizant of his residence in the village, and the details of the occupation it pleased him to follow, they had determined he should come to their assistance and give them some idea of how best to pursue their different occupations in this outlandish part of the world.



"So sorry he stammered and caught hold of the injured member"

Colin MacDuff was the owner of the most comfortable of the habitant houses which bordered the road leading to the long wharf where in the season the bi-weekly boat landed its load of passengers and mails, and from which gaunt figure of the landscape summer visitors were to be seen, as the tide rose, fishing with absorbing interest for the much-prized silver smelt or the less aristocratic but palatable tomcod. The house of "le Capitaine," as the French people dubbed the owner of the trim little craft with its equipment for the rather unsavory occupation of porpoise catching, was as trim and neat as the little craft itself. The brilliant green of the outside shutters, which kept out the glare of the midsummer sun, made a striking note of color in contrast to the sombre hue of the steep-sloping roof covered with "de colta," as the inhabitants called the preparation of tar, which threw into high relief the whitewashed walls and the long gallery running round the three sides of the house, and which was reached by the steep flight of steps leading up to the



"The charming woman who trod fearlessly by his side."

Perhaps you may run away with the idea that I am trying to make Beatrice appear a good-looking woman on paper. The truth was, her friends said she was "a person of infinite possibilities," whatever that may mean, while those whom she did not like announced that she was not "effective," and I leave readers to picture to themselves my heroine from these two statements.

However, as I have already suggested, Colin MacDuff approached his intimacy with Beatrice in a spirit of infinite caution, which was born of a certain mistrust traceable to those days when he was a shining light in the gay society of Quebec and Montreal, when the women who hunted were of a different class to Beatrice Desmond, and their choice of weapons showed the character of the scarlet-clad game they tracked, aided by wily chaperones as guides.

It may have been the changed condition of Colin's fortunes and possibly Beatrice's apparent disregard for appearances which finally lulled all feeling of insecurity, but, be it as it may, Colin quickly adapted himself to this new order of affairs, and accepted without demur the companionship of this charming woman, who trod fearlessly by his side in boots which he, in his innocence, imagined to be common hob-nailed affairs, while the rather shabby serge suit he deemed to be of the same woof and warp as that worn by the habitant girls. This, coupled with the fact of the rough hat fairly jammed down on the masses of brown and sun-scorched hair, suggested to him that Miss Desmond was the rather poorly paid companion of a literary woman who was wealthy enough to indulge this girl in her fancy for hunting and fishing to her heart's content, simply with the idea that it was bringing copy to the literary mill.

Colin knew nothing of the modern woman "sport," and never dreamed that the simple costume, as he deemed it, and the thousand and one unostentatious details of the outfit which Beatrice possessed, represented nearly the value of the yearly stipend paid by the poor villagers to the cure.

How should Colin MacDuff know these things, when he had no female relative living within many hundred miles to unfold to him the duplicity of the sex. His only sister lived in a western city, and I regret to say that she never had any sympathy with Colin in his ardent nature worship. She was one of those women who always preface their terms of endearment with a deprecatory adjective, and was in the habit of alluding to her brother as "poor dear Colin," whose life she chose to consider an utter failure. Colin did not ask that she should understand, even though she was the last of his race and kin; she was married and would die bearing another name, and cared little for the blame or praise attached to that she had borne for but eighteen short years.

The faded blue eyes of the master of the porpoise boat which is riding at anchor in the shelter of the great wharf are raised to try and scan the horizon above the heat-haze which floats shimmering and quivering like the insect trill which accompanies it. Having found no possible prey or enemy in sight, he again stretches himself supine, with hands clasped beneath his head, which is turned at an angle to permit of a glimpse of blue and green eyes which are sheltered by those sweeping lashes.

There have been nearly six weeks of uninterrupted companionship, when only now and then Miss Wells could be induced to leave her work, and make a third in the little yacht, or across the river and up through the passes of the Laurentian Hills on some fishing and shooting excursion, but Miss Wells had an insatiable appetite for information, which proved to be a bit wearisome for Colin, who preferred interrogation from a pair of badly matched eyes, which, with true sportswoman's instincts, asked questions only when questions were of vital importance. As often as not a low grunt or nod was the only reply vouchsafed in answer by this once petted darling of society. But Beatrice understood, and what she did not quite understand she was content to learn, and proved an apt pupil in all the intricacies of river navigation, and the methods of hunting and fishing peculiar to that part of the world.

French window which in winter served as a door, the lower flat being completely hidden in snow for at least four months out of the twelve.

The small but well-kept garden flanked one side of the captain's simple habitation, and giant blue larkspurs, which grew to a great height and luxuriance in that part of the world, were mixed with purple stocks and masses of small yellow sunflowers. Close by a field of buckwheat made a spot of tender creaminess among the green, and a square of tobacco plants in full bloom filled the air with their perfume.

All this beauty and sweetness was within range of the vision of Beatrice Desmond and her companion as they lounged lazily among the mosses and lichens on the rocky spur I have described.

Of the appearance of my heroine I have given little indication. In truth, she was very difficult to describe. Perhaps it was her close affinity with nature which made her sink into the background of the picture with the instinct of self-preservation common to the denizens of the forest.

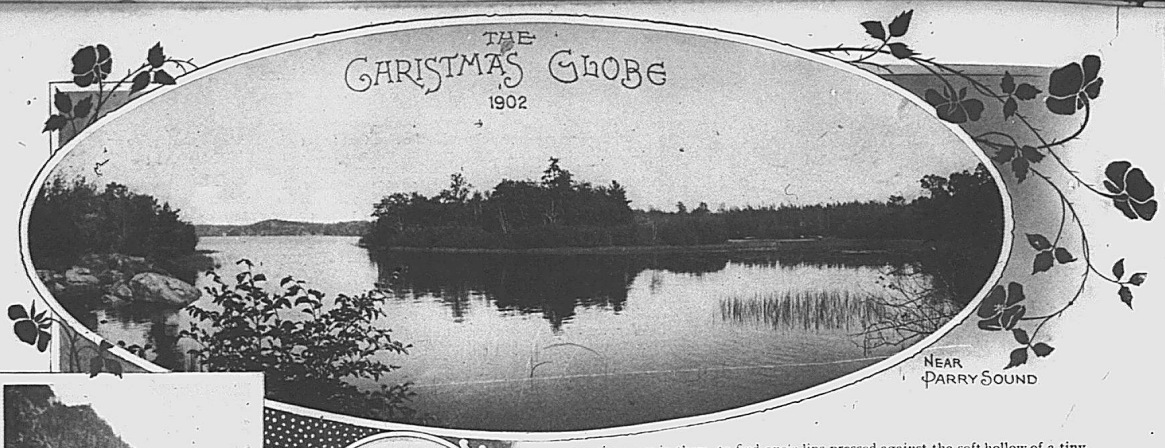
I can quite imagine her smiling when she reads this tale, and ah! I had forgotten: Beatrice had a most charming smile; her lips parted over the most perfect arch of ivory, those intensely sane-looking teeth which are invariably the accompaniment to firm and well-cut lips, the color of ripe raspberries, not the "cherry lips" of fiction. What about her hair and eyes? asks the feminine reader. All women devoted to an open-air existence, who spend weeks and months in sunshine and fog, must have glossy hair and bright eyes. Now, I have heard that the sun is an admirable cosmetic; well, it may be, but, like all other cosmetics, an over-application is attended by dire consequences. Beatrice had managed admirably the quantity required for tinting both cheek and chin; but, alas! on the really shapely nose there were four or five large and unmistakable freckles, as frank and unmistakable as the likes and dislikes of Beatrice in the human world, and that is saying a great deal. One did not notice them so much when the reddy-brown lashes rested on the tanned cheeks, and formed such a splendid protection for eyes exposed to winds and blinding glare. The delicate yet pronounced arch of her eyebrow had a curious affinity with the curve of the lips, and, strangely enough, when you saw her swing along a woodland path, with such an alert, springy stride, seemingly impossible for feet weighted with such heavy footgear, one again discovered that the arch of the instep was as pronounced as the curve of the lip and the delicate sweep of the eyebrow.

Miss Wells, who had made a study of such matters, thought that these remarkable curves and arches came with the heritage of excellent Irish blood, and at this assertion, made in the presence of Miss Desmond, the curve of the upper lip became a decided curl, and the subject was dropped. Miss Wells was a woman of many theories, some of which were extremely lucrative on paper, but her calling, fortunately, never allowed her to put many of these theories to a practical test; and one of those was that Beatrice had inherited a "blue eye put in with a dirty finger," from an Irish ancestor, and that her left eye, which was of a curious tawny brown, with decided splashes of green, was the heritage from a Danish ancestress in generations past.

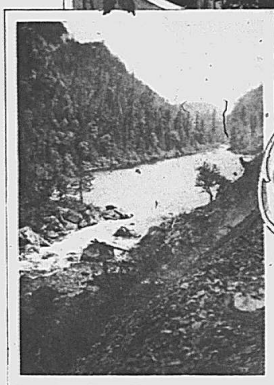


Halt!

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE
1902



NEAR PARRY SOUND



AGAWA CANYON

BITS OF CANADIAN SCENERY

That she already possessed knowledge not common to women was a revelation which came gradually to Colin. So quiet and unobtrusive was her demeanor and so entirely were her thoughts and interests centred in the present novelty of her surroundings, that she seldom or never spoke of past experiences, not even hinted that her education in sporting matters had extended over more than one continent. Perhaps it was the complete absorption of Beatrice in the great world of nature that made her to a certain extent obliterate her whole personality, and which caused people to regard her as a woman lacking in that proportion of self assertion which is considered necessary for those who aspire to be a success in society. She had been described as lacking in enthusiasm, owing to the fact that she never took any pleasure in alluding to the sensation produced upon her emotional nature by grandeur of scenery, etc.; but I would fain believe that it was something akin to enthusiasm which brought her out of bed before daylight to seek a resting place in the stern of a boat at anchor on the river, simply that she might have a good point of vantage from which to watch for a possibly beautiful dawn or a possibly exquisite sunrise.

There had come a date in the history of this delightful summer friendship when Colin MacDuff had actually allowed Beatrice to take the post of captain and run the little yacht under circumstances which would have inspired terror in the hearts of that young lady's relatives had they been there to see. But gradually this man, whose existence had mainly been spent in making journeys in search of new hunting grounds, and on both land and water, found he was making the discovery of his life—a woman who could ride or row, stalk game with tireless energy for the best part of twenty-four hours, and not only bring her quarry to earth, but cook it to a turn over the camp fire, and, what was almost better, keenly enjoy the food prepared by her own excellently modelled hands. I had forgotten the one distinct feminine vanity which showed strongly in my heroine of Irish descent—those shapely hands, neither too small, nor yet too large; perfectly formed, capable hands, that fitted with excellent precision into a well made Dent glove of soft dogskin, number six and a half. This will convey to the feminine reader a clear idea of the kind of hand which was the proud possession of my heroine.

At the moment when my literary camera is fixed upon the little group on the lichen-covered rock, Beatrice is idly pulling up a bit of crimson-tipped sorrel from its hiding place, and nibbling the tip of the acid leaf with apparent relish. The beauty of the day appears to her almost unprecedented, and the element in the atmosphere which so enhances its beauty has not yet revealed itself to her dreaming senses. Nature is a great accomplice in matters like this, and those two good people wrapped up in the same thoughts and pursuits did not recognize a current which threatened to sweep them into a new region where their own personalities, thoughts and emotions should become of paramount importance.

What was the spark which started a conflagration altogether unforeseen but possibly predestined? Why, just an ember from Colin MacDuff's pipe. As I have shown you, Beatrice supported herself by placing her right hand, palm up, among the mosses at her side, while the other hand toyed with a tiny tendril of bitter sorrel.

Suddenly Beatrice gave a little start and a smothered exclamation. Both habits being foreign to this calm and resolute young person, her companion turned enquiringly, and instantly divined the cause. He had carelessly let his pipe turn at an angle which allowed some burning ash to fall on the shapely hand in such close proximity to him.

"So sorry!" he stammered, and caught hold of the injured member, and before he could summon his reason to his aid, instinct, coupled with some faint remembrance that burns should be immediately excluded from the air, made him carry the fair hand of Miss Beatrice to his lips.

I am afraid that it was not the first time that Colin MacDuff had kissed a woman's hand; but it is one thing to lightly raise a dainty hand which has rested a fraction longer in yours than needs be when good-bye is said, and holding the four dainty fingers within your grasp lightly sweep the pretty rings and rounded knuckles with your moustache, and it is altogether another story when, after weeks of purely pleasant comradeship and the constant interchange of hearty handshakes and strong, firm grasps which had not even the semblance of consciousness in them, to find one's lips pressed against the soft hollow of a tiny pink palm, in an agony of compassion and remorse entirely out of proportion to the amount of damage done or pain suffered.

It was not so long before Colin raised his head, but in that interval when the palm lay pinned between his hand and the pressure of his lips the face of the whole world had changed, and the brilliancy of the sunlight, the freshness of the air, the long line of the horizon and the mystery of the mountain range on the north side of the river ceased to play any important part in his life, and for the time at least the world consisted, as it did for that first man in the far-off garden, of but one man and one woman, and they made the whole universe.

And Beatrice? Well, Beatrice had shamefully abandoned her injured hand and left it in the grasp of the man beside her, as if, because of that little reddened disk in the pinkness of the palm, it had become a thing of imperfection and no more belonged to her.

She was searching the earth and the heavens and the long sweep of silvery, shimmering river for some imaginary oracle who would explain to her the extraordinary metamorphosis which had taken place. As a student of nature and nature's great lessons, she looked not in her own heart but in the face of nature for signs which would explain the existing order of things. Alas! nature does sometimes heartlessly desert her pupils, and in this case she blotted herself out with a shamelessness which did her no credit, and left her two devotees just as supremely conscious of there being nothing in existence worth speaking of except themselves, as she had lured them on to believe, but an instant since, that there was nothing but sea and sky, mountain and river, and God's sunshine over all, to make up the sum of human happiness.

The pipe, that long cherished and carefully tended companion, lay discarded, with nothing but a burning mass of tobacco and sense of desertion in its poor heart. A just punishment, you will say, for having allowed a burning ember to fall on that soft, pink palm, but, after all, it may not have been jealousy, only fate, and the poor little black slave who had served his master so faithfully and well in times of stress and tribulation when female nimrods were not, may only have been the unconscious agent of destiny. Be it as it may, the little pipe lay sad and lonely among the moss; and the injured hand—well, whose business was it to follow further the treatment accorded that injured member? Colin MacDuff had once been told that the heat of fire persistently applied would draw the smart from a burn, and this, coupled with the idea of excluding the air, brought about the treatment which included the two theories.

The first word which was spoken came from Eve—I mean Beatrice—(I



IN THE SICK CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, TORONTO.
(Photo by Rowley.)



Christmas Globe, 1902.

I'M NOT AFRAID NOW.

Copyrighted by James Arthur, 1902.

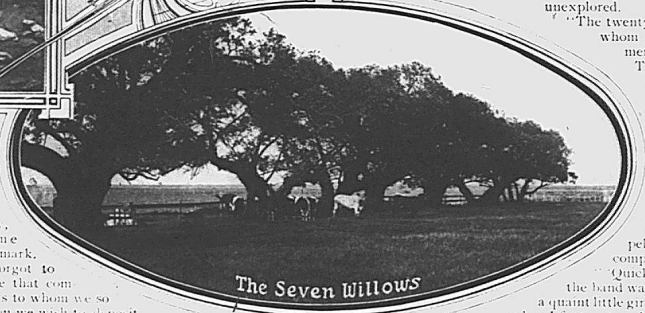
The Christmas Globe 1902



An Acadian Rebecca



Waiting for the train



The Seven Willows

suppose that was because she was a woman—and strange to say, she made some wholly irrelevant remark, Colin, I believe, forgot to answer her, for, like that common ancestor of ours to whom we so frequently refer when we wish to deposit the blame of some act of folly on other shoulders—a manifestly unfair proceeding when one considers that he is usually alluded to as "Old Adam"—he roused himself as from a deep sleep and saw the world for the first time in its true light: that light which reveals to a man the one woman in the whole universe who is destined for him as bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. And I dare say the miracle was just as perfect in that glorious summer afternoon in the nineteenth century as in those first dramatic epochs when tete-a-tetes became the fashion.

"Tell me something about yourself." It was the woman who spoke, having regained both her hand and her composure to a certain degree. (You see, I qualify the extent to which both were at her command.) Now, she had been with Colin MacDuff for about six weeks, morning, noon and night, and had always listened with the keenest interest to his "yarns," and everyone knows that the most modest hunter in the world cannot spin a yarn without the pronoun "I" being used as a distaff. And yet Beatrice asked him to tell her about himself, just after he had confided to her a piece of news concerning his own happiness of infinite importance to them both. It was certainly most important, in view of the present and the future, rather than the past, but how could a man just awakened from a long sleep, a Rip Van Winkle in the world of emotions, be supposed to remember anything which had taken place years ago, in a pre existence where the "one" woman had not made an appearance.

When a woman situated as Beatrice Desmond was, in such close proximity to my hero, asks a man to tell her "something about himself," what do you think is the kind of information she seeks? I may be wrong, but I rather suspect it means: "Tell me about the other woman who has played any important role in your life." Whatever it does mean, I only know that the request made by Beatrice was answered by a tale which is my excuse for bringing two living beings into the region of printers' ink and paper, and letting the public see them sitting in the radiance of that sunlit summer's day on their rocky perch by the great St. Lawrence.

"For six long years I lived in the wilds, as perhaps you have already gathered from stories I have told you, living with a remnant of a band of Indians I had known in my childhood, the last survivors of a tribe decimated by smallpox." Suddenly Colin MacDuff looked straight into the eyes of Beatrice, which were fixed on his face. "Tell me," he said, "do you believe that the laws of the forest are the laws of the universe, and in the matter of keeping each species distinct, do they not set for us an example we needs must follow? You ask me about myself—will you understand? Yes, I think you will when I tell you that to-day I have found the answer to what has remained an unsolved problem for years, though it was a question I had asked no one but you and my own heart." And with a smile irresistibly winning he paused a moment, and then said: "And that is the same, is it not, Beatrice?" "Beatrice," indeed! This was a bold lover, who, with the instinct of a hunter, knew when to be subtle and crafty, and when boldly to come into the open and claim his spoil; and Beatrice Desmond, being but a woman, in spite of her prowess in the chase, loved daring, and neither contradicted the assertion nor resented the sound of her name from lips which, I suspect, had already taken greater liberties. "As I told you, I spent six years with my friends up there," pointing to the far-off range which stood between civilization and the wilderness. "In those six years I learned many things which previous experience had failed to teach men, of life in the forest, on the river which came from the north, and the inland lakes and bays, many of which are still unexplored.

"The twenty or thirty of the band with whom I lived were as fine a lot of men as you would wish to see. The leader of the band, the man who in the novel would have been dubbed 'the chief,' proved himself a staunch ally in times of trouble, which will arise even in life in the wilderness. Occasionally a Hudson Bay trader would come to our camp for furs, and I would get the supplies I wanted by exchanging pelts for their stock; so I lived in comparative comfort.

"'Quick Runner,' as the leader of the band was called, was the father of a quaint little girl about twelve years of age when I first cast my lot with them. Her mother was dead—consumption, I think—and, so far as I could learn, the reason of the undoubted good looks of 'Sweet Grass,' as the girl was called, was one and the same as that which had borne her mother to an early grave, the taint of white blood inherited from some ancestor, either French or English, in the rather remote past. For the admixture of white blood, in however slight a degree, means the added danger of consumption, just as it means the improvement in the caste of features usually observable under the same circumstances.

"'Sweet Grass' was charming, and her father delighted in seeing her learn with amazing quickness all the simple accomplishments I was able to teach her, with the limited material at my disposal. The years went quickly, and the little maid shot up into a young woman, and the jokes of the traders who came to our camp used to annoy me, for it was no uncommon thing in those days for the pioneers of the wilds to mate with the broad-nosed, unshapely women of the redskins. I had always looked upon such unions with detestation, having seen too many men sink with curious fatality a degree lower in the scale of humanity than the beings they wedded. As often as not, the Indians themselves learned to look down upon the man who transgressed the unwritten laws of the forest and mated with those whose color proclaimed them to be of a distinct race and species. It is all very well to say that living in the wilderness breeds lawlessness. It may in some natures, which are lacking in the instinct of even the higher animal world, but to the man who thinks and feels and, above all, watches the great natural law which governs birds and beasts, and the causes which bring about death or distortion in animal or plant, there comes a revelation and respect for law as a law which no mechanical and artificial legislation devised by man can ever arouse.

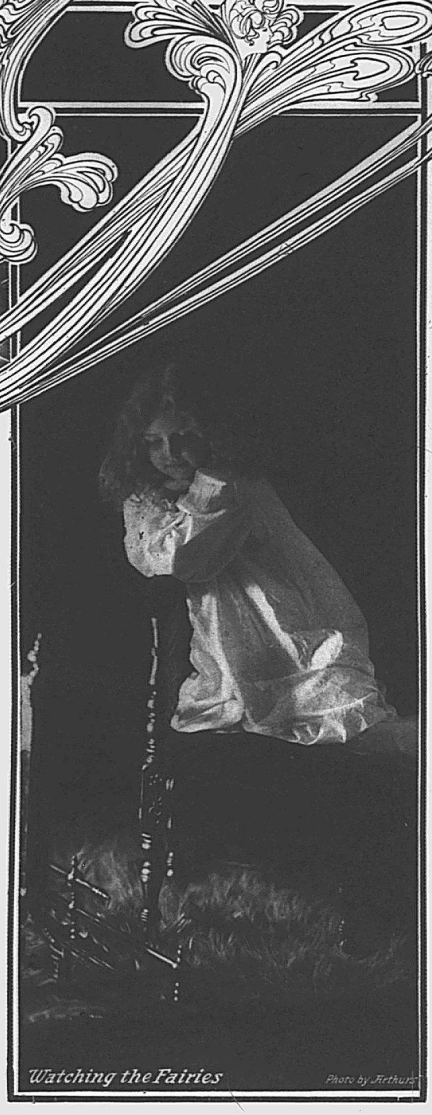
"There was something so pitiful in the lot of the poor little children born of a white father and Indian mother, complex characteristics and physical attributes which neither parent could understand, and which brought about an isolation pitiful to see. Sometimes a dark-skinned child would have a crop of tawny-tinted hair, and it would always have the place of honor on the father's knee, while the rest of the dark-skinned brood stood in sullen envy at a distance; but, as a usual thing, thin, straight, black hair and spreading nose marked the strong maternal strain which dominated those families common to the old regime in the wilderness.

"I had been nearly six years with my friend, when the truth began to dawn upon me that I had been a year or so too long. 'Sweet Grass' had to share the lot of the other squaws, and that is not a happy one, according to our ideals. I do not know where she got it from, but she was a finished coquette. You need not suggest it came from having the benefit of my services as a tutor. I treated her as a little comrade, just as I—" there was a long pause—"used to treat you," with a marked emphasis on the "used."

"I had given her a beautiful pair of snowshoes, adorned with tinkling silver bells, a string of which came to hand among the contents of the trader's pack during one of his visits to the camp. These racing snowshoes were a perpetual delight to the girl, as in the winter she had learned to run, leap and jump with her brothers, who undoubtedly took a pride in her superiority over



The Last Vacation Day



Watching the Fairies

Photo by Arthur

the other squaws in the band.

"If I tried to describe to you the picture presented by this graceful little girl—she was quite small—you would accuse me of having in my eye one of those gaudy figures to be seen guarding the doorway of a tobacconist's shop, or of trying to outdo Fenimore Cooper; but she was a wonderfully picturesque sight on a brilliant winter's afternoon, as she bounded away at the top of her speed, each leap making the silver bells tinkle merrily in the frosty air.

"It was in the midst of one of those delightful winter scenes that the first intimation came to me of the discomfort likely to arise from the situation, and before long, to prevent bringing trouble in the camp of my friends, I decided to take my dog train and blankets and make for the nearest Hudson Bay post, some hundred miles distant.

"One of the young bucks of the band had made up his mind that 'Sweet Grass,' with her irresistible ways, her rifle—which had been a present from me—as well as the tinkling snowshoes, should for the future adorn his wigwam. I confess that when her father told me of the future in store for my little playmate a feeling of revolt and disgust was the first sensation I was conscious of, and for hours the struggle was a pretty steep one. That drop of white blood which had helped to take her mother to an early grave had made a bond between us impossible to ignore, and if I was not actually in love with her—and, of course, I knew I was not," he added, in a voice which asked her to confirm this unnecessary statement, "I was in no humor to stay and attend the wedding feast, which at the most ordinary times oppressed me as opening an additional vista of misery in the life of the squaw.

"Quick Runner" was a magnificent character, as I have said, and the moral code of the tribe from which he sprung would have satisfied the most exigent of Mrs. Grundys. Frankness, I thought, would be the best line of conduct to pursue with my old friend, and so I quietly told him of my intention of leaving before the wedding festivities had been arranged for, asserting that it was evident that the prospective bridegroom did not relish the freedom of intercourse which it had been my privilege to enjoy with this light-hearted little girl whom I hated to see take up the burden of existence at that early age. Although so reserved, Indians do not mince matters, and 'Swift Runner' calmly suggested that if I wanted to marry his daughter I could fight it out with the young buck who aspired to the same honor, and that, possibly, a present of considerable magnitude would render that proceeding of shorter duration than it might otherwise be.

"Now, my motto has ever been 'Eagle mate eagle,' and I did not want to marry, and certainly not while there was the shadow of a doubt in my mind as to the bride being that 'one' woman, the only woman in the world for me."

Here, I regret to say, the thread of the narrative was broken off, as lovers' narratives ever are, by the most absurd digressions, which really cannot concern the reader to any great extent. They are usually extraordinarily ungrammatical efforts, these lovers' interludes in serious narrative or conversation, the punctuation being most erratic, and the superabundance of personal pronouns and adjectives hardly in accord with a good literary composition.

I do not quite know how it was, but in spite of the intensely feminine curiosity in Beatrice, who was already racking her brains to imagine what the end of Colin's story might be, there ensued quite an interval when even the frivolous crickets and cicadas hummed and chirruped like a lot of naughty school children in derision at the unintelligible yet apparently absorbing conversation of these two mortals in this rocky garden of Eden.

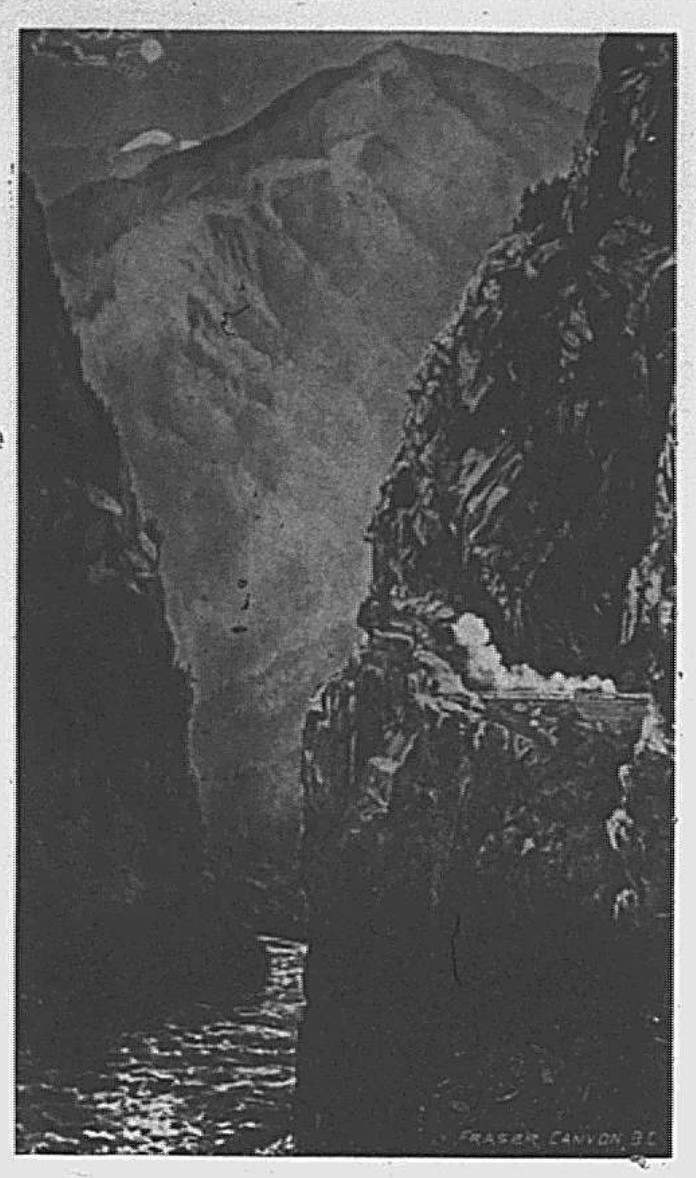
"Do you really want to hear the end of the story?" asked Colin after that interval, when, I am afraid, "Sweet Grass" and her history were forgotten. "Why, of course," was the answer. "You are sure it doesn't bore you?" "Why, no," came with the same quaint little upward inflection again discernible.

Colin changed his position to one which commanded a better view of the river—no, that is not strictly true. His keen glance, which had skimmed the river with the speed of a bird on the wing for so many days both winter and summer, had now found a resting place where its character had changed with its direction, and after all those years of lookout it seemed as if the keen blue eyes had found what they had been searching for.

"I told you I had to make it clear to 'Swift Runner' that I did not aspire to his daughter's hand; a delicate piece of business and one that I was glad to be well rid of. But how was I to say good-bye to 'Sweet Grass'—that little playmate who had so often softened the hardships of life in the wilderness, and to whom I was tied by the thousand and one bonds of common perils and common pleasures? This was a question, and one which had to be speedily solved. I had the reputation of being a daring hunter and a fairly brave man, but on this occasion I was a coward and played a coward's part. Bidding the father to keep my secret and help me to prepare for my journey, I got together a few of my belongings, harnessed my dogs, and, while the camp lay in silence in the small hours before the dawn, I crept out from among my friends of months and years, and like a malefactor stole away, hushing the dogs into utter silence, to the wilderness, facing, perhaps, death and starvation by the way.

"What explanation the chief might make I cared little. My great desire was to put between myself and the mute interrogation and entreaty in a pair of dark eyes many leagues of snowbound forest, and to shut out the vision of my little comrade obeying the mandate of her father to take her place in the wigwam of the man of her race for whom fate had certainly destined her.

"The tumult of thought and the horrors of indecision which at times came over me are well-nigh indescribable; it would have been easier from every point of view to have fallen in with the ideas of my old friend, 'Swift Runner,' and become one of the band, and the husband of the dearest little maid that ever graced the wigwams of the Iroquois. But somewhere deep down lay the instinct of chivalry which forbade marriage with a maid while even a speck of doubt regarding her being the 'one' woman remained. 'Sans reproche' had its own meaning for me, and in all the rough-and-tumble of existence there has never, except in this one instance, been any doubt in my mind as to the existence in some part of the universe of the being whom I had waited so long to find.



THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE, 1902.

I believed myself facing death, and so wearied was I with the strain of conflicting emotions, usually banished from life in the forest, that it seemed an easy solution to the problems which had been more exhausting than all the actual privation and hardship endured in bygone days. A gay little French-Canadian chanson came into my mind, and with difficulty I refrained from humming it aloud; but if the fear of death had passed, I had respect for the sorrow which must come on all concerned. My eyes travelled round the scene as the eye of a man doomed to take a last look at all that comprises his world. 'Swift Runner' stood leaning on his rifle, the butt resting on the tip of his long snowshoe, a look of fatigue and deep sadness mingled in his expression, while two young bucks—one the suitor for the hand of my poor little 'Tinkling Snowshoes,' and the other her eldest brother—were awaiting his order to send home the two bullets which should wipe out the shame of his wigwam.

"Suddenly I heard the soft squaw voice of 'Sweet Grass' pitched in a tone I had never dreamed it could reach, so full, so strong, so impassioned, speaking the language of her father's tribe with a flow of eloquence which might have belonged to some French ancestress, who may, for all I know, have been one of the great tragedians of her day:—

" 'Dogs, dogs and madmen, would you shoot an innocent man?' rang the voice. 'Are you as the pale-faces from the great cities, who have neither eyes to see nor ears to hear? Do you drink of the waters of foolishness like the hounds of Hurons? Are you ready to be made the scorn of every hunting lodge of our tribe? Cannot you see that between me and the man you would shoot lies the snow, white, unbroken, untouched by the foot of man or beast? Where is the track of his snowshoe? A single track coming from the east. . . . Follow if you will the track of my steps from the northern, shorter trail you had neither of you wit to find. Did you find him stand as the man who welcomes to his wigwam the woman he loves?' And I could hear the tremble in her voice as she uttered the words. 'Did I gaze into his eyes to see the lovelight shining there for me? No, the gleam of his pointed rifle invited death's embrace, and his greeting, which I obeyed, was "Halt," and the word, the eye and the weapon of the man I had followed said, even as yours, "Death." Believe my word if you will or not, but the word of the unbroken snow, the story of those single trails, the dying fire where I dozed at midnight, are signs that the meanest Indian of the plains must read and understand.' There was a pause, and, standing mute, as a man must do who is saved by the readiness of woman's wit, I fixed my eyes on the face of the chief, waiting to know my doom.

"In two long strides he was with me. His impressive face showed little of the joy and relief he felt, but his hand was in mine, and the ordeal over. By sunset I was on my way towards the Hudson Bay post, my sleigh laden with all the provender the Indians could spare from their hurriedly-collected supplies.

"What about 'Tinkling Snowshoes'? Ah, she roundly declared she would marry no Indian who had not the brains to know when he saw an innocent man, but on the other hand she treated me with silent scorn, and my last glimpse of her was sitting by the fire of their temporary camp, stripping from her snowshoes the tiny silver bells, and casting them into the fire one by one. Thus far I had educated her in the ways of the women of the world, I suppose.

"What was the end of my story? Too strange for words. Instead of going into the fort with a pretty squaw of tender years, who would have made a devoted wife for the rest of my existence, my sleigh was burdened with the most hideous freight possible to conceive. The third day before reaching the fort I found in a tiny clearing the remains of an Indian encampment, and close to the embers of a dying fire what I first took to be some decrepit animal, and which turned out to be what was, alas, not uncommon in those regions, a very old and helpless squaw, forsaken by her band and left to die in the wilderness, and who had managed to eke out an existence by snaring rabbits, making the skins into a sort of rude garment and eating the flesh half raw. Nothing left of her intellect but the animal cunning which helped her to sustain life—toothless, shrivelled, her scanty remnants of coarse black hair matted with the blood of the rabbit skins she had stretched, reeking and warm, over her freezing ears. She presented such an appearance that my mind reverted with horror to what 'Sweet Grass' might have lived to become, when time had passed and the beauty of youth had gone. Possibly a kindly Providence had sent this hideous example of what 'might have been' across my path, that the pain of renunciation might be lessened.

"Never again did I hear one word of 'Sweet Grass' nor her father's band. Enquire

(CONCLUDED ON THE LAST PAGE.)

In Canada's Wonderland.

On this page there are two illustrations which convey to the mind only an idea of the vast areas of Wonderland which are to be found within the limits of our broad Dominion. . .

Fraser Canyon....

Has been chosen as the representative of the West, and it is only one out of hundreds of others of equally stupendous grandeur. Located as it is on the line of the C. P. Railway through the Rockies, it has attracted more attention probably than any other excepting the snow-capped hills surrounding them.

The Rocks at Hopewell Cape....

Down in the East, seven miles from Hillsboro, which can be most conveniently reached from Moncton, N.B., on the Intercolonial Railway, there is perhaps a sight not equalled anywhere else in the world. The tide in the Bay of Fundy has been playing pranks with the rocks along the shore until it has hewn out many peculiar formations, a man's head here, a vase there, huge pillars and so many fantastic shapes that you would think that some genii of old had been at work.

"I travelled for two days and nights at as great a speed as circumstances and consideration of my dogs would allow. The cold was intense, yet I never lit a fire, but pushed on as if a thousand demons were in pursuit instead of a dark-eyed, sweet-voiced girl, who, after all, might, as is the way of her sex, never guess the cause of my flight, and pay but little attention to it, as compared with the important events about to change the tenor of her existence.

"Often in my feverish reveries she appeared as the one woman, after all—the closest affinity I could find, in her love of the life in the wilds and the vicissitudes of a hunter's existence. She could understand as no one else could the thousand and one signals which are the most welcome sights or sounds of the trapper. Brave, intrepid, never weary of the life we led, with just that touch of sentiment and poetry, which I must confess I had done my best to cultivate, she stood head and shoulders above those flat-nosed and wholly spiritless females of the band, who, as years went on, grew more and more brutish and repugnant. All these thoughts tormented me, and I pushed on, hardly feeling the actual bite of the intense cold, so fevered and wrought up was I with the horror of the situation.

"One of my dogs gave out, and it was necessary to cry a halt, in spite of the fear that was in me that I had not gone far enough. The fire lighted, a shelter was made, and, wrapped in skins, with the weary dogs curled close beside me for the sake of warmth, I fell into a deep sleep, only to be awakened after long hours by the hideous clamor of the dogs as they gave warning of some approaching object.

"My rifle was under my head, and with one lash of the great whip I silenced the dogs, drew on my snowshoes and rose to my feet. Far away to the right of my trail I could hear a sound which brought the blood rushing from heart to head and head to heart until my whole frame rocked under the strong pulsations and the snow grew blood-red before my eyes. The stillness of the frosty air, a stillness so intense that it fairly ached, brought to one's hearing the fall of the smallest twig or the rustle of a dead leaf a mile away.

"Was I awake or dreaming? No, not dreaming, for the howls of the dogs told me they too had heard. It was the smothered tinkle of silver bells! On came the sound, and fortunately with it seemed to come my returning reason and that power of decision which is the salvation of the man who stakes his intellect against the cunning of the wild beast and the perils of the wilderness.

"Slowly I turned towards the sounds which rang in my ears like the dirge tolled for the dead. My rifle swung to my shoulder, the dogs stood bristling and growling in a half circle about me, and the fire spluttered and hissed as the flames licked some new frost or snow encased branch or log."

Colin MacDuff paused, his lips dry and parched with the remembrance conjured up by his own words, which brought to light for the first time the history of those bygone days.

I am afraid that Beatrice mistook the cause of his pause, and instinctively drew her hand away until it rested within the palm of her guiltless hand, which had not betrayed her into such a labyrinth of emotions; and Colin, vaguely conscious that he was suffering at the mere recital of the ordeal of those days long past, put out his hand and found—well, his neglected pipe. The pipe, like the dear old friend that it was, forgave the neglect of the past hour or so, and confided to the friendly match which came from the pocket in Colin's rather gaudy waistcoat that no man of its master's intelligence could ever let a woman take the place of a well seasoned pipe as guide, counsellor and friend; at which information the match went out!

"Yes, it seemed to me hours that I stood here, hours before the thick branches of a tall fir tree parted and like an arrow 'Sweet Grass' darted forward. 'Halt!' I can hear that one word, carrying like the whizz of a bullet through the frosty air, and in the intensity of feeling which swayed me my eyes must have been cold as the glint along the barrel of the rifle lifted to my shoulder.

"What was said matters little; the words were few, terse, brief, and I often fear brutal, which came from my lips, for my hearing was strained to the uttermost tension, as from the south of the tiny clearing came a sound which was unmistakable. In a few seconds those who had tracked her would be on the scene, and then short shrift for the white man who had refused honorable union with the daughter of the chief; who had left the camp by stealth and was found with the promised bride of one of the most warlike bucks in the band. There was little time for thought, often a good thing when prompt action is needed. And I by my cowardice had all unwittingly shifted part of the burden of my folly on those young shoulders, which little deserved the penalty we were both so soon to pay. If eagle should only mate with eagle, then one should live among the inaccessible crags, and not disturb the haunts of other fowl—but it was too late to moralize, and in another second I swung round to face the most dangerous enemies in the world—erstwhile friends.





"It's like the man behind the gun." It is the skilled workman controlled by brains and business ability who has always kept the "SOUVENIR" line of Stoves to the front.

The CURNEY-TILDEN CO. Limited
HAMILTON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG AND VANCOUVER.



Restful Labor

Positively easier to operate sitting than standing.

None can afford not to have it. For sale by the hardware trade. We will send particulars on application.

The Dowswell Mfg. Co., Limited
HAMILTON, CANADA

Pure and Good. Like Mother Used To make.



THE T. UPTON CO., Limited
HAMILTON, CANADA.

THE FEDERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE HAMILTON.

CAPITAL AND ASSETS $2,500,000.00.
AMOUNT PAID POLICY HOLDERS $2,280,000.00
AMOUNT ASSURED. $13,750,000.00.

DAVID DEXTER.
PRESIDENT & MANAGING DIRECTOR

FEARMAN'S STAR BRAND HAMS & BACON

SUGAR - CURED MADE FROM CHOICE PEA-FED CANADIAN HOGS

DELICIOUS APPETIZING ECONOMICAL

PUT UP BY
F. W. FEARMAN CO., HAMILTON, CAN.

ENNIS PIANOS

MANUFACTURED BY
ENNIS & CO. LIMITED HAMILTON, CANADA.

Bank of Hamilton

CAPITAL $2,000,000 — RESERVE $1,600,000 — TOTAL ASSETS $21,000,000

HEAD OFFICE..... HAMILTON, ONT.

BRANCHES.

ATTWOOD
BERLIN
BEAMSVILLE
BLYTH
BRANDON, MAN.
BRANTFORD
CARMAN, MAN.
CHESLEY
DELHI
DUNDAS
DUNDALK
DUNNVILLE
GEORGETOWN
GRIMSBY
GORRIE
HAMILTON (Barton St.)
" (East End)
" (West End)
HAMIOTA, Man.
HAGERSVILLE
INDIAN HEAD, N.W.T.
JARVIS
KAMLOOPS, B.C.
LISTOWEL
LUCKNOW
MANITOU, MAN.
MIDLAND
MILTON
MINNEDOSA, MAN.
MITCHELL
MORDEN, MAN.
MOOSE JAW, N.W.T.
NIAGARA FALLS
NIAGARA FALLS SOUTH
ORANGEVILLE
OWEN SOUND
PALMERSTON
PILOT MOUND, MAN.
PLUM COULEE, MAN.
PORT ELGIN
PORT ROWAN
ROLAND, MAN.
SASKATOON, N.W.T.
SIMCOE
SOUTHAMPTON
STONEWALL, MAN.
TEESWATER
TORONTO
VANCOUVER, B.C.
WINGHAM
WINNIPEG, MAN.
WINNIPEG GRAIN EXCHANGE
WINKLER, MAN.

CORRESPONDENTS IN UNITED STATES—New York, Fourth National Bank and Hanover National Bank; Boston, International Trust Co.; Buffalo, Marine National Bank; Detroit, Detroit National Bank; Chicago, Continental National Bank and First National Bank; Kansas City, National Bank of Commerce; Philadelphia, Merchants National Bank; St. Louis, National Bank of Commerce.

CORRESPONDENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN—National Provincial Bank of England, Ltd.

Sterling and Foreign Exchange bought and sold, also Debentures and similar securities. Savings Banks at all offices. Correspondence solicited.

J. TURNBULL, General Manager.



Hamilton Motor Works

Manufacturers of Marine and Gasoline Engines (one, two, three and four cylinder). Engines in successful operation from Halifax to Vancouver. See testimonials. Launches of any size contracted for. Special prices for winter months. Office—258 Catharine St. North, Hamilton, Canada.



Walter Woods & Co.
WHOLESALE
Wooden-Ware,
HAMILTON, CANADA.

SOLE AGENTS FOR BOSS WASHER.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

HIGH-TEST OILS

CYLINDER, ENGINE, MACHINERY AND BURNING

Special brands: Electric Light Burning Oil Matchless Cylinder Oil, Ideal Engine and Sapo Wood Oil.

Sun Oil Refining Co.
HAMILTON, ONT. Limited

Refineries at { WARREN, PA., and PETROLEA, CANADA.

FOWLER'S CANADIAN COMPANY, Limited

Pork Packers Lard Refiners

And curers of the CELEBRATED L. & S. BRAND OF SMOKED HAMS, ENGLISH BREAKFAST BACON, ETC.

HAMILTON, CANADA.

BARRISTER

THE SMOKE OF EXCELLENCE

I. BLUMENSTIEL
MANUFACTURER,
HAMILTON, ONT.

A matchbox given away free for the asking.

THE COMMERCIAL OIL COMPANY.

J. C. PERSON, M.G.R.



HAMILTON, ONT.

CHICAGO, ILL.
NEWARK, N.J.
MANCHESTER, ENGLAND
HAMBURG, GERMANY.



ESTABLISHED 1856.

THE CURNEY SCALE COMPANY
MANUFACTURERS OF
STANDARD SCALES
HAMILTON, CANADA.



Toledo Computing Scale

It is a mechanical wonder, marvelous in its simplicity; unsurpassed in accuracy and rapidity of Operation. Made in many styles and sizes for all kinds of stores. Write to-day for illustrated Catalogue.

DEAN & McLEOD, Canadian Agents, HAMILTON, CANADA

TUCKETT'S MARGUERITE CIGARS

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

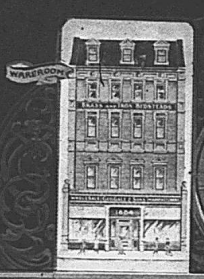
OTIS ELEVATORS

CANADIAN OTIS ELEVATOR COMPANY, LIMITED.

HAMILTON, MONTREAL, TORONTO

THE CANADA SUGAR REFINING
Company, Limited, Montreal
MANUFACTURERS OF REFINED SUGARS OF THE WELL-KNOWN BRAND
Redpath
Of the Highest Quality and Purity, made by the latest processes, and the newest and best machinery, not surpassed anywhere.

THE SUGARS MADE BY
The St. Lawrence
Sugar Refinery
SEE THAT YOUR GROCER SUPPLIES THEM TO YOU.
ARE THE PUREST and BEST
ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING COMPANY, Limited, MONTREAL, QUE

GEO. GALE & SONS




IRON & BRASS
Beds
WAREHOUSE
1884 NOTRE DAME ST.
MONTREAL
WATERVILLE, QUE.

THE JOHN MORROW
MACHINE SCREW COMPANY
(LIMITED)

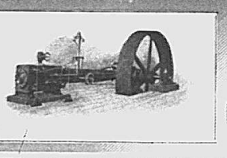
INGERSOLL, ONTARIO.

WINSOR & WOODLEY

Carpenters
& Builders,
117 to 121
Peter Street,
TORONTO
PHONE
MAIN 2216.
Large stock of building material always on hand. Jobbing promptly attended to. Office Fixtures a specialty. Estimates furnished.

USE IT.
Use Windsor Salt and be satisfied in knowing that at last you have got the best. How best? you ask. Use it, that's the test. Pure, white, dry. Use
Windsor Salt
BEST GROCERS SELL IT.

TYPE
PRESSES
Miller & Richard
(Letter Founders to His Majesty for Scotland.)
EDINBURGH
LONDON
TORONTO
INK
MATERIAL

LAURIE CORLISS ENGINES

Are the Highest Type of Engine. Their Coal-Saving Qualities Cannot be Equalled.
LAURIE ENGINE CO.
MONTREAL



HON. DAVID MILLS.
JUSTICE SUPREME COURT
PRESIDENT.
JOHN MILNE
MANAGING DIRECTOR

LIFE IS UNCERTAIN
LIFE INSURANCE IS A CERTAINTY
THE NORTHERN LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY
CAPITAL
AUTHORIZED $1,000,000.
ISSUED $800,000.
PAID UP $215,750.
HEAD OFFICE LONDON, ONT
IS A PROGRESSIVE COMPANY
ECONOMICAL IN MANAGEMENT
FINANCIALLY STRONG
WRITE FOR BOOKLET
ITS ADJUSTED INCOME
GUARANTEED BONUS
GUARANTEED COMPOUND
POLICIES.
CONTAIN NEW FEATURES

SWELL LITTLE RIGS ARE THEY

Bike Wagons

are the Fin de Siecle Vehicle for Use in Town or Country.

WITH STRONG, STOUT PNEUMATIC TIRES OF THE BEST MAKE
THEY STAND ANY TEST and are as DURABLE AS SOLID RUBBER



We manufacture a superb line of carriages, including

Bike Wagons
Stanhopes
Surreys
Phaetons

ALSO GEARS FOR THE TRADE

Write for Our Illustrated Catalogue and Price List.

THE CANADIAN PREMIER MANUFACTURING CO.

KING STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

THE ONTARIO ..BANK..

HEAD OFFICE: - TORONTO

Capital Authorized.....$1,500,000.00
Capital Paid-up..... 1,400,000.00
Rest..... 425,000.00
Profit and Loss Account. 31,411.44

DIRECTORS

Geo. R. R. Cockburn, Esq., President; Donald Mackay, Esq., Vice-President; Hon. J. C. Aikins, A. S. Irving, Esq., R. D. Perry, Esq., Hon. R. Harcourt, R. Grass, Esq.
CHARLES McGILL, GENERAL MANAGER.

BRANCHES

Alliston,	Montreal, Que.,
Aurora,	Mount Forest,
Bowmanville,	Newmarket,
Buckingham, Que.	Ottawa,
Collingwood,	Peterboro,
Cornwall	Port Arthur,
Fort William,	Sudbury,
Kingston, Lindsay,	Tweed,
Toronto	Scott and Wellington Streets. Queen and Portland Streets, Yonge and Richmond Streets. Yonge and Carlton Streets.

AGENTS

London, England—Parr's Bank, Limited.
France and Europe—Credit Lyonnais.
New York—Fourth National Bank and the Agents Bank of Montreal.
Boston—Eliot National Bank.

Undertaker

W. H. STONE

Office, Showrooms and Chapel

YONGE 343 STREET

PHONE—MAIN 932

Canadian Express Company

Forwarders of Every Description of Freight, Live Stock, Money and Valuables

To all principal points in Canada and the United States. Direct and most expeditious service. Half a century's experience. SPECIAL ATTENTION TO CONSIGNMENTS for FOREIGN COUNTRIES. SPECIAL RATES ON FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LARGE CONSIGNMENTS. Notes, Drafts, etc., collected with promptitude at exceptionally low prices.

MONEY ORDERS

The cheapest and most desirable medium of transmitting money in existence. Safe and convenient. No form to fill out. Payable at par at any express office or bank. Receipt given, and LOST ORDERS promptly refunded. No "red tape."

The York County Loan & Savings Company

Incorporated, of Toronto, Canada

BRANCH OFFICES

TORONTO WEST—Cor. Queen and Dovercourt.
HAMILTON—Spectator Building.
LONDON—5 Driftield Block.
WINNIPEG—5 Ottawa Bank Building.
HALIFAX, N.S.—32 Sackville Street.
OTTAWA—56 Bank Street.
MONTREAL—Canada Life Association Building
VANCOUVER—32 Isbs of Court Building.
ST. JOHN, N.B.—101 Prince William Street.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.
A. T. HUNTER, LL.B., Vice-President.
V. ROBIN, Treasurer.
E. BURT, Supervisor.
R. H. SANDERSON, Building Inspector

Head Office Confederation Life Building, Toronto, Ont.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

MACKENZIE & CO.

(SUCCESSORS TO H. J. MATTHEWS)

Gold Gilders, Mirror and Picture Frame Makers.

Importers of and dealers in high-grade Paintings, Engravings, etc. A splendid assortment of Framed Pictures suitable for Christmas Presents and Wedding Gifts.

INSPECTION INVITED.

95 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

E. T. CARTER

(Successor to JOHN HALLAM)

83-85 FRONT STREET EAST, TORONTO

WOOL FOREIGN & DOMESTIC

HIDES SKINS, TALLOW, ETC.

FOR STEAM PURPOSES OR DOMESTIC USE

Our Coal

Cannot be Equalled. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4103.

NOEL MARSHALL, MANAGER.

THE STANDARD FUEL COMPANY of Toronto, Limited

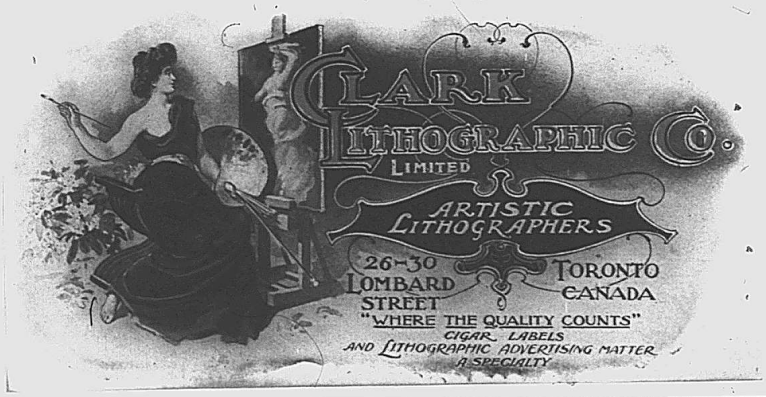
WANTED



WORK CAN BE DONE BY MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD.

We want the services of reliable families or parties to knit for us at their homes. We furnish machine yarn and all material necessary to do the work, and pay you good prices in cash for the work as you send it in. We pay cost of sending work to you, and have work for you the year around. We have standing orders for a large amount of knitted goods, and must have more help at once. If you can only devote one hour per day to the work, send us stamp for full particulars, and we will give it our immediate attention.

The Dominion Knitting Co.
Dept. 2, TORONTO, CANADA.



NEW ENGLISH CUTLERY

CARVERS IN CASES, DESSERT SETS, BREAD FORKS, CRUMB SCOOPS, JELLY SPOONS, ETC.

BRASS KETTLES AND CHAFING DISHES

We can give you choice of a large new assortment of Brass Kettles and Stands from $2.50 to $10 Each

STERLING SILVER SPOONS and FORKS

RICE LEWIS & SON LIMITED

CORNER KING AND VICTORIA STREETS, TORONTO

CANADA'S LEADING SHOE

THE Hagar



FOR MEN

They have no equal. Perfect fitting, durable, comfortable. A gentleman's shoe. Price $3.50 and $5.00.

FOR WOMEN

They are indispensable. They add the finishing touch that makes one feel well dressed. Price $3.50 and $4.

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY IN TORONTO BY

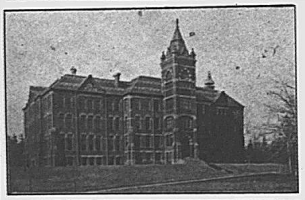
H. & C. BLACHFORD

114 YONGE STREET.

MANUFACTURED BY

J. & T. BELL, - - MONTREAL

The Ontario School of Practical Science



TORONTO

IN

FACULTY OF

Applied Science and Engineering

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

DEGREES:—B. A. Sc., C. E., M. E., M. E., E. E.

DEPARTMENTS

1—CIVIL ENGINEERING
2—MINING ENGINEERING
3—MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
4—ARCHITECTURE
5—ANALYTICAL AND APPLIED CHEMISTRY

For Calendar apply to . . . . . A. T. LAING, SECRETARY

Merit Will Tell

GILLETT'S GOODS ARE THE BEST!

Royal Yeast Cakes, Gillett's Cream Tartar,
Gillett's Perfumed Lye, Magic Baking Soda,
Magic Baking Powder, Gillett's Washing Crystal,
Gillett's Mammoth Blue, Imperial Baking Powder,
Cream Yeast Cakes, etc., etc.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED

LONDON, ENG. TORONTO, ONT. CHICAGO, ILL.

MILTON BRICK

Are made in red and buff colors and have no equal in Canada. They are recognized as the leader by all builders and architects.

The MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO.

Works & Head Office—Milton, Ont.

DR. ROBERTSON, President. J. S. McCANNELL, Managing Director.



Bigley's Hot Water Heater

The above is a cut of the most perfectly constructed, most effective and most economical device for combination heating. Will fit any hot air furnace.

Manufactured by

R. BIGLEY, 96-98 Queen Street East TORONTO

Why does a woman look old sooner than a man? Because she strains her eyes by using poor oil.

A SAMPLE BARREL WILL CONVINCE



BRANCHES

WINNIPEG, MAN.
VANCOUVER, B.C.
ST. JOHN, N.B.
HALIFAX, N.S.

UNION PETROLEUM CO. OF CANADA

TORONTO, CANADA. LIMITED

The Queen's

Toronto, Canada.

Celebrated for its home comforts, perfect quiet, good attendance and the peculiar excellence of its cuisine. Delightfully situated near the bay, on Front Street, convenient to business centre, railroad depots, steamboats, etc.

McGAW & WINNETT, Proprietors. $3.00 PER DAY UP.



TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.
DR. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director.
THE BEST EQUIPMENT AND FACILITIES AND STRONGEST FACULTY IN CANADA.
Artists' and Teachers' Graduating Courses, Scholarships, Diplomas, Certificates.
CALENDARS AND SYLLABUS FREE.
School of Literature and Expression.
Mrs. Inez Nicholson-Cutler, Principal.

Engineers and Boiler-Makers

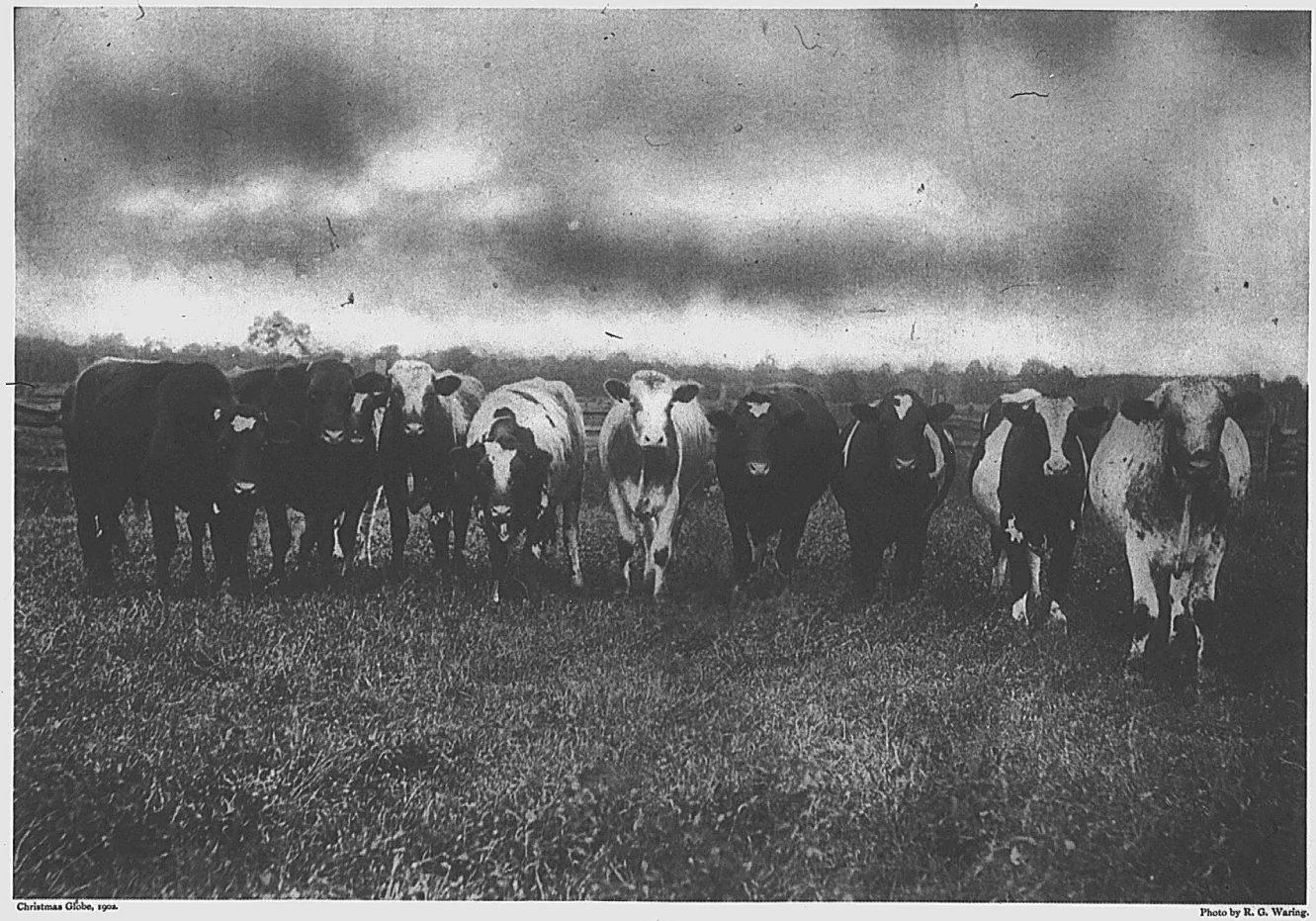
—Estimates —Furnished on —Application.

HIGHEST CLASS CORLISS AND MARINE ENGINES STATIONARY AND MARINE BOILERS.

All kinds of— Tank and— Pipe Work—

JOHN INGLIS & SONS, STRACHAN AVENUE **TORONTO,** CANADA

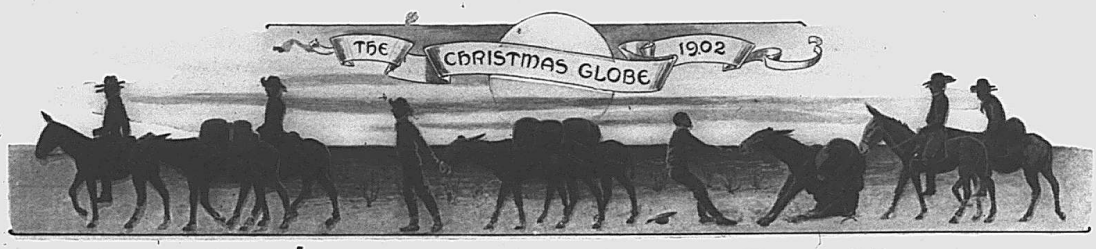




Christmas Globe, 1902.

Photo by R. G. Waring.

CURIOSITY



THE LAST COCK FIGHT IN SAN MATEO

by JOANNA E. WOOD

Drawings by J. S. GORDON

THERE were eight in the party packing over the Arizona mountains and deserts, prospecting; sworn to share all finds, the finder only to benefit by his luck to the extent of having the first choice in the division of claims.

They had the conventional prospector's outfit of flour, bacon, coffee and bayou beans, and, with the exception of Sombrero Dan, rode burros. He rode a little broncho of indeterminate color, with her back always humped into position for bucking, sure-footed and tireless as a burro, and, like a burro, able to subsist on greasewood, sage brush, and the shoots of chaparral—in fact, with a fine sense of adjustment to her environment, she had become a browsing animal instead of a grazing one; she was but little larger than the biggest burro, but, with forefeet firmly planted, would stand like a rock whilst Sombrero Dan roped, threw and hog-tied his steer in time to win the prize at Christmas "cow-punching" exhibitions.

Sombrero Dan was, upon excellent grounds, credited with "greaser" affiliations, but wise people kept their ideas upon this matter to themselves, for Sombrero Dan's revolver was overquick at repartee to make a conversation along those lines pleasant. Since the starting of the prospecting party Sombrero Dan had been in a bad temper, the cause being that, although he was a "cow-puncher" of distinction, he was not a prospector, and felt himself at a disadvantage, instead of being, as he delighted to be, "cock of the walk."

The prospectors first became aware of Simple Simon's existence by seeing a camp-fire burning away cheerily within a hundred yards of their own camp. Presently an odor of cooking, of unusual savor for the time and place, came to them; it did not add zest to their appetite for their boiled beans. Next morning they saw a tall man striking camp; he had with him two burros in fine condition, and a large, powerful dog, which advanced half-way to their camp, elevated his nose, sniffed superciliously, then trotted back to his master.

"I'd like to drop that dog," said Sombrero Dan, ill-humoredly.

"Drop nothin'," said Bill Barry, tugging at a pack strap.

The mountains swallowed the stranger and his little outfit, but that night he again camped within sight of the others. Sombrero Dan chose to take offence at this.

"Oh, what's the difference?" said Bill Barry. "You ain't got a staked claim of the whole creation, Dan."

Every now and then, however, the oft-told, but always new, tales of the Lost Frenchman mine, the secret gold cache of the Arizona Indians, and so on, were interrupted by desultory surmises as to who the stranger was. When Bill Barry went to round-up the hobbled burros next morning he saw the stranger's two burros grazing, unhampered by hobbles, and even as he looked they wagged their ears at the summons of a shrill whistle, and presently went demurely towards the stranger's camp, accompanied, rather than driven, by the dog, which proved upon nearer inspection to be a mongrel bulldog.

"Mornin'!" yelled Bill at the stranger.

"How do?" returned the man, and concentrated his attention upon his pack burro.

Again they lost sight of him for the day, and again he camped beside them. It was a very early camp that night, for they had struck upon a fine stream, and in such a case a few hours are readily sacrificed. They pitched camp. The man whose turn it was to cook "'lowed he'd make some sour-dough bread," and set about digging the hole which, lined with stone heated red-hot, was to be his oven. The rest went down to the stream in the canyon, and there they saw the stranger painstakingly washing his shirt, the dog sitting on his haunches overseeing the operation; but all interest in the stranger vanished when Sombrero Dan discovered an enormous trout in a limpid pool in the shadow of a boulder. There was a rush for the two fishing-rods possessed by the party, and for two hours and a half they dangled their bait before the very nose of the big fellow, but, full-fed and secure in his sanctuary, he waved his tail lazily now and then, and did not even deign to show alarm. Finally, cursing the canyon, the stream, the pool, the trout and everything pertaining thereto, the disappointed men went back to camp. They were just about to begin their meal of hot sour-dough bread, beans, bacon and coffee when they heard a little crack like a whip lash, and a few moments later the stranger went to his camp in the sight of all, carrying the trout in one hand, and in the other a tiny .22 rifle with skeleton breech. Presently they smelt the trout broiling. Bill Barry put down his tin plate of beans. "I'm tired of musty, half-cooked beans," he said, pettishly.

The cook pro tem. took offence. "Them beans is as well cooked as any beans ever you ate! If you smarties could get a man something t' cook he might cook it! Lord! the hull outfit of ye worked hours over that trout and didn't none of ye know enough t' shoot it."

"Well," said Sombrero Dan, "that feller's goin' too far. That trout was mine. I found it!"

"Yes. And he's eatin' it," said Bill Barry. "'Nough said."

The camp slept in sulky silence. Next morning the stranger was not visible—his camp, duly encircled by the hair rope which snakes will not pass, was undisturbed, his two burros were near, nipping at the chaparral. The camp breakfasted and began preparations to move on.

"Guess he overate himself last night," said Bill Barry.

"Mebbe he choked on a bone," said Sombrero Dan. "I hope he did, and his pup with him."

"He ain't used to such high feeding," said the cook.

"No. He ain't like us. We was raised on luxuries, and we've brung our habits into the desert with us," said Bill Barry disagreeably.

Suddenly Sombrero Dan dropped the tin plate he was putting in the pack and stared—the others followed his gaze with their eyes, and saw the stranger toiling into camp with a fine deer on his back. Not a single word was spoken. Certain situations transcend speech.

The stranger showed no intention of breaking camp, and before the other party got away the air was redolent of venison stew, and the stranger was busily engaged cutting his meat into strips. He was evidently going to supply himself with venison "jerky."

"Well," said Sombrero Dan, as they crossed the stream, "that's the last of that skunk anyhow!"

"He were most certingly aggeravatin'," said one of the men drawlingly. "D— aggeravatin', he were!"

That night there was no sign of the stranger, and the prospectors felt that a certain interest had gone from the evening camp. Sombrero Dan said several times, loudly, what he would have done if the stranger had "shaddered" them much longer. Next evening, however, saw the twinkling camp-fire of the stranger again near them, and presently the odor of venison stew afflicted them.

The men looked at each other. Bill Barry voiced the unacknowledged feeling of the camp:

"Say, fellers," he said, "that there galoot seems to be workin' along the same lines as we are. What's the matter with askin' him to join up with us? He ain't no tenderfoot that would be troublesome, that's sure."

"And he's a good purvider," said the cook, who smarted under the injustice of their discontent with the food.

"Yes. He's been weaned some time before last week—that's certain," said one of the men.

"Got any objections, Dan?" asked Bill Barry.

"Me? I ain't got no objections so long as him and his pup stays civil," said Sombrero Dan.

So Bill took the embassy upon him and went over to the stranger's camp, and the latter returned with Bill.

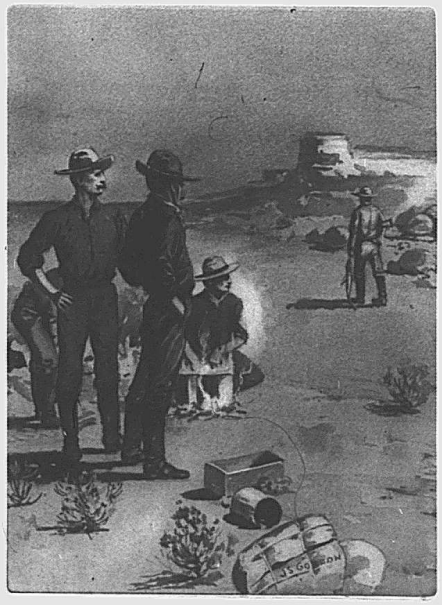
"How do, friends?" he said, easily, dropping down in a place by the fire. "It's right pleasant to be sociable. I reckon we're nosing up the same trail, ain't we?"

"Seems like it," said Bill Barry, who had drifted into the position of sponsor for the stranger.

"Well," said the stranger, "I'm a sociable cuss, and since you're agreeable to have me join you, I'm willin' and ready to go common shares with the party in any luck we strike. I know every canyon in the country, and there's a few I'd just like to tap over. But I want to say right here that if this is one of them picnic parties, pervided and provisioned by some tenderfoot to go out into the wilderness and find him a gold mine, then I'll just be hookin' it along by my lonesome. I ain't never carried a basket to them kind of donation parties, and I don't mean to."

"All right," said the men as if with one voice, even Sombrero Dan joining in.

"in sight of all, went to his camp carrying the trout"



The stranger's dog had followed him, and placed himself as close to his master as he could squeeze; in fact, leaning against him, with the confidence begotten of mutual love.

Sombrero Dan chose to take offence at his proximity, and jerked away the end of his blanket with offensive vigor. As the dog was not sitting on it he was not in the least disturbed, but looked at Dan with wise, interrogative eyes.

"I ain't partial to pups," Dan said aggressively to the stranger.

"Ain't you, now?" said the man. "That surprises me. I'd have thought you'd took to pups natural. You know the sayin' about a 'feller-feelin'?"

"Say, partner," broke in the cook, "what's your name when you're to home?"

"My name when I'm to home," said the man, "is quite stylish. I only use it Sundays. I'm afraid of wearing it out. But my everyday name that I uses for the ordinary purposes o' life is Simple Simon."

"Simple Simon!" echoed Bill Barry. "Where'd you come by that name?"

"It was given me 'cause it suits me so," said Simple Simon. "A child kin take me in."

"Then," said the cook, "you must be a darn sight simpler than you look or act."

"Thanks. Same to you," returned Simple Simon, genially. Just then he felt the impact of a blow through the dog. The dog was alternately showing his teeth in a fiendish "grin" at Sombrero Dan's foot and looking up at his master, mutely asking permission to flesh his glistening teeth in the foot which had wantonly kicked him. Simple Simon regarded Sombrero Dan with a quiet, steady look for so many seconds that Dan's flesh crawled under it and his temper broke.

Simple Simon ostentatiously slipped his arm about his dog. "This here dog's name is Lucy," said he, "and I think a heap of him. Named after a friend. I'd as soon get a lick with an axe myself as see that dog insulted. He's got mighty sensitive feelin's, that dog has, and I don't allow to have him hurted in them. I ain't particular busy just now, but I never seen myself so rushed that I didn't have time to take care of anyone that insulted Lucy. He's gentle as a pet love bird, that dog is." (It must be said that the dog's appearance ill accorded with his master's description.) "He's gentle Lucy and I'm Simple Simon." Then he rose leisurely. "I guess I'll fetch over my blankets," he said. "I'll leave my truck till morning." He went over to his own little fire.

"Say," said Bill Barry, "there's about as little of the love-bird about that dog as any beast I ever see!"

"Yes! He's a sure enough love-bird, he is! Just like his boss is a 'simple Simon,' and of all the misfit names I ever heard tell of, 'Lucy' for that brute is the blamedest—but he's got a lot of venison jerky somewheres, and we ain't godmothers to his pup," said the philosophic cook.

Simple Simon returned with his blankets and some fifteen feet of twelve-ounce ducking, adroitly adjusted two forked sticks, having a crosspiece laid between them, at what was to be the head of his bed, put down his ducking, then his blankets, turned up half the ducking, putting the end over the crossbar between the two upright sticks, weighed down the windward side with a couple of stones and had a perfect sleeping shelter. Lucy waited till it was complete, then, unbidden, he crawled in under the canvas at the foot and lay down with a canine sigh of satisfaction.

Simple Simon made another trip to his pack, and brought back a lot of fresh venison jerky.

"Who's cook?" he asked. "This makes mighty good stew when you ain't got canvasback or chicking." The cook accepted the jerky effusively.

"I've got a lot more I'll turn in to-morrow," said Simple Simon. "I killed a deer day before yesterday, so I waited back a day to cut it up and smoke it a bit, so I could let it dry on the burro's back without the flies botherin' it, but I guess, now there's so many of us, it won't have no chance to spoil." He sat down, took off his shoes and socks, and began rubbing his feet with bear-grease. Sombrero Dan's disagreeable disposition urged him to disagreeable speech.

"Say! you're a dude sure—puttin' bear-grease on your feet. I put bear-grease on my hair."

"That's right," said Simple Simon. "Put the grease where it's most needed. It soaks in. You use it on your brain dish, I use it on my feet. I have t' grease my heels t' keep up with this outfit. It's so swift!" There was inimitable sarcasm in Simple Simon's tone. Everyone but Sombrero Dan laughed aloud, but Dan's Mexican blood was boiling with the venomous rage of his breed.

Thus it was that Simple Simon, his dog Lucy and his two burros, Nip and Tuck, became incorporated in the same party with Sombrero Dan—incorporated, but by no means merged, for the quartette retained the individuality which had characterized it from the first. The unreasoning dislike which Sombrero Dan had conceived for Simple Simon ere yet he had joined the party soon intensified to hatred of the man and his beasts. The beasts were perfectly aware of this, so it is probable that Simple Simon was also aware of it, but he gave no evidence of whatever knowledge he possessed upon the subject.



"That night a man rose softly from the fireside....."

Sombrero Dan's constant frame of mind became such as is epigrammatically defined in the west as that of a man "looking for trouble." Now the unwritten law of prospectors is that no "trouble" must be generated in the camp. The safety of a whole party may depend upon unity of action, and private spites and quarrels must be "salted down" for future use. Experienced prospectors, being weeks in the hills with men whom they have grown to hate, "grub" with them, sleep securely near them, exchange information and surmises as to trails with them, all the while looking forward to the pleasure of settling all scores when they "get out of the mountains" with the same pleasurable anticipation with which they look forward to drink and pie and fresh meat after the inevitable diet of the prospector. Thus it came about that Sombrero Dan's appetite for trouble, being unsalted, grew ravenous. Again and again he indirectly endeavored to arouse Simple Simon, but the latter refused to "see it," only he would perhaps say something like this:

"Some folks is always lookin' for trouble, and some folks is everlastin'tryin' to get ahead of the game; them two kinds of folks gets downed in the long run invariably; there was a nigger I knowed down Santa Barbery way, and he started up a resterant, and he 'lowed he was goin' to clean up all the eatin' trade there was there them days, and instead of putting on his bill-board what he had and what it 'ud cost he put up a sign, "All you can eat for four bits." Inside he had a long counter piled up with things, and you paid your four bits at the door and helped yourself. He was doin' fine and thinkin' he was the only one, when a good husky cowboy came in one day, paid his four bits and started in. He eat three chickens that cost two bits each, and then the nigger gave him back his four bits to quit. Now, that nigger is just like them fellers what's always looking for trouble; they're mighty glad to get rid of what they've found sometimes." There was a fine flavor of philosophic generalization about this, but every man in camp gave it a particular application to Sombrero Dan's case.

One day Sombrero Dan found fault because Simple Simon did not hobble his burros.

"It'll be a nice thing t' have the hull outfit settin' chewin' the cud while you're findin' them blasted burros," he said.

"Say, Dan," said Simple Simon, "it's a good thing you're dark complected by nature, for you'd certingly spile a fair skin with the way you worry. You won't be hendered none by me, nor Lucy, nor Nip and Tuck. If any of us get lost, strayed or stolen, just you fellers strut along yourselves, and I'll figure to cripple on and catch up later."

That night a man rose softly from the fireside, and going to where the burros browsed endeavored to stampede the two unhobbled burros, but Nip, who in all his life had never had a blow, was so amazed that, with a funny shrill squeal of angry surprise, he kicked out with all the strength of his sturdy little legs and caught the man fair on his shinbone, who desisted, cursing, from his efforts at at stampede and went limping back to his blanket.

Strangely enough, next day Sombrero Dan was found to be lame of a mysterious ache which seemed to have come upon him in the night. His temper was not improved by this visitation.

Next day the men, pushing through a thickly-wooded canyon, fairly stumbled over two little puma kittens. Hardly had the men seen them before the mother, with all the fierce courage of mother-love, sprang out of the thicket straight at the men, striking Bill Barry full in the chest and knocking him down. It would have gone hard with Bill—for if they shot at the puma there was an even chance of Bill stopping the bullet—had not Simple Simon said in a voice like the crack of a whip, "Lucy!" pointing to the puma. Transformed as by magic into a hideous, ferocious creature of dauntless courage, Lucy gathered himself together and launched himself at the puma; his jaws met on the puma's throat, and the big cat, diverted from Bill by this new and formidable foe, released the man and strove to shake off the grip of Lucy's jaws, but where once they gripped they held—till death. Simple Simon had his gun out and was warily manœuvring for a safe shot at the puma. "Let them fight it out," cried Sombrero Dan, marking with delight the deep cuts which the puma's claws were scoring along Lucy's white sides.

"Go to h—!" said Simple Simon briefly, and just then his gun spoke and the fight was over.

Sombrero Dan sneered about "folks having no sportin' blood," but the sympathy of the camp was obviously with Lucy, who was bleeding from a score of ugly wounds, but apparently oblivious of them all in his delight at Simple Simon's petting. Bill Barry was grateful.

"Wait till we get out of the mountains and I'll buy you a silver collar, Mr.

Lucy," he said. "You did me a durned good turn, Simon, you and your pup."

"Lucy knows his business," said Simple Simon; "and it's a fact," looking at the broad, heavy band of leather round Lucy's neck, "a fancy collar might set him off some!"

The vision of Lucy as he sprang at the throat of the puma lingered in the memories of the men, and the dog's name became incorporated in their vocabulary. As, for example, when the cook was relating his marital experiences with a fair member of the gentler sex, who was in the habit of lending point to her remarks by hurling glass jars of fruit at her husband's head and backing up her arguments with stove-lids or flatirons, he summed up with, "And so I lit out—the going was too swift for me—she was a regular 'Lucy,' that woman!"

"Don't sling no slurs at Lucy," said Simple Simon, but he chuckled as he said it.

Some days after that they pitched camp in a well-watered spot, intending to remain there a few days and go thoroughly over the surrounding hills, which looked promising. The third day of their stay Sombrero Dan came back to the deserted camp an hour or so after everyone had set out. Fishing in his pack, he brought forth the eight-plait riata which had so often won him glory and of which he was as proud as a fine swordsman of a Toledo blade; he coiled it properly, took it in his hand, and, looking about him furtively, left the camp, almost running. He struck up the hillside to a little tableland, and there became more cautious. Lucy was sitting, watching a burrow. Sombrero Dan eyed him malignantly, then with a cruel smile cast his riata unerringly; the loop fell accurately around Lucy's neck and the dog was jerked backwards off his feet.

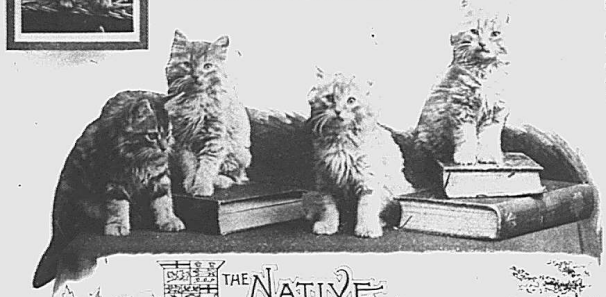
"You don't like bein' hurted in your feelin's, don't you, you ugly purp'" said Dan to himself. "How d'ye like it in the neck?" and he gave the riata a jerk intended to strangle the dog, but the riata had gripped exactly over the broad, heavy band of leather, and instead of the dog being strangled the unexpected happened, for, feeling the hostile intention in the jerk of the riata, Lucy put in practice the natural impulse of his being, and just as Sombrero Dan was about to give the cunning twitch to loosen the riata, that it might slide further down, he felt the riata slack suddenly in his hands, and beheld Lucy, with mouth agape, tearing towards him. Dan had a horrified vision of the puma's mangled throat, and turned and ran as he had never run before, though he was notably fleet of foot. Lucy was nearing him at each spring, but, feeling the rope slack, remembered that it was the Supreme Sin to fight unbidden, his canine conscience smote him, he halted, turned and made off in another direction. It dawned upon Dan that in that direction Simple Simon must be working. He did not experience any craving for Simon's society under these particular circumstances. He tried to call a halt, but the instant the riata became taut Lucy turned upon him. It occurred to him that he, not the dog, was caught. He durst neither keep Lucy nor let him go. He thought of his revolver, and had it half out, when he recollected with something of a chill that no revolver in the outfit carried a bullet like his—the bullet which killed Lucy would betray him. A cruel sense of the ironic humor of the situation crucified him.

"Be darned if you wouldn't think I was playin' 'orse with him," he said to himself with exasperation, as the dog kept on his way with bandy-legged determination, turning to bristle and growl ferociously at the slightest twitch of the riata. They were nearing the edge of the little plateau. At any moment they might run against Lucy's master. There was no help for it. Dan felt he must sacrifice his beloved riata. He made a running noose on the end he held, and managed to loop it over a boulder, then turned and fled. The loop tightened, held, and Lucy, finding himself tethered, turned and rushed like a fiend at Sombrero Dan, but, of course, could not reach him. That worthy hurriedly left the tableland, and, consumed with bitterness of spirit, put in the rest of the day. One ray of comfort he had—they were to break camp on the morrow, and the vision of Simple Simon left behind to look for his dog was some slight consolation.

That night Simple Simon was somewhat late in coming into camp. All the men had gathered when he arrived, Lucy smirking at his heels, and a beautiful eight-plait riata over his arm. Sombrero Dan felt furtively if his gun was loose.

"Fellers," said Simple Simon, "there's some low-down, pepper-chewin', cowardly cuss workin' a trail near us. I found Lucy caught just over the collar with this riata, and tied to a rock up on the mountainside. I expect he aimed to strangle Lucy and his riata caught on the collar, and I'll bet Lucy made the goin' hot for him till he managed to get a noose over a boulder. Lucy ain't hurted none, but that is no thanks to the dirty greaser that tried to do for him. Now, I'm agin shootin' when I'm prospectin', but this here's a special case, and if anybody claims this riata within a hundred years I'll shoot on sight. It's a mighty good riata, and whoever owned it probably wants it back mighty bad. He can apply for it, and I'll see he pays all expenses and trouble connected with it, so if the feller turns up and you hear any shootin' you'll know what the entertainment is about. Meantime I've got a very useful souvenir." So saying, Simple Simon proceeded to bestow the riata (which every man in camp knew was Sombrero Dan's) in his pack and then to help prepare supper.

It was a few weeks after this, and the trip was nearly over, when one day they found they had made a serious error as to the width of a sage-brush plain over which they were to pass. They had to make so few "dry camps" that they had grown a little careless about keeping the canteens filled. At the end of a long day on the burning plain it was found that only Simple Simon's canteen was full; he divided the contents, sharing his portion with Lucy. There was no danger in the aspect of affairs, but there was a night and a day's thirst to face before they reached the mountains they could clearly see, where water was, and just beyond which lay one of the many San Mateos of the west. This town was the point for the disbandment of the party.







A Profound Student.

THE NATIVE BORN

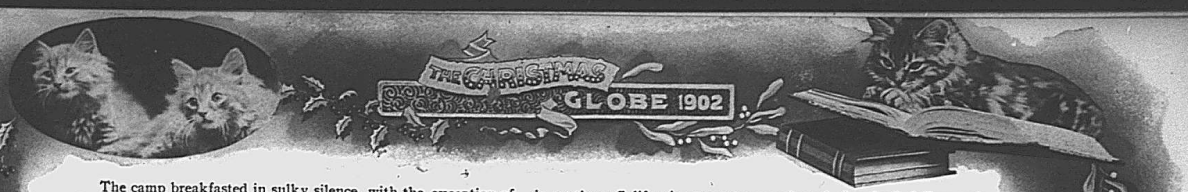
There's a thing we love to think of when the summer days are long,
When the summer winds are blowing, and the summer sun is strong,
When the orchards and the meadows fling their sweetness on the air,
And the grainfields flaunt their riches, and the glow is everywhere:
Something sings it all the day,
Canada, fair Canada!
And the pride thrills through and through us;
'Tis our birthplace—Canada!

There's a thing we love to think of when the frost and ice and snow
Hold a carnival together, and the biting north winds blow;
There's a thing we love to think of through the bitter winter hours,
For it stirs a warmth within us—'tis this fair young land of ours.
Ours with all her youth and promise, ours with all her strength and might,
Ours with all her wealth of waters, and her forests deep as night,
With her mines—her hidden treasures—with her sun-steeped hill and plain;
With her mountains and her meadows, and her fields of golden grain.
Other lands may far outshine her, boast more charms than she can claim,
But this young land is our own land, and we love her very name.
Canada, fair Canada!
Native-born are we, are we,
And the pride thrills through and through us;
'Tis our birthplace—Canada!

Let the man born in old England love the dear old land the most,
For what spot a man is born in, of that spot he loves to boast;
Let the Scot look back toward Scotland with a longing in his eyes,
And the exile from old Erin think her green shores paradise.
Native-born are we, are we,
Canada, fair Canada!
And the pride thrills through and through us;
'Tis our birthplace—Canada!

Well we love the sea-girt Island, and we strive to understand
All the greatness, all the grandeur, of the glorious motherland;
And we cheer her to the skies, cheer her till the echoes start,
For the old land claims our homage, but the new land holds our heart.
Native-born are we, are we,
Canada, fair Canada!
And the pride thrills through and through us;
'Tis our birthplace—Canada!

JEAN BLEWETT



The camp breakfasted in sulky silence, with the exception of Sombrero Dan, who grumbled incessantly. At length Simple Simon spoke, with much innocence:

"Well, we needn't all grumble about it. And one thing—if we do die on the plains, the coyotes won't eat all of us." Every man recognized the allusion, and everyone save Sombrero Dan loved him for making it. It is an old saying in the west that a coyote, or any wild animal, won't devour the body of a Mexican, because it is so permeated with the flavor of peppers, and Sombrero Dan had made himself so gratuitously disagreeable that this shot at him was much appreciated. Bill Barry said to Simple Simon that night:

"You want to watch out for Dan, Simon; he ain't to be trusted."

"I'm soft," said Simple Simon, "blamed soft, I am, but the greaser ain't born yet that's goin' to finish me."

On the evening of the next day they reached San Mateo, and the party broke up; the Lost Frenchman mine was still lost, the gold cache of the Indians still undiscovered, but for the time being they had satisfied that restless spirit of search which dominates the born prospector.

There were two San Mateos here, the Village of San Mateo and the Town of San Mateo, three miles apart. Most of the party went to the town, but Simple Simon took lodgings in the village. However, he foregathered with the others nearly every day. A change had come o'er the spirit of Sombrero Dan's dream; he found a Mexican cousin of his—Mayor of San Mateo the greater. He hastened to proclaim the relationship, and presently blossomed forth as quite the Mexican caballero, with a silver-trimmed sombrero, great Mexican spurs, and trousers that flared out from the knee down.

"Don't look much like a 'white' man now, does he?" said Bill Barry to Simple Simon casually.

"Him white!" said Simon contemptuously. "There's nothin' white about him but his liver?"

Two days after his arrival in San Mateo Simple Simon became possessed of a fine gamecock, which he assiduously proceeded to train. Though technically supposed to be suppressed, cockfighting flourished in all southwestern towns at that time. Tied up by one leg to the door of Simple Simon's lodgings, his bird grew and prospered. It was trained and fed with a cunning and care equal to that bestowed by a trainer upon a college crew. Its muscles were rubbed and massaged with rattlesnake oil, its courage kept up by never being daunted, it was allowed an occasional spar with an ordinary barnyard cock to give it confidence in its own invincibility; day by day it grew in valor, and its peculiarly marked feathers took on a lustre that was almost metallic; judicious doses of chopped red peppers contributed their quota to the fierceness of his temper, and his clarion-like crow was instinct with the most insulting challenge.

Presently it was whispered about that there was to be a cocking main in a room at the back of a tamale saloon in San Mateo the greater, and when Simple Simon heard this he went forth and wandered up and down, backing his bird against the best the town or village could put up. Finally Simon's bird was matched against a splendid cock owned by his Honor the Mayor, but to be fought under the name of his cousin, Sombrero Dan. Everyone knew the Mayor would be present, unofficially, and everyone knew he had money to put on his bird. Money was wagered in surprising sums and the sale of lottery tickets fell off preceptibly for the time being.

Simple Simon some five years before had been present at a cockfight where a hundred acres of what has since proved to be the most valuable land in southern California was put up against six hundred dollars and lost. Simon trained his bird patiently, flirting meanwhile with coquettish Isabella Ramirez, who smiled at him across the jasmine-wreathed paling. The betting assumed many and varying phases, and Sombrero Dan offensively demanded that a large forfeit be exacted should either party fail to produce the specified bird at the pit. Simple Simon agreed, and Sombrero Dan, busy in a barroom making out a last list of "events" and conditions, to be circulated among the sports, said:

"What's the name of your chicken, anyhow?"

"Lucy," said Simple Simon.

"Lucy, the devil!" said Sombrero Dan involuntarily.

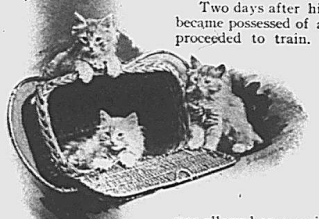
"No, no second name—just Lucy—named after a friend," said Simple Simon.

Sombrero Dan put it down, with a superstitious sense of being hoodooed.

Now, the bird to be fought by Sombrero Dan was the hero of a hundred fights, so Simon got good odds and covered all the money in sight.

The day of the fight dawned, and Simple Simon spent the morning in San Mateo the greater, talking over final details; then he returned to his lodgings to look at his bird, which had been shut up in a crate that morning, with the double object, as Simple Simon explained to pretty Isabella, of making him fierce and keeping him from tiring himself. The crate in the stable was empty. Simple Simon knew what that meant. Foul play—but how? For he knew it would be worth a man's life were he seen tampering with a gamecock which carried the people's money. He remembered the forfeit, which specially provided that he produce the bird named, and he knew Sombrero Dan knew Lucy's peculiar markings by heart. There was nothing for it but to take his medicine, and get drunk to drown his rage and disappointment, so he rode back to town, meeting pretty Isabella returning to the village. She blushed and dropped her





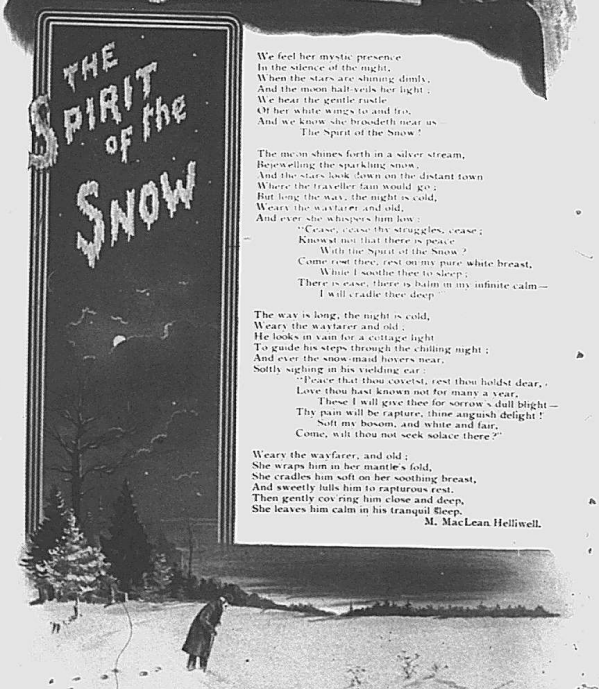


OUR KITTENS.

The engravings in these pages were made from photographs taken from life and copyrighted by E. J. Rowley, Toronto. The kittens are owned by Mrs. F. C. Ellis, 84 Major street. Our readers will agree with us that the pictures are exceedingly clever and that The Globe was fortunate in securing them.



MEDITATING.



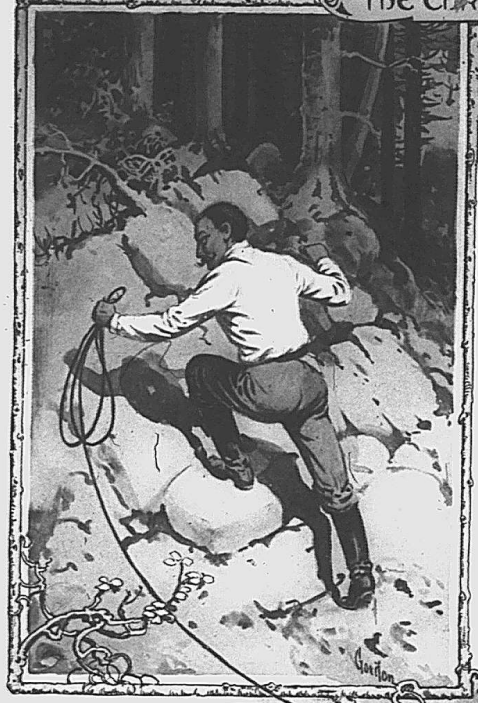
We feel her mystic presence
In the silence of the night,
When the stars are shining dimly,
And the moon half-veils her light;
We hear the gentle rustle
Of her white wings to and fro,
And we know she broodeth near us—
The Spirit of the Snow!

The moon shines forth in a silver stream,
Bejewelling the sparkling snow,
And the stars look down on the distant town
Where the traveller fain would go;
But long the way, the night is cold,
Weary the wayfarer and old,
And ever she whispers him low:
"Cease, cease thy struggles, cease;
Knowst not that there is peace
With the Spirit of the Snow?
Come rest thee here, rest on my pure white breast,
While I soothe thee to sleep;
There is ease, there is balm in my infinite calm—
I will cradle thee deep."

The way is long, the night is cold,
Weary the wayfarer and old;
He looks in vain for a cottage light
To guide his steps through the chilling night;
And ever the snow-maid hovers near,
Softly sighing in his yielding ear:
"Peace that thou coveist, rest thou holdst dear,
Love thou hast known not for many a year,
These I will give thee for sorrow's dull blight—
Thy pain will be rapture, thine anguish delight!
Soft my bosom, and white and fair,
Come, wilt thou not seek solace there?"

Weary the wayfarer, and old;
She wraps him in her mantle's fold,
She cradles him soft on her soothing breast,
And sweetly lulls him to rapturous rest.
Then gently covering him close and deep,
She leaves him calm in his tranquil sleep.

M. MacLean Helliwell.



"Well, you'd better allow plenty of time," said the Mayor. "A forfeit's a forfeit."

"Oh, I'm sick of that yap about forfeits," said Simon. "Do any of you want to make a square bet that I don't show up with Lucy?"

"I do," said Sombrero Dan. "Will you put up your pup Lucy?"

"No," said Simple Simon.

"I thought not," sneered Sombrero Dan. "You're so precious of them Lucys of your'n that I'll bet neither one nor the other of 'em shows up."

"If it's a question of showing up on time with my cock Lucy," said Simple Simon, "I'm willin' to bet my dog Lucy against your yaller broncho, but I ain't willin' to risk bettin' him on the finish of the fight."

"Done!" said Sombrero Dan loudly. "Fellers, listen! My broncho against his pup Lucy that he don't show up on time with his bird—and when I get that pup," he added to Simple Simon, "I'll give him as pretty a death as you ever heard tell of."

"And when I get your broncho I'll baptize her Lucy, after a friend of mine," said Simple Simon.

Everyone felt the limit in the betting had been reached, and presently Simple Simon rode away in the direction of San Mateo the less, but he doubled back up a back street, and, reaching Bill Barry's lodgings, proceeded to give his bird exercise and minced peppers, and to assure himself that the gaffs fitted. The fight of the evening was scheduled for 10 o'clock, the battles before that being regarded almost with indifference. All Simple Simon's crowd was there, but Simple Simon had not appeared. At a quarter to ten the Mayor announced that no one would be allowed to leave the room until after the fight of the evening was over.

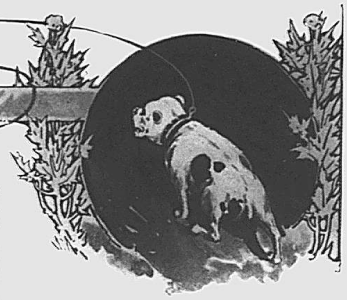
"We don't want no confusion, nor no sneakin'," he said, "when the money comes to be handed over. Two of you stand by the door; anyone can come in, but no one is going out till this fight is over and the bets cleaned up."

Two of Sombrero Dan's henchmen sprang to guard the door, but the cook forestalled one of them. So each party was represented by a sentinel. Premature and illy-suppressed smiles of triumph flickered upon the faces of Dan's party.

Simple Simon's voice was heard without. The door opened and in he came, his bird under his arm, its eyes fierce and fiery, every feather in fighting form.

The faces of the Mayor and Sombrero Dan became livid.

"Say," Simple Simon whispered to Bill Barry as he pushed through the crowd, "Dan's complected like a gila monster, ain't he?"



"Dan—ran as he had never run before"

eyes as he passed and he felt slightly comforted. He wished to keep Sombrero Dan and his cousin, the Mayor, as long in ignorance of his discovery of the loss as possible, so he avoided the street where he knew they would be and struck back into a quarter unknown to him, quite sure, however, of finding a saloon. He saw the gaudy sign of one, and was tying his horse in the shade of a pepper tree on the opposite side of the street when he heard a fluttering commotion. He looked about and saw at the door of a shop beside him a crate in which were some despondent-looking fowls. He saw at the back of the cage the metallic sheen of a game bird's plumage, and even as he looked there was a greater commotion, and with two blows the game bird laid low two of the chickens and forced himself to the front of the cage, stuck out a red-eyed head between the bars and uttered a clarion-like challenge. It was Lucy, and a sense of the miraculous solemnized Simple Simon's mind. He opened the door at the back of the crate, took out Lucy, carried him into the shop and bought him from the simple old crone within. She said it would "bring a blessing to the pot," for she had bought it but an hour since from a senorita "of a beauty—oh!"

"Ah—h!" echoed Simple Simon, but he said it through his clenched teeth, for he knew pretty Isabella had betrayed him, and he writhed as he thought how he had shown her how to creep into the stable through the little sliding door at the back. Simple Simon was justified in his suspicions. Sombrero Dan had promised Isabella the finest head shawl in San Mateo, and had said he would be at the next dance to dance with her (this latter honor was frankly part of the bribe, and as such was accepted) if she would engage to spirit away Simple Simon's cock Lucy. Dan instructed Isabella that she was to kill the bird immediately and burn or bury it at once, all of which she faithfully promised to do. She was to meet him at a certain street corner in San Mateo and give him the assurance that her part of the contract was fulfilled; but, being a rapacious little soul, she hated to see such a bird wasted when she knew she could get two bits for it from old Teresa, so she carried in the bird, got her two bits, and, meeting Sombrero Dan at the corner, as arranged, unblushingly assured him that all was done, even as he had commanded, and in the joy of his heart Sombrero Dan bought her a head scarf for which he gave a gold piece.

Simple Simon, by devious ways, sneaked to Bill Barry's lodgings, and by good luck found him in. They made their plans together, bestowed the cock in a place of safety and sallied forth. They found the cook, and together they rounded up three or four more of the faithful, and they started to look for Sombrero Dan and his friends. Although that morning Dan had said there was no more money to be had, there was now lots of it in sight, and Simple Simon and his friends took up all the bets they could. The Mayor said to Simple Simon carelessly:

"Been in town all day?"

"Yes," said Simple Simon. "Lucy's all right, and I'll ride over in the evening and get him here in time to lick anything with feathers on in this town."

At the pit-side he held up Lucy. The peculiar markings of the bird rendered him unmistakable.

"Here I be," he said, "and here's my bird Lucy, fit and willin' to fight for every dollar he carries. There's no forfeit comin' from this congregation and I've won that hump-backed yaller broncho of Dan's, name of Lucy now."

"He presently blossomed forth as quite the Mexican caballero"



He knelt down and dexterously fitted on Lucy's gaffs.

Sombrero Dan prepared his bird, but the heart had gone out of him. It was well for Isabella, sleeping in little San Mateo, that she was unaware of Dan's thoughts at that moment. Time was called and the birds were put down—splendid birds, both superbly confident; but the confidence of Sombrero Dan's entry undid him. He had been victor so often that he was tempted to do a momentary preliminary strut. The moment thus lost was fatal, for Lucy, irritated by the strange mutations of the day, and at last standing free with an enemy of insulting port before him, struck on the instant, and struck home, the gaff going clean through the other bird's brain and killing him at once. The great battle was over—in one blow.

Lucy stood above his fallen foe and uttered his clarion challenge.

Confusion worse confounded reigned. Simple Simon caught up Lucy, and, as agreed, he, Bill Barry, the cook and their allies drew together.

"Cash up!" they cried, and with curses their demand was complied with. It was a glorious "clean-up," for Sombrero Dan's party had believed they had "reasons" for their confidence—and now that they had lost they turned upon Dan and his Honor, the Mayor, who, mindful of the coming election, invited his disappointed adherents to come and drink with him; but no man left the room until his bet was paid—Simple Simon and his crowd attended to that, and finally they slipped out in the wake of the throng and were very presently galloping to San Mateo the less, for they knew well that murder lurked for them at every street corner, and in every dark alley, and in the shade of every pepper tree in the town that night. So it came about that long ere dawn, whilst yet Sombrero Dan and his drunken crew sat weaving murderous plans as they drank bad brandy, a little party of three left San Mateo the less and struck up into the hill country. They were Simple Simon, the cook and Bill Barry. They had two burros with packs on their backs. Simple Simon was riding a dirty-colored broncho with a humped-up back, which from time to time he patted on the neck and called Lucy. Another



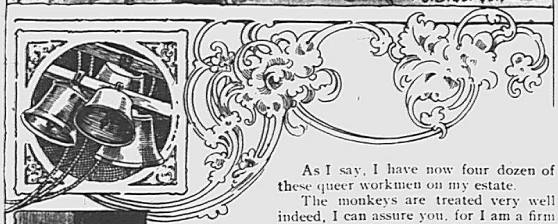
Copyrighted.
Christmas Globe, 1902.

Photo by Sargent, Detroit.

HER FIRSTBORN.

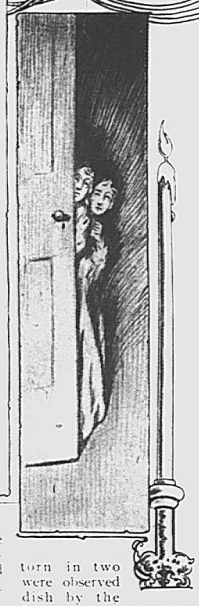
THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1902

Santa Claus and Father Time



It chanced one day that Santa Claus and Father Time did meet,
Far from the busy, careless throngs that haunt the crowded street,
In the north country, where the Frost King's castle glistening stands,
Bathed in Aurora's rosy light, upreared by unseen hands.
"How are you faring, Father Time?" said Santa, with a smile;
"'Tis useless, I suppose, to ask you to remain awhile.
You seem as nimble as you were when this queer world began;
'Tis different, alas! with me, though I'm a younger man.
The children of this century are too advanced by far:
They don't believe I live up there beside the great North Star;
They don't love me as once they did—I fear I've lost my hold;
Their ways and new ideas make me feel a little old.
They say my beard is far too long, my cap is out of date,
And that I oft forget to write their orders on my slate.
My reindeer, too, are getting just a trifle lame and slow.
Another year, and then I think I'll really have to go."
"Fie, Santa Claus," quoth Father Time, "you're feeling somewhat blue;
There're many children still who wait expectantly for you.
It is with me they're finding fault; they've scolded since last May,
The hours seem like eternity to them till Christmas Day.
I'm getting old and stiff myself, but I have yet to see
The man or woman smart enough to get ahead of me.
They're dreaming now of fairy tales, of dolls, and trinkets bright.
What disappointment there would be if you should fail to-night!
The stockings all hang in a row—the biggest can be found—
Because they know old Santa Claus is sure to come around.
They've peeped up to the chimney top, and oped'd the bedroom door,
Lest Santa should forget to leave some of his precious store.
Cheer up! old man, the merriest of us are dull at times.
Come! shake your post-bag—I will read some quaint requests and rhymes.
Here's one: "Dear Santa—
Don't forget to bring two little boys
A gun, an Indian and a sled, a trumpet, drum and toys;
And, Santa, if you wouldn't mind, we'd like a pretty pup,
We'll leave some string beside the bed—be sure and tie him up."
His blue eyes danced with merriment. "Why, here's another lot,
They're coming down like snowflakes white; I wonder when they'll stop."
Some badly blotted and misspelled, and others bold and true,
But each one bore the mark of love, and said, "We're waiting you."
All kinds and colors, some that had the semblance of a star,
Many were stamped with curious art from foreign lands afar.
A tiny missive fluttered down and fell at Santa's feet,
He stooped to pick it up, it seemed so dainty, shy, and sweet.
Old memories awakened as he held it in his hand,
'Twas from a little Southern maid, way down in Dixie land.
It ran: "Dear Santa—
Don't you look a wee bit like my pa?
I lay awake last Chrismas eve—of course you won't tell ma—
'Till all was quiet as a mouse, then someone crossed the floor,
And a dark man, just like my pa, hung something on the door.
I spect that you an' pa are twins. I'm awful glad, you see,
'Cause then you'll both be fillin' up a stockingful for me.
Here Santa shook his jolly sides and laughed until he cried
At the amusing messages the post-bag held inside.
"Come, hurry now," said Father Time, "I feel the evening air;
Get all your presents hunted up, and bring a generous share.
I'll hitch the reindeer to the sleigh, and then we'll speed along,
And fill the castle and the cot with gladness, gifts, and song.
To every waiting child of earth we'll carry Christmas cheer;
Like prima donnas, we'll postpone our last appearance here."

H. Isabel Graham.



Lucy loped alongside, and just as they were leaving the village a cock crow like a bugle call rang out from a woven-covered basket on the burro's back. It was taken up and answered by the village cocks, passing from one to the other, till it died in the far-off farmyards on the hillside.

Next day a cyclonic reform was inaugurated in the two San Mateos, it having come to the knowledge of his Honor the Mayor that the cruel and abominable practice of cock fighting was secretly carried on, and he having taken a strenuous resolution to put it down with a strong hand.

Sombrero Dan's Mexican cousin was probably the first politician in the United States to go triumphantly to the polls as a "reform" candidate. But all these things were as nothing to Sombrero Dan.

MONKEYS AS LABORERS.

Brazilian nut-growers will soon be using hundreds of monkeys as laborers on their plantations, says a writer in a New York paper.

The experience was tried by a prominent planter two years ago, and now he has a well-trained band of fifty of the mischievous little animals, who do more work in the gathering of nuts and do it more thoroughly than men.

This planter recently told of his success, incidentally claiming for the monkey a much higher order of intelligence than that of any other animal.

At one time, he said, I used to employ a large staff of natives to climb the trees and pick the nuts, but one day I noticed a couple of monkeys swinging themselves from tree to tree, picking nuts and throwing them on the ground. The idea struck me that if I could manage to train some of these animals to pick nuts and throw them into baskets placed under the trees I could save myself considerable in wages every month.

I followed out this idea, and in a few months I possessed a small staff of monkeys, who got through their work more than twice as quickly as my human pickers and with much less waste of time. All that was necessary was to have a man to look after the animals while they worked, and, finding them extraordinarily fond of music, these men sing and play while they are watching the progress of the picking. The monkeys, I find, will work much better if they are humored in this respect.

As I say, I have now four dozen of these queer workmen on my estate.

The monkeys are treated very well indeed, I can assure you, for I am a firm believer in kindness to animals. They will do more by kind treatment than by any amount of severity. It is very seldom that the monkeys have to be punished, and then I always perform the task myself, never leaving it to the native foreman. Thus, knowing that any misconduct is invariably followed by retribution, the members of my curious staff are very careful in their behavior.

I am adding slowly to my dumb employees, but I have to do this with great care. When my plantation is visited by a band of wild monkeys a temporary demoralization of my tame workers always ensues. So strong measures have to be adopted, which means that we shoot the intruders until the enemy is repulsed. In this way I secure my recruits, for we usually catch one or two on these occasions. These recruits are soon trained to work with the other monkeys, for, talk as you may of the intelligence of horses and dogs, I contend that the monkey is on a higher plane than any other animal living—and I have had some experience.

THE CORONATION OF CHARLES II.

At the coronation, or, as contemporary chroniclers spelt it, "coronac'n," of Charles II. the ceremony in the Abbey was followed by a banquet in Westminster Hall, to which the King came with his crown on his head and his sceptre in his hand, walking under a canopy supported by six silver staves, with little silver bells at the corners. This canopy was afterward the cause of some disturbance, for a dispute arose between the barons of the Cinque Ports and the King's footmen as to who should have the honor of bearing it, and the canopy was nearly torn in two during the struggle. Several quaint ceremonies were observed during the banquet, such as the tasting of the first dish by the Duke of Albemarle, the serving of the first course by the Knights of the Bath, and soon, and the whole business of the King's Champion was gone through, from the throwing down of the glove to the presentation by the King of the gold cup from which his Majesty had just drunk to him. But more amusing than any mere chronicle of events is Pepys' human account of the way the commoner celebrated the coronation of Charles II. From him we learn how "the City had a light like a glory round about it with bonfires," and that, in Axe Lane, "many gallants, men and women, laid hold of us and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees . . . which we all did, they drinking to us one after another, which we thought a strange frolique . . . and I wondered to see how the ladies did tipple." Later on the fun seems to have become faster and more furious, for the inimitable diarist, after writing of a woman whose eye was put out with a firebrand, and of several gallants who were overcome with wine, adds almost in the same breath, "Thus did the day end with joy everywhere," and, more significantly, "I went to my Lord's pretty well."





Supplement to the Christmas Globe, 1902.

The Christmas Globe 1902

Christmas in French Canada

Illustrated by C.W. Jefferys

by Agnes C. Laut



Midnight Mass

THE French-Canadians owe their Christmas customs, as they do many of their characteristics, to the land whence their forefathers came. With the same single-hearted loyalty that attaches them to the language and religion of France, they cherish the social habits and traditions which have come down to them from the past. The merry disposition, the instinct of hospitality, the love of friendly intercourse and family amusements which distinguish their daily life are displayed with peculiar zest during the Christmas festivities. They possess in highest measure the Christmas spirit. During this season of good-fellowship, the amiability of nature, the gaiety of temperament and the affectionate attachment to family and friends that mark the French-Canadian are appropriate qualities.

As a religious festival, too, Christmas appeals with especial force to the French Canadians, and the ceremonies of their Church form an integral and important part of the celebration. It has thus a double hold upon them, both from the religious side and from the sociability of character necessary for a proper observance of Christmas. In all rural communities old customs survive with tenacity long after the pressure of modern ways obliterates them in large cities. In the remoter parishes of England and Scotland curious traditions and even superstitions linger, as the student of folklore well knows, so that the French-Canadian *habitant* is not exceptional in keeping up practices and customs that elsewhere have been forgotten or fallen into disuse. Some of them, it is true, are rapidly becoming mere memories. It is impossible to resist the influences which are every year bringing the country districts into closer touch with the larger world outside. The old legends lose their force. The Christmas spirit reigns, but it declares itself in new ways. One of the primitive beliefs that might now be hard to trace in actual existence is connected with the Midnight Mass of Christmas Eve. As the pious people would gather in the church to take part in this solemn service, it was the tradition that the dead curé, the predecessor of the officiating priest, with his flock who slept their last sleep in the churchyard, joined the living worshippers in spiritual communion and formed an invisible part of the congregation. Not so many years ago it was a Christmas Eve custom in the remoter districts of Quebec, where the nearest church was a long distance off, for the people to meet in some convenient house. On the stroke of midnight a young girl would present herself, and the assembled villagers would sing:

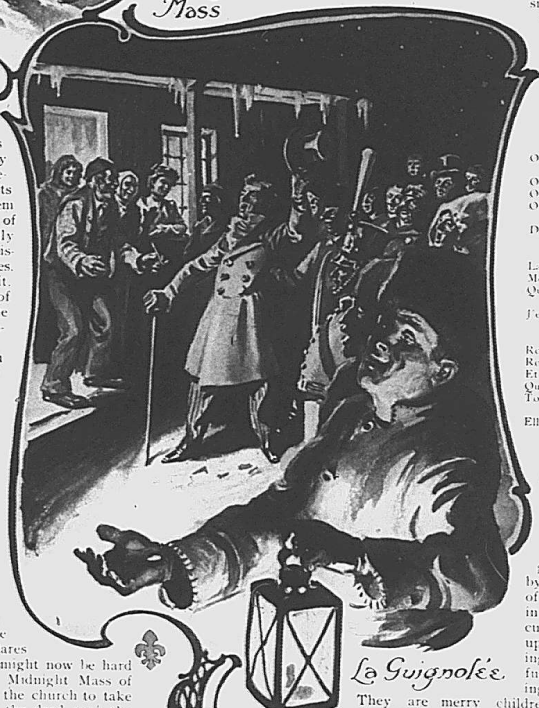
> Shepherd maiden, radiance-laden,
> Whence comest thou?

And the girl would sing in reply, to some simple tune, a Christmas carol embodying the religious beliefs and kindly sentiments inseparable from the season.

With the French-Canadians the idea, common enough in days of yore, that Christmas is not a single occasion, but a series of festivals beginning with the twenty-fifth of December and lasting until Epiphany, or Old Christmas Day, on January sixth, may be said to prevail. What to us is Christmas they often call *Les Fêtes*, and of these feasts *Noël* (Christmas) is one. The round of friendly visits on New Year's Day, so characteristic of our fellow-countrymen in Quebec, and the ceremonies, religious and social, of Epiphany may in this sense be considered part of their Christmas season. Epiphany commemorates the guiding of the three magi to Bethlehem, but was originally also celebrated as the birthday of Christ until the practices of the Eastern and Western Churches were assimilated in this respect and the present date fixed upon by both. The attraction which everything in the nature of a festival has for the light-hearted French-Canadian is sufficient to account for the maintenance of the celebration, as far as possible, during the entire twelve days.

In this connection, therefore, the curious custom known as *La Guignolée*, associated with New Year's Eve, has its place. Just as in England the Christmas waits are passing into oblivion, so the quaint performance known as *La Guignolée* might be difficult to trace even in the *habitant* circles of Old Canada. Some of the Christmas customs of all countries are supposed to be derived from ancient ceremonies which prevailed before the time of Christ, and the founders and missionaries of Christianity quietly modified and incorporated popular pastimes which they found it impossible to efface. Thus the festival of mummers, calling themselves *Les Ignoleux*, is traced back to a Druidical sacrifice, softened by religion and a milder age into a company of gay young people dressing themselves in fantastic or other costumes and going joyously from house to house, seeking good cheer for themselves and alms for the poor. One can readily picture the French-Canadians of a remote country district in a time not so long ago, and perhaps even yet, entering with delight into this innocent prank and journeying from neighbor to neighbor on the clear winter's night, singing this characteristic lay, which to translate literally would be to spoil:

> Bonjour le maître et la maîtresse
> Et tout le monde de la maison.
> Pour le dernier jour de l'année
> Le Ignolé vous nous devez.
> Si vous voulez rien nous donnez
> Dites-nous-le.
>
> On emmènera seulement
> La fille aînée
> On lui fera faire bonne chère,
> On lui fera chauffer les pieds
> On vous demande seulement
> Une chignée,
> De vingt à trente pied de long
> Si vous voulez-z-e.
>
> La Ignolée, la Ignoloche,
> Mettez du lard dedans ma poche!
> Quand nous fûm s au milieu du bois,
> Nous fûm s à l'ombre;
> J'entendais chanter le cou cou
> Et la coulombe.
>
> Rossignolet du vert bocage
> Rossignolet du bois joli,
> Et va-t-en dire à ma maîtresse
> Que je meurs pour ses beaux yeux,
> Tout fille qui n'a pas d'amant
> Comment vit-elle?
> Elle vit toujours en soupirant
> Et toujours veille.



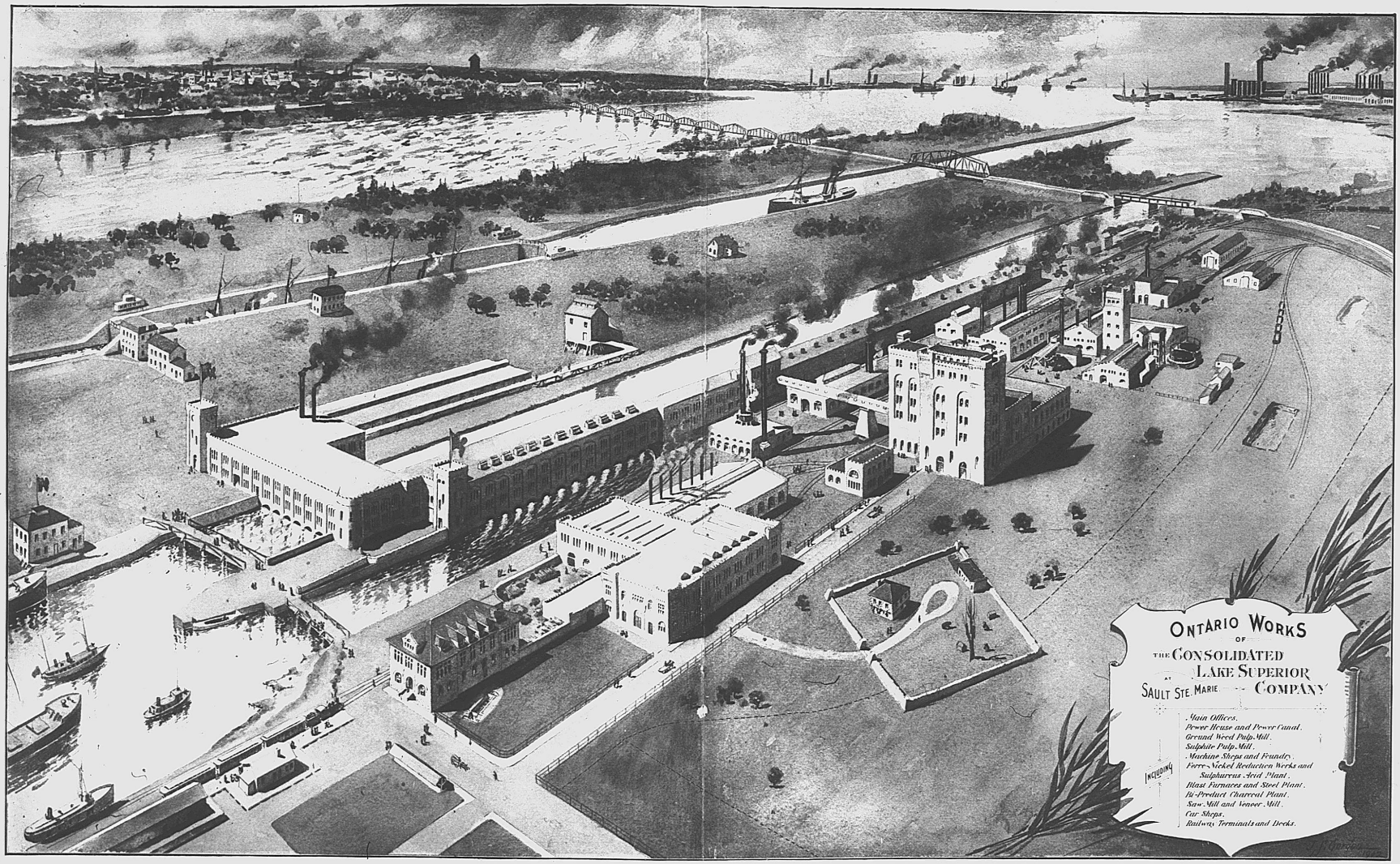
La Guignolée

In the home the social celebration of Christmas Day is marked by the same features as ours: by a stocking hung up for the children or by shoes placed near the chimney, by a green tree loaded with gifts, by a feast for all the members of the family, and by games in the evening. As promiscuous dancing is frowned upon, games are the chief ingredients in the evening's fun, and some of them are ingenious and interesting. They are merry children, these little French-Canadians, full of chatter, laughter, and fond of singing. They may be lively and even boisterous, but never rude, for the gracious courtesy of *les Canadiens* is found in young and old, and creeps into their amusements. The Christmas gifts come not from Santa Claus, but from *le petit Jesus* (the Infant Jesus), and M. Fréchette, in one of his charming stories, gives us the letter of a little child who dictated to her indulgent father a message to the Giver of Christmas cheer:

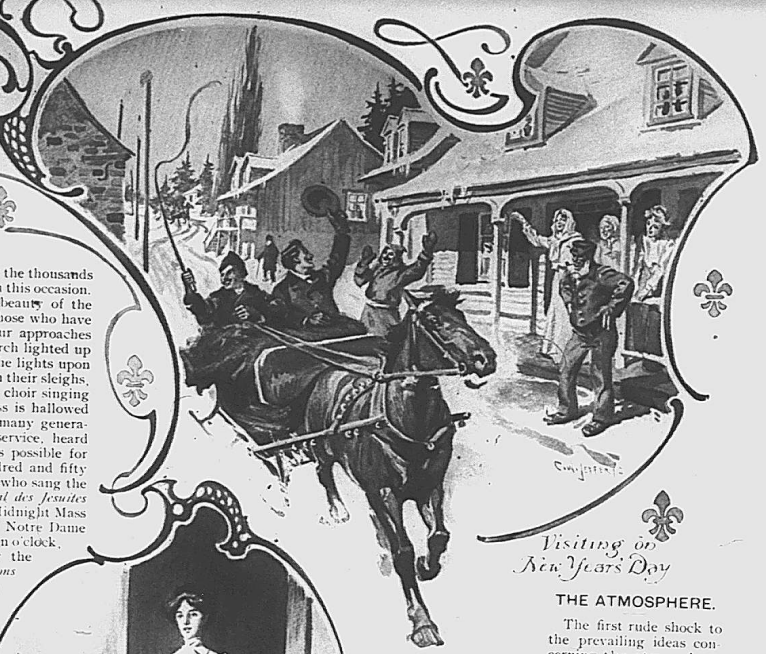
> "DEAR LITTLE JESUS. To-morrow is your feast of Christmas, and as I have been very good I put my shoes on the hearth-stone, just like the other children. But give me only your picture and take the presents to Rosina, who has been very good also, but whose mother is a poor widow. You know her house, don't you? It's on Sanguinet street. . . . . "

The French Christmas, therefore, has the advantage of directly connecting the expectant children with the Saviour, as the fountain of charity and kindness, rather than the fat old personage whom we know as Santa Claus, and whose shadowy original, St. Nicholas, the patron of the young, is not connected with Christmas at all. The typical Christmas cakes in the French-Canadian home are the *croquignoles*, or fried doughnuts, plentifully covered with white sugar, and enjoyed by all as one of the choice edibles of holiday fare.

Religion and its observances, it is thus seen, are inseparable from the French-Canadian Christmas. The services at this season are elaborate and solemn, and the Midnight Mass is the most famous of these. In large cities like Montreal and Quebec


ONTARIO WORKS
OF
THE CONSOLIDATED
LAKE SUPERIOR
AT
SAULT STE. MARIE
COMPANY
INCLUDING
Main Offices.
Power House and Power Canal.
Ground Wood Pulp Mill.
Sulphite Pulp Mill.
Machine Shops and Foundry.
Ferro-Nickel Reduction Works and
Sulphurous Acid Plant.
Blast Furnaces and Steel Plant.
By-Product Charcoal Plant.
Saw Mill and Veneer Mill.
Car Shops.
Railways Terminals and Docks.

The Christmas Globe 1902



Visiting on New Years Day

a number of Protestants will often be found among the thousands of Catholic worshippers who throng the churches on this occasion. In the country parishes the impressiveness and beauty of the Midnight Mass are felt by old and young, and those who have witnessed the gathering of the faithful as the hour approaches will not soon forget the picturesque sight: the church lighted up so as to be seen from a distance, the reflection of the lights upon the snow, the assembling of the people on foot and in their sleighs, the opening notes of the organ, soon followed by the choir singing the *Gloria*. The celebration of the Midnight Mass is hallowed in the French-Canadian mind by the thought that many generations of his forefathers have attended this same service, heard the same carols, and knelt at the same altar. It is possible for the Canadian of to-day to go back over two hundred and fifty years and find on record who officiated at the Mass, who sang the carols, and what those carols were. In the *Journal des Jesuites* for 1645 Father Lallemant gives the details of the Midnight Mass for Christmas of that year at the Quebec Church of Notre Dame de Recouvrance. The first bell was sounded at eleven o'clock, the second at half-past eleven, and shortly after the choristers began to chant *Venez, mon Dieu*, and *Chantons Noe*. At midnight precisely the *Te Deum* was given, and a cannon from the fort announced the birth of Christmas morning. Then the Mass began. The famous carol *Chantons Noe* still survives, and after this long interval of time may be heard in Quebec churches. Another of these historic carols is ascribed to Brébeuf, the missionary to the Indians who suffered martyrdom in 1649. It is in the Huron language, and must often have been sung in early times at the mission church in the Indian village of Lorette. The Christmas carols, both old and new, form a notable part of French-Canadian sacred song, and are much prized for their intrinsic beauty and the memories they evoke.

Nowhere in Canada is Christmas celebrated with more sincerity or gaiety than in Quebec Province, and if common ground were lacking on which to unite the variety of race and creed that marks the Dominion, it would readily be found in this season of peace, charity and good-will.

A KEY TO GEORGE IV.'S CORONATION.

A coronation story, told by Sir Dominic Colnaghi, his Majesty's Consul-General, Boston, U.S., has, of course, no application nowadays, but it is an interesting sidelight on the ways of the past. His grandfather, desiring to see the coronation of George IV., for which he had no ticket of admission, put on his best clothes, and walked off with his sword, and knocked at a door in the tower of the Abbey. "I want to come in," he said. "You can't come here," was the reply. "But I've a silver key in my pocket." "That's no good." "Yes, but I've a gold key also." "Oh, well, you may come in, then!" And he did go in, and had an admirable place in the gallery, whence he saw the whole ceremony.



"Shepherd Wanders, enchanter ladens, Whence comest thou?"

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES.

For thee, my small one, trinkets and new toys,
The wine of life and all its keenest joys,
When Christmas comes.
For me, the broken playthings of the past,
That in my weary hands I still hold fast,
When Christmas comes.

For thee, fair hopes of all that yet may be,
And tender dreams of sweetest mystery,
When Christmas comes.
For thee, the future in a golden haze;
For me, the memory of some bygone days,
When Christmas comes.

For thee, the things that lightly come and go;
For thee, the holly and the mistletoe,
When Christmas comes.
For me, the smiles that are akin to tears;
For me, the frosts and snows of many years,
When Christmas comes.

For thee, the twinkling candles bright and gay;
For me, the purple shadows and the gray,
When Christmas comes.
For thee, the friends that greet thee at the door;
For me, the faces I shall see no more,
When Christmas comes.

But, ah! for both of us the mystic star
That leadeth back to Bethlehem afar,
When Christmas comes.
For both of us the Child they saw of old,
That evermore his mother's arms enfold,
When Christmas comes.

Virna Sheard.



Lorette

MUSIC.

There's nothing in God's universe so thrills
The soul to good resolve and fair intent,
So quickens into life the high ideals,
As music strong and true. To it seems lent
The wondrous power to waken deepest joy
Or deepest pain. Some glorious hymn of praise
Which voices full of love and hope do raise,
Some song of sorrow which bedims the eye,
Some lullaby low crooned at evening hour,
Some strain so clear the mem'ry will not die,
But holds us with its sweetness and its power,
And fills the soul with bliss without alloy.
O Music! with thy potent spells, thou art
God's tender messenger unto the heart!

Myrtle Corcoran.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

The first rude shock to the prevailing ideas concerning the atmosphere was given in 1774, when Priestly discovered in it the very active element, oxygen. Two years later he added to this the passive element, nitrogen, and the two main constituents of the invisible air became captives of science. To these new elements the old ideas clung for a time. Oxygen was named by its discoverer dephlogisticated air. It lacked phlogiston, the fancied fire element, and sought it with eager appetite in whatever it touched. Nitrogen was called phlogisticated air. It was believed to be saturated with phlogiston and therefore fatal to flame. While oxygen combined briskly with almost all the elements, nitrogen refused to combine at all except under great provocation. Though intimately mingled in the atmosphere, these elements were as unlike in character as two substances well could be.

No long time passed before a third substance was found in the atmosphere, this time not a chemical element, but the compound gas, carbonic acid. While not great in quantity, it proved to be indispensable in quality, since all the world of living things is dependent upon it for existence. Inimical as it is, when in large quantity, to animal life, without it there could be no life at all, and the earth would be a dead and barren expanse. For the plant world gains from this gas its foundation element of carbon, and is thus enabled to lay up those stores of food upon which the animal world depends.

One thing may be said about the new atmosphere. That of old was supposed to be not over sixty miles high. Its ratio of decrease of density seemed to prove this. The atmosphere is now believed to be fully 500 miles high. This belief is based upon a study of the fall of meteorites. These free wanderers of space plunge into the upper air at so great a speed that their friction, even with the extremely rare gas at that high altitude, soon heats them to incandescence, and they flame into light. They have been observed to flash out in this way at the height of over 100 miles. At this elevation the air must be so exceedingly rare as to render it certain that friction with several hundred miles of it would be needed to heat a meteor to the incandescent point. From this it is estimated that the upper limit of the atmosphere can not be less than 500 miles above the surface. It may be much more. The air may extend upward as far as the force of gravity is capable of overcoming its centrifugal force, which steadily increases with height. How high that is no one can tell.

WHERE WATER IS PRECIOUS.

As in New Mexico and Arizona, water is the most precious thing in Palestine, and the laws which protect springs and wells are very severe. Most of the wells are artificial. Rich men at great expense have chiseled basins and reservoirs out of the rocks to receive the flow from springs, and in many places where no springs could be found they have drilled through the limestone a hundred feet, and sometimes twice that distance, to the artesian basin. None but very rich sheiks can afford such an expenditure; nevertheless they have not only been the greatest benefactors of their fellow-men, but those who have sunk wells and built foundations have erected monuments to their fame more enduring than palaces or temples or shafts of granite. The Temple of Solomon has vanished forever, but the pools which he walled up with masonry and filled with water still remain. The wells that Abraham and Jacob drilled in the rock as acts of piety as well as power are as immortal as their names, and will live forever, as long as men feel thirst.

According to a just custom of the country, water rights could never be forfeited. No man who owned a well might refuse his neighbor water for his family or his flocks, but the lord of the spring was inviolate; no creditor or enemy could take his water rights away from him. To injure or fill up a well was an unpardonable crime. When the Philistines threw earth and stones into the well of Abraham they intended to challenge him to a war of extermination. These customs and regulations remain to-day.

The Christmas Globe 1902



A Song of the Forest.

The Legend of Love-Sick Lake



LITTLE MOTHER BUNCH. PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN

When you wander alone thro' the forest
And list to the murmuring song,
If your heart be attuned to the music
The words will come floating along.
I have listened so oft to the singing,
That when it is plaintive and low,
I can hear through the melody's sobbing
A love tale of long, long ago.
"Nenemoosha! Omemee! Omemee!"
The waterfalls purl as they flow,
And the echo sighs softly, "Omemee!
The sweetheart, the maiden of woe."
Like a willow wand supple and slender
Her movements were motions of grace,
And her eyes as the stars of the morning—
And dusky as twilight her face,
Overshadowed with long silken tresses
Which shone with a luminous light,
Like darkness when daylight appeareth,
Dispersing the shadows of night.

Now the West wind is dreamily humming
The love-lays the dusky braves cooed,
And the brooklet is mocking the laughter
That silenced each lover that wooed;
But the melody varies and deepens,
A tenderer message is sighed,
And the brooklet grows fainter and fainter
To whisper the words which replied.
O, this lover was fair as the morning,
His eyes as the blue of the lake,
And his hair like its brink, sun illumined,
And true was the promise he spake.
"Nenemoosha! Omemee! Beloved!
The moon is a thin silver thread;
After, strand over strand, winds it roundly,
Omemee her lover will wed."
But the waterfalls sullenly gurgle
How, speedily, far from her sight,
With no farewell, her lover was banished
Ere moonbeams illumined the night;
How the braves and the squaws in derision
Then pointed the finger of scorn,
Harshly laughing, "Omemee, forsaken,
The loveless, the maiden forlorn!"

Now the waters roar loudly their anger
Till echoing echoes reply;
And the wind wails its anguish of spirit
Keyed high to a shrill minor cry;
Then it hushes and sobs how Omemee
Was dazed with their gibes and her grief,
And afar through the forest went roaming
To find for her sorrow relief;
How the trees drooped their boughs to caress her,
The brambles and thorns bent aside,
And the blossoms clung fast in her tresses
To garland her fair like a bride;
How the moon rolled its last silver girdle
And over the maiden shone clear,
Till she startled and shivered enraptured
And knew that her lover was near.
From the lakelet she heard his voice calling,
And following, as in a dream,
Where the margin hung high o'er the water,
She gazed on the moon's sparkling gleam.
For a moment she lingered and hovered,
Then gliding through quivering light,
Where the wavelets called softly "Omemee"
She floated and vanished from sight.

Now the forest is throbbing with music,
A harmony wondrously blent,
An ecstatic and thrilling emotion
Commingled with blissful content;
For the brooklet, a ripple of laughter,
The waterfall's note like the dove,
And the wind in a clear tone of triumph,
With echoes uniting, sing love.
And though years have rolled, decade on decade,
The forest remembers the song,
And the wraith of Omemee appeareth
And flits o'er the water along;
An elusive ethereal vision,
An eerie and mystical sprite,
Like the vaporous spray of a fountain,
It glides through the silvery light;
And because of this visitant ghostly
Which follows the moon's brilliant wake,
And the waterfall's echoing sighing,
This region is called "Love-sick Lake."

When you wander alone through the forest
And list to the murmuring song,
If your heart be attuned to the music,
The words will come floating along.
I have listened so oft to the singing,
That when it is plaintive and low,
I can hear through the melodies sobbing
This love tale of long, long ago.

Peterboro'. Alma Frances McCollum.





THE STORY. PHOTO BY JAMES ARTHUR, OTTAWA.



A KNOCK-OUT PHOTO PITTAWAY, OTTAWA.



SWEET IDLENESS.

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1902





IMAGINE

AND ONE WAS BEAUTIFUL.



"All's well that ends well"

By William Banks Jr.

IN the early afternoon of June 14, in the year of our Lord 1601, Master Will Shakespeare sate in the play-room, as mine host of The Green Cat Inn had named it, with two members of his company. 'Twas a gloriously bright day; a day to make the heart of any man in fair health throb with joy at the very thought that he lived. Master Will and his companions were in right good humor. The season just closed had been one of exceeding excellence, and the future was tinted with promises of still brighter days. Master Shakespeare's companions on that memorable day were quaint old John Dullard, whose name belied his ready wit and shrewd tongue, and Thomas Wingate, the writer of this, of whom in all modesty I cannot say anything beyond that he was honored with many parts of no little importance in his master's plays.

We were talking, as play actors will, of failures and successes in the mimic world, when the door opened suddenly and there entered Harry Ellwood, the latest, the youngest, and, next to the master himself, the best beloved member of our company.

"Welcome, lad!" cried Master Will, "there's work toward. Have a fine part for thee in a new play."

Ellwood advanced across the room with free grace, and, smiling, said, "'Tis no make-believe, but a reality, calls me to-day. Nay, do not rise," to Dullard and myself, when we would have left him alone with the master; "we need thy counsel."

"She comes?" questioned Master Will.

"She comes," Ellwood answered, with gladness in his voice, "in a gallant coach drawn by four horses, and accompanied by her father, a maid, and four armed men servants. Her father, who suffers from gout, is in a testy temper. Of the servants, one, Jerry Snowdon, is a staunch, true man o' mine. Goodfellow, the butler, is a man of valiant words, but hath a chicken's heart and flabby muscles. T'other two are hardy-looking rogues and may fight."

"Hast forgotten one important item," said Master Will.

"What is't, then?"

"The husband to be."

Ellwood smiled. "One who in his sober moments hopes to be lies drunken at the Golden George. The one who will be asks thy aid to steal the lady, and for punishment hopes to suffer till life's end in Cupid's prison."

"Mayhap thou'lt find the little god a hard jailer, Harry."

"No croaking, sir," cried Ellwood, cheerfully, "leave that to old Dullard, here."



IN CLOVER.

Dullard smote Ellwood playfully on the shoulder. "That I'll not," he said, "whilst thou'rt here. Art a lad of proper spirit and some learning."

The young man bowed, mightily pleased, for Dullard loved not to flatter, and seldom paid a compliment that did not carry a sting i' the tail.

"A truce to compliments," said Master Will; "we'll to work. Here comes Sir George Keny," as that gentleman, who, though still young, had long been a friend and patron of my master's, entered the room. Sir George greeted us all heartily, as was his wont, and to Ellwood in particular his manner was almost brotherly. I noticed that he bore a very serviceable sword, in the place of the light weapon he usually carried, and that Ellwood was armed in the same fashion. Following Sir George there entered mine host Tom Tomkins, and young Tom, his son, sturdy, hard-headed, broad-shouldered rascals.

At Master Will's request we gathered around him, Sir George sitting with one arm on Ellwood's shoulder, and there we planned that event which was the talk of the town for one long summer, and which is here for the first time truthfully recorded.

We talked, perhaps, for the space of one-half hour, and the sound of carriage wheels was the first interruption to our conversation. Ellwood ran lightly to the broad, high window opening into the inn yard and looked cautiously out. Tomkins and young Tom left the room. Dullard, Sir George and myself, at a sign from Master Will, remained seated.



I'M READY

I still remember with what interest I watched Ellwood at that moment. How I marked, as in truth I had often done before, the fine head crowned with tawny hair, the aquiline features, the firm set of the jaws, the broad shoulders, and the handsome height of the man—"six foot two, to a hair's breadth, and a heart as big as his body," as Dullard was wont to say. Suddenly he closed the window softly and turned to us, his grey eyes gleaming with hope, and I know not what emotions, and one strong hand resting lightly on his sword hilt. "Jerry Snowdon saw me," he said quietly, "but made no sign. 'Tis a brave lad and true, but my mind misgives me, he looks so wondrously sour visaged. Must have a quarrel against someone. Pray God he keeps his temper until the hour is ripe."

Then he laughed grimly, clapped his hand to his thigh and cried, "Gad, I warrant 'tis his highness, the butler, is playing on Jerry's feelings. There's an old score between them touching the matter of a bay mare, now the property of the said butler, poor fellow."

"And why poor fellow?" asked Master Will. "He has the mare, you say."

"Truly," Ellwood replied, "but you do not know my man." Then his voice changed, "Gentlemen, upon you I depend; we must not fail," he said, with a ring of command in his tone. I looked at him quickly, and Dullard muttered, "A soldier—I knew it. A good one, too, or my senses speak me false." I started, for such a thought had been running in my mind these several months.

Ellwood caught the words, and Dullard flushed uncomfortably as the young man said, not unkindly, "Keep thine own counsel yet a little while, my friend."

"Chide him not, my——" began Master Will, but Ellwood interrupted him quickly, though his voice was low and gentle, "Nay, then, Master Will, shalt chide thee, too, and thou bide not the time."

Master Will laughed somewhat confusedly, "Wert always nimble of wit and ever ready with thy tongue, despite thy great size, dear lad," he said, "Get thee gone, else indeed our plan comes to naught."

Ellwood, accompanied by Sir George Keny, left the room, the door of which was thrown violently open a few minutes afterwards, admitting a prodigiously fat old gentleman, followed by a maiden so fair I scarce could help staring rudely at her. She was not overly tall, olive complexioned, with great dark eyes and beautiful brow, and a wealth of jet black hair. Tomkins accompanied the pair.

The old gentleman walked with difficulty, and I saw that his left foot was much swollen and enclosed in a huge carpet slipper. He was in no sweet mood, and indeed was scolding mine host and his inn in no uncertain fashion.

"A pretty pass, truly!" he shouted as he entered the room. "How dare you, sirrah, allow to others the room promised to me?"

"Gentle sir," began Tomkins.

"A clapper on thy tongue, thou rogue!" roared the old man; "who asked thee to speak?"

Tomkins' open mouth closed with a snap.

"Art deaf, thou villain?" the old gentleman snarled. "Answer me or I'll wring thy wicked neck."

Tomkins scratched his head but kept his mouth closed. The girl laid a hand timidly on the old man's arm. "Father," she said, softly, "there are gentlemen here."

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1902



ONTARIO'S HERITAGE



IT'S GOOD!



ON THE RIDEAU

"Gentlemen? gentlemen? in this hovel! Highwaymen and cut-throats, I doubt not, but gentlemen, never!"

Master Will, who had risen, now stood near the door. "Your pardon, sir," he said in his gentlest manner. "Your pardon, madam. May I ask if I behold Squire John Wenwood of St. Ann and his gentle daughter, Mistress Lucy?"

"What's that to thee?" demanded the old gentleman, fiercely. "Who in the devil's name art thou, and what dost thou here in apartments expressly reserved for mine own use?"

"Some call me——" began Master Will.

"Who asked thee to speak?" the Squire interrupted, with gruff rudeness.

"Didst question me somewhat briskly, and in no gentle tone. Must needs hear my answer."

"Must, must!" spluttered the old man. "Harkee, thou smooth-tongued usurper of another man's apartments, I'll have my lackeys larrup thee."

"Larrup thy guest! Olds bodkins, that were a sorry jest."

"Guests! my guests! By all that's holy I'll have thee hanged for that!"

"Sorrier still, sorrier still; what a poor jester thou art, Master Wenwood. Myself and my companions here were invited by thy man Jerry Snowdon to be present at the wedding of thy daughter on the morrow."

The old gentleman gasped, turned purple to the brow, and, overcome with passion, drew up his foot, his left foot and brought it heavily to the ground. "Whoa!" he screamed, "keep thy clod stampers off my feet, vile wretch!"

"Father, father," his daughter pleaded pitifully, "'twas thine own doing; this gentleman did not—"

"What! mine own flesh and blood turning against me! A pretty pass we're coming to. Back to thy room, girl! And you," to Tomkins, "harborer of robbers and highwaymen, send my man Snowdon to me."

Mistress Lucy turned away, and as the door closed behind her and Tomkins methought I heard the click of the lock, previously well oiled.

Jerry and the butler, on the express orders of the squire, were waiting in the passageway, and as Tomkins and Mistress Lucy appeared the butler stepped forward, officiously intent on his master's service.

"Squire Wenwood desires much to see one Snowdon," said Tomkins, meaningly.

"His desire will cool with time," said Jerry calmly.

The butler turned, opened his mouth to rebuke the wayward servant, and on the same mouth received a blow from his erstwhile companion which felled him to the ground. In a second Jerry's knees were on his chest, and Jerry's hands were firmly pressed upon his flabby neck.

"One word, my turkey-cock, and 'tis thy last," said Jerry. "A rope, Tomkins."

Mistress Lucy would have screamed, but a strong, yet gentle, hand covered her lips, and a voice she knew well whispered, "Be calm, dear heart, no further hurt is intended."

"Harry," she murmured.

"Love," he answered, "trust to me."

Tomkins produced a rope, and in a few seconds the butler was trussed, and, frightened beyond words, was carried to a lumber room and deposited in an old arm chair.

"Open thy ugly mouth, even to think aloud," said Tomkins, "and I'll slit thy lips wide enough to admit a barge without so much as grating thy teeth." Thereupon the butler was left alone with his thoughts and the lumber.

The suddenness of it all and the unceremonious treatment of the butler had unnerved Mistress Lucy. She trembled violently, and leaned helplessly against the wall, her hands pressed to her throbbing breast. Ellwood, with a low "Forgive me, dear," lifted her boldly in his strong arms and carried her out, with Sir George, Jerry and young Tom closely following. The remaining two of Squire Wenwood's men were leading the horses from the watering trough to the stables as the party entered the inn yard. One of the fellows gave a shout of alarm when he caught sight of them, and, followed by his companion, ran towards a farmer's waggon, where they had thrown their weapons, that they might not be encumbered in their work. Sir George and Jerry, quick to comprehend the situation, rushed forward, drawing their swords as they ran, and by good fortune were first at the waggon. Ellwood placed Mistress Lucy in the coach and stood by, with a smile on his strong face, watching the developments.

"Harness these horses again, quick, as ye value your lives," commanded Sir George, sharply. The men stood irresolute. Young Tom, who, as Dullard afterwards said, had that day his first original thought, walked up to them, cuffed one soundly on the ear, and before the other man had sufficiently recovered from his astonishment to offer resistance thumped him soundly on the chest. Young Tom did these things, as he did everything, with a deliberateness, solemnity and calmness "very touching in one so young," as Sir George said, and then without a word took one of the horses and began to harness it to the coach. Dazed and awed by the threatening appearance of Sir George and Jerry, the men sullenly followed suit. In a short time the four horses were in their places and the coach dashed away, with Mistress Lucy and Ellwood inside, and Sir George and Jerry on the box. Young Tom, who had been joined by his father's man-of-all-work, was left behind to watch the discomfited men.

Albeit Jerry was ill pleased with the ease of the performance, and as the coach passed rapidly along the highway to the town, a mile or so distant, muttered gloomily, "Not a crown split nor a chest riven. Tut, tut, 'tis child's play."

"Might have lost thine own life, Jerry," said Sir George. "What then?"

"The butler would still have a sore mouth and a bruised neck; though, on my word, I would I had kicked him a little," answered the disconsolate Jerry.



A GOOD CATCH. LAFAYETTE

Meantime a pretty scene was being enacted in the play-room. Squire Wenwood, angered by the non-appearance of Snowdon and Master Will's coolness of language and bearing, limped about the room uttering curses upon his man, on Master Will, and by my faith I think he went so far in his blind rage as to curse his own sweet self. The shouts of the men outside reached and alarmed him, and being nearer the window than the door at that moment he went forward to open it. Dullard, who played well his part that day, barred the Squire's path.

"Out of my way, lout!" shouted the Squire.

"Ho, ho!" cried Dullard, merrily, "what have we here? Old John Barleycorn back i' the flesh."

The Squire seized Dullard by the shoulders, "Fool," he snapped, "stand aside!"

But Dullard moved only to still bar the way, when the Squire, feeling that he could not move him, would have brushed by. Then the old player began to count, child fashion, the



GOOD MORNING By Lafayette

buttons on the Squire's generous vest. "They spell W-e-n-w-o-o-d," he said, gleefully, as one who makes a pleasant discovery.

"Rogues, vagabonds and lunatics! Good Lord, what a company!" muttered the Squire, lowering his voice for the first time, "I'll away ere my throat is slit or my brain turns traitor."

He walked to the door and turned the handle. "Locked!" he said furiously, turning back again and facing us. "Now, what meaneth this? An' thou harbor evil designs," clenching his fists, "try them. Shalt fight first."

"Nay, sir," said Master Will, "we but desire thy company for a little while."

"And I desire none o' thine!" he answered sharply.

"Must needs bear with us an hour or so," replied Master Will.

"Must again; must to me! I tell thee, sirrah, none who know me have said that to me these many years."

"Well indeed do I perceive that," answered Master Will, sweetly; "'tis a great pity. 'Twould be wholesome chastisement to thy soul, dear Squire, and someone crossed thee, say, once a week."

Furious, puzzled, perchance doubting his own senses, and tired, I am certain, the Squire sat down on a chair near the door. "Name thy proposition," he muttered sullenly, "and let me begone from this cursed hole."

"Not yet awhile; thy presence will be greatly in demand this evening. And now," Master Will went on, "will it please thee to hear the truth concerning us?"

"Truth in this hole! The very atmosphere reeks of treason, lies and roguery."

"Fie, fie, my dear Squire; hast no regard for the fair fame of the house and mine host?"

The Squire answered not. He sat with arms folded and head high, his expression one of baffled anger and haughty contempt. In my heart I could not forbear to pity him, and I read in Master Will's eyes something of the same feeling, but Dullard, the cynic, seemed to find enjoyment in the old man's discomfiture.

Master Will sat down by the table and began to read aloud from that, his noble and latest work, "The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar," which he had barely completed. Dullard and myself sat near him, and presently, so intent were we upon the master's words, we forgot the Squire, and for the time lived only in the great imperial city wherein the action of the play is laid. Dullard's face lightened up as the reading proceeded, his hands grasping tightly the back of the chair, and he could scarce restrain giving utterance to the keen joy which thrilled him. Master Will paused, smiled at the old player and asked, "It pleases thee, dear friend?"

Dullard nodded. The master handed him the manuscript and "Read, thou, awhile," he said. His face glowing with pride and joy, Dullard rose and began to read from the entrance of Antony after the assassination. No voice in all our company was so fine as his; no heart and mind so quick to grasp the power and beauty of noble lines; it was a treat at any time to hear him read from a worthy play. As he read he slowly paced the room, seemingly unconscious of our presence. He paused for a moment when he reached Antony's oration over the body of Cæsar, and in that moment Squire Wenwood came silently to the table and sat him down in Dullard's chair. The old gentleman's eyes were shining, his lips were parted, and his face bore an expression so mild and calmly intent that one who had not heard him would have deemed it impossible that he could utter the curses which had fallen from his tongue so short a time ago. Dullard read on, forgetful of all but the unfolding of the tragedy. The afternoon was waning as the last line was reached, and Dullard laid down the manuscript with a sigh. "'Tis the noblest of them all, dear master," he said; "shalt live long after we are passed away."

Master Will shook his head. "What pleaseth the multitude to-day may be scorned by that of the morrow," he answered.

"Didst thou write it?" asked the Squire, with a tone of deference in his voice.

The master nodded. The Squire put out a hand awkwardly, plainly expecting a rebuff, but Master Will, in his own delightful way, met the advance. Squire Wenwood's face plainly bespoke pleasure and growing interest and confidence.

"I doubt I miscalled thee," he said, with strange timidity for one so gruff.

"A trifle, a trifle."

"Wilt let it pass?"

"Right willingly."

"I, too," said Dullard and myself together.

"I thank you, sirs," said the Squire, with dignity, "and would be glad to have your acquaintance."

Dullard did the honors with quaint grace. "And thou'rt the famous play-writer, and these members of thy company? I have never met play-actors before," the Squire said.

"Are they such rogues?" Dullard asked, quizzingly.

"Fine rogues," the Squire replied, with a brave smile; "hast given me real pleasure. But," he said, with a sudden change of tone, "where is my daughter? What of my men?"

"Mistress Lucy is safe, I do assure thee," said the master, "and will be with thee presently. As for the men, I doubt not they are about the house. The window opens into the yard. Art at liberty to go."

"That I'll not," said the Squire heartily; "am well content to stay yet awhile, an' my company is not too great a burden."

"Stay, then, and welcome, and now may I put a question or two to thee?" Master Will asked.

"Of a surety."

"Well, then, why force thy daughter to marry Sir William Tamon? Nay, I have a purpose," as the Squire's face flushed and the old angry look came into his eyes.

"I willed it," sharply.

"And Mistress Lucy said thee nay?"

"How know you that?"

"There is much I know, sir. I know also that Tamon is a drunkard."

"Many men are that; 'tis counted no disgrace in these times."

"And a gamester."

"Have thrown the dice myself before now and cannot say I feel shame for it."

"And his property is mortgaged to the last tree."

"Eh! What? How know you that, sir?" cried the Squire excitedly. "On your honor, is that the truth?"

"'Tis his hope," answered the master slowly, "to use some of thy money to redeem his estates. Believe me, sir, he is no match for thy daughter, and 'tis not strange that Mistress Lucy should in this regard oppose thy wishes. These be no idle gossips I repeat to you, but truths which those of even noble birth have not thought beneath them to impart to a humble play-writer."

"On the word of a Wenwood, I am much beholden to thee for thy confidences, and I cared not one whit for the marriage."

"Only, having decided on it, didst determine not to be crossed."

"You read me aright, Master Shakespeare, and because she did defy me to carry out my will I did guard her with jealous care. And now, i' faith, my plans have scattered to the winds. By my ancestors, but I love her the more for her proud spirit. She's a real Wenwood. God bless her. Where is she now, think you, Master Shakespeare?"

"Hieing back, I trust, from the residence of her aunt, your sister, Lady Benson, to ask her father that which I pray and believe he will readily grant."

"How say you? From her aunt's, where the wedding which shall not



THE LITTLE FLORISTS

go on now was fixed for the r w? Read me the riddle, I pray. My old brain is sluggish, my wits awander. 'Tis a plot, o' course; a plot," he murmured and paused, irresolute.

Master Will was about to answer, when the sound of merry voices was heard in the inn yard. Nearer the sounds came. The window was pushed wide open and Ellwood and Mistress Lucy entered, hand in hand, followed by Sir George Keny and Lady Benson.

The young people advanced toward the Squire, who watched them with a strange look on his furrowed face. "Father," said Mistress Lucy, withdrawing her hand from Ellwood's clasp, "I ask thy forgiveness and blessing."

The truth, which had been slowly dawning upon the Squire, was plain to him now. He took his daughter in his arms and held her close, but his gaze was fixed upon Ellwood, who, hat in hand, met it calmly. The setting sun fell athwart the handsome face and figure of the young man, and never had I seen him look so gallant, so noble, so altogether a king of men.

"Father," pleaded his daughter, "hast naught to say?"

And then, half aloud and still steadfastly regarding Ellwood, the Squire said:

> . . . "That nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, 'This is a man.'"

"'Tis not so sluggish a brain after all, canst alter a word i' the right place," whispered Dullard to me.

Master Will beckoned to him to keep silence, and the Squire, whose voice betrayed the deep emotions waging war in his heart, said: "This man is a play-actor and thy—thy—husband."

The dark head bowed and the gentle voice uttered a low "Yes."

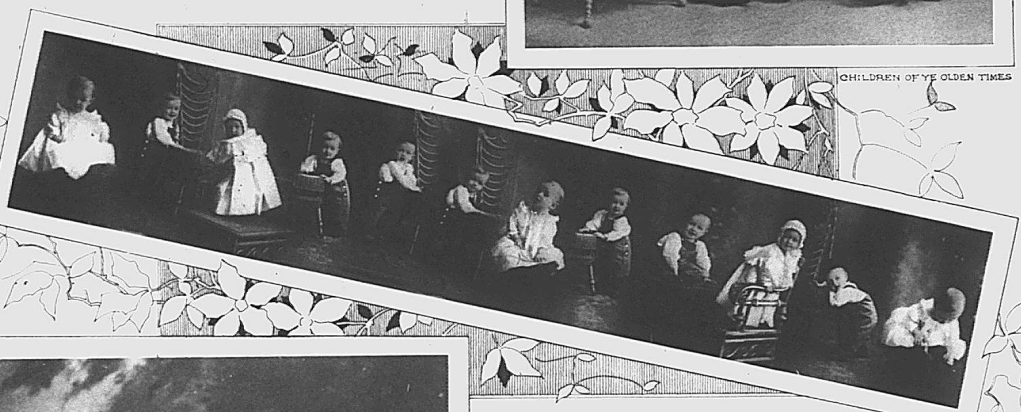
"A play-actor, a common, penniless play-actor," said her father bitterly, "and thou a Wenwood. Girl, girl, what hast thou done?"

His arms fell from about her, and Mistress Lucy, blushing like a rose, crossed to Ellwood and took his hand. "Art mistaken, Dad," she said proudly, with happy tears glistening in her eyes; "'tis no common play-actor, though even I," with a glance of reproach at Ellwood, "did not know the real truth until to-day. And" fervently, "were he but a common play-actor, and penniless to boot, I—I—love him, and had married no person else."

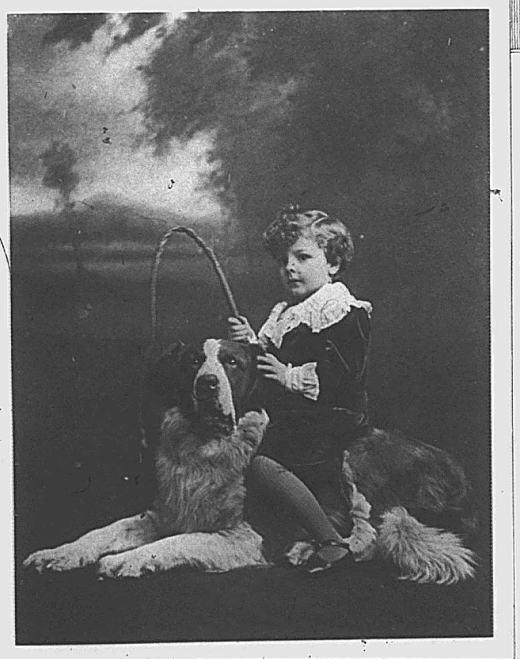
The Squire turned to Sir George Keny and Lady Benson. "Sir George," he said, "I have some slight acquaintance with thee; on the honor of your knighthood, who is this man?"



CHILDREN OF YE OLDEN TIMES



Kindly loaned by Moore, Simcoe.



A HAPPY PAIR

Sir George, bowing low, replied, "Faith, dear Squire, none other than Sir Henry de Winton, whose father you knew well in the old days."

Lady Benson nodded brightly. "'Tis the truth, brother," she said gaily.

The Squire's face brightened, his lips parted in a happy smile. "The same who has done such gallant service in the wars?" he cried. "Why, the country rings with thy name. Dear lad—may I call thee so?—thou hast brought honor to my house and joy to my old heart. I'll forgive thee and thy friends all this trickery, an' thou callest me Dad, seeing that thine own father, God rest him, hath gone to his account."

"Dad," said Sir Henry, "I accept thy forgiveness right heartily. 'Twas a whim o' mine, perchance carried too far. I saw thy daughter at the play that time she visited her aunt last winter. I had just reached the town that even', having arrived in England unannounced and almost unknown, so long had I been away at the wars. Dear Master Will, an old crony of my father's," the Squire glanced sharply at the master, "recognized me and fell in with my desire. Some day we'll tell thee the whole story. 'Twas wrongly done, I doubt not, but thou hast forgiven me, Dad, and now I am thy loyal and most obedient son."

The Squire kissed his daughter, whose eyes were now filled with happy tears, and smote his stalwart son heartily on the back. "Thou'rt a lad would make any man proud to call thee son," he cried merrily. "And now for a feast."

And a right royal feast it was, too. Happiness and joy unalloyed were the twin rulers of the board, title and station were forgotten. Afterwards song and story whiled away the fleeting hours, and at Squire Wenwood's request old Dullard read again some passages from Julius Cæsar. When I withdrew, an hour past midnight, to take my customary walk in the inn yard before retiring to mine own room, the Squire was drinking the health of his "dear friend Will." Outside I found Jerry Snowdon and the butler sitting in a close embrace on the farmer's waggon, each huskily swearing that the other was the finest fellow in the world, and that no mare, bay, black, yellow or green, should stand betwixt them and life-long friendship.

FLOORED BY A FACT.—United States Senator Frye told Agassiz that he had caught a speckled trout weighing eight pounds. Agassiz told him speckled trout never attained that weight. For answer Senator Frye caught a nine-pound speckled trout, and sent it to Prof. Agassiz, who replied in a telegram: "The science of a lifetime kicked to death by a fact."

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1902



THE OLD LANDMARK

BY
ISABEL E MACKAY

"THIS will pe your last word, Andrew?"

"Ay, it will pe my last word."

"You will not pe reconsidering?"

"I will not pe reconsidering whatsomeffer."

The two sturdy old farmers stood straight and stiff, on either side of the line fence. There was no sign of anger on their rugged faces—stern resolve was there, but nothing more. For a moment they looked into each other's eyes, then, without allowing a muscle of his face to move, David turned and strode away.

"Ferry well. I will pe going west to the barn," he said briefly.

This was the beginning.

It was easy to see that the line fence was crooked. It had been made so five and forty years before, when line fences through an uncleared country were not too particular. And because there had been so many things of more importance to attend to, this one fence had never been straightened.

Fifty years before the Mackay brothers had settled upon this block of land. Four strong young men they were, straight from the outgrown homestead in the Highlands, bound to carve for themselves a home and a substance in the new land, where nature gave them room and welcome. Here they had lived and toiled with the dogged perseverance of their race until the forest had given way before them, swamps had been drained, roads built, and the rich virgin soil paid overflowing tribute to the hands that had mastered it.



"WILL IT PE TRUE THAT I AM GOING, DAVIT?"

By and by others came and settled near them, all of the same Highland stock, all with the same purpose, the same energy and the same resolution, until, in this new Canadian township of Zorra, there seemed transplanted a little bit of the unforgotten Highlands, and the pain of homesickness gradually settled into the sense of home.

Of the four brothers, David and Andrew were the eldest and the canniest. Their farms were the finest and the best tended, their cattle the sleekest, their butter the sweetest, and their children the best favored. Both had grown into hardy and strong old age, to see smiling fields about their doors and smiling faces around their hearths.

To be sure, the old log houses were not gone yet. They had been improved a little and enlarged here and there, but they were log houses still, although not one of the owners but had money laid up safely in the bank. It was said, indeed, that Andrew was thinking of building a new house—a fine brick house, which would be a wonder to the countryside. But it took a lot of thinking. Andrew was not a man to do things in a hurry. To the children he said: "We will pe waiting." And then turning to his wife he would add in the Gælic: "It was here we were married, heart of my heart!" And the children, who did not care to learn the Gælic, thought he spoke to their mother of the expense.

And now, after fifty years, came the line fence like a serpent into Eden. It was young David who found out that the fence was crooked.

"It spoils the looks of the fields," he said. "Why don't Uncle Andrew and father get together and straighten it?"

Old David, who, in spite of some old-fashioned prejudices, was a first-class farmer and open to conviction, saw at once the good sense of the suggestion. But Andrew, who was the eldest of the four brothers, had grown into a dislike of change which amounted almost to horror. He listened patiently to all that David had to say, which was not much, as David was at all times a man of few words. But when young David sought to argue he made no pretence of listening.

"I will pe thinking," was all that he would say. Then he went west to the barn and was more than usually silent all the rest of that day. Two evenings later, when he was alone with his wife, he said to her abruptly:

"There will pe a great many new things; everything will pe fery new, whateffer. I will pe thinking that the line fence will pe petter as it iss."

"It was at the crook in that fence that you asked me, Andrew," said his wife softly, in the Gælic. Then, breaking into English, and in a different tone: "Your brother, Davit, will pe fery angry when you refuse."

"I will not pe refusing," replied Andrew, with his slow smile. "Oh, no, why would I pe refusing? That would pe fery unwise."

And he did not. What he said was:

"It will pe generous of you, Davit, to pe wanting to give four feet of your good land, for that iss what it will pe when the fence iss straightened."

And David, who had feared just this, made haste to answer blandly: "You would not pe taking that advantage, Andrew; we will pe halving the difference and the fence will pe running fine and straight and not spoiling the look of the fields anymore whateffer."

"We will pe doing nossing of the kind," said Andrew firmly.

"Will that pe your last word, Andrew?"

"Ay, it will pe my last word."

"You will not pe reconsidering?"

"I will not pe reconsidering whatsomeffer."

From this time on the brothers did not speak. They never even saw each other. If they met upon the road, or in the street, or at the market, they looked with unseeing eyes into blank space and passed on. Indeed it is to be believed that had they stumbled into each other's arms they would have felt no shock, so sure was each that there was no one there.

Also between the two families there was a gulf fixed.

"Your father will pe having a difference with your Uncle Davit about the line fence," said Andrew's wife to her children. That was enough; the clan spirit did the rest.

Now, when this had been going on for the period of two years the minister of Embro Kirk, who was a young man and very conscientious, began to be troubled in his mind. It was an unseemly thing, he thought, that such a state of affairs should exist between two of the kirk's members, one of them an elder. It was likely to bring discredit upon the congregation and would also serve as a bad example to the younger of the flock. He felt it to be his duty to bring about a state of peace. After due consideration he visited Andrew with this end in view, and, after many preliminaries stated the object of his call, and, warming to his subject, became eloquent upon the text, "Let brotherly love continue."

Andrew listened with patience and interest. He had a great respect for the minister, as such, and a large liking and some pity for him as a man. ("A fine lad, but lacking in discernment." Upon this occasion he thought that the minister surpassed himself. He would have liked to have listened an hour longer.

"You will pe giving us you talk in the kirk some Sawbeth, Mister Macaferson," he said, appreciatingly, when he had finished. "It iss a fine subject and will pe having great effect."

"Yes, Elder," said the minister, somewhat taken aback, "but what about the—ahem—line fence? Am I to understand that there will be no more ill feeling?"

"Och!" said Andrew, heartily, "you will pe making a great mistake Mister Macaferson. There would neffer pe any ill feelings. Oh, no! Davit, my brother, will pe having his opinion and I will pe having mine, but there would neffer pe any ill-feelings, no, none whateffer."

"But you don't speak?" faltered the minister.

Andrew smiled his slow smile.

"Och, no," he said calmly, "we would both pe waiting until one of us would pe changing that opinion! But you will neffer pe thinking of leaving us without some supper, Mister Macaferson—Janet, woman, the minister will pe taking some tea with us this night."

Some weeks elapsed before poor Mr. Macpherson decided to speak to David. He seemed to have stumbled upon a phase of character which he did not understand. Being a young man, however, he was not too old to learn.

He found, when he called, that David was "west to the barn," and thither he followed him. David, as always, was delighted to see him. His hearty handshake was proof enough of that.

"It iss a long time since I haven't seen you pefore," he remarked, "but we thought you might pe coming soon. Mistress Mackay wass seeing you going into Andrew's long since, and she wass thinking you would pe making your calls."

"I called upon Elder Mackay for the same purpose for which I am here," said the minister, firmly, determined to open the subject at once. "It is about the matter of the line fence."

"I will pe glad to pe hearing what you will haf to say," said David genially.



Christmas Globe, 1902. Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

A MODERN MINERVA.

Whereupon the misguided young man again launched forth. This time he spoke upon the evils of bad example, and he spoke well. David listened, much edified, to the end.

"It iss fine," said he, "but I will not pe seeing how it will pe connected with the line fence."

"In this way," said the minister, "you and your brother have not spoken for two years. It is a scandal and a bad example to everyone in the congregation, to say nothing of the members of the Methodist body."

David looked at him in pained surprise.

"Would you pe thinking that the members of the Presbyterian Kirk would pe so misunderstanding my brother's position?" said he, "as to pe imagining that he would pe cherishing any ungodly feelings? Oh, no, Mister Macaferson, the members of the Presbyterian Kirk will pe Highland, and will pe understanding the feelings of a Highlandman. It would pe indeed strange if my brother and me would not pe able to differ about the small matter of a line fence without proving an occasion of stumbling."

"But the Methodist Church?" suggested the minister feebly.

"The Methodist Church will pe minding its own pisness," said Andrew, finally.

And again the minister retired defeated from the field. He was not, however, satisfied, and it was not until he had completely sounded the feelings of the kirk upon the subject that he decided that, right or wrong, nothing could be done. Indeed, he returned from his canvass of the congregation subdued in spirit and with an enlarged understanding of the Highland character. No one had said much, but everyone had been greatly surprised and grieved that two such godly men as Elder and David Mackay were not allowed to differ in peace, especially about the small matter of a line fence. As for the Methodist brethren, they were in the condition of people who cannot throw stones on account of the brittle material of their own houses.

Time wore away, therefore, until Andrew was taken sick and it became apparent to everyone that he must die. The minister felt very sorry for David. How awful must be his remorse, he thought, for all those years of silence. He felt that he must say a few words of comfort to David. He would call there upon his way from Andrew's deathbed. He would tell him that it was not yet too late to ask forgiveness.

But when he entered Andrew's room David was already there, sitting in a chair beside the bed, the dying man's hand clasped tightly in his. There was no trace of remorse upon his face. Sorrow, intense but restrained, was there, but nothing more.

"I wonder if he has asked his forgiveness?" thought the minister. He stood aside, not liking to interrupt. David was speaking.

"It will pe a long time since I didn't see you, Andrew," he said, "and I will pe fery sorry to pe seeing you like this."

"It hass to pe, Davit," said the dying man, "and I am glad to see you whateffer. Will it pe true that I am going, Davit?"

"Ay, it will pe true," said David, solemnly.

"Ach, well, I will pe older than you," continued the voice from the bed, "it will pe the Lord's will."

There was a long silence in the room.

"I will pe soon following," said David, presently.

"The ripe grain will pe gathered in, it iss the Lord's will."

Another long silence.

"You will pe looking after Janet and the children, Davit?" Andrew's voice was much weaker.

"They will pe to me as my own, Andrew," said David solemnly. And Andrew did not speak again.

When all was over the minister took David aside.

"Was it all forgiven and forgotten?" he asked earnestly.

David passed his hand over his head, as if in perplexity.

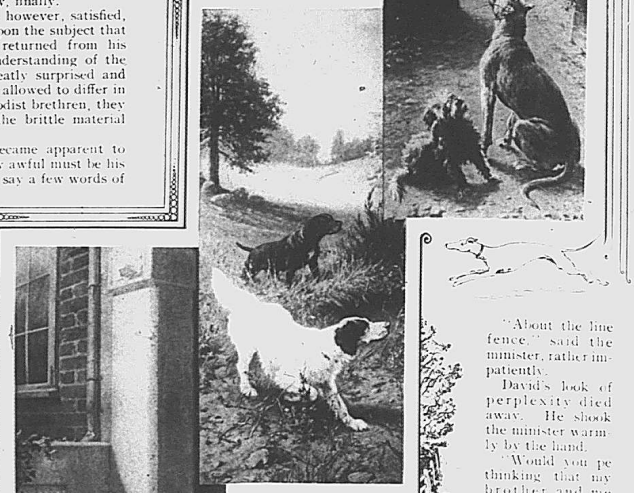
"What would that pe, Mister Macaferson?" he asked.

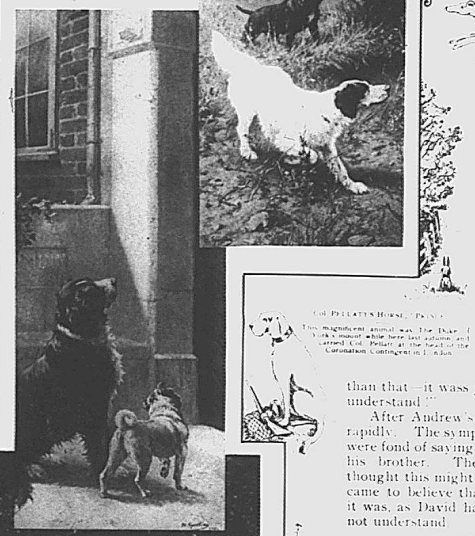
"About the line fence," said the minister, rather impatiently.

David's look of perplexity died away. He shook the minister warmly by the hand.

"Would you pe thinking that my brother and me would pe holding hard feelings against you for doing your duty, Mister Macaferson?" said he. "Oh, no, we would both pe knowing petter than that—it wass just that you did not understand."

After Andrew's death, David failed rapidly. The sympathetic Highlanders were fond of saying how much he missed his brother. The minister at first thought this might be irony, but finally came to believe that, after all, perhaps it was, as David had said, that he did not understand.





COL. PELLATT'S HORSE "PRINCE"

JOY IN WORK.

It may be proved, with much certainty, that God intends no man to live in this world without working, but it seems no less evident that He intends every man to be happy in his work. It is written, "In the sweat of thy brow," but it was never written, "In the breaking of thine heart," thou shalt eat bread; and I find that, as on the one hand infinite misery is caused by idle people, who both fail in doing what was appointed for them to do and set in motion various springs of mischief in matters in which they should have had no concern, so, on the other hand, no small misery is caused by overworked and unhappy people in the dark views which they necessarily take up themselves, and force upon others, of work itself. Were it not so, I believe the fact of their being unhappy is in itself a violation of Divine law, and a sign of some kind of folly or sin in their way of life. Now, in order that people may be happy in their work, these three things are needed: They must be fit for it, they must not do too much of it, and they must have a sense of success in it—not a doubtful sense, such as needs some testimony of other people for its confirmation, but a sure sense or rather knowledge, that so much work has been done well, and faithfully done, whatever the world may say or think about it.—Ruskin.

A Reputation of Over Three-quarters of a Century.

NEAVE'S FOOD

FOR

Infants, Invalids and the Aged

Gold Medal Awarded, Women's Exhibition, London, Eng. 1900.



Dr. Barnardo Says:

"We have already used Neave's Food in two of our Homes (Babies' Castle and the Village Home), and I have no hesitation in saying it has proved very satisfactory."—July 27th, 1901.

"An excellent food, admirably adapted to the wants of infants and young persons."—Sir Chas. A. Cameron, C.B., M.D., Professor of Chemistry, R. C. S. I., Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, City and County Analyst.

NEAVE'S FOOD is used in the

Russian Imperial Nursery.

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."—Lancet.

Manufacturers: JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., Fordingbridge, England

Wholesale Agents: THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., Limited, Toronto and Montreal

S. & H. HARRIS'

WATERPROOF HARNESS COMPOSITION

Brilliant, Beneficial



Unrivalled

SADDLE SOAP.
SADDLE PASTE—Waterproof.
HARNESS LIQUID.
JET BLACK OIL—For Harness.
BLACK DYE—For Staining Leather.
CURRIER'S DUBBING—Black or Yellow.
BRITISH POLISHING PASTE
For Cleaning Metals and Glass
EBONITE WATERPROOF BLACKING

MANUFACTORY: LONDON, ENG.

AGENTS FOR CANADA: B. & S. H. THOMPSON & CO. LTD., MONTREAL

THE SPIRAL POSTAL TUBE



MANUFACTURED BY J. F. ROSS, 560 KING ST W. TORONTO, ONT

STRAW-BOARD

MAILING TUBES

SPIRAL WOUND

For Mailing Showcards, Lithographs, Posters, Circulars, Newspapers, etc.

MANUFACTURED BY

J. F. ROSS, TORONTO, ONT.

560 KING STREET WEST

Time is the Test of all Things

And the ever-increasing popularity of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' which holds its own against all rivals, is the genuine proof of its worth. It must needs be a good thing that can withstand the immense pressure of uprising competition, and yet defy comparison; small marvel, therefore, that with the flight of years

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

has become known far and wide for what it is worth, one of the most potent, simple and agreeable factors in maintaining health. It is the best known Remedy for Preventing and Curing by Natural Means all Functional Derangements of the Liver, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, etc. Its effect is simply marvellous, for it is, in fact, nature's own remedy, and an unsurpassed one. Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Limited, 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., ENG., by J. C. ENO'S Patent. Wholesale of MESSRS. EVANS & SONS, Limited, Montreal and Toronto, Canada.

Presbyterian Ladies' College

TORONTO.

152 Bloor Street West. Opposite Queen's Park.

Rev. Wm. Caven, D.D. Principal of Knox College, Visitor and Adviser. Rev. Alex. McMillan, Special Lectures. Experienced Staff of Highest Academic standing.

Full or optional courses in Literature, Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science, Physical Culture. Home Care a special feature. Affiliated with Toronto Conservatory of Music. Dr. Edward Fisher, Musical Director. F. Mower Martin, R.C.A., Art Director. Large and commodious class rooms for day pupils. Young girls in junior grades will be admitted. Send for Calendar.

MRS. T. M. MACINTYRE, President.

Alma College



A residential school for the higher education of Young Ladies. One of the largest and best equipped in Canada.

Some of the departments of study:—

Preparatory Classes.
University Matriculations.
Public and High School Leaving.
University and Artist Music Courses.
The best Fine Art Work.
Full Business College Courses.
Elocution and Physical Culture.
Household Science and Art.
Social Training and Deportment.

Some of the names on staff, and representing technical and professional training of leading British, European, American and Canadian Colleges and Schools:

Miss Eva Roblin, Voice Culture, Singing; Mr. Thomas Martin, Pianoforte; Mr. J. H. Jones, Organ, Harmony, etc.; Mr. Rosalie Pococke, Violin; Mr. Wm. St. Thomas Smith, A.R.C.A., Painting, Sketching, etc.; Mr. Fred Traver, Commercial Master; Miss Blanche Risdon, Violin; Miss Lillian Johnson, Piano; Miss H. M. Smith, Piano; Miss Belva W. Shepherd, M.E.L., Household Science and Art; Mrs. Mary Jolliffe, Vocal; Miss Jennie Axford, English, etc.; Miss M. C. McKenzie Drawing, etc.; Miss M. A. Harvey, B.A., Mathematics; Miss M. L. Bollert, M.A., Modern Languages; Miss S. Emma Sisk, M.M., Lady Principal.

Healthiest and most southerly Canadian location: extensive campus; most reasonable rates; cheerful and refining home life. For Catalogue and enrolment apply to

REV. ROBERT I. WARNER, D.D., Principal, ST. THOMAS, Ont.

ST. MONICA'S

RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

170 BLOOR ST. WEST, TORONTO

Prepares for University and Departmental Examinations.

Music, Art, Elocution, Physical Culture etc. Trained and experienced teachers.

A home school—beautifully situated.

MISS PHILLPOTTS, Lady Principal.



Russell House

OTTAWA, CANADA

F. X. ST. JACQUES, - - Proprietor



We make Extension Fire Ladders and Ladder Waggons for towns and villages. Very light, strong, handsome and inexpensive. Also the celebrated Waggoner Extension Ladder for ordinary uses. Catalogue free.

THE WAGGONER LADDER CO., Limited, London, Ont.

PATENTS

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.

HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO, CANADA.

OFFICES ALSO IN MONTREAL AND OTTAWA, CANADA, AND WASHINGTON, U.S.A.

PARKER & CO.

Stock and Share Brokers

VICTORIA STREET, TORONTO.

WE buy and sell American and Canadian Rails, South African and other Stocks listed on the London, England, Stock Exchange. Special facilities for dealing on the New York, Montreal and Toronto Exchanges.

PARKER & CO., Victoria Street, TORONTO

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.



TEMPLE BUILDING
Headquarters of the I. O. F., Toronto.

ORGANIZATION OF THE I. O. F.

The Independent Order of Foresters was founded at Newark, New Jersey, on the 17th June, 1874. In 1881 the Order was reorganized and changed from a death assessment Society to its present plan, and began business under the new system 1st July, 1881, without a dollar in its treasury. After having paid all Benefit claims, and heavy management expenses, incurred chiefly in planting the Order in new territofy, there remains the princely surplus shown in table below. To-day the Order extends over the major portion of the United States, all of Canada, and throughout Great Britain and Ireland, and has been introduced into Norway, France, Belgium, India and Australia. The government of the Order is vested in a Supreme Court, and in the High Courts and the Subordinate and Companion Courts scattered throughout its jurisdiction, and is not only representative, but thoroughly democratic, and simple in the extreme.

The Supreme Court is the legislative and also the Supreme governing body of the Order, and is the final court of appeal in all cases. It is composed of its officers, who are elected or appointed at each regular triennial session thereof, and the Representatives elected by the High Courts. Seven of the chief officers of the Supreme Court form the **Executive Council**, who, in the interim of the sessions of the Supreme Court, manage the affairs of the Order.

The High Courts have the care of the Order in each County, Province or State, and are composed of their officers, who are elected annually or biennially, as the case may be, and the Delegates elected by the Courts within their respective territorial jurisdictions. At the present time there are 11 High Courts in the Dominion of Canada, twenty-two in the United States, eight in the British Isles, one in Norway, one in France, one in Bengal and eight in Australia.

Courts may be located in any healthful locality where a sufficient number of suitable persons are found willing to join hands for the mutual protection of themselves and families, and to apply for a Charter. The Courts are controlled and managed by the members thereof.

BENEFITS GIVEN BY THE I. O. F.

1.—**The Mortuary Benefit** of $500, $1,000, $2,000, $3,000, $4,000 or $5,000.

2.—**A Total and Permanent Disability Benefit** of one-half of face value of policy, with exemption from further payment of premiums or Court dues.

3.—**An Old Age Benefit** consisting of exemption from payment of premiums and Court dues after age 70.

4.—**An Old Age Disability Benefit** of one-tenth of face value of policy payable yearly for ten years, on being declared totally and permanently disabled by infirmities of age after the seventieth birthday.

5.—**An Old Age Pension** payable during disability, which may be taken as a substitute for the Old Age Disability Benefit.

6.—**Free Medical Attendance** by Court Physician where not dispensed with by Court by-law; also trained nurses in certain cases.

7.—**A Sick Benefit** of $3 to $5 per week, subject to provisions of the Constitution and Laws of the Order; optional, and, when taken, costs extra.

8.—**A Burial Benefit** of $100 at death of a pensioner.

9.—**A Funeral Benefit** of $50 at death of a member enrolled in Sick and Funeral Benefit Department.

10.—**Social and Fraternal Privileges** of the Court Room.

FEATURES OF THE I.O.F.

which commend its system of Fraternal Assurance to thoughtful people.

Liberal Policy,
Equitable Methods,
Capable Management,
No Assessments at Deaths,
Prompt Settlement of Claims.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF THE I. O. F.

HON. ORONHYATEKHA, M.D., S.C.R., Toronto, Canada.

HON. JUDGE W. WEDDERBURN, K.C., P.S.C.R., Hampton, N.B.

J. D. CLARK, S.V.C.R., Dayton, Ohio.

JOHN A. McGILLIVRAY, K.C., S.S., Toronto, Canada.

H. A. COLLINS, S.T., Toronto, Canada.

T. MILLMAN, M.D., M.R.C.S., L.S.P., Toronto, Canada.

HON. ELLIOTT G. STEVENSON, S.C., Detroit, Mich.

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.

Record of the Independent Order of Foresters

Showing Yearly Premium Income; Yearly Disbursements for Benefits; Accumulated Funds at end of each year; Yearly Membership Record; Yearly Assurance Record; Death Rate per 1,000 Members.

YEAR.	PREMIUM INCOME.		BENEFITS PAID.		Accumulated Funds.	MEMBERSHIP.		ASSURANCE.		Death Rate per 1,000 Members.
	Mortuary	Sick and Funeral.	†Mortuary.	Sick and Funeral.		Total.	Increase.	In Force at End of Year.	Increase During Year.	
*1881	$ 5,123 38	$	$ 1,300 00	$	$ 4,668 55	1,019	650	$ 1,140,000	$ 742,000	4.59
1882	12,470 16	275 30	12,000 00	66 66	5,267 03	1,154	115	1,278,000	130,000	11.00
1883	18,422 34	986 27	9,000 00	466 68	10,857 65	2,240	1,076	2,490,000	1,211,000	4.73
1884	23,387 59	1,490 22	12,700 00	1,214 91	23,081 83	2,658	348	2,923,000	433,000	4.23
1885	33,123 14	2,479 87	24,300 00	2,776 99	35,852 45	3,442	1,044	4,253,000	1,330,000	7.76
1886	50,495 32	4,372 46	25,000 00	3,499 82	53,961 28	5,304	2,192	6,791,000	2,481,000	4.85
1887	79,185 54	8,566 85	51,300 00	7,714 67	81,384 41	7,811	2,077	9,139,000	2,256,000	5.78
1888	113,791 22	14,150 85	73,000 00	14,018 16	117,823 90	11,800	3,989	13,714,000	4,594,000	6.43
1889	163,785 50	25,171 75	89,000 00	22,787 83	188,139 30	17,349	5,549	20,078,000	6,364,000	5.85
1890	228,672 23	45,794 13	123,000 00	35,446 70	223,867 10	24,604	7,255	28,485,000	8,407,000	5.18
1891	340,985 03	68,000 14	200,100 00	55,338 21	496,796 20	32,376	7,772	39,393,000	10,907,000	6.40
1892	459,121 32	70,904 61	281,350 00	63,339 82	590,547 85	42,021	10,721	53,263,000	13,848,000	6.25
1893	607,650 24	86,501 89	323,030 50	69,149 34	804,857 19	54,494	11,109	67,731,000	14,538,000	5.47
1894	782,702 35	102,000 05	433,945 00	73,217 30	1,187,229,11	70,055	15,071	86,606,940	18,025,500	5.47
1895	997,988 13	121,540 19	590,330 46	94,689 57	1,568,373 46	86,171	16,466	108,927,500	21,321,000	5 67
1896	1,214,701 79	137,776 65	712,607 76	108,434 13	2,013,185 36	102,636	16,317	128,791,000	20,703,000	5.50
1897	1,402,227 71	134,981 05	803,117 95	120,077 65	2,555,533 70	121,982	21,847	154,510,000	25,719,000	5.56
1898	1,720,353 81	171,320 95	1,027,231 42	138,193 76	3,196,370 39	149,982	28,000	178,210,000	23,701,000	5.67
1899	1,994,628 48	182,705 50	1,256,975 03	173,225 30	3,729,543 50	165,610	15,345	194,732,500	16,481,000	6.33
1900	$2,204,892 60	$95,590 35	1,381,869 94	193,194 76	4,483,166 44	180,717	17,107	$206,856,500	15,772,000	6.53
1901	$2,405,164.17	$211,039.90	$1,540,109.08	$190,811.55	$5,281,231.52	192,026	11,309	$217,027,500	$10,463,000	6.66

*Half Year's Business from 1st July to 31st December. †Includes Total Permanent Disability and Old Age Benefits.

Accumulated Fund, 1st October, 1902, $5,811,190.87. **Total Benefits Paid, 1st October, 1902, $12,325,449.81**

Head Office of the I. O. F.

Cor. Richmond and Bay Sts.,

TORONTO, CANADA.

OFFICE FOR UNITED STATES—
431 East 63rd Street, Chicago, Ill.

OFFICE FOR EUROPE
24 Charing Cross, Whitehall, London, England.

OFFICE FOR INDIA—
7-1 Wellesley Place, Calcutta.

OFFICE FOR AUSTRALIA—
143 Pitt St., Sydney, N.S.W.

From the "Mail and Empire," Toronto, Canada—

FIRST AID TO ANIMALS.

The Farmer may Learn to Treat His Own Cattle and Horses.

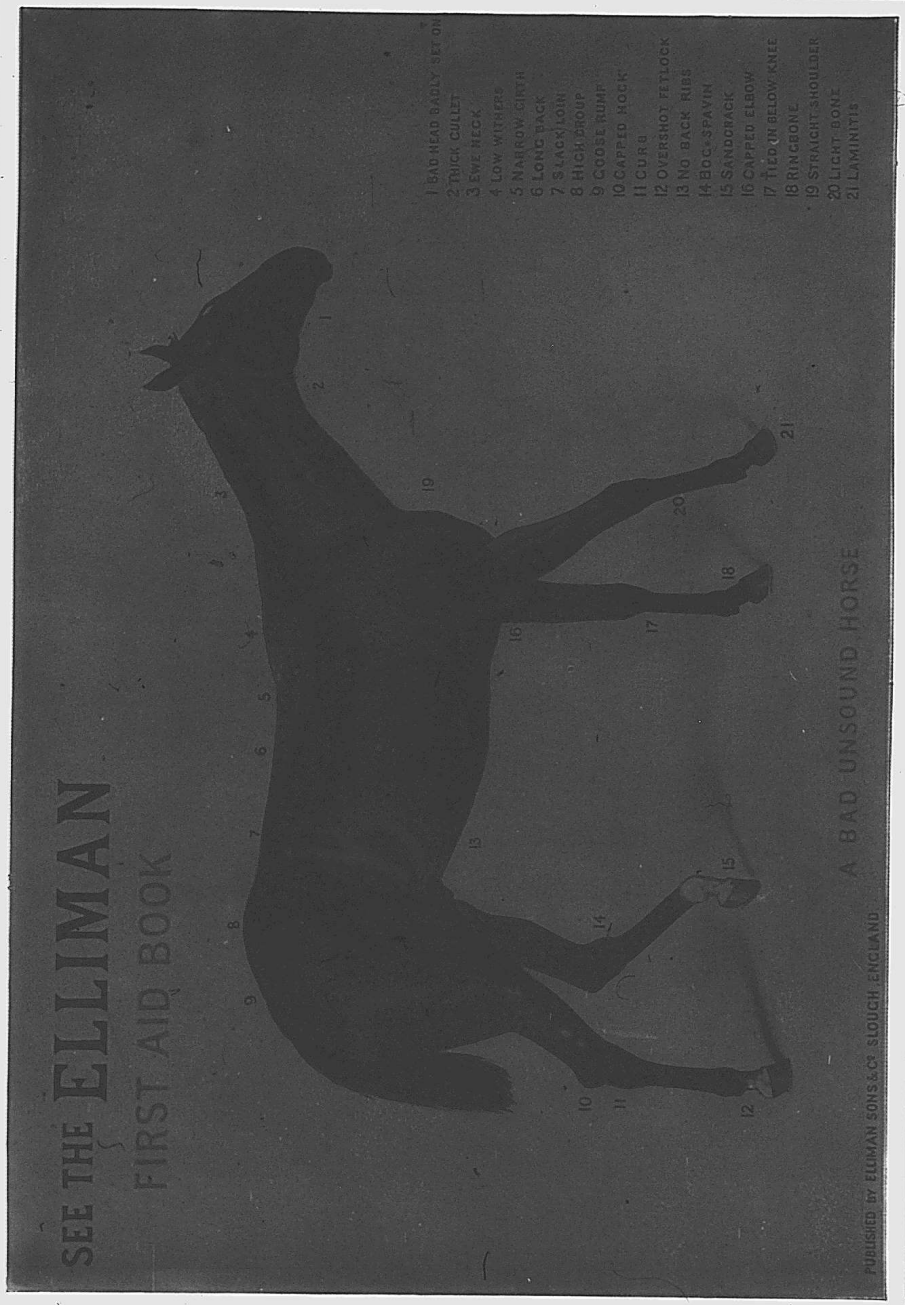
It is a question if the live stock of our farms are as hardy and as free from disease as were those of pioneer days. The stone walls of the bank barns and the more liberal allowance of food have worked wonders in replacing the long-horned, pot-bellied steer by the chunky, sleek-haired beeve of to-day. The gain in weight of individual is most marked, and earlier maturity brings a proportionately greater profit to the owner.

Some veterinarians tell us, however, that the comfortable stables and the confinement of stalls are conducive to a weakening of the constitution, so much so that ailments of many kinds are now met with that were formerly unknown. The treatment of these ills becomes a matter of some importance with valuable stock, and even if the services of a veterinary are available it is well that the farmer should have a practical knowledge of the symptoms of sickness. Injuries are unavoidable, and prompt attention to these may save life. An excellent work on first aid to animals in cases of accidents and ailments has been published by Elliman, Sons and Co. of Slough, England, giving information that will be of assistance in the emergencies that arise in every herd or flock. The volume contains 188 pages, with fifty illustrations, and devotes considerable space to poultry and dogs, as well as to the larger farm stock. A pleasing feature is the clearness of the descriptions and the avoidance of technical terms.

The treatments prescribed are remarkably simple, calling for the employment of such means as may be found ready to hand on any farm. In addition there is a set of illustrations, indicating the appearance of the teeth of the horse at different ages.

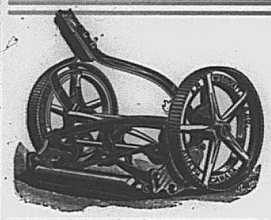
Some valuable prescriptions are given for remedies that may be kept in store for immediate use. The care of horses and their needs in the way of water and feed are discussed at some length.

So highly was this book appreciated by Major-General Baden-Powell, in South Africa, that he has had each of the troop officers of the constabulary under his command supplied with a copy.



THE ELLIMAN FIRST AID BOOK.
188 PAGES (ILLUSTRATED).

Owners of animals can have a cloth-bound copy sent post free upon receipt of 25c and a legible address, or the coupon affixed for the purpose to the outside of the back of the wrapper of a 2s bottle of Elliman's Royal Embrocation would secure a copy post free, by applying to **MR. J. P. CLOUGHER, 77 Victoria Street, Toronto.** Published by **ELLIMAN, SONS & CO., Slough, England.**



Get Ready to Cut Your Grass

WOODYATT'S

HIGH WHEEL ADJUSTABLE

LAWN MOWER

FOR 1903.

On sale by all large jobbers from coast to coast. If you have not ordered your supply do so promptly and avoid delay when the grass is green.

TAYLOR-FORBES COMPANY

Consolidating A. R. Woodyatt & Co. and Guelph Malleable Works.

GUELPH, CANADA.



ESTABLISHED 1854

J. B. ARMSTRONG MFG. CO., Limited

(The Guelph Carriage Goods Co.)

GUELPH, CANADA

MANUFACTURERS OF A FULL LINE OF

Buggies, Carriages, Cutters.

FINISHED AND IN THE WHITE

CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION

CATERERS AND MANUFACTURING

Confectioners

Goetz

WEDDING CAKES a Specialty.

719 Yonge Street, Toronto

DODGE STANDARD WOOD-SPLIT PULLEYS

With Interchangeable Bushing System.

USED IN FACTORIES AND MILLS EVERYWHERE.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS

DODGE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, TORONTO, CANADA

CAPACITY 300 PULLEYS PER DAY.

IF **NASMITH'S BREAD & CAKES**

Are not sold in your town, ask your storekeeper to write us. Bakery products shipped to all express stations within a radius of 250 miles of Toronto.

The Nasmith Co. Limited

TORONTO

Use

HUDSON'S DRY SOAP

For all Washing and Cleaning Operations.

RENNIE'S SEEDS

For Farm and Garden. Write for Catalogue. WM. RENNIE, TORONTO

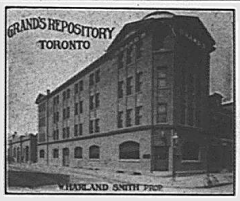
Pictures Talk

Rowley's

portraits always speak for themselves. Look at them in The Christmas Globe.

435 Spadina Avenue TORONTO

PHONE — MAIN 3738



PERFECTION Oil Heaters

SMOKELESS — ODORLESS

For—

BEDROOM
SMOKING ROOM
BATHROOM
LIBRARY
NURSERY
OFFICE
CONSERVATORY
CAMP or COTTAGE

WHOLESALE ONLY

The Queen City Oil Company Limited

COR. KING AND YONGE STS., TORONTO

THE BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL

A CHURCH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Wykeham Hall, College Street, TORONTO

Thirty-sixth Year.

President—The Right Rev. The Bishop of Toronto

An excellent course of Manual Training, Domestic Arts, Cooking, Plain Sewing, Dressmaking, Millinery, Lace-making, Art and Ecclesiastical Embroidery, also Leather Modelling and Chip and Wood Carving. Music and Painting in all their branches by the best masters. For Calendar, apply to MISS ACRES, Lady Principal.

BETTER THAN MANY — AS GOOD AS ANY

Why pay ten cents for a pencil when you can buy



The TOPAZ for FIVE CENTS

MADE IN SIX GRADES—HB, B, H, HH, HHH AND INDELIBLE COPYING.

FOR SALE AT ALL STATIONERS OR FROM

WARWICK BROS. & RUTTER, Toronto, Can.

MANUFACTURING AND IMPORTING STATIONER

THE

Central Press Agency (Limited)

83 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

We prepare, illustrate and place advertising matter in all papers. We are Electrotypers, Stereotypers and Photo-Engravers.

WE SELL READY SET PLATES FOR NEWSPAPERS.

OUR PRICES ARE BED ROCK. | F. DIVER, Manager

THE

CENTRAL CANADA LOAN & SAVINGS CO'Y

TORONTO, CANADA.

Corner King and Victoria Streets.

HON. GEO. A. COX, President

Paid-up Capital... $1,250,000

Reserve Fund..... 500,000

3½ Per cent. interest allowed on Deposits repayable on demand.

4 Per cent. interest allowed on Debentures repayable on 60 days' notice.

WRITE FOR COPY OF ANNUAL REPORT AND FURTHER INFORMATION

E. R. WOOD, Man. Director. G. A. MORROW, Asst. Manager

Upper Canada College

DEER PARK, TORONTO

FOUNDED 1829

The regular staff comprises fifteen graduates of English and Canadian Universities, with additional special instructors.

Fifty acres of grounds and good equipment.

A separate double infirmary building secures isolation in cases of illness.

A Preparatory School to accommodate sixty young boys in residence and forty day pupils has been erected at a cost of about $50,000, and no effort has been spared to make the equipment of this building as perfect as possible for healthful school life.

College Calendar with full particulars can be had on application to

November, 1902. THE BURSAR, DEER PARK P.O., ONT.

The London Guarantee and Accident Co. Limited

Fidelity Bonds and Accident Policies

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS

D. W. ALEXANDER, Manager for Canada

Head Office { Canada Life Building, Toronto

Cutlery, Machinists' Tools, Builders' and Shelf Hardware.

AIKENHEAD HARDWARE LIMITED

'PHONE MAIN 3309. 6 ADELAIDE STREET E.

Established 1849

Chas. P. Clark, Pres. Jared Chittenden, Treas.

BRADSTREET'S

Capital and Surplus $1,500,000

Offices Throughout the Civilized World

Executive Offices Nos. 346 and 348 Broadway, N.Y. City, U.S.A.

THE BRADSTREET COMPANY gathers information that reflects the financial conditions and the controlling circumstances of every seeker of mercantile credit. Its business may be defined as of the merchants, by the merchants, for the merchants. In procuring, verifying and promulgating information, no effort is spared, and no reasonable expense considered too great, that the results may justify its claim as an authority on all matters affecting commercial affairs and mercantile credit. Its offices and connections have been steadily extended, and it furnishes information concerning mercantile persons throughout the civilized world.

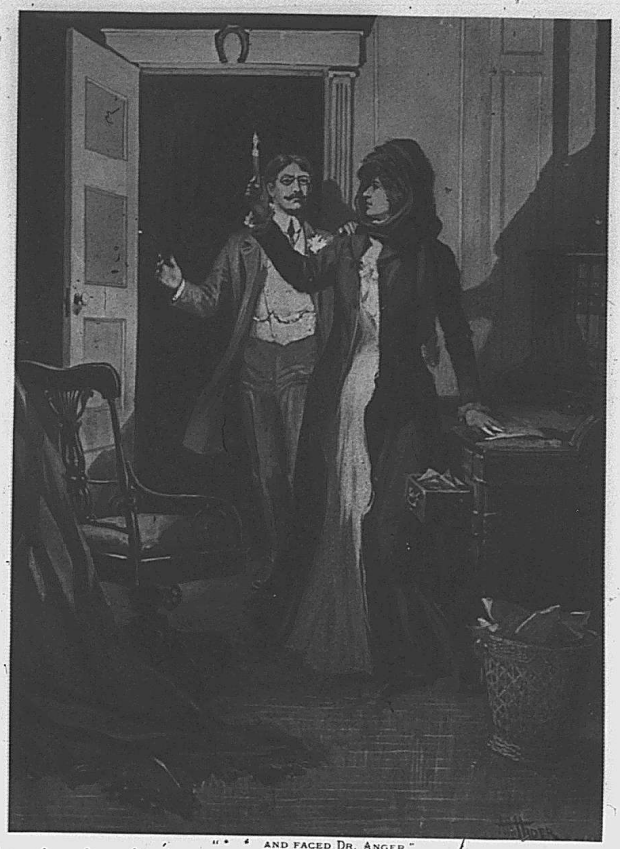
Subscriptions are based on the service furnished, and are available only by reputable wholesale, jobbing and manufacturing concerns, and by responsible and worthy financial, fiduciary and business corporations. Specific terms may be obtained by addressing the Company at any of its offices.

Correspondence Invited.

OFFICES IN CANADA:

Halifax, N.S. Hamilton, Ont. London, Ont.
Montreal, Que. Ottawa, Ont. Quebec, Que.
St. John, N.B. Toronto, Ont. Vancouver, B.C.
Winnipeg, Man.

THOS. C. IRVING, Gen. Man. Western Canada, Toronto.



"AND FACED DR. ANGER"

LIZA ANN.

A CHRISTMAS LOVE STORY

BY JEAN BLEWETT.

MRS. GREEN hung up her hood on its accustomed nail, folded and put away her shawl, then turned to her good man sitting comfortably before the grate.

"We're not going to have a green Christmas after all. The young snowflakes are coming down like all creation. I suppose some of 'em are sticking to my skirt yet, for all my shaking. Can you see any?" she said, revolving in front of him.

Mr. Green surveyed the somewhat ponderous figure with twinkling eyes. "You wear your clothes so high and dry nothing short of a flood could come within touching distance," he answered, pushing a chair forward.

She looked down complacently at her black homespun, which cleared the floor by a good five inches. "I suppose you'd like me to wear a train," she said. "You've dreadfully silly notions, Josiah. Now, if there's one thing I can't stand, it's to see a woman wiping up the earth with her best clothes."

"But yours are a mite too short, eh, mother? It seems to me a woman oughtn't to have half a finger length of stocking showing up twixt her bottom ruffle an' her boot tops."

If Mr. Green hoped to start his good wife on one of her famous dissertations on the folly of present fashions, he was to be disappointed. She took the chair and sat looking into the fire thoughtfully. When she spoke, it was on an entirely different subject.

"Do you know what it is, Josiah," she broke out, "things aren't evenly divided in this world. Instead of everyone getting a little of the good that's going, a few take the whole of it, and the rest go without. I've just come from Sister Abigail's, and——"

"I hope you aren't hankering after anything she's got," broke in Mr. Green, quickly.

"I'm not thinking of myself at all. I've got my crosses—nobody knows that better than you, Josiah," with a laugh—"but I've got my pleasures, too—more than I deserve, maybe. It's Liza Ann. It doesn't seem as if that girl had one identical thing worth having. And right in the same house are two that heaven has showered every blessing on."

"I'm proud of my nieces," he said pompously. "They're fine girls, both of 'em, and handsome as pictures."

"Beauty is as beauty does." Mrs. Green's tone was acid. "But, speaking of Liza Ann, she has neither kith nor kin, nobody to set any store by her, nothing to look back on or forward to, but work, and meanness and ingratitude. The person that lives with Abigail in the position of a dependent isn't to be envied, I can tell you, for a woman fuller of self never stepped. I can't help pitying Liza Ann, though it isn't easy to feel for a great strapping girl with red hair and eyes that turn two ways at once. But don't you suppose she ever looks at those other two, so near her own age, and asks herself why they should have everything and she have nothing? She has to drudge while they don't do a blessed thing to soil their white fingers, she has to wear calico while they wear silk, has to feel that she's awkward and homely every time those two beauties come near her. Don't you suppose she gets queer ideas of the goodness and justice of Providence when she contrasts her lot with theirs?"

"She's no business doing any contrasting," he said. "If the Lord hadn't meant some to be rich, and some poor, people would have been made different in the beginning."

"Well, I, for one, can't see the justice of it. If I had my way I'd bring about a new order of things in a hurry."

"Do you know what that speech of yours amounts to? It amounts to this: 'If the Lord would relegate the running of the universe to me for a spell I would make great improvements in the present system.' I don't like to hear you speak this way, mother."

"It's that Liza Ann," she answered deprecatingly; "she has such a measly time at Abigail's, with nothing to make up to her for the happiness and fun that never come her way. If she could even see a pretty face when she looked in the glass it would be some comfort to the poor girl!"

"Pooh! What good would prettiness do a girl stuck in a kitchen all day long? Nobody would see it," argued Mr. Green.

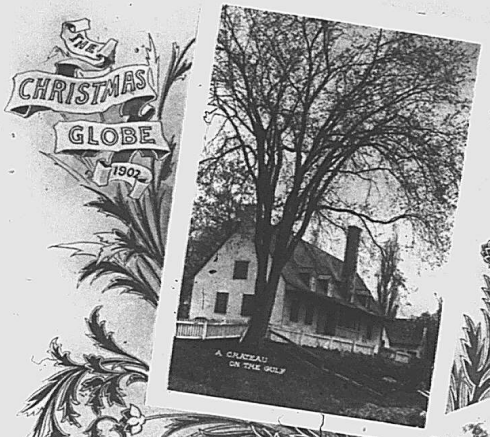
"Somebody would see it. You can't hide a really pretty woman from men's eyes, not if you put her in the Desert of Sahara," Mrs. Green replied with spirit. "If Liza Ann was good-looking she might get a husband, but, as it is, what chance has she?"

"Never you mind worrying about Liza Ann," he said soothingly; "she's one takes things as they come and makes the best of 'em. I know and you know that it isn't a paradise at the Thorold homestead, but Liza Ann don't know it, because she hasn't lived any other place. She's used to it."

"Josiah," Mrs. Green held her spouse with the force of her eye, "how long do you reckon you'd be domiciled in purgatory before you'd feel comfortable and at home there? Liza Ann is one of the still kind, but she keeps up a terrible thinking. 'Used to it!' It doesn't take much grace to make us contented with the lot of others, though it does to keep us from grumbling at our own. Liza Ann is a fool."

Liza Ann thought the same sometimes, at others she thought she was doing only what was her plain duty, for had not the Thorolds







taken her on the death of her mother and kept her all these years? And did not her aunt remind her of the fact at least once every twenty-four hours? Liza Ann did not brood over the hardness of her lot; she had no time for brooding. With the help of an inexperienced girl she did the work of the household, patiently, uncomplainingly. She was so strong no one thought of saving her, so self contained no one thought of feeling sorry for her; that is, no one in the Thorold home.

Liza Ann was head and shoulders taller than the average woman, and broad in proportion. There was no willowy slenderness about Liza Ann. By-and-by she would be a splendid woman, large of bust and limb and shapely; but now, with only nineteen years on her, she was noticeably long and angular. Her total unconsciousness of self alone kept her from being awkward. As it was, the strength, the erect bearing, the poise of the girl struck you pleasantly. Mrs. Green had spoken truth when she said that Liza Ann could not see a pretty face when she looked in the glass. It was big, fair of color, but covered with a soft white down; the mouth was wide, with lips firm and red; the chin, that feature which can make or mar a face, a trifle square, and her hair, which was abundant, of a bright red color. Of a truth Liza Ann had her drawbacks, but nature, who rarely leaves her children without one mark of grace, had bestowed a pair of the sweetest, truest eyes that ever lighted a woman's face, then, fearful that she had been too prodigal, put a decided cast in one of them. It was too bad. Liza Ann disliked that cast more than any one of her many deficiencies. So did Mrs. Thorold; so did Mrs. Thorold's daughters. Tressa said Liza Ann was a "weird creature." Tressa's brother Tom said Liza Ann was homely enough to stop a clock; Tressa's sister, a petite beauty, said Liza Ann was a perfect Amazon; Mrs. Thorold said Liza Ann was enough to try a saint, and the man of the house, who had a great opinion of Liza Ann's good sense and good cooking, said nothing.

Only once had Liza Ann displayed resentment over a remark on her personal appearance. When Dr. Anger, the handsome, grave eyed young fellow who often came to the homestead, and who Mrs. Thorold fondly hoped was paying court to Tressa, made his first call, some two years back, she had come into the drawing room with a tray of refreshments and on leaving had heard him remark laughingly: "If it weren't for that wealth of hair one would think your domestic a man masquerading as a woman. George! what a size!" Liza Ann had paused at the door, holding the tray in one hand easily. "And you, sir, with your face and figure," here the grey eyes had flashed scorn on him and the red head gone up in the air, "might easily be taken for a woman masquerading as a man." Then she had gone out, leaving the doctor amazed and Tressa furious, and from that forward never met the man if she could avoid it. She kept the even tenor of her way. Her aunt's constant nagging, the girls' superciliousness, Tom's ridicule—these bothered her not a whit. As for her uncle, she liked him, and when he came to her, as he always did, with his worries, she gave him good counsel. She swayed him far more than his wife or daughters ever dreamed of. It was she who was at the bottom of Tom's sudden return from college. For a year and a half that young man had been from home, ostensibly finishing his education, but in reality doing little but making a host of undesirable friends and spending money.

"I don't know what to do," her uncle had said to her, coming to her as she was planting sweet peas along the garden fence one May afternoon. "I've just got a letter from Tom. He's a great disappointment to me. He won't study, he won't work, won't do a thing but spend money. He's got in with a fast set, run through his allowance, which was a lot more than I could spare, and now writes boldly that he is head over heels in debt. He's going to the bad, Liza Ann, straight to the bad, and he's my only son."

There were tears on his cheeks. She saw them and came over beside him.

"The boy that has been brought up to think that money is the greatest thing in God's world is bound to amount to nothing in the end," she said. "He hasn't half a chance to make a man of himself. Money has spoiled Tom as it has spoiled bigger and better folks."

"What am I to do?" he asked, his weak eyes on her strong face.

"Bring him home and put him to work," was the answer, promptly given. "Work is salvation, sometimes."

Afterward Liza Ann pondered within herself whether her advice had been wise or no. Anyway it entailed a lot of worry on her, for Tom, when he came, was anything but a success on the homestead. The town was near, and there he spent his time mostly. Boon companions and congenial pursuits were to be found without effort. When Liza Ann watched him coming home drunk twice a week, on an average, she wondered if he could have been worse when far away from home. He looked to her for help in these days, as he had always done, and she did not fail him. No matter how late the hour of his return, her hand guided him into the house, her big, patient face wore its kind expression for him.

Once—it was the evening of the Thorold's dinner party—Dan, the driver, rattled the cart into the yard with an unconscious Tom huddled up in the bottom. Dead drunk and the house full of guests! There was nothing for it but to carry him to the clover loft and leave him to sleep off his debauch. She had almost gained the barn, when, lo and behold, she came face to face with Dr. Anger, who had taken his horse to the stable before going into the house. He looked at her wonderingly. How easily she carried a burden which would try the strength of an athlete! Why, she laid that great drunken lout down as gently as a mother lays her sleeping babe in his cradle!

Presently she stood up and he saw the softness in her eyes.

"Poor Tom!" she said, and her voice was sweet and full, "poor drunken boy!"

"You should not carry him," he said, "you know you should not."

"It is nothing," she answered; "I have a man's strength."

"And you are so proud of it, you glory in the fact that you are stronger than other women."

"Perhaps. Other women have beauty, grace, brightness; I have only my strength. Surely you do not grudge me my pride in it."

Dr. Anger wished he were taller. It was not pleasant to have a woman look down on him as she talked.

"I must go," she said. "I have much to do."

He did not seem to hear her. He reached out suddenly and took the felt hat she was wearing from her head.

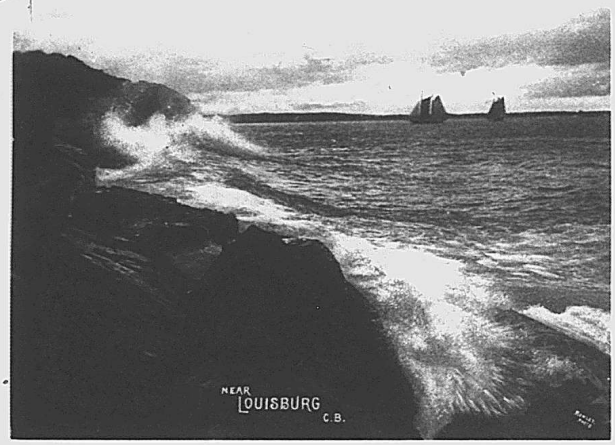
"I can't help it," he said penitently, "I want to see your hair."

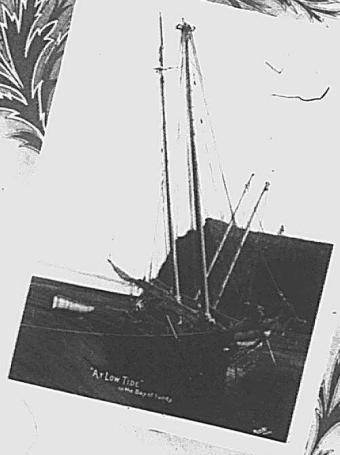
She colored until in the dusk he could see the rosy wave flow over neck, and cheeks, and brow. November's sombre sky was over them, November's grey world was all about them, as they stood together in the early evening.

"You wish to warm yourself?" She smiled as she spoke.

"Yes, to warm myself. There is summer in those braids of yours, summer and——"

"Liza Ann! Liza Ann!" came





BITS OF SCENERY DOWN BY THE SEA.

Mrs. Thorold's shrill voice. And without a parting glance to Dr. Anger Liza Ann hurried away.

"Tressa will have a fine home," Mrs. Thorold remarked next day. "'The Elms' is one of the prettiest houses in town."

"Is Dr. Anger going to marry Tressa?" Liza Ann looked up from her work to ask.

"How blunt you are!" cried her aunt, irritably. "Marry her? Of course he is to marry her. Anyone with half an eye can see he worships the ground she walks on."

Liza Ann sighed. "I don't know what's wrong with me, but I feel tired out," she told herself; "clean tired out."

"I'll tell you what I'd like, mother," Tressa was saying, "when I go to 'The Elms'. I'd like Liza Ann to come with me. I can't keep house, and she would fit in nicely."

It was rarely that Liza Ann spoke hurriedly, but she did now.

"I couldn't think of it," she said. "Don't ask me, for I couldn't possibly consent."

"It doesn't become you to speak so positively," said Mrs. Thorold, with dignity; "but rest content, your place is here. I couldn't get along without you."

"For my part," put in the practical Louise, "I think Tressa is taking too much for granted. I'll wait until the doctor proposes before offering my congratulations."

She went away laughing, and the two sat talking in whispers together. Liza Ann, for the first time in her life, felt a craving for companionship, and a keen regret that she was so alone in the world. Nobody ever whispered to Liza Ann.

Things did not get any easier as the weeks went by. The girls were either giving parties or going to parties continually, and she found her hands full to overflowing. It never occurred to her that she, as the daughter of Mrs. Thorold's dead sister, ought to take some part in the festivities other than that of a menial. Laughter, gladness, beauty, the wine of life, these were not for her, though she never told herself so in words. She was strong; oh, so strong. She smiled to think what brawn and muscle were hers, what abounding health! Sometimes the words uttered carelessly by Dr. Anger: "If it weren't for that wealth of ruddy hair one would think your domestic was a man masquerading as a woman. George! what a size!" came to mind, and then the smile took on the faintest touch of bitterness.

With the drawing near of Christmas a fresh anxiety arose. It was Tom, weak, kindly Tom. He was in debt—heavily, hopelessly in debt—and his father would not advance him a cent. There were bitter quarrels between the two and Tom grew more sullen and reckless every day.

"Something will happen, something is bound to happen," Liza kept telling herself.

Something did happen. It was Christmas Eve. Mrs. Josiah Green had paid her semi-annual visit, and gone home with her mind full of Liza Ann, as we know. The night came down, a glorious night, with radiant stars kindling highways in a pure, white world, and jewelling the festoons, fleecy as clouds, which decked each bare, bald tree and shrub. With the exception of Tom, the Thorold household was in bed. Even Liza Ann had tired of waiting up for the roisterer. To-morrow was Christmas Day, and she must be up at daybreak to get the big dinner in readiness. She was wakened from her first sleep by a low tap on her door, and sprang up quickly.

"Don't be scared," it was Tom's voice, "and don't make any noise." He came into the room and sat down on the bed. "I'm going away," he went on, "and I'm telling you because I want you to help me. I've done an awful thing, Liza Ann. I had to have money. I told the old man if he didn't shell out I'd steal it, and I've stolen it. I'm a thief." There was a ring of desperation in his voice, and her heart went out to him.

"Where did you get it?" she asked.

"From Dr. Anger. Oh, there'll be a big stir! I must get out of this in a hurry. I was so sly about it," actually smirking. "I heard him tell mother and the girls he had carelessly left three hundred dollars of the hospital fund in his desk. This was when he was here to-night. He meant to go right back, but his man drove up to tell him he was wanted a good twenty miles away, and off they went, the doctor calling back that he wouldn't get home before morning. There's nobody in his house—all the servants gone for holidays—heard him say he'd been getting his meals at the hotel. It was dead easy."

"You went down to the house of your friend, and stole the money he held in trust? My God! do you realize what you've done?" The household drudge was out on the floor, dressing herself rapidly.

"I must get you out of this scrape. I must! I must!"

"I knew you'd help me," he cried, exultantly. "I was shaking in my shoes till I thought of you. I won't forget it, Liza Ann. I won't ever forget it."

"Go and hitch Dan to the cart," she said, dressing rapidly.

"I have the rig at the door." His hand was icy as he laid it for a moment on hers. "I came to get you to drive me to the station. I couldn't ask anyone else to do it."

She put on a heavy coat, tied a scarf about her head, and went stealthily out with him.

"Hurry!" he panted. "I've only got to-night to get out of here. To-morrow," his voice broke, "to-morrow they'll put me in jail if they find me. I couldn't face it!"

He was white with fear, and, she hoped, with remorse.

"You're sorry, aren't you, Tommy?" she pleaded. "You wish you weren't a thief?"

"There was nothing else to do," he returned, doggedly. "Come, let's be off; it's no time for preaching."

"Hold on, Tom. You're not going to the station to catch that midnight express; you're going back to 'The Elms' and put that money where you got it. No, you needn't bluster; you're going to do just as I say."

"How dare you tell me what to do—you! you! Who are you?"

"I'm Liza Ann. Just Liza Ann," she answered simply, "but I'm not going to let you go to the bad altogether if I can help it. Get into the cart. Come." She took him by the arm. He tried to push her from him. In his fear and anger he did what hurt him worst of all to remember—he struck her cheek with his clenched hand. It all availed him nothing.

"Tom," she said, with a power in her voice which made him feel his own weakness, "I am the stronger; I can thrash you within an inch of your life; ay, and I will do it if other measures fail." She took him by the collar and shook him to and fro. "You're going to do as I bid, young man. You're not going to spoil your life, and break the hearts of those foolish enough to care for you, not if I have to drag you all the way to 'The Elms.' Are you coming?"

"I'm afraid," he said, tremblingly, "afraid to go back there. I saw a shadow on the wall. I——"

"Listen," she urged. "I'll see you through. I promise that nothing shall hurt you."

"You'll shield me, whatever comes?" asked the young coward, eagerly. "Stand between me and harm? Give me your word, Liza Ann."

"I will," came her solemn answer, and they drove down the lane at break-neck speed.

'The Elms' was in the outskirts of the town, a big house in a grove of evergreens. Liza Ann was glad of the isolation. They drove into the alley at the back, and she reached out her hands for the lines.

"I'll hold the horse," she said. "Here is my candle. I brought it along."









IN CANADAS HIGHLANDS

"I can't!" he cried, hysterically; "someone may be lurking around. I've got a chill."

"Be a man," she implored; "we have no time to lose. Take the money back."

He flung his arm about her neck. "You go," he cried. "Here's the money, and the desk is open; you can do it. Please, Liza Ann. Don't refuse. You promised to do all you could if I'd come. I'm so scared, Liza Ann, so scared." He was sobbing now. Without a word she took the money and started for the house.

The old garden looked an enchanted place in the brilliant starlight, but Liza Ann had no eyes to see it as she hurried on. She found the back door open; in his haste Tom must have forgotten to shut it. In the kitchen she lighted her candle, then stole by the front stairway to the library above. He feet made a queer creaking on the stairs, her candle seemed to her to light the whole house vividly. So many doors, and behind each someone waiting to trap her, perhaps! Cautiously she entered the library. Yes, the desk was open. She reached it, and was about to drop the roll of money when a hand fell on her shoulder.

She turned and faced Dr. Anger.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. "Stand where you are and answer me."

Her ruddy hair was curling about her shoulders, and hanging in heavy lengths almost to her knees. She held her candle high, and the hair seemed to absorb the light, leaving her face in shadow.

"I cannot tell you," she said without a quaver. "Think what you please."

"Then, I must conclude that you are a thief, a thief." His voice was sharp as steel. "My desk is rifled; my money is now, I believe, in your hands."

"Here it is," pressing it on him. "Don't keep me here. I must go home. I must."

She made for the door, but he would not let her pass.

"Tell me the truth," he said. "Are you not taking the part of a scapegoat?"

"If so," smiling to herself, "I am used to it. Will you not take your money and let me go?"

"To think that one with so true a face could be so worthless!" His sigh was almost a groan. "I can scarce believe it. Tell me; are you not shielding somebody?"

The tell tale flush dyed her cheek, but she shook her head vehemently. Had she not promised to stand between Tom and all harm? She had no intention of letting Dr. Anger guess the truth, though her heart was bursting with a pain, new and intolerable. Oh, that it might have been any other than this man!

"Think what you please, Dr. Anger," she said, coldly, "but for the—the—sake of those you love, let me go. Without a word more, let me go."

"Go," he cried, and flung the door wide open.

On the threshold she paused. A power stronger than her will, stronger than her pride, stronger than her patience, forced her to lift eyes heavy with entreaty, and cry imploringly:

"Don't think me the meanest creature on God's earth! Don't hate me altogether, Dr. Anger."

His face softened; his gaze grew warm.

"Come," he said, holding out his hand. "Tom will be tired waiting. Yes," in answer to her start of surprise, "I passed him on my way in. Did you think me blind enough to take you for a thief. What a woman! What a woman!" The doctor's voice trembled. "Come," he went on, "before I do what would be quite wrong—make love to you in my own house at this unearthly hour. I am not half good enough for you, but—what hair you have! Ever since you came in the room that day long ago, I've seen you—you and your grey eyes, your braids and your satin skin; ever—oh, come on, come on, or I will be making love to you."

"Coming," she whispered, "coming," and hand in hand they went down the stairway and out into the white night. They stood for a moment, looking not at the beauty about them, but into one another's eyes, and even as they stood, the town clock broke the silence, clamoring out the midnight hour, and ere it was through the church bells all began to peal their song of glory, love and peace.

"Good-bye, until to-morrow," he whispered, his face close to hers; "until to-morrow, Liza Ann."

To think that she had ever thought her name anything but beautiful! Why, that "Liza Ann," mellow, husky, wonderful, was a thing to remember for ever and a day. It filled her ears, it mingled and mixed with the thrilling clamor of the bells; it made itself a part of the jubilant music and struck upon her heartstrings, mastered her with its glory, took her strength and left her trembling. On she went down the diamond-studded path, and as she went she lifted eyes luminous with love, cheeks wet with the tears a woman weeps but once to the starlit skies above, and whispered softly, "Peace and love! peace and love, Liza Ann!"

And Tom, watching her come towards him, drew his hand across his eyes, leaned forward, staring curiously. "'Pon my soul!" he muttered, "if Liza Ann don't look like a picture. It must be the moonlight; it surely is the moonlight."

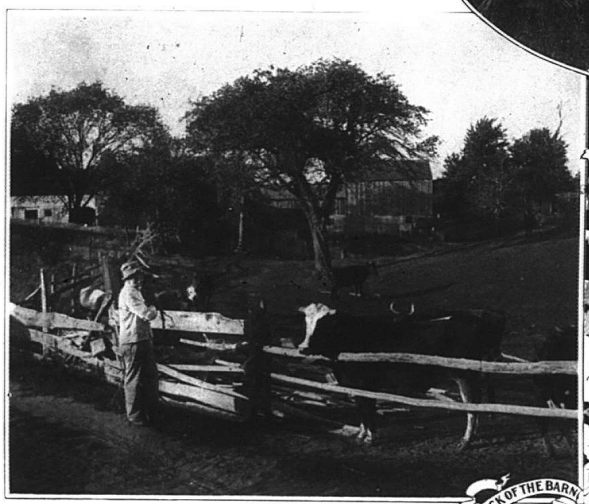
"I won't quarrel with Providence over a girl being poor and homely again," beamed Mrs. Green when the news of Liza Ann's engagement went abroad. "What we lack is made up to us in good time if we are only patient."

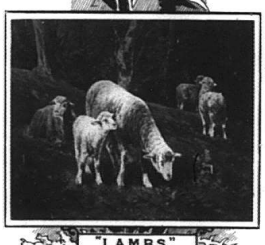
"I reckon Liza Ann won't quarrel with the way things have been evened up—eh?" remarked her husband. "Abigail will be mad as a hornet." The smile on Mrs. Green's face deepened. "Josiah," she said, struck with a bright idea, "Josiah, I'm going to give her her outfit, providing she lets me choose the fashions."

"I wouldn't tack any such conditions as that to my gift," he said, unfolding the evening paper with care. "Liza Ann has had enough trials and tribulations, to my notion."

And it being Christmas time, and all the world glad, Mrs. Green only laughed.







"LAMBS."
FROM PAINTING LOANED BY
R. L. PATTERSON

DELIGHTFULLY MANAGED.

In French theatres the doctor of the theatre has a seat given him for every performance. He must be there each evening. A well-known writer, M. B——, says that when he was a young man a friend, the doctor of a certain theatre, gave him his seat. Just as he was becoming interested in the first act, the stage manager rushed up; the heroine had a nervous attack and required medical aid.

In the lady's dressing room he found the manager, with anguish depicted on every feature, and the lady wringing her hands and shrieking. "Now, doctor, quick! What's to be done?"

He took the lady's hand in a wild attempt to feel her pulse. She shrieked more than ever and writhed like a snake.

"Have you poured any water on her head?" he asked. "Yes."

"And no effect?" "None."

"Then give her a sniff of eau de cologne." "Haven't any," was the answer.

"Then go and fetch some."

Off rushed the manager and the stage manager together, and B—— was left with the patient.

Suddenly she opened her eyes and smiled.

"Doctor," she said, "you are a good fellow, aren't you?" "Yes, ma'mselle."

"You must be, doctor. Now listen. There is nothing the matter with me. You would have found that out soon. I want a couple of days' holiday. Can't you manage it?" "Delighted," he replied joyfully. "Now, ma'mselle, you're a good sort too. I'm not a doctor. I came in on the doctor's ticket, so you must not give him away." By this time the manager and stage manager came back, each with a bottle of eau de cologne. He told them the lady was quite composed, and could appear without any danger, but she must have a few days' rest. They made wry faces, but granted the holiday.

THE FICKLE HEART.

This is the song of the fickle heart,
  Written as I who own it know;
Of the steady glow, and the sudden start;
  Of to-day, to-morrow, and long ago;
Of loves dust-laden and laid away
  Drifted and covered with flying years;
Of loves that I worshipped but yesterday
  With endless verses and twilight tears.

This is the song of the fickle heart;
  Of new loves many and old loves more;
Of the passing glance and the foolish smart
  And the whispered word at the garden door.
Lalage, Jane, Miranda and Nell
  Margaret, Florence and—well-a-day!
There is ever a name that we cannot tell,
  There is ever a word that we cannot say.

Love came lightly, in many places,
  Cast his meshes and drew his bow,
And straight I followed the laughing faces
  And dodged Love's arrows, that sought me so;
For 'tis better, I take it, to love a score
  Gaily, just feigning a mortal blow,
Than to kneel forever at one high door,
  Heart in heaven and knees in the snow.

Glad is the way of the fickle heart,
  For little it knows of sorrow or care.
Lightly it plays with the driven dart
  A vow in the hall, a kiss on the stair.
This is the song of the fickle heart,
  Free and—Love, do you call this fair?
Did I not gallantly play my part?
  Why have you stricken me unaware?

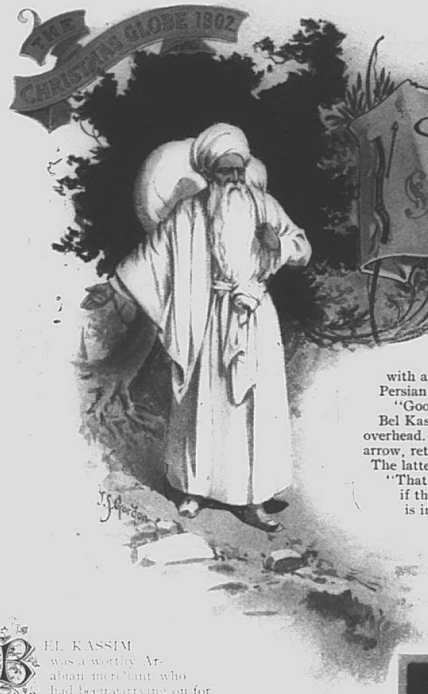
Theodore Roberts.



Photo from life and copyrighted by Ullman Co., N.Y. 1902.


CHICKS
FROM PAINTINGS BY BEN AUSTRIAN
Ben Austrian

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1902



THE BOW OF VENGEANCE

By J. Macdonald Oxley

An Arabian Night Extra

BEL KASSIM was a worthy Arabian merchant who had been carrying on for some time a profitable trade with the people of Persia in silk and amber, when his business began to be seriously injured by the evil doings of a certain Prince Hassan, whose stronghold stood not far from Bassorah, and who, having squandered his own substance in riotous living, undertook to repair his fortunes by rapine and pillage.

Again and again he and his band of robbers successfully waylaid the caravan which Bel Kassim had joined, and when this stripped of all his goods for the sixth time, the poor fellow, who was too wise to offer any resistance, threw himself down beside a stream to weep over his persistent ill fortune.

"Was there ever anyone so unlucky as myself?" he groaned. "Day after day I tramp along the hard road, carrying my heavy pack, and either on the way out or on my way back that scoundrel of a Prince, with his ruffians of men, are sure to fall upon me and rob me of my goods or my money, which has been so hardly earned. Surely God has deserted me, although I am one of His most dutiful servants."

A peal of laughter, at first faint, then becoming fuller, until presently it grew into a roar that awoke the echoes of the place, interrupted his lament.

"What under the sun is that?" exclaimed Bel Kassim, springing to his feet. "A mocking bird, that sings thus without sympathy for my sorrows?"

"No, it is not a mocking bird, Bel Kassim," responded what was evidently the voice of an old man coming from behind.

The merchant turned quickly, and there in the shadow of the wood stood a very old man, bearing on his back a heavy pack, which, despite his advanced age, scarcely caused him to stoop. His snowy beard rippled down his waist, and he was clothed in a white robe such as was supposed to be worn by the good genii whose duty, according to the legend, was to protect the pilgrims to Mahomet's tomb.

"Old man, who are you?" Bel Kassim asked.

"What does it matter?" was the reply.

"How, then, shall I know how to address you?" retorted the merchant.

"Well, then," said the old man, "I am he who always comes, though I am not always visible, when the name of God is invoked by men in distress. You were deploring your misfortunes, Bel Kassim, and complaining that God had deserted you, all the time forgetting how many benefits He had conferred upon you."

The merchant bowed his head in confusion, and then, turning towards the east, spread out his hands, crying fervently, "Praise be to God at all times and in all places!"

"Now, listen to me, Bel Kassim," said the old man. "Your contrition is so sincere that your past ingratitude is forgiven, and your woes are at an end. This heavy pack which burdens my poor shoulders is for you. Look at it. It is filled with costly things, whose sale will reimburse a hundredfold for all your losses by the robbers in the past year. But of all these articles the most precious is this one. Take special care of it. It is the most wonderful of all. The others are rare, but this one is unique." And, so saying, the old man handed Bel Kassim an insignificant bow, about as big as those with which the Bassorah children played in the streets.

"It is not very much to look at, I'll admit," continued the old man, smiling benignly. "It was made from a common cedar bough, and the string came from the sinews of a gazelle, so that a copper coin would easily defray its cost, seeing that cedars and gazelles are both plentiful about here. Nevertheless, Bel Kassim, nobody on earth possesses the like of it."

The merchant gazed in astonishment at the bow, which assuredly seemed an ordinary enough bit of wood.

"It's a wonder, I assure you, despite its appearance; for with it you cannot fail to hit the mark. Are you a good archer?"

"The birds upon which I draw my bow rarely escape," responded Bel Kassim, adding, with a touch of pride in his tone, "Before going into business I served in the bodyguard of the Persian King."

"Good! Then take the bow and test its merits."

Bel Kassim took the bow, fixed the arrow in place, and let fly at a falcon that happened to be hovering overhead. The bird stopped instantly in its flight and fluttered down, mortally wounded, while the arrow, returning upon its course, fell at the feet of the merchant!

The latter picked up the shaft, and regarded it with open-mouthed wonder.

"That's my present," said the old man, patting him kindly on the shoulder. "It won't matter much if the rascally Prince Hassan does despoil you of the valuables contained in that pack, your fortune is in the little bow, which needs only an arrow, as you have just seen. With it alone you might destroy an army, and there is not a ruler in the world that would not give you for it your own weight in gold. Go your way now, and may God protect you!"

Bel Kassim prostrated himself at the old man's feet in expression of his gratitude, and when he lifted his head he was alone by the riverside.

At first Bel Kassim thought he must have been dreaming, but when he went to lift upon his shoulders the pack presented by the old man, its great weight assured him that he was not the sport of a dream.



"Just a cheap little bow that I carry to shoot at a bird now and then."

He had the precious bow under his cloak, and, light of heart, if burdened of back, set out for the Persian frontier, carefully choosing a route that led away from the mountain whereon dwelt the robber prince.

He had trudged along for some distance, congratulating himself upon his good fortune, when suddenly a rough voice broke in upon his pleasant meditations.

"That's too heavy a burden for your back," it said. "Pray, allow us to lighten you of your load."

And, forthwith, three men, armed to the teeth, stepped out of the shadows of the wood.

Alas! poor Bel Kassim had no difficulty in recognizing them.

The one who had spoken made a sign to the others, who therefore took hold of the heavy pack.

"Let no one lay hands upon the property of the rich merchant, Bel Kassim," cried the speaker. "I did not recognize him at first. Are you tired? I see you are not. Will you continue your journey? I'm sure you will. So, then, be good enough to follow us, for it is the hospitality of a Prince that our master would offer you in his castle on Mount Phira. To-morrow you can proceed, quite rested, and certainly less encumbered."

A rude burst of laughter from his companions applauded this cynical pleasantry of the rascally robber, and Bel Kassim's heart burned with impotent fury, but he kept silence, and sought to console himself with the hope that when the Prince despoiled him of his merchandise he would permit him to retain the wonderful bow.

The way to the stronghold of the brigands was long and rough, and the pack very heavy, so that poor Bel Kassim was almost exhausted when at last, soon after dark, the little party reached the castle gate.

Birds of prey lose little time in sleep. The constant greed for plunder keeps them on the alert, and from the first break of day Prince Hassan had been stand-

ing on the parapet of his tower sweeping the horizon with his hawk-like glance.

As his men drew near he saw that they had taken a good prize, and hastened down to the gate to meet them.

"You, again, Bel Kassim!" he exclaimed to the unfortunate merchant, now half-dead with fatigue. "You have not forgotten to bring me more presents! I assure you I have done nothing to merit such kindness on your part," and his brutal laughter echoed through the great bare hall.

"Prince," said one of the men who had effected the capture, "my Lord Kassim, despite his generous intentions, mistook the route and we had to show him the right way." And he smiled complacently at his own rough humor.

"Have mercy, your Highness," cried Bel Kassim, throwing himself at the Prince's feet. "Six times already have you robbed me of all my goods. In the name of the Most High, I beseech you this time to take only one half of what I have."

The Prince broke out anew into laughter more brutal than before.

"Do you think," he sneered, "that I would let you lie in half a dungeon, or leave you with half the life that belongs to you? Certainly not. If, therefore, I give you all, you should give me all. That's fair. Come now, let us see what your pack holds?"

His minions at once opened out the pack.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the robber chief. "What superb things! Wherever did he get these silks, whose colors outvie the splendors of the setting sun, and from what mysterious country came these diamonds and pearls, that shine like stars at the depth of night? Only the Caliph of Bagdad, my master, could afford to pay for such costly articles. A thousand thanks, Bel Kassim, for this new tribute. You must certainly have breakfast with me. Lay aside your cloak and sit down here."

The merchant, surprised at this kind treatment, sought to do as he was bid and at the same time keep concealed under his garments the little bow, but he managed so awkwardly that the Prince perceived he was trying to conceal something, and demanded—

"What have you there?"

"Less than nothing," replied Bel Kassim, looking very confused. "Just a cheap little bow that I carry to shoot at a bird now and then. See." And he held it out to the Prince.

"A cheap little bow!" cried the latter. "Why, it is made of gold, and I want you to make me a present of it."

"Your Highness is certainly joking," responded Bel Kassim. "The bow is of common cedar, and only fit for the plaything of a poor boy. Leave it with me. It is all the fortune I have now, I swear to you."

"Bel Kassim," shouted the Prince, springing up from his divan, "you are speaking falsely. Confess now that you intended to use that bow against myself."

The merchant warmly repudiated any such design, but, alarmed by the growing anger of the Prince and by threats of terrible torture, he confessed the magic powers of the bow, and that he had hoped to sell it to the King of Persia for an immense sum.

"But what I cannot understand," he continued, "is that this bow seems to you to be made of gold, when it is so manifestly a mere bit of wood."

Nevertheless, the Prince and all his men declared that the bow was undoubtedly of pure gold.

"And we must forthwith put it to the test," he exclaimed. "I wish to see with my own eyes if it really has the wonderful properties you claim for it."

Thus saying, he placed his turban at the further end of the hall for a mark, and bid Bel Kassim shoot at it.

Grasping the bow, the captive took careful aim, and the arrow, after hitting the turban, returned instantly, and fell at his feet.

"Certes! that is a weapon worthy of a Prince!" cried the arch robber, "and for that reason I shall keep it. Let me try it now."

Snatching the bow from the merchant's arms, Prince Hassan also aimed at the turban, letting the arrow go with full force.

But the turban was not touched, and the arrow, coming back even more swiftly than it went, flew straight at the head of the rascal, who tumbled over dead.

Bel Kassim was petrified with horror, and expected the brigands to fall upon him at once. But instead of so doing, they became panic-stricken and fled incontinently, each one in mortal terror of the terrible returning arrow.

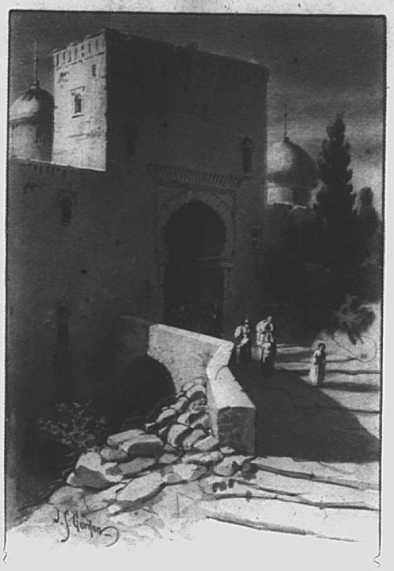
A moment later a wonderful radiance, outshining that of the sun, filled the hall, and in its centre appeared a young man magnificently attired.

"Do you recognize me, Bel Kassim?" he said, with a kindly smile. "I am the old man who presented you with the bow of vengeance. I assume many shapes. I appear in all places and at all times, for I am the Angel of Justice, from whom no one can escape. Live in this castle, and govern this country. So long as you reign rightly you will be happy, which I trust will be until your last day."

The splendid vision then vanished, and presently shouts of joy were heard outside.

They were from the people of the principality, who, having been long cruelly oppressed, had heard of the death of the tyrant and the flight of the brigands, and had now come to make obeisance to their deliverer and to accept him as their ruler from henceforth.

"It only remains to add that Bel Kassim proved altogether worthy of their confidence and passed a long and happy life in peace and prosperity, no one daring to attack him because of the renown of his wonderful bow.



"At last, soon after dawn, the little party arrived at the Castle Gate."



The arrow, coming back, flew straight at the head of the rascal.

GETTING AWAY FROM HOME.

Judging by a good deal of the conversation of the present day, there are a large number of people who have a positive horror of home. This curious revulsion of feeling is taken by many persons as a sign of social deterioration. For our own part, says The London Spectator, we find it difficult to take it quite seriously, or to see it in anything more than a passing whim.

Nobody nowadays likes monotony. Change is what people desire—not perhaps any great change, but lots of small change; not necessarily for the better, but for its own sake. Now, there is a great sameness about one's own four walls, be they never so handsome. We all feel at times an overpowering desire to look at something else. We cannot change the patterns or the pictures on them every day, and neither they nor the home furniture ever seem to alter in expression. Again, there is a terrible sameness about one's own cook. Experience enables us to foretell the taste of everything at home, from the soup to the savory if we are rich, and from the mutton to the cheese if we are poor. Whereas if we dine at a restaurant everything down to the salt is different, and the restaurant is refurnished daily with new faces. Then, again, the music and stir going on around one avoid the necessity of much conversation, and conversation in the home circle is sometimes difficult and sometimes dull. It does not do always just to say what one thinks, it is such bad practice for dining out; and this, being the case, it is not easy sometimes to think what to say.

Nowadays we get, socially speaking, tired of our friends, and even of our acquaintances. We want them to pass continually before us like a street procession. Instead of that they rather resemble a stage crowd, and keep coming on again. There is a limit to those we know, a limit to even those we should like or should be likely to know even by sight, and at a restaurant this latter limit is disregarded. The barrier of good manners which forbids that those who are unacquainted with one another should speak is sufficient to protect our station or our dignity, but it is not a very high fence, and it is one which it is amusing to look over.

"JUST MAKING BELIEVE."

This lapse of memory is accountable for many a failure on the part of "grown ups" to comprehend the mental processes of their imaginative superiors, the children. Some clumsy person calls the most charming device of fancy "another of those naughty fibs." By that condemnation he sets up a well-nigh impassable barrier between himself and the childish dreamer.

Not long ago a grown up was accosted on the street by a dainty maiden of four, who nodded a bright good morning and then said, "Isn't there going to be a wedding down there?" pointing across the square. "I think not," said the obtuse adult. "I haven't heard of any wedding." "Are you sure? I think there's going to be one!" persisted the little maiden. "I don't see any flowers or carriages, and I guess you are mistaken," replied the champion of dull fact. Then the tiny pleader drew nearer, and with an entreating touch of her hand and a voice lowered out of hearing of the fairies, she breathed: "Please say there's going to be a wedding! I'm just making believe!" Could the power of imagination go further? Could there be a simpler device for turning this dull world into a garden of flowers and sweet music than this same gentle "making believe?" Imagination often proves to be the door that opens into a high philosophy of life. We all remember Dickens' brave little Marchioness. "Did you ever taste orange peel and water?" she demanded of the gay Dick Swiveller. He replied that he never had tasted that ardent beverage. "If you make believe very much, it's very nice," said the small servant, "but if you don't, you know, it seems as if it would bear a little more seasoning certainly." As long as life has its ups and downs it is by no means impossible that to us all—old as well as young—there may come a time when we shall be glad to have acquired the accomplishment of making believe very much.—Youth's Companion.

The One Woman.

(CONCLUDED.)

as I would, there was no trace to be found of them; they had moved to other hunting grounds, and perhaps to-day the children of my sweet-voiced little comrade of years ago are roaming over the Mackenzie River district, learning the same doubtful lessons of worldly lore as their mother did, from the surveyors and engineers who are opening up that great tract of country."

There was a silence for some ten minutes.

"Is that all?" asked Beatrice. "All?" queried Colin MacDuff. "Yes; are you sure there was no one else?" From which question you will perceive that Beatrice Desmond had in truth found another world, inhabited by a more interesting species than the beasts of the forest and the fowls of the air, as well as the many fish which swarmed in the rivers. No more would the sunset be a spectacle whose beauty was dependent on its own merits; the conditions under which she saw it would make all the difference in the richness and delight of its colorings.

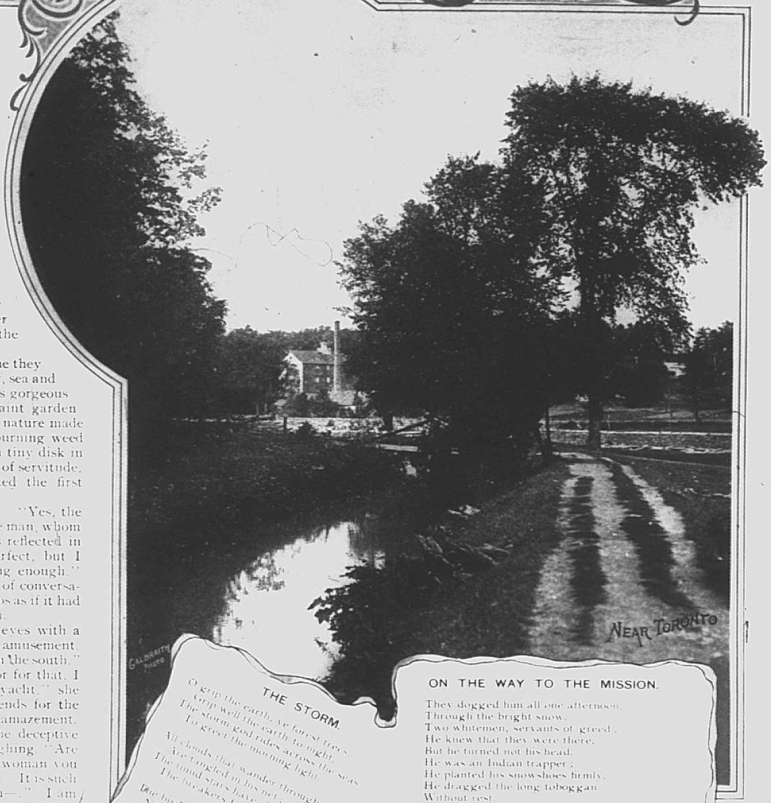
Now, which was the real garden of Eden? The one they had known, full of the impersonal delights of earth, air, sea and sky, or this world which revealed itself to them on this gorgeous midsummer's day, when the rocky spur in that quaint garden became an enchanted island where a new element in nature made itself known, all through the fall of a tiny ember of burning weed (for, of course, tobacco is a weed), which reddened a tiny disk in the palm of the hand which to-day bears a double badge of servitude, one of plain gold, devoid of the jewel which marked the first renunciation of liberty.

"What a sunset!" burst from the lips of Beatrice. "Yes, the most wonderful sunset I have ever seen," answered the man whom I really believe had never seen the sunset at all, unless reflected in the face his eyes were devouring. "Dear, this is perfect, but I dread the winter here for you, though the house is snug enough." You will see from this we have skipped some portions of conversation, for the term of endearment slipped from Colin's lips as if it had been in somewhat frequent use since my last paragraph.

The girl turned and looked into her companion's eyes with a puzzled expression, which slowly gave way to one of amusement. "Oh," she said, "we might spend the winter yachting in the south." Colin MacDuff looked uncomfortable. "I am too poor for that, I fear," he said simply. "Well, we might go in my yacht," she replied. "Your yacht!" "Yes, I lent it to some friends for the summer." Colin MacDuff looked at her in helpless amazement. "I thought you were poor, your——" he looked at the deceptive simplicity of her garments. "Oh, I see," she said, laughing. "Are you going to discover that because I am not a poor woman you can't marry me, that I am not the 'one' woman after all. It is such a silly excuse, Colin. If I am really the only woman——" I am sorry I haven't space to record his answer, and I am not quite sure that there is a hieroglyphic which expresses it.

A NEW NAME ON THE MAP.

A new name to be seen on the latest maps of British East Africa is Ugowe Bay, applied to an arm of the Victoria Nyanza. This name originated with Stanley, the explorer, in a singular way. When he was making a chart of the lake shores he came upon a great bay, and calling to a native he asked what it was called. After repeating the inquiry several times, he got for answer something that sounded like "You go 'way," and the interpreter's efforts met with no better success. So Stanley, accepting the sound, named the bay Ugowe, which is pronounced like the English phrase quoted above.



NEAR TORONTO

THE STORM.

O keep the earth, ye forest trees,
Grip well the earth to-night,
The storm-fiend rides across the seas
To wreck the morning light.

All clouds that wander through the skies
Are mingled in his net;
The stars have shut their eyes
The sun has hidden his face.

The birds that cheer the woods all day
Now tremble in their nests,
The giant trees bend and sway,
The wind never rests.

The squirrel and the cunning fox
Have hurried to their holes,
Far off, like distant earthquake shocks,
The mutter of thunder rolls.

By ones of hidden woodland dells
Where no rough winds can roam,
The wild flowers close their frail bells
In ceaseless alarm.

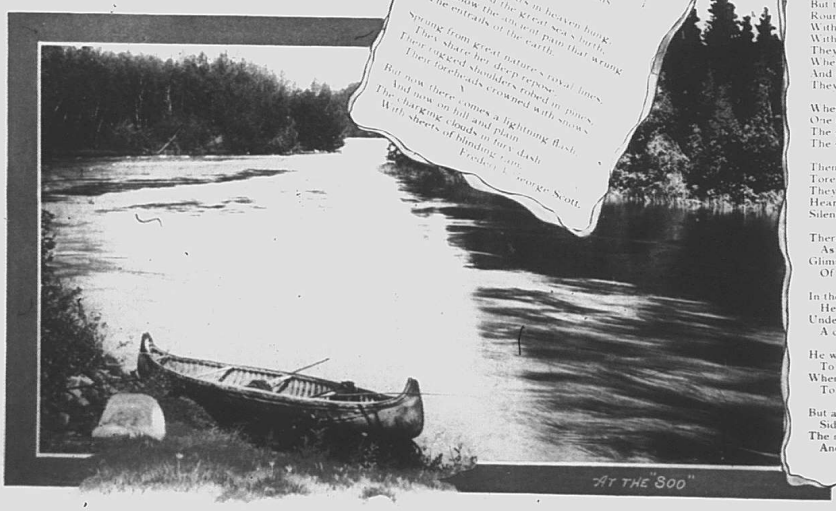
Only the mountains rear their forms,
Silent and grim and bold,
Defiant to the storms
They take no heed to cold.

They saw the Stars in heaven hung,
They heard the Great Sea's birth,
They know the ancient pain that wrung
The entrails of the earth.

Springing from great mother-rival lines,
They share her deep repose,
Their rugged shoulders robed in pines,
Their foreheads crowned with snows.

But now there comes a lightning flash,
And now on hill and plain
The charging clouds in fury dash
With sheets of thunder rain.

Frederick George Scott.



AT THE "800"

ON THE WAY TO THE MISSION.

They dogged him all one afternoon
Through the bright snow,
Two whitemen, servants of greed;
He knew that they were there,
But he turned not his head.
He was an Indian trapper;
He planted his snowshoes firmly,
He dragged the long toboggan
Without rest.

The three figures drifted,
Like shadows in the mind of a seer;
The snowshoes were whisperers
On the threshold of awe;
The toboggan made the sound of wings,
A wood-pigeon sloping to her nest.

The Indian's face was calm
He strode with the sorrow of foreknowledge,
But his eyes were jewels of content
Set in circles of peace.

They would have shot him;
But momently in the deep forest
They saw something flit by his side;
Their hearts stopped with fear.

Then the moon rose.
They would have left him to the spirit,
But they saw the long toboggan
Rounded well with furs,
With many a silver-fox skin,
With the pelts of mink and otter;
They were the servants of greed;
When the moon grew brighter
And the spruces were dark with sleep,
They shot him.

When he fell on a shield of moonlight,
One of his arms clung to his burden;
The snow was not melted;
The spirit passed away.

Then the servants of greed
Tore off the cover to count their gains;
They shuddered away into the shadows,
Hearing each the loud heart of the other.
Silence was born.

There in the laving moonlight,
As sweet as they were in life,
Glimmered the ivory features
Of the Indian's wife.

In the manner of Montagnais women,
Her hair was bound with braid;
Under her waxen fingers
A crucifix was laid.

He was drawing her down to the Mission,
To bury her there in spring,
When the bloodroot comes and the windflower
To silver everything.

But as a gift of plunder
Side by side were they laid,
The moon went on to her setting
And covered them with shade.

Duncan Campbell Scott.

H. R. IVES & CO.

MONTREAL

THE ROYAL HOT WATER HEATERS

BRASS AND IRON BEDSTEADS, ARCHITECTURAL IRON WORK, CHANDELIERS, ELECTROLIERS, ARTISTIC WROUGHT IRON GRATES, ELEVATOR ENCLOSURES AND ELEVATOR CARS, BANK FITTINGS, HAMMERED LEAF WORK, GRILLES, ELECTROPLATING AND OXYDIZING.

ESTABLISHED 1859

CATALOGUES AND PRICE LISTS ON APPLICATION



IN COMPETITION WITH THE MANUFACTURERS OF THE WORLD—THE

BRASS AND IRON BEDSTEADS

MANUFACTURED BY

H. R. IVES & CO.

MONTREAL

WERE AWARDED MEDAL AND DIPLOMA OF THE HIGHEST MERIT AT THE

PARIS EXPOSITION 1900

Best Quality **COAL AND WOOD.** Lowest Prices.

THE VERY BEST ROGERS COAL. HEAD OFFICE 20 KING ST. WEST TORONTO

THE **ELIAS ROGERS CO.** (LIMITED)

THE NATIONAL ELECTROTYPE AND STEREOTYPE COMPANY, Limited

12 & 14 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO

PLATES FOR ALL PRINTING PURPOSES

First-class work guaranteed. Estimates given. We make interchangeable plates in electrotype and stereotype for patent base.

BEST COAL

Delivered Promptly. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4103.

NOEL MARSHALL, MANAGER.

THE STANDARD FUEL COMPANY of Toronto, Limited

"To hold as't were, the mirror up to Nature."

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit is the direct reflection of Nature. It is the whole wheat—nothing added, nothing taken away. It is the NATURAL food intended by Nature for man's use, because it *contains All the Properties in Correct Proportion Necessary to Nourish every Element of the Human Organism.* Man's ignorance as to the uses of the different parts of the wheat was originally accountable for the removal of portions of it in order to make white flour. Custom and habit are accountable for the continuance of this vital error. Faulty bones and teeth, weak bodies and minds are the result of the white flour eating "practice."

Shake off the pale, sickly yoke and nourish every part of your God-given mind and body with NATURAL food—thrust the white bread eating habit firmly aside, be well and strong and *"Dare do all that may become a man."* Sold by all grocers. Send for "The Vital Question" Cook Book, [Free.]

THE NATURAL FOOD CO., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

The Royal Military College.

There are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College at Kingston. At the same time its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving the highest technical instructions in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of Canadian Militia. In fact it is intended to take the place in Canada of the English Woolwich and Sandhurst and the American West Point.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and in addition there is a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects, which form such a large proportion of the College course.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive in addition to their military studies a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all subjects that are essential to a high and general modern education.

The course in mathematics is very complete and a thorough grounding is given in the subjects of Civil Engineering, Civil and Hydrographic Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The object of the College course is thus to give the cadets a training which shall thoroughly equip them for either the military or civil career.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the system. As a result of it young men acquire habits of obedience and self-control, and consequently of self-reliance and command, as well as experience in controlling and handling their fellows.

In addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds ensures good health and fine physical condition.

An experienced medical officer is in attendance at the College daily.

Five commissions in the Imperial regular army are annually awarded as prizes to the cadets.

The length of course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months' residence each.

The total cost of the three years' course, including board, uniforms, instructional material, and all extras, is from $750 to $800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College will take place at the headquarters of the several military districts in which candidates reside, in May of each year.

For full particulars of this examination or for any other information, application should be made as soon as possible to the Adjutant-General of Militia, Ottawa, Ont.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN STOREY'S GLOVES ARE WORN

W. H. STOREY AND SON

GLOVES AND MITTENS MOCCASINS AND SHOE PACS TRAVELLING BAGS

If you want the best, if excellence of material, fit, style, workmanship, durability and finish is an object, get Storey's goods. They never disappoint.

TORONTO'S NEW HOTEL

KING EDWARD

EUROPEAN & AMERICAN PLANS,

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

400 ROOMS EN SUITE

350 BATHROOMS

CUISINE AND SERVICE UNEXCELLED

SITUATED IN THE CENTRE OF TOURIST DISTRICT OF CANADA

EASY OF ACCESS TO NIAGARA, MUSKOKA LAKES, KAWARTHA LAKES AND GEORGIAN BAY.

STARTING POINT FOR 1000 ISLANDS AND LOWER ST. LAWRENCE



THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1906

CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1902

THE ALEXANDER ENGRAVING Co



HALF TONE ENGRAVING | ZINC ETCHING | DESIGNING | COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

DESIGNERS AND ENGRAVERS.

16 Adelaide St. W TORONTO.

Engravers of Christmas Globe Illustrations



RITCHIE AND RAMSAY TORONTO



COATED PAPER AND CARDBOARD

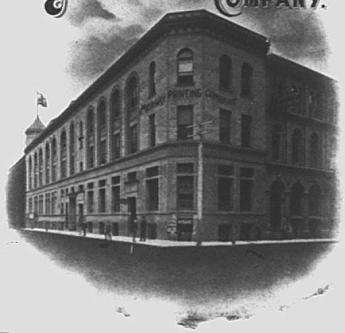
FINEST GRADES GOODS FOR

PRINTING LITHOGRAPHING PAPER BOXES PHOTO MOUNTS

OUR NEW OFFICE

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE AND SUPPLEMENTARY PLATES ARE PRINTED ON RED SEAL COATED PAPER

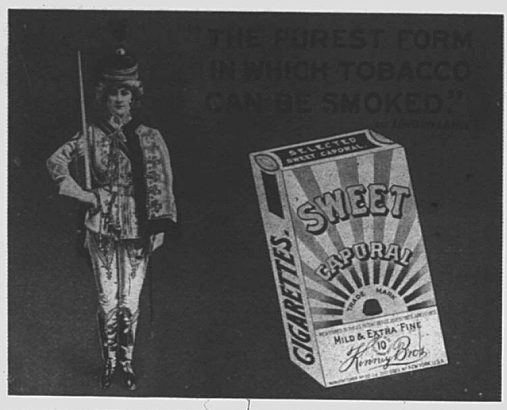
MURRAY PRINTING COMPANY.



PRINTERS AND BOOKMAKERS

GLOBE BUILDING JORDAN & MELINDA STS. TORONTO

This Edition of the CHRISTMAS GLOBE was printed by us



CLARK'S

READY LUNCH BEEF

MADE FROM THE BEST THAT IS RAISED

Soups, Canned Game and Poultry of all kinds.

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER BRANDS

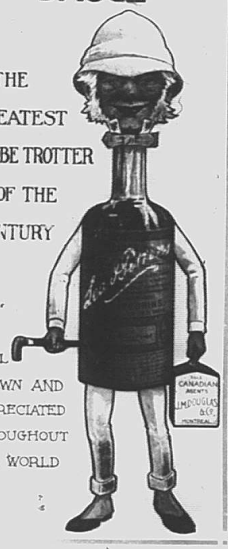
CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS ARE DELICIOUS

FOR SALE BY ALL GOOD GROCERS THROUGHOUT CANADA.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE GREATEST GLOBE TROTTER OF THE CENTURY

WELL KNOWN AND APPRECIATED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD



"MADE IN CANADA"

CRESCENT & COLONIAL STEEL ENAMELLED WARE



TINWARE—STAMPED, PIECED, JAPANNED AND LITHOGRAPHED GALVANIZED & SHEET IRON GOODS

THE THOMAS DAVIDSON MANUFACTURING CO LIMITED. MONTREAL.



FRANK MAGOR & CO. 103 ST. PAUL ST. MONTREAL.

Selling Agents for Canada.

Dominion Oilcloth Company, Limited

Manufacturers of Oilcloths of every description. FLOOR OILCLOTH, CARRIAGE OILCLOTH, TABLE OILCLOTH, ENAMELLED OILCLOTH, STAIR OILCLOTH; also DECORATIVE BURLAPS.

Office and Works—MONTREAL, QUEBEC
Branch Office—1 Front St. E., Toronto

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by engineers who are Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. The Inventors' Help, 125 pages, bound, mailed to any address upon receipt of ten cents. Marion & Marion, New York Life Building, Montreal and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

E. H. GAY & CO.

BANKERS AND BROKERS

157 St. James St. MONTREAL.

BONDS

Long Distance 'Phone Main 1907.

PUBLIC SERVICE, CORPORATION, MUNICIPAL, RAILROAD

OFFICES AT BOSTON, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND MONTREAL.

CANADIAN ALUMINUM WORKS LIMITED. MONTREAL



Send for Circular

REASONS WHY ALUMINUM GOODS SHOULD BE USED FOR HOUSEHOLD PURPOSES

RODGERS CUTLERY

CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY.

See that this EXACT MARK is on each blade. It indicates the HIGHEST GRADE in all lines of cutlery

JAMES HUTTON & CO., MONTREAL, SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA.

BABCOCK & WILCOX LIMITED.

Patent Water Tube Steam Boilers and Superheaters.

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

BOILER ROOM ACCESSORIES. Shaking Grates, Economizers, Heaters, Purifiers Valves, Engines, Stokers, Coal Conveyors, Etc.

Head Office for Canada, New York Life Building, Montreal.
Branch Office for Ontario, 114 King Street West, Toronto.
Representatives for British Columbia, O. O. Moore & Co., Seattle, Wash.



Miss Lillian Martin, Graduate of Training School for Nurses, Brantford, Can., now of Milwaukee, Wis., Testifies that the Hospital Doctors Rely Upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Cure Severe Cases of Woman's Ills. She says:

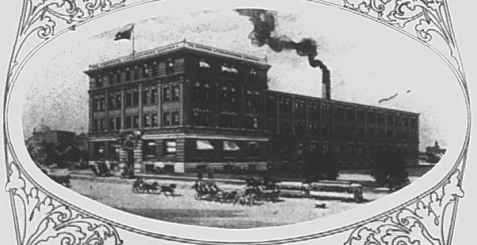
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—While we are taught in the training schools throughout the country to look down upon patent medicines, and while the doctors in the hospitals speak slightingly of them to patients, I have found that they really know different. I have frequently known physicians to give **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** to women suffering with the most serious complications of ovarian troubles, falling of the womb, leucorrhœa, and other disorders. They would as a rule put the Compound in regular medicine bottles and label it 'Tonic,' or other names, but I knew it was your Compound, and have seen them fill it in prescription bottles. I have never seen anything but happy results from its use; inflammation and ulceration has been relieved and cured in a few weeks, especially where your Sanative Wash has been applied also. I feel it but due to you to give proper credit for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; I have great faith in it and often recommend it to others."—MISS LILLIAN MARTIN, 884 27th Ave., Milwaukee Wis.

$5000 FORFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE.

If you are sick, write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice.



THE
TORONTO
LITHOGRAPHING CO.
LIMITED.



MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE COLOR WORK

Calendars, Hangers, Show Cards, Posters, Catalogue Covers, Novelty Booklets

Embossed Show Cards & Street Car Signs, Etc.

A LARGE STOCK OF
Advertising Cards, Calendars, Fans and Novelties of Every Description

M. BARBER AND BROS.
PAPER MAKERS.
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
Established 1837.

Established 1837.
MANUFACTURERS OF

MACHINE - FINISHED Book Papers

Wove and laid or antique smooth finish.

Colored Covers

in every standard color and grade carried in stock or made to order in one thousand pound lots.

Posters in Five Colors

We make a specialty of Paper for Catalogues, Society Journals, Religious Weeklies and Litho Labels

JOHN R. BARBER, Proprietor.
GEORGE H. MARSHALL, Superintendent.
GEORGE E. CHALLES, Selling Agent.
MAIL BUILDING, TORONTO

The Boiler Inspection and Insurance Co., TORONTO.

JOHN L. BLAIKIE, ESQ., PRESIDENT.
E. W. RATHBUN, ESQ., VICE-PRESIDENT.
GEO. C. ROBB, CHIEF ENGINEER.
H. N. ROBERTS, SECRETARY-TREASURER.

Are you satisfied with the results obtained from your steam boilers? Are your boilers safe? When were they last inspected?

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

GUELPH, CANADA.

The kind of instruction and practical training needed by young men who intend to be Farmers, Fruit Growers, Butter-makers, Cheese-makers or Poultry Raisers.

FOR COPY OF THE COLLEGE CIRCULAR, SEND TO
JAMES MILLS, M.A., President.

THE CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE

Yonge and Gerrard Streets, TORONTO.

A strong, reliable school. Thorough courses in Accounting, Shorthand, Typewriting, Telegraphy. Twelve capable teachers. 100 Typewriting Machines. Fine equipment throughout. Enter any time. Circulars free. Write

W. H. SHAW, Principal.

A special pleasure comes with the purchase of a

Bell Piano OR ORGAN

And is due to the high quality which always satisfies.

With a Bell Piano you get the Illimitable Repeating Action, which of itself is worth your earnest consideration.

The Bellolian AUTO-PNEUMATIC ORGAN AND PIANO PLAYER enables anyone to correctly render the most difficult music.

THE BELL ORGAN & PIANO COMPANY, LIMITED
GUELPH, ONTARIO.
SEND FOR CATALOGUES.

Toronto—146 Yonge Street.
London, Eng.—49 Holborn Viaduct.
Sydney, N.S.W.—15 Bridge Street.

Minard's Liniment

Canada's Best Household Remedy. Well and favorably known from Halifax to Victoria.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.
PROPRIETORS. YARMOUTH, N.S.

SUN FIRE

Founded A. D. 1710

INSURANCE OFFICE

Head Office LONDON, ENG.

The Oldest Purely Fire Office in the World
Canadian Branch—TORONTO, ONT.
H. M. BLACKBURN, MANAGER.
GEO. M. HIGINBOTHAM, GEO. S. LYON, } Toronto Agents.
Agents wanted in unrepresented districts.

LATE J. YOUNG.

ALEX. MILLARD

Undertaker and Embalmer

359 YONGE ST., TORONTO, CAN.
TELEPHONE MAIN 679
PRIVATE MORTUARY.

OGILVIE'S HUNGARIAN
The Worlds Best Family Flour.

TRADE MARK

OGILVIE'S GLENORA PATENT
The Worlds Best Bread Flour.



The OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS Co Limited

OGILVIES By Royal Warrant MILLERS to H·R·H· The PRINCE OF WALES

METHODS MAY CHANGE, BUT THE QUALITY NEVER.

Why is it?

That Ogilvie's Flour outsells all other brands of flour in the Dominion of Canada.
That Ogilvie's Flour sells at a higher price than any other mill brand of flour in all the leading markets.
That others commend their own brands to be "as good as Ogilvie's."

THE ANSWER IS EASY EVERYBODY KNOWS

QUALITY





FREE FARMS

THOUSANDS OF FREE GRANT HOMESTEADS 160 ACRES OF THE BEST LAND IN THE WORLD. STILL AWAIT SETTLERS IN Western Canada.





Ask or write to the nearest agent, whose address you will find opposite, for **Literature and Maps**, containing **full information and directions about these lands and how to acquire free homesteads.** If you are interested in **Farming or Ranching** it will pay you to investigate **at once. Hundreds of letters from successful settlers** bearing testimony to the fact that **Farming in Western Canada pays well** and cannot be excelled for **Grain Growing and Mixed Farming** are on file in the Department of the Interior, Immigration Branch. **Ask for the booklet, "Prosperity Follows Settlement,"** containing many of these letters and descriptions of the country.

CANADA—Write to the SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION, Ottawa, Canada, for particulars, or to the following :—
J. OBED SMITH, Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Man.

ENGLAND — W. T. R. PRESTON, Commissioner of Emigration, 17 Victoria Street, London, S. W.; ALFRED JURY, 15 Water Street, Liverpool; G. H. MITCHELL, Birmingham; W. L. GRIFFITH, The Western Mail Building, Cardiff, Wales.

SCOTLAND—H. M. MURRAY, 52 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow.

IRELAND—C. R. DEVLIN, 14 Westmoreland Street, Dublin; E. O'KELLY, 13 Queen's Square, Belfast.

BELGIUM—D. TREAU DE COELI, 75 Marche St. Jacques, Anvers.

FRANCE—HON. HECTOR FABRE, 10 Rue de Rome, Paris, France.

UNITED STATES—M. V. MCINNES, 2 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; JAMES GRIEVE, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; C. A. LAURIER, Marquette, Michigan; J. S. CRAWFORD, 214 W. Ninth Street, Kansas City, Missouri; T. O. CURRIE, Room 12, B. Callahan Block, 263 Grand Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; J. M. MCLACHLAN, 307 Third Street, Wausau, Wisconsin; E. T. HOLMES, 315 Jackson Street, St. Paul, Minnesota; J. H. M. PARKER, 213 Providence Building, Duluth, Minnesota; W. V. BENNETT, 801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Nebraska; CHARLES PILLING, 317 Kittson Avenue, Grand Forks, North Dakota; W. H. ROGERS, Watertown, South Dakota; H. WILLIAMS, Room 20, Law Building, Toledo, Ohio; JOHN C. DUNCAN, Room 6, Big Four Building, Indianapolis, Indiana; C. J. BROUGHTON, 927 Monadnock Building, Chicago, Illinois.

CANADA—C. O. SWANSON, Waterville, P.Q.





The Most Perfect Mechanical Combination for Marine Purposes on the Market.

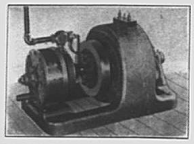


FAST MODEL HULLS finished in any desired style.
HIGH SPEED ENGINES running without noise or vibration, reversing instantly and absolutely automatic. Steam economy an especial feature.
QUICK-STEAMING, NON-EXPLOSIVE BOILERS, using a perfect, self-contained condenser system adapted for either inland or coast service
LIQUID FUEL used with latest type of burners.

Extraordinarily light and compact. No handling of coal. No danger. Economical and convenient. Trustworthy, reliable. Minimized weights and sizes.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUES AND PRICES

DIRECT-CURRENT MULTIPOLAR SLEEPER GENERATOR, DIRECT-CONNECTED TO THROTTLE-GOVERNED SLEEPER ENGINE.



No heating of armatures. No sparking of commutators
Automatic control. No fluctuation.
High-speed, direct-connected units. Compact and light. For lighting plants and marine service. The most efficient and most perfectly automatic unit ever offered.

THE SLEEPER ENGINE CO., LIMITED
MONTREAL, QUEBEC.

We also supply Engines for every description of Marine and Stationary Service, and for Automobiles, Pumping and Hoisting Appliances.

Every Time a Key is Touched

On the Underwood Typewriter you see whether or not it was the one you intended using. Think what this means — no lifting of the carriage, no straining of the eyes, rapidity, accuracy, and a pleasing arrangement of the letter, invoice, statement or whatever work is in hand. The Underwood is a perfect machine. You ought to possess one. Call or write for catalogue, also for prices on our rebuilt typewriters—all makes.

CREELMAN BROS. TYPEWRITER CO.
15 Adelaide Street E., Toronto

How to Bring Back the Natural Color to Grey Hair.



The Rose Natural Color Compound is imperceptible—it restores to grey hair the natural color of youth, whether it was flaxen, auburn, brown or black—it softens, freshens and beautifies the hair—is most beneficial.

HOW TO GROW A WEALTH OF HAIR

Call or send for our **Free** and **Full Information**—Rose's Valuable booklet **"HAIROLOGY."** It tells how to grow hair on bald heads, how to stop falling hair and prevent dandruff. Ladies are especially subject to this dreadful scalp disease, but when they can allay the hot and irritating feeling, banish the untidy "silvery cales" and induce a marvellous growth of hair by using the

Rose Hair Grower

They are more than delighted. Hundreds of grateful letters testify to this fact. **Rose Natural-Color Compound $1.00; Rose Hair Grower $1.50; at drug stores or prepaid to any address on receipt of price by**

THE ROSE TOILET CO., Limited, Toronto

HIGH-GRADE PRINTING

SPECIALISTS IN HALF-TONE AND COLOR WORK.

The Brown-Searle Printing Company
TORONTO

THE INK USED ON THIS PUBLICATION WAS MADE BY THE CANADA PRINTING INK Co LIMITED TORONTO

Dyeing, as a Fine Art.

—As the largest dyers and cleaners in Canada we have reached a stage where dyeing is an art.

Some of the things we dye and clean are—

Lace Curtains, Chintz Curtains, Cretonne Curtains, Chair Covers, Ostrich Plumes, Kid Gloves, Carpets and Squares, Blankets, Men's Suits, Dresses and Jackets, Silk, Satin and Plush.

We would be pleased to forward you our Booklet.

BRANCHES: London, Woodstock, Galt, Montreal, Hamilton, Brantford, St. Catharines.

R. PARKER & CO.
Dyers and Cleaners.
HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS: 787-791 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

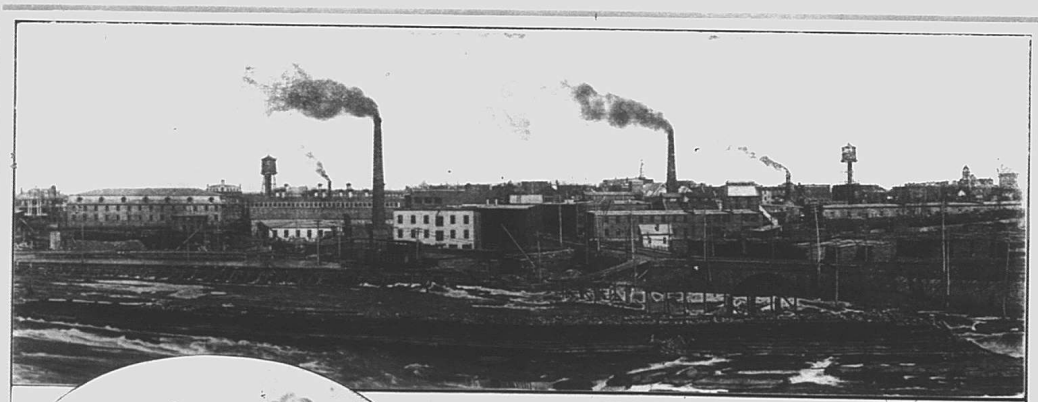
The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED $2,500,000
CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED $2,000,000
ASSETS $3,000,000

EUGENE O'KEEFE, President.
JOHN FOY, Vice-President

Deposits Received from 20 cents upwards; interest at current rates allowed thereon.
Money Loaned on Mortgage—Small and large sums; convenient terms of repayment and at the lowest rates of interest. No valuation fee charged.
Loans on Collaterals of Stocks, Bonds and Debentures.

JAMES MASON, Manager. 78 Church Street, TORONTO





HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS OF

The E. B. EDDY Company
HULL, CANADA.

THE LARGEST OF ITS KIND AND THE MOST UNIQUE ESTABLISHMENT UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES AT

Montreal Toronto
Quebec Ottawa
Hamilton Kingston
London St. John
Halifax Winnipeg
Victoria Vancouver

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

Paper Bags and Papers of all kinds, Matches, Wax Vestas, Pails, Tubs and other Woodenware, Indurated Fibreware, Washboards, Wood-Pulps and Sulphite Fibre, etc., etc.

A. E. AMES & CO. E. D. FRASER A. E. WALLACE H. R. TUDHOPE

A. E. Ames & Co.

BANKERS.

18 KING ST. E. TORONTO.

MEMBERS OF THE TORONTO STOCK EXCHANGE

INVESTMENT DEPARTMENT

Execute orders for the purchase and sale of Securities on all leading stock exchanges. Correspondents in New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Montreal and London, Eng.

BOND DEPARTMENT

Carefully selected Government, Municipal and Corporation Bonds always on hand.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Deposits received subject to withdrawal at any time, and interest allowed at Four Per Cent.

Special arrangements are made for out-of-town customers transacting business by mail.

THE

MUTUAL LIFE

ASSURANCE CO.

OF CANADA

FORMERLY

THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE

ESTABLISHED 1870.

HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONT.

DEBENTURES PURCHASED

Assurance in force Jan. 1st, 1902	$31,718,031
Cash income, 1901	1,277,695
Assets, Dec. 31, 1901	5,757,822
Reserve for security of policy-holders, 1901, 4 and 3½	5,301,100
Surplus over all Liabilities, Dec. 31st, 1901, Actuaries 4 and 3½	379,971
Surplus on Government Standard, 4½ and 3½	605,470

Money Loaned

All popular styles of Insurance and Annuities issued, and the very best of everything good in Life Insurance guaranteed

This Company leads all Canadian Life Companies, by many thousands of dollars, in the total amount paid in 1901 to Policy-holders in Dividends.

The Oldest, Largest, Strongest and Best Life Insurance Companies in the World are Mutual.

This Company's combined death and expense rate per $1,000 of Mean Insurance in force is MUCH LOWER, and its interest rate earned on Mean Ledger Assets HIGHER than the AVERAGE of all the other leading Canadian life companies.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—ROBERT MELVIN, President, Guelph; Alfred Hoskin, K.C., 1st Vice-President; Hon. Mr. Justice Britton, 2nd Vice-President; Francis C. Bruce, M.P.; J. Kerr Fisken, B.A.; Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, P.C., G.C.M.G., Premier of Canada; E. P. Clement, K.C., W. J. Kidd, B.A., Geo. A. Somerville, Sir F. W. Borden, M.D., Minister of Militia; Hon. Mr. Justice Garrow, Wm. Snider.

OFFICERS—T. R. Earl, Superintendent of Agencies; J. H. Webb, M.D., Medical Director; Millar & Sims, Solicitors; Geo. Wegenast, Manager; W. H. Riddell, Secretary.

ONTARIO

THE RICHEST PROVINCE OF CANADA

A NEW ROAD

MOUTH OF NICKEL MINE

THE ROOK LAKE COPPER MINE

BELMONT GOLD MINE

MILLIONS OF ACRES OF FERTILE LANDS FOR HOMESTEADS

Well watered; well wooded; splendid climate, schools and churches; good local markets for farm produce and timber. Best opportunity for settling, with or without capital, in the British Dominions. Write for pamphlet.

KEWAUNEE PULP WORKS

EXTENSIVE MINERAL BELTS

Containing iron, nickel, gold, silver, copper, corundum, mica, graphite, arsenic, etc. Convenient to railways and navigation and easily prospected. Mining laws liberal and prices of land low. No royalties. Free grants for new discoveries. Only working nickel field in America.

REPORTS AND MAPS ON APPLICATION.

A PIONEER'S HOME

HON. E. J. DAVIS, COMMISSIONER OF CROWN LANDS, TORONTO, CANADA.


CANADA LEADS
CANADA
BRITAIN'S GRANARY
CANADA'S CORONATION ARCH
LONDON, ENGLAND.
CANADIAN
$20,000,000.
CHEESE
BUTTER
LACROSSE
HIGHEST
MERIT.
MASSEY-HARRIS COMPANY
LIMITED.
FACTORIES IN TORONTO AND BRANTFORD, CANADA.
DISTRIBUTING CENTRES AND AGENCIES IN ALL PARTS OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD.
LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF FARM IMPLEMENTS IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.
GRAND PRIZE PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889 AND 1900.

The Globe,



CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

DECEMBER 1903

TORONTO, CANADA.

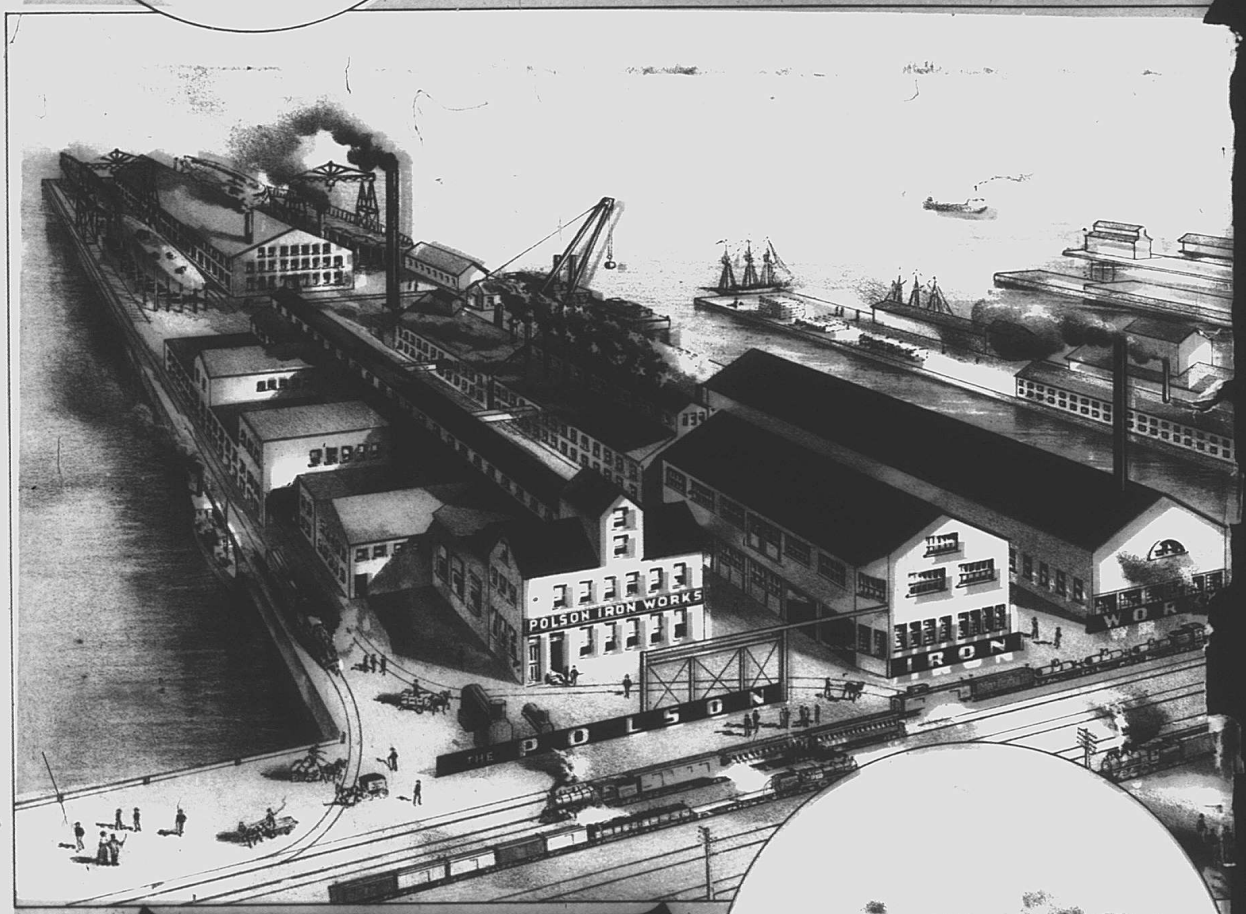
50 CENTS.

THE DAILY GLOBE BY MAIL, ONE YEAR $4.00
INCLUDING CHRISTMAS NUMBER (POSTAGE) $4.50



YACHT "MILDRED"
BUILT FOR E.R. WOOD, ESQ.

THE POLSON IRON WORKS TORONTO.



ENGINEERS,
BOILER MAKERS
AND STEEL SHIP BUILDERS
HYDRAULIC & DIPPER
DREDGES (ANY SIZE)



S.S. MANITOBA C.P.R. LINE

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY OF CANADA



THE "MARITIME EXPRESS" RUNNING IN VIEW OF THE WENTWORTH VALLEY NEAR TRURO, N.S.

1. Canada's Famous Train

The "Maritime Express"

Running between MONTREAL, QUEBEC, ST. JOHN, N.B., HALIFAX and the SYDNEYS

GROWS IN FAVOR DAILY.

Its equipment giving the acme of comfort—never fails to please. . . . . .

2. The Summer Resorts

OF THE

LOWER ST. LAWRENCE,
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
(The Garden of the Gulf),
BRAS D'OR LAKES,
ATLANTIC COAST,

With their Sea Bathing, Boating and Fishing show an increased number of visitors annually.

4 IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENTS —FOR— 1904



—WRITE TO—

GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, MONCTON, N.B.

For pamphlets descriptive of the Health and Pleasure Resorts, the Sporting Districts, and for any other information relating to passenger trains and fares.

3. The Forests and Streams

OF—

QUEBEC, NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA

Abounding in game and fish (moose, caribou, deer, salmon trout and bass), assure the devotee of

GUN AND ROD

An ample bag and creel.

4. The New Short Route to MURRAY BAY and Cap A L'Aigle

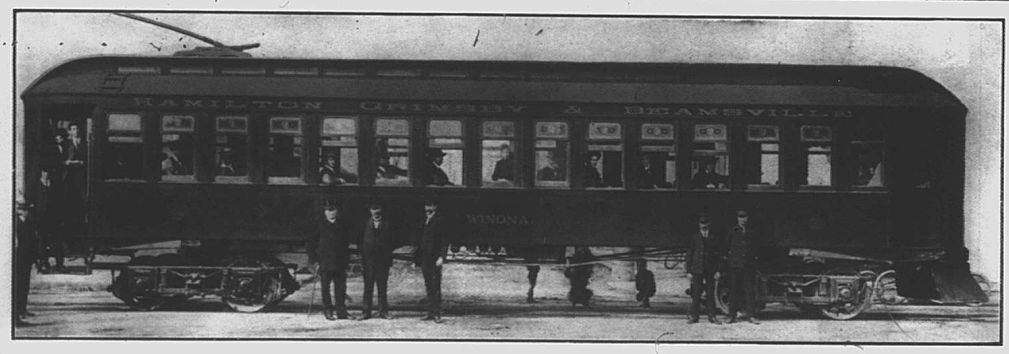
via Rivere Ouelle and Steamer across the St. Lawrence (opened 1903), fills a long-felt want and

SAVES MANY HOURS OF TRAVEL

To those favorite ST. LAWRENCE RESORTS.



SHORE AT MURRAY BAY BELOW MANOIR RICHELIEU HOTEL.



EQUIPPED WITH THE

Henderson Roller Bearings

SUCCESSFULLY APPLIED TO RAILROADS. ENORMOUS SAVING OF POWER

RAILROAD COMPANY EXPRESSES APPRECIATION. OTHER ROADS TO USE THEM.

The following letter has been received from the officials of the Hamilton, Grimsby & Beamsville Railway :—

Hamilton, Grimsby & Beamsville Electric Railway Company, Corner Main and Catherine Streets.

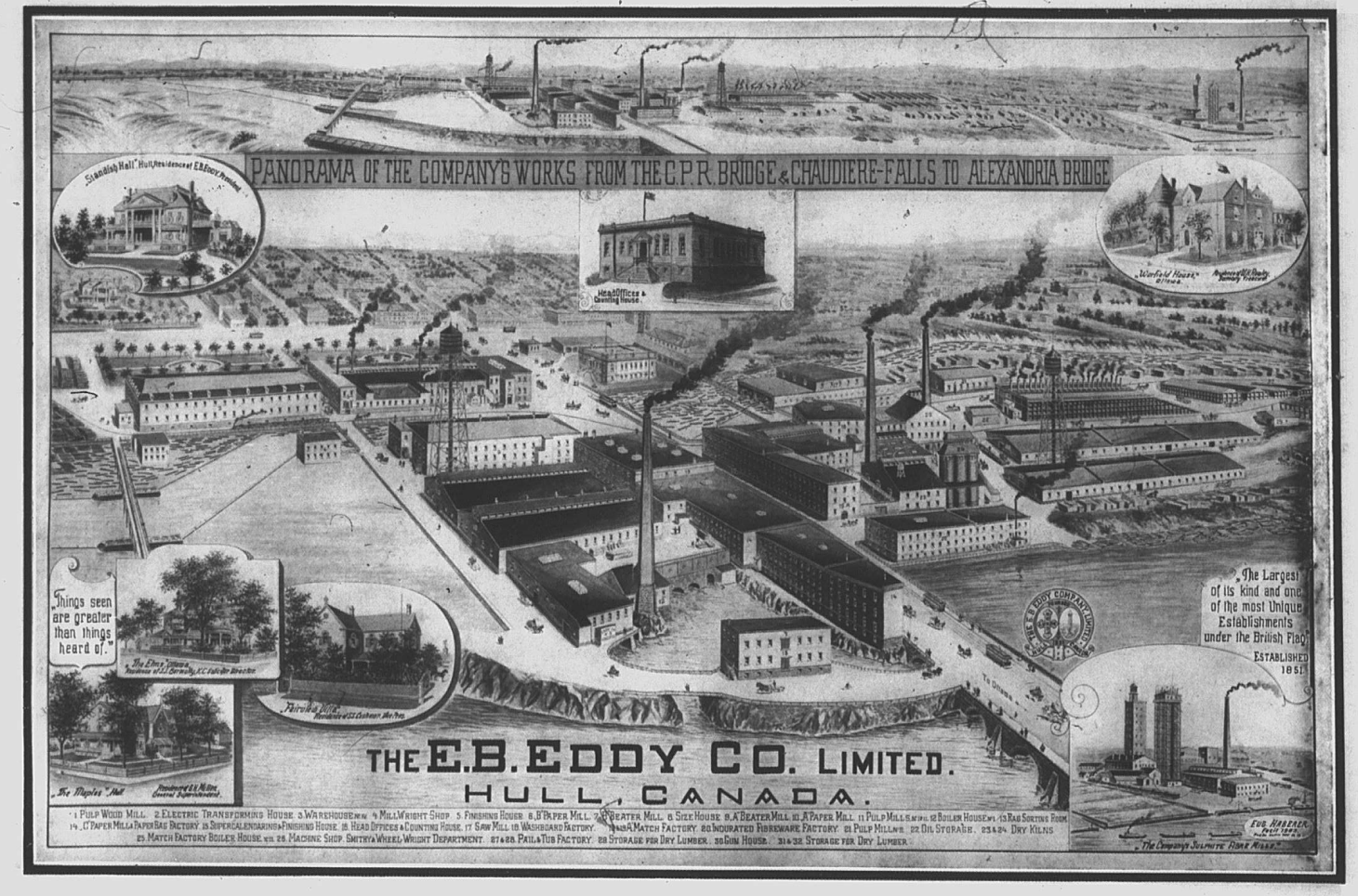
HENDERSON ROLLER BEARING CO., TORONTO, ONT. HAMILTON, OCT. 9th, 1903.

Dear Sir,—We have had placed on our car the Henderson Roller Bearings, which has run for several weeks to the extent of over 4,836 miles without the least sign of heat. This car was run 216 miles in one day, without any relief, and upon examination of the bearings we could not detect the slightest evidence of heat. We have curves upon our road to the extent of 45 degrees, and find the end thrust perfect. It is our intention to equip our whole system with these bearings. These bearings have been placed upon one of our largest passenger coaches, some 58 feet in length, weighing about 22 tons, and carrying at times as many as 150 passengers. We find the saving of power by meter test to be from 45 to 50 per cent. In all this time the bearings have required no attention or oil whatever. We can heartily recommend them to all railroads. Yours truly, (Signed), C. J. MYLES, President; L. BAUER, Director; GEO. E. WALLER, Manager, Hamilton, Grimsby & Beamsville Electric Railway Co.

The results as shown in the foregoing tests will mean much to the electric railways throughout the country. Electric railway corporations will be able to increase the number of their cars almost 50 per cent. without making any extensive additions to their power plant. The number of cars on steam railroads also will be greatly increased, while the motive power remains the same. Several railroad companies are negotiating with a view to having these bearings applied to their systems.

THE HENDERSON ROLLER BEARING MANUFACTURING CO., LIMITED. Head Office: Toronto

FACTORY—66 ESPLANADE WEST



THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1903

OGILVIE'S FLOURS

OGILVIE'S FOR FAMILY USE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD HUNGARIAN

BY ROYAL WARRANT MILLERS TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

OGILVIE'S FOR BAKERS USE ROYAL HUNGARIAN

SO FAR AS CIVILIZATION HAS REACHED, OGILVIE'S FLOUR HAS GONE. IT KNOWS NO OTHER BOUNDARY

THE SECRET OF ITS ENORMOUS SUCCESS HAS BEEN

MERIT.

OGILVIE'S FLOURS COMBINE ALL THE ESSENTIALS OF

STRENGTH — COLOR — PURITY — UNIFORMITY

DAILY CAPACITY 12,500 BARRELS.

HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL. **BRANCHES** WINNIPEG, TORONTO, ST. JOHN, NEW YORK, VANCOUVER, OTTAWA, HALIFAX, LIVERPOOL

OGILVIE'S GLENORA REGISTERED

ARE THE BEST FLOURS IN THE WORLD.

OGILVIE'S 100 LBS. OATS MILLERS TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

THE ONTARIO BANK.

Capital Paid-up, $1,500,000. Rest, $500,000.

HEAD OFFICE: - TORONTO.

DIRECTORS

GEO. R. R. COCKBURN, Esq., President.
DONALD MACKAY, Esq., Vice-President.
A. S. Irving, Esq., R. D. Perry, Esq.
Hon. R. Harcourt, R. Grass, Esq.,
T. Walmsley, Esq.
CHARLES McGILLD. - - General Manager.

BRANCHES

Alliston,	Fort William,	Ottawa,
Aurora,	Kingston,	Peterboro',
Bowmanville,	Lindsay,	Port Arthur,
Buckingham, Q.	Montreal,	Sudbury,
Cornwall,	Mount Forest,	Tweed,
Collingwood,	Newmarket,	Trenton,
	Waterford, Ont.	

Toronto—Scott and Wellington Streets.
" Queen and Portland Streets.
" Yonge and Richmond Streets.
" Yonge and Carlton Streets.

AGENTS

London, Eng.—Parr's Bank, Limited.
France and Europe—Credit Lyonnais.
New York Fourth National Bank and The Agents Bank of Montreal.
Boston—Eliot National Bank.

SALT

Is a little thing, but it can make or mar the pleasure of the dining table. Windsor Salt doesn't cake—it is absolutely pure.

Windsor Salt

SOLD EVERYWHERE

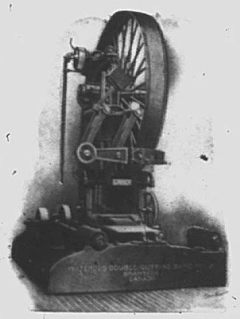
GEO. GALE & SONS MANUFACTURERS OF



IRON & BRASS BEDS

WAREHOUSE, 1885 NOTRE DAME ST. MONTREAL.

WATERVILLE, QUE.



ECONOMICAL

SAWMILL MACHINERY

BAND MILLS which produce 15 per cent. more lumber from same logs than a circular saw would.

DOUBLE CUTTING BAND MILLS

As easily run as single cutters. **DROPS** a board at each end, cutting 30% more lumber daily.

STEAM SETTERS Sets log by steam, saves labor setting and increases cut 8 per cent. daily.

STEAM-ACTING MACHINERY throughout the mill.

WE BUILD latest Labor Saving Modern Sawmill Machinery suitable for handling any timber.

STEEL CASTINGS largely used in all our work for strength and lightness.

SEND FOR ESTIMATES AND NEW CATALOGUE.

WATEROUS, BRANTFORD, CAN.

THE **BROWN BROS.** (Limited)

MANUFACTURERS OF

ACCOUNT BOOKS, LEATHER GOODS,

DEALERS IN **STATIONERY, PAPER**—ALL KINDS.

Printers' and Binders' Supplies

51-53 Wellington St. West, Toronto

COAL

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

THE STANDARD FUEL CO.

OF TORONTO, Ltd. TEL. MAIN 4103

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 20

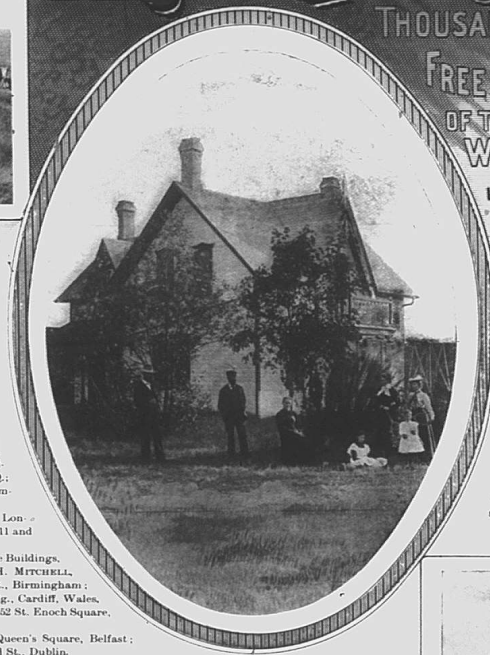




FREE FARMS

THOUSANDS OF FREE GRANT HOMESTEADS 160 ACRES OF THE BEST LAND IN THE WORLD. STILL AWAIT SETTLERS IN Western Canada.





Ask or write to the nearest agent, whose address you will find opposite, **for Literature and Maps,** containing **full information and directions about these lands and how to acquire free homesteads.** If you are interested in **FARMING or RANCHING** it will pay you to investigate **at once. Hundreds of letters from successful settlers** bearing testimony to the fact that **Farming in Western Canada pays well** and cannot be excelled for **Grain Growing and Mixed Farming** are on file in the Department of the Interior, Immigration Branch. **Ask for the Booklet, "Prosperity follows Settlement,"** containing many of these letters and descriptions of the country.

CANADIAN IMMIGRATION SERVICE

The Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, W. D. SCOTT.

CANADA—J. OBED SMITH, Winnipeg, Man., Commissioner of Immigration; R. A. BURRISS, Port Arthur, Ont.; J. A. MCGOVERN, Port Arthur, Ont.; FATHER H. BLAIS, care Dom. Imm. Agent, Montreal; D. GAUTHIER, Laurentides, P.Q.; A. RIBOUT, Mattawa, Ont.; REV. H. L. VACHON, O.M.I., Gawas, Ont.; J. HOOLAHAN, Montreal, P. Q.; J. V. LANTALUN, St. John, N. B.; F. W. ANNAND, Halifax, N.S.; P. DOYLE, Quebec, P. Q.; FATHER LANGELIERE, care Dom. Immigration Agent, Montreal, P. Q. The Commissioner of Emigration, London, England, W. T. R. PRESTON, 11 and 14 Charing Cross, W. C.

ENGLAND—ALFRED JURY, Old Castle Buildings, Preeson's Row, Liverpool; C. H. MITCHELL, Newton Chambers, 43 Cannon St., Birmingham; H. H. MURRAY, Western Hall Bldg., Cardiff, Wales.

SCOTLAND—JOHN BRUCE WALKER, 52 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow.

IRELAND—EDWARD O'KELLY, 13 Queen's Square, Belfast; JOHN WEBSTER, 14 Westmoreland St., Dublin.

BELGIUM—D. TREAU DE COELI, Rue de Souce, Anvers. FRANCE—10 Rue de Rome, Paris.

UNITED STATES—M. V. MCINNES, 6 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; JAMES GRIEVE, Spokane, Washington; G. A. LAURIER, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan; J. S. CRAWFORD, 125 West 9th Street, Kansas City, Missouri; T. O. CURRIE, Room 13 B, Callahan Block, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. H. MCLACHLAN, 307 Third Street, Wausau, Wis.; W. V. BENNETT, 801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Nebraska; CHARLES PILLING, Clifford Block, Grand Forks, North Dakota; W. H. ROGERS, Watertown, South Dakota, Box 116; H. M. Williams, Room 15, Law Building, Toledo, Ohio; JOHN C. DUNCAN, Room 6, Big Four Building, Indianapolis, Ind.; C. J. BROUGHTON, Room 430, Quincy Building, Chicago, Ill.; BENJAMIN DAVIES, The Dunn Block, Room 6, Central Ave., Great Falls, Montana; C. O. SWANSON and E. T. HOLMES, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.







THE TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING COMPANY LIMITED.

THE COVER & PLATES IN THIS ISSUE
ARE THE WORK OF
THE TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING Co. LTD.
DESIGNERS & PUBLISHERS OF HIGH ART ADVERTISING.

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA.

FORMERLY THE
THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE
ESTABLISHED 1870.
Head Office, WATERLOO, ONT.
DEBENTURES PURCHASED, MONEY LOANED.

A Canadian company owned solely by its policy-holders and managed by them. Policy-holders receive all the profits. It leads all other companies in dividends to Policy-holders.

Assurance in force Jan. 1st, 1903	$34,467,439
Cash Income, 1902	$ 1,391,068
Assets, Dec. 31, 1902	$ 6,450,780
Reserve for security of policy-holders, 1902, 4 and 3½	$ 5,925,443
Surplus over all Liabilities, Dec. 31st, 1902, Actuaries 4 and 3½	$ 490,150
Surplus on Government Standard, 4½ and 3½	$ 738,256

All popular styles of Insurance and Annuities issued, and the very best of everything good in Life Insurance guaranteed.

THE OLDEST, LARGEST, STRONGEST AND BEST LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN THE WORLD ARE MUTUAL.

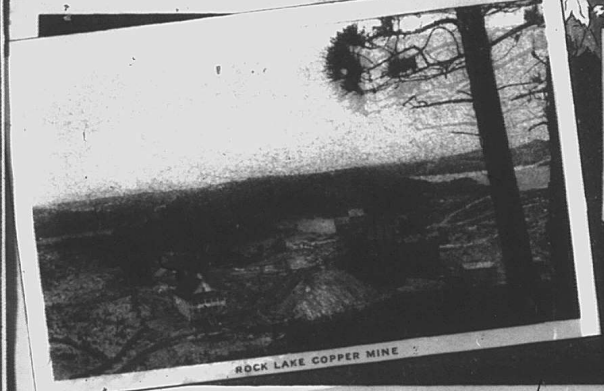
BOARD OF DIRECTORS—ROBERT MELVIN, President; Alfred Hoskin, K.C., 1st Vice-President; Hon. Mr. Justice Britton, 2nd Vice-President; Francis C. Bruce, M.P.; J. Kerr Fisken, B.A.; Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, P.C., G.C.M.G., Premier of Canada; E. P. Clement, K.C., W. J. Kidd, B.A., Geo. A. Somerville, Sir F. W. Borden, M.D., Minister of Militia and Defence; Hon. Mr. Justice Garrow, Wm. Snider.

OFFICERS—Geo. Wegenast, Manager; W. H. Riddell, Secretary; J. H. Roos, Treasurer; Chas. Ruby, Actuary; T. R. Earl, Superintendent of Agencies; J. H. Webb, M.D., Medical Director; Millar & Sims, Solicitors.

ONTARIO

THE RICHEST PROVINCE OF CANADA





ROCK LAKE COPPER MINE



BUMP OF LOGS IN WATER RIVER

A NEW ROAD

MILLIONS OF ACRES OF FERTILE LANDS FOR HOMESTEADS

Well watered; well wooded; splendid climate, schools and churches; good local markets for farm produce and timber. Best opportunity for settling, with or without capital, in the British Dominions. Write for pamphlet.

EXTENSIVE MINERAL BELTS

Containing iron, nickel, gold, silver, copper, corundum, mica, graphite, arsenic, etc. Convenient to railways and navigation and easily prospected. Mining laws liberal and prices of land low. No royalties. Free grants for new discoveries. Only working nickel field in America.

REPORTS AND MAPS ON APPLICATION.



PIONEERS BUILDING HOMES

HON. E. J. DAVIS, COMMISSIONER OF CROWN LANDS, TORONTO, CANADA.

PRESBYTERIAN LADIES' COLLEGE, TORONTO

Rev. Wm. Caven, D.D., Principal of Knox College, Visitor and Adviser; Rev. A. McMillan, Vice-President; Prof. B. Masson, Senior French Teacher. Physical culture under the latest approved methods. Full academic course. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music and Elocution. T. Mower Martin, Art Director. Primary Day School Department, forenoon session. Properly qualified teachers. The highest record of pupils passing matriculation and University examinations. Applications should be made in advance to S. W. MACINTYRE, President.

The BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL

A CHURCH SCHOOL for GIRLS Wykeham Hall, College Street, Toronto. 37th Year.

President—The Right Rev. The Bishop of Toronto. An excellent course of Manual Training, Domestic Arts, Cooking, Plain Sewing, Dressmaking, Millinery, Lace-making, Art and Ecclesiastical Embroidery, also Leather Modelling and Chip and Wood Carving. Music and Painting in all their branches by the best masters. For Calendar, apply to MISS ACRES, Lady Principal.

Westbourne SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

340 Bloor Street West, TORONTO, CAN.

A Residential and Day School, well appointed, well managed and convenient. Specialists in each department. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Dr. Edward Fisher, Musical Director; F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A., Art Director. For announcement and information, address the principals: MISS M. CURLETTE, B.A., MISS F. E. DALLAS, Musical Bachelor.

St. Monica's

170 Bloor Street West, Toronto.

RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Full Academic Course. Art, Music, Physical Culture, Domestic Science. Home Care and Home Training.

MISS PHILLPOTTS, Lady Principal.



ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE, TORONTO.

A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Full Academic Department.
" Musical Department.
" Art Department.
" Domestic Science Department.
" Elocution Department.
" Physical Culture Department.

Only teachers of the highest academic and professional standing employed.

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, Lady Principal.
GEORGE DICKSON, M.A., Director.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC



In Affiliation with the University of Toronto. (Limited)

12-14 PEMBROKE STREET, TORONTO. F. H. Torrington, Mus. Doc. Musical Director.

Unexcelled advantages for an Artistic Musical Education.

KINDERGARTEN MUSIC TEACHERS' COURSE AND CHILDREN'S CLASSES under MISS HULDA WESTMAN.

ELOCUTION, ORATORY, PHYSICAL CULTURE AND DRAMATIC ART. EMA SCOTT-RAFF, Principal.

Calendar and Syllabus on application.



Ontario Ladies' College
WHITBY, ONT.

"The Petape College of Canada." Ideal location and the greatest efficiency in every department. Send for circular to REV. J. J. HARE, Ph.D., PRINCIPAL.

HOME STUDY

Get a college education in your spare time. Make this winter count. BEGIN NOW. Eight departments of study—90 courses—expert teachers. WRITE TO-NIGHT for our Free Booklet, state the subject you wish to study. CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, Limited, 40-46 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO. Phone Main 1382.

The Ontario School of PRACTICAL SCIENCE



TORONTO

FACULTY OF APPLIED SCIENCE AND ENGINEERING OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

DEGREES:—B.A.Sc., C.E., M.E., M.E., E.E.

DEPARTMENTS

1.—Civil Engineering.
2.—Mining Engineering.
3.—Mechanical and Electrical Engineering.
4.—Architecture.
5.—Analytical and Applied Chemistry.

For Calendar apply to A. T. LAING, Registrar.

Coles'

719 YONGE STREET.

XMAS NOVELTIES

CATERING "PAR EXCELLENCE."
CATALOGUES TO ANY ADDRESS.





St. Andrew's College, Toronto, Ont.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE
DEER PARK, TORONTO

PRINCIPAL HENRY W. AUDEN M.A. (Cantab), Late Sixth Form Master of Fettes College, Edinburgh.

The regular staff comprises fifteen graduates of English and Canadian Universities with additional special instructors. Fifty acres of grounds and full equipment. A separate double Infirmary Building secures isolation in cases of illness. Resident Physician and Trained Nurse. The new Preparatory School Building for boys between the ages of 9 and 13, erected and equipped with the most modern improvements at a cost of over $50,000, is now open. College Calendar, with full particulars, can be had on application to THE BURSAR, DEER PARK P.O., Ont.

WESTMAN & BAKER

MANUFACTURERS OF

PRINTERS' AND BOOKBINDERS' MACHINERY

Phone Main 994 — 78 WELLINGTON STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

USED IN PALACE AND COTTAGE.

WILLIAMS
NEW SCALE
PIANOS

OSHAWA. CANADA

An Easy Matter



It is easy to get our Coal: Ring up 'Phone Main 131 or 132. State your wants. We do the rest. You will be pleased with the way we handle your order and the Coal we send you. For a hot fire on a cold day our Coal beats them all.

P. BURNS & COMPANY,
44 King Street East, Toronto.

Insist on Your Dealer Supplying

"STAUNTON" WALL PAPERS

(OUR NAME ON THE MARGIN)

MADE IN CANADA
NONE BETTER ANYWHERE
NO GOODS SOLD RETAIL

STAUNTONS LIMITED,
Manufacturers TORONTO.

J. J. W. Deuchar, F.F.A., F.I.A., General Manager and Actuary of the Norwich Union Life Assurance Company, speaking of investments, says:—

"It may serve to indicate the great importance of obtaining a good return on the investments, if it is realized that one per cent. of increased interest on the funds of a company will, on the average, have as great an effect as a saving in expenditure equal to 10 per cent. on the premium income, while, if an office could count on realizing 5 per cent. interest in place of 3, it might reduce its premiums some 30 per cent., or double its bonuses."

Mr. Deuchar does not name **THE GREAT-WEST LIFE**; but the above statement exactly describes the happy position of its policy-holders.

Ask our Agents for Leaflet, "How to Invest Insurance Premiums to the Greatest Advantage."

Best Quality **COAL AND WOOD** Lowest Prices.



THE ELIAS ROGERS CO. LTD

THE SUGARS MADE BY

SEE THAT YOUR GROCER SUPPLIES THEM TO YOU.

The **ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINERY**

ARE THE PUREST AND BEST.

ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING COMPANY, Limited, MONTREAL, QUE.

SUN FIRE INSURANCE OFFICE — FOUNDED A.D. 1710

HEAD OFFICE—LONDON, ENG. The Oldest Purely Fire Office in the World. CANADIAN BRANCH—TORONTO, ONT. H. M. Blackburn, Manager. Geo. M. Higinbotham and Geo. S. Lyon, Toronto Agents. Agents wanted in unrepresented districts.

THE BERTRAM ENGINE WORKS CO. LIMITED
TORONTO

BERTRAMS BUILD BEST BOILERS

BOTH STATIONARY AND MARINE

NO WORK TOO SMALL. NO WORK TOO LARGE.

REPAIRS WELL AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED





CLARK'S
READY LUNCH BEEF
AND
LUNCH TONGUE
ARE
TENDER, JUICY AND TASTY
Of all good Grocers
CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS are delicious.

RODGERS CUTLERY
CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY.

Please see that this **EXACT MARK** is on each blade. It indicates the HIGHEST GRADE in all lines of cutlery.

JAMES HUTTON & CO., MONTREAL, SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA.

REGISTERED TRADE MARK
GRANTED 1682

R. WILSON-SMITH
160 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL

BOND BROKER and FINANCIAL ... AGENT ...

Dominion and Provincial Government Stocks and Bonds.
Municipal, Railway and Industrial Securities.
Offerings of Securities submitted on application.
Investment of Trust Funds and for Estates a specialty.
Bonds and Stocks bought and sold.

HUMES HALL
57 CANADA LIFE BUILDING
MONTREAL

Bonds,
Bank Stocks,
Trust Company Stocks
Unlisted Industrials.

CANADIAN CORRESPONDENT FOR
HALLOWELL & HENRY, NEW YORK

THERE IS ONLY

ONE Starch

"EDWARDSBURG."

ONE Syrup

EDWARDSBURG
"CROWN BRAND."

EDWARDSBURG STARCH COMPANY, Ltd.
ESTABLISHED 1858
TORONTO. CARDINAL. MONTREAL.

TRADE MARK
1CH DISH
ESTABLISHED 1846
ASK FOR
S. H. & A. S. EWING'S
HIGH-GRADE
COFFEES AND SPICES
S. H. & A. S. EWING
Montreal Coffee & Spice Steam Mills
55 COTE STREET, MONTREAL

MITCHELL & WHITEHEAD,
BROKERS, QUEBEC.

Flour & Grain

SAMPLES AND PRICES SOLICITED.
CAR LOTS CASH PAYMENTS.

PRIESTLEY'S DRESS GOODS



A few of the Specialties:

"Voiles"
Crepe de Chine
Grenadines
Soleils
Sicilians
Crispine
Royalette
Coverts
Broadcloths

You cannot wear a better dress than that from *"Priestley's Goods."* High and lasting in effect. For sale at all the best dry goods stores.

DOMINION OILCLOTH COMPANY, LIMITED

Manufacturers of FLOOR OILCLOTH, CARRIAGE OILCLOTH, TABLE OILCLOTH, ENAMELLED OILCLOTH, STAIR OILCLOTH, LINOLEUM AND DECORATIVE BURLAPS.

OFFICE AND WORKS—MONTREAL, QUEBEC
BRANCH OFFICE—1 FRONT ST. E., TORONTO

E. H. GAY & CO.
BANKERS
BONDS
5 PER CENT. INVESTMENT BONDS.
PUBLIC SERVICE CORPORATION, Municipal, RAILROAD

157 ST. JAMES STREET
MONTREAL.

LONG DISTANCE 'PHONE: MAIN 1907.

OFFICES AT BOSTON, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND MONTREAL.

MR. W. P. NELLIS in charge Toronto Office



THESE Collars are sold by every reliable dealer in Canada, and can be procured in the first quality (indestructible), button holes guaranteed, at 20c each; or second quality (Derby) at 15c. Any shape, size or height. If you cannot secure them from your dealer, write us direct and we will see that you are supplied.

The Canadian Underwear Co.
10 ST. HELEN STREET, MONTREAL

PURE ORANGE MARMALADE

PREPARED FROM SELECTED SEVILLE ORANGES AND BEST REFINED SUGAR
MANUFACTURED BY
CROSSE & BLACKWELL
ESTABLISHED A.D. 1706
BY ROYAL WARRANT PURVEYORS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
SOHO SQUARE, LONDON.
ENGLAND.

AGENTS C. E. COLSON & SON, MONTREAL.

Babcock & Wilcox Limited

Patent Water Tube Steam Boilers and Superheaters. The Standard of the World

BOILER ROOM ACCESSORIES—Shaking Grates, Economizers, Heaters, Purifiers, Valves, Engines, Stokers, Coal Conveyors, etc. Head Office for Canada: NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING, MONTREAL. Branch Office for Ontario: 114 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO. Representatives for British Columbia: C. C. MOORE & CO., SEATTLE, WASH.



The Christmas Message

"Peace on Earth, Good-will Toward Men."

THE Angel-song of Bethlehem is still the inspiration and the music of the world. The story is that in the long ago the heavens bent near to earth in benediction, and through the cloud-rifts there came the multitude of the heavenly host, chanting the Christmas anthem. It was a strange new song. Only broken snatches of it, fragments cut off by the sword-flash of hate and strife, had ever before fallen upon human ears. On that first Christmas night the silences were forever broken, and the lift above the Judean hills was "crammed with heaven." The simple shepherds, keeping watch over their flocks turned away their surprised and fear-struck eyes from the dazzling glory, for they were sore afraid; but in their ears rang the Christmas evangel of Peace and Good-will. The splendor faded, the sweeping host of singers passed out of ken into the whiter light be ond, the rapture sank into quiet, and nothing was left but "the gathered intensity b aught to the grey of the hills, and the message of the Angel-song. The message remains. Its echo is the keynote of the world's new music, and its story is the Gospel to the world's sad heart.

Twenty centuries have passed since the Christmas song first thrilled the hearts of men, striking a new note and uttering a new evangel. Twenty long centuries, and the world's music is still jangled, the world's heart is still sad. There are still the clash of warring creeds and the strife of bitter tongues. Nation still rises against nation, and class against class. The weak and defenceless among the little peoples are still the victims of age-long and murderous hate, valleys that the ploughshare and the pruning-hook might have made into gardens of villages have been scored by the sword and the spear, torn up by the wild agony of their children, and drenched by the drift of their life-blood; the cry going up all the while, How long, O Lord? how long? And there is none among all the Christmas-keeping nations with the conscience and the courage to withstand the gorged oppressor. The world of Christendom itself is full of bitterness, and the air is pierced with many voices of clamor and suspicion and fear. Politics and trade and sport are not yet redeemed from petty motives and vulgar means. Even in the Church, where all should be at peace, there are the noise of competitions, the slowness of heart to believe in the supremacy of love, and the hot pursuit of this world's rewards and honors. Twenty long centuries of hope and fear and wistful yearning, and the Christmas promise unfulfilled, the Peace and Good-will not realized!

But the failure of the centuries to realize the Christmas peace is not because the Christmas song was wild hyperbole or the Christ-reign of love an empty dream. Not that. This, rather: that men who heard the Christmas anthem have been slow to grasp its sweep and meaning. Some harkened only to its opening Gloria, and heeded not its final Good-will. To them religion was altogether a thing of prayer and praise and holy desire, an aspiration after God with no duty toward man, a character for sainthood with no day's work of service. Others heard not the Gloria in Excelsis, but only the Good-will to men. To them religion was altogether a visiting of the fatherless and the widow, with no thought for Him who is the Husband of the widow and the Father of the fatherless, and activity in human service without the compulsion of a Divine motive, counselling fortitude in the midst of failure, with no promise of a second chance, preaching the duty of serving the world but not the gospel of the world's redemption. Men have been slow to hear the whole full-toned song of the Christmas angels, and so the world has had much religion that had no good-will toward men, and much well-meant activity in politics and trade and charity that gave no glory to God.

Slowly, steadily, but with growing eagerness the world is learning the meaning and range of the Christmas message. Never before were there so many in all lands and among all classes impelled by the Christmas motive. Never before were the lives of men so strangely stirred by the Christmas hope. Mists and darkness may be in the valleys, but a new radiance touches the distant hills. By every holy desire cherished, by every deed of kindness done, the morning dawn is hastened. May we so live, in the secret place of thought and motive and in the open street of walk and conversation, that our little lives may be true-toned notes in that great symphony when the Christmas song of the angels becomes the music of the world.

J. A. M.

BREAKING THE RECORD

The Christmas Globe 1903.

An Incident on the Red River.

By Ralph Connor.

Illustrations by T. D. Kelly

"SIXTEEN hours is the record to Winnipeg Beach, with a night's rest at Selkirk. We ought to do it in twelve." So spake my grave-faced elder.

"Twelve! Say eight, if those youngsters did it in sixteen." I had just come off a canoe trip of two hundred miles or so, and felt fit for anything.

My elder I knew to be always in good form, hard as hickory, brown, thin and steady; a good man to have at your back. He is worth describing, this elder of mine, but I know better than to attempt a description. He was not always an elder; was once a 'Varsity football captain, the glory of his team, and now the pride of the school team where he is master, and where the boys speak in admiring tones of his legs and shoulders, and the girls of his deep blue eyes. They are good eyes—but I have gone as far as it is safe for a minister to go in describing an elder, especially an elder who has played 'Varsity football, and now carries a resolute, rugged face, lit by deep blue eyes, above broad shoulders and legs. He has his limitations, as all men, but fewer than most.



"Duffy is mending the slits and seams in our canoe."

We are standing in the early morning before the Selkirk Club House on the bank of the Red River, which drains that "the links of lakes" chain" some fifty miles to the lake on the side of which lies our camp. Duffy is mending the slits and seams in our canoe, her ancient and beautiful shape sadly marred by the weight of years and much damage. She has no shoulders to speak of; they have disappeared quite into her belly. Duffy stands looking at her with unadmiring eyes.

"Looks as if she had the mumps," I suggested.

"To me," replies my elder slowly, "she looks like a mangy old cow. Let's call her the Sylph."

"Oh, she'll swim all right," said Duffy, who is renting her to us as a very special kindness, for canoes are not to be had for love or money, and not always for love and money.

"She looks as if she might," says my elder.

"Why?"

He says nothing, but as Duffy gently slides her into the water he stands watching the leaks that break through her here and there.

"Better give her another dose," he continues, looking reproachfully at Duffy.

"She's been out of the water some time, and she's pretty dry," apologizes Mr. Duffy.

"That's more than we'll be," replies my elder with unbroken gravity.

A little more patching and she is declared fit. We load our stuff. My elder insists on giving me the stern; he himself takes the bow, and we are off to Winnipeg Beach, sixty or seventy miles away.

We pass St. Boniface on the right, where a single tower above the old cathedral has taken the place of Whittier's "turrets twain" of the older building. (The memory of great names lingers about this French hamlet, which in the old days was the headquarters of many a noble missionary enterprise, and of other enterprises not exactly missionary, and perhaps not so noble; but from the shadow of these "turrets twain" went forth in the old days to the far north and the far west men whose names any church might hold in reverence. I have met them in the mountains, and worked with them and learned to honor and respect them, and if I am worthy I hope to meet them again, when our day's work here is done. I have often wondered whether they dared to share any such hopes concerning me. The future of the heretic must always be perplexing to one of the faithful.

Those old days were days of heroic deeds and heroic men. They lived hard lives, and danger was their constant comrade. They fronted storms and all the wildnesses of nature and of man with steady heart and unshrinking courage, and in the midst of their work they laid them down to rest.

Among others one stone stands there that bears the mark of history, for on its face is carved the single word "Riel." Under the stone Louis Riel sleeps, the unworthy leader of the worthy cause he championed and of the men who dared to follow him.

Under the railway bridge the "long red chain" winds and twists itself, till after two hours' paddle we are only opposite the other cathedral, St. John's. Grey and hoary it stands amid the historic graves of its great and noble dead. Men of the mighty past sleep there: Selkirk's and Wolseley's men and the men of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company. How strangely that name sounds as the designation of a business firm of to-day. Honorable? Yes, all things considered; honorable, indeed, if the administration of a vast country, sparsely peopled by Indians, half-breeds and traders, with rare justice and almost unbroken success can be taken as evidence. But was it all for naught? one may ask impatiently. Nay, but for trade; but trade carried on in such a manner as still excites our wonder and wins our admiration. These hardy, silent, stalwart men of Orkney and the Highlands spent alone their long, long winters, whose monotony was broken only by the visit of the Indian runner or the fellow-trader, with his pack-train gay with many-colored cloths and jingling bells. They not only plied their business well and to the company's profit, but set their stamp upon the country's face and upon its history. Great men they were. They dared the dangers of the unknown and unexplored, they were loyal to their country, their King or their Queen, faithful to duty, patient to endure, quick to strike, and there they lie asleep. Alas! that we should forget. But the river is flowing and the sun is growing hot, and we must be off again.

An hour and a half's paddle and we sweep around a noble bend of the river, and see before us the spire of the old Kildonan church—it, too, surrounded by its graves. There, about their beloved church, sleep those sturdy Presbyterians who, for a quarter of a century or more, without minister or ordinances, held fast to their ancient Scottish faith—the Sutherlands, the Polsons, the Macbeths, the Munros and all the rest of them—names now borne by men high in the new life of the West as lawyers and merchants, statesmen and farmers, ministers and scholars, but not more worthily than by those pioneers of the Red River Valley.

Among the rank and file of that worthy company lie sleeping a noble three, whose names will ever find a place on western Canada's roll of honor: Black, the first to lift up the blue banner in this lone and far-distant land, and for twenty-five years to hold it aloft, till at his post he fell; King, the scholar, the man of devotion, of conscience, of duty, revered and loved by all who came under his touch, and Robertson, the great superintendent, statesman, hero and Christian missionary, than whom no greater ever trod these prairies, nor, I doubt, ever shall. There they sleep, their names cut in granite above them and deep in the nation's life around them, happy so to have lived their hard lives and to have died worn and weary, but still invincibly willing to live or bravely willing to die. We salute them as we pass. God make us worthy of them.

A few miles further on brings us to St. Paul's, where stands the Indian school, where young Indians are taught all soberly their three R's and other things, with the hope that they may grow into mechanics and farmers, and so become citizens of our country. Shades of the redmen of the plain and the camp! of the rifle and hunting knife! I can fancy how your bones shudder in their mouldered graves in rattling horror at the degeneracy of your sons. But what else is left to the Indian after he has lost his great plains and his great buffalo and his deer? What else but tailor-made clothes, and shoddy-shod hurry and days of humdrum work, with plenty to eat and [illegible] the good work being done in that school, and good men and [illegible] giving their lives to it. Still when we look at the trim buildings and the gardens there and the well-fenced fields of wheat, and think of the fleets of canoes that in those distant days used to steal along these banks, filled with packers, voyageurs, or later laden with bales of furs for the fort, all that is wild in all the days of the [illegible] the plain and the open sky, moves me to envy the men of the past and to pity the children of to-day.

A ferry or two, locks, dykes and bends, and we begin to wonder where are the famous rapids.

"Hellow!" we call to a fisherman sitting in his boat by the river bank. "How far to the rapids?"

"Dunno." "That fellow across the river there can tell you. I'm a stranger here."

"How far to St. Andrew's Rapids?" we call to the man across, who is preparing to plunge into the river.

"Five miles," he replies, going in headfirst, declining further parley.



"And see before us the spire of the old Kildonan church."

"Good. We are making good time," I say, encouragingly. "If we hadn't to stop so frequently to bail out our Sylph we would have been at the rapids by this time."

In half an hour or so we see a young man standing on the bank.

"How far to the rapids?"

"Three miles." And we feel we are doing finely.

Half an hour later we discover another fisherman.

"How far do you call it to St. Andrew's Rapids?"

"Six miles."

"What a liar!" murmurs my elder in pity. "This water looks too much like business for the rapids to be six miles away."

I agree, and around the next turn ask again the distance, and find it is about two miles to the Little Rapids. That explains the elasticity of this distance. There are the little and the big rapids; but we do not care how far they are now, for we are in the swift water.

On the banks the works of the St. Andrew's locks are visible, that have been slowly dragging themselves on for the last two years. We wish them better speed and paddle on, for the water is tossing white before us.

"Where is the channel, old man?" I say to my bow.

"Don't know. A little to the right or centre looks good, but any old place will do." My elder has been down the rapids of the Winnipeg River, and nothing in the Red can cause him concern, and rightly enough, too, for a few pitches and tosses, a long, swift sweep, and we toss regretfully and all too soon through. That is the way of rapids. Rarely do they last long enough for us going down.

But the sun has been beating hot on the back of our necks, and we have not paused in our steady swing except to bail the Sylph, and now I suggest a camp; but my elder is foresighted and would put the better half of the journey behind us ere we pause.

"How would it do to make the lower fort before grub?" he suggests, and I hasten to agree. I would not for the world have my elder, who is of iron nerve himself, suspect any weakening of mine, so we put in our best strokes and by 2 o'clock the massive walls and bastions of the lower fort swing into view.

Solid and old and grey it stands, a fine bit of historic masonry, almost our only relic on this river of those stirring days when the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company ruled the land. The Union Jack floats high above the fort, displaying the letters H. B. C. that have for two and a quarter centuries held the loyal homage of the Indian and the half-breed between the lakes and the Rockies and have made the hearts of chief factors, factors, traders and humbler servants of the company beat quick with pride and devotion.

A touch of color appears on the bank near the old fort where the tents of the Canadian Mounted Rifles, from Winnipeg, stand trim and neat. At the present moment his Majesty's gallant soldiers look ordinary enough, and impressively suggest Carlyle's "forked radishes," for they are taking headers into the Red, and in other ways disporting themselves in the tawny river. We pass the time of day and paddle on.

Below the fort an elm tree holds out an inviting shade. We yield ourselves and camp and boil our tea; and there at ease, supine in that elm shade, we lie, till my elder admonishes me of the flight of time by beginning to pack.

Selkirk is only five miles away, and the afternoon is young, so we loaf along till we come to a boom of logs drawn in about a saw-mill, where we make inquiries concerning the mouth of the river, and evidently these inquiries are worth making.

"How far to the mouth?" we ask a lumberman on the boom.

"Twenty-five or thirty miles."

"Any difficulty in finding it?"

"Well, hardly. There are lots of 'em."

"How?"

"Well, there are three main channels into the lake, the east, north and west, and lots of other openings besides."

We begin to be awake.

"Which is the best for us to take for Winnipeg Beach?"

"The west channel."

"Is it easy to find?"

"Yes. Follow the west bank. Keep turning to the left."

"Is there any fear of our losing our way?" I ask.

He looked at me doubtfully, then carefully scanned my elder.

"No, I guess not."

My elder's hard, brown face and sinewy brown arms have a trick of inspiring confidence.

"I guess not," he repeated. "Always keep to the left."

"Then we'll always be right," I reply.

The lumberman waited a moment to let it soak in, then grinned, while my elder looked pensive.

"And never be left," I added. The pensive cast on my elder's face deepened into sadness, while we "hit up a clip" just to show our lumberman friend that we might be trusted to take care of ourselves, and that he need not sit up for us that night.

"Shall we land?" I enquire as we paddle past the wharves where the boats tie up.

"I would like to make that mouth before dark," replies my prudent elder, and we deny ourselves the seductive allurements of this fishing metropolis and set our faces toward the mouth.

A strong head wind and choppy waves make us bend our backs and catch all the lee shore we can. The long day's paddle in the sun is beginning to tell upon us, and as the shadows from the big elms on the west bank begin to throw themselves across our way our longing grows for our river's multiplied mouth.

Down through the Indian reserve we swing, along past the Dynevor



"The storm is from the west. It will at least give us our bearings."



THE CANADIAN HENLEY, NEAR ST CATHARINES

Hospital, that institution of hope and comfort and healing to many a child of the forest; past Indian houses and wigwams, till "Seven o'clock. We had better boil our kettle," suggests my elder.

"Think so?" I reply with apparent reluctance. I had been waiting an hour for that word. "Well, just as you say." And we draw up to the shore.

An Indian is boat-building beside his house. The chips look tempting and suggest a fire. The Indian will scarcely look at us, so keen is he about his boat, which is nearly finished.

"Good boat, eh?" I remark.

"Yes, start him dis mornin'."

"Why, good for you! May I have some of these chips?"

With a nod and a grunt he continues his work. I help myself to the chips, and soon our kettle is singing, and we are sitting at tea.



A WAR CANOE

We have taken with us a single day's provisions, and the little pile of sandwiches grows less and less, till just one remains.

"That's yours, Captain," says my elder.

"Half of it is."

"No, that's yours. I'm one ahead." And I know him well enough to recognize the finality of his tone. That is the way with your silent men. They save themselves breath and needless bother. Their nay is nay.

"Pretty cold evenin'. Goin' far?"

The tone is nasal and the drawl deliberate. We recognize the ubiquitous interrogative Yankee.

"Goin' fishin'?" he continues.

"Not exactly."

"Come from Winnipeg? Located there myself. Lived on Market street in '81. Didn't like the city. Too confined. (Confined in Winnipeg in '81!) So I came out here, and been on this lake for ten years."

"Ten years! Fishing?" "No!" scornfully. "Farming?" "Not much; tradin' and fixin' things up for the Indians and settlers. There's my boat," pointing to a small fishing boat tied up beside our canoe. "Fixing things?" we inquired. "Oh, stoves and watches." "Stoves and watches?" "Yes. I'm a tinsmith by trade, but anything is in my line." "Why, can you make a living at stoves and watches out here?" "Well, fair to middlin'. Do a little tradin' in watches and jewellery and things. I live with the Indians. Stay right in their houses. Get along well with them. Here's a watch, now," pulling out a brilliant gold timepiece. "I sell that watch for eight dollars."

I exclaim loudly and admire the watch and wonder at its cheapness.

"Yes, sir, that's a mighty good watch—quadruple gold plate and good works. If any man wants a reg'lar good, reliable timepiece " casting a quick glance at us.

"Didn't I hear you say you wanted a watch, Captain?" suggests my elder, regarding me with unsmiling face. "You haven't got one, have you?"

It is true enough. I had given my camping dollar-and-a-half watch to Indian Charlie at Whitefish at the close of my last canoe trip a week ago. "Well, there's a watch for you," exclaims the peddler. "You can see for yourself it's a good one. Look at them jewels," and he flashes it open in my



ON THE SEVERN RIVER



IN HALIFAX HARBOR



ABUNDANCE.





face. "D'ye see them works?" The stove and watch "fixer" is getting into his stride. I begin to regret my enthusiastic appreciation of his watch. His manner becomes genial. He comes closer to me and takes the air of one closing a deal, till it seems almost like breaking a promise to decline the bargain.

"Just the thing for a trip like this, too," murmurs my elder sweetly, ignoring my angry glare. "That watch ought to keep good time, now," he continues to the peddler.

"Good time! You bet!" exclaims the peddler with drawling enthusiasm. "The sun ain't in it with that watch."

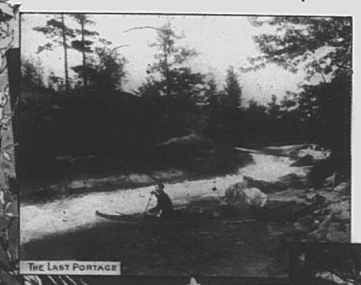
"Oh, I guess it's a good enough time-keeper," I reply weakly.

"And solid-looking covers, too," suggests my grave-faced elder, with wicked little quivers about the corners of his lips.

"Strong! Built like a church. Why, look at it," and the peddler snaps it in my face.

"Yes, it looks strong enough," I say. "But, I say, old man," turning to my elder, "it's time we were going."

"Don't you really want the watch?" suggests my elder, in what was supposed to be an undertone, though perfectly audible to the peddler.


THE LAST PORTAGE

SPOTS


IN THE DEER COUNTRY

"No," I replied impatiently. "I don't want the watch at all."

"Guaranteed for five years written guarantee." The Yankee takes a fresh hold.

"That so? Guaranteed?" My elder becomes intensely interested. "Must be a good watch." I feel like upsetting him into the river.

"Good watch?" echoes the Yankee. "Why ain't I been telling you that for the last half hour? Say," he says, changing his ground, "what do you do in Winnipeg? What line do you follow?"

"Oh, we are in the learned profession," I hasten to reply, feeling that if my elder should reveal my "line," regard for my cloth would render necessary the purchase of that watch.

"O-h! Well, you want a watch anyway, don't you? This here's——."

"I don't want that watch to-night, thank you. Come on. Let's go."

"Say, if you want that watch," hints my elder, obligingly. "I can lend——"

This is more than can be borne.

"Now, look here, you old humbug, you get into that canoe!"

"Well, good-bye. Good luck," says the peddler, with cheerful resignation. "See you again, likely. I'm often up and down this lake."

"What do you do in the winter?" it occurs to me to ask as the elder gets himself into the canoe.

"Stay right here with the Indians."

I think of the lonely days and nights on this frozen river and the life of this strange mortal.

"You cannot make much out of this business, can you? You cannot save much. What are you going to do when you get too old to go up and down the lake? We're all getting old, you know."

"Well, you're right there," says the peddler, soberly, "but," brightening up, "I guess I'll take up a bit of land and raise potatoes. A man can raise a mighty lot of potatoes without much travellin' around."

I looked at the old man, not sure whether I admired most the optimism that can contemplate cheerfully an old age in a patch of potatoes, or pity the narrow vision that is content with a potato patch for its horizon.

"How far to the mouth?" we ask as we part.

"Six miles."

"Good! We can do that before dark. Can we find the channel easily?" We are getting a little anxious about that channel.

"Keep to the west side, but look out for Netley Creek. It comes in from the west. Good-bye." And we are off again for the lake, six miles away, and for our camp on the beach, ten miles or more further.

"Guess we won't break the record this trip," says my elder, who is ambitious in the matter of records.

"Not with this head wind and this sea."

"We'll get there about twelve, I guess. They're going to have a bonfire for us, so that once we are in the lake we will know our way." That sounds comfortable, for I know that a bonfire on the beach can easily be seen from the mouth. For an hour or more we put our shoulders onto our paddles, keeping close up to the west bank, and waiting at every turn for the lake to open before us.

"That's Netley Creek, sure," I say, as we pass what looks like a river. "The mouth must be very near now." There is no reply, for the bow will not commit himself.

The darkness is growing deeper. The trees, which have shrunk into willows and alders, are melting into an uncertain blur. The bank is edged with high, thick reeds. Above us the stars are coming out, with the Dipper just ahead of us.

The river gradually widens, giving token, as we think, that the lake is near.

"Hello! there's a boat and a couple of fishermen," says my elder, stopping his paddle.

"Where?" I say

"There; just over our right quarter."

We paddle within hailing distance.

"Hello! How far is the lake?"

"Eight miles."

"Eight miles? Why, we were told two hours ago that it was only six."

The men consult together, then reply. "It's eight miles good. There's Netley Creek before you."

"Netley Creek! Didn't we pass that an hour ago?"

"No, that's it."

My heart sinks, for I am dead tired. We have been about twelve hours in our canoe, and have had a hard pull against this head wind and choppy sea for the last two hours.

We inquire about the channel and are again instructed to keep ever to the left, following the main stream and neglecting smaller openings, and we are off again down the darkening river, realizing that there are serious possibilities in our situation.

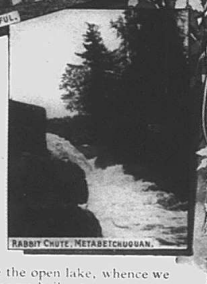
It is a good time to sing, so I give forth to the

FOR


WHERE DUCKS ARE PLENTIFUL

RD AND

GO


RABBIT CHUTE, METABETCHOUAN.

shadows about, and to the stars overhead, "Annie Laurie" and "The Good Old Summer Time," our paddles swinging with the song. My elder has an idea that he cannot sing, and so he is not to be persuaded into melody except in church, where, he says, he merely makes a cheerful noise. But he has a soul for music, and I know by the swing of his paddle that "Good Old Summer Time" has hit the spot. I am not so sure of "Annie Laurie;" the sentiment is not so congenial to the hour. We do not yearn to lay us "down and dee." We want to make the open lake, whence we can see our bonfire. But in the meantime we bail out our canoe at intervals, and keep sending her along down this shadowy, reed-edged stream.

The day has long since gone, the stars alone light our way, and the friendly Dipper gives us our course.

"Hello! is that a house?" says my elder.

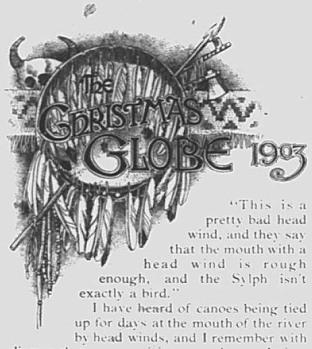
"Haystack, I guess."

"Then we'd better remember it."

"What for?"

"Well, we may have to come back and camp there."

"Look here," I reply, "we're not going to give up now. We can't possibly be far from the lake, and from there it will be straight going to our bonfire."



"This is a pretty bad head wind, and they say that the mouth with a head wind is rough enough, and the Sylph isn't exactly a bird."

I have heard of canoes being tied up for days at the mouth of the river by head winds, and I remember with dismay that our provisions are done. It is a good place for "Good Old Summer Time," so I once more send it forth to the reeds and the stars. The easy sway of my elder's shoulders and the fine, careless swing of his paddle assure me that he is in the most cheerful frame of mind, but I omit "Annie Laurie."

On we go, keeping close to these interminable reeds on our left, struggling hard with weariness and sleep.

After a time an opening in the reeds appears. We pause to deliberate. The channel is broad and there is a steady current. Our directions are, "Keep to the left," so we entrust ourselves to the new channel, and paddle on and on. But before long, what with winding and twisting, and boxing the compass, all sense of direction is swept clear from our minds.

Meantime a storm has been gathering in the east. Clouds come up and begin to cover our sky; but the friendly Dipper is still there, to our great comfort. At length we become aware of a deep-toned, booming sound, our channel widens into more open water, and the wind strikes fresh upon our faces.

"The mouth at last!" I cry, and we paddle out into open water, with sparse clumps of reeds showing here and there. Away out further we can hear the roar of the waves. The storm in the east soon blows over, and the stars again appear; but before long the wind shifts and comes in puffs from the west, where clouds begin to gather, lit up with lightning flashes. Another storm is gathering.

Rapidly the clouds climb up out of the storm and overspread our sky, wiping out our stars one by one, till at last our old friend the Dipper forsakes us, and we are left in the thick darkness between the growing storm and the deep booming waves of the open lake.

"That storm is from the west," says my elder cheerfully. "It will at least give us our bearings."

"That's something," I agree, for since our stars have all gone out the outlook is as black as the night.

The waves are beginning to heave us about in the dark, a driving rain comes pelting on our backs from the storm, but my elder's cheerfulness is invincible.

"That rain will keep down the waves," he remarks with cheerful indifference.

"Yes, but that wind will drive us clear out into the rollers, and then——"

We hold on to the next clump of reeds and take counsel. One thing is clear: it is impossible to go forward. We have long ago lost the direction of the channel by which we have come, hence it is equally impossible to go back.

"Better tie up and wait for day," I suggest.

"All right, Captain; we'll stretch out and have a rest, anyway."

One would think this elder of mine has made it his nightly custom to stretch himself out in a leaky, tossing old tub of a canoe between a driving storm and a roaring surf.

With stout fishing cord we fasten bow and stern to bunches of these rat-tail reeds, get into our jackets and raincoats, and carefully stretch our legs out over the thwarts. I suddenly remember a pair of blankets I am bringing down to the beach. We haul them out of my dunnage bag and cover ourselves up, determined to be as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

And now comes the hardest of the night. While something is to be done there is neither time nor opportunity for much thought, but now we lie in our canoe listening to the strange sounds that howl at us from out the night—the boom of the breakers out yonder, the swish of the wind as it sweeps past us, the weird cries and chitterings of the myriad waterfowl on every side and the soft hum of the waves here at my elbow.



The white mans herds now wander far afield

Heavily our canoe heaves, lifting herself with difficulty, for our dunnage is soaked and heavy. Three good whitecaps will fill her up. The storm is gathering force every moment and the Sylph is tugging at the slim reeds. What if they break and let us into the open! I recall another night on Lake Nipissing, when in such a storm as this we slipped out along the troughs of the whitecaps from the jaws of death, to our own amazement and that of the fisherman to whose hut we made our way.

I see my elder stirring and fumbling about. In a few minutes he manages, under the shelter of his blanket, to light a match.

"Two o'clock," he says, and we settle down again into silence.

How long the night is to all who wait for the morning! Drearily it drags itself through slow hours.

"What time is it now, old man? Must be after three."

Again he strikes a match. "Quarter after two." And again we sink into silence. The strain is becoming almost intolerable, and a vision sweeps over me of a canoe, empty and water-logged, tossing somewhere on the surface of Lake Winnipeg, of two homes desolate, of two wives standing white-faced and dumb, listening to a strange fisherman's woful tale. It is not a pleasant picture, and I shake myself up. This sort of thing won't do. We have need of all our nerve every moment of the next few hours. There is danger about us. It is idle to think anything else, but it is ours to face up to the danger and get the best out of ourselves. That is all we can do.

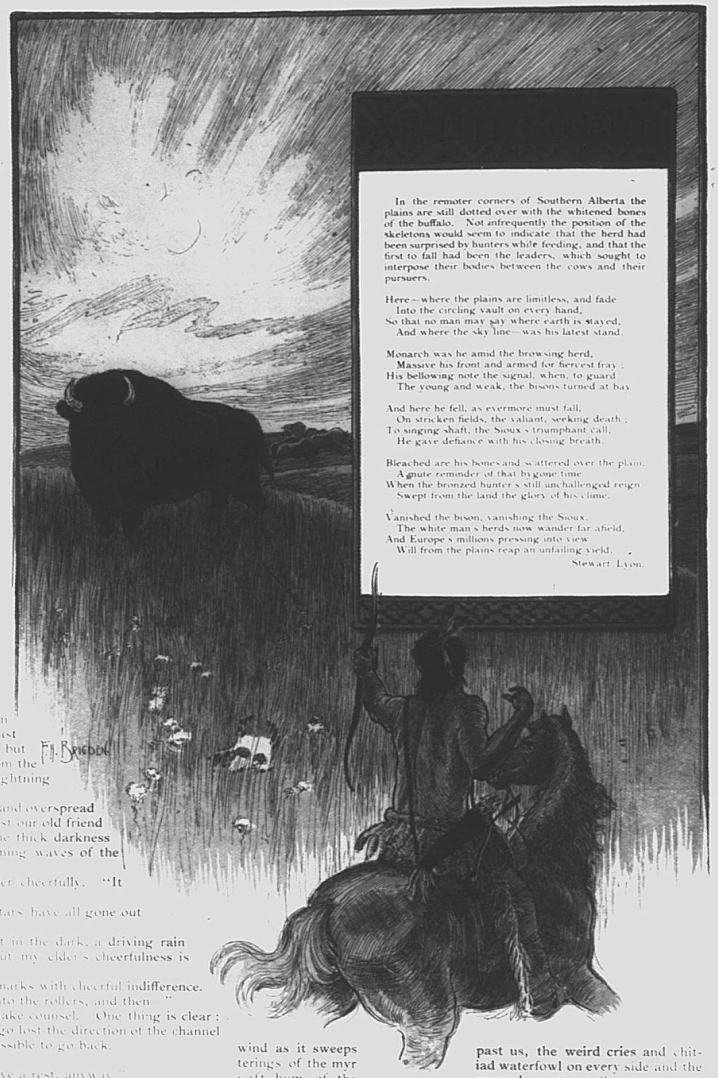
Is that all? Is there no one abroad in this storm but ourselves? Is there anyone that really cares? That reminds me.

"Asleep, old chap?"

"No, not yet." The tone from the bow is quiet and even.

"I say, haven't you been taught to say your prayers before you go to bed?" "Sure."

"Well, don't you think it is about prayer-time now?"



In the remoter corners of Southern Alberta the plains are still dotted over with the whitened bones of the buffalo. Not infrequently the position of the skeletons would seem to indicate that the herd had been surprised by hunters while feeding, and that the first to fall had been the leaders, which sought to interpose their bodies between the cows and their pursuers.

Here—where the plains are limitless, and fade
Into the circling vault on every hand,
So that no man may say where earth is stayed,
And where the sky line—was his latest stand.

Monarch was he amid the browsing herd,
Massive his front and armed for fiercest fray;
His bellowing note the signal, when, to guard
The young and weak, the bisons turned at bay.

And here he fell, as evermore must fall,
On stricken fields, the valiant, seeking death;
To singing shaft, the Sioux's triumphant call,
He gave defiance with his closing breath.

Bleached are his bones and scattered over the plain,
A mute reminder of that bygone time
When the bronzed hunter's still unchallenged reign
Swept from the land the glory of his clime.

Vanished the bison, vanishing the Sioux,
The white man's herds now wander far afield,
And Europe's millions pressing into view
Will from the plains reap an unfailing yield.

Stewart Lyon.

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1903

THE MAN THAT KEEPS IT GOING





THE HOMESTEAD.

GLIMPSES ON THE FARM



DRILLING THE CORN

ROWLEY



HELPING WITH THE HAY



CREAM FOR THE STRAWBERRIES



STRAWBERRIES FOR DESSERT

"Yes, you're right, old man." The answer comes **quick, and my elder sits** up as straight as he can get **himself, and listens as he** does in church, while his minister recites **that noble** song of faith triumphant in the face of peril:

"God is our refuge and our strength,
A very present help in trouble.
Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change,
And though the mountains be moved in the heart of the seas,
Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled."

I peer into the tumult of the night about me, and say again: "Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled," and so onward to the great words, "The Lord of Hosts is with us." We had thought the more shame to us that we were alone in the midst of the noise. "The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge."

A few moments of silence follow the words, and then my elder says quickly, "That is not too bad"; and I know that no fear he has and he was afterwards man enough to confess to fear will keep him from playing the game out to the end. "Thank God!" I say in my heart. "I have got a man in the bow. No hysterics about him." And often that and the next day I renew that thanksgiving.

Then we make our prayer, a single word we cannot trust ourselves for many for our dear ones waiting us, and then for ourselves guidance and courage and steadiness to do what can be done.

Immediately I am conscious of a distinct impression that we cannot remain where we are, and that something must be done before the waves get quite beyond us.

"I say, old man, we cannot stay here. This will not shelter us much longer."

"What do you think we ought to do?"

"There's only one thing make for the storm. That will keep us from drifting out, and, besides, it is the direction of the land."

"All right if you say so." My elder is becoming quite cheerful. Every ounce he has is available, and what more can one ask?

We bail out our canoe, get our stuff into shape, cut our cords and face round carefully toward the storm. "Now, then, let her go." And with a steady sweep of the paddle we push the Sylph into the teeth of the rain and the wind.

From clump to clump of these rat-tailed reeds we fight our way, noting carefully in the lightning flashes any clump that may seem thicker than the others, to which, if nothing better offers, we may return. The swing of the paddle helps us greatly, and for a time all weariness is forgotten, and we are strong and fit and steady.

After a time my elder breaks the silence.

"Old man," he says deliberately, "I do think these clumps are getting thicker." And hope springs up strong in our hearts, and before long all doubt is past. The clumps are nearer together and decidedly thicker.

"We'll make it, I guess, after all," says my elder.

"After all!" He knows not how his words reveal him, but whatever thoughts had lain in his heart his head was clear and his hand was steady.

Thicker and thicker grow the rushes, until at length, pushing through an open strip of water, the nose of the Sylph—blessed old mumpsy bovine!—sticks itself into a bunch of weeds that hold her fast. A few shoves and thrusts and we pass into the heart of a clump so thick that it closes around us on every side, effectually shutting out all but the sound of the storm, and making us secure from any wave that can break.

We are wet with sweat and rain, our breath comes in deep, quick gasps, but we lay our paddles across our knees and try to take in that we are safe. In a few moments we have our coats on again, our blankets spread, and after a word of thankfulness to Him who, as we feel sure, has walked this lake to-night as old Galilee so long ago, we compose ourselves to sleep.

As I am dropping off I hear my elder striking a match.

"What time?"

"Three o'clock, and a stormy night."

"Let her howl," I say, looking with thankful complaisance upon our reedy shelter waving thick about us and high above our heads.

The scream of a duck awakes me. I lazily open my eyes and look up. The storm is past. The stars are fading in the blue sky overhead. A tender, pearly grey shows at the line where our sheltering weeds touch the horizon. The air is full of the love cries and war cries of wild duck and loons and mudhens. The bent reed tops are swaying gently over us in the fresh breeze, and the age-long, ancient miracle is being wrought before our eyes.

The rosy-fingered daughter of morn is opening the gates of day. The night, indeed, is gone. It is the dawn.

For some minutes I lie under the spell of that sweet mystery, drinking deep draughts of the new life that heaven pours out upon the waking world, morning by morning, through the golden gates of day. Then I remember that the wind rises with the sun, that we must make across the lake before breakfast. I stretch myself mightily and groan aloud. My elder lifts his hat from off his face. I almost start his face is drawn and gaunt and grey. The night's doings have left their mark upon him.

"Hello!" I cry. "Had a sleep?"

"No, but I enjoyed yours." His smile is like the morning, and drives away the shadows from his face.

"Too bad. Now I feel quite fresh O-u-c-h! Who's been pounding me all night. I've got at least sixteen hundred joints and muscles, and every one of them aches."

But we cannot afford to lose a minute, and I stand up and look about me, searching for the lake. Near us are thick patches of reedy grass; away to the north and west, in which direction our path lies, there appears some open water with bunches of the thin rat-tailed reeds that had been our disappointment last night, and far over the reeds a faint blue line that may be shore or woods. The lake must lie somewhere to the



north, we decide, and the way must be through those open spaces of water. It is still dim light, we are stiff and sore, but we must reach the lake before the wind makes it impassable for our canoe, so once more we take the watery trail.

Space after space of open water we cross, making ever toward the north and west, till the open spaces are reduced to channels winding among great patches of weeds and rushes. Often, standing upright in our canoe, we seek for a sign of the open lake, but none appears. Hour after hour we strive to make our way, now through this channel and now through that, but all in vain. Again and again we strike a hopeful passage and follow its sinuous windings, only to find it end in a solid mass of reeds, whose plumed heads wave ten feet above us. The long paddle of yesterday and the long strain of the stormy night are beginning to tell upon us.

"That lake must be more toward the east," my elder suggests, and, heading eastward, we renew our search, but still in vain. Open spaces invite us, channels lure us, only to bring bitter disappointment.

And now the sun is high above us, the wind has risen, is dead ahead. We are forced to fight for every yard we make, and an exhausting fight it is. I can only mechanically swing my paddle, with little or no force in the stroke, and even my elder, iron and steel though he be, must call a halt now and then to stretch his legs and gather strength. Still the spaces and the channels lure and disappoint us.

"Look here, old man," at length I cry impatiently, "what does this mean?"

"It means, I fear, that we are in big Netley Marsh," replied my elder quietly, "and the question is how to get out."

We hold counsel. Evidently there is no passage to the north and west. The lake lies certainly eastward, and the mouth is southeast. The only thing left us is to retrace our way to the more open water which an hour or two ago we crossed, and then make toward the east, where lies the open lake; but that means a paddle of at least ten, it may be twenty, miles or more, and at the end of it there is the possibility of an impassable lake. But it is the only course left us.

We had our morning prayer before we left our bed among the reeds, but as we turn back to this long and doubtful way my heart rises again to appeal to Him who has proved Himself our refuge in the storm.

No sooner had we turned our canoe about than my elder, pointing with outstretched arm, cries out, "Look there!" and looking, I can hardly believe my eyes. There right over our canoe, between masses of tall, feathery reeds, a narrow channel stretches for miles, it seems, westward to a little house.

"Let us make for the house," suggests my elder.

We know well how doubtful is the attempt, for, though the house stands in plain view, the way to it may be blocked by impenetrable masses of reeds. I hesitate, for, if we fail in this attempt, I fear we shall have little strength for the other. If we only had something to eat. "What fools we were," I grumble.

"Let us try it," says my elder. "I believe it is the best."

This time it is mine to follow. "All right, if you say so," and we face down the channel.

An hour's paddle, pushing, wading, dragging and we reach mud, then solid ground, and silently shake hands.

The little house is the home of an old lady who had been born in the Mackenzie River country, and, familiar with all the perils of journeyings in this wild land, greets us first with amazement at our escape, then with wrath at our folly, and, last of all, with kindly welcome. She feeds us with the best she has, after which we fall asleep on the grass for an hour, and wake ready once more for battle.

Meantime the old lady's son-in-law has arrived, and undertakes to pilot us in his punt through the marshes to the sand bar, beyond which lies our lake. For an hour or more we follow him, marvelling at his instinct for an open passage, till, sure enough, he brings us to the bar. We lift the Sylph across and point her for home, which we make as the sun is disappearing behind the tall trees in the west.

We stagger stiffly out of our canoe, hardly believing that we have arrived. We have broken the record, sure enough, and for the next three days it is quite safe for any enemy to vaunt himself over us. Even my iron and steel bound elder, as I afterwards learned, bears with meekness the jeers of one of the youngsters who had done it in sixteen hours.

But as often as I turn upon my bed to ease the hot spot under my steering shoulder a threefold resolve shapes itself in my brain: First, that I shall announce no record till it is made, and second, that when next I seek the Red River's multitudinous mouth I shall carry with me three days' grub, and lastly, and chiefly, I shall take my elder with me.

WOOD-RATS.

The mischievous little animals popularly known as wood and bush rats have been the pest of hunters and miners from the Rockies to the Pacific coast.

Their nests are usually built in the lower branches of trees, but occasionally are found in a secluded place on the ground.

A large quantity of sticks is gathered, and carefully made into a dome-shaped structure, often ten feet high and six feet wide. There are several openings into the centre, leading to the nest proper. This is made of the inner part of bark, dried grass, leaves, or anything available. Cactus spines are sometimes heaped around the nests, and are supposed to be used as a protection from coyotes and other enemies.

The wood-rat of the Pacific coast is larger than its Eastern cousins, and differs from them in some important particulars. Almost any old settler can tell stories of its depredations, with results which are sometimes tragic, but often comic.

A stranger came into a mining-camp one day, and asked for work. He was unknown and penniless, and in some manner incurred the dislike of the men. In spite of this he was set to work, and proved an industrious man. The owners and men all slept in one large cabin, and soon after the arrival of the newcomer small articles belonging to different persons began to disappear. Almost everything lying around loose would be taken, and suspicion at once pointed to the unwelcome stranger.

The climax was reached when a bag containing a hundred dollars' worth of gold-dust was missing. The newcomer was about to receive the summary punishment inflicted in those times, when a wood-rat's nest was discovered in the attic over the cabin. It contained all the missing things, even the precious metal, and the stranger just escaped suffering for a crime of which he was innocent.

One of the most remarkable anecdotes relating to a wood-rat's nest was told by a retired millowner. When work on his sawmill was ended, a quantity of stuff was stored in the adjoining buildings. In the main house, containing the kitchen and dining-room, a lot of packing for the engine was put, and half a dozen kegs of spikes. There were tools and cooking utensils in the closets, and a large range in the kitchen. During the time that work was stopped at the mill, the place was not occupied for several years. Its only guests were tramps, who broke into it and used it as a temporary shelter.

When the owner entered the house after an absence of two years, a remarkable object attracted his attention. It was a structure which covered the entire top of his range. This was a rat's nest the outside made of spikes, which were arranged with precision, the points outward. The central part, or nest proper, was made of the fine fibres of hemp packing.

Interwoven with the spikes and around the nest were found the following articles: Three butcher-knives; a large carving-knife, fork and steel; several dozen table forks and knives; some plugs of tobacco; the outer case of a silver watch in one place, the glass in another and the works in another; most of the small tools on the place; some large augers, and a purse containing a little money. The mill-owner, after carefully examining the nest, said it was the most curious one he had ever seen. The heavy iron articles used in its construction, and their studied arrangement, showed a superior order of intelligence and unusual skill. He could not at first imagine where the purse and watch came from, but concluded that they must have been taken from some tramp who was enjoying sound sleep in the rat-haunted building.

MARY PEABODY SAWYER.

It was hailing one day, and a little girl looked out of the window and exclaimed: "O mamma, it is raining tiny little moth-balls!"



THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1903.

ONTARIO.

THE SPORTSMANS PARADISE,

INFORMATION FOR THOSE WHO USE ROD & GUN.






AN EARLY MORNING BAG.


THE RIDEAU, THE HOME OF THE SALMON TROUT.




ON THE NEPIGON.


A FAVORITE SPOT.

GAME AND HUNTING.

Ontario has for many years been known as the land of promise for hunters and sportsmen, game of every description, from the kingly moose to the quail, being found in abundance in their respective haunts.

Previous to the appointment of the Ontario Fish and Game Commission, unreasonable and destructive slaughter of game prevailed. Many of the most valuable fur-bearing animals were nearly exterminated. The appointment of the Commission in 1892 resulted in their report of 1894, one of the most valuable reports on the subject ever issued. The Board of Game and Fish Commissioners was gazetted as a permanency in the month of June, 1892, in consequence of the recommendation of the Commission appointed in November, 1891.

The Ontario Game Protection Act of 1892 made provision for the enforcement of the amended laws, by appointing a Chief Game Warden, and four Wardens to take charge of the respective districts in which the Province had been divided. A large number of Deputy Game Wardens were also appointed in localities where most required.

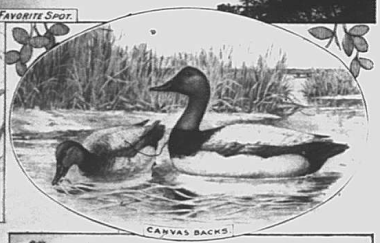
Previous to the passage of the Game Protection Act, non-residents came into the Province with impunity and slaughtered game for the purpose of supplying the markets of the United States, and some of the other Provinces. To such an extent did this practice prevail that it is alleged two men in one season exported from the northern portions of the Province thirteen hundred carcases of deer to the markets of New York and Boston. At the time of the appointment of the permanent Board of Commissioners the Government made an annual appropriation from the general funds for the purpose of carrying on the work of the Commission. Contrary to the most sanguine expectations, the license fees charged hunters in the first year, 1892, when the license system went into effect, produced sufficient to pay the cost of game protection, and a surplus of $2,000.00, since which the annual surplus, with one exception, has increased. Last year the surplus reached a sum considerably in excess of the cost of the original Commission, including the cost of compiling and printing the large and exhaustive report of 1894.

The satisfactory results of the work of the Commission are in a large measure due to the efforts of those gentlemen under whose careful administration the Commission has been. The Hon. Col. J. M. Gibson and Dr. G. A. Mackallum, the former being Minister in charge of the Commission from its inception, the latter as Chairman, these gentlemen being succeeded by worthy and able successors, the Hon. J. R. Latchford, Minister of Public Works, and Mr. Montague A. Smith, both ardent and accomplished sportsmen. The work of the Commission has been characterized by the closest economy consistent with efficiency. The veteran Chief Warden in his annual reports acknowledges the valuable assistance rendered him by sportsmen, the press, railroad and express companies, who all realize the necessity for effectual game protection.

Large numbers of American sportsmen who have previously hunted big game in Maine and the Maritime Provinces, attracted by the favorable reports of large game in Northern Ontario, have done their hunting in the Province this season, many being very successful. One party from New York were only in the Province eight days, and in only two days hunting secured their full complement of six fine moose heads.

The Commission have recently imported a number of capercaillie from Norway, and liberated them in Algonquin Park. These birds are the largest of the grouse family, if the venture is successful, these grand birds will be a welcome addition to the game birds of the Province.


RUFFED GROUSE.


CANVAS BACKS.


BEAVER AT WORK.


IN ONTARIO'S NORTHLAND.

FISH AND FISHING.

It will be remembered that the Judicial Committee of Her Majesty's Privy Council (England) in 1898 decided that the beds of all rivers and lakes, the waters of such rivers and lakes, and the fish therein, were the property of the Province within which they were situated, and that the sole right to issue fishery leases, licenses and permits to fish, and to receive fees for such leases, licenses and permits, was vested in the Province. From that year dates the organization of the Ontario Fishery Department and the exercise of a wise and vigilant oversight of the fisheries. The Department is at present administered by the Hon. Mr. Latchford, Commissioner of Fisheries. We find that the revenue last year was about $40,000, and that some $15,000 was expended in administration and development. One hundred and thirty-one overseers are employed in the work of supervision, and several steam and sailing craft are maintaining a constant patrol. The commercial fisheries yield about 7,000,000 lbs. of fish annually, and furnish employment to several thousand men. Though the fishermen for a pecuniary consideration are granted the privilege of netting in the public waters, this privilege is not suffered to be abused, nor the public's interest prejudiced thereby, and all concessions granted are subject to the right of residents to fish with hook and line. Under a judicious licensing system, a vigorous policy of protection, and the requirement of strict compliance with the laws and regulations, this valuable heritage, which the Province holds in trust for future generations, will be conserved and handed down as an important action.

Steps have been taken by the Department, with a view to securing the co-operation of the border States authorities in the matter of the enactment of uniform laws and regulations governing fishing in international waters, and it is gratifying to be able to state that the various Commissions, with one exception, have indicated an intense interest in the subject, and are anxious to co-operate with the Province in the subjects specified in the initial correspondence, and it is also gratifying to notice that the leading papers of the principal cities, as far west as Chicago, are urging the importance of such a step.

The inland lakes and rivers afford the highest class of sport, and, like the Great Lake Fisheries, are being zealously guarded by the Department to prevent their depletion and to make them a fruitful and perpetual source of pleasure and profit. They attract thousands of visitors to the Province yearly, and provide a healthful and happy diversion from the routine of daily toil. Here are to be found all the conditions which could possibly be required to make a summer outing everything that might be desired, pure air, magnificent scenery, excellent fishing, safe boating and bathing, and well-equipped hotels. Indeed, Ontario may truthfully be said to be the Mecca of anglers. The bass and maskinonge fishing is unsurpassed, specimens having been hooked weighing seven and fifty pounds respectively, and no river in the world is inhabited by such kingly trout as are to be found in the whirling and tumbling waters of the Nepigon. The co-operation of the press of the Province in aiding the Government in the work of protection by creating and fostering a proper public sentiment has been and is exercising a potent influence.

The work of transplanting parent bass, which was inaugurated in 1901, has been continued each year. We understand the demand for fish has far exceeded the capacity of the Department to supply, and attention has therefore been chiefly directed to the stocking of waters where the drain has been heaviest, the hope being indulged that in time the work may be so extended that all suitable waters may be reached. Deposits of speckled trout and bass have also, during the past year, been made in waters in the vicinity of Rat Portage. It is believed that no expenditure is being incurred which will be more heartily endorsed or give a more beneficial return than that to improve the fishing in the inland waters of the Province.

FOR 14 YEARS OUR ILLUSTRATIONS HAVE PLEASED THE GLOBE READERS.

The Alexander Engraving Co

DESIGNERS AND ILLUSTRATORS OF HIGH CLASS PRODUCTIONS -



ENGRAVINGS ON COPPER ZINC AND WOOD FOR BLACK & WHITE OR COLORS.

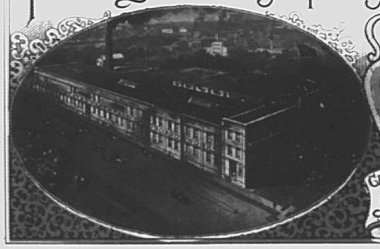
16 ADELAIDE ST. WEST TORONTO · PHONE. MAIN 2158

RITCHIE & RAMSAY

TORONTO, CANADA

COATED PAPER AND CARDBOARD.

THE FINEST GRADES OF GOODS FOR Printing AND Lithographing.



MADE IN CANADA

CHRISTMAS GLOBE IS PRINTED ON REDSEAL COATED PAPER

MURRAY PRINTING COMPANY



TELEPHONE, MAIN 1226

Printers AND Bookmakers

SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR PRINTING & BINDING LARGE EDITIONS OF PAMPHLETS

· GLOBE BUILDING ·
JORDAN AND MELINDA STS.
· TORONTO ·

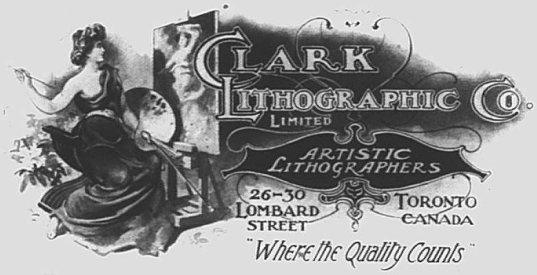
This Edition of the Christmas Globe was printed by us

CUTLERY CABINETS

We make a specialty of supplying the newest and best patterns of Table Goods of the leading English makers; also a full line of Sterling Silver Forks and Spoons in exclusive designs. We have a large assortment for you to select from; also a full line of Wood Cutlery Cabinets.

COR. KING AND VICTORIA STREETS, TORONTO

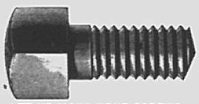
RICE LEWIS & SON LIMITED



Brown-Searle Printing Company

Specialists in HALF-TONE and COLOR PRINTING—Tri-color Process. Manufacturers of Fine Catalogues.

89 WELLINGTON STREET WEST TORONTO



LET US MAKE YOUR SCREWS.

The John Morrow Machine Screw Co.

INGERSOLL, ONT. Limited

PATENTS

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.

HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO, CANADA. Offices also in Montreal and Ottawa, Can., and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

WOOL

HIDES AND SKINS

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN

85 FRONT ST. E. TORONTO

E. T. CARTER

Merit Will Tell

GILLETT'S GOODS ARE THE BEST!

ROYAL YEAST CAKES, GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE, MAGIC BAKING POWDER, GILLETT'S MAMMOTH BLUE, CREAM YEAST CAKES, ETC., ETC.
GILLETT'S CREAM TARTAR, MAGIC BAKING SODA, GILLETT'S WASHING CRYSTAL, IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER,

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY, LIMITED
LONDON, ENG. TORONTO, ONT. CHICAGO, ILL.

The Artistic Housekeeper

Can keep her home attractive and new looking by sending articles to us to be cleaned and dyed. We dye and clean Lace Curtains, Chenille Curtains, Draperies, Furniture Covers and Carpets in a scientific way.

R. PARKER & CO., DYERS AND CLEANERS Toronto

BRANCHES—Montreal, Hamilton, London, Galt, St. Catharines, Woodstock, Brantford.

Agricultural College

GUELPH, CANADA.

The kind of instruction and practical training needed by young men who intend to be Farmers, Fruit Growers, Butter-makers, Cheese-makers or Poultry Raisers. For a copy of College Calendar, send to

JAMES MILLS, M.A., President.

The Royal Military College.

There are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College at Kingston. At the same time its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving the highest technical instructions in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of Canadian Militia. In fact it is intended to take the place in Canada of the English Woolwich and Sandhurst and the American West Point.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and in addition there is a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects, which form such a large proportion of the College course.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis, the cadets receive in addition to their military studies a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all subjects that are essential to a high and general modern education.

The course in mathematics is very complete, and a thorough grounding is given in the subjects of Civil Engineering, Civil and Hydrographic Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The object of the College course is thus to give the cadets a training which shall thoroughly equip them for either the military or civil career.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the system. As a result of it young men acquire habits of obedience and self-control, and consequently of self-reliance and command, as well as experience in controlling and handling their fellows.

In addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds ensures good health and fine physical condition.

An experienced medical officer is in attendance at the College daily.

Five commissions in the Imperial regular army are annually awarded as prizes to the cadets.

The length of course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months' residence each.

The total cost of the three years' course, including board, uniforms, instructional material, and all extras, is from $750 to $800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College will take place at the headquarters of the several military districts in which candidates reside, in May of each year.

For full particulars of this examination or for any other information, application should be made as soon as possible to the ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF MILITIA, OTTAWA, ONT.

This Number of THE GLOBE is Printed From

SCOTCH TYPE

MANUFACTURED BY

Miller & Richard

EDINBURGH, LONDON AND TORONTO

The body fonts used are 6, 8 and 10-Point Old Style No. 4 Roman.

ENGINEERS AND BOILER-MAKERS

Estimates Furnished on Application.	HIGHEST CLASS CORLISS AND MARINE ENGINES STATIONARY AND MARINE BOILERS.	All kinds of Tank and Pipe Work.

The JOHN INGLIS CO., Ltd., STRACHAN AVENUE. **TORONTO**

STILL WINNING FAVOR



THE GENUINE

"Shur-On"

EYEGLASSES

Because they are neat in appearance, comfortable in wear.

—WE ARE EXPERT ADJUSTERS
—AND SKILLED EXAMINERS

THE CULVERHOUSE OPTICAL COMPANY, LIMITED

72 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

E. CULVERHOUSE, President. PHONE
A. M. PATERSON, Secretary. MAIN 4536.



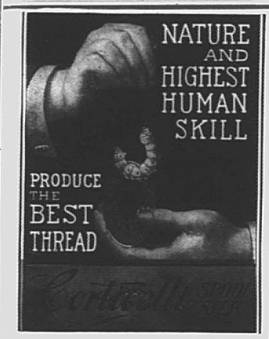
Gerhard Heintzman Satisfaction

The possessor of a Gerhard Heintzman Piano secures something more than its beauty of tone, excellence of design and durability of construction. Far above all these evidences of mechanical perfection there is that intangible something that our musicians have well named, "Gerhard Heintzman satisfaction," the conciousness of owning the best.

We cordially invite an examination of our stock of these superb instruments.

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING, 188 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Not the oldest but the best known piano house in Toronto.



NORDHEIMER PIANOS

STRICTLY HIGH-GRADE. LIBERAL TERMS AND PRICES.

THE NORDHEIMER PIANO & MUSIC CO., LIMITED.

The Canadian Casualty and Boiler Insurance Co.

Head Office 22 Adelaide St. East TORONTO

Steam Boiler Inspection is the greatest safeguard against explosions.

The Steam Boiler Insurance Policy of this Company is the most liberal in Canada.

Are Your Fuel Bills Too High?

The Canadian Casualty & Boiler Insurance Company can help you to economize

Write for information to-day. A. G. C. DINNICK, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

Rogers' Fine Furniture

FOR THE DRAWING ROOM



A HIPPLEWHITE SOFA.

Our stock of Parlor Furniture comprises Suites and Individual Chairs, Sofas, Divans, Cabinets, Centre and Fancy Tables, etc., from the best makers on two continents.

A line of choice Fancy Arm and Reception Chairs from a noted English house, and some exceptionally handsome Bric-a-Brac Cabinets from our own factory are worthy of special mention.

If you live out of town write us. We can serve you efficiently through our Mail Order Department.

Rogers' prices are uniformly reasonable.

THE CHAS. ROGERS & SONS CO. (Limited)

71 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

The Standard Loan Co.

24 ADELAIDE STREET EAST, TORONTO,

Is prepared to issue Debentures to run from one to five years, bearing interest at FIVE PER CENT. PER ANNUM, payable half-yearly.

TOTAL ASSETS - - $1,051,767.87.

W. S. DINNICK, ——— Vice-President and General Manager

CANVASSING AGENTS.

Wanted, first-class agents to canvas for stock of paying company; may lead to good permanent position. Apply

NORTHWESTERN LIFE AND SECURITIES COMPANY.



YOU MAY HAVE PEARLY WHITE TEETH

—BY USING—

TEABERRY

ALL DRUGGISTS

The Ontario Accident Insurance Company	Lloyds Plate Glass Insurance Company	The Registry Company of North America Limited	The Queen City Plate Glass and Mirror Co. Limited

HEAD OFFICE—3 TORONTO STREET.
FACTORY AND BUSINESS OFFICE—243-5 AND 7 VICTORIA STREET, TORONTO



A. B. ORMSBY & CO.

CONTRACTORS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

Metal { CORNICES, CEILINGS, ROOFING, SKYLIGHTS, CORRUGATED IRON, BLOW PIPING, ETC.

CORNER QUEEN AND GEORGE STREETS TORONTO

NASMITH'S CHOCOLATES

The superiority of Nasmith's Chocolates is due to the highest grade chocolate being used for coating, and also to the creaminess and delicious flavors of the cream centres.

SOLD BY MOST DRUGGISTS THROUGHOUT ONTARIO

PARKER & CO.

61 Victoria Street TORONTO

STOCK BROKERS AND FINANCIAL AGENTS

DEALERS IN STOCKS AND SHARES ON LONDON, ENG., NEW YORK, MONTREAL AND TORONTO MARKETS.

J. H. DUNN & CO.

(MEMBERS MONTREAL STOCK EXCHANGE)

BONDS AND SECURITIES

Liverpool and London and Globe Building, MONTREAL, CANADA

Blomfield House, 86 London Wall, LONDON, ENGLAND

WRAPPING PAPER ALL KINDS — D&R — TWINES, ETC PAPER BAGS

DOUGLAS & RATCLIFF, TORONTO.

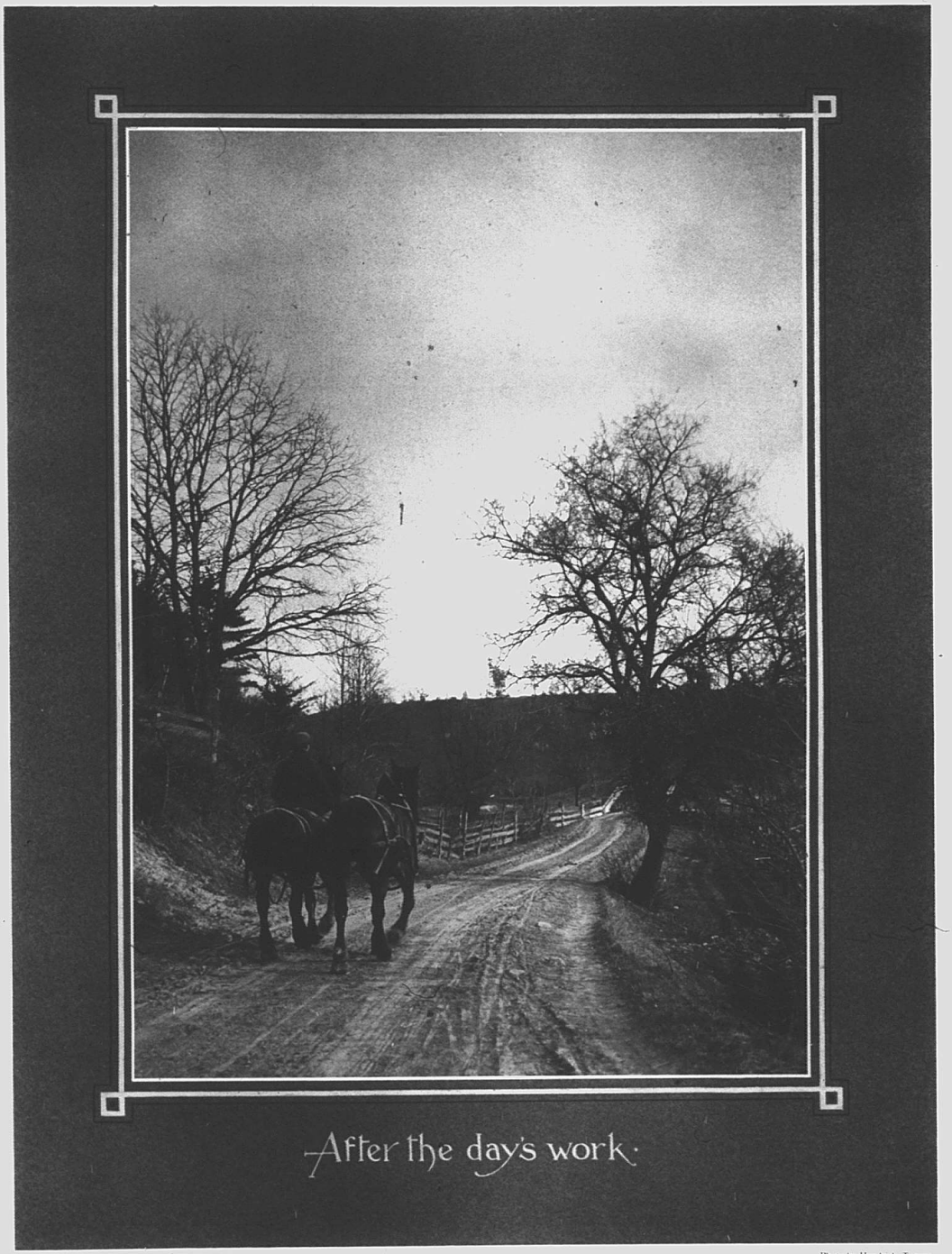


THE WORLD'S HIGHEST GRADE

THE FISHER TUBE SKATE

THE A. D. FISHER COMPANY, Limited, 34 RICHMOND STREET EAST, TORONTO, CAN.

EXCELLENT XMAS PRESENTS. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.



After the day's work.

Photo by Hendrick, Toronto

TILL THE MAN CAME



BY ALBERT R CARMAN
DRAWINGS BY J.S.GORDON

"THE great modern miracle," remarked Stella Sherwood, with a quick glance of suppressed mischief at the sober, smooth-shaven face of the young minister, "is the way that you gentlemen of the cloth are enabled to take yourselves so seriously."

"But our work is serious, Miss Sherwood," protested the Rev. Charles Horton, though a little heightening of the color of his face showed that he was not quite comfortable in his defence.

"All work is serious," tossed back the girl lightly, and then she added with a demure look, "and some play." Again her mischievous eyes sought the grave face; but at her last words a new consciousness flooded it, and the frank, half-shy countenance was turned towards her. He had learned in one short week that some of this girl's play was likely enough to be serious though he had early resolved that she should never know it. She studied his face now with a little access of amusement, and she did not tell him that she knew it already.

The Sherwoods were for her generation a strong family in abeyance. Richard Sherwood, sen., had been a leader of pioneers, the local Magistrate to whom they had brought their disputes, and the natural representative who had fought their battles in the Legislature. His son, Col. John Sherwood, had inherited his father's pre-eminence and vigor, and when he had died some fifteen years ago he left an inconsolable widow and two young children tolerably well off. The worshipping widow of a strong man, a competence, an assured social position, two children just out of babyhood, a community in which exertion is not fashionable! What could come of such a combination of circumstances but that suspension of real vitality which marks the society of the "arrived," that substitution of correct behavior for creative achievement. Yet the children of Col. Sherwood had too much inherited force to suffer this suppression without feeling a scorn for it, and a sense that it was a pity that there were not some things left to do that were worth while. In England Dick Sherwood would have gone into the army or the diplomatic service, and directed his enthusiasm into the making of soldiers from plastic humanity, or "mining" and "counter-mining" against the enemies of his country. But here there was nothing for a gentleman to do, save preserve his gentility by doing nothing with a nice blend of vivacity and repose.

Still, one effect of the vigorous Sherwood blood had been that at college no other man had attracted him like the earnest, forceful Charlie Horton, who was studying for the ministry with so keen a sense of duty that he gave one almost the impression of being in partnership with the Deity. And now he had got him to spend his holidays at "The Maples," though the intervening two or three years had drifted them very much apart.

Stella Sherwood looked upon the young male heart as her natural prey. If the knight could not defend himself, so much the worse for the knight. Her social world consisted of young men who had learned wisdom; and of other young men who still had some confidence in their prowess left; and of many girls, some of whom pretended to have found kings in the ranks of these movable parlor ornaments, Kings! And the mockery that was so usually a part of her face almost outshone the winsomeness she had inherited from her sweet-eyed mother. At times, though, a foolish loneliness lay in her heart, and she found herself looking eagerly over the best of the young men with a wish that she might discover some touch of kingship in at least one of them, in the shelter of which a lonely heart might find content. At such moments—and only at such moments—she feared for herself, and then she would go into the long drawing-room and stand before the large oil painting of her father and feel again the magnetism of his strong face, and her mother's heart in her would know that no lesser man could ever be king for her.



"How are we to pair off?" asked the Rev. Mr. Horton.

"It has really got to this, Miss Sherwood," said Morris Crawford in a low voice aside, "that when I start for 'The Maples' now I can hardly remember whether I ought to bring my tennis racket or my hymn-book."

Stella's eyes danced over the young man in his white flannel suit, giving him to understand that he must consider himself rebuked by the hostess, though sympathetically appreciated by the girl.

"We are leading 'the strenuous life', rather, these days," she replied; "but Dick thinks there is no one like 'Charlie Horton.'"

"And Dick is right!" returned Morris, emphatically. "And for that make us duly thankful."

"How are we to pair off?" asked Rev. Mr. Horton, coming briskly up to the two. "Shall it be Dick and I against you two?" His eyes said to Stella as plainly as possible that, in making this proposition, he sacrificed his own wishes to what he believed to be her preference for Morris. Now Stella, being a genuine woman, did not like this sort of sacrifice. According to her code, a real man would have fought for her, regardless of her preference. So she cried:

"Agreed! Mr. Crawford and I are quite experts at team play. But"—with a quick after-thought—"you must really 'volley' at me as if I were a man." This was called out by her having noticed before that Mr. Horton never would return the balls viciously to her side of the court. Now he smiled at her indulgently, but she knew that he would never forget that it was "a lady" to whom he was striking the ball. And he didn't.

"I wonder why it is," she said to Morris, in a pause that came after a time in the game, "that the manhood of clergymen is always so ladylike."

"Oh, because religion is largely a woman's 'fad,' I suppose," tossed back Morris, lightly.

There was one perpetual grievance the Sherwoods had. Since the death of "the Colonel" a part of the new prosperity which had come to the town had materialized into a great, square, many-eyed factory, which was plainly to be seen across the fields to the south of their Villa of Ease. By day it was bad enough, especially when the breezes which should have soothed brought the incessant rattle of labor into their quiet arbors and through the delicate laces that swayed at the wide windows; but at night the rows and rows of red eyes stared always over at them out of the dark, as if the gaunt and sleepless children of toil watched greedily their trifling with every precious moment of leisure.

Now they sat on their broad veranda in the scented dark of a June evening, and looked over at the glaring, quick-breathing monster. Mrs. Sherwood had early translated her personal dislike of the factory into a conviction that it and all its works were morally wrong; and she was never surprised—indeed, she was not gratified—when evils sprang up within its shadow. They were now discussing a dance hall and gambling den down in the town, which was fast ruining many of the factory hands of both sexes.

"I do not see how you could expect any other result," Mrs. Sherwood was saying. "You bring in a lot of raw country boys and girls, box them up in a hideous factory all day, and then turn them out on the streets at night without supervision, and with more money than they ever had before. Now, we have no trouble with our lads and maids about the place here."

"Why is not the dance hall closed?" asked Rev. Mr. Horton.

"The last man," observed Morris Crawford softly, "who tried to close that dance hall still carries his head in a sling."

"Well, but the police should close it," insisted the young minister.

"Would you expect the police to cut off a source of revenue?" sweetly inquired Morris.

"There is not much good to be done that way, Charlie," said Dick Sherwood. "That dance hall has a solid majority in the Town Council and there is no disbanding it. And, anyway, why should factory people be coddled? Let them take the rough side of the evolutionary process like their betters. The fittest will survive."

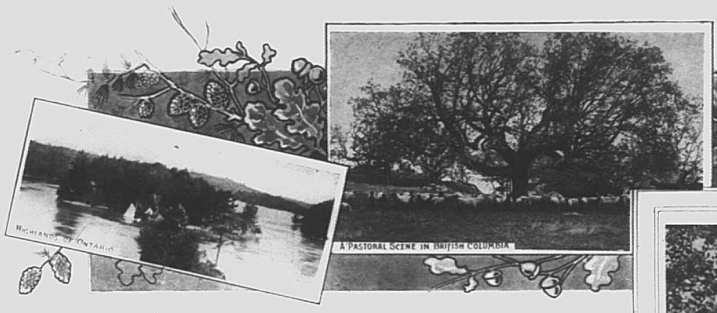
The eyes of the young minister glowed in the dark. His tilted chair came down squarely on its legs and his hands rested on his knees. "Well," he said, after a moment, "I could not live in this town under any truce with that beast of prey."

"You would simply get your church burned some dark night," said Morris.

"Do you think that would deter me?" demanded Horton, turning indignantly toward where Morris' cigarette glowed in the dark. "That is what churches are for—to wear themselves out in battering down evil."

"No, I am quite certain that that would not deter you," said Dick, relieving Morris of the necessity of answering. "I never knew you to listen to reason yet, when that terrible conscience of yours drove you ahead."

Stella sat silent in her wide cushioned chair, and wished that she could see the young minister's face. For some reason he seemed suddenly to be a new man to her, and she tried to piece out how he looked from her memory. But the best she could get was a mild gravity; and this man's face should be flame-like and stern. So much did she think of this that they rallied her on being "quiet," and her mother feared she was "tired." Morris went home early. There was a somnolence in the air that even his vivacity could not dispel. And Stella found Horton alone just before bed time in the library.



She went straight up to him and said in a low tone: "Don't whisper it; but I'm sure that our stable-boy has been gambling in that place and is in deep trouble over it."

All that it meant to be singled out thus for her confidence swept over Horton like a flood of sunlight, and his face lit up with pleasure, while his lips tightened.

"You must let me talk to him," he said to Stella.

"Yes." She felt indefinitely that this man could do something about it, though she could not have imagined what. "Mother would be so distressed if she knew," she went on.

"I shall be up and see him before breakfast in the morning," Horton said, "and, meantime, don't you lose sleep over it. I will tell you if there is anything you can do." And, looking into his serious face, she knew that he would.

After she left him something took her into the drawing-room, and her eyes turned by custom to the oil-painting of her father. But the shock of contrast that usually came to her from those capable features was missing. She had just seen a living face that promised the doing of things. She felt a real relief from her anxiety about the erring stable-boy. It must have been thus that her mother felt when her father's hands lifted her cares from her woman's shoulders.

At breakfast Horton was silent. When she saw him alone for a moment afterward, he said: "There is nothing you can do yet. You must leave this with me a little longer." And, though she was curious enough to know what might happen, the confidence with which he had inspired her kept her from questioning his judgment even in this denial of her inquirs.

But the stable-boy was not so confident. Now that the secret was out, he approached "Master Dick." Dick assembled the four of them Horton, Stella, Morris and himself on the tennis court, berated the stupidity of the stable-boy, and said that he would make up the amount of the lad's debt and send him home to his farther again.

"No," said Horton. "Wait until I have dekeeper."

manded it of the "dive Morris smiled polit ely and Dick said: "The kindest reply you would get would be a laugh."

"Will you give the lad another chance if I get the money?" Horton asked of him.

"Well ," began Dick, doubtfully.

"Yes, we will, Mr. Horton," said Stella, quickly.

"No! No!" cried Dick. "You might get killed down there. Char lie. That man has absolutely nothing to fear in this town from the law, and he wouldn't give you a cent!"

Horton's face was serious. "I would not feel right if I did not ask him. I may get nothing; but I shall have told him that there is one man who thinks he has stolen money in his pocket. I will go whether you dismiss the boy or not."



"Stella found Horton in the library."

Tennis that afternoon was a failure. Both Horton and Dick were away, and Stella was nervous.

"You shouldn't worry," said Morris, just as he, too, was going away. "Dick is looking after Mr. Quixote Great-Heart. He won't let him get hurt. How strange it is that young ministers can never tell a stone wall except by butting into it!"

"I don't know," replied Stella, tartly. "Is there any other way of making quite sure that it is stone and not painted paper?"

"I believe you are quite interested in the young crusader," said Morris with a sourness that was not altogether hidden by his teasing tone.

"I am always interested in men "

"Thanks so much!"

" and amused by boys."

Horton escaped Dick's watchful eye at last and made straight for the "dive." It was afternoon, and the long dance hall, with its paint and its streamers, looked tawdry and dead in the dull light that crept in through the crevices in the walls. It was only at night, when the electric lights spluttered down the centre, that the swaying colors were alive, and the swaying music and the swaying dancers so dazzled the very souls of these toil-bound boys and girls, always starving for their rightful share of pleasure and beauty.

Horton walked across the upper end of it into a small room with the word "Office" over the door. It was empty, but a door opposite the one he had passed through was ajar. He pushed this open and looked into a room that was almost dark.

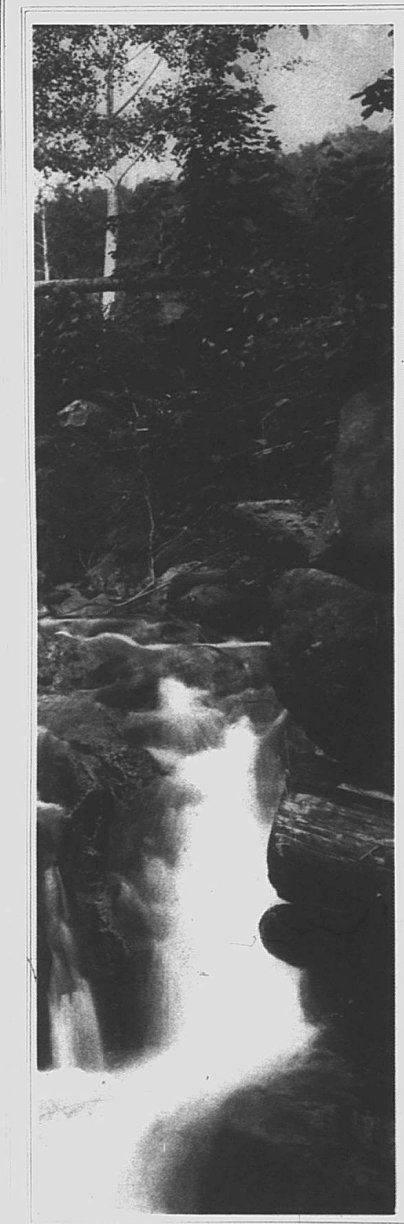
"What the !" exclaimed a voice in supreme astonishment, and then another broke in with

"It's a 'choker.'"

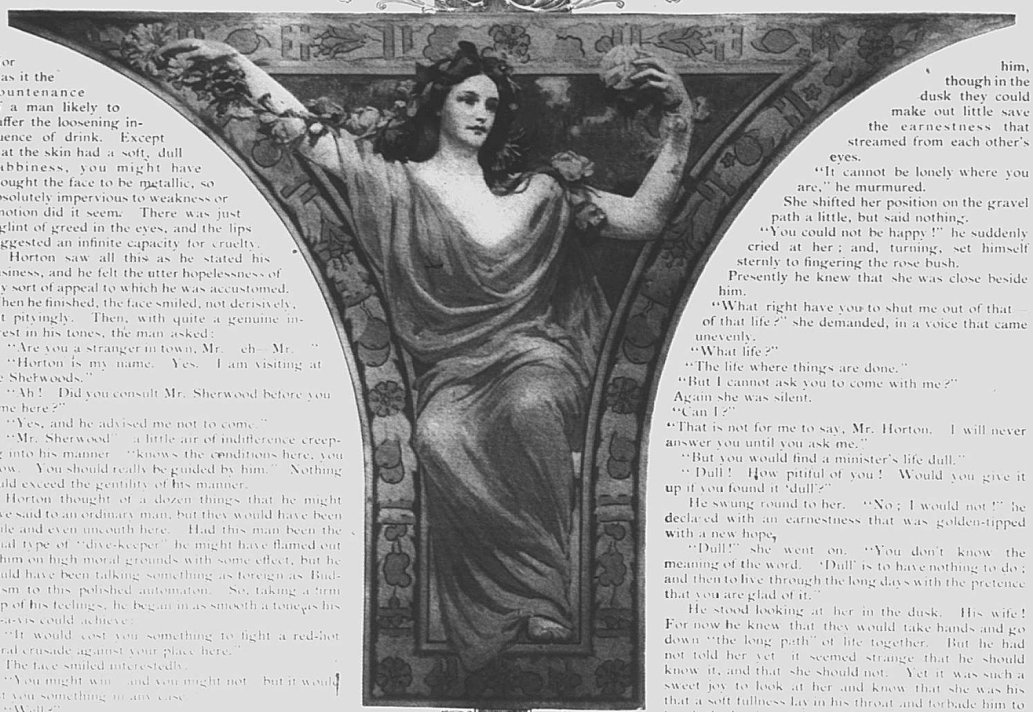
Then a tall figure emerged out of the dimness and asked in a low refined voice if he wished to see anybody.

"I would like to see the proprietor of this place," said Horton. He possibly did not intend it, but he did not put a nice emphasis on the word "place."

The tall man's lips met a little more firmly and he stepped out into the office, motioning Horton to a chair. He closed the door he had come through, ignoring a whispered protest from behind it, and seated himself quietly at his desk. Then he waited for Horton to state his business without the shadow of an expression on his long, keen, mask-like face. It was not a face to be looked at under any circumstances with entire comfort. One felt that its owner would never do anything in a temper; he was not subject to such a human weakness.







Nor was it the countenance of a man likely to suffer the loosening influence of drink. Except that the skin had a soft, dull flabbiness, you might have thought the face to be metallic, so absolutely impervious to weakness or emotion did it seem. There was just a glint of greed in the eyes, and the lips suggested an infinite capacity for cruelty.

Horton saw all this as he stated his business, and he felt the utter hopelessness of any sort of appeal to which he was accustomed. When he finished, the face smiled, not derisively, but pityingly. Then, with quite a genuine interest in his tones, the man asked:

"Are you a stranger in town, Mr. eh—Mr. "

"Horton is my name. Yes. I am visiting at the Shelwoods."

"Ah! Did you consult Mr. Sherwood before you came here?"

"Yes, and he advised me not to come."

"Mr. Sherwood!" a little air of indifference creeping into his manner. "knows the conditions here, you know. You should really be guided by him." Nothing could exceed the gentility of his manner.

Horton thought of a dozen things that he might have said to an ordinary man, but they would have been futile and even uncouth here. Had this man been the usual type of "dive-keeper" he might have flamed out at him on high moral grounds with some effect, but he would have been talking something as foreign as Buddhism to this polished automaton. So, taking a firm grip of his feelings, he began in as smooth a tone as his vis-a-vis could achieve:

"It would cost you something to fight a red-hot moral crusade against your place here."

The face smiled interestedly.

"You might win—and you might not—but it would cost you something in any case."

"Well?"

"Well!" and Horton could not keep some snap of indignation out of his voice. "If the Lord had given me this field to labor in, you would have to fight it, whether or no. But I am called elsewhere."

There was a pretence of polite sorrow on the face.

"—and I do not believe that a spasmodic campaign would do you any permanent harm. But, between man and man, as you and I sit here, I have a purpose in saving that boy from ruin—a purely human purpose—and if you persist in keeping your clutches on him I don't know anything in the Gospel, or out of it, to keep me from worrying a harpy like you, even if I can't stay here long enough to fight it out." And the face of the young minister as it gazed over the desk at the face of the sphinx had on it such a look as few people had seen there since, as a student, he used to get the football under his arm and charge the rushing line of an opposing college team. It was not aflame now with the zeal for good works which had shone out from it the night before on the veranda, but it bore that most elemental challenge of man to man never seen except when one man crosses the path of another who is bound for his lady's bower.

The man behind the desk knew trouble when he saw it coming; so, without a word, he took from a small drawer the sum Horton had named and handed it to him. Then he permitted himself the first sneer of the day.

"I have to 'fix' the police," he said, "so I suppose I should 'fix' the Gospel sharps, too."

Horton turned on him. "You know better than that," he said. "Nothing under heaven could 'fix' me, if I were within range of you. 'This'—and he held up the money—'is stolen goods which I have taken away from you; and, in doing it, I have used nothing of my divine office, except, perhaps, a familiarity with the only weapons men of your kind fear."

It was a week after Horton's visit to the "dive," and his holidays were over. When he had brought back the lost money the stable-boy was lugubrious with gratitude; Stella's star-like eyes had shone with admiration; Dick swore that Horton never did know when a thing was "impossible;" and Mrs. Sherwood was still happy in the belief that none but young folks debased by factory service would ever go astray.

Horton was to go in the morning, and Stella was helping him bid farewell to the flowers in the old garden in the last of the twilight. Morris had not been over for several days; Stella seemed to have developed a taste for serious converse which made his brightest "frivoling" sound as out of place as laughter in a church.

"I should like to take this rose with me," said Horton.

"By all means!" Her voice was solicitous and kind.

"It is sometimes lonely over there on my charge," he said, more to the gathering night than to her. "And I could look at it."

"It is lonely here," she said. "It is lonely everywhere."

He looked at her steadily with moving lips, and she was looking as steadily at him, though in the dusk they could make out little save the earnestness that streamed from each other's eyes.

"It cannot be lonely where you are," he murmured.

She shifted her position on the gravel path a little, but said nothing.

"You could not be happy!" he suddenly cried at her; and, turning, set himself sternly to fingering the rose bush.

Presently he knew that she was close beside him.

"What right have you to shut me out of that—of that life?" she demanded, in a voice that came unevenly.

"What life?"

"The life where things are done."

"But I cannot ask you to come with me?"

Again she was silent.

"Can I?"

"That is not for me to say, Mr. Horton. I will never answer you until you ask me."

"But you would find a minister's life dull."

"Dull! How pitiful of you! Would you give it up if you found it 'dull'?"

He swung round to her. "No; I would not!" he declared with an earnestness that was golden-tipped with a new hope.

"Dull!" she went on. "You don't know the meaning of the word. 'Dull' is to have nothing to do; and then to live through the long days with the pretence that you are glad of it."

He stood looking at her in the dusk. His wife! For now he knew that they would take hands and go down "the long path" of life together. But he had not told her yet—it seemed strange that he should know it, and that she should not. Yet it was such a sweet joy to look at her and know that she was his that a soft fullness lay in his throat and forbade him to break the luminous silence.

Then her voice broke it tenderly. "You tried hard," she said, "but you couldn't."

So she knew as well as he.

Late that night, after they had all been told, and Mrs. Sherwood had lifted her face and kissed the tall Horton with lips that pleaded dumbly with him to be good to her daughter, and Dick had shaken him firmly by the hand and kissed Stella in approval, and they had all gone off to bed, Stella crept out of her room and down the great stairs to the long drawing-room and stood motionless in the dark before the portrait of her father. She could see nothing; and yet she could see all she wished. First her eyes would print on the dark the strong features of her father, mature and determined, and then this picture would dissolve and in its place would come another—a young face, as tender to her as to a babe, yet filling with flame at the approach of evil. And on both faces was the same conviction, that life is opportunity, and that there is no joy like the joy of achievement.

Then a sweet content fell like a veil over the face of the girl, and she sighed the light sigh of secure happiness. She had found her king.



On the Saguenay River at Chicoutimi, Quebec.

GENTLE SPEECH.

Sweet words
Are like the voices of returning birds,
Filling the soul with summer.

Archibald Lampman.

NEW GAME.

An amusing and more or less instructive game has been devised by a young woman, who once a week takes it upon herself to entertain a company of boys and girls for the afternoon.

She writes on sheets of paper several stanzas of good poetry, leaving a wide space between the lines. She then cuts up the sheets, leaving one line of poetry on each strip.

After that she hides the strip in many different places in the two rooms in which she is to entertain her guests, reserving the first line of each verse. These reserved strips she distributes among the girls and boys, and each one proceeds to hunt for the rest of his stanza. The hostess usually selects stanzas from different poems, so that the variations in rhythm and meter may help her young guests to select the lines which belong to them; but sometimes, to make the test more difficult, she chooses several stanzas from the same poem. The number of lines in a stanza is indicated on the slips reserved for distribution.

Sometimes amusing misplacements of lines are made, but the hostess is pleased to notice that as the weeks go on her guests are growing more and more clever in seizing upon what belongs to them. When all the lines have been collected each one reads his stanza, and to her delight the hostess finds that the interest of the search and the constant repetition of a line to see what will fit next to it have often made a boy or a girl so familiar with the stanza that it can be recited without a glance at the slips.



INTRODUCTORY LETTER FROM THE JAPANESE MODEL.

DEAR LADY VICTORIA, OXFORD ST., LONDON.

It is now more than a year and a half since that terrible and never-to-be-forgotten day when all Dolldum was thrown into a state of despondency, grief and despair, as the tidings were circulated that you who had been our star and queen were about to quit the society of those who loved and esteemed you so well, and seek a new home amongst strangers in a strange land.

The night of your departure, after the shop assistants had retired and the night watchman had paid his midnight round of inspection, instead of commencing the merry social chat with which we are wont to relieve our over-strained nerves and feelings (dormant in the presence of mortals), instead, I say, of this pleasant chatter, the air was filled with sighs, sobs and lamentations, that you, whom we so fondly loved, had left us, all feeling it added to our sorrow that your departure had been so hurried that not one of your old companions was able to say good-bye, or whisper a message of good-will.

It was then that a voice (whose I know not) suggested that each of us should, on the anniversary of that day, write a letter briefly recounting the events of our lives during the year, or, at the least, containing a few words of remembrance. This motion was carried with acclamation, and it was decided that the letters be forwarded to me (as owing to my infirmities and long residence of twenty years in the toy shop I am likely to remain a fixture) and I undertook at the first favorable opportunity to forward the packet to you.

When the day came round I was much disappointed to find that so few had fulfilled their eagerly-given promise, and waited some time longer before forwarding the letters I had received, hoping to have more to add to their number. Eighteen months have now elapsed, and as a favorable opportunity presents itself I think it better to forward the letters received, and, dear lady, do not let the absence of some familiar names annoy or grieve you. Manifold are the changes which occur during the cycle of one year; many are the dangers to which our family is exposed, and it is also probable that many who tenderly think of you are unable to communicate, owing to their isolated position or want of facilities for writing. Therefore, graciously accept the messages of the few as expressing the thoughts of the many.

For my own part I have little history worth recording. I still stand guardian of Toyland near the large central pillar. Customers come and customers go, new salespeople arrive and old ones depart, fresh companions appear and disappear upon our mimic stage, but Jappie remains from year to year. Some of my enemies declare that it is owing to my size—four feet—which makes me too big for a playmate, while they politely (?) hint that I am not handsome enough for a statue, and others make disparaging remarks about my broken nose and other blemishes, but in the consciousness of innocence and personal merit I can smile serenely, knowing I am kept here because I am too valuable and useful to be parted with. Is a quaint Oriental head-dress to be displayed to advantage, upon whose head but mine is it arranged? Is a rare drapery to be shown, upon whose shoulders but mine does it assume its graceful curves? Are dainty baskets to be placed conspicuously, where but in Jappie's hand can they appear to advantage? And what would become of all the tickets and luggage tags without me to take care of them? Indeed, it is plain to all impartial observers that I am indispensable to the well-being of the establishment, and I am quite content to remain, although at times I feel a strange longing to see dear Japan, the land of my birth, once more. That fair land whose name means "Kingdom of the Sun," oh! how I love it; with its mountain peaks glowing like pure gold, its beautiful scenery, exquisite flowers and strange fishes. I wonder is there any country whose floral gems equal those of my native land, or whose fishes, gold and silver, glance and dart through the water like inhabitants of fairy land? In fancy I see the quaint shops opening to the street and the ladies, in their rainbow tinted silken robes and wonderful coiffures, gliding with stately grace through the gardens of my country, with the little girls dressed so comically like their mothers, or passing along the streets in their carriages, somewhat like the old Sedan chairs of England; or again entertaining visitors, seated upon mats placed on the floor, because they have no chairs or lounges, and handing round delicate cups of tea, made so strong, but without sugar or cream, or more substantial dishes of shark's fins and beautifully cooked monkey. But what am I saying! My thoughts have wandered to the days of my youth, to the Japan of the past, the picturesque country forever painted on memory's tablets. I heard a fellow-countryman who arrived here last week say that to-day European customs prevail in Japan; that instead of the watchmen telling the hour the people have clocks and watches to consult at will; that in wealthy houses the silken mats have given way to French furniture, and the gentlemen and ladies dress just like the people here in London. Ah! well-a-day, perhaps it is better so, but I—I, too, am growing antiquated and old-fashioned, and—Well, well! it can't be helped, my dear.

Last night there was such a commotion as you never heard amongst the toys who were here with you, and having continued in residence have, of course, nothing to tell you. Still they wished to send some message, but not in old Jappie's letter—oh! dear no, he is far too out of date to be permitted to write for them. Yet as they had nothing to say they agreed it would be better for one to write in the name of all, but which was to be the one? That was the question. Each wished it to be himself or herself, and I am quite shocked to have to tell you that they forgot all their good manners and behaved disgracefully. They said such spiteful things of each other. The ladies called each other cross, and old and ugly; they told each other that they were frauds, and painted and wore wigs and false teeth, and that their dresses were dreadfully old-fashioned, and I can't tell you how many more disagreeable things, because, don't you see, they were all talking at once and made such a chatter I could only catch a sentence here and there. The gentlemen (I am sorry to say) were no better, and talked of having satisfaction and lawsuits for slander and misrepresentation, etc., when I thought it time to interfere, and suggested, very humbly or they would not have listened, that they should send you a round robin, and as the idea was new to them they agreed at once and all became quite friendly again. The gentlemen dolls shook hands, called each other "dear fellow," and promised life-long friendship, pledging each other in glasses of orange juice; and the ladies called each other dear and love, told each other how becoming their dresses were and how too deliciously charming their hair was arranged, how sweet they looked, etc., so we are all very comfortable again. I send you the round robin at the bottom of the pile of letters, and if you ever find people quarrelling over who should be first, tell them to make a round robin and that will settle all differences.

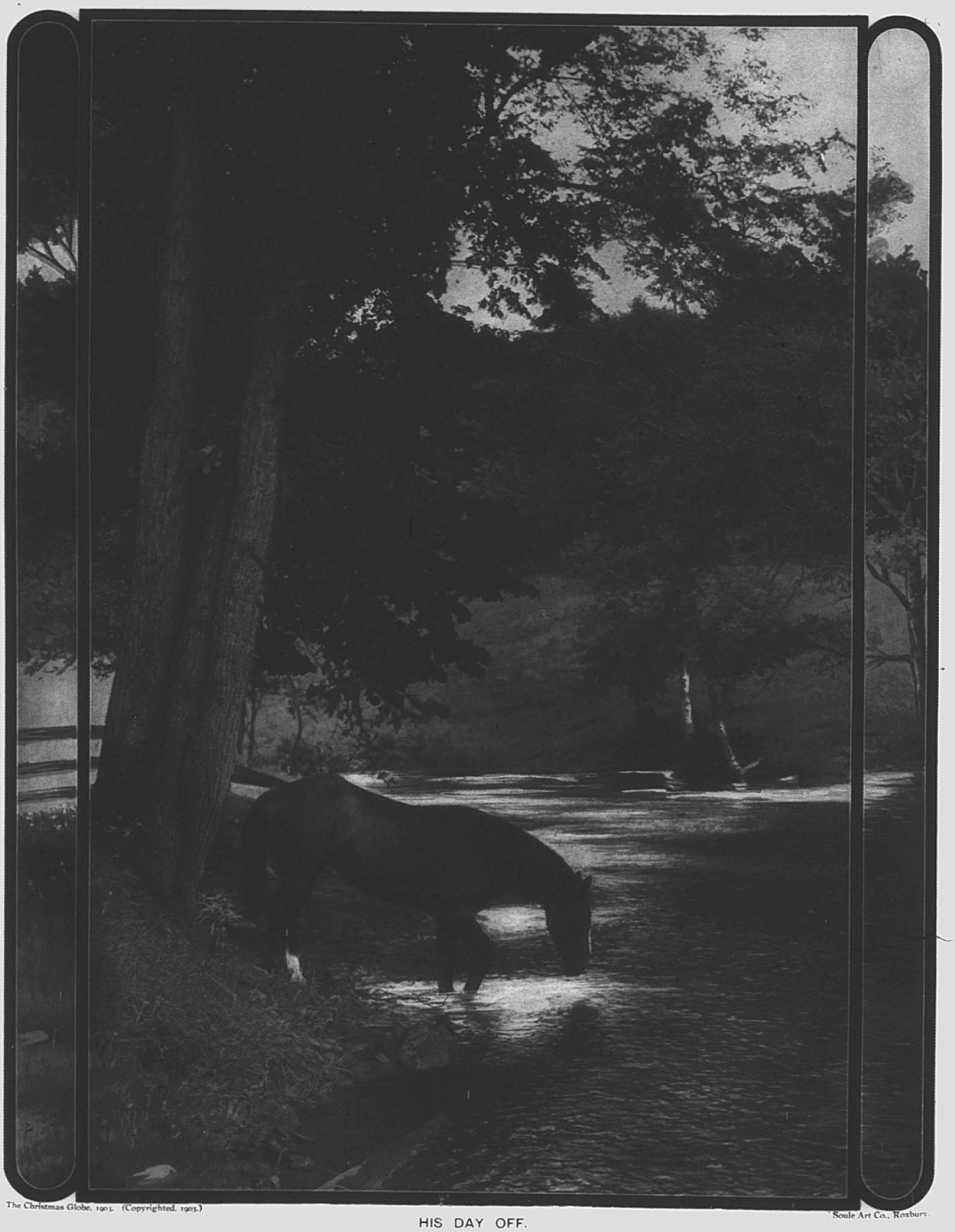
So with best wishes, dear little lady, I remain, your ladyship's devoted

JAPPIE.



MY DEAR COUSIN, LYNN HALL, FAIRLAND, CORNWALL.

Of all your relations none, I think, have a happier past to review than myself (the timid wild flower as you used to call me). I wonder if you have forgotten how terrified I used to be, and how I shivered with fright over the terrible stories Mousie, Ian Von Loo (the big wooden doll) and others who returned to Toyland to be mended used to relate of the terrible scenes in some nurseries; how dollies and toys were broken, dissected and subjected to all kinds of torture, and how I used to dread falling into the hands of nursery tyrants. Well, dearie, I need not have been one bit afraid, for I live in



The Christmas Globe, 1903. (Copyrighted, 1905.)

HIS DAY OFF.

Soule Art Co., Roxbury.



Arcadia and am the confidante of a little maiden who is as gentle as she is pretty, and that is saying a great deal a graceful nymph whose name is Dorothy, but whom everybody calls "Elfie," because with her quick movements, airy step and merry laugh she is really the household fairy. I have been her inseparable companion now for twelve months and am as perfect to-day as when you last saw me which speaks volumes.

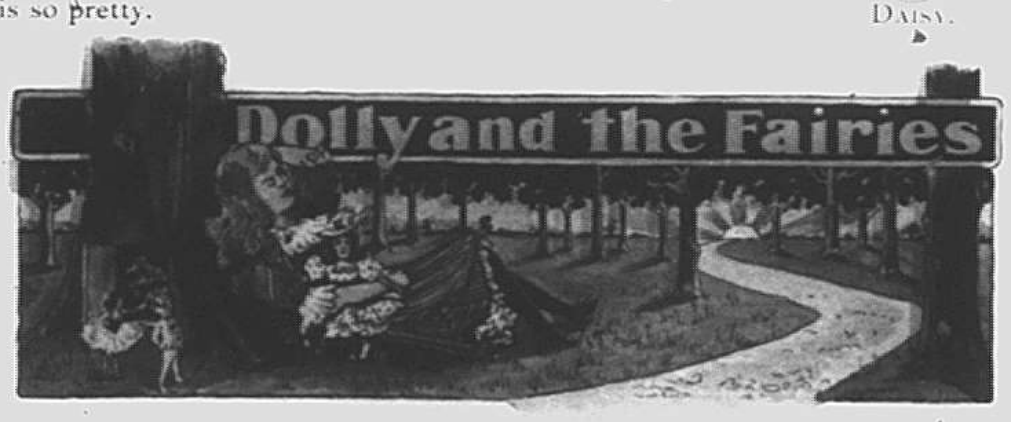
You will see by the address at the top of this letter where I am, but you will want to know how I came here. Well, my dear, a few days after your departure I and others whom you know were brought out much to our surprise for the inspection of a gentleman. We wondered what in the world a big, grown-up man, with a lovely curly-worley moustache, who could buy walking sticks and smoke cigars, go to grown-up parties and sit up until midnight or later if he liked and get up late in the morning, could want with a dolly. We were a little bit afraid, Vickie; you see his voice was so different to little girls', and talking dolls, it sounded as if he had got the bass notes of the piano in his throat, and, oh! such large hands and feet; but we were soon reassured. He took us up and laid us down so carefully that I really believe he was more afraid of us than we were of him. Well, my dear, the short of it is, that the gentleman, who is called Uncle Charlie, bought me and I was sent to his chambers in Piccadilly. By-and-bye Uncle Charlie came in, took me up very gently, said I really was a little beauty and then packed me very carefully in my travelling case again. I was very comfortable, but rather lonely away from my friends. I soon found I was not to live in London, but in lovely Cornwall where fuchsias and geraniums bloom out-of-doors in the winter, and the very next day I was despatched by double-quick express with a lovely note from Uncle Charlie to Elfie, whose birthday was on the morrow. It was late at night when I arrived at Lynn Hall, after the stars had said: "Good night, little Elfie!" and the silver moonbeams had hushed her to sleep; so I was laid upon a settee in Mrs. Fralyer's boudoir and was so tired that I fell fast asleep at once, but I awoke bright and early in the morning, with the larks and thrushes singing their matin songs, and everything was so charming around that I did not want to go to sleep again.

Fancy, little cousin, to yourself, a room with low French windows opening into a garden, sweet with the perfume of a thousand flowers, still wet with pearly dewdrops, overshadowed by trees a century old, in which little birds were carolling their lays, just as their parents and theirs had done for generations before them; a lawn, soft as velvet, which had been mown and watered and rolled constantly since the trees were saplings, with marble statues here and there appearing through the foliage of laburnum, laurel and acacia and other shrubs, with the soft music of falling water from the fountain making a lovely accompaniment to the birds' songs this was outside. Inside there was a subdued tint of warmth everywhere, from the thick carpet upon which no footstep ever sounds, which was made in Turkey two hundred years ago (some day I mean to ask it for its story, thought to be a splendid long one), to the soft, rose-colored silken curtains and the cabinets made of costly wood. An easel with a half-finished painting near one window, a dainty open-work basket upon a table near me and a piano in the opposite corner, all gave evidence of its owner's tastes; and although I was not then able to express my thoughts as I now can do, I felt I was in the home of a gentlewoman who exercised a sweet, lulling home influence upon all around her. I was noticing these and many other things when the door was softly opened; a fairy-like creature, all a-flutter with blue ribbons, white muslin and lace, with two springs reached my side and claimed me for her own, and in the rapture of her welcome I forgot all about my surroundings, and as for my fears, they must have floated away with the mists, for I never felt them again; since then I have never known a care and am growing (as you must perceive) terribly wise, because Elfie (although she has not yet told anybody but me) means to be an authoress when she is grown up. So she studies very hard and teaches me all she learns, or rather we learn together, because Miss Greek, the governess, is so sweet that she allows me a seat at the schoolroom table every day when Elfie is good, and, as she is never naughty, that means all the time. So you see I am growing tremendously clever and am writing my letter upon a proper sheet of paper.

The homing pigeons are going to the Crystal Palace show next week and have promised to take this letter to dear Jappie, who has so kindly promised to send it to you. So with love and kisses I will say good-bye, dear Vickie.

Your loving cousin, DAISY.

P. S. I have asked my friend Pearlie to write you his history. I think it is so pretty. DAISY.



LABURNHAM PARK, January.

I hope dear cousin Vickie you will not think I have forgotten you, but I could not get anybody to take my letter last summer. Mr. Ant, who acts as postman for Dolldum in this district, was so very busy getting in his harvest that he had no time to go up to London, even on express train, so I asked Mr. Bee, the honey merchant (who often runs up to town to enquire about the honey and wax market), if he would be so very kind as to take a letter for me, but he fluttered his wings, said he was busy gathering his nectar, and honey was of far more importance than "the scribble of little empty heads" —just fancy, darling, how shocked and hurt I felt! Then I saw Mr. Drone Bee loitering on a rose bush and tried to coax him to take my letter, because he is an insect of leisure and does nothing but amuse himself all day long; but although he was quite willing to talk and make pretty speeches, like most flatterers, he was of no use where real help was needed. Mr. Drone told me, however, that Lady White Butterfly was going to town to present her two daughters at Queen Humming Bird's court at the Zoo, and being a very good-natured old dowager he was sure she would take my letter for me, and promised to escort her to my reception in the nursery the following night, so of course I believed him and felt quite happy. Well, (would you believe it?) they never came, and when I met Mr. Drone Bee a week later he said he was "too awfully sorry for anything," but he did not call on Lady White Butterfly that afternoon because he remembered he should meet her at Mrs. Beetle's ball at night. Then when he was about to speak to Lady White Butterfly, he trod upon one of Mr. Centipede's feet at once and while he was apologizing off fluttered her ladyship to another ball at his cousin's and he forgot all about my letter until she had gone to London. I assure you, dear Vickie, I was very indignant, but as cool contempt rebukes impertinence and insincerity far more than words, I shrugged my shoulders, gave him a withering glance and have totally ignored him ever since, so that is why you have not heard from me before.

After all, it turns out for the best, because had I written last summer my story would not have been so pleasant as now. My little owner is named Judith, and I was sent to her for a birthday present. When first I knew her Judith was such a discontented and cross little maiden that I was really frightened, but I need not have been, because she really became a charming girl, but that was owing to the Fairies, and this is the story I want to tell you.

You see, dear, Judith was such a pretty little girl really, with teeth like tiny pearls, lips as red as cherries (made for kisses, but generally given over to pouting), and such lovely black hair, fine as silk, with dark, glowing eyes that could melt with sweetness, but which, in those early days, more often flashed with temper, and a sweet little voice which was quite spoiled by cross words. You may wonder how I knew about Judith's dual character, but, you see, to me and Rusty and Tim (the great house dog) and Dickie (her canary) she was always sweet, but to other people (mortals, you know, I mean) she was nearly always cross and disagreeable. Mrs Hampton (Judith's mother) and nurse used to coax and pet her, but it was all no use. Then Mr. Hampton would frown and get angry with his little daughter, and other people said, "What a disagreeable little child!" What was it all about, do you think? Why, she was jealous of her little baby brother, such a darling, too, that everybody loved him except Judith, and I am sorry to say she really hated him, because she thought everybody was giving him the love which she ought to have. Just as if they could not find room in their hearts for both! So she had become, when I first knew her, a very disagreeable little girl.

Judith made friends with me from the first, and told me all her fancied troubles, and although I could not answer back (because she does not understand dolls' language) she seemed to know that I sympathized with her and was so jealous of anybody else gaining my affections that she would scarcely let them look at me. I was sorry for Judith because I saw what a sweet little maiden she would be if only she sent away the ugly dwarf, Jealousy, who was ruining her life.

One afternoon last August nurse had dressed Judith in a pretty white muslin frock, with crimson bows and big sash, and little white socks, with crimson shoes and a big, big sunbonnet, all ready for going to the harvest fields to see the corn cut, and nurse told Judith to run into the garden with me while she dressed baby. So we went into the garden, and by-and-by nurse came out and said, "Baby is very ill, dearie; Jane is just going for the doctor. I am sorry to disappoint you about the harvest fields, but stay here like a good girlie until I come to you again, and here is a basket of strawberries for you and dolly," and back she ran to baby.

Judith began eating the strawberries, but the black dwarf, Jealousy, came and whispered in her ear, so she threw down the basket and said, "Oh! I hate baby, I hate him, I hate him; he is always making them disappoint me. Let us go right away, Dolly, dear, and leave them all. They don't want us and we'll go to the woods and live in a cave, and find lots of nice fruit and things growing in the bushes, like the little girl in my story book, and be ever so happy."

Now, it happened that no one was about that afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Hampton had gone to a garden party, nurse and Jane were with the doctor and baby, cook was fast asleep in the kitchen, the other house servants and the gardeners intent upon their own affairs, so it happened that nobody saw the little figure in white (which was Judith) and the dolly in blue (which was me) as they quickly slipped through a side gate, which the butcher's boy had left open. Not far away was a wood and we were soon in it. Judith was so angry that she walked faster and faster and further than she could otherwise have done, but try as we would we could not find the cave and the nice fruit we expected (I think it must have been some other sort of wood the little girl in the story book went to) and Judith by-and-by got so tired and hungry that she wished she had brought nurse's strawberries with her. At last she could not go any farther and lay down under the shade of a big oak tree amongst the ferns, and Judith cried and said, "Oh, Dolly, dear, nobody wants us. They'll never, never, never look for us and the robins will cover us with leaves like the 'Children in the Wood,'" and with that she was so tired and miserable that she fell fast asleep, but I kept wide awake and saw what happened next.

I was looking at the old tree when, all at once a little door opened in the trunk and out came a tiny man, not any bigger than Judith's little finger. He was dressed in gold and spangles and carried a little white banner. Then another tiny man followed, carrying a silver trumpet, which he blew three times. Then another little man came, dressed in scarlet, and standing upon a buttercup cried, "Make way for the Queen of the Fairies." When he said that twelve fairy foresters in Lincoln green took hold of the harebells and rang a

The Christmas Globe 1903 — LETTERS FROM TOYLAND (CONTINUED)



MISS NORTH WEST TERRITORY

merry peal. I wish you could have heard the sweet music they made.

Then two doors (much larger than the first one) in the oak tree were opened, and out came twenty-four little men in armor made of herring scales, riding upon white mice with pink eyes; after them came fifteen coaches made of half walnut shells, lined with silkworms' floss, each drawn by a green beetle, and in each carriage sat a fairy princess dressed in lily leaves, while at each side marched a troop of fireflies, forming a guard of honor. Then came a big car made of a half cocoanut shell, drawn by four moles, containing the great court officials, and another like it, with two old earls and three princes. Then followed the royal children, riding upon ladybirds. After these came fifty little grenadiers, with red tunics made of rose leaves, with a banner inscribed, "Ready, aye, ready!" and then, (How shall I describe her loveliness?) in a car made of an exquisite sea-shell, drawn by thirty-six honey-bees, came the most beautiful fairy queen you ever saw, attended by a great number of fairy princes, all riding upon butterflies.

Just then I happened to turn my head to the left and saw what the Queen's attendants had not yet noticed: fifty little men, no bigger than the fairies, but so ugly that I was positively frightened. They all wore black suits made from cockroaches' wings and carried mosquito stings for weapons. They marched right up to poor Judith and began to bind her with spiders' ropes, and pierced her with their spears to make her unconscious. Then ever so many more came to help them, bringing balls of twine to bind her still faster. Of course at first I did not know who these terrible little warriors were, but soon found out they were the Frowns and Sulks (relatives of the Dwarf Jealousy), two disagreeable tribes who give a great deal of trouble to the Fairy Queen (who is also Queen of Kindness), and they have often fought with her soldiers, but the good fairies are the strongest and bravest, and victory is always theirs in the end.



MISS BRITISH COLUMBIA.

I was in a terrible fright about Judith, when up came the Fairy Queen and her attendants, and when she saw the Frowns and Sulks binding Judith she was so sorry that she actually cried, and ordered them to release her; but they told the Queen that the maiden had given herself to them long ago, and when the Queen doubted and demanded proofs the Prince of the Frowns pointed to the little wrinkles and furrows upon Judith's brow, and said when she gave herself to his people he put those marks to show she was their slave; and the Prince of the Sulks pointed to her pouting lips with their drooping corners, and said those were the signs that she was their captive. The Fairy Queen was more sorry than before, for she knew how cruel they would be to Judith if they once got her prisoner in the dungeons of Castle Misery, so she asked: "Can nothing be done to save the mortal?"

The Lord Chief Justice of Fairyland stepped forward and, bowing low, replied: "An' it it please your Majesty, if ten creatures can be found to speak in favor of the accused, by the laws of the realm the Frowns and Sulks must release their prisoner." Then the Fairy Queen ordered her heralds to proclaim far and near that any who could speak in favor of the captive were to present themselves forthwith at the court of their liege lady, the Queen of Fairyland. You may be sure the black fairies looked very angry, but they were afraid of the Grenadiers, who had quietly surrounded them, and who were soon reinforced by several bodies of Life Guards, who at a signal came dashing at headlong speed from the barracks in the oak tree, so the enemy were obliged to stand still and wait.

A pink aster was brought for the Queen to sit upon (because toadstools for thrones have gone out of fashion). The courtiers ranged themselves in their places, all waiting to see if any witnesses could be found. All this time Judith was kept fast asleep by the poison of the mosquito stings, and nobody seemed to have noticed me.

By-and-by an earthworm came wriggling along and when he reached the throne he stopped and curled himself into a hoop three times, which was his way of making a bow, and he said: "If it please your Majesty, the gardener last week was going to cut me in two with his spade, when Miss Judith picked me up and saved my life."

The Queen looked very pleased when she heard this and told her secretary to write it down.

Then a fly came and folded his wings together backwards twice, which was his way of saluting, and he said: "Please your Majesty: one day I was smelling a sweet rose, when I fell into the vase in which it stood and should certainly have been drowned if Miss Judith had not rescued me from the water."

Then the robin and sparrow told how she always saved crumbs from her breakfast for them, and Mrs. Wren said Miss Judith had rescued her youngest daughter from the cat (and received several scratches for so doing). That was five, and as each witness spoke the good Queen smiled more and more, and the Frowns and Sulks looked uglier and uglier. Then a bee came and told how Judith always waited for him to gather all the honey he wanted before plucking the flower upon which he was resting, and a peacock butterfly said the maiden took her out of the cold air into the warm conservatory—so that made seven witnesses.



MISS NOVA SCOTIA

There was a pause. Then we saw a mouse running and he stopped before the aster throne, quite out of breath, and panted: "Oh! if it please your Majesty, I was so frightened I should be too late. Miss Judith has just the kindest heart in the world. Last winter we made our nest in a cupboard, and she fed me and my wife and our five little children every day and never told cook or anyone where our home was." Just then I felt I could not keep still any longer, and I said: "Oh! please, Mrs. Queen, she is the dearest little girl and the best friend I have in the world, and please if you can't get any more witnesses let them take me and set her free." They all turned to look at me then, and some of the princesses laughed because I said "Mrs. Queen," but you see I was so frightened with speaking out before so many people that I forgot to say "Your Majesty," but the Queen only smiled and said kindly: "You are a faithful little friend, but I hope we shall save the maiden yet. Who comes here? Another witness, I think."

I looked and there stood Mr. Owl, a very wise bird, who studies astronomy at night and sleeps in the daytime. He does not say much, but thinks a great deal. He blinked very much, for he cannot bear daylight, although in this part of the woods the light was very much shaded. He made seven stately bows and said:

"An' it please your most gracious Majesty, my liege lady: There is no need to waste your precious time by multiplying words. I have seen the mortal engaged in many works of mercy, and for myself, only yesterday morning when, contrary to custom, I left my haunts in daylight and was blinded by the brightness of the sun, I should certainly have fallen a prey to mine enemies had not the little lady rescued me and placed me in a dark corner of the stable safe from harm. I sent a message to my friend the bat, who can tell a similar story, and will be the tenth witness."

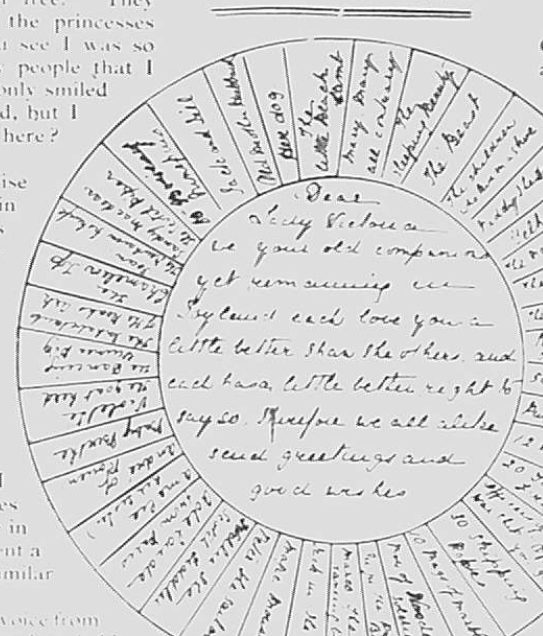
"Indeed, your Majesty, indeed I can," cried a voice from the oak tree, and a bat came fluttering down and took his place beside the owl. "Last week the groom's little son caught me, and was about to make an end of me, when little Miss Judith rushed to the rescue, soothed my terrors and put me in a place of safety. She is indeed a dear little maiden, and before the Frowns and Sulks and Dwarf Jealousy hypnotized her there was not a sweeter or more lovable mortal anywhere. Do you, therefore, I entreat, most gracious Sovereign, be pleased to remove their baneful spell, that mortals as well as fairy subjects may love her, and that she may be kind to them as to us."

At this all the good fairies clapped their hands and the ringers pulled the (hare) bells, and the massed military bands struck up "Speak a Kind Word When You Can," at which the Frowns and Sulks threw down their weapons and ran away like the cowards they were, and I never saw them again.

Then the Fairy Queen flew to Judith's lips and kissed them until she smiled, and as the little lips curled upwards at the corners—as lips should do—the spell of the Sulks was broken. Then all the fairies set to work to break the other spells. Some smoothed the little brow until every wrinkle disappeared, others drew out the poison of the mosquito spears, others poured fairy oil over her heart until they made it quite warm and tender, while others put fairy honey on her tongue, that Judith's words might be always sweet. Others bathed her eyes with "kindness water," that they might never shed any tears but those of sympathy, and while they were thus engaged several others were massaging her hands and feet, that they might always be willing and ready to obey. It was hard work for the tiny folk, but they labored with a will until every trace of slavery had disappeared. Then the Queen rubbed the cherry lips with salve she herself had made from violets, so that they would always smile when they opened, which was one of her own spells for winning hearts. Then she commanded an aide-de-camp to ride with all speed to Lion (the house dog) and tell him where his little mistress was to be found.

Now baby was really very ill, and nobody missed Judith for ever and ever so long, but when Mr. and Mrs. Hampton returned home from the party they soon enquired for their little

The Round Robin





MISS QUEBEC



MISS ONTARIO

daughter. Then everybody began searching for her. They had been looking and searching for hours and hours. Mrs. Hampton and nurse had shed no end of tears, Mr. Hampton's face was white and drawn with pain, while Lion ran hither and thither, trying to get the scent of the little one's footsteps; but it was all in vain. Nobody could find her because the spiteful Frowns and Sulks had destroyed every clue to her hiding place, so while servants, villagers and policemen were searching the whole countryside for the lost child, there she was fast asleep among the ferns at the foot of the old oak trees in the depth of the wood. When the fairy aide-de-camp met Lion he soon brought him to her hiding place, and when Lion saw his little mistress he just licked her face, like saying, "I am so glad I have found you," and dashed off to fetch his master.

Then the Fairy Queen shook some magic powder into Judith's eyes and said:

"Mortal, mortal, ere you wake,
Here you shall our blessing take."

Then all the fairy's princesses kissed her good-bye, and the Queen with her retinue went home to her palace in the oak tree, and when the door was closed no one could tell where they were, the trunk looked the same all over.

When Lion brought Mr. Hampton to the oak tree he lifted his girlie so tenderly in his arms, showering kisses upon her lips and calling her every endearing name he could invent or remember. She opened her eyes (which the fairy powder had made very bright) and smiled; then a little arm stole lovingly around his neck, and somehow she and her father understood each other ever after. She even forgot me at first, but Lion picked me up and carried me home. I did not mind her forgetting me one little bit, it was so good to see the love-light shining in her eyes for her father. By-and-by she remembered me, and Lion came in for no end of praise. They said it was so clever of him to pick me up when Judith forgot me, but they praised him most for rescuing the child, saying what good scent he had and how clever he was, because, you see, they did not know what I did. I knew it was the fairy who had led him, and Lion could not make them understand, although he tried to and said, "Bow-wow-wow-whoo-o-o-oof," which meant, "You must thank the fairies, not me." But you see people did not understand what he meant and went on praising Lion, but he was not to blame for that, and I am sure the fairies would not mind, for they are the most generous of folk.

The most wonderful thing is that ever since that day Judith has been like a little sunbeam, and people call her "Judy" now, and "Pet" and "Darling" and "Sunshine," which sound ever so much nicer than the stiff "Judith," and she is such a bright little dear that everybody loves her, and she loves everybody—baby and all—which explains all the rest.

Last night I heard Mr. and Mrs. Hampton talking about Judy. They were saying how different she had been ever since the day she was lost and they wondered how it was. But you and I know, little cousin; it was all the good fairies' work.

There, I must not tell you any more now; some day I may write again.

The cupboard mouse (Judy's friend) is going to town on Thursday to pay a visit to a distant cousin, who lives in Toyland, and promises if this be written on tissue paper he will take it to Jappie, so good-bye. Your loving cousin, DOLLY.

THE CONCEITED DOLL



OXFORD ST., LONDON, XMAS.

DEAR VIC,

In the aristocratic seclusion of a velvet-covered shelf, reclining upon a satin couch, away from the vulgar throng of Dolldum, I dip my gold pen in languid ease and begin to tell you some of the doings in this shrine of happiness since your departure (for, as I shall presently relate, I may be travelling or otherwise engaged when June comes round, and I know you would be terribly disappointed if you did not get a line from me). You may be surprised that I still remain here, but surely you know that choice, not necessity, rules my destiny. Some months ago, indeed, I was about to condescend to bestow my charms upon a nymph with blue eyes and golden hair, to whom I had rather taken a fancy, but having been "wound up" to too great a pitch of excitement, as I was about to sing that refined and classical solo, "Jack and Jill," something went snap and I fear my lovely voice is ruined forever.



MISS MANITOBA

Under these painful circumstances I withdrew, and Miss Rosie Benson chose another doll, greatly grieving, I have no doubt, that she could not rather possess me, for, as you are well aware, not even your charms could equal mine. However, for the time I preferred the comfort of my home circle to going into fashionable society; but, finding that after some months of rest my voice does not return, I begin to fear there is something wrong with my vocal organs. My doctor (whom you may remember is also physician-in-extraordinary to my dear and intimate friend, the Princess of Vangnandanblasunterentonsonbuy) advises change of air and country quiet, so I have just accepted the invitation of a bluff but good-natured Yorkshire squire and his daughter; humdrum sort of people of course, not my society, you understand; but I have my health to consider, my dear, and in the pure country air my voice my regain its richness. After a time I may take a tour on the Continent and return the calls of royal dolls who have been most kind in their enquiries or sent notes of sympathy during my protracted and interesting illness. It is even within the bounds of possibility that I may cross the ocean to Canada, in which case it is possible we may meet again.

Au revoir, YOULETTE.

NOTE BY JAPPIE—Do not feel hurt by her ridiculous impertinence and vulgar ostentation, dear little Lady Victoria. Youlette is an ignorant upstart and a very untruthful doll, with her artificial manners and imitation graces and ignorant pretensions of being your equal. Your equal, indeed! What unheard-of audacity! Why, we all know that, although she professes to be pure French, she is nothing but a cheap Bavarian imitation. If her machinery had not come to grief I do not think she would have found an owner in little Miss Rosie, for her bright eyes were caught by the beauty of your cousin Gertie, and without bestowing another thought upon vain Youlette Miss Rosie took Gertie in her arms, sealed the compact with a kiss, and walked off, her happy possessor.

As to Youlette, the shopman threw her on a shelf out of the way and there she remained until Squire and Miss Countryside were busy buying toys for the village children's Xmas tree (which is lighted at the Hall every Christmas in good old English fashion, and bears upon its branches or has heaped around its base a present for every child in the village). They were leaving the shop, when Miss Countryside suddenly remembered that she had altogether forgotten a doll for little Polly Perkins, the rag-picker's child, so the salesman threw in disabled Youlette for sixpence, and it was with a sigh of relief that we saw her depart, for, dear little lady, none of us dolls or mortals—love a vain, conceited, untruthful or selfish person, do we?

I dare say long before you receive this Youlette's empty head will have been broken by some rough village urchin, and serve her right, too, says JAPPIE.



MISS PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

[NOTE. There are four more letters in this series and they will be published in the Saturday Numbers of THE GLOBE following the publication of The CHRISTMAS NUMBER. The letters are from "The Pearl," "Pat," "Stephanie" and "The Elephant," and are exceedingly clever. It will be worth while to watch for them.]

PEACE WITH HUMOR.

An old Indian, says Mr. Joaquin Miller in his recent book, "True Bear Stories," was terribly frightened by an old monster grizzly and her half-grown cub one autumn, while out gathering manzanita berries; but, badly as he was frightened, he was not even scratched.

It seems that while he had his head raised, and was busy gathering and eating berries, he almost stumbled over a bear and her cub. They had eaten their fill and had fallen asleep in the trail on the wooded hillside. The old Indian had only time to turn on his heel and throw himself headlong into the large end of a hollow log, which luckily lay at hand.

This was only a temporary refuge; but he soon saw, to his delight, that the log was open at the other end, and corkscrewing his way along toward the farther end, he was about to emerge when he saw the old mother sitting down, quietly waiting for him.

After recovering his breath he elbowed and corkscrewed himself back to the place at which he first entered. But lo! the bear was there, sitting down, half-smiling and waiting to receive him.

This, the old Indian said, was repeated time after time till he had no longer strength to struggle. He turned on his face whereupon the bear thrust her head in, touched the top of his head gently with her nose, and then drew back, took her cub with her, and shuffled away.

Mr. Miller went to the spot with the Indian a day or two after, and was convinced that his story was exactly true; and when you understand that the bear could easily have entered the hollow log and killed the Indian at any time, you will see that it must have been a sense of humor which caused her to play the cat-and-mouse game with him.



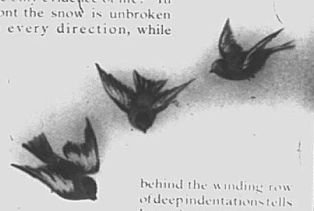
MISS NEW BRUNSWICK

NATURE'S DREAMS.

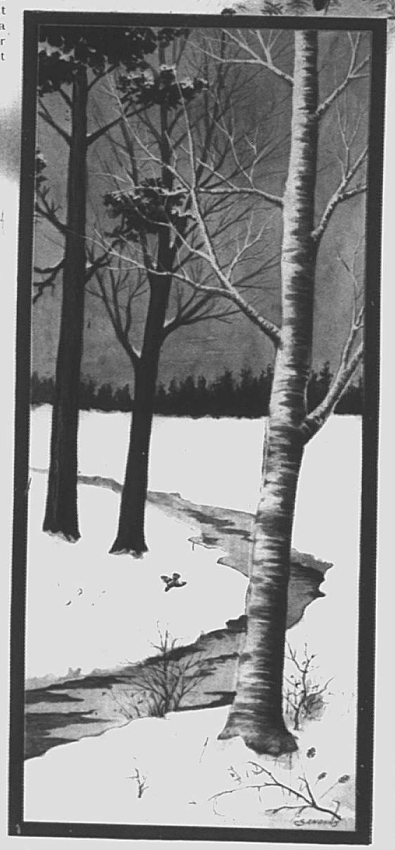
By S. T. WOOD

Sketches By C. A. SANDHAM

NATURE has drawn her white coverlet and tucked it carefully in around about her, calmly composed for a sound, tranquil sleep. This is the casual and quieting impression from an easy position above the stream now showing as a smooth, winding hollow in the unbroken whiteness of the field. A few willows and alders almost buried on the opposite bank seem like splashes of ink on a clean page, and away toward the rising hill that leads to the dense, dark green of the spruces a black patch of hurrying water shows that under the ice and snow the stream is still alive. Is it the only evidence of life? In front the snow is unbroken in every direction, while



behind the winding row of deep indentations tells how the wayfarer may pursue a tortuous course while fondly imagining his path to be straight. Just in front, waiting to be obliterated with the next random step, is a small hole in the snow as round and clear-cut as if made by a walking cane. No pedestrian has been near since the unbroken sheet of snow was spread so carefully over field and stream. Could a weird nightly visitor have careened on a broom over the distant pines and across the field in the moonlight, pausing to rest on the smooth rounding bank? A running stream is an impassable barrier, and there the witch may have paused to breathe out maledictions at the fate that balked her evil designs. A short distance away there is another hole in the smooth snow, and now that the eye has begun an unconscious search several more are discovered. Did the moon look down on an unhallowed orgy of the terrible sisterhood, arrested in their fell purpose by the mystic power of the moving water under the snow? There is the mark of their trailing garments. But the lines are drawn in concentric circles with mathematical accuracy, showing, perhaps, a cabalistic warning to the unfortunate wayfarer who might wander, however innocently, over snow made baneful by their machinations and the exhaled wickedness of their sacreligious rites. A mind in intellectual twilight, filled with the strange fears that linger like mists on the dawn of supernatural thought, could find in the snow-covered field the premonitions of evil and the signs of a vague and terrifying life, peopling earth and air with its fantastic and distorted forms. Stimulated by fear, it must have been easy and natural to account for every trifling circumstance of unusual aspect or momentary mystery by fancying the surrounding universe alive with human activities. Did the witches riding on their brooms alight for a moment in their wild orgy?



"Nature has drawn her white coverlet and tucked it carefully in around about her."

All mysteries yield to investigation. Under the surface these round holes become intricate and winding burrows, where the field mice (arvicola ageratoides) have been enjoying the bracing climate. Every part of the field has been crossed and recrossed by them. Their winding course is seen wherever the snow is kicked away. This explains the phenomenal activity of a dog that has covered the hillside close to the woods with tracks, while no trace of his quarry appears on the snow. He has been running the scent of intricate winding trails underneath.

Over by the edge of the stream, where the snow-covered ice reaches out on the black water, one of the little burrowers has made his way to the surface. It is probably a shore mouse (arvicola riparius), and his little tracks look helplessly diminutive on the great waste of snow. The wind toying with some broken golden-rod stalks has described accurate circles in the snow before twisting them off and whisking them away. It has cleared the snow from a low sassafras thicket, showing where the destructive little excavators have girdled the bark, leaving the young trees to die in the spring.

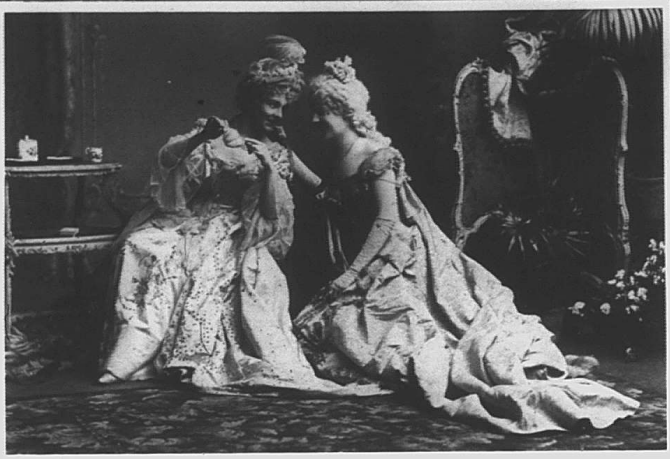
Up the stream, where even the running water seems a part of the dead landscape, a muskrat comes out from the margin of snow-covered ice, rises above the surface more black than the black water, swims directly across and sinks under the ice at the other side. At once it is apparent that not only the white mantle of snow, but the solid banks, are alive with animal activity. Below the easy tunneling of the mice in the snow the muskrats are burrowing about in the ground.

What life abounds where all things seemed so dead! Nature is but dreaming. Kick away the light, crisp covering, and the waxy green leaves of the wintergreen, with its bright red berries, are found as fresh and tempting as in early spring. The frozen earth, under the snow, is congenial to this healthy emblem of winter. A bunch of hepatica leaves is found, green and vigorous, and the trailing arbutus is growing and budding in anticipation of the season of awakening. The ground ivy, even when cased in ice, seems as vigorous and aggressive as under the June sun. Who would have expected to find so many friends of spring and summer at home at this inhospitable season? Around the dead and withered stalk of an aster the root leaves are preparing for spring. The golden-rod is also putting forth its leaves, and the pipsissewa shows the hardy vigor of summer. The covering of snow merely conceals nature's activities. The gold thread, the partridge berry and the twin flower are easily discovered in their familiar haunts among the now disconsolate and naked trees.

A hesitating, discontented, but familiar chirp comes from a closely crowded bunch of cedars half way up the hillside. But a long and patient wait does not induce the friend of summer to reveal himself. The cedars must be slowly and steadily circled so as not to disturb him. An opening appears above a low-spreading branch, and there, with bunchy and huddled form, outlined against the background of snow, sits a solitary robin who has preferred the cold of the dense evergreens to the gay surroundings of his friends who have gone south. He will be of the first to greet the returning spring. Both in sombre color and quiet demeanor he contrasts with the lively, energetic and sometimes noisy blue jay that has flown out of the deeper woods. This gay disturber is pulling energetically at a belated acorn that has remained, like the bunches of last year's leaves, on a lofty branch of the white oak. Although distressingly industrious, and even vain of it, the jay is easily forgiven. When he stays through the winter he makes the best of the situation and takes the white world as he finds it, never sulking, grumbling nor assuming an air of dejection. He never huddles together in his feathers to wait for summer, but lives his life day by day, taking all the joy there is and shedding it about, indifferent to all seasons. He is the mischievous child of the woods. And who can resist a mischievous child?

A cry, harsher than the most diabolical note of the blue jay, comes from a group of naked silver birches. It must be a conveniently cold winter that has enabled the blue disturber's cousin, the Canada jay, to travel so far south. The bleak plain and naked trees must seem almost sultry to him as he moves rapidly but solemnly about. The Canada jays are more serious than their gay-colored relatives, and they build their nests and rear their young with the thermometer many degrees on the wrong side of zero, just to teach humanity contempt for the weather. While watching the antics of the Canada jay a half score of purple grosbeaks settle in the hemlock directly overhead and begin to pull the cones to pieces. In their Arctic home they have learned nothing of human destructiveness, so a man is not an object of fear or aversion. They come to the lower limbs and look curiously into his eyes, but seem to regard him as a rather unprofitable proposition. Nature is ever wise. Their confidence, even if born of indifference, is refreshing in a world of doubt. The crows, wiser in their own generation, have a sentinel outlined against the sky on the tall spiked trunk of a dead pine, while they gather with their friends and neighbors at a sumptuous feast in the depth of the ravine.

The mystery of unceasing life and growth is all about, as persistent on the



LET IN MISCHIEF A WORD IS SPOKEN THAT SURPRISES A SECRET FROM THE HEART
(PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE.)

bleak plain and in the naked woods of winter, as in the season of crowding foliage and many-tinted flowers. As if to more loudly proclaim the all-pervading activity of winter, there is a distressing commotion among the chickadees, juncoes and snow birds in the near hemlocks. The kinglets, too, in the naked top of an elm, are suddenly alarmed. They cannot fear the black squirrel bounding over snow to shelter among the spruces. The hawk circling away overhead does not account for their trepidation. There is the enemy, a skulking but determined and wicked-eyed shrike, conspicuous in black and white, flapping his course under the lower branches and seeking his prey among the hardy feathered inhabitants of the winter woods. With perpetual life and growth comes its inseparable complement, perpetual destruction.

ROADSIDE CRIBBAGE.

"Wave your hands!" said papa; and the three little Westovers turned around in the carriage and waved and waved their hands just as Bess trotted sharply around a bend in the road.

"That is our last chance to see grandpa's this visit," said mamma. "Was grandma still watching?"

"Something moved on the piazza," declared Earle. "I 'spect it was grandma." Then with a very different voice he added, "I don't want to go home!"

"Nobody that I know wants to go home," said mamma brightly. "If there is anybody in this carriage who wants to go home let him raise his hand or let her raise her hand. Not a hand," she laughed. "But then we'll have to go, just the same. Marion must go because the grammar school begins next week; Earle must go because the kindergarten begins next week; and Toodles must go because because I must go," giving Baby Toodles a hug.

It was a very hot day, and the fifteen-mile ride seemed as far as to China, Marion said. "And I can't help thinking how cool it is at grandma's," she added.

"Then we'll have to sing 'America,'" said mamma. "Everybody sing!"

They often sang "America" on long rides; it kept all the people busy. To be sure, Papa Westover couldn't keep the tune, Earlie did not know it, Toodles just gave little squeals of delight at the noise, and Marion did not know all the words; but mamma knew it all, and the others each did something to help in what Earlie called "the splendid noise." But there are only four verses to "America," so mamma had to think of something else to do. And what should it be?

"I wonder I haven't thought of it before!" she exclaimed. "Why haven't we played roadside cribbage?"

"Roadside cribbage?" said papa. "I've forgotten how to play it if ever I knew."

"You count all birds and animals and people," answered mamma. "You and Marion count all that you see on your side of the surrey and Earle and I will count those on our side. And Toodles? We'll take Toodles on our side, won't we, Earle? That will make three, but then I think it is fair, as long as Toodles can't help any. The side that counts up the biggest number wins, and the end of the game is when we can see the spire of the church at home. And one thing more! Some things count more than others. Hens count one each, but cows and horses and other four-legged animals count two; people count five, a black cat counts fifty, and a black cat sitting in a window counts one hundred!"

"Oh, I must see a cat!" cried Marion. "May we begin now?"

"Yes. Remember butterflies and flies don't count. On our side I shall have to do the counting for Earle, but he will find things for me to count, you know."

"Two cows, a bossy and hens, papa!" cried Marion, excitedly, as they drove nearer the farm-house that had made her so anxious to begin playing at once. "And a pig! Oh, how much do pigs count?"

"Only two," answered mamma.

"Cows and bossy and pig, eight," counted papa. "How many hens, Marion?"

"One two three fifteen!" she cried.

"Eight and fifteen, twenty-three. Pretty good beginning," said papa. "And there's another farm house on our side, yes, and another before Earle and mamma have one."

But they need not have felt so joyful, for that minute Earle saw five great black crows on his side; and all the teams they passed came on his side, and there were four almost in a row.

Sometimes one side was ahead and sometimes the other. When Marion said one hundred and twelve, mamma said one hundred and eight; but when mamma said one hundred and fifty, the other side had only one hundred and thirty. How hard they looked for black cats; but not a black cat was to be seen.

"Only half a mile more and we can see the spire that ends the game," said mamma, after a long ride through woods in which they had not seen a single thing they could count. "How do the sides stand?"

"Two hundred and forty-five," answered Marion.

"And we have only two hundred and twenty," said mamma. "We must look sharper, Earle."

No teams, no birds; next a deserted farm house. It began to look as if Earle's side would be beaten. Just one more house, then they would be at the top of the hill and could see the spire. As they came close to the house, "Nothing, not a hen!" said Earle so mournfully that everybody laughed, even Toodles, although he did not know why.

"I should think they would have their hen-house where people can see it!" declared mamma.

They were just opposite the open barn door when "Beed!" cried Toodles, waving his fat little fist in glee.

"Biddy? Where? I don't see any, Toodles."

"I do! I do!" shouted Earle. "Way, way inside. See?"

"Good, Toodles," said mamma. "Two hundred and twenty-one."

Then a bright thought came to Earle such a bright thought! There might be other biddies out of sight. He stood right up in the carriage in his excitement. "Biddy! biddy! biddy! biddy!" he called in his sweet little voice. No wonder the biddies came. They flocked out of the barn door, hurrying, scurrying, some of them flying and all for nothing! There was no corn just a chubby little fellow in a surrey.

"Too bad to dis'point them," said Earle, ruefully. Then he sat down on the carriage seat and laughed and laughed as the hens still kept coming. "How many, mamma?"

"Thirty!" exclaimed mamma, just as the spire came in sight. "We've won, we've really won! And after all, wasn't it Toodles who saved the day?"

GERTRUDE L. STONE, in The Youth's Companion.



"On Earth Peace"

The Christmas Globe 1903

By James Edward Le Rossignol

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys



IT was all because of the pious zeal of Francois Xavier Lachapelle, the new priest of the newly-created parish of Ste. Brigitte de Laval. All things were new in the mountain parish, even the name, given by the good fathers of the Seminary, with the advice and consent of curé and people, in order to conciliate the strangers from beyond the sea, to make them feel at home in the new land, that by-and-by they might forget, if possible, the hills and valleys, the streams and lakes of Cork and Bantry and Killarney.

On the part of the Canadians the naming of the parish was a veritable act of charity and sacrifice; for they would have felt more secure under the benign protection of St. Lazare or Ste. Therese or Notre Dame. But it was right, as the curé said, to make some concession to the feelings of strangers in a strange land, and for the love of God they were willing to revere saints hitherto unfamiliar, if not unknown, in the seigniory of the Coté de Beaupre.

The Canadians flattered themselves that they had done a meritorious work, but the ardent young curé, having tasted the blessedness of making peace, conceived the thought that still more could be done to the end that Canadians and Irish might dwell together in love and harmony, one in spirit, as they were already one in faith and baptism.

It was indeed a question of baptism in the mind of Father Lachapelle, and his cherished plan came to sudden maturity on the eve of Christmas, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine.

The storm of that night is still remembered by the oldest inhabitant, who delights to tell of uprooted trees, blockaded roads and houses buried deep beneath drifts of snow. It was a tempestuous night, with much snow and wind. The curé, in his little cabin, was not sorry to have plenty of wood for the fire and good buffalo robes for his bed. With satisfaction, he was thinking of the night's repose, when suddenly there came a loud knocking at the door, and the sound of a man's voice, in trouble and alarm.

"It is I, Phileas Lafontaine," said the voice. "But open quick, M. le Curé; there is no time to lose."

"What's the matter?" said the priest. "Is it madame or the little one who has need of me?"

"Madame is well, M. Lachapelle, but, oh! M. le Curé, the little one; perhaps she will not live, and you will at least give her the sacrament, in case ——to make sure."

The young priest, ever ready to do his duty, and above all in the extremity of death, set off in the storm, and, after a long struggle with the drifting snow, arrived at the cabin of Phileas Lafontaine.

"What name?" said the curé, as he made ready to administer the sacred rite.

"Ah, M. le Curé," said Phileas, "if you would only choose the name it would be an honor indeed. The mother has set her heart upon it, and the little one might perhaps live. Who can tell? If you only would, M. le Curé."

"With pleasure," said the young priest, and, quickly taking the holy water, he said in solemn tones, "Brigitte Lafontaine, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen!"

Phileas Lafontaine gave a gasp, but not a word of protest. It was too late. "Brigitte is a very pretty name," he murmured, "and it was good of you to come, M. le Cure."

It was past midnight when Father Lachapelle found himself once more in his little home, very tired and beginning to suffer from the reaction which inevitably follows a special exaltation of the soul. Stooping to remove the heavy snowshoes from his tired feet, he thought, with self-pity, of his difficult mission in the mountains, and with envy of the sleek curé of Beauport, with his rich tithes and comfortable presbytery.

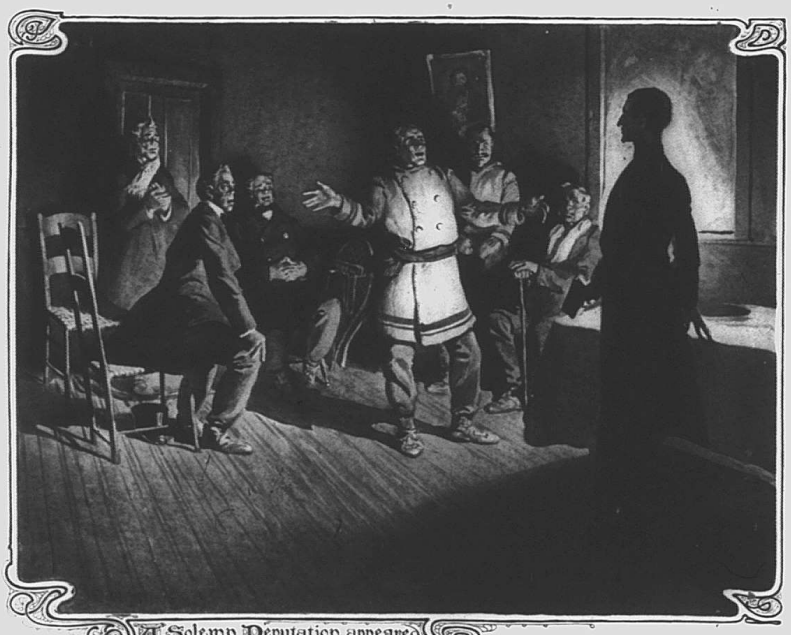
When, therefore, another loud and hideous knocking disturbed his peace is it any wonder that the young curé's temper was by no means serene?

"Who's there?" he called in a tone of irritation.

"It's Phelim, Father," said a well-known voice.

"Phelim what?" said the curé.

"Why, Phelim O'Brien, Father, and for God's sake come to my house and baptize my little boy before he dies, Father."



A Solemn Deputation appeared at the Presbytery

"What now, Phelim?" said the priest, as the Irishman's scared face appeared at the door.

"Father Lachapelle, as sure as you live, Father, I woke up in the night, with a start, and the death-watch was ticking in the wall above the baby's cradle, and it was never known to tick like that except when someone was about to die. It was so, Father, the night before the battle of Clontarf, when my ancestor——"

"Never mind about your blessed ancestors," said the angry priest. "I don't believe in death-watches, nor banshees, nor any such foolishness, and I'll not go any fool's errand with you this night, I can tell you that, Phelim O'Brien."

"For God's sake don't talk like that, Father," said Phelim, falling on his knees on the cabin floor. "For the love of God, come to my house, Father. The child will die, and his soul is in your care—his soul, Father. Come this time, Father, and I'll be a better man. I'll not drink, I'll not swear, I'll not tell another lie as long as I live. I'll do anything you say, Father. I'll ——"

"Oh, will you?" said the young priest, recovering his composure. "Then I'll go with you on one condition, and that is that you allow me to

name the child, to give him any name I please."

"Surely, Father, that's easy," said Phelim, already repenting his hasty words. "Let's go, Father, or it will be too late."

In the wind that howled through the pines and shrieked in the balsam tops, the ignorant layman thought he heard the cry of the banshee, and even the enlightened priest could hardly escape the conviction that, in the form of a loup garou, Satan himself was making vain outcry against the holy work about to be accomplished, which should open the gate of heaven to an immortal soul and effect a work of reconciliation among the members of the Church on earth.

"What name, Phelim?" said the priest, as he prepared to baptize the healthiest Irish baby he had ever seen.

"Phelim and Patrick have been our family names since the world began, but you are to name the child, Father. Anyway, his ancestors in heaven will know him by the color of his hair, name or no name, so it's all right, Father Lachapelle."

"Jean Baptiste O'Brien, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Amen!"

Father Lachapelle's scheme of mediation was well meant, but it was not well received by the parishioners of Ste. Brigitte de Laval. The young priest was an idealist, whose message of peace the common people were unable to receive. Canadians and Irish united to protest against his absurd and premature plan of union.

The bells of Christmas had not ceased to peal and the storm was still raging throughout the valley when a solemn deputation on snowshoes appeared at the presbytery to request, and if necessary to demand, of the young curé some definite assurance of a change of policy. On the part of the ancient inhabitants were Isidore Turcotte, Pamphile Garneau and Theodule Plamondon. Representing the Irish settlers were Patrick Dawson, Denis Driscoll and Michael Lafferty.

"M. le Curé," said Isidore Turcotte, when the young priest desired to know for what reason they had come, "we have come to you on behalf of those who are not yet born, but whom the good God will send to us in time to come. We hope, M. le Curé, that it will not be necessary for them to bear names strange to our ears; the names of saints unknown to us until recently, whom we have not been accustomed to venerate, and who perhaps take but little interest in us and our children. Our fathers have not found it difficult to find guardian saints for families, large and small, without borrowing from Ireland or any other foreign country, and, M. le Curé, we desire to follow the example of our fathers. We are willing to live at peace with these Irish, but we do not wish to be like them in any way. We prefer to remain Canadians, as our fathers for many generations."

"Father Lachapelle," said Patrick Dawson, "I speak on behalf of the holy saints of Ireland, our native land. Who has not heard of Saint Bridget, Saint Denis, Saint Michael and Saint Patrick? They are known all over the world, even in this God-forsaken country of Canada. Their names are good enough for any Canadian habitant that was ever born, but they needn't take them if they don't want them; only we will not have our children called after any obscure Frenchmen like Damase, Ignace, Theophile or Zachrie. Besides, Father, it's ridiculous to give a French name to an Irish child. Jean Baptiste O'Brien is bad enough, but Theophile Kelly, Zotique Driscoll, Petronille Lafferty Lord! Father, it would not sound right at all, at all. Anyway, Father, our unanimous opinion is expressed in these words: 'Irish we were born and Irish we will die, and the curse of Cromwell on any child of ours that dares to say otherwise.'"

Much more was said by the representatives of both parties, and it was confidently expected that Father Lachapelle would bow to the storm. The young priest, however, had the spirit of a martyr, coupled with a profound contempt for the prejudices and obstinacy of the common people. He absolutely refused to make the promises required. On the contrary, he declared he would use every means in his power to bring about Christian peace and unity between the two races, even if it were necessary to refuse the sacraments of the Church to those who resisted the power of God and the authority of His anointed servant.

The case was taken to the Bishop, who speedily removed the fanatical young priest, sending him to the Indian tribes of the upper Saguenay, while Father John Horan became curé of Ste. Brigitte de Laval.

Father Horan was born in Ireland, and educated in France, and no man could tell by word or deed whether he was French or Irish. Possessed of a sense of humor and a spirit of compromise, he did much to establish good relations between the rival factions.




DREAMING OF HOME


TWO KITTENS



Whether due to the patient tact of Father Horan, or to changes in fashion, or to the unconscious influence of the English world without, or to these and other causes combined, true it is that the younger generation of Ste. Brigitte de Laval, French and Irish alike, no longer bear the time-honored and picturesque names of their fathers, but the larger boys and girls are John, Thomas, Mary and Alice, while the little ones answer to the more modern names of Claude, Arthur, Clara and Helen.

Thus times and customs change, but the human heart beats ever the same, and love is eternal under any name.

As for Brigitte Lafontaine and Jean Baptiste O'Brien, their later history is as yet unrecorded.

ABOVE THE DUNES.

"A little house above the dunes:
That's where my sweetheart waits for me,
And watches through the lonely noons
The fading sails upon the sea.

"A little house above the dunes,
Dear God, how plain I see it there!
Our fir tree at his summer tunes
The sunlight on my lady's hair.

"I most forget the fever now
The long white room, the stranger speech,
I see the morning on her brow . . .
The dear, firm hands I almost reach.

"Keep brave the heart that waits and prays,
Keep brave this body, dulled with pain,
Joy shall wipe out these bitter days
When next I sight her coast again."

An empty house above the dunes,
A purple shadow in the tree,
And empty nights, and empty noons,
And his white sail above the sea.

Theodore Roberts.

Fredericton, N.B.

WORK THAT IS NEVER DONE.

"If things would only stay done if I could look back over the day and see one thing accomplished that will not have to be done over again to-morrow, I should not get so tired of it or feel so discouraged!"

How many millions of wives and mothers have made some such comment as this on the monotony of household tasks! It is not alone the deadly sameness, the constant repetition of little duties; it is even more the feeling of futility, the apparent failure to accomplish any enduring results. The bread that was baked this morning will be gone to-morrow. The dishes are washed and put away, only to be used and washed again. The linen, fresh from the ironing-table, will be back in the laundry by the end of the week. The rooms swept clean the other day already need sweeping again. The children call for endless sympathy and attention.

A man's work may be ever so hard, it is less often clouded by this sense of unproductiveness. It usually brings a definite reward in the feeling of something accomplished, some tangible result achieved. The architect points to the finished building and says, "I designed it." The carpenter and the mason who see the structure growing under their hands know that it will stand for years, an unimpeachable witness to their industry and faithfulness.

But the things which are tangible are not always those which are most real or most useful. There are other noble works besides fine buildings. The young man who goes out into the world healthy and clean-minded, strong in principles which he acquired at home, and firm in the belief that there is no other woman in the world quite so good as his mother he is a nobler work even than a Parthenon or a Taj Mahal. And the daughter who has grown to womanhood with a pure heart, and hands trained to perpetuate in a new home the deeds of usefulness and comfort learned in the old is she less to the world than brick and marble?

"Do not think that nothing is happening because you do not see yourself grow or hear the whir of the machinery," says Henry Drummond. "All great things grow noiselessly. You can see the mushroom grow, but never a child."

TIME'S PRANKS.

Everyone notes that the passage of time seems now swift and now slow; but it is not given to everyone to express his cognizance of this fact in Mrs. Herlihy's bewildering language. "Sure, an' yistherday the hours was dragging at me heels as if they'd stones tied to thim," remarked the good woman, as she bent over the scrubbing-board, wrestling with Mr. Herlihy's one white shirt; "an' here's to-day they're galloping that fast it's mesilf that can't even catch the tails av thim. Yistherday at this toime," she continued, after one fearful glance at the clock in the corner, "yistherday at this toime it was nowheres near half-past tin, an' to-day it's all but twilve!"



The Christmas Globe, 1903. (Copyrighted, 1903.)

By special permission of The Ullman Mf'g Co., New York.

THE SISTERS.



A SONG OF THE MAPLE

A. L. O. O.

Come sing of the maple, the green spreading maple
So gracefully rising in forest and lea
Forever enshrined in our hearts deep affections,
Fair Canada's emblem of proud liberty

Come, sing of the maple, endeared and familiar,
And twine in a wreath of its beautiful leaves
The scenes of our youth and the thoughts of our homeland,
The fairest of visions that memory weaves

Come, sing of the maple, when soft winds are breaking
The fetters of winter right gloriously;
And sweetness distilling, the buckets are filling,
As fast flows the sap from the tall maple tree.

When fair in the spring is its tender green leafage
Embowering the songster that trills glad and free,
And the robins clear flute and the rossignolls sonnet
Make vibrant the depths of the tall maple tree

Come, sing of the maple, as gladly in summer
We welcome the shade of its green canopy
The haymakers rest in the green scented meadows,
A woodland elysium for sweet revery

Come sing of the maple the bright tinted maple,
When autumn is painting the woods royally
In crimson and purple, and gold all resplendent;
Majestic in beauty, the grand maple tree.

Come sing of the maple, the bright glowing maple,
That crackles, and sparkles and snaps in its glee,
Round the hearthstone together when frosty the weather,
Oh, cheery our songs of the brave maple tree.

Come sing of its glory, tis famous in story,
For under its banner far over the sea
Our sons fought victorious, no battle inglorious
For Queen and for Country they stood valiantly

We may sing of the rose and the dear little shamrock
The sturdy Scotch thistle, the gay fleur de lis
But our hearts deepest thrill of sincerest affection
Is all for the land of the fair maple tree

Then heres to the maple the green spreading maple
That graces the landscape in forest and lea
Forever enshrined in our hearts deep affections
Fair Canadas emblem of proud liberty



SUGAR MAKING IN THE EARLY DAYS





THE AVATAR OF JACK PEMBERTON

BY AGNES DEAN CAMERON

CHRISTMAS EVE in Victoria, Vancouver Island, and a wild, white night. Inside, eight friends have gathered from north, east and south, not west, for on that side Victoria is the Outpost of Empire, and the sea bounds it. Every year for five years on this night have they gathered; it is a solemn pact which no one has broken, though from one corner of the province to another is a far call; a province big enough to hold within itself two Englands, three Scotlands and four Irelands.

Pemberton's room is the meeting place. A man's room, big, solid, comfortable—the walls and floors of native wood polished, antlers of the big-horn and the caribou doing service as hat-stands and rifle-racks, magnificent rugs of bearskin and Rocky Mountain sheep deadening every footfall, while a huge, glorious open fire of fir logs and oak knots is the glowing heart of the whole, as it roars up the chimney and throws alternate forks of light and shadow over each changing face.

"Don't turn on the light, Jack; this fire is ravishing. Do listen to the wind! It howls like a lost soul." And with that a louder blast whistled through the pinetops and sent the long, loose trails of ivy slapping against the south panes. "That's a ripping wind," and Traddles, with spoon uplifted, stopped stirring the punch on the hearth-stone; "wou'ln't do discredit to a Skagway afternoon."

The eight had been charter-members of the first high school in British Columbia, an old log building in Fort Victoria, and their ages didn't vary by as much as a decade. Pemberton was a surveyor. The Ganymede-Micawber of the punch-bowl, who wrote K. C. after his name and was entitled to wear a wig on state occasions, inscribed his cards "Thomas Tradell," but to even the judge on the bench was Traddles. Traddles he lived and Traddles will he die, fortunate, indeed, if he gets Tradell on his coffin-plate. The quiet girl in the corner is Margaret Maclean, a Jubilee Hospital trained nurse; diagonally opposite, sitting on a rug, chin to knees, is the private secretary in the Attorney-General's office, Kate Cowperthwaite, and two married couples, Postmaster Rankin and Mrs. Postmaster, with the editor of The Colonist, Charles Edward Stuart, and his newly-made bride, make up the tale of eight. They are all good friends and boon companions, and although through the twelvemonth they circulate an eight-ply chain-letter of chat and confidences, it is an unwritten law that, from the least to the greatest, each shall on Christmas Eve relate what he has done for the year and the year for him.



"My foolhardy piece of stage play lost me my balance."

"That smells nifty, Tommy. Circulate the contamination," said Edward Rankin, stretching out his fathom of restfulness in a steamer-chair. "I-never-use-tobacco,-no-it-is-a-filthy-weed,-I-never-put-it-in-my-mouth-sez-little-Tommy-Reid, and that's all the more reason why I should be indulged in Tommy's non-such nectar; it's the 'law of the compensation-pendulums,' that old Pleace used to talk about. Hear that wind! There'll be no Vancouver boat to-night. I'd hate to be a disembodied spirit on the outside of things this night."

"That reminds me," said Tommy, passing round the punch. "What about that Theosophical reincarnation tommy-rot that you were full of last Christmas? Did you see the error of your ways, and drop it, Jack?"

"Drop it? He hasn't," answered Stuart for him, "he's deeper in the thing than ever. They've made him a blooming Mahatma or a Great and Glorious High Muck-a-Muck of a new White Lodge that meets on the thirteenth day of the new moon in the Five Sisters Block. They wear flowing robes and purple panties, and Jack tells them how he used to go swimming in the Nile and swap white alleys and spin tops on the Pyramids with Ptolemy II. I've lost as many as a dozen subscribers because I wouldn't let the Methodist parson across James Bay expose the whole thing in The Colonist. Jack needs our prayerful attention."

"Come," said Kate Cowperthwaite, "I'd like to know how many grains of wheat are in all this chaff. Jack, play fair with your family and tell me, on your word as an honest member of The Eight, do you think that you, Jack Pemberton, ever lived in another body on this earth before?"

"It's up to you Jack," purred Tommy. "Take a glass and then brace up like a little man and tell its friends all about it."

"Shut up, Tommy, you're a scoffer; lawyers are like corporations, they have no souls. Yes, Kate and all of you, I don't 'think' I have had previous earth-lives—I 'know'; and one at least of those incarnations is ever before me, a living verity."

The little circle closed in and Pemberton continued: "I owe a long story to the Fraternity, and if you, Margaret and Rankin, between you can keep Tommy quiet I will a plain, unvarnished tale deliver. You all know how nights like this affect me. From a boy I have always felt a wild exhilaration in a winter windstorm, when the snow is on the ground and the wind cuts in from the sea; it gets into my blood, and I must be abroad in it. It's all I can do now to keep from answering the challenge of that tumult outside. Hark! how it roars! It must be glorious at the beach! Oh! the story's coming, Tommy, don't wriggle, it's rude. Well, to a man who has heard the North calling him for years, a chance to join the Alaska-boundary survey seems a message from the blue, and it was so five years ago when I went to Skagway. Afterwards on the Dawson trail I was deserted by Big Aleck and after three days was dragged to camp, senseless with cold and exhaustion. You know the next chapter, how Nurse Margaret came along, drove out the Siwash and took charge of the frozen Chee-chacko and nursed him back to life and reason.

"But in that thirteen days, when my body was neither dead nor alive, my ego, my real self, was busy with the past. Like an open book a former existence spread itself out before me, and this life dropped off me like a garment. Memory was a clear-cut etching and no line joined the picture of that life to this one.

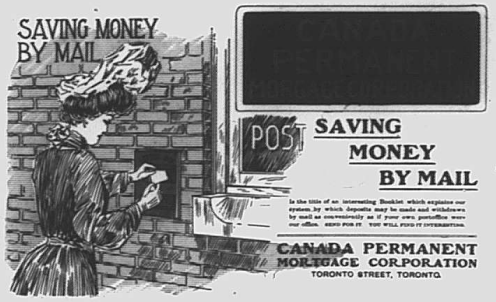
"In the clear all-whiteness of a Polar night, I, Ola Omiak, the Aleut boy, stood alone. The village behind me was quiet and before me was the sea. Let the kinfolk, tired with the day's hunt and satiated with blubber, sleep heavily until daylight dawns; for me there is a new heaven and a new earth, and it was mine alone. Nature's grandest spectacular is enacting, the whole northern world is its canvas, and marvellous are the rapid changes that pass. It is the Aurora. A few degrees above the horizon a dusky line of haze appears and from this tremulous streams of light ascend, and diverge east and west, and as, electrified, one looks, the tints change—saffron yellow, the green of citron, and deep, wine blood-tints. The soft sussurus is an accentuation of the silence. What does it sound like? The puff of wind against a candle-flame or the silken rustle of a woman's gown. To me the sleeping villagers, quiet though they were, seemed an intrusion; I must be alone. Waiting only to throw into my kayak a fowling net and a spare paddle, I pushed out into the shimmer of the silver-white night. Every dip of the blade stirred up phosphorescent flashes—was there ever night like this? The whole witchery of it seemed to possess me, and I threw up my arms in an ecstasy of pure joy, when, creeping out seaward, came the soft plash of a paddle. I was annoyed and thought of flight, but it was not to be.

"'Ola, I heard you launch your kayak, and crept out after you. I could not sleep. Is it not white and clear and all-silent? It pleases me, but it fills me, too, with a strange yearning. Ola, what does it all mean?' And Nolla's hand rested on the edge of my boat. Every tone of her full, sweet voice found an echo in my inner soul; surely Nolla's voice was the only human sound that would not be a jarring element to this transcendent night. Turning quickly, with every nerve a-tingle, and taking her hand in mine, I looked into her eyes and told again the story which a man tells once, and once only.

"I don't think either of us had realized till that moment that we loved, though each year of our separate lives had been but an onward step approaching this union, and all our days and nights had led up to this moment, when each knew that henceforth to the end of time our two lives must flow together—one rich, full completed stream. We said but little, for the spell of the night was upon us, and in silence we drank in the mystery of this wondrous new something which, unsought, had come to us. Nolla's boat was locked to mine, and we drifted. We were in the north-trend current, and with but slight impulse, side by side, our kayaks floated towards the Big Berg ice-floe. The Aurora light was nearly as clear as the midday sun in midwinter as we drifted in to the lee of the bird colony, and the air, silent no longer, became clouded with the moving mass of wings. 'O, the great white bird! Ola, get it for me; but no, it is high above your reach—you must not risk that dizzy ledge.'

Celluloid Starch is a particular starch for a particular people. Made with lukewarm water—ready when you're ready. It soaks into the fabric without rubbing—saves your strength and your time. Gives a gloss without heavy ironing—laundry finish without laundry wear. Ask your grocer for it and insist.

Celluloid Starch
Never Sticks Requires no Cooking.
THE BRANTFORD STARCH WORKS, LIMITED, Brantford, Ont.



SAVING MONEY BY MAIL

Is the title of an interesting Booklet which explains our system, by which deposits may be made and withdrawn by mail as conveniently as if your own postoffice were our office. SEND FOR IT THEN IT WILL FIND IT INTERESTING.

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION
TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.



ESTABLISHED 1836.

THE GURNEY SCALE COMPANY
MANUFACTURERS OF
STANDARD SCALES
HAMILTON, CANADA



WALTER WOODS & CO.
WHOLESALE WOODENWARE
HAMILTON, Can.
Sole Agents for Boss Washer.



HOTEL KRESS
PRESTON SPRINGS ONT
Open the year round.



Restful Labor

Positively easier to operate sitting than standing. None can afford not to have it. For sale by the hardware trade. We will send particulars on application.

AS USED.

THE DOWSWELL MFG. CO., LIMITED
HAMILTON, CANADA



Hamilton Motor Works

Manufacturers of Marine and Gasoline Engines (one, two, three and four cylinder). Engines in successful operation from Halifax to Vancouver. See testimonials. Launches of any size constructed for. Special prices for winter months. Office—258 Catharine Street North, Hamilton, Canada.

CAPITAL $2,200,000 RESERVE $1,900,000 TOTAL ASSETS 23,500,000

BANK OF HAMILTON

BRANCHES

ATWOOD	HAMIOTA, Man.	PILOT MOUND, Man.
BERLIN	HAGERSVILLE	PLUM COULEE, Man.
BEAMSVILLE	INDIAN HEAD, N. W. T.	PORT ELGIN
BLYTH	JARVIS	PORT ROWAN
BRANDON, Man.	KAMLOOPS, B. C.	RIPLEY
BRANTFORD	LISTOWEL	ROLAND, Man.
CARMAN, Man.	LUCKNOW	SASKATOON, N. W. T.
CHESLEY	MANITOU, Man.	SIMCOE
DELHI	MELFORT, N. W. T.	SOUTHAMPTON
DUNDAS	MIDLAND	STONEWALL, Man.
DUNDALK	MILTON	TEESWATER
DUNNVILLE	MITCHELL	TORONTO
GEORGETOWN	MINNEDOSA, Man.	TORONTO—
GLADSTONE, Man.	MIAMI, Man.	Queen and Spadina Branch
GRIMSBY	MOOSE JAW, N. W. T.	VANCOUVER, B. C.
GORRIE	MORDEN, Man.	WINGHAM
HAMILTON—	NIAGARA FALLS	WINNIPEG, Man.
Barton Street	NIAGARA FALLS SOUTH	WINNIPEG—
East End	ORANGEVILLE	Grain Exchange Branch
West End	OWEN SOUND	WINKLER, Man.
	PALMERSTON	WROXETER

CORRESPONDENTS

CORRESPONDENTS IN UNITED STATES — New York, Hanover National Bank and Fourth National Bank; Boston, International Trust Company; Buffalo, Marine National Bank; Chicago, Continental National Bank and First National Bank; Detroit, Old Detroit National Bank; Kansas City, National Bank of Commerce; St. Louis, National Bank of Commerce; Philadelphia, Merchants' National Bank; San Francisco—Crocker-Woolworth National Bank.
CORRESPONDENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN—National Provincial Bank of England, Limited.

Savings Banks at all Offices. Correspondence Solicited.

J. Turnbull, GENERAL MANAGER

THE
UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER



Visible Writing.

Nearly 100,000 in daily use. Write or Catalogue of this machine, also the "Empire" and list of rebuilt machines, and Duplicators, etc.

UNITED TYPEWRITER CO., LIMITED
TORONTO



ARMSTRONG SYSTEM OF LATHE AND PLANER TOOLS

AIKENHEAD HARDWARE LIMITED
Phone Main 3890. 6 ADELAIDE ST. E.

Goold, Shapley & Muir Co.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Gas and Gasoline Engines, Windmills, Grain Grinders, etc.
——CATALOGUE FOR THE ASKING

THE COMMERCIAL OIL COMPANY.



HAMILTON, ONT
CHICAGO, ILL.
NEWARK, N.J.
MANCHESTER, ENGLAND
HAMBURG, GERMANY.

MONUMENTS

A GOOD monument does not cost more than a poor one. We use GOOD TASTE, GOOD MATERIAL and GOOD WORKMANSHIP in all our monuments whether large or small, expensive or otherwise. We will send you our Booklet on application.

The McINTOSH GRATITE AND MARBLE COMPANY, LIMITED
1119 AND 1121 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Phone North 1249.

Canadian Express Company

Forwarders of Every Description of Freight, Live Stock, Money and Valuables

MONEY ORDERS

THE cheapest and most desirable medium of transmitting money in existence. Safe and convenient. No form to fill out. Payable at par at any express office or bank. Receipt given, and LOST ORDERS promptly refunded. No "red tape."

To all points in Canada and the United States. Direct, and most expeditious service. Half a century's experience, SPECIAL ATTENTION TO CONSIGNMENTS for FOREIGN COUNTRIES, SPECIAL RATES ON FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LARGE CONSIGNMENTS. Notes, Drafts, etc., collected with promptitude at exceptionally low prices.

HORSES

Most complete stock of Fine Horses, New Vehicles, Harness, Saddle and Stable Requisites to be found in Canada, for private sale only. Consignments by auction Tuesdays and Fridays at 11 o'clock. WALTER HARLAND SMITH, cor. Simcoe and Nelson Sts., Toronto.

ASSETS $3,000,000.00. OFFICES: 78 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY, LIMITED.

SOON TO BECOME "THE HOME BANK OF CANADA."

In business as a Savings Bank and Loan Company since 1854.

3½% INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS FROM TWENTY CENTS UPWARDS, WITHDRAWABLE BY CHEQUES. Accounts can be opened by persons living any place outside Toronto, and money withdrawn without inconvenience to depositors. Write for particulars. Office Hours—9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturday 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. Open Every Saturday Night 7 to 9 o'clock.

JAMES MASON, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

MONEY TO LOAN.

EASY TERMS. CITY OR FARM PROPERTY.

INVESTMENT DEPARTMENT—We take money on deposit—3 to 4 per cent. interest allowed. We sell Debentures drawing interest at from 4 to 6 per cent., payable half yearly. Our Stock draws 6 per cent. dividend. SAFE INVESTMENT.

Whitford Vandusen, President.
Ambrose Kent, Vice-Pres.
W. Pemberton Page, Manager.

THE SUN AND HASTINGS SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY, TORONTO.

Courian, Babayan & Co.,
The only direct importers in Canada OF HIGH-GRADE
Oriental Rugs
Carpets, Portieres, etc.,
Embroideries, Portieres, Brassware, Lanterns, Antique Arms, Oriental Carved Furniture, etc.
40 KING STREET EAST. TORONTO, ONT.
2363 ST. CATHERINE ST. MONTREAL, QUE.

UNDERTAKER
W. H. STONE
Office, Showrooms and Chapel
YONGE 343 STREET
PHONE—MAIN 932



PAGE'S RED CLOVER COMPOUND

The o'd reliable English preparation, guaranteed to cure . . . . . .

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver, Kidney and Blood Disorders.

NATURE'S OWN REMEDY for diseases of the human system. Ask your druggist and take no other. PRICE $1.00.

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS

I O F

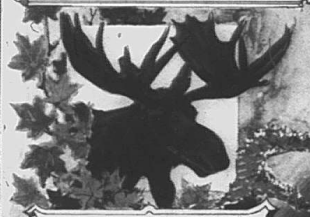


ORONHYATEKHA, M.D.J.P. SUPREME CHIEF RANGER I.O.F.



400 ACRES OF WHEAT IS TWENTY TIMES AS MUCH WHEAT AS THE ORDINARY ONTARIO FARMER SOWS IN THE YEAR, AND YET IT WOULD TAKE THE PROCEEDS OF THE HARVEST OF MORE THAN 400 ACRES OF WHEAT, AVERAGING TWENTY BUSHELS PER ACRE TO PAY THE AMOUNT WHICH THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS PAY TO WIDOWS AND ORPHANS EACH DAY IN THE YEAR. THE TOTAL AMOUNT ALREADY PAID TO BENEFICIARIES BY THIS ORDER IS OVER

$14,000,000.00



MEMBERSHIP
1881
369
MEMBERSHIP
1903
214.000
AND
RAPIDLY
INCREASING



"A VOICE THAT REACHES AROUND THE WORLD."

ACCUMULATED
FUNDS
1881 $3.50
ACCUMULATED
FUNDS 1903
$7.051.423.10
AND
INCREASING AT RATE
OF $3.000 PER DAY

SICK BENEFITS

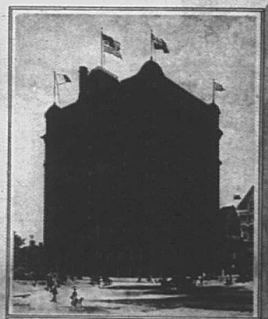
"IF PLACED WITHIN HAILING DISTANCE OF EACH OTHER THE MEMBERS OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS ARE SUFFICIENTLY NUMEROUS TO REACH AROUND THE GLOBE. IN CONNECTING YOURSELF WITH THIS ORDER YOU ARE JOINING AN INSTITUTION NOT ONLY WORLD WIDE IN ITS CHARACTER BUT POWERFUL IN ITS INFLUENCE TO HELP YOU IN ENLARGING THE SPHERE OF YOUR USEFULNESS AND OPPORTUNITIES."

ALL CLAIMS PAID PROMPTLY.

L. B. C.

THE ORDER EXISTS FOR THE PROTECTION OF OUR WIVES, OUR CHILDREN, OUR HOMES; NO SPECULATIVE POLICIES, PURE LIFE INSURANCE ONLY; FREE ATTENDANCE BY COURT PHYSICIANS. ALL PREMIUMS CEASE AT 70 YEARS OF AGE; NO PREMIUMS COLLECTED FROM TOTALLY AND PERMANENTLY DISABLED MEMBERS.

FOR FULL INFORMATION ADDRESS
THE SUPREME CHIEF RANGER, TEMPLE BUILDING, TORONTO, CANADA.



TEMPLE+BUILDING,
HEAD OFFICE OF THE I.O.F.

ESTABLISHED 1837

Wm Barber & BROS.

PAPER MAKERS

GEORGETOWN, ONT.

MANUFACTURERS OF

MACHINE-FINISHED BOOK PAPERS

Wove and laid or antique smooth finish.

COLORED COVERS

In every standard color and grade carried in stock or made to order in one thousand pound lots.

Posters in Five Colors

We make a specialty of Paper for Catalogues, Society Journals, Religious Weeklies and Litho Labels.

JOHN S. BARBER, Proprietor.
GEORGE H. MARSHALL, Superintendent.
GEORGE E. CHALLES, Selling Agent.
1 MAIL BUILDING, TORONTO

AULT & WIBORG Co OF CANADA LIMITED

TORONTO

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

FINEST PRINTING INKS

· IMPORTERS ·

BRONZE POWDERS, LITHOGRAPHERS STONES AND SUPPLIES.

A & W. COMPANY ARE THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF FINE PRINTING INKS ON THE GLOBE

MERCHANTS
DEALERS
MANU-
FACTURERS



WE
WANT
YOUR
TRADE

We carry in stock a full line of **Cylinder, Dynamo and General Machinery Oils. Greases of all descriptions. Boiler Compound and Engineers' Supplies.**

UNION PETROLEUM COMPANY

OF CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA.

Branches at Winnipeg, Man.; Vancouver, B.C., Halifax, N.S.; St. John, N.B.; Newcastle, N.B.

CENTRAL PRESS AGENCY, LIMITED

83 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

We prepare, illustrate and place advertising matter in all papers. We are Electrotypers and Photo-Engravers. WE SELL READY SET PLATES FOR NEWSPAPERS. Our prices are bed rock.

F. DIVER, Manager.

MATTHEWS' ART GALLERY.
ESTABLISHED 1861.

MACKENZIE & CO.

DEALERS IN **FINE PICTURES**

Manufacturers of GOLD and OTHER FRAMES.

95 YONGE STREET TORONTO — TELEPHONE MAIN 534

THE BOILER INSPECTION AND INSURANCE COMPANY, Toronto

JOHN L. BLAIKIE, ESQ., President.
E. W. RATHBUN, ESQ., Vice-President.
GEO. C. ROBB, Chief Engineer.
H. N. ROBERTS, Secretary-Treasurer.

Are you satisfied with the results obtained from your steam boilers? Are your boilers safe? When were they last inspected?

THE QUEEN'S

TORONTO, CANADA.

Celebrated for its home comforts, perfect quiet, good attendance and the peculiar excellence of its cuisine. Home of Royalty on tour. Is most delightfully situated on Front street, and is one of the largest and most comfortable hotels in the Dominion of Canada. Telephone in every room. McGAW & WINNETT, Proprietors.



RUSSELL HOUSE, Ottawa, Can.

F. X. ST. JACQUES, Proprietor.

ESTABLISHED 1849.
Chas. F. Clark, Pres. Jared Chittenden, Treas.

BRADSTREET'S

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, $1,500,000.

Offices Throughout the Civilized World.

Executive Offices: Nos. 346 and 348 Broadway, N. Y. City, U.S.A.

THE BRADSTREET COMPANY gathers information that reflects the financial condition and the controlling circumstances of every seeker of mercantile credit. In procuring, verifying and promulgating information, no effort is spared, and no reasonable expense considered too great, that the results may justify its claim of an authority on all matters affecting commercial affairs and mercantile credit.

Subscriptions are based on the service furnished, and are available only by reputable wholesale, jobbing and manufacturing concerns, and by responsible and worthy financial, fiduciary and business corporations.

Correspondence Invited.

OFFICES IN CANADA.

Halifax, N.S.	Hamilton, Ont.	London, Ont.
Montreal, Que.	Ottawa, Ont.	Quebec, Que.
St. John, N.B.	Toronto, Ont.	Vancouver, B.C.
		Winnipeg, Man.

THOS. C. IRVING,
Gen. Man. Western Canada, Toronto.



STRAW-BOARD

MAILING TUBES

SPIRAL WOUND

For Mailing Showcards, Lithographs, Posters, Circulars, Newspapers, etc.

MANUFACTURED BY
J. F. ROSS, TORONTO, ONT.
560 KING STR. EST WEST

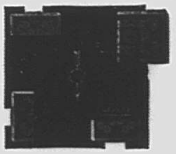
THE YORK COUNTY LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY

INCORPORATED, OF TORONTO, CANADA.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President; A. T. HUNTER, LL.B., Vice-President; V. ROBIN, Treasurer; E. BURT, Supervisor; R. H. SANDERSON, Building Inspector.

HEAD OFFICE: - CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING, TORONTO, ONT.

BRANCH OFFICES—Toronto West, corner Queen and Dovercourt; Hamilton, Spectator Building; London, 8 Duffield Block; Winnipeg, 5 Ottawa Bank Building; Halifax, N.S., 39 Sackville Street; Ottawa, 66 Bank Street; Montreal, Canada Life Association Building; Vancouver, 23 Inns of Court Building; St. John, N.B., 101 Prince William Street.



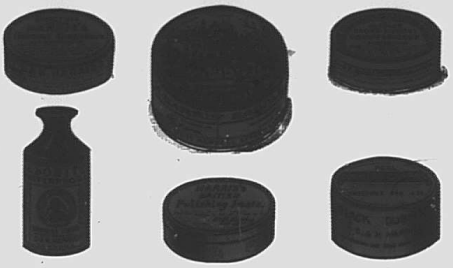
Congress Duplicate Whist Trays.

Duplicate Whist is the most entertaining and instructive of card games, and owing to the reasonable price of the Congress Sets of Trays promises to be the most popular game the coming season. Made in Canada by

WARWICK BROS. & RUTTER

MANUFACTURING STATIONERS — TORONTO

S. & H. HARRIS'
HARNESS PREPARATIONS.



WATERPROOF HARNESS COMPOSITION.

SADDLE PASTE.	BLACK DYE.
SADDLE SOAP.	CURRIERS' DUBBING.
HARNESS LIQUID.	"BRITISH"
JET BLACK OIL.	POLISHING PASTE.

EBONITE WATERPROOF BLACKING.

MANUFACTORY: LONDON, ENG.

AGENTS FOR CANADA: B. & S. H. THOMPSON & CO., LTD., MONTREAL

A Reputation of Over Three-quarters of a Century.

NEAVE'S FOOD
FOR
Infants, Invalids and the Aged

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED, WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, LONDON, ENG 1900.



DR. BARNARDO SAYS:

"We have already used Neave's Food in two of our Homes (Babies' Castle and the Village Home), and I have no hesitation in saying it has proved very satisfactory."—July 27th, 1901.

"An excellent food, admirably adapted to the wants of infants and young persons."—Sir Chas. A. Cameron, C.B., M.D., Professor of Chemistry, R.C.S.I., Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, City and County Analyst.

NEAVE'S FOOD is used in the

Russian Imperial Nursery.

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."—Lancet.

Manufacturers: JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., Fordingbridge, England

WHOLESALE AGENTS: THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., Limited, TORONTO AND MONTREAL

THE NATIONAL ELECTROTYPE AND STEREOTYPE

COMPANY, LIMITED. 12 AND 14 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO

TRAYTON BLABER, MANAGER.

PLATES FOR ALL PRINTING PURPOSES. First-class work guaranteed. Estimates given. We make interchangeable plates in electrotype and stereotype for patent bases. We make **NICKELTYPES** for half tone and 3-color work.

NATURE'S LABORATORY:—

A Healthy and Natural Action of the Skin and Secretory Organs will produce a Good Complexion.—Use

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

The immediate result of its action is to cause increased secretion of moisture in the excretory tract, assisting the removal of undigested material through this means and by stimulating the entire organism. The consequence of this latter action is that a bright and breezy feeling obtains where dulness and depression previously prevailed. Wherever physical activity is valued, a general sense of well-being is desired, or that hall-mark of good health, a nice complexion, is appreciated, we think 'ENO'S FRUIT SALT' will obtain a permanent welcome if once tried.

Its effect is marvelous. It is nature's own remedy and unsurpassed.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, ENG., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

Wholesale of Messrs. Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal and Toronto, Can.

WINSOR & WOODLEY



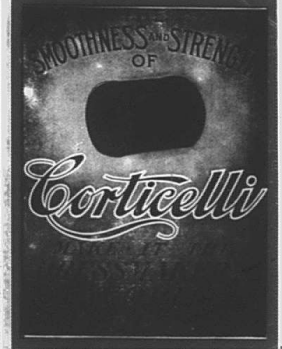
CARPENTERS and BUILDERS

117 to 121 Peter Street, TORONTO

PHONE MAIN 2216

Large stock of building material always on hand. Jobbing promptly attended to. Office fixtures a specialty.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED



Send 15 cents

To CORTICELLI SILK CO., St. Johns, P.Q., for a copy of the January issue of . . . .

Corticelli Home Needlework Magazine

Profusely illustrated with handsome colored plates. EVERY lady SHOULD procure a copy.

J. KLEES
German Pork Store

Our Cured and Smoked Meats are done on the premises and supervised by myself. All pork is of the best selection, and, I consider, the best in the city. Give me a trial order and be convinced.

504 YONGE ST. PHONE NORTH 2851

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

FINE UMBRELLAS LEATHER GOODS

EAST & CO.
MANUFACTURERS
300 YONGE ST., TORONTO

We are showing the largest stock in Canada. See them early.

3½% PAID ON DEPOSITS

HON. GEO. A. COX
PRESIDENT

E. R. WOOD — C. A. MORROW
VICE PRESIDENT — ASSISTANT MANAGER

CENTRAL CANADA
LOAN & SAVINGS CO'Y
26 KING ST. E. TORONTO

CAPITAL $2,500,000
RESERVE FUND $1,625,000

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

4% PAID ON DEBENTURES



The Canadian Hotel Supply Company.

23 COLBORNE STREET TORONTO

Desires in all kinds of Hotel, Bar and Dining Room Supplies.

For Glassware & Silverware a specialty.

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION
LIMITED, OF LONDON, ENG.

PERSONAL ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
SICKNESS INSURANCE.
EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY INSURANCE.

Head Office for Canada—MONTREAL, CHAS. H. NEELY, MANAGER. Toronto Office—Medical Building, WALTER H. BLIGHT, City Agent. CHAS. A. WITHERS, Superintendent.

MORRIS BROS. & CHRISTENSEN

Philadelphia, Pa
Chicago, Ill.

BONDS

Portland, Ore.
Montreal, Can.

MONTREAL OFFICE: - Guardian Building, St. James Street.

W. C. JENKIN, Manager.



THE HOMEWOOD SANITARIUM, Guelph, Ontario

FOR THE TREATMENT OF MENTAL AND NERVOUS DISEASES.

Complete in all its appointments. Surrounded by twenty acres of lawn and groves, especially for the pleasure of patients. Absolute privacy assured. Easily accessible by rail, being 48 miles west of Toronto, on main line of G. T. R. Established 1883.

Address for full information, DR. A. T. HOBBS, Superintendent. President, J. W. LANGMUIR, Esq.; Vice-President, ROBERT JAFFRAY, Esq.





"But I was already gone. It was Nolla's first expressed wish to me, and my great pleasure. Net in hand I scrambled up the face of the icy cliff, feeling my way along from crevice to crevice, and panting with the glow of exertion. Each breath I drew was like wine. The motion, after all the inaction of the night, was life and pure joy. It seemed bliss enough to be alive and feel the tang of the ice wind. I was an adept with the net and Nolla's white bird I soon secured. Then I heard her voice from far below calling on me to return; but I was now in clear view of the moored boats, and, with Nolla's eyes upon me, essayed a double play—a thrust to right and the bird flutters into the snare, a deft twist of the wrist to the left should land its fellow. But that bird was never caught. My foolhardy piece of stage-play lost me my balance, and, with Nolla's voice ringing in my ears, down, down I plunged to my death. I have no recollection of reaching the bottom of that berg; existence must have ceased for me before the end of that headlong plunge." And then, after a pause, "Twenty years of village life, of monotony, of uncongenial companions, of vague longing and unrest, then an hour or two of heaven and sweet content, a heart full of half-formed dreams and plans for a new, true life—and then the end. And Nolla! What of her? To me came the blessings of oblivion; it was as if I had been clean washed off the slate of existence. But in that Skagway lean-to, throughout all those weary days of convalescence, I lived over and over again each intense moment of that past life. How willingly would I have gone back again to the shadow of the valley if I could there find Nolla, and take up that new, wondrous life which one night brought and took away again. And Nolla was where? From the time I rose from that bed and staggered out into the world, patched up and given a new lease of life by Nurse Margaret, I became two men and carried on two existences; the outer chap, who brushed up against the world, seemed the same as you had always known, a bit preoccupied perhaps and more inclined to keep himself to himself. But the under life, the hidden one, was real. I had the soul-satisfying consciousness that somewhere on this earth Nolla, too, lived; and, if she lived, I knew that Fate, which is stronger than Death itself, would bring my own to me. My belief in this was firm, strong, sustaining; it never left me. How and where we would meet I knew not; but Nolla's hand would yet clasp mine, the music of her voice would sound in my ears, and I would have her love." And with this Pemberton's low tones ceased. A sigh from more than one of the listeners showed how tense had been the excitement wrought by the telling of this tale.

"I wonder, Jack, oh! I wonder if you will ever find her," came Kate's quick sympathy. "Oh! what rejoicing among The Eight when that day comes!"

Pemberton rose, squared his shoulders, and, leaning one arm on the chimney-piece, looked down on his friends, these good comrades of his, with whom he had just shared his soul's secrets. "I have met her; and she, too, remembers." There was a hushed silence over the little group, and Pemberton continued, "It was because of this that I lifted the veil to-night and have laid bare my heart to you all, for ours is no common friendship, is it? Besides, I wanted you to share with me the great, new joy that has come into my life; and I wished that you should know this wondrous heart-story of ours before the last day of the Old Year, for with the New Year Nolla and I begin together a new life; and that day I wish The Eight to celebrate with us here, in this old room, where together through the years so many heart-confidences have been shared."

"But, Jack, old boy, you mysterious Mahatma you, who is she? Does she know us? Do we know her?" It was, of course, Tommy, the not-to-be-sat-on, who questioned.

"Yes," answered Pemberton, "you know her, at least some of you have met her; but she's a comparative stranger in Victoria."

"Not the stately American, Jack," Mrs. Stuart's voice was all suppressed excitement, "whom I met at the Consul's reception a fortnight since; the tall girl with the wonderful eyes? Miss Shelbourne her name is, isn't it?"

"Yes," Jack assented, "it is she."

"You remember the skating party at Langford Lake a week ago? I didn't go in the six-horse team with the rest of the party—couldn't get away—but I drove out in my own cutter about seven o'clock, after dark and before the moon was well up. When I arrived on the scene it was to find a deserted camp-fire, a sleeping coachman and a dreary-looking dog—the rest of you had gone up to the northeast bay to make a big bonfire and sing camp songs.



"Deliberately I strapped on my skates and started off down lake, the wind in my teeth, seeking solitude. It was cold and clear, the moon just struggling up behind the pines. I took the edge of the lake and wound in and out with the coast-line, lowering my head at times and again getting the burden of dry snow from some overhanging balsam limb. It was gloriously silent but for the low cry of an owl or the far-off bay of a lonely wolf on the Sooke Hills. My thoughts were busy with the past and with Nolla; somehow to-night she seemed strangely near. The whole atmosphere was that of the Aleut days. Half closing my eyes and drawing in the icy air, I looked out across the sea of waters and saw again the Aurora and heard the creeping plash of Nolla's paddle approaching. Some strange wild ecstasy of hope buoyed me, and striking off at a tangent I threaded a long line of light, leading to the shadow of a great pine.

"At the merging of light and darkness I had to strike my heel in the ice and bring it up with a sudden start, cap in hand, to stammer apologies for almost running down another skater, swift, lithe, active, whose grace alone avoided an awkward collision. She must surely belong to our party, although a good half-dozen miles away from their noisy headquarters. What could I say to her? Commonplaces would not come. But she saved me the initiative. 'Is it not white and clear and all-silent?' The voice, the words were those of Nolla. My own had come to me across all those weary years. Together we skated out into the white light, and there again in the all-silence we re-lived the past. The details of the confidences of that night are too sacred for even you to hear," and Pemberton's voice ceased for a moment and he stooped to mend the fire; "but," he continued, "suffice to say that, unlike me, Nolla, from her earliest childhood, had been conscious of that Aleut pre-existence; it had been a very real part of her girl life and early womanhood; with her mother and with the head of our Psychic Brotherhood (that Tommy here derides in his innocence) over and over again had she re-lived each detail of that Arctic night when our love was born. So you see," Jack concluded, "ours is no common love, no chance destiny. Nolla and I were made for each other, and kept for each other, the future full of the promise of great joy, and God is good."

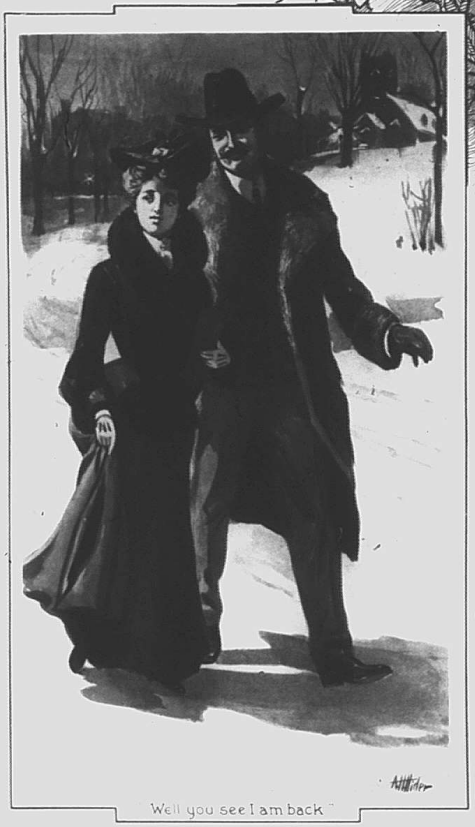

"Together we skated out into the white light."

The last word was, of course, with Tommy. "Give you happiness, old chap; even I can hope for the best after this. I'm going to meet your Miss Shelbourne's Boston friend, little Miss Cartwright, on the golf-links Wednesday. I'll try to persuade her that she belongs to me by the divine right of a promise made in the time of the Pharoahs. For the success of my suit I ask the prayers of this congregation; and Cupid is my caddie."

A Christmas Story.

A Curling Match and a Peacemaking.

By Jean Blewett.



"Well you see I am back."

They couldn't always just agree,
For he was Scotch, and so was she.

THE falling-out of Stewart Laird and his wife, Katherine, had been no common quarrel, no falling-out followed quickly by the penitent word and kiss of reconciliation, sweetest of all kisses save those which pass first between a man and a maid in love.

This had been a slow, sure thing, with an ending fateful enough to furnish the thriving Canadian town food for gossip for a long, long time. This had been no quarrel, but a growing coldness, a deepening misunderstanding. They had a way of making each other miserable. For instance, Katherine spoke of the disgrace of a man taking a social glass, Stewart began taking it more regularly to let her see how little he valued her opinion, she aired a suspicion of his having sought her for her money, he proceeded to bring up circumstantial evidence for his own condemnation.

Finally came the separation. He shook the dust of domestic life from his feet, and went off to the Klondike in search of adventures and fortune, and forgetfulness of the fact that he had ruined his life by marrying an unreasonable and wholly heartless woman. It was hard lines, so his friends said. Katherine's friends, and she had a number, maintained that his was the easiest part, and that he was glad of an excuse to escape from home ties, and betake himself where he could be as bold and bad as he chose. Whatever Katherine's thoughts were in the pretty house on the hill, the house crowded full of memories, she kept them to herself. She seemed to accept the new state of affairs philosophically, going about her duties in the old careful manner, turning always a calm face to the eyes of the curious.

And now, after three years' absence, he was back in his native town, back to the friends of his youth and middle age, but alas, not to the wife of his bosom. The man who drove him from the station to the hotel averred that he had not so much as turned his eyes toward the lighted windows of his old home. More than one noticed that first night the omission of a name from the long list of people whose welfare he inquired after.

Katherine heard the news at the sewing bee in the church parlor. Every member of the Ladies' Aid was out that day, for a wonder. Katherine noted the fact; noted, too, that there was more whispering and glancing than usual. She was on the defensive in a moment. She was going to hear something; she knew it by the expressive kindliness of one woman's greeting, the softness of another's voice, the sneer in a certain pair of eyes which had never looked with anything but jealous dislike upon her. And it came.

The minister's wife was measuring the flannel for the making of shirts for the men in the Refuge, three yards to the shirt. Her way of measuring was one peculiar to women. She held the flannel against her nose, then, taking hold of the material further down the web, stretched it the length of her arm. As much flannel as measured the distance between her nose and her extended finger and thumb marked a yard. The fact that the lady's nose was uncommonly long and her arm uncommonly short may have had something to do with the fact that half the male inmates of the Refuge were in a state of chronic complaint over the briefness of their shirts—but this has nothing to do with our story.

"One, two, three; one, two, three," droned the minister's wife twelve times. "Here is work for some of us. A dozen shirts to be made before Christmas Day, besides all the other sewing."

"My opinion is that there is no call for such heavy wear as this." It was the woman with the jealous eyes and the deceitful mouth who spoke, and she looked fair at Katherine. "Why, look at the winters we have here in Ontario! We're into December, and though there has been a light fall of snow there is a glorious warmth in the sun. In comparison with some places we have no winter here at all. You ought to hear Stewart Laird tell of the Klondike weather. I met him to-day, and I beg your pardon, Katherine, I had forgotten."

Then he was home! For a moment Katherine saw things through a mist; the shock was more than she had braced herself to bear. Then she was saying quietly:

"Forgotten what, Widow Lester?"

The answer came with cruel quickness:

"That he went away because he couldn't live with you, and has come back, I am told, to procure a legal separation."

Ellen Warner, a sweet-faced woman, interposed.

"Mrs. Lester, enough of gossip. It is such as you that have brought sewing circles into disrepute. This is no place for idle tales."

The widow only laughed and tossed her head.

"All the town knows that he hasn't been near Katherine since he came back."

"All the town is welcome to know it," put in the wife, "also to know that it is nothing to me if he never comes." Her pride, and she had a double portion of it, was up in arms. She wanted nobody's pity; the note of sympathy in Ellen Warner's voice was as distasteful as the widow's open derision. "What is Stewart Laird to me? Nothing."

It was a foolish speech. Pride is forever making those who lodge it pay the price. After three years of reticence to break out before these clattering, curious neighbors! Meaning glances were exchanged, brows lifted. It was some satisfaction to get at the bottom of things and learn just what this quiet woman's sentiments really were. One thing was apparent: she had no love for the man lately returned from the Klondike.



Katherine was the last to leave the church. The yellow of sunset was behind the hills; the town lights were already blinking merrily, but the churchyard lay in shadow. Instead of passing out into the street she took her way back to where a naked willow crept close to a marble cross. Katherine

was wont to boast that she had little sentiment in her nature, but to-night a terrible loneliness drove her to this spot, where slept her only child—their only child. If he were only alive to put his warm hand in hers and lead her to the empty house on the hill; only alive to cuddle close and wake some warmth in her cold bosom! She touched her cheek for a moment to the marble, her lips twitched, but her eyes were dry.

"Ah!" There was a little cry in the exclamation, if he had not been too angry to notice it. "I was going to speak to you on a matter. I want a legal separation. I demand one, Stewart."

He laid one strong, brown hand on the gatepost, and leaned over, staring at her for what seemed an interminable time. Finally he remarked in a business-like way that he would see to it, and turned on his heel.

before half the women of your acquaintance—"

"I know who told you." She was at her own gate, and went in, closing it between them. "Do you know, 'tis a pity you didn't marry Maud Lester instead of me," she went on, coolly. "You thought you were doing well to take me with my few thousands, but you would have been happier with her. She would have been hot and cold in a breath; would have flattered, cajoled, winked at your faults—been, in short, more like yourself."

"Katherine, I've come back for something. Things can't go on as they are."

it's no use. She's worse than ever. And," he looked up with a rueful smile, "you wonder that I want to go on the biggest kind of a spree."

"Light your pipe. There, that's better. Go on a spree, when you've got to keep a clear eye and steady nerve for the great match! Don't you know the home team—our team curls with its ancient enemy, the Goliaths, on Christmas Eve? We play for the trophy, and we play to win, now you've come home. It'll be grand sport."

"I'll have to do some practicing," with interest. "It'll seem good to get on the ice again."

A Christmas Story.



Entered According to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the Year 1903 by Globe Printing Co. at the Department of Agriculture.

Supplement to The Christmas Globe 1903

maintained that his was the easiest part, and that he was glad of an excuse to escape from home ties, and betake himself where he could be as bold and bad as he chose. Whatever Katherine's thoughts were in the pretty house on the hill, the house crowded full of memories, she kept them to herself. She seemed to accept the new state of affairs philosophically, going about her duties in the old careful manner, turning always a calm face to the eyes of the curious.

And now, after three years' absence, he was back in his native town, back to the friends of his youth and middle age, but alas, not to the wife

leave the church. The yellow of sunset was behind the hills; the town lights were already blinking merrily, but the churchyard lay in shadow. Instead of passing out into the street she took her way back to where a naked willow crept close to a marble cross. Katherine

was wont to boast that she had little sentiment in her nature, but to-night a terrible loneliness drove her to this spot, where slept her only child—their only child. If he were only alive to put his warm hand in hers and lead her to the empty house on the hill; only alive to cuddle close and wake some warmth in her cold bosom! She touched her cheek for a moment to the marble, her lips twitched, but her eyes were dry.

"Good-night, Georgie; good-night, little man. I miss you much," she whispered, then turned away, wondering, and half angry at her own weakness.

Her handkerchief fluttered to the ground. Stooping to pick it up, she saw the prints of a man's boots in the light snow. She went on with her head in the air. He had been before her. The dead child was not all her own. Nothing was her own, not even her secret, for had she not babbled it out that afternoon; had she not made it pitifully plain that the power to hurt her heart still lay with the man who cared nothing for her? If he had only stayed away! But no, he was back, with his swinging step, his fresh, handsome face with its piercing eyes and stubborn jaw, his hearty greeting—for all but her. He had love and longing in his heart for the dead, even, but for her only indifference.

"There is one who doesn't know, who never will know," she broke out with sudden exultation, as she came into the full glare of the street lamps. "I can give you coldness for coldness, Stewart Laird; you will never find me courting favor with meek glances. I'll not forget my wrongs. You and your legal separation!"

And just as this resolve was firmly fixed, while her bosom was still seething with bitterness, what must an unkind fate do but bring her face to face with the man. He had been having a glass with an old friend, only one glass, but the smell of liquor was quite patent enough for her to detect. Her anger increased. She would have passed without a word, but he stopped her. This chance meeting was not without its effect on him, but he had much to remember also a Scotchman's hatred for all that savored of the dramatic. Katherine was a pretty woman; fair, with deep blue eyes, and the proud, red mouth which goes so often with a nature uncomfortably high-strung. To-night, with the flush on her cheeks, she was almost beautiful. Noting this, and being a man, he must needs say the wrong thing. "Humph! you haven't taken things much to heart, judging by appearances."

"I never fret over trifles."

"You used to have a trick of making mountains out of molehills," with a grim smile. "I'm glad to see you've dropped it. Well, I've come back; what what do you say to that?"

"It is no affair of mine!" Her voice was steel, the blue eyes seemed full of the same metal. He gave an impatient stamp. "I believe we could have lived together if you had been a woman with any heart or feeling," he broke out. "You wouldn't quarrel! No, you'd just freeze up and stay frozen. There's no warmth in you. There's no affection in you; it's all your pride—pride. Curse your pride!"

"Don't curse it," she interposed; "it's all the shield I have. Let me pass, please; the street is no place for this discussion."

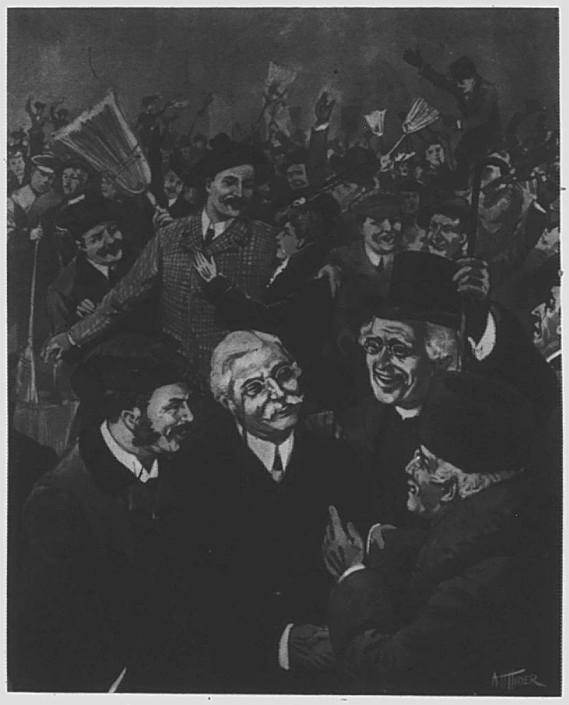
"I suppose you think I should go up to the house and get down on my knees to——"

She pushed him lightly out of her way. "If you were to come up to the house—my house—I would close the door in your face, Stewart Laird," she said, and walked on.

"Yes," keeping pace with her, "I heard to-night that you made your boast before half the women of your acquaintance."

"I know who told you." She was at her own gate, and went in, closing it between them. "Do you know, 'tis a pity you didn't marry Maud Lester instead of me," she went on, coolly. "You thought you were doing well to take me with my few thousands, but you would have been happier with her. She would have been hot and cold in a breath; would have flattered, cajoled, winked at your faults—been, in short, more like yourself."

"Katherine, I've come back for something. Things can't go on as they are."



"Not to-night," he answered.

"Ah!" There was a little cry in the exclamation, if he had not been too angry to notice it. "I was going to speak to you on a matter. I want a legal separation. I demand one, Stewart."

He laid one strong, brown hand on the gatepost, and leaned over, staring at her for what seemed an interminable time. Finally he remarked in a business-like way that he would see to it, and turned on his heel.

In the hotel some half-dozen of his acquaintances were scattered about, smoking and chatting. "Come and take something," he called out with a laugh, and led the way to the bar.

"I've a notion," he said a few minutes later, sitting down beside little Tommy Tait, who had gone to school with him, "to make a night of it."

"Don't be a fool, old chap," urged Tommy. "The man who keeps from drinking for three years in a frozen-up, God-forsaken country where there's every excuse for it, and then comes back to civilization, gas-grates, gossips and all the other blessings, to get drunk, has something wrong with his upper story as well as his morals. You're coming up to my room to smoke a pipe and spin yarns. Old times over again, eh, Stewart?"

"All right. Lead on, Tommy. I've got some pretty tall tales of the west to work off on you. I'm in the humor for talking."

But, once in the bachelor apartments of his friend, his mood changed. He sat looking into the fire without speaking. Tommy let him alone. This big, hot-headed fellow was his friend, and dear to him; but, then, so was Katherine. Before Stewart won her she had been queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls to Tommy. How strong the hold she had unconsciously kept on his heart nobody knew. He never owned it, even to himself. All the allusion he ever made to it was in an occasional strangely-worded but earnest prayer, which ran: "As for the sins we can't conquer, Lord give us grace to keep them covered."

It would do Stewart good to look at the dying flames and meditate on his misdeeds.

As for Stewart, he was meditating on his own wrongs and somebody else's misdeeds.

"You do well to stay a bachelor," he broke out at length. "Not that the man who marries a warm-hearted woman and has a home to enjoy, and boys and girls of his own, isn't owing the Lord a big debt of gratitude, but you might make a mistake. Look at me. How would you like to be in my place?"

Tommy looked away. "I could never find myself in your place," he said, quietly. "If I had married Kate McGregor, 'bonnie Kate.' Do you remember the verses the young schoolmaster wrote on her, and how we hatched up an excuse for punching his nose? Ha! ha! If, as I say, I'd married her, I'd have given up my glass, aye, and my pipe, too, if she wished it, and done so much to please her that she'd never have let me out of her sight, let alone out of the country. You went at it wrong."

"You don't know her, man. She's the most aggravating, unreasonable creature. She was always seeing my faults, always blind to any good in me. I could stand that if she'd ever seemed to care. She has no heart. When a woman thinks anything of a man she'll fly in his face at times, but kiss and make up, and weep a tear or two that washes out the whole thing; when she doesn't care a button she only looks over his head as if he wasn't there, turns her back on him, leaves him to go to the devil his own way. I came back to make it up with Katherine. I thought when I was out of her sight she might get thinking better of me but it's no use. She's worse than ever. And," he looked up with a rueful smile, "you wonder that I want to go on the biggest kind of a spree."

"Light your pipe. There, that's better. Go on a spree, when you've got to keep a clear eye and steady nerve for the great match! Don't you know the home team—our team—curls with its ancient enemy, the Goliaths, on Christmas Eve? We play for the trophy, and we play to win, now you've come home. It'll be grand sport."

"I'll have to do some practicing," with interest. "It'll seem good to get on the ice again."

1. His Royal Highness Prince Arthur.
2. Alexander McGibbon, Esq.
3. A. C. Hutchison, Esq.
4. R. Gardner, Esq.
5. Mathew Hutchison, Esq.
6. Lieut.-Col. Stevenson, President Caledonian Curling Club.
7. Wm. McGibbon, Esq., Skip.
8. D. Brown, Esq., Skip.
9. Lord Alex. Russell, Commanding 1st Batt. Rifle Brigade.
10. Lieut. Picard, R.A.V.C.
11. Col. Elphinstone, R.E., C.B., V.C.
12. Master Charles B. Morland.
13. Andrew Allan, Esq.
14. Bishop Oxenden, Metropolitan of Canada.
15. C. J. Brydges, Managing Director G.T.R.
16. Hon. Sir A. T. Galt.
17. Thos. Reynolds, President Ottawa & Prescott Railway.
18. Thos. Morland, Esq.
19. Andrew Robertson, President St. Andrew's Society.
20. Geo. Stephen, Esq.
21. John H. Routh, Esq.
22. John S. Dyde, Esq.
23. Hon. W. A. Dart, U.S. Consul-Gen. for the Dominion of Canada.
24. W. W. Ogilvie, Esq.
25. Master Morland.
26. Chas. H. Gould, Esq.
27. G. A. Drummond, Esq.
28. W. Stephen, Esq.
29. Major Gallethy, Military Store Dept.
30. Rev. Dr. Taylor.
31. Rev. J. M. Gibson, Chaplain of the Club.
32. Joseph Mackay, Esq.
33. D. L. McDougall, Esq.
34. R. B. Angus, General Manager Bank of Montreal.
35. Frank Drummond, People's Telegraph Company.
36. James Muir, Esq.
37. John Ogilvie, Esq.
38. Angus Hooper, Manager Bank of B. N. America.
39. Allan Gilmour, Esq., Ottawa.
40. T. J. Claxton, Esq.
41. James Torrance, Esq.
42. Major Alexander, Rifle Brigade.
43. Wm. Workman, Mayor of Montreal.
44. Capt. Huyshe, R.B.
45. Major Buller, R.B.
46. Lieut. Lindsay, R.B.
47. Capt. Glynn, R.B.
48. Robert Tyre, Esq.
49. Gilbert Scott, Esq.
50. Alex. Mitchel, President "Thistle Curling Club."
51. Col. Martindale, R.E.
52. Henry McKay, Esq.
53. Wm. Rae, Esq., Quebec.
54. J. C. McLaren, Esq.
55. Geo. Denholm, Esq.
56. James Tyre, Esq.
57. Hon. John Young.
58. Col. Dyde.
59. Hugh Allan, Esq.

The "Callants," so called because of their youth, their average age being 64 years, have played together for three years against all comers and have only been beaten once.

60. Frank Simms, Esq.
61. John Grant, Esq.
62. John Ogilvie, Esq.
63. W. Wilson, Esq.
64. A. D. Parker, Esq.
65. Douglas Brenner, Esq., "Tummas Treddles."
66. — Smith, Esq.
67. — Irvine, Esq.
68. — Duggan, Esq.
69. J. B. Forsyth, Esq.

From the "Stadacona Club," Quebec.

70. Frank Ross, Esq.

71. W. J. Gardiner, Esq.
72. Wm. Wilson, Esq.
73. James Russell, Esq.
74. John T. Henderson, Esq., Quebec, C.E.
75. W. W. Robertson, Esq.
76. W. Rutherford, Esq.
77. Lieut.-Col. Rhett, Scots Mountain Curling Club.
78. Geo. W. Lamb, Esq.
79. James Brown, Esq.
80. David Shaw, Esq.
81. Henry Hogan, Proprietor of the St. Lawrence Hall.
82. Frederic Penn, Esq.
83. T. G. Seppel, Esq., Govt. Engineer.
84. Wm. McNaughton, Esq.
85. Alex. Nand.
86. R. Gardner, Esq., Jr.
87. Thomas Pringle.
88. Lieut.-Col. James Dean.
89. Wm. Angus, Esq.
90. James Donnelly.
91. Wm. Robinson.
92. Walter McFarlane, Esq.
93. Ewan McLennan, Esq.
94. James Stewart, "Montreal Herald."
95. James Farrs, Esq.
96. D. Wilson, Esq.
97. Young, Esq.
98. King, Esq.
99. Curtis A. Clarke, Esq.
100. J. D. Anderson, Esq.
101. Orville M. Gould, Esq.
102. J. K. Greene, Esq.
103. Alex. D. Steele, Esq.
104. Thomas Brown, Esq.
105. Smith, Quebec.
106. D. Brown, Jun., Quebec.
107. Timmerman, Quebec.
108. Matt. Hardie, Quebec.
109. Mrs. J. B. Forsyth.
110. Mrs. Small.
111. Mrs. C. Hutchison.
112. Master Andrew A. McDougall.
113. Miss Jeanie Jamieson McDougall.
114. Master James Sinclair McDougall.
115. Miss Janet Allan McDougall.
116. Mrs. W. Wilson.
117. Mrs. W. Rutherford.
118. Master Orby F. Inglis.
119. Master John Inglis.
120. Mrs. James Inglis.
121. Mrs. James Brown.
122. Miss Robertson.
123. Miss M. Larer.
124. Mrs. T. Pringle.
125. Master — Murray.
126. Miss — Murray.
127. Mrs. Alex. Murray.
128. Master — McGibbon.
129. Master McLaren.
130. Master — McGibbon.
131. Master — McGibbon.
132. Master — McGibbon.
133. Miss M. A. Ogilvie.
134. Mrs. A. M. Stewart, New York.
135. Miss F. Ogilvie.
136. Master — Hutchison.
137. Mrs. M. Hutchison.
138. Charles Bailie, Esq.
139. Master — McGibbon.
140. Donald Fraser, Esq.
141. Mrs. Jas. D. Anderson.
142. Alex. Holmes, Esq.
143. George F. Prowse, Esq.
144. Thomas Craig, Esq.
145. John Henry Hutchison.
146. David McGavin, Esq.
147. John Brodie, Esq.
148. Chas. Hutchison, Esq.
149. Alex. Murray, Esq.
150. Miss Minnie Winks.
151. Miss Lizzie Weir.
152. Alex. Urquhart, Esq.
153. David Mair, Esq.
154. Alderman Charles Alexander.
155. A. W. Ogilvie, Esq., M.P.P.
156. Mrs. A. W. Ogilvie.
157. Master Shirley Ogilvie.
158. Miss Martindale.



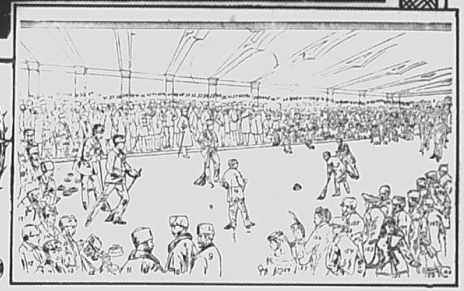
A MEMORABLE EVENT RECALLED

OPENING OF THE MONTREAL CALEDONIA CURLING RINK

By HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ARTHUR.

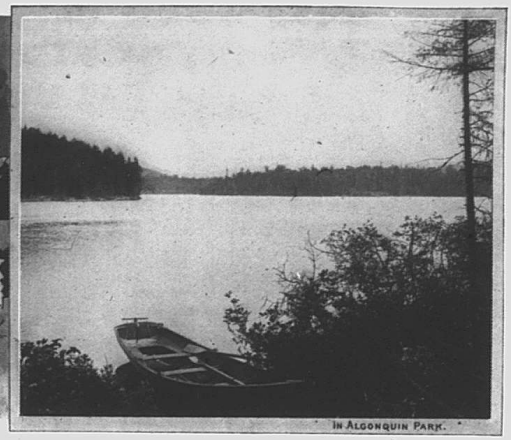
Dec 15th 1869

Photo by Inglis






Mokohan Falls near Port Arthur.


In Algonquin Park.

IN SCENIC CANADA

"You haven't anything to do but make ready for the game."

"And attend to giving Katherine her legal separation."

"Pshaw! a little thing like that can wait, Stewart. We've important business on hand."

"True; let's away down to the rink for a spell. The whizzing of the stones is music to me. As you say, the other matter can wait."

Lovers of sport will not soon forget that curling match between the Chesters and the Goliaths. It was the event, the exciting, absorbing event, of that Christmas Eve. The weather was what it should be—clear, with a bite of frost in it. The women, coming into the rink with their escorts to watch the game, had red cheeks, and, in some cases, for nature can be unkind at times, red noses. The balcony at the rear was full of onlookers. Along the sides of the building they stood in line, while a number, mostly the wives and daughters of prominent players, were accommodated with seats at the upper end. Among these was Katherine. Her father, at that time minister in the grey old kirk on the avenue, had inaugurated the Chester Curling Club years ago, and worked indefatigably to make it the best in the province. His love of the game and pride in the club had been left as a dower to his daughter, and so we find her under the full glare of the electric lights, very calm of face, but in reality as full of excitement as any one of the eager throng.

As the game progressed her face grew anxious and her head turned oftener to the rink skipped by a big man in a check suit which seemed too small for him, and a Glengarry bonnet stuck on the back of his head. To him she pinned her faith. Had she not watched him throw the stones when he was but a lad, and she "bonnie Kate," "dear Kate," "sweet Kate McGregor"? Oh, my! oh, my! if people could only stay young and glad life would be worth living.

As the time passed she ceased to feel interest in anything but the game. What were quarrels, and wrongs, and legal separations when the Goliaths were playing better than they had ever played, and the Chesters not so well?

By-and-by laughter and talk died out on the balcony; along the walls people took on rigid attitudes. Rinks two and three were through with their eighteenth and last end, and the score stood thirteen to fifteen in favor of the Chesters. Rink number one had two ends yet to play. The first of these gave the Goliaths two and tied the score. Never in the history of curling had such a close game been played in this particular Canadian town. The mayor, white-haired and handsome, wiped the perspiration from his brow and wondered at the warmth of the atmosphere.

Skip Laird and Vice-Skip Tommy Tait—"the much and the mite of it," as a wag remarked—knew what was expected of them when they began that last end. When the time came for the skips to play the Goliaths had what looked like a sure shot. Their stone lay on the second ring, opposite the tee, well guarded by stones just over the hog line. Their skip's first shot made another splendid guard and a cheer went up from their followers.

It looked bad for the Chesters. Tommy Tait began whistling, a thing he invariably did when things looked dark indeed.

The only chance for Skip Laird was a raise of his own stone, which lay just over the hog line. It was one to a hundred that he would do it just right.

He delivered his stone with great deliberation. Down it came as straight as a bullet, and raising his own stone, sent it against the winner and lay the shot.

A mighty cheer went up, but he never heeded it. All he heard was a voice, broken with love and pride, crying at his side:

"I knew you'd do it, Stewart, my man. I knew you'd do it."

But this was no time for sentiment. His winning stone lay opposite a port about two feet wide. His opponent was aiming to get that port and lay up to the winner. If he succeeded the shot was his. He did it, and earned the wild burst of cheering his play elicited.

The same port was open to Skip Laird. Tommy Tait was jumping around on his broom excitedly. The throng on the balcony stood up, the people along the wall pressed forward. Laird squared his shoulders and bent to the task—the honor of the Chesters lay in his strong right hand. He delivered his stone with vigor. How its progress was watched! It needed no "sooping." It was a grand shot, with strength enough to come through the port and take the winner. It lay the shot and won the game—the hardest fought game of many seasons—by one.

And then if you would know what cheering means you should have stood in that rink for the next five minutes.

They missed Laird, and found him in a corner, standing very close to a little woman who clung to him with both hands.

"They're wanting to know," cried Tommy Tait, thumping him over the shoulders with a dusty broom, "if you'll come and have a glass of good Scotch whisky?"

"Not to-night," he answered, adding, in a lower tone, "nor any other night."

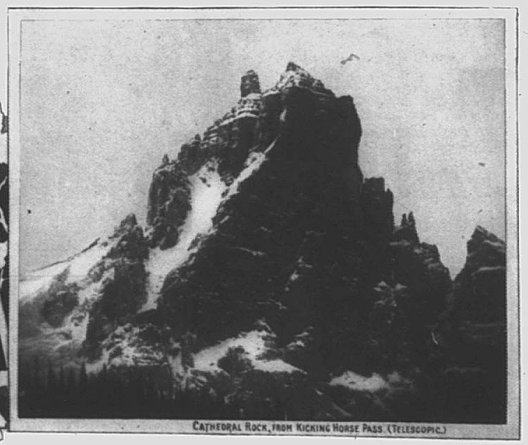
People crowded about him, and Katherine went a few steps forward.

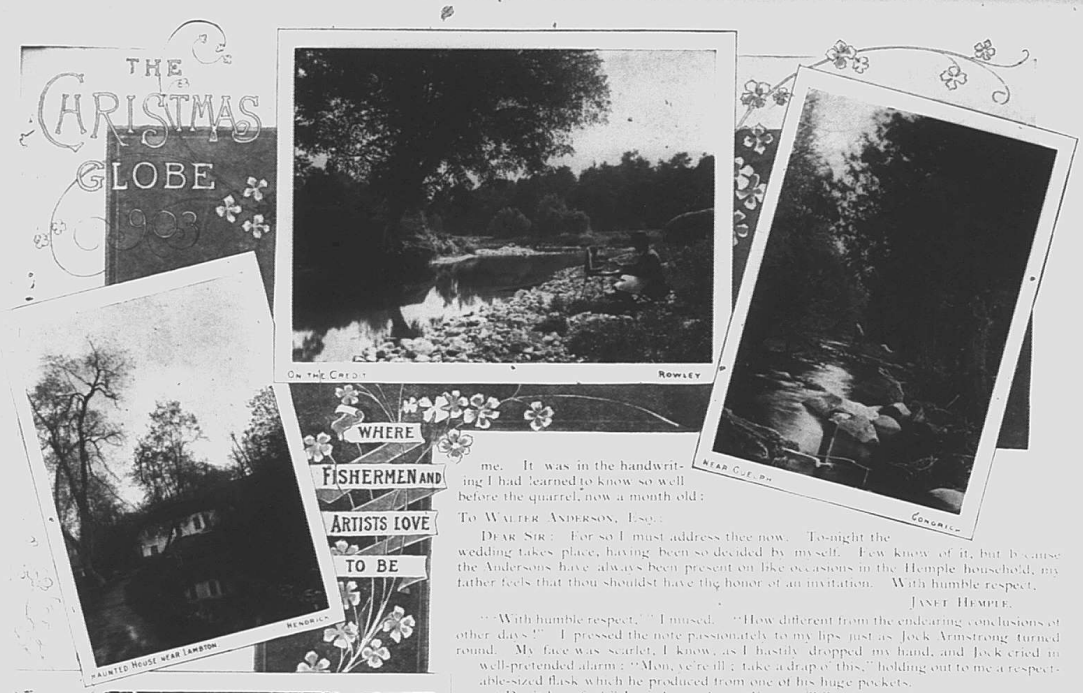
"Laird," said the president of the club, "I'm proud of you. You'll not forget the hot supper that is to be served the curlers at the hotel? You'll give us a speech?"

Katherine was at the door by this time. He looked after her. The fair head was turned his way. Yes, she was waiting.

"Thank you, thank you, one and all," he said cheerfully. "You'll just excuse me. I'm going home."


Evening on the St. Lawrence, near Kingston. Aubrey N. Fullerton.


Cathedral Rock, from Kicking Horse Pass. (Telescopic.)



THE END OF THE QUARREL.

By Wm. Banks, Jr.

"TO-NIGHT! Mistress Janet Hemple to be married to-night! Jock Armstrong, as you value your life, is this true?"

I seized him impatiently by the arm, but he was not to be harried into hasty answering.

"Ye hae th' note," he said, after a deliberate pause.

"Yes, yes," I replied quickly, "but it gives little information. Who is the man?"

Jock apparently considered the question from several points of view, and then answefed drily: "Mistress Janet didna tak' me intil her confeedence."

That calmed me somewhat. I read the note again, Jock turning away with an affectation of delicacy which irritated me. It was in the handwriting I had learned to know so well before the quarrel, now a month old:

To Walter Anderson, Esq.:

Dear Sir: For so I must address thee now. To-night the wedding takes place, having been so decided by myself. Few know of it, but because the Andersons have always been present on like occasions in the Hemple household, my father feels that thou shouldst have the honor of an invitation. With humble respect,

Janet Hemple.

"With humble respect," I mused. "How different from the endearing conclusions of other days!" I pressed the note passionately to my lips just as Jock Armstrong turned round. My face was scarlet, I know, as I hastily dropped my hand, and Jock cried in well-pretended alarm: "Mon, ye're ill; take a drap o' this," holding out to me a respectable-sized flask which he produced from one of his huge pockets.

"Don't be a fool," I cried angrily. "I'm not ill."

"Weel," he returned calmly, "if we'll no, A'll take a wee drappie mysel'. Here's tae ye," with the flask close to his mouth, "an' here's tae the guid health o' Mistress Janet Hemple, but," sadly, "I'm afeard she's nae lang for this warld."

I snatched the flask from his hand.

"Man! man!" he cried fearfully, "be careful. It's nae sic an easy task tae get th' like o' that."

"Is she ill?" I interrupted; "is she ill? What ails her? Jock Armstrong, you're her father's trusted man. You must know."

"Mistress Janet's nae so ill, an' she's nae what ye micht ca' weel," Jock broke in, speaking more hastily than was his wont, and eyeing the flask anxiously, "but she's aye droopin' an' fadin'."

"Hush," I said, handing back the flask; "no more." For, indeed, 'twas unseemly to be thus questioning her father's man. Moreover my heart was full. It was for me she pined; I was sure of it, and yet a wedding, a wedding to-night! Why? The question ran in my mind and would not be stayed. I looked again at Jock; he was screwing up the cap of the flask, and slowly licking his upper lip.

"A'll just be waiting until ye've tell't me whether ye'll be gaun tae th' weddin'," he said slowly.

"I think I'll go," I replied, quickly.

"A thocht ye wad," he retorted coolly. "Nae doot they'll be glad tae see ye, for th' sake o' auld times. A'll just be waitin' till ye're ready," and he walked his horse toward the stables.

Confused, wondering, knowing only that above all else I loved Janet, I walked smartly across the frost-hardened grounds—for, though 'twas Christmas Eve, no snow had yet fallen—to the house, crying as I entered for my brother Hughie.

"Here," he shouted from his own room, and in a few seconds I was detailing to him the message Jock Armstrong had brought to me, and then for the first time I spake to Hughie regarding my love. From my age of twenty-eight and my position as head of the household I had assumed a rather patronizing air toward Hughie, who was but twenty-three, though a giant in stature and strength, and a winning, light-hearted laddie. He was more like our English mother, who died shortly after his birth, while I favored my father, one of the few Lowlanders who had fallen for Prince Charlie at Culloden, some fifteen years before. For some time after his death we had lived with English relatives, by whose influences part of the family estate had been restored to us. Later we had served on the continent and in Canada, and following the capture of Quebec had returned home, with no definite ideas as to what we should do, and very little money, but hopeful that we might re-establish the ancient house of Anderson in some of its old-time power and glory. And then I had fallen in love.

As I finished my confidence I noticed for the first time that Hughie was making a more careful toilet than was usual with him. He had heard me in silence, and now, dusting the hilt of his rapier, he said simply, "Well?"

"What shall I do, Hughie?" I asked, looking for counsel to one I had usually led.

"First, go with me to the wedding."

"You! You! Have you been asked to go?" I gasped.

"Yes," coolly. "I received a personal invitation last night."

"Personal last night? You were there." The words almost choked me. Now, indeed, I knew the answer to the question that had been raging in my heart, "Who is the man?"

He nodded gaily. "Yes. Young McLeod was there, too. A fine-looking man, that, Walter. I wonder now," with a little laugh, "if he's the man."

With an effort I controlled the cry that rose to my lips. Young McLeod, the dandy, though, I must confess, a man of brave spirits and bearing honorable scars—was it this man, and not my brother, who was to marry Mistress Janet? I put the question directly to Hughie, and my first suspicion broke out in all its fury when he stammered, in the words of Jock Armstrong:

"You have the note."

"Yes," I answered hotly. "I have the note. Shall we start at five?" I went on, trying to speak more calmly, and determined that he should not see how deep were the wounds. "'Tis a good fifteen miles."

"Ay, Walter, and a glorious ride 'twill be. The roads are smooth and hard, the horses in fine fettle, and there are bright eyes and dainty lips at the end of the journey."

I bowed my head, and Hughie gave me a slap on the back that almost knocked me from

Alone, all the doubts, suspicions and fears of the day returned to me. Restlessly I paced the floor, and at last, just as I had decided upon a wild and mayhap a murderous plan of action, Hughie re-entered.

"Come," he cried, seizing me by the arm, "this way." He led me down the stairway and into the ample dining-room, talking meanwhile in low and earnest tones. But of what he said I grasped nothing beyond the words, "Our mother's ring, Walter; I'll hand it to thee at the proper moment."

"As in a dream I noted the Hemple servants standing on one side of the room, and near to me the minister, he that had closed my mother's eyes and had prayed at her grave for "twa motherless laddies."

"Hughie," I murmured, "by all that you hold dear, what does —"

"You are the man," he interrupted in a hurried whisper, and a great light broke in upon my dulled senses. Tricked by a woman! But what a delightful deceit it was!

I turned towards her as she entered with her father, simply dressed, with radiant eyes and blush-suffused cheeks, looking far different to the lovelorn maid I had pictured. In a little while I kissed Mrs. Walter Anderson; so also did Hughie, and afterwards, looking hard at Jock Armstrong, he remarked that no man could match the wiles of a lovely woman.

But when they at last left us together the dearest of all women humbly asked if I could ever forgive her, and I answered happily, "For what?"

the chest upon which I sat. "Tush, man!" he cried, "Janet Hemple is not the only woman in Scotland."

I made no reply. What could I say?

"Walter," he said, laying a hand on my shoulder, "perhaps you should not go. My word, 'twill not be easy to —"

"I must, I must," I broke in sharply. Rising, I laid my hands on his shoulders, and with my face almost touching his, I demanded, hoarsely: "Are you the man?"

"No," sharply. "Mistress Janet Hemple has not done me the honor of selecting me as her husband."

"Then who is it?"

He flushed and answered uneasily: "McLeod has been a constant visitor, but," with just a shade of banter, "you have the note."

Baffled, heartsore, I walked toward the door. Hughie caught my hand. "Walter," he urged, with an air of persuasiveness I had not before noticed in him, "since you have confided in me so far, tell me this much: What did your quarrel about?"

"As to whether man or maid has the quicker wit," I answered, hesitatingly.

"And of course she was in the wrong," he said, smiling.

"Nay," I replied, softly, "mine was the fault," and I withdrew to my own room.

Servants led away our horses as Hughie and myself entered the stately old house her home. I seemed to feel her presence near me. I could have cried out her name as in other and happier days had I heeded only the promptings of my heart.

Laird Hemple himself met us in the hallway. Without clearly understanding just what he said, I managed to murmur an answer to his bluff greeting. And then Hughie took me by the arm and led me upstairs to the Laird's writing room. On a table near the fireplace lay a little glove. I picked it up eagerly and sat down, caressing it in my own rough hands, forgetting that Hughie was present, until he said, softly, "You love her still, Walter?"

"Yes."

He took a step forward and, "Walter," he said, "she loves you, too."

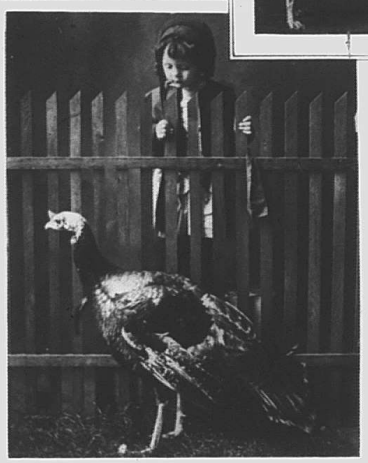
In a moment I was standing before him, alert, joy in my heart, the strength of ten men in my body. "Then this marriage shall not take place," I cried, "while I can draw a sword! Hughie, I can count on you, and Jock Armstrong he'll do her bidding; that is three. Who dare —"

"Easy, easy," interrupted Hughie, "or you lose. Strategy, not arms, is needed here. Trust me in this, Walter. Thou'lt win her yet."

He paused and went on, smiling: "I'll leave thee for a moment. Nay," as I would have protested, "doubt not; all will be well," and he was gone.



PLAY BALL



PRIDE OF THE FLOCK

HE LOVED ANIMALS.

Charles Kingsley's love for everything that had life was remarkable. He spoke of all living creatures as his friends, and saw in them the handiwork of God. On his lawn lived a family of natterjacks (running toads) that dwelt from year to year in the same hole in a green bank which a scythe was never allowed to approach. He had two little friends in a pair of sand-wasps that made their home in a crack of the window-frame in his dressing-room. One of these he had saved from drowning in a hand-basin, taking it tenderly out in the sunshine to dry. Every spring he would look eagerly for this pair of wasps or their children, watching for them to come out from or return to the same crack. The little flycatcher that built its nest every year under his bedroom window was a joy to him. He had also a favorite slowworm in the churchyard, which his parishioners were warned not to kill under the mistaken idea that slowworms were poisonous. The same love for God's creatures was encouraged in his children. He taught them to admire and to handle gently every living thing. Toads, frogs, beetles and worms were to them not repulsive things, to be killed as soon as seen, but wonders from the hand of God.

MATERNAL CHARACTER.

Children are what their mothers are.
The mother in her office holds the key.
Walter Savage Landor.

WHAT A WOMAN SEES.

"Did you see a man and a woman driving past here in a buggy about an hour ago?" asked a detective known to The Chicago Tribune.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Blank.

"Ah," said the detective, "now we are getting on the right track. What kind of a horse was it?"

"They were driving so fast I didn't notice that," replied Mrs. Blank. "But the woman had on a Scotch mohair and wool jacket of turquoise blue, last year's style, with stitched seams, a white piqué skirt with deep circular flounce, a satin straw hat, tilted and rather flat, trimmed with hydrangeas and loops of pale blue surah, and her hair was done up pompadour. That's all I had time to see."



TO BE SOLD



PRIDE OF GUERNSEY

THE Christmas GLOBE. 1903.





IDEALS.

Some think that ideals are but waste of time,
Mere dreamings which never realize;
But life that has a purpose is sublime,
And those who aim the highest are most wise.
However, we must careful be in this,
We must not only of our ideals dream,
But be to others just what we would seem,
And in this way our goal we cannot miss.
'Tis in the dreams alone without the deeds
That trouble lies. Resolves are easily made,
But when we come in touch with human needs
They little count, if we withhold our aid.
Let our ideals spring truly from the heart,
And be not only dreams, but deeds in part.

—Myrtle Corcoran.

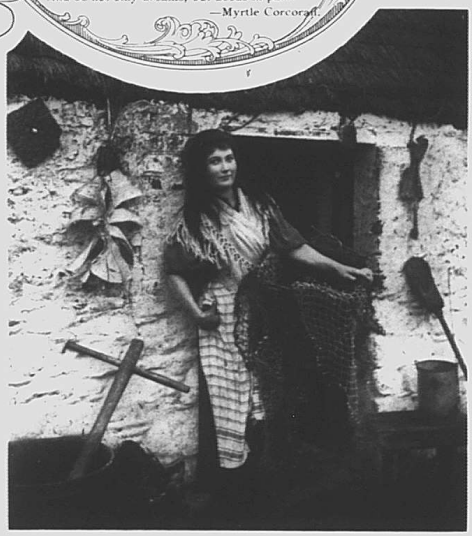
THE NATIVITY.

Wake, happy morn, whose story brings
A joyous thrill to young and old;
While speeding near, on hovering wings,
The angels sweep their harps of gold
And earth and sky
In numbers vie,
Rehearsing how upon this morn
Long years ago,
Mid sin and woe,
That unto us a Child was born.

And ever, as the years go by,
The glorious song is sung again
By angel choristers on high,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
And as the song
Floats far along
Where toil the weary and the worn,
The message comes
To hearts and homes
That unto us a Child is born.

Hail, glorious morn, whose advent brings
Hope for the sinful and defiled;
Hail, blessed morn, the King of Kings
Comes to the world a little child!
And singing still
Peace and good-will,
The angels come this happy morn
To tell again
To sons of men
That unto us a Child is born.

—J. R. Newell.





LOVE LICHTENS THE CREEL.

The guid fisher folk, wi' their quaint hamely lore,
Hae a saying—the like was not told me before
Sae sweet that it fa's on my soul like a shower
On the wee, wilted face o' some fair, fragile flower,
When the weight o' to-day or to-morrow I feel
I just con it o'er, 'Tis "Love lichtens the creel.

"Love lichtens the creel" when the burden is sair,
An' smooths frae the forehead the furrows o' care;
It sheds a bricht beam on the pathway o' life
That softens the sorrow an' sweetens the strife.
'Tis a minstrel that wanders this weary warld roun',
Giving laughter for tears an' a smile for a frown.

Love quickens the pace o' the lame, laggard feet,
An' finds in stern duty a recompense sweet.
It gies o' its best an' asks naething ava,
A hut may haud heaven if love be the law;
A king weel micht covet the herd laddie's meal,
Wi' its scant, simple fare, if "Love lichtens the creel.

"Love lichtens the creel"—oh! how joyfu' the thocht!
When misfortune the shade o' oor sheilin' hes socht,
When the wind blaws sae cauld an' the blue o' the sky
Is hid, when the song is exchanged for the sigh,
Nae harm can befall us if lowly we kneel
An' lean on the love that aye "Lichtens the creel.

H. Isabel Graham.



THE MONTHS.

The New Year flies in at my windows—white as a peaceful dove;
February is bound in chains by the little god of love;
March hath her moments of promise, and April her daffodils;
While May sees a foam of blossoms break on the sweet green hills.
June brings her yellow roses, and her roses of red and white—
But mid-summer is for dreaming—for dreaming and love's delight.
September holdeth her treasure of the harvest's garnered gold;
October smiles and the world forgets the year is growing old.
November hath her days of rest, though the wind rocks leafless trees—
But for thee, December—thy frost flowers—and many memories.

—Virna Sheard.

THS.

white as a peaceful love;
e God of love;
nd April her daffodils;
reak on the sweet green hills,
rowes of red and white—
dreaming and loves delight.
e harvest's garnered gold;
s the year is growing old;
ough the wind rocks leafless trees
lowers—and many memories.

—Virna Sheard



POUTING.

COPYRIGHT 1903
BY JOHN C. ARTHUR

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year 1903 by John C. Arthur, at the Department of Agriculture.

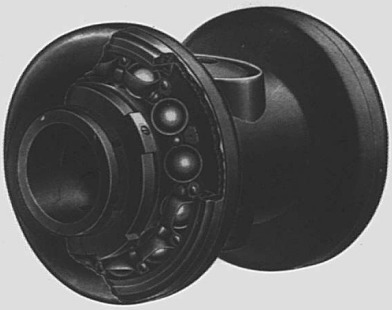
TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING CO. LTD.

Supplement to The Christmas Ladies' Home Journal

Drink Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea
The best in the World

American Sheet Steel Company
American Tin Plate Company

B. & S. H. THOMPSON & Co., LIMITED,
SALES AGENTS FOR THE DOMINION OF CANADA
43 ST. SULPICE STREET, MONTREAL, QUEBEC.



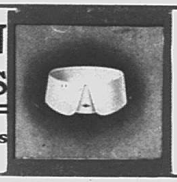
Chapman Double Ball Bearing
Company of Canada, Limited

THIS BEARING—THE GREATEST POWER SAVER OF THE AGE.

Four-fifths of the power saved by equipment of the shafting in Machinery Hall at the Dominion Exhibition. Durability—600 revolutions per minute for three years without adjustment of bearings. Does this interest you as a user of power? Catalogue and price list on request.

Office—39 Scott Street. Factory—39 Pearl Street
TORONTO

ARLINGTON
RUBBER COLLARS



POWER & CHANTLER, Agents
27 MELINDA STREET, TORONTO.

YORK MANUFACTURING CO., LIMITED, TORONTO



MANUFACTURERS OF
LAUNDRY MACHINERY
DEALERS IN
LAUNDRY SUPPLIES.

WEAR STOREY'S GLOVES

SOLD BY THE LEADING MERCHANTS THROUGHOUT CANADA

Gloves and Mittens, Moccasins and Shoe Pacs, Travelling Bags, Leather Belts, etc., etc.

If you want the best, if excellence of material, fit, style, workmanship, durability and finish is an object, get Storey's goods. They never disappoint.

W. H. STOREY & SON,
THE GLOVERS OF CANADA,
ACTON, ONTARIO

INDIA PALE ALE

GOLDEN ALE

BOTTLED PORTER

EXTRA DOUBLE STOUT
MALT EXTRACT



HEAD OFFICE OF THE LONDON & PARIS EXCHANGE, LIMITED.
Stock and Share Dealers, General Mining Bankers, Financial Investments. Agencies all over the world. Sole representative in Canada—C. G. T. BAILEY, Canadian Manager London & Paris Exchange, Limited, Toronto. Licensed by the Government of the Province of Ontario to buy, sell and deal in stocks and shares.



MAKES COLD ROOMS WARM

The Bigley Water Heater fits any furnace. Made in seven sizes, from 12 to 24 in. in diameter.

Write for circular giving complete information.

Manufactured by
R. BIGLEY
96 & 98 QUEEN EAST
TORONTO

A copy of this CALENDAR will be mailed on application.

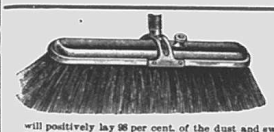
When writing please state if already a Policy-holder in THE UNION.



The Union ASSURANCE SOCIETY

(LATE J. YOUNG)
ALEX. MILLARD
UNDERTAKER and EMBALMER
359 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, CANADA.
TELEPHONE MAIN 679
PRIVATE MORTUARY.

PRINTING INK
USED ON THIS PUBLICATION WAS MADE BY
THE CANADA PRINTING INK Co
TORONTO LIMITED



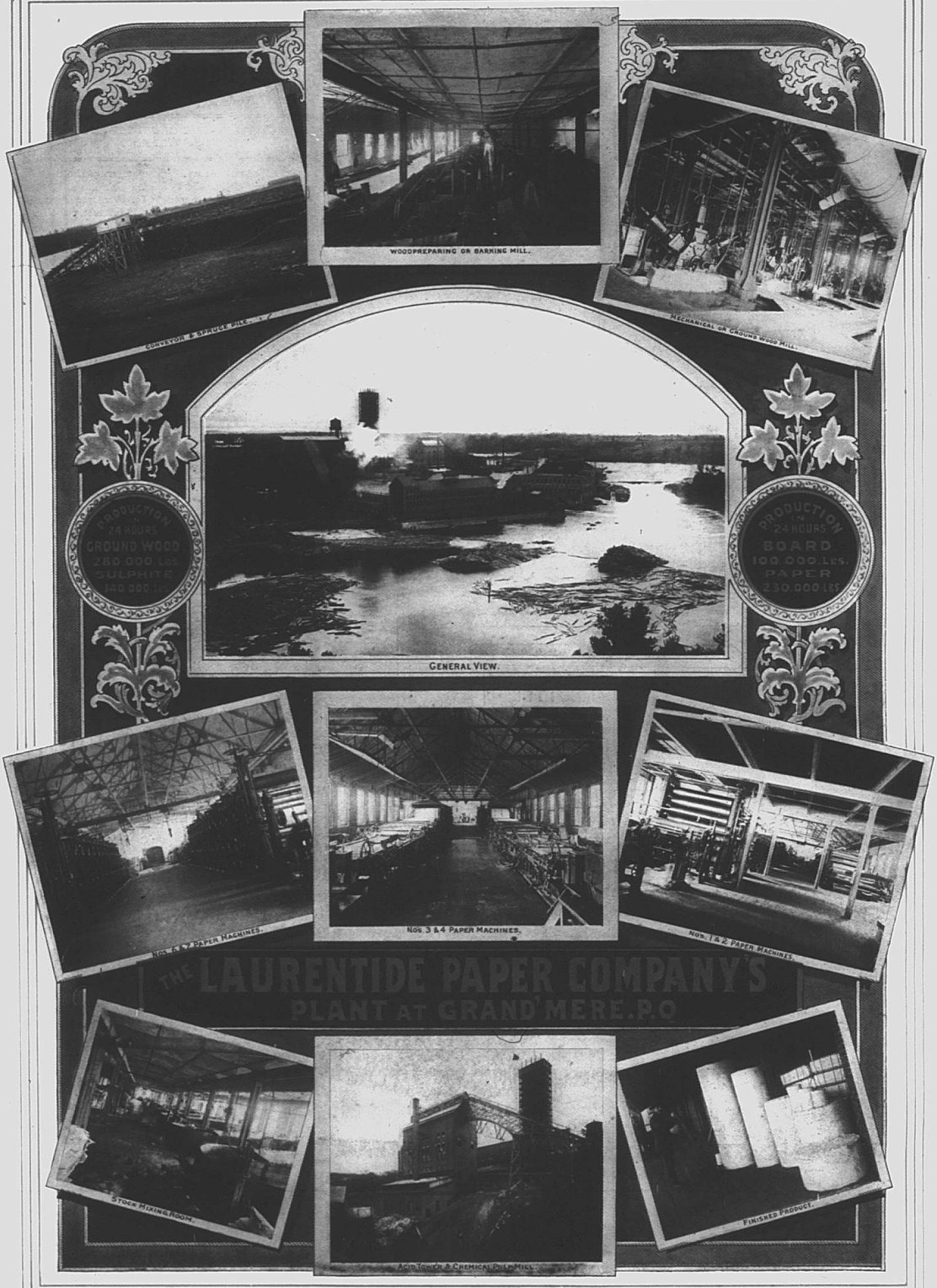
NO MORE DUST

How often have you been annoyed by dust, caused by sweeping your store, settling on shelves and goods and doing no end of damage? Sawdust, water sprinkling, and all kindred remedies have faded into insignificance. The "World's Only Dustless Floor Brush" will positively lay 98 per cent. of the dust and sweep cleaner than any other article for the purpose on the market. The Brush is made with a metal head, nickel-plated, with a Reservoir for coal oil in the head of the brush, which supplies sufficient moisture to lay all the dust. Write for Price List and all particulars. TORONTO SPECIALTY CO., 29 COLBORNE STREET, TORONTO.
Agents wanted in every unrepresented district.



DORENWEND'S HAIR GOODS
ARE ACKNOWLEDGED BY ALL TO BE THE BEST.

We manufacture Ladies' and Gents' WIGS, TOUPEES, BANGS WAVY FRONTS, etc., and sell wholesale and retail. Mail orders promptly filled. CATALOGUE FREE. Address,
THE DORENWEND COMPANY OF TORONTO, Limited
103 AND 105 YONGE STREET, TORONTO


WOODPREPARING OR BARKING MILL.
CONVEYOR & SPRUCE PILE.
MECHANICAL OR GROUND WOOD MILL.
PRODUCTION IN 24 HOURS GROUND WOOD 280,000 Lbs. SULPHITE 140,000 Lbs.
GENERAL VIEW.
PRODUCTION IN 24 HOURS BOARD 100,000 Lbs. PAPER 230,000 Lbs.
Nos. 3 & 4 PAPER MACHINES.
Nos. 1 & 2 PAPER MACHINES.
THE LAURENTIDE PAPER COMPANY'S PLANT AT GRAND'MERE, P.Q.
STOCK HIPING ROOM.
ACID TOWER & CHEMICAL PULP MILL.
FINISHED PRODUCT.

OGILVIE'S FOR FAMILY USE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD HUNGARIAN

OGILVIE'S FLOURS

BY ROYAL WARRANT MILLERS TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

OGILVIE'S FOR BAKERS USE ROYAL HUNGARIAN

SO FAR AS CIVILIZATION HAS REACHED, OGILVIE'S FLOUR HAS GONE. IT KNOWS NO OTHER BOUNDARY

THE SECRET OF ITS ENORMOUS SUCCESS HAS BEEN

MERIT.

OGILVIE'S FLOURS COMBINE ALL THE ESSENTIALS OF

STRENGTH — COLOR — PURITY — UNIFORMITY

DAILY CAPACITY 12,500 BARRELS.

HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL. **BRANCHES** WINNIPEG, TORONTO, ST. JOHN, NEW YORK, VANCOUVER, OTTAWA, HALIFAX, LIVERPOOL.

OGILVIE'S GLENORA MANITOBA PATENT

ARE THE BEST FLOURS IN THE WORLD.

OGILVIE'S 100 LBS. OATS MILLERS BY R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

THE ONTARIO BANK.

Capital Paid-up, $1,500,000. Rest, $500,000.

HEAD OFFICE: - TORONTO.

DIRECTORS

GEO. R. R. COCKBURN, Esq., President.
DONALD MACKAY, Esq., Vice-President.
A. S. Irving, Esq., R. D. Perry, Esq.
Hon. R. Harcourt, R. Grass, Esq.,
T. Walmsley, Esq.
CHARLES McGILL, - - General Manager.

BRANCHES

Alliston, Port William, Ottawa,
Aurora, Kingston, Peterboro',
Bowmanville, Lindsay, Port Arthur,
Buckingham, Q. Montreal, Sudbury,
Cornwall, Mount Forest, Tweed,
Collingwood, Newmarket, Trenton,
Waterford, Ont.
Toronto—Scott and Wellington Streets.
" Queen and Portland Streets.
" Yonge and Richmond Streets.
" Yonge and Carlton Streets.

AGENTS

London, Eng.—Parr's Bank, Limited.
France and Europe—Credit Lyonnais.
New York—Fourth National Bank and The Agents Bank of Montreal.
Boston—Eliot National Bank.

SALT

Is a little thing, but it can make or mar the pleasure of the dining table. Windsor Salt doesn't cake—it is absolutely pure.

Windsor Salt

SOLD EVERYWHERE

GEO. GALE & SONS

MANUFACTURERS OF

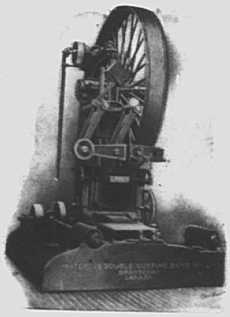
MONTREAL WAREROOMS

IRON & BRASS BEDS

WAREHOUSE 1885 NOTRE DAME MONTREAL.

GENERAL VIEW OF WORKS.

WATERVILLE, QUE.



ECONOMICAL

SAWMILL MACHINERY

BAND MILLS which produce 15 per cent. more lumber from same logs than a circular saw would.

DOUBLE CUTTING BAND MILLS

As easily run as single cutters. **DROPS** a board at each end, cutting 30% more lumber daily.

STEAM SETTERS Sets log by steam, saves labor setting and increases cut 8 per cent. daily.

STEAM-ACTING MACHINERY throughout the mill.

WE BUILD latest Labor Saving Modern Sawmill Machinery suitable for handling any timber.

STEEL CASTINGS largely used in all our work for strength and lightness.

SEND FOR ESTIMATES AND NEW CATALOGUE.

WATEROUS, BRANTFORD, CAN.

THE **BROWN BROS.** (Limited)

MANUFACTURERS OF

ACCOUNT BOOKS, LEATHER GOODS,

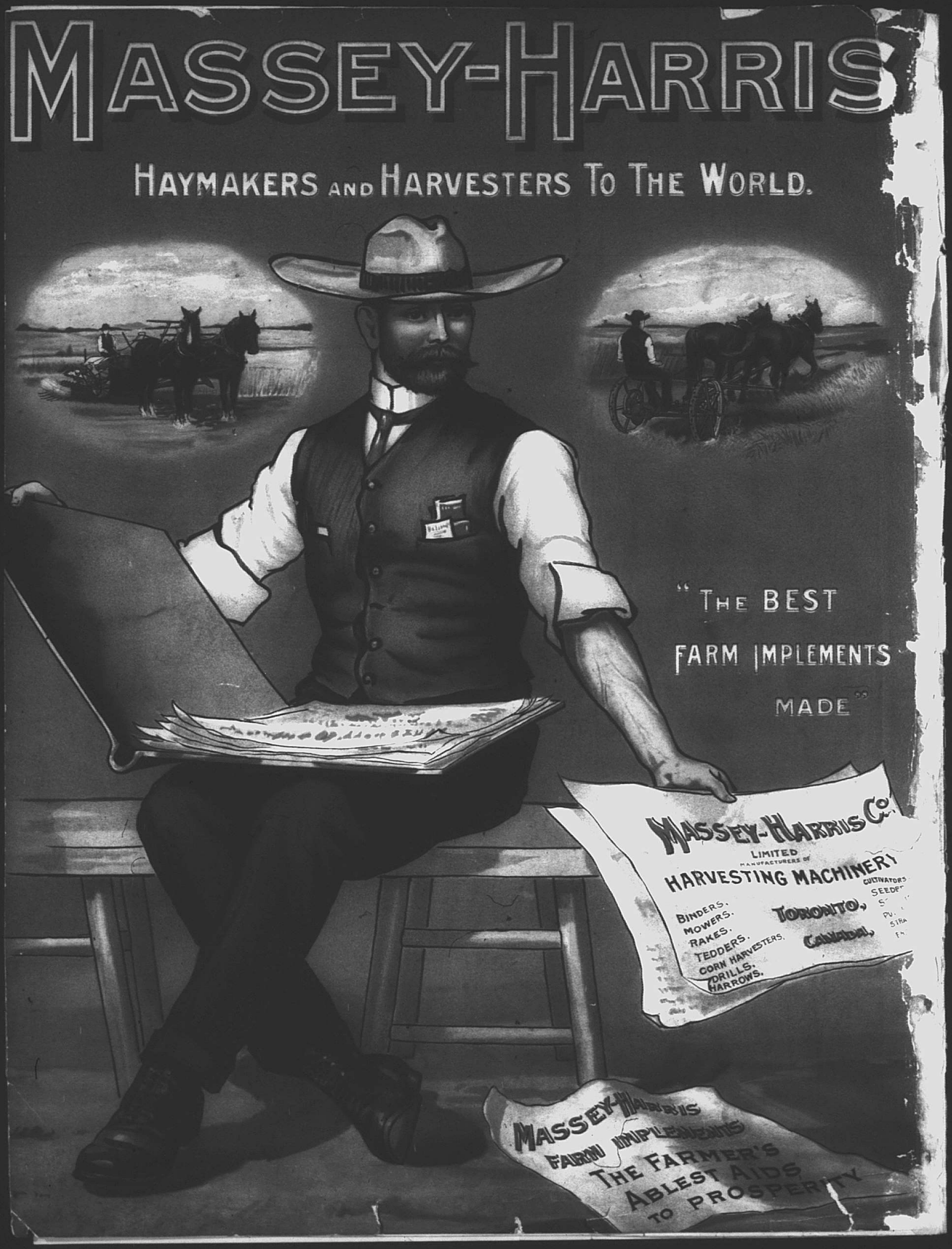
DEALERS IN **STATIONERY, PAPER**—ALL KINDS. Printers' and Binders' Supplies

51-53 Wellington St. West, Toronto

COAL

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

THE STANDARD FUEL CO. OF TORONTO, Ltd. TEL. MAIN 4103

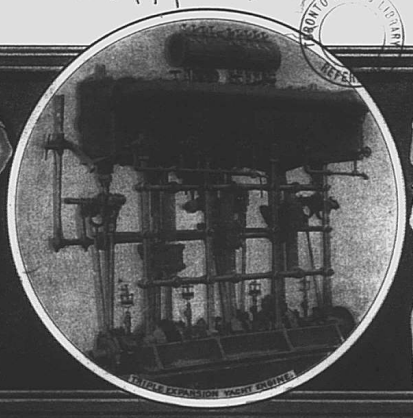

MASSEY-HARRIS
HAYMAKERS AND HARVESTERS TO THE WORLD.
"THE BEST FARM IMPLEMENTS MADE"
MASSEY-HARRIS CO.
LIMITED
MANUFACTURERS OF
HARVESTING MACHINERY
BINDERS.
MOWERS.
RAKES.
TEDDERS.
CORN HARVESTERS.
DRILLS.
HARROWS.
CULTIVATORS
TORONTO,
CANADA,
MASSEY-HARRIS
FARM IMPLEMENTS
THE FARMER'S
ABLEST AIDS
TO PROSPERITY

BEST COPY AVAILABLE
McLaren Micropublishing Limited

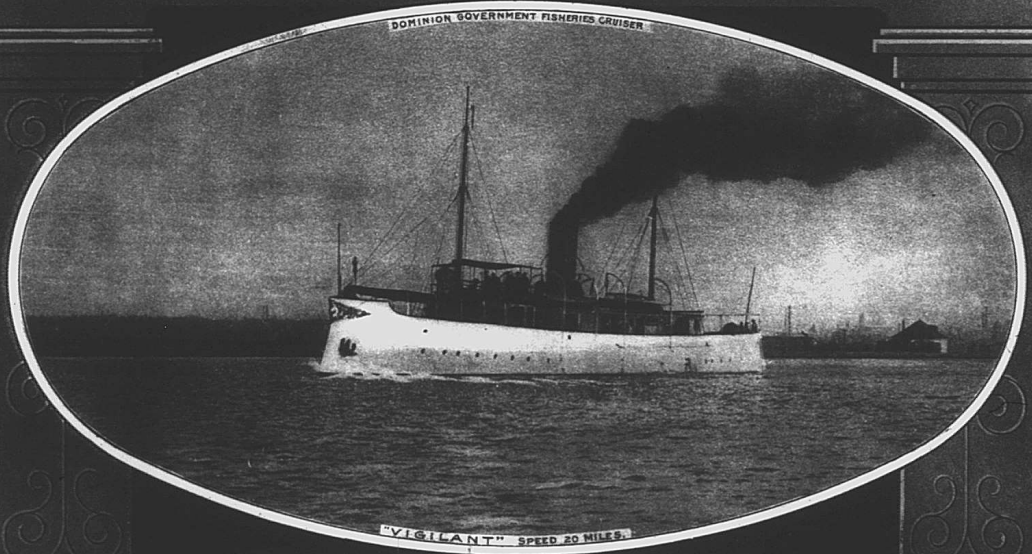
889997

TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

APR 8 1932

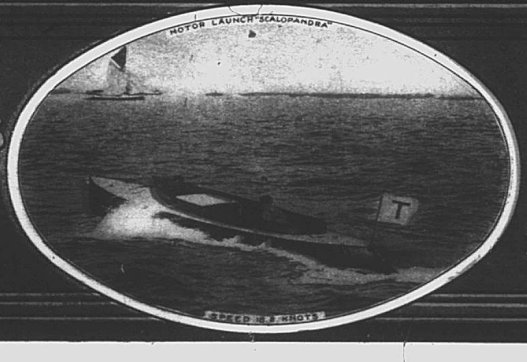


THE POLSON IRON WORKS



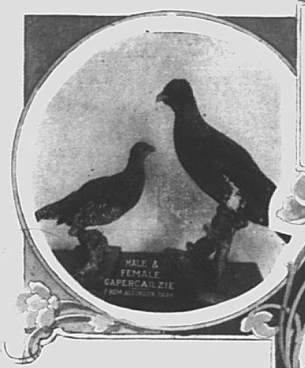
TORONTO.

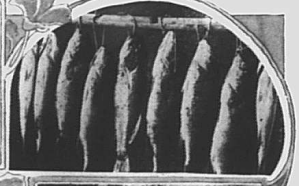
ENGINEERS.
BOILER MAKERS
& STEEL SHIP
BUILDERS.



HYDRAULIC
& DIPPER
DREDGES.
STEAM YACHTS

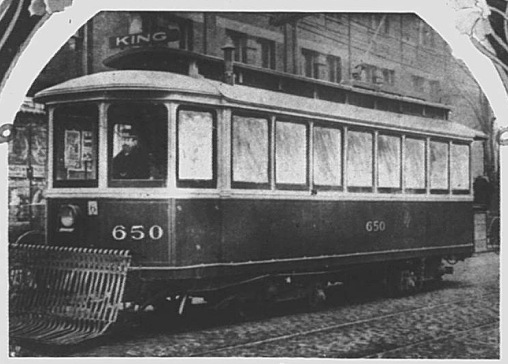
Ontario
The Sportsmans Paradise
INFORMATION
FOR THOSE WHO USE ROD & GUN.







POWER SAVED
MEANS MONEY MADE.



CAR OF TORONTO RAILWAY COMPANY FITTED WITH HENDERSON ROLLER BEARINGS.

A

Successful Railway Roller Bearing.

HAMILTON, CANADA, 27th, August, 1904.

THE HENDERSON ROLLER BEARING MANUFACTURING CO., LIMITED,
785 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

GENTLEMEN, Re Working of Bearings on Freight Car: Your Roller Bearings have been in operation on our heaviest cars since shipment of trucks to us some ten months ago, and are giving perfect satisfaction. We find on examination the condition of the Bearings is as good as when they were installed. We have placed them on our heavy freight car, so as to give them the severest test possible on our system. The length of our freight car is 58 feet, weighs about 15 tons, and carries from 15 to 18 tons of freight, running over 108 miles daily.

We find that the car coasts fully one-third farther than the other cars. We have had no hot boxes since installation, and have saved 90 per cent. of the amount of oil required by the ordinary journals, while no waste is required and no time lost replacing brasses and packing, besides avoiding the drip of oil, which is so evident in the ordinary stuffbox.

Judging from results up to date, the Bearings will not require renewing for years. We expect to have all our heavy cars equipped as soon as possible. Yours truly,

(Signed) HAMILTON, GRIMSBY & BEAMSVILLE ELECTRIC RY. CO.
GEO. E. WALLER, Manager.

THE GRAND VALLEY ELECTRIC R. R. have several cars already in use, and will equip throughout their whole system.

THE TORONTO RAILWAY CO. are now using them, and are delighted with them.

In use in scores of factories in Canada from East to West. Also on vehicles, etc.

As the present premises are overtaxed in filling orders, a site has been secured on King Street, west of Subway, where a new factory will be shortly erected. . . . . .

ALL BEARINGS GUARANTEED.

THE HENDERSON ROLLER BEARING MANUFACTURING CO., LIMITED,
TORONTO.

Head Office: 403 Temple Building. **Factory:** 785 King Street West.

GAME IN ONTARIO.

Ontario is the acknowledged home of the Virginia deer, better known as the red deer. For several years past during the short open season fully ten thousand have been killed each season in the Province. Moose and caribou are also found in large numbers in the northern portion of the Province, within a short distance of the various railroad and steamboat routes.

The game birds are varied and numerous, with the exception of wild turkeys. These could be found forty years ago in large numbers in the western counties. These grand birds, from a combination of circumstances, no longer exist in a wild state in the Province.

Nearly all the known species of swans, wild geese and duck, also snipe, woodcock and plover, are still to be found in the Province, affording moderate sport to the sportsman. Ruffed grouse, better known as partridge, are still abundant in the northern woods, and are only found in small numbers in the more settled and cleared districts.

Quail, the true American partridge, that afford more genuine sport than any other species of game in the Province, have had several unfavorable breeding seasons. This, with the long and severe winter of 1903-04, had a disastrous effect on these grand little game birds. In consequence of this the Government wisely, by Order-in-Council, made the season of 1904 a close one.

It is a matter of congratulation to all lovers of forests and streams that the Ontario Government have kept the magnificent forests, lakes and rivers of the Province, under wise restrictions, open to the public, irrespective of nationality.

To the lovers of nature and seekers of health and recreation, there is no other country where this can be obtained to the same extent as in the northern districts of Ontario. These districts appear to be formed by nature to be the summer breathing places for the pent-up inhabitants of cities and towns of this continent. Residents from the large cities and towns on both sides of the Great Lakes may reach the northern woods of Ontario in one day, where the denizens of lakes and forests may be studied and observed in all the grandeur and wildness of nature. There may be seen the monarch of the woods, the lordly moose in his native wilds. Also may be seen at work that ablest of all constructors, the beaver, the appropriate emblem of industrial Canada.

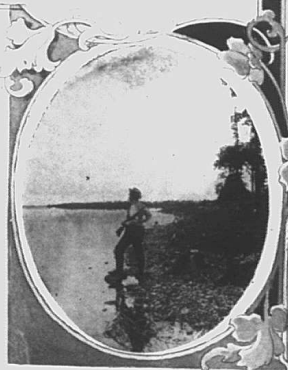
Those who desire to go further afield and enjoy nature's works on a more extensive and grander scale will be amply rewarded by a trip to the Temiskaming district, where the unexcelled scenery, to do justice to it, must be seen. It cannot be described. It is the sportsman's and tourist's paradise. Game in Europe is protected for and in the interest of the privileged class, the general public to a large extent being debarred from enjoying the pleasure and recreation derived from field sports. This system of exclusion is making rapid progress in the United States, and in some of the Provinces of the Dominion immense tracts of the public domain are being bought by wealthy men for game preserves. The Government of Ontario have refused to sell large portions of the public lands for such purposes, wisely deciding to keep the public domain for the public.

It is satisfactory to learn that the large number of capercailzie imported by the Government from Norway and Sweden last year, and liberated in the Algonquin Park, are making satisfactory progress. Several broods of young birds have been seen during the past summer.

FISH AND FISHING.

The subject of the preservation and perpetuation of the fisheries of this great Province, both commercial and sentimental, is one which we are glad to perceive is occupying the serious and intelligent attention of the officers, both here and at Ottawa, who are specially charged with this duty, the two Departments being conjointly responsible for their safe keeping; for it will be borne in mind that, though the lakes and rivers and the fish therein were declared by the court of final resort to be the property of the Province, yet the Federal Government possesses certain jurisdiction in regard thereto, viz., the power to enact regulations, to prescribe the times of year during which fishing may be carried on, and to stipulate the implements which may be allowed for the purpose. On the other hand, among other things, ownership by the Province carries with it the exclusive right to issue or withhold licenses, to refuse to sanction the use of certain implements of capture (though not prohibited by the Dominion), should it consider that fishing with such implements would be detrimental to the fisheries, or to the industry as engaged in by another class of fishermen with other implements of capture; to cancel a license if desired before the period for which it was issued has expired; and to refuse to issue licenses in any waters of the Province if it might be considered expedient so to do. Upon the Provincial Department devolves the duty of enforcing the laws of both the Dominion and the Province; and for this purpose the Province has appointed and maintains a staff of one hundred and forty salaried overseers and guardians. The fisheries, it should be pointed out, are the rightful heritage of not the present generation only but of succeeding generations as well, and the conservation and preservation of this great trust is therefore the bounden duty of those in whom it is for the time being reposed. They at present afford a livelihood for several thousands of our population, and in order to keep them in a fruitful condition, the work of artificial propagation should be extended, and that of the transplantation of game fish into the inland waters, which was inaugurated some few years ago by the Province, pushed forward more vigorously if possible than heretofore. The foresight which prompted the stocking of inland waters with game fish, and the success which has characterized the work, are subjects of very favorable comment and general congratulation.

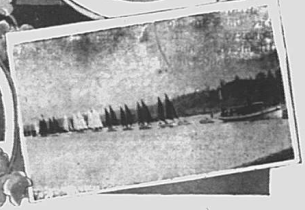
Hook and line fishing in Ontario is on the whole unexcelled in any other country on the globe, and fish, the very largest of their species, are here to be found. Anyone who has hooked a bass, trout or maskinonge like unto one of those which adorn this page, will no doubt have concluded that he has not lived in vain; for him who has not yet enjoyed that luxury a treat is still in store. A valiant champion of his kind is the maskinonge which was caught in the vicinity of Killarney, and which weighed on being taken from the water a fraction over 54 lbs. 54 lbs. 6 oz.







MASKINONGE WEIGHT 54 LBS.



INSIST ON YOUR DEALER SUPPLYING
STAUNTON WALL PAPERS
YOUR NAME ON THE MARGIN
MADE IN CANADA.
NONE BETTER ANYWHERE.
NO GOODS SOLD RETAIL.
Stauntons Limited
Manufacturers, TORONTO

The Metropolitan Bank
CAPITAL PAID-UP $1,000,000
RESERVE FUND $1,000,000
E. H. WARDEN, D.D., President
W. D. ROSS, General Manager
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
At All Branches. Accounts Solicited. Drafts Bought and Sold. Letters of Credit Issued.

Ritchie & Ramsay (LIMITED)
TORONTO, CANADA.
COATED PAPER AND CARDBOARD.

THE FINEST GRADE OF GOODS FOR
Printing and Lithographing
CHRISTMAS GLOBE IS PRINTED ON COATED R PAPER
MADE IN CANADA

Investment
For Those Desiring to Invest Money in Sums of $20.00 and Upwards
FULLY PAID SHARES are sold at par value, $20 per share. Rate of interest allowed 5%, payable semi-annually in January and July.
ADVANTAGES.—The investment earns a good rate of interest for every day the Company has the money in its possession.
The investment, while safe, relieves the holder from all the trouble of looking after taxes, insurance, collection of interest, etc.
There is no expense whatever attached to the investment, no premiums, no bonuses, no commissions, or charges or fees of any kind.
THE YORK COUNTY Loan & Savings Company
JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.
HEAD OFFICE—243 Roncesvalles, Toronto

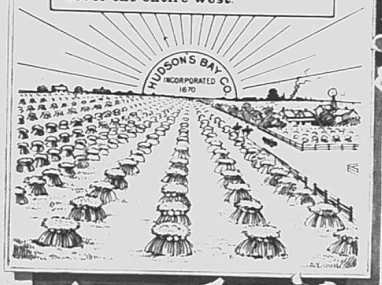
PHONE M 932
W. H. STONE
Undertaker
343 YONGE ST. TORONTO, CANADA.

MONUMENTS
ARTISTIC DESIGNS.
HIGH CLASS WORKMANSHIP.
REASONABLE PRICES.
McINTOSH GRANITE & MARBLE Co
1119 YONGE ST LIMITED.
TEL. NORTH 1249 — TORONTO

A PURE CANADIAN PRODUCT


PUSH IT ALONG

THE SUN & HASTINGS SAVINGS & LOAN CO.
INVESTMENT
SAFE
PROFITABLE
A small amount of the Company's Stock yet for sale, drawing dividend of 6 per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly.
Company's Debentures for sale, bearing 4 per cent. to 5 per cent. interest, according to length of term. Deposits taken, 3½ per cent. to 4 per cent. interest allowed.
Write for full particulars, which will be cheerfully given.
Head Office—Confederation Life Building TORONTO. W. PEMBERTON PAGE, Manager. Branch Office—BELLEVILLE.

Like the rays of the rising sun the Company's establishments cover the entire west.


This Special Holiday
NUMBER OF THE GLOBE IS PRINTED FROM 10-POINT OLD STYLE NO. 4 ROMAN
MANUFACTURED BY
Miller & Richard
SEND FOR CATALOGUE OF NEW FACES

DEPOSITS
WITH US ARE SECURED BY
ASSETS OF $6,827,305
CENTRAL CANADA LOAN & SAVINGS COY.
26 KING ST. E., TORONTO.
We especially invite correspondence
DEBENTURES
ISSUED BEARING
4%

FOUNDED A.D. 1710
SUN FIRE INSURANCE OFFICE
HEAD OFFICE—LONDON, ENG. The Oldest Purely Fire Office in the World. CANADIAN BRANCH—TORONTO, ONT. H. M. Blackburn, Manager. Geo. M. Higinbotham and Geo. S. Lyon, Toronto Agents. Agents wanted in unrepresented districts.

BRADSTREET'S
Established 1849. CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, $1,500,000
OFFICES THROUGHOUT THE CIVILIZED WORLD. EXECUTIVE OFFICES: NOS. 346 AND 348 BROADWAY, N. Y. CITY, U. S. A.
The Bradstreet Company gathers information that reflects the financial condition and the controlling circumstances of every seeker of mercantile credit. In procuring, verifying and promulgating information, no effort is spared, and no reasonable expense considered too great, that the results may justify its claim as an authority on all matters affecting commercial affairs and mercantile credit.
Subscriptions are based on the service furnished, and are available only by reputable wholesale, jobbing and manufacturing concerns, and by responsible and worthy financial, fiduciary and business corporations. CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.
OFFICES IN CANADA—Halifax, N.S., Montreal, Que.; St. John, N.B.; Hamilton, Ont.; Ottawa, Ont., Toronto, Ont.; London, Ont., Quebec, Que.; Vancouver, B.C.; Winnipeg, Man.
THOS. C. IRVING, General Manager Western Canada, Toronto

HELPS TO MANY HOMES
By taking advantage of our cleaning and dyeing system many a busy housekeeper is helped. Our perfect equipment and large experience enable us to do the best work
R. PARKER & CO., Dyers & Cleaners
201 AND 791 YONGE STREET; 59 KING STREET WEST; 471 AND 1267 QUEEN STREET WEST, 277 QUEEN STREET EAST. PHONES: NORTH 2011, MAIN 2143, 1004, 1191, 1187, AND PARK 98.

CHARLES M. HOME
WHOLESALE
TAILORS' TRIMMINGS
EXCLUSIVELY
COR. BAY & WELLINGTON STS.
TORONTO

THE ORDER OF Assessment System
CANADIAN HOME CIRCLES
IN TWENTY YEARS HAS PAID

Death Benefits	$2,200,000 00
Total Disability Benefits	23,200.00
Life Expectancy Benefits	8,000.00
Sick Benefits	43,495.00
Total payments	$2,274,695.00

Smith & Cameron
SOLICITORS OF
CANADIAN & FOREIGN PATENTS
EXPERTS and COUNSELLORS IN PATENT CAUSES.
Representatives in all Foreign Countries.
Canada Life Building, Toronto.

BROWN-SEARLE PRINTING CO.
89 Wellington St. W., Toronto.
SPECIALISTS IN { HIGH-CLASS CATALOGUES
COLOR PRINTING
AND HALF-TONE WORK

Accident and Sickness } Insurance
The Canadian Casualty and Boiler Insurance Company
22-24 Adelaide St. E.
TORONTO
Phone: Main 4091
Steam Boiler Elevator Property } Insurance
A. G. C. DINNICK, MANAGING DIRECTOR

THE Alexander Engraving Co.
DESIGNERS AND ENGRAVERS
16 ADELAIDE ST. W.
Toronto, Canada.

LAUNDRY MACHINERY
LAUNDRY SUPPLIES
THE LATEST IDEAS IN LAUNDRY MACHINERY
ALL NEW METHODS
If you want to be up-to-date and make money easier and faster, send for our Illustrated Catalogue and Price List and see the new ideas for yourself.
The YORK MFG. Co.
TORONTO, LIMITED.

BUY THE BEST COAL SOLD BY
The Standard Fuel Co.
OF TORONTO, LIMITED.

E. T. CARTER & Co.
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
WOOL, HIDES, SKINS, ETC.
83-85 Front St. East,
TORONTO

The HOME Savings & Loan Co. Limited
Head Office: 78 Church Street, Toronto
Branch "A": 522 Queen St. W.
3½% Interest Allowed on DEPOSITS from 20 Cents Upwards.
ASSETS, - $3,500,000
ACCOUNTS CAN BE OPENED AND MONEY DEPOSITED AND WITHDRAWN BY MAIL.

The W. J. Bolus Co. (LIMITED)
245 YONGE STREET, TORONTO
Artistic Wall Papers, Decorators, etc.

THE Standard Loan Co.
HOLDS
One Million Dollars
ASSETS AS SECURITY
FOR INVESTORS
—IN ITS—
5% DEBENTURES
Head Office: 24 Adelaide St. East, TORONTO. W. S. DINNICK, Vice-President and Managing Director.

PARKER & CO.
(ESTABLISHED 1880)
STOCK AND SHARE BROKERS
—DEALERS IN—
ALL LISTED SECURITIES, UNLISTED INDUSTRIAL and MINING STOCKS
CORRESPONDENCE INVITED



HALF-TONE ENGRAVING & ZINC ETCHING
The Half-Tone illustrations and Zinc Etchings in this issue are samples of our work.



THE CHAMPION FEED MILL
THE BEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL GRAIN GRINDER IN THE WORLD.
Manufactured by
S. VESSOT & Co.
JOLIETTE, QUE. TORONTO, ONT.

Windsor Salt
IS THE
Purest and Best.
WRITE US FOR PRICES. PROMPT SHIPMENT
TORONTO SALT WORKS, Agents
TORONTO, ONT.

MONEY ORDERS

The cheapest and most desirable medium of transmitting money in existence. Safe and convenient. No form to fill out. Payable at par at any express office or bank. Receipt given, and **LOST ORDERS** promptly refunded. No "red tape."

CANADIAN EXPRESS COMPANY

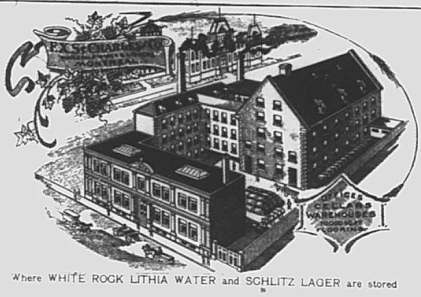
FORWARDERS of Every Description of Freight, Live Stock, Money & Valuables

To all points in Canada and the United States. Direct and most expeditious service. Half a century's experience. SPECIAL ATTENTION TO CONSIGNMENTS for FOREIGN COUNTRIES. SPECIAL RATES ON FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LARGE CONSIGNMENTS. Notes, Drafts, etc., collected with promptitude at exceptionally low prices.

FRY'S COCOA AND CHOCOLATE



IT'S FRY'S.
"STRONGEST, BEST"—HEALTH.
300 GOLD MEDALS & DIPLOMAS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.
SOLD BY BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE.



Where WHITE ROCK LITHIA WATER and SCHLITZ LAGER are stored

LATEST NOVELTIES IN DRESS GOODS

PRIESTLY'S CARDONO AND PANNEAU FACE CLOTH

WORN BY ALL WELL DRESSED WOMEN

VICTORIA BRAND TEA



FRAGRANT DELICIOUS.

It may be equalled, but CANNOT be SURPASSED

Laporte Martin & Co., Limited
MONTREAL
SOLE AGENTS

EDWARDSBURG STARCH Co.

THERE IS ONLY ONE STARCH "EDWARDSBURG"



THERE IS ONLY ONE SYRUP EDWARDSBURG "CROWN BRAND"

TORONTO MONTREAL
CARDINAL

Ostermoor



$15.00 $15.00

OSTERMOOR MATTRESSES are sold in Canada by over 150 reliable dealers, who endorse our guarantee that this Mattress is better than any $50.00 Hair Mattress made. Also that it will **PLEASE YOU.** WRITE FOR FREE BOOK AND DEALER'S NAME IN YOUR LOCALITY.

THE ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN CO.
(Limited), Sole Canadian Manufacturers,
MONTREAL



CANADIAN ALUMINUM WORKS
(Limited)
MONTREAL, QUE.
Cooking Utensils Made of

ALUMINUM

DO NOT IMPART A BURNT TASTE TO THE FOOD.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS





There is one kind of Sewing Silk that I always use and that is

Corticelli



No matter what anyone may tell you, follow my advice and use this famous silk. It is the Best in the World.

Home Needlework is a magazine that every lady should take. Issued four times a year, 96 pages, beautifully illustrated, 50 cents per year.

Write for sample, sending 15c. CORTICELLI SILK CO., Limited, ST. JOHNS, P.Q.



CLARK'S SLICED SMOKED BEEF

FOR DAINTY LUNCHEONS AND SUPPERS IS IDEAL.

DOMINION OIL CLOTH Co.

LINOLEUM, FLOOR TABLE, CHAIR, CARRIAGE & ENAMELLED OIL CLOTHS AND DECORATED BUPLAPS.

MAPLE LEAF BRAND

For Quality and Purity Buy

Refined Sugars of the Old and Reliable Brand of

Redpath

The Christmas Globe 1904



THE LIGHT AND THE SONG.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS dawned on the world in a flood-burst of light and song. There had been darkness on the hills and in the hearts, and brooding over all was a silence made heavy with the worn-out jangle and strife of men; but suddenly, over the hills of Bethlehem, the sky was aglow with light and the air tremulous with song. The watchers on the weary, wind-swept hills lifted glad and surprised eyes to the light that never was, and their hearts took up the rare new music of the angel-song of Peace and Good-will.

Christmas is still the light and the song of the world. Across the skies of human thought and endeavor the clouds of doubt and fear go drifting past; the hilltops are storm-tossed and the valleys are dull with gloom and the weeping rain; but high over all there shines a light that never goes out, and down through the shadow there floats the rainbow that never withdraws. The old horizons of life, beset by the darkness, are pierced by the radiance, and on the farther skyline hope dances and beckons on the very front of the cloud.

The toiler turns from his lonely furrow, and in that Christmas Light finds the strength to endure and the hope to overcome. Not yet has the noonday come for him. The curse of Cain is still unlifted, and in the sweat of his brow he eats his bread. Selfishness and greed and wasting strife still add to the primal burden and make the heart less brave. Class wars with class and man with man in the inevitable quest for enough or in the unsatisfying lust for excess. The hands are hard with the tools of toil and the hearts are hollow with the pretence of trade, and, when all is over, to what purpose has it been? But, without flaring, without fading, the love-light of the Bethlehem Star leads to the life of Peace and Good-will.

The adventurous spirits, cut from their moorings, adrift and bewildered, look up through the rift at the Christmas Star, and truth and duty are seen in the steady, shadowless light. The climbing wave and the scudding cloud and the shoreless drift of things are not all there is in life, and forevermore, for all the wistful mariners, there stands the majestic Figure against the background of peril on the stern of the Galilean boat, and now, as then, the storms of doubt and fear and passion know and obey.

And the Christmas Light shines steadiest, even as of old, over the place where the young children are. It is not by the might of armies nor by the power of kings, but by the simple life and the simple mind, that greatness comes to the world. A little child shall lead them. Once in the noisy round of the year the hearts of men are young again and their voices lilt the Christmas carols. Not for one day, but for all the days, and for the darker nights of the hard and troubled after-years, the home-light of Christmas is a lamp to the feet and a light to the path. Not shy and evanishing, as though it were lost and out of place in a world like this, but with the mild persistence of strength and right, the Christmas Star still marks for men the way back to the place of the Child. The mystic light and the song of Peace and Good-will have kept unfaded the vision splendid, and touched the bawliest lot with life's wonder and bloom. J. A. M.



BY NORMAN DUNCAN,

Author of "Doctor Luke of The Labrador."

(Copyright, 1904, by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

RETURNING afoot from the bedside of Long John Wise, at Run-by-Guess—which is a far part of Labrador—Doctor Luke (who then practiced freely on our coast) and I, Davy Roth, a lad, strapped our packs aback and heartily set out from the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Bread-and-Water Bay in the dawn of the day before Christmas: being then three weeks gone from home, and thinking to reach it next day. We were to chance hospitality for the night; and this must be (they told us) at the cottage of a man of the name of Jonas Jutt, which is at Topmast Tickle. There was a lusty old wind scampering down the coast, with many a sportive whirl and whoop, flinging the snow about in vast delight—a big, rollicking winter's wind, blowing straight out of the north, at the pitch of half a gale. With this abeam, we made brave progress; but yet 'twas late at night when we floundered down the gully called Long-an'-Deep, where the drifts were overhead and each must rescue the other from sudden misfortune: a warm glimmer of light in Jonas Jutt's kitchen window to guide and hearten us.

The doctor beat the door with his fist. "Open, open!" cried he, still furiously knocking. "Good Lord! will you never open?"

So gruff was the voice, so big and commanding—and so sudden was the outcry—and so late was the night and wild the wind and far away the little cottage—that the three little Jutts, who then (as it turned out) sat expectant at the kitchen fire, must all at once have huddled close; and I fancy that Sammy blinked no longer at the crack in the stove, but slipped from his chair and limped to his sister, whose hand he clutched.

"We'll freeze, I tell you!" shouted the doctor. "Open the——Ha! Thank you," in a mollified way, as Skipper Jonas opened the door; and then, most engagingly: "May we come in?"

"An' welcome, zur," said the hearty Jonas, "whoever you be! 'Tis gettin' to be a wild night."

"Thank you. Yes—a wild night. Glad to catch sight of your light from the top of the hill. We'll leave the racquets here. Straight ahead? Thank you. I see the glow of a fire."

We entered.

"Hello!" cried the doctor, stopping short. "What's this? Kids? Good! Three of them. Ha! How are you?"

The manner of asking the question was most indignant, not to say threatening; and a gasp and heavy frown accompanied it. By this I knew that the doctor was about to make sport for Martha and Jimmie and Sammy Jutt (as their names turned out to be), which often he did for children by pretending to be in a great rage; and invariably they found it delicious entertainment, for, however fiercely he blustered, his eyes twinkled most merrily all the time, so that one was irresistibly moved to chuckle with delight at the sight of them, no matter how suddenly or how terribly he drew down his brows.

"I like kids," said he, with a smack of the lips. "I eat 'em!"

Gurgles of delight escaped from the little Jutts—and each turned to the other, the eyes of all dancing.

"And how are you?" the doctor demanded.

His fierce little glance was indubitably directed at little Sammy, as though, God save us! the lad had no right to be anything but well, and ought to be, and should be, birched on the instant if he had the temerity to admit the smallest ache or pain from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. But Sammy looked frankly into the flashing eyes, grinned, chuckled audibly, and lisped that he was better.

"Better?" growled the doctor, searching Sammy's white face and skinny body as though for evidence to the contrary. "I'll attend to you!"

Thereupon Skipper Jonas took us to the shed, where we laid off our packs and were brushed clean of snow; and by that time Matilda Jutt, the mother of Martha and Jimmie and Sammy, had spread the table with the best she had little enough, God knows! being but bread and tea—and was smiling beyond. Presently there was nothing left of the bread and the tea; and then we drew up to the fire, where the little Jutts still sat, regarding us with great interest. And I observed that Martha Jutt held a letter in her hand: whereupon I divined precisely what our arrival had interrupted, for I was Labrador born, and knew well enough what went on in the kitchens of our land of a Christmas Eve.

"And now, my girl," said the doctor, "what's what?"

By this extraordinary question—delivered, as it was, in a manner that called imperatively for an answer—Martha Jutt was quite nonplussed: as the doctor had intended she should be.

"What's what?" repeated the doctor.

Quite startled, Martha lifted the letter from her lap. "He's not comin', zur," she gasped, for lack of something better.

"You're disappointed, I see," said the doctor.

"So he's not coming?"

"No, zur—not this year."

"That's too bad. But you mustn't mind it, you know—not for an instant. What's the matter with him?"

"He've broke his leg, zur."

"What!" cried the doctor, restored of a sudden to his natural manner. "Poor fellow! How did he come to do that?"

"Catchin' one o' they wild deer, zur."

"Catching a deer!" the doctor exclaimed. "A most extraordinary thing. He was a fool to try it. How long ago?"

"Sure, it can't be more than half an hour; for he've——"

The doctor jumped up. "Where is he?" he demanded, with professional eagerness. "It can't be far. Davy, I must get to him at once. I must attend to that leg. Where is he?"

"Narth Pole, zur," whispered Sammy.

"Oh-h-n!" cried the doctor; and he sat down again, and pursed his lips, and winked at Sammy in a way most peculiar. "I see!"

"Ay, zur," Jimmie rattled, eagerly. "We're fair disappointed that he's not——"

"Ha!" the doctor interrupted. "I see. Hum! Well, now!" And having thus incoherently exclaimed for a little, the light in his eyes growing merrier all the time, he most unaccountably worked himself into a great rage: whereby I knew that the little Jutts were in some way to be mightily amused. "The lazy rascal!" he shouted, jumping out of his chair, and beginning to stamp the room, frowning terribly. "The fat, idle, blundering dunderhead! Did they send you that message? Did they, now? Tell me, did they? Give me that letter!" He snatched the letter from Martha's lap. "Sammy," he demanded, "where did this letter come from?"



THE DOCTOR.

"Narth Pole, zur!"

Jonas Jutt blushed—and Matilda threw her apron over her head to hide her confusion.

"And how did it come?"

"Out o' the stove, zur."

The doctor opened the letter, and paused to slap it angrily, from time to time, as he read it.

Deer Martha North poll

few lines is to let you know on acounts of havin' broke me leg cotchin the deer Im sory im in a stat of helth not bein able so as to be out in hevy wether. hopin you is all wel as it leves me yrs respecful Sandy Claws

Fish was poor and it would not be much this yere anyways. tel little Sammy

"Ha!" shouted the doctor, as he crushed the letter to a little ball and flung it under the table. "Ha! That's the kind of thing that happens when one's away from home. There you have it! Discipline gone to the dogs. System gone to the dogs. Everything gone to the dogs. Now, what do you think of that?"

He scowled, and gritted his teeth, and puffed, and said, "Ha!" in a fashion so threatening that one must needs have fled the room had there not been a curiously reassuring twinkle in his eyes.

"What do you think of that?" he repeated fiercely, at last. "A countermanded order! I'll attend to him!" he burst out. "I'll fix that fellow! The lazy dunderhead, I'll soon fix him! Give me pen and ink. Where's the paper? Never mind, I've some in my pack. One moment, and I'll——"

He rushed to the shed, to the great surprise and alarm of the little Jutts, and loudly called back for a candle, which Skipper Jonas carried to him; and when he had been gone a long time he returned with a letter in his hand, still ejaculating in a great rage.

"See that?" said he to the three little Jutts. "Well, that's for Santa Claus' clerk. That'll fix him. That'll blister the stupid fellow."

"Please, zur!" whispered Martha Jutt.

"Well?" snapped the doctor, stopping short in a rush to the stove.

"Please, zur," said Martha, taking courage, and laying a timid hand on his arm. "Sure, I don't know what 'tis all about, I don't know what blunder he've made. But I'm thinkin', zur, you'll be sorry if you acts in haste. 'Tis wise t' count a hundred. Don't be too hard on un, zur. 'Tis like the blunder may be mended. 'Tis like he'll do better next time. Don't be hard "

"Hard on him?" the doctor interrupted. "Hard on him! Hard on that "

"Ay, zur," she pleaded, looking fearlessly up. "Won't you count a hundred?"

"Count it," said he, grimly.

Martha counted. I observed that the numbers fell slower and yet more slowly from her lips, until (and she was keenly on the watch) a gentler look overspread the doctor's face; and then she rattled them off, as though she feared he might change his mind once more.

"—— an' a hundred!" she concluded, breathless.

"Well," the doctor drawled, rubbing his nose, "I'll modify it," whereupon Martha smiled, "just to 'blige you," whereupon she blushed.

So he scratched a deal of the letter out; then he sealed it, strode to the stove, opened the door, flung the letter into the flames, slammed the door, and turned with a wondrously sweet smile to the amazed little Jutts.

"There!" he sighed. "I think that will do the trick. We'll soon know, at any rate."

We waited, all very still, all with eyes wide open, all gazing fixedly at the door of the stove. Then, all at once and in the very deepest of the silence —the doctor uttered a startling "Ha!" leaped from his chair with such violence that he overturned it, awkwardly upset Jimmie Jutt's stool and sent the lad tumbling head over heels (for which he did not stop to apologize); and there was great confusion; in the midst of which the doctor jerked the stove door open, thrust in his arm, and snatched a blazing letter straight from the flames—all before Jimmy and Martha and Sammy Jutt had time to recover from the daze into which the sudden uproar had thrown them.

"There!" cried the doctor, when he had managed to extinguish the blaze. "We'll just see what's in this. Better news, I'll warrant."

You may be sure that the little Jutts were blinking with amazement. There could be no doubt about the authenticity of that communication. And the doctor seemed to know it; for he calmly tore the envelope open, glanced the contents over, and turned to Martha, the broadest of grins wrinkling his face.

"Martha Jutt," said he, "will you please be good enough to read that."

And Martha read:

North Pole, Dec. 24, 10:18 p.m.

To Captain Blizzard,
Jonas Jutt's Cottage, Topmast Tickle, Labrador Coast.

Respected Sir:

Regret erroneous report. Mistake of a clerk in the Bureau of Information. Santa Claus got away at 9.36. Wind blowing due south, strong and fresh.

Snow, Chief Clerk.

Then there was a great outburst of glee. It was the doctor who raised the first cheer. Three times three and a tiger! And what a tiger it was! What with the treble of Sammy, which was of the thinnest description, and the treble of Martha, which was full and sure, and the treble of Jimmie, which dangerously bordered on a cracked bass, and what with Matilda's cackle and Skipper Jonas' croak and my own hoorays and the doctor's guttural uproar (which might have been mistaken for a very double bass)—what with all this, as you may be sure, the shout of the wind was nowhere. Then we joined hands—it was the doctor who began it by catching Martha and Matilda—and danced the table round, shaking our feet and tossing our arms, the glee ever more uproarious—danced until we were breathless, every one, save little Sammy, who was not asked to join the gambol, but sat still in his chair, and seemed to expect no invitation.

"Wind blowing due south, strong and fresh," gasped Jimmy, when, at last, we sat down. "He'll be down in a hurry, with they swift deer. My! but he'll just whizz in this gale!"

"But 'tis sad 'tis too late t' get word to un," said Martha, the smile gone from her face.

"Sad, is it?" cried the doctor. "Sad! What's the word you want to send?"

"'Tis something for Sammy, zur."

Sammy gave Martha a quick dig in the ribs. "'N' mama," he lisped, reproachfully.

"Ay, zur; we're wantin' it bad. And does you think us could get word to un? For Sammy, zur?"

"'N' mama," Sammy insisted.

"We can try, at any rate," the doctor answered, doubtfully. "Maybe we can catch him on the way down. Where's that pen? Here we are. Now!"

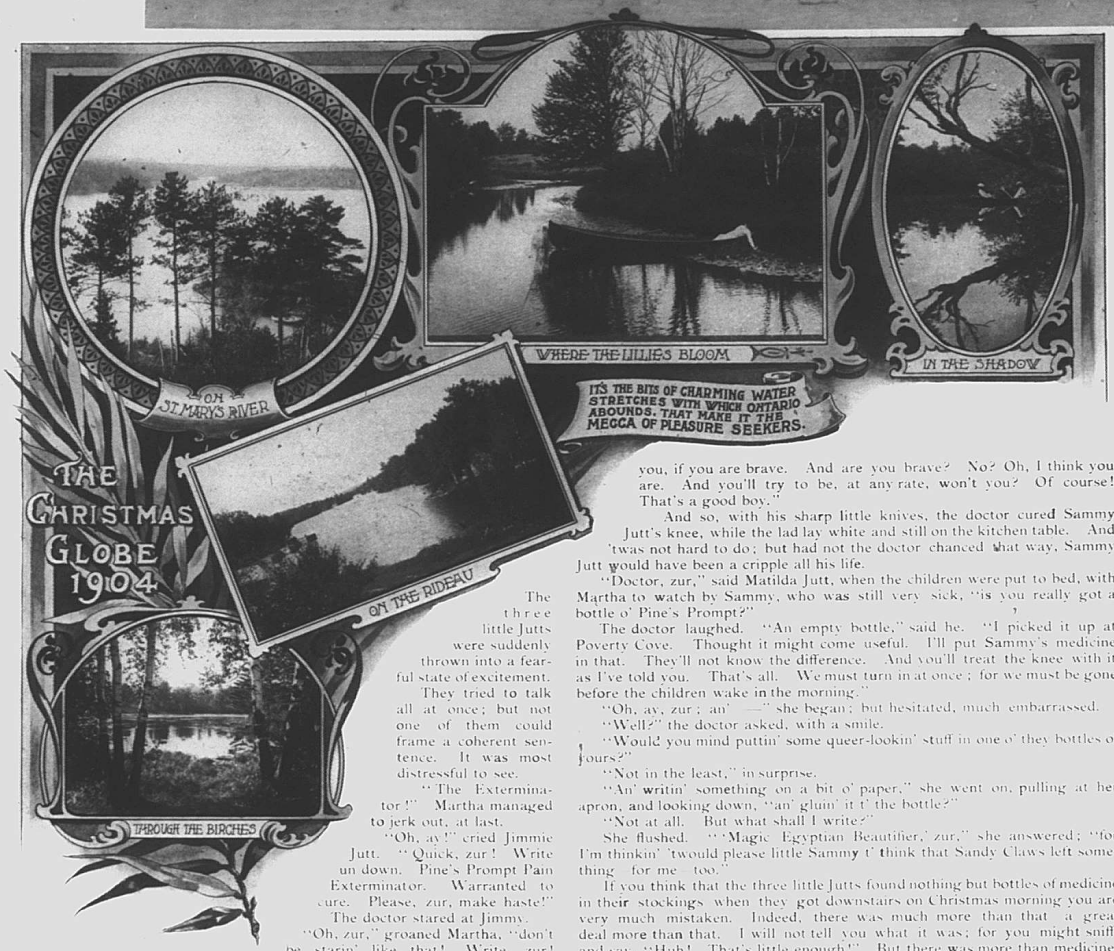
He scribbled rapidly, folded the letter in great haste, and dispatched it to Santa Claus' clerk by the simple process of throwing it in the fire. As before, he went to his pack in the shed, taking the candle with him—the errand appeared to be really most trivial—and stayed so long that the little Jutts, who loved him very much (as I could see), wished that the need would not arise again. But, all in good time, he returned, and sat to watch for the reply, intent as any of them; and, presently, he snatched the stove door open, creating great confusion in the act, as before; and before the little Jutts could recover from the sudden surprise he held up a smoking letter. Then he read aloud:

"Try Hamilton Inlet. Touches there 10.48. Time of arrival at Topmast Tickle uncertain. No use waiting up. Snow, Clerk."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the doctor. "That's jolly! Touches Hamilton Inlet at 10.48." He consulted his watch. "It's now 10.43 and a half. We've just four and a half minutes. I'll get a message off at once. Where's that confounded pen? Ha! Here we are. Now—what is it you want for Sammy and mama?"



"Ah, is that where it hurts you?"



The three little Jutts were suddenly thrown into a fearful state of excitement. They tried to talk all at once; but not one of them could frame a coherent sentence. It was most distressful to see.

"The Exterminator!" Martha managed to jerk out, at last.

"Oh, ay!" cried Jimmie Jutt. "Quick, zur! Write un down. Pine's Prompt Pain Exterminator. Warranted to cure. Please, zur, make haste!"

The doctor stared at Jimmy.

"Oh, zur," groaned Martha, "don't be starin' like that! Write, zur! 'Twas all in the paper the prospector left last summer. Pine's Prompt Pain Exterminator. Cures boils, rheumatism, pains in the back an' chest, sore throat, an' all they things, an' warts on the hands by a simple application with brown paper. We wants it for the rheumatiz, zur. Oh, zur——"

"None genuine without the label," Jimmie put in, in an excited rattle. "Money refunded if no cure. Get a bottle with the label."

The doctor laughed—laughed aloud, and laughed again. "By Jove!" he roared, "you'll get it. It's odd, but ha, ha! by Jove, he has it in stock!"

The laughter and repeated assurance seemed vastly to encourage Jimmy and Martha—the doctor wrote like mad while he talked—but not little Sammy. All that he lisped, all that he shouted, all that he screamed, had gone unheeded. As though unable to put up with the neglect any longer, he limped over the floor to Martha, and tugged her sleeve, and pulled at Jimmie's coat-tail, and jogged the doctor's arm, until, at last, he attracted a measure of attention. Notwithstanding his mother's protests—notwithstanding her giggles and waving hands—notwithstanding that she blushed as red as ink (until, as I perceived, her freckles were all lost to sight)—notwithstanding that she threw her apron over her head and rushed headlong from the room, to the imminent danger of the door-posts—little Sammy insisted that his mother's gift should be named in the letter of request.

"Quick!" cried the doctor. "What is it! We've but half a minute left."

Sammy began to stutter.

"Make haste, b'y!" cried Jimmie.

"'One bottle of the Magic Egyptian Beautifier,' said Sammy, quite distinctly for the first time in his life.

The doctor looked blank; but he doggedly nodded his head, nevertheless, and wrote it down; and off went the letter at precisely 10:47:45, as the doctor said.

Later—when the excitement had all subsided and we sat dreaming in the warmth and glow—the doctor took little Sammy in his lap, and told him he was a very good boy, and looked deep in his eyes, and stroked his hair, and, at last, very tenderly bared his knee. Sammy flinched at that; and he said "Ouch!" once, and screwed up his face, when the doctor—his gruffness all gone, his eyes gentle and sad, his hand as light as a mother's—worked the joint, and felt the knee-cap and socket with the tips of his fingers.

"And is this the rheumatiz the Prompt Exterminator is to cure, Sammy?" he asked.

"Ith, zur."

"Ah, is that where it hurts you? Right on the point of the bone, there?"

"Ith, zur."

"And was there no fall on the rock, at all? Oh, there was a fall? And the bruise was just there where it hurts so much? And it's very hard to bear, isn't it?"

Sammy shook his head.

"No? But it hurts a good deal, sometimes, does it not? That's too bad. That's very sad, indeed. But, perhaps—perhaps, Sammy—I can cure it for you, if you are brave. And are you brave? No? Oh, I think you are. And you'll try to be, at any rate, won't you? Of course! That's a good boy."

And so, with his sharp little knives, the doctor cured Sammy Jutt's knee, while the lad lay white and still on the kitchen table. And 'twas not hard to do; but had not the doctor chanced what way, Sammy Jutt would have been a cripple all his life.

"Doctor, zur," said Matilda Jutt, when the children were put to bed, with Martha to watch by Sammy, who was still very sick, "is you really got a bottle o' Pine's Prompt?"

The doctor laughed. "An empty bottle," said he. "I picked it up at Poverty Cove. Thought it might come useful. I'll put Sammy's medicine in that. They'll not know the difference. And you'll treat the knee with it as I've told you. That's all. We must turn in at once; for we must be gone before the children wake in the morning."

"Oh, ay, zur; an' ——" she began; but hesitated, much embarrassed.

"Well?" the doctor asked, with a smile.

"Would you mind puttin' some queer-lookin' stuff in one o' they bottles o' yours?"

"Not in the least," in surprise.

"An' writin' something on a bit o' paper," she went on, pulling at her apron, and looking down, "an' gluin' it t' the bottle?"

"Not at all. But what shall I write?"

She flushed. "'Magic Egyptian Beautifier,' zur," she answered; "for I'm thinkin' 'twould please little Sammy t' think that Sandy Claws left something for me too."

If you think that the three little Jutts found nothing but bottles of medicine in their stockings when they got downstairs on Christmas morning you are very much mistaken. Indeed, there was much more than that a great deal more than that. I will not tell you what it was; for you might sniff, and say, "Huh! That's little enough!" But there was more than medicine. No man—rich man, poor man, beggerman nor thief, doctor, lawyer nor merchant chief—ever yet left a Hudson's Bay Company's post, stared in the face by the chance of having to seek hospitality of a Christmas Eve—no right-feeling man, I say, ever yet left a Hudson's Bay Company's post, under such circumstances, without putting something more than medicine in his pack. I chance to know, at any rate, that upon this occasion Dr. Luke did not. And I know, too—you may be interested to learn it—that as we floundered through the deep snow, homeward bound, soon after dawn, the next day, he was glad enough that he hadn't. No merry shouts came over the white miles from the cottage of Jonas Jutt, though I am sure that they rang there most heartily; but the doctor did not care; he shouted merrily for himself, for he was very happy. And that's the way you'd feel, too, if you spent your days hunting good deeds to do.

DO OUR BEST.

Here's a song of cheer for the coming year,
We have only to do our best;
Take up our part with a fearless heart,
And the Lord will do the rest.

Jean Blewett.

A THOUGHT.

So often in the care and toil of life
We miss the flowers growing by the way,
And in the midst of all our human strife
Forget the blessings given us each day.
For oft the pleasant word, the kindly deed,
Is thoughtlessly withheld to those we love
While they are here, but when they live above
We see our error, when they feel no need.
Let each day's little things have proper place,
Nor think one deed too small for kindly care.
The atoms form the continents in space,
A smile will help some one his cross to bear.
Remember, each day's page is written true;
We hold the power for good or ill to do.

Myrtle Corcoran.

DECIDEDLY THE REVERSE.

Uncle Wellington de Bergh, a retired English merchant, who occasionally came to visit his relatives in this country, was an enthusiastic bicyclist, notwithstanding his age, which was over seventy. His other passion was a fondness for Walker's Dictionary, which, he maintained, was superior to all others, of whatever date, and he seemed to know it by heart. "Your uncle," said the caller one day, "appears to be a walking cyclopedia." "On the contrary," responded one of Uncle Wellington's bright nieces, "he's a cycling Walkerpedia."


TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

Christmas Cards, 1904. By permission of Ullman Mfg. Co., New York.

THE HAYMAKER.

CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1904

GIRL & SYNDICATE

By ALBERT R. CARMEN
PICTURES BY J.S. GORDON



"Buried his shirt sleeves in a decent coat."

WHEN Jack Temple of The Argus sent up his last batch of "copy" to the composing-room, pulled his necktie straight, and buried his shirt sleeves in a decent coat, with a view to appearing on the street, he always had a sense of the insufficiency of his preparations, if he were going up to the Heaths—say, for tennis on the lawn in summer, or for tea before the grate in winter. It was not that he wanted to be better dressed; for Jack was a correct man in such matters. But he would have liked a sort of moral disinfection before entering the atmosphere breathed by the sensitive soul of Olive Heath. He had at times a fantastic notion that she might detect some odor of sordid baseness on his garments.

Olive Heath had no sense of the exigencies of life. She took a keen interest in "affairs" and even in politics; but all her standards were ideal. She could not see that there were times when a straight line was anything but the shortest distance between two points; and she brought out her white wand of correct measurements to apply to every transaction with an air of such sweet confidence in your foregone acceptance of it, with such a scorn for anything less lurking behind her direct gaze, that it was quite beyond the courage of man to whisper a doubt. Many a young man, immersed all day in the business whirl where means are so commonly judged by results, came away from Olive Heath's after an evening with her feeling that to live up to her expectations would be a religion and assuring himself that—by all the gods!—he could do it if she would always sit at his hearthstone and inspire him.

But none of the young men had much hope of such an inspiration, save perhaps, two—Jack Temple of The Argus, and Dick Bennett, a junior in the brokers' firm of Mason, Hall & Bennett.

One morning when the struggle at the City Hall over the renewal of the street car franchise was getting hot, Jack Temple came upon a piece of exclusive news which so excited him that he dug after details right away through his lunch hour and then jumped onto a car for a few blocks to The Argus office. It was not until the elevator was shooting him up to the editorial rooms that another phase of the news struck him. The "story" was a circumstantial account of the plans of one of the competing syndicates to buy over two necessary Aldermen, with spot cash, to vote for their tender for the street car franchise, the negotiations being put through by no less a person than Dick Bennett. It was the greatest "scoop" of the month, and he was absolutely sure of his facts, and The Argus was fighting this syndicate, and the defeat of these men meant lower fares for the citizens—meant even bread in many poor houses; but—and Jack sat fiddling with his Remington machine while the precious moments of the early afternoon went by. The city editor was pleading with the boys to hurry up, and one edition was already on the street; but Jack Temple, with a dynamic sensation in his notebook, was pounding out items about a few yards of new sidewalk, and another city office created for the relative of an Alderman.

For he wanted the night to think this over. If he published the story, Olive Heath would see it; Olive Heath would know that Dick Bennett was engaged in a business as loathsome to her as a nest of serpents. No subsequent explanations would ever explain. Dick would be out of the race, and he—Jack Temple—would win; but he would never know whether she might not have preferred Dick if this exposure had not been made. And that was a victory he could not bear. The figure of poor Dick as he might have been would always stand between them. And he!—who was he to win by a presumed moral superiority? Was he better than Dick? If all his comings and goings were uncovered before the wide, frank eyes of Olive Heath, would he stand the test?

The next morning when he came down to the office, he left his notebook hidden in his trunk at home. The "story" of the purchased Aldermen would never be written. It was not that he did not think of his duty to The Argus and to the city; but he was a young man in love, and the world outside of his lady's drawing-room had small claims upon him.

From that on Jack Temple took little interest in the fight for the franchise; he knew how it would end. He would sit on the Heath veranda of an evening and talk to Olive of the books they both liked, and of the unimportance of things and the kingship of thoughts, and of life as it wasn't, and—sometimes—hinted at love as it was: and always he knew that he had chosen the right path. Dick Bennett was not infrequently there when he was, and he knew that Dick was no hypocrite when he agreed with Olive in all her white-souled views of the purposes of men; for he was never more sincere himself than when passionately asserting that hers was the only standard, though conscious that if he lived up to it for one hour the "town" would judge him crazy. What they would judge him to be if they knew of his hidden notebook he did not care to speculate.

The day of the final vote on the franchise he was at the reporters' table in the Council Chamber, having been sent down there to assist the regular City Hall man. The Aldermen were slow in getting to their desks, having much consulting to do in side offices with gentlemen in long coats who appeared and disappeared at the back of the crowd of waiting citizens who were officially known as "the public." Even after the session had opened, it seemed impossible for many of the Aldermen to stay in their seats. They were always jumping up and smiling their way through "the public" to the mysterious side offices again.

At first Jack could see nothing of Dick Bennett, and concluded that he was wisely staying away. He probably knew that he had his purchased Aldermen parcelled-up for delivery, and concluded that suspicion would be less likely to point to him if he were not present. Then in a moment he caught sight of Dick's face at a committee-room door. It was stiff and colorless, like a mask, and the eyes shifted perpetually.

"He's thinking," mused Jack, "that if this ever gets out, it will be all up with him—at Olive's."

Men pushed by Bennett, coming and going, usually nodding to him; but he merely seemed to be waiting. Jack tried to catch his eye, but there looked to be no sight in it.

Then suddenly the tension in the chamber tightened. The ring of citizens seemed to draw closer to the "pit" wherein the Aldermen battled and silence came like the falling of a wind. Some Aldermen still in the committee-rooms came hurriedly out of them and made their way through the crowd without pausing to recognize anyone; for the business of the franchise was at last up. There was some unimportant skirmishing to begin with; and then the Alderman who had been fighting for the better tender plunged into a vigorous,



"Spent an evening at Heaths."

hard-hitting speech in which he said that he could not believe that public men who were at once intelligent and uncorrupted would think for a moment of betraying the city into so bad a bargain as some of his colleagues were advocating. Interruptions exploded under his most vehement arguments like "mines"; and the applause of his supporters swept down the interrupters with the effect of volley-firing.

The friends of Bennett's syndicate did not reply. They did not want to talk; they wanted to vote. The two purchased Aldermen had never been known as talkers anyway; and now they sat silent, preoccupied and—like Bennett—waiting. But they were not pale. There was nothing about them to indicate that they had anything on their consciences, or that they feared for the future.

At last the vote came. It was on the acceptance of the Bennett tender. As it progressed, it was clear that the ranks of both parties had been unshaken, and that these two purchased votes would give the victory to Dick's syndicate.



MIDST PASTURES GREEN.

Then the two Aldermen rose, one after the other, and voted against Dick's syndicate. Jack looked quickly up in amazement; but Dick's white face was gone. Then he sat back, breathed hard in his excitement, and blessed his stars that he had not committed The Argus to that story. He went to see his "source of information," who assured him that what he had told him was strictly true, but that something must have happened since. The next time he met Dick Bennett at the Heaths he apologized to him in his inner heart, though, of course, he said nothing about it.

It was a week later that he was called into the managing editor's room. That gentleman had two piercing eyes, a firm, quiet mouth, a gentle manner and a lightning judgment.

"Why did you suppress that story of the syndicate bribe?" he asked sweetly and without introduction.

Jack threw at him the first thought that came in his mind. "It wasn't true," he said.

"It was when you got it."

Jack felt the uselessness of fencing. "I had reasons of my own," he replied gloomily.

The chief looked at him steadily for a few moments. "Mr. Temple," he said presently, "I know they were honorable reasons."

Jack's face cleared with a smile. "They were, sir," he replied with eager sincerity.

"But," went on the chief, "the syndicate accuses us of rebuying Bennett to betray them. They think you confided in me, and that we thought this the surest way to defeat them."

"I will go on the stand and swear —" Jack began.

"It will not come to trial," replied the chief, "but they are getting Bennett kicked out of his firm."

"Oh!"

Jack went back to his desk and stared hard at the wall in front of him. What could he do? It was useless to protest and explain. The cynical syndicate would believe nothing — least of all, his true reasons for suppressing that story. He might tell Bennett; but what good would that do? Even if Bennett believed him, he could make no use of it.

He was still cudgelling his dazed mind for a right line of conduct when he turned up the quiet street leading to the Heaths; and there was Bennett loitering in front of him. Bennett turned and saw him and then waited.

"What did you do with that story, Jack?" he asked woodenly when Jack came up.

"My notes of it are locked up in my trunk," returned Jack in a commonplace tone. He had no plan; he would let the truth lead where it wished.

Bennett's grey eyes glimmered at him for a moment. Then he said thoughtfully: "I see. You did not want to kill me with Olive — not in that way."

Jack nodded assent. A few moments before he had been wondering whether Bennett would believe such a story; now, for some mysterious reason, he did not feel surprised that he had divined it. Then his curiosity awoke.

"What happened your Aldermen?" he asked.

"I didn't buy them."

"Why?"

"Spent an evening at Heaths, and on my way home decided to ground the wire. Did not return the money to the syndicate until the day after the vote, for fear they would use someone else."

"Spent an evening at Heaths." Jack understood at once. He could see himself with such a plan in his mind to meet Olive's open-souled eyes, and cursing himself inwardly as a hypocrite. So he put out his hand to Bennett and said: "Shake!" and each understood the other.

"Are you out of the firm?" asked Jack as they turned to walk up to the Heath gate.

"As far out as a man can be kicked."

"What are you going to do?"

"Hoping to get in with the Sterlings."

Then there was silence until they were just at the gate, when Jack said explosively: "The race is off, you know, old man, until you get your footing again" and he looked toward the house.

Dick Bennett, broker, was a smooth, calm, unemotional fellow; but when he reached out to clap Jack on the shoulder at this, his hand slipped onto the shoulder farthest from him, so that his arm lay momentarily about him, and his grey eyes blinked nervously.

"You're white," was all he said.

Jack heard nothing more of the matter until the season of tennis had given way to the season of tea; and then one day when he went in out of the early twilight to sit by the cosy fire he found Olive with a new seriousness in her face.

"I know all about that — that syndicate affair," she said with her simple directness.

Jack wondered how much her "all" meant, but what he asked was —

"How did you hear?"

"Papa told me why Dick changed his firm; and — and — then I asked Dick about it, and he told me why he did not — do the terrible thing —"

"That was your influence," put in Jack.

"No; it was Dick's good heart," she returned eagerly. "He was awfully tempted; and here I sit with never a temptation! No wonder I can say things so easily."

Jack looked up at this revelation of new insight, and saw a helpless sorrow for her own inexperience on the girlish face, that brought to her a further touch of the feminine; and he felt a stronger longing to supply her need. The saintly queen was just a timid girl after all.

Then she turned to him with a look of the old devotion to the right in her eyes, and asked with serious gentleness —

"But do you think you did quite right? I know you wanted to save Dick; but what if the thing had gone through? You would have always felt that you could have stopped it."

"I did not do it to save Dick," replied Jack steadily, feeling that now the crisis had come.

"Why then?"

"For myself solely. I did not know — I do not know which of us you might — might —" he could not get a word — "might prefer —" Then he looked firmly at her. "Olive, I loved you with my whole soul and I was afraid that

(Continued on Page 26.)

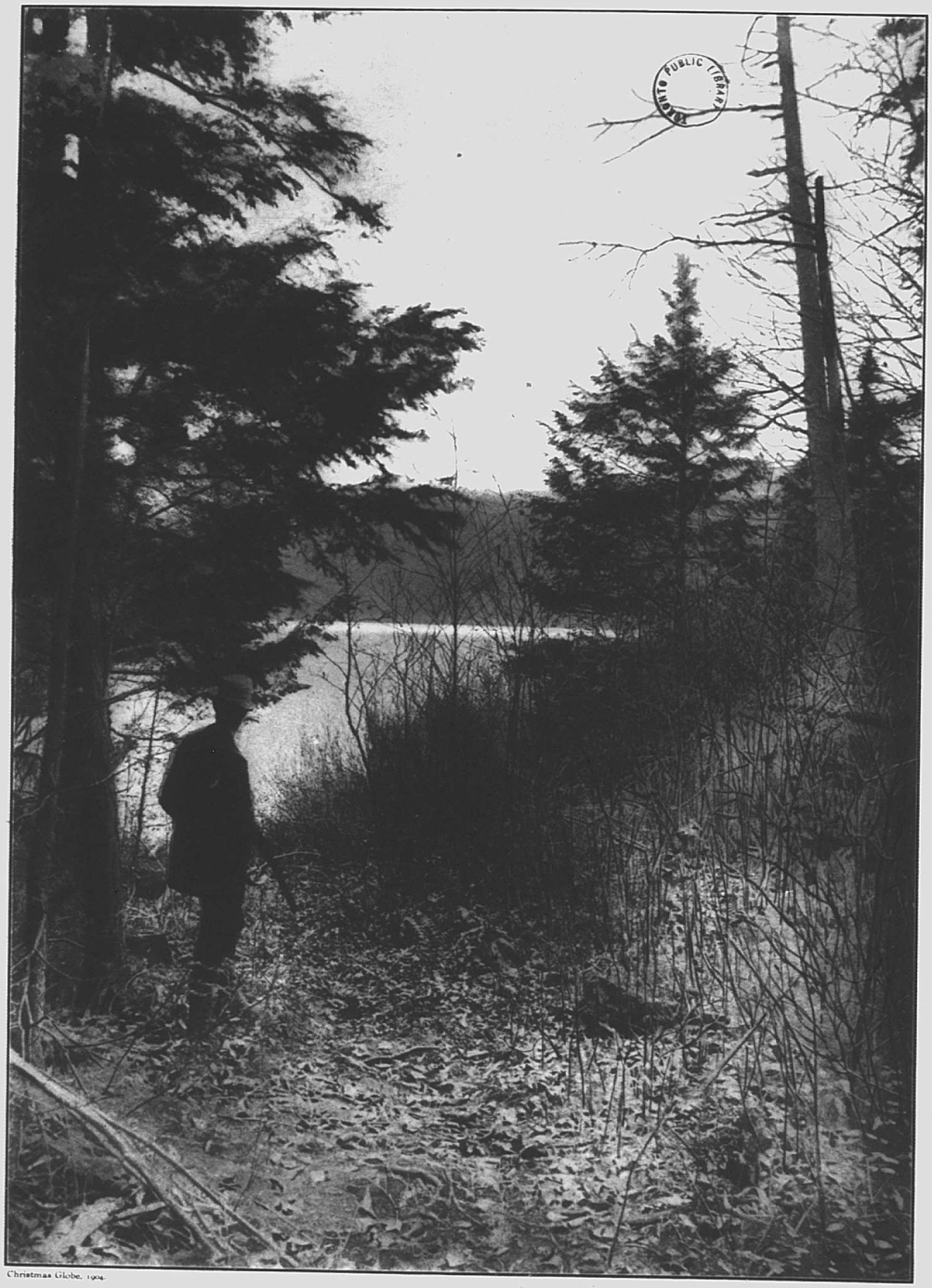


"It was always you."



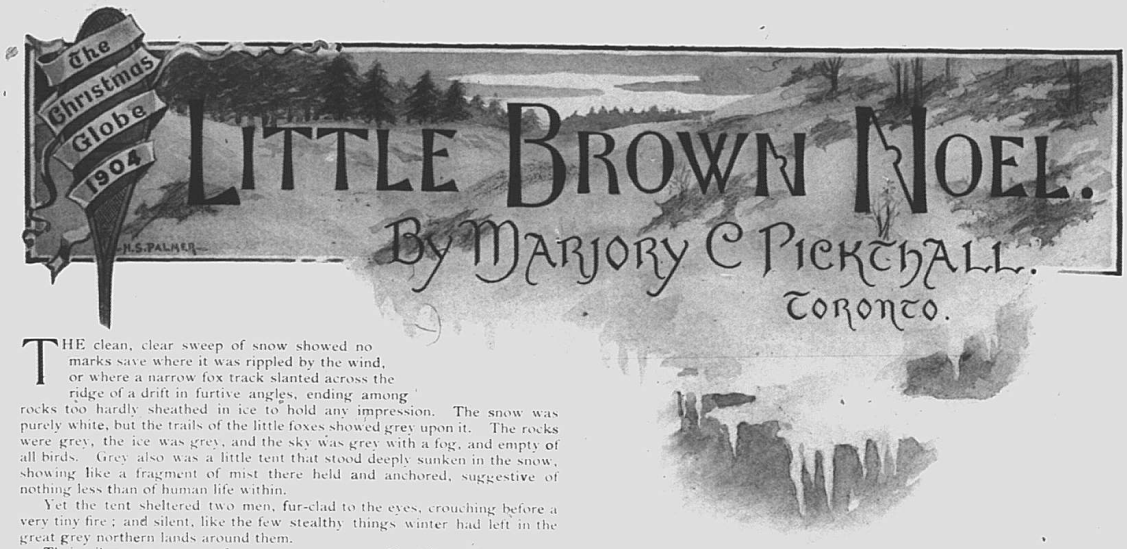





TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

Christmas Globe, 1904.

AT THE RUNWAY.



LITTLE BROWN NOEL.

By MARJORY C PICKTHALL.
TORONTO.

THE clean, clear sweep of snow showed no marks save where it was rippled by the wind, or where a narrow fox track slanted across the ridge of a drift in furtive angles, ending among rocks too hardly sheathed in ice to hold any impression. The snow was purely white, but the trails of the little foxes showed grey upon it. The rocks were grey, the ice was grey, and the sky was grey with a fog, and empty of all birds. Grey also was a little tent that stood deeply sunken in the snow, showing like a fragment of mist there held and anchored, suggestive of nothing less than of human life within.

Yet the tent sheltered two men, fur-clad to the eyes, crouching before a very tiny fire; and silent, like the few stealthy things winter had left in the great grey northern lands around them.

Their silence came, not from any anger or unfriendliness, but merely from the habit of the wilds, and, latterly, from a certain lethargy which cold and hunger and disappointment had brought upon them. So that now, when one spoke suddenly, the other started, and turned upon the skins where he lay huddled.



"This is Christmas Eve, ain't it?"

"This is Christmas Eve, ain't it?" said Jim Farquhar, thoughtfully, dropping two small sticks on the flicker of fire.

Craven looked at him vaguely for a moment before answering, "Christmas Eve?" he said at last; "Christmas Eve? Is it? I don't know." He turned again among the furs, so that he lay facing away from the other man, asking "What does it matter?" as he turned.

Farquhar did not look up, but continued to gaze at his long bony hands, whitened from privation and scarred with many frostbites.

"Why," he replied slowly, "it bein' Christmas Eve, it came upon me to wonder what my kids was up to, that's all."

Again there was silence, until "How many children did you say you had?" inquired Craven, with polite indifference. Farquhar pondered and answered circumstantially, "There's the eldest, Maggie," he said, dropping a stick on the flames, "an' there's Jimmie," dropping another stick, "an' there's Mamie, who's like her mother was," dropping yet another stick, "an' there's Flossie and Niel, twins," dropping two little sticks together. "An' I guess that's all," he concluded, dusting the tiny splinters of wood from his hands.

"Their auntie's keepin' them for me," he went on, "an' it came upon me to think how glad they'd be when we struck the gold an' I went home."

Craven raised himself upon his elbow, laughing; and his laugh cut through the atmosphere of listlessness like the bitter thrust of a sword. "When we strike the gold!" he cried. "Yes, and when will that be? It's nearly a year now since we came to this cursed wilderness of rocks and fog and cruel cold nearly a year, and we've lived like savages, following every whisper, every hint we got from Indian or Innuit. We know it's there! It must be there! One tribe thought they'd heard of the place as being to the westward, and we've gone west. One man knew of it as being northeast, and we've gone northeast. And where is our gold? Where it was ever at the foot of the rainbow."

He paused, panting, and struck his fist downwards with a fierce, weak blow upon nothingness. Then his mood changed. "Let's leave it all," he cried. "Let's leave it and go back to poverty and safety and quiet deaths! Why did we come here to be starved and frozen, all because we heard the word 'gold'? Why did we decide to brave the winter and try again in the spring? Why did we believe every lying savage who told us that this unknown place, this little Klondike, was but a few leagues further north or east or west? O, let's leave it and go home!"

Farquhar shook his head. "We'd better face it out now," he said with slow soothing. "And if the place exists at all, it can't be far from here. You'll be feelin' better an' thinkin' different by the spring, an' we'll find our Klondike all right, our little gully through black rocks with the stream at the bottom. That's what they say it's like, don't they? To-morrow I'll go out an' try for a musk-ox for our Christmas dinner. But we'd better face it out. I don't know how 'tis with you, but—but I ain't going back to my good little sister-'n-law without a cent in my pockets after all she's done for the kids. 'Taint likely. No, we'll stick it out together or go under together. I couldn't go back with nothing to show but frostbites."

Craven laughed mirthlessly. "As you will," he said, "but I think that a hundred years hence our ghosts will still be chasing the phantom of gold through the length and breadth of the empty north." He dropped his head on his arm and lay still among the furs, while Farquhar looked at him with puzzled compassion. "It ain't no good to give in now," he murmured; "when I go back to the kids I will take a fortune with me." And he fell to tending the fire again, glancing uneasily now and then at his comrade.

"I didn't know he was so discouraged," he thought, "but I don't feel like going back to work in the towns at two dollars a day when that little black gully may be anywhere around. Craven hasn't got the same need of the gold as I have, he having no children. No, I may do better for the kiddies here than at home, after all. But I wisht I could put somethin' in their stockin's." He pulled out his knife and began whittling one of the little sticks, his mouth, under the rough moustache, pursed into a solemn, soundless whistle.

Once he looked up anxiously as a sudden gust of wind leapt down from the frozen north, and shook the tent, rushing over it with a scream as of voices and a roar as of many wings. Twice he looked up, as the gust came again and, the shrillness of the tumult increased, succeeded by a breathless silence. When the third onslaught of the wind had descended and passed he rose quickly to his feet and began strapping on his snowshoes. Craven looked round amazedly.



"Found him sittin' under a rock, half froze."

Farquhar answered the look with another, white, tense and strange. He fumbled with stiff fingers at the thongs. "There's someone or somethin' howlin' out there," he explained briefly, "I heard a wail that no wind which ever blew could make. I'm going to see what it is."

In a moment he had lifted the flap of the tent, and floundered upwards to the top of the surrounding drift and vanished into the wind-torn greyness without. Craven waited anxiously.

He had not to wait long. Five minutes might have passed, when Farquhar returned as suddenly as he had gone, fairly rolling down from the snowbank into the tent. "Missed the tent in the fog," he gasped, "an' found it 'cause I fell into it." He rose to his feet carefully. Craven sat upright with an astonished exclamation. For in his arms Farquhar carried an Eskimo child.

The child's fur hood had fallen back, showing his small, round, brown face, his shock of short black hair, his quick black eyes as strained and pitiful as the eyes of a frightened animal. His quaint wide mouth was drawn down at the corners and above it sat a tiny button of a nose, sharply touched with frost. Seeing this, Farquhar snatched a lump of snow from his snowshoes, and rubbed it upon the little nose very gently. Then he sat the child down upon the skins and he and Craven looked at each other.



"Well, this is a funny sort of Christmas box, ain't it?" said Farquhar at last.

"I didn't know there was a village anywhere near," returned Craven excitedly. "Poor little beggar! I suppose he must have strayed away somehow. How on earth did you find him?"

"Found him sittin' under a rock, half froze, with his eyes shut, yellin' like a fog-horn. Never heard such a yell. My Flossie could roar down any other kid on our street, but this queer little Jappy-lookin' youngster beats her all holler. Oh, I hadn't no difficulty in findin' him: the difficulty was to get back to the tent." And Farquhar stooped to take off his snowshoes. "What are we going to do with him?" asked Craven, touching the child cautiously, as if half afraid he might break. "Look after him till he finds his own folk, o' course," answered the other, almost roughly, "or until they find him. He won't be much trouble. I should think him to be near five years old or thereabouts — same age as Niel an' Flossie was when last I seen 'em. Mind now, Craven, he's thawin' out, and we shall have another yell if ye handle him like that."

For the child had drawn away from Craven's friendly advances, and sat regarding him distrustfully, finger in mouth, his bright eyes blank with bewilderment and terror. He was cold, he was hungry and he was very, very tired. Yet, with all the instincts of a little wild animal, he would not yield too readily to such blandishments. What might these tall, pale men want with him? The corners of the quaint mouth turned lower and lower, and the black eyes dimmed and softened.

"Don't cry, now," said Farquhar, and held out a little lump of frozen venison from their scanty stores.

Something in the tone and the gesture, more than the sight of the food, seemed to reassure the child. He edged along the floor, inch by inch, until he was close enough to take the meat from Farquhar's hand. Then, the said hand remaining open and empty, he slipped his own fat little brown paw softly into it, and settled down to contented nibbling.

"It's easy to see who's the favorite," said Craven with a laugh. But Farquhar did not even smile in response. Some memory, some emotion had shaken the ordinary expression from his face, and the other man watched him curiously.

"A child's hand!" said Farquhar. "A child's hand! See to it, here in mine, warm an' soft an' dirty! A child's hand. O Lord, I haven't held a child's hand since I said good-bye to my own kids more'n three years ago. Theirs was white, an' this one's brown. But the touch is the same. Look to it, Craven, the dirt in the finger nails an' the dimples along the back!"

"Just the same as most children's hands, I should think," ventured Craven, with friendly amusement. But Farquhar shook his head.

"You don't understand," he said in the same hushed voice. "It's the feel o' the child's hand after so long. Lord, after so long!"

He unloosed the fat, dark fingers clinging to his own with a sort of stolid trustfulness and, pushing aside the flap of the tent, stood for a moment gazing out into desolation. When he came back his face still wore the shaken look, and there were one or two drops frozen upon it.

Meanwhile Craven had been examining their guest. "This boy's some mother's darling," he announced, "and will prove but a bird of passage. Look at the lining of his hood, and the fine workmanship of his leggins. He's dressed like a little Arctic Prince. An ugly child, according to our ideas, though with a redeeming Japanese sort of quaintness: but welcome as an interlude in our present circumstances. I wonder why it should seem so appropriate, his visiting us like this on Christmas Eve?"

He gazed thoughtfully at the little, squat, fur-muffled figure sitting patiently by the fire. And the child's wide, grave, curious eyes met his own without a smile, passed on, and rested solemnly upon Farquhar.

Farquhar's slower mind had also been bent upon that last point, and when he spoke it was still in the hushed, far-away voice which such men use in talking of holy things.

"Somewheres," he said, softly, "I've heard or read of a little Christmas child that comes through the storm to-night from door to door, leaving gifts in folks' shoes. This reminds me of it, though there's no shoes in it, and no gifts. But there's storm, and Christmas time, and us amid the desolation. And there's the child coming and bringing us a little cheer. There's a likeness somewhere. But maybe it's more in our hearts than in what's happened, after all."

He glanced from Craven to the boy sitting near him, and, meeting the solemn black eyes, smiled and held out his hand. Immediately the child came to him, and settled down in a furry heap at his feet with a little guttural sound of satisfaction. And again that sudden emotion shook the man's face. He sat quite still, looking down at the queer, small figure with a tenderness and wonder not wholly for it, but rather for what, to his heart, it represented. "Lord, Lord," he murmured, "after so long! I didn't know how much I missed it all. A little kid! After so long!"

Presently the child grew tired of resting at Farquhar's feet, and sat up, glancing about the tent as swiftly as a bird from under the curve of his short arm. Then he patted the man's knee, and, pointing to the tent's entrance, began talking in quick, clicking gutturals.

"It's no good," said Farquhar, regretfully. "I know but a word or so of your language, an' can't make out a syllable when you chatter like that." He shook his head.

The child chattered on for a moment, softly, insistently. Then it suddenly seemed to strike him that he was not understood, and he was silent, looking with startled eyes from one man to the other. Some swift sense of loneliness shook his little soul; he put his finger to his mouth, and the sparkling eyes dimmed and softened with tears.

"Ah! don't cry, ye oily wee cherub," pleaded Farquhar; "indeed, I'll take you back to your ma to-morrow, if I find her easy. Don't cry, there's a dear."

"Give him something to take his mind off the strangeness of things," suggested Craven interestedly. "Hush! you little furry fatty! Look here, now!"

As he spoke he held up his knife and shook it at the child. It was a large pocket-knife with a good deal of nickel about it, and he wore it hanging round his neck on a cord. It made quite a brave show as he shook it in the firelight, and the child, watching it, forgot to cry. Probably it was one of the most wonderful things he had ever seen.

Craven was quite proud when two dimples came in the round dark cheeks, and the wide mouth curved with a smile. "That's the first time he's laughed,"



Photo. by A. Beales

WHERE THE LITTLE BIRDS NESTLE.



The Christmas Globe 1904



he reminded Farquhar; "he did not laugh for you."

"An' he ain't laughin' for you," retorted Farquhar; "he's laughin' for the shiny knife. Hullo! What's the funny little felly up to now?"

For the child was fumbling inside the loose collar of his fur tunic, and in a moment he drew out a small dark object about the size of a peanut, which hung round his fat, brown neck by a narrow strip of hide. This treasure he held out to Craven with a gurgling laugh.

"He's all there!" cried Farquhar, admiringly. "He wants you to trade with him!" But Craven had taken the little hard dark thing in his hand, and was turning it over and over. He rubbed it between his fingers, which had begun to tremble, and then he snicked it with his knife, the knife which so charmed the soul of the Innuit child.

At the first snick he sprang to his feet and shouted, so that Farquhar looked at him in astonishment.

"Gold! Gold! Gold!" screamed Craven. "I tell you, Jim, it's gold! O, now we have our clue! Gold! Gold at last! And found in this way! Gold!" He flung his thin arms above his head, and the fire in his eyes was terrible. The child shrank away from him in fear, and Farquhar's face was not responsive, but Craven noticed nothing.

"Gold!" he screamed again. "Gold! It is no lie, no dream, no shadow! Now for cautious inquiries and generous gifts! And then—! And then for our gully through black rock with the river at the bottom! Gold! Gold! Gold!"

He strode across the fire, seized Farquhar by the shoulder and shook him to and fro. "You were right!" he cried, with a wild laugh. "You were right! It can't be far off! Why don't you shout, Jim? Why don't you dance? It's gold, I tell you gold! Brought by your little brown Christmas child. You see, he had gifts for us after all!"

But Craven's passion did not shake the far-away look that the other's eyes still held.

"Yes, it's gold, old man," said Farquhar, "and the child brought it to you. My gift he had give to me before, though he didn't know."

But Craven did not heed.

"Gold!" he cried again. "O, with spring will come fortune at last. Now we have hope again! And your Christmas child brought gifts after all!"



AT THE FOOTHILLS.

Farquhar sat still, looking rather at the wondering child than at his comrade. "Yes," he said slowly and glanced up at Craven's strained, flushed face, hopeless of ever making him understand. Then his hand sought the child's clinging fingers and clasped them very closely.

"I guess I don't care so much about the gold now," he said gently. "Things seem different, somehow. It's all right for you. But I'm goin' back home to take care o' my kiddies."



A.H. HIDER

THE KAISER AND HIS KISSES.

Many comments were made because the German Emperor kissed Prince Henry when the latter returned from his visit to America. As a matter of fact, although Emperor William is the greatest kisser of men among the sovereigns of the world, he is also a hearty handshaker, and the freest of all monarchs in this particular. Indeed, he and the King of Italy are the only supreme rulers who shake hands at all with other than brother sovereigns.

The Kaiser reserves his kisses for royalty exclusively. When he visits a monarch or receives a visit from one, he salutes him with six kisses—three on either cheek. This sometimes before a crowd of thousands of onlookers, not to mention a regiment or so of soldiers.

But the war lord will shake hands with almost any one. He has a grip that is famous among his subjects, too, and the favor of his hand grasp is not assiduously sought by those who have had some experience with it. His Majesty has a big, strong hand with muscles like iron. They have been cultivated by many years of sword exercise. His handshake is one that is not soon forgotten, and when he greets a visitor with a handshake they say at court, "His Majesty has made another lasting impression."

This grip, it is only fair to say, he reserves for strong men. For the opposite sex he has a hand that is as soft as velvet and a courtesy that is elegant.

COLOR SENSE IN FISH.

I am inclined to back my neighbor, Dr. Gunther, against Sir Herbert Maxwell, as to the effect of color on fish. To take the mackerel as an example, it is well known to sea anglers that this fish makes greedily for a bit of red rag on a hook. Now, I am aware of no marine creature that looks at all like a bit of red rag, and surely there can be no smell or flavor of any kind in it to appeal to a mackerel with a wholesome appetite. What, then, inquires a writer in Pall Mall Gazette, is it but the color that tempts our savory friend to do what causes itself to be hooked?

"What do you do on board?" asked some one of a sailor from a man-of-war. "Well," said he, "we does about what we pleases until we are told to do something else, and then we does that pretty quick."

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1904

A SCOTCH BURN

BY R.S.G.A.

Decoration by J.S.GORDON

I.

Far in the desolate uplands where only the plovers call,
The burn had its birth in the ages, of the mist and the rains that fall.

Thridding the long, lush grasses, it slid on its voiceless way,
Till it leapt from the gloom to the sunlight and the thrill of a lark's wild lay,

And the heart of it travailed to answer, till, dropping from stone to stone,
The pain of its trouble was uttered, and it found a song of its own.

And never falters its singing, by village or farm or lea,
From the song of its ways in the uplands till it moves to the pulse of the sea.

II.

It croons a lullaby softly—a low, warm, slumberous drone,
That it learnt from the wind in a hollow where it played on a martyr's stone.

Dancing and splashing and hissing, checking and leaping again,
Over the breast of the hillside, it sings the song of the rain.

Loitering down in the pasture, it gurgles and purls in play,
With the laugh of a baby that kissed it and paddled a summer's day.

And round by the red-tiled village, it drops through a leaf-cool dell,
With the slow and sleepy tinkle that it learnt from the old church bell.

On, in a dull complaining, it drifts through the blaze of the sun,
With the querulous moan of a cottar who longed that his darg were done.

White in the caldron boiling, its grinding is never still,
As it sings the song of the harvest that it heard from the wheel of the mill.

Whirling in mist and with thunder, it leaps from the brink of the fall,
But the undernote of the cadence is the boom of the long sea-call.

Swollen by many a runnel, it moves with a sibilant hush,
The sigh of a tired mother who was stilling her children's rush.

And out with a sob and a whisper it laps by the boats as they steer,
With the voice of a fisherwife's weeping that it heard as she watched on the pier.

Over and ended the singing, as it blends with the chant of the sea,
Its infinite throbbings of passion but a note in the symphony.

J. S. Gordon 1904

John Knox Company Limited
Successors to K. Nicol Morgan & Co.
Wholesale
Hamilton, Ont.
General Dry Goods and Small Wares


As Used
Restful Labor
Positively easier to operate sitting than standing. None can afford not to have it. For sale by the hardware trade. We will send particulars on application.
The Dowswell Mfg. Co. Limited
Hamilton Canada




Ford & Featherstone
Importers of
"Cary Safes"
Office and Warerooms
55 King St. West
Hamilton Ont.
Long Dis. Phone 1355

Established 1856
The Gurney Scale Company
Manufacturers of
Standard Scales
Hamilton, Canada.

Wholesale
Wooden Ware. Willow Ware. Brooms. Brushes. Baskets. Blackings.
Walter Woods & Co.
White Spruce Parchment
Butter Tubs. Butter Paper
Wrap Paper & Cordage.
Grocers' Sundries
Hamilton & Winnipeg.

Hon. Wm. Gibson
President.
J. Turnbull
General Manager.
Bank of Hamilton
Head Office
Hamilton
Capital $2,250,000. Reserve $2,000,000. Total Assets $25,000,000.
Branches

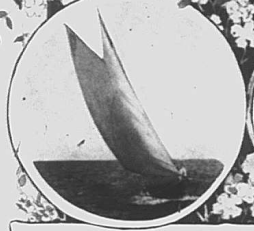
Atwood	Gorrie	Milton	Ripley
Berlin	Hamilton: Barton St.	Mitchell	Roland, Man.
Beamsville	Deering Br.	Minnedosa, Man.	Saskatoon, N.W.T.
Blyth	East End Br.	Miami, Man.	Simcoe
Brandon, Man.	West End Br.	Moose Jaw, N.W.T.	Southampton
Brantford	Hamiota, Man.	Morden, Man.	Stonewall, Man.
Carman, Man.	Hagersville	Niagara Falls	Teeswater
Chesley	Indian Head, N.W.T.	Niagara Falls South	Toronto
Delhi	Jarvis	Orangeville	Toronto (Queen & Spadina)
Dundas	Kamloops, B.C.	Owen Sound	Vancouver, B.C.
Dundalk	Listowel	Palmerston	Wingham
Dunnville	Lucknow	Pilot Mound, Man.	Winnipeg, Man.
Fordwich	Manitou, Man.	Plum Coulee, Man.	Winnipeg (Grain Exchange)
Georgetown	Melfort, N.W.T.	Port Elgin	Winkler, Man.
Gladstone, Man.	Midland	Port Rowan	Wroxeter
Grimsby	Moorefield	Shoal Lake, Man.	Yarmouth, N.W.T.

Correspondents in the United States
New York—Hanover National Bank and Fourth National Bank.
Boston—International Trust Co.
Buffalo—Marine National Bank.
Chicago—Continental National Bank and First National Bank.
Detroit—Old Detroit National Bank.
Kansas City—National Bank of Commerce.
St. Louis—Third National Bank.
Philadelphia—Merchants National Bank.
Pittsburg—Mellon National Bank.
San Francisco—Crocker-Woolworth National Bank.
Correspondents in Great Britain—National Provincial Bank of England, Limited.
Savings Banks at all offices. Correspondence Solicited.

"The Boss" Washing Machines
We have sold over 4,000
You should have one.
Walter Woods & Co.
Our brands of
Globe Wash Boards
are reliable
$2 Improved or SB
Ask for them
Hamilton & Winnipeg.


McLaren's Invincibles
Jelly Powder
Flavoring Extracts
Coffee - Spices
Pure Cream Tartar Baking Powder
Ocean Wave Baking Powder
All Prime Favorites
Manufactured by the
Hamilton Coffee & Spice Co. Limited
Hamilton, Canada.


Dividend
Paying Mining, Oil and Industrial
Stocks
Bought, Sold, Exchanged
We Guarantee Fair Dealing, Right Prices, Prompt Service. Market Letters and Weekly Price List sent on request.
Write for them
Investment Exchange Co. Spectator Building Hamilton, Ont.
C. H. Routliffe, Manager. Member Standard Stock Exchange.



The Chapman Double Ball Bearing Co. of Canada Limited.
Manufacturers of
Ball Bearings for all purposes,
including Loose Pulleys and Mule Stands.
These bearings have been installed in over sixty Canadian factories. In about seven months and are giving entire satisfaction.
Office
39 Scott St.
Factory
39 Pearl St.
Toronto,
Canada.

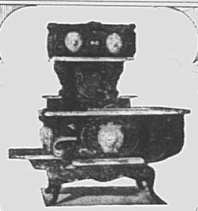


Built by the Canadian Locomotive Company


Kingston, Ont., Canada.

Aroma Tea
with Coupons
Thousands Use It.
The Best and most for your money of any TEA in Canada.
W. H. Gillard & Co.
Sole Agents
Hamilton, Ontario.

The Souvenir Range


The Souvenir leads them all for appearance, for durability, for convenience, for economy in fuel, and general good service.
Our written GUARANTEE with every stove.
Sold by the best dealers everywhere.
The Souvenir Range has stood the test for half a century, and has all Canada at its back in testifying to its merits in everything that goes to make it the most perfect stove in the world to-day.
The Gurney Tilden Co. Limited
Hamilton, Canada.

Tuckett's
Marguerite
Cigars
Sales Exceed
"A Million A Month."

Millions use
2 in 1
Shoe Polish
Do You?

The Commercial Oil Company
Hamilton Ont.
J. C. Person M.G.R.


Telephone 1236

Appleton Wis.
Chicago Ill.
Newark N.J.
Manchester, England.
Hamburg, Germany.
Hamilton, Canada.



E. T. Wright & Co.
Manufacturers of
Tubular Cold Blast and Railroad Lanterns.
Bird Gages, Victor Flour Sifters and Fly Traps.
Tinsmiths Supplies.
Coopers Improved Elbo.
Scheipe's Patent Pipe.
Stamped, Pierced,
and Japanned Tinware, Etc.
Hamilton,
Ontario.



Free to Ladies
Orange Lily
Orange Lily is a certain cure for all disorders of women, and will be sent FREE OF CHARGE to any suffering woman who will write for it. With it comes a positive guarantee, which will cure in every case, or money refunded. Don't suffer another day, but write to-day.
Write To-day.
Mrs. Frances E. Currah,
Winnipeg, Man.

1844 WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO. LTD 1904

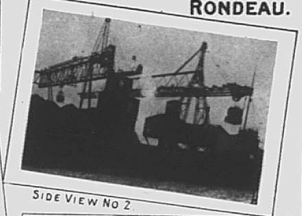
BRANTFORD, CANADA



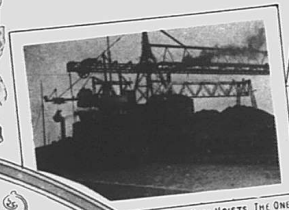
ENGINEERS, FOUNDERS & MACHINISTS.

VIEWS OF
LAKE ERIE COAL COMPANY'S
COAL HOISTS WORKING AT
RONDEAU.



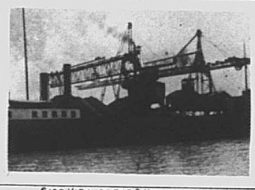


SIDE VIEW NO 2



ROND EAU COAL HOISTS, THE ONE IN FOREGROUND HAS SCREENING & BOX CAR LOADING ATTACHMENT

UNLOADING MARQUETTE & BESSEMER STEAM BARGE NO 1 CARRYING 2000 TONS



SIDE VIEW OF THE 2 HOISTS AT WORK

No Order too Large or too Small

MURRAY PRINTING CO.

PRINTERS AND BOOKMAKERS



11 & 13 JORDAN ST. TORONTO

TELEPHONE MAIN 1226. ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

THIS EDITION OF THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE WAS PRINTED BY US

ALEX. MILLARD
UNDERTAKER
and EMBALMER

350 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, CANADA.
Telephone Main 679

PRIVATE MORTUARY

Let Us Make Your Screws



THE John Morrow Machine Screw Co.
INGERSOLL, ONT. (Limited)

THE National Electrotype and Stereotype Co., Ltd.

1211 ADELAIDE ST. W. TORONTO | TRAYTON BLAKEY, MANAGER

PLATES FOR ALL PRINTING PURPOSES. First class work guaranteed. Estimates given. We make interchangeable plates in electrotype and stereotype for patent bases. We make NICKELTYPES for half-tone and 3-color work.

ESTABLISHED 1837

WM. B. BARBER & BROS.

PAPER MAKERS,

GEORGETOWN, ONT.

MANUFACTURERS OF

MACHINE-FINISHED BOOK PAPERS

Wove and laid or antique smooth finish.

COLORED COVERS In every standard color and grade carried in stock or made to order in one thousand pound lots

Posters in Five Colors

We make a specialty of Paper for Catalogues, Society Journals, Religious Weeklies and Litho Labels

JOHN R. BARBER, PROPRIETOR.

GEORGE E. CHALLES, SELLING AGENT, MAIL BUILDING, TORONTO.

Winsor & Woodley



CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS

117 TO 121 PETER STREET, TORONTO

PHONE MAIN 2216.

Large stock of building material always on hand. Jobbing promptly attended to. Office Fixtures a Specialty. ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

TELEPHONE 998 MAIN

WESTMAN & BAKER

MANUFACTURERS OF

Printers' Machinery

REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. GEAR CUTTING, ETC.

78 WELLINGTON ST. WEST, TORONTO

Central Press Agency

(LIMITED)

83 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

WE PREPARE, ILLUSTRATE AND PLACE ADVERTISING MATTER IN ALL PAPERS. WE ARE ELECTROTYPERS AND PHOTO-ENGRAVERS. WE SELL READY-SET PLATES for NEWSPAPERS. OUR PRICES ARE RED ROCK.

F. DIVER, Manager.

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.

Patent Barristers, Solicitors and Experts, Engineers & Draughtsmen

Foreign Members Institute of Patent Agents, London, England. Members Patent Law Association, Washington, D.C., U.S.

Counsel in patent causes and patent suits prosecuted before the Courts. Validity and infringements of patents investigated. Assignments, etc., drawn, searches made.

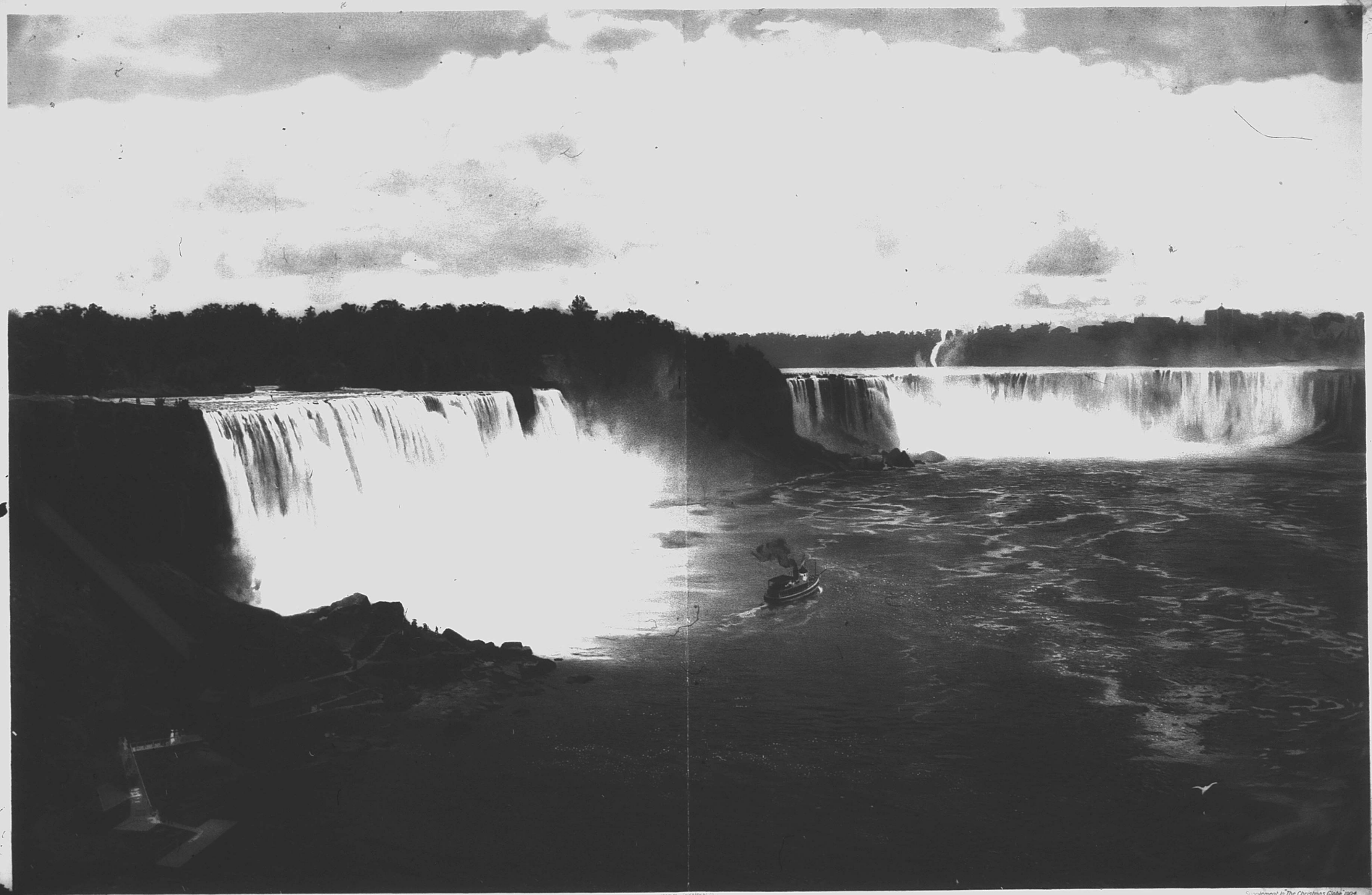
OFFICES—TORONTO, MONTREAL, OTTAWA, CANADA. WASHINGTON, D.C., UNITED STATES.

HEAD OFFICE:
CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING, 19-25
— KING STREET WEST, TORONTO —

Best Quality COAL AND WOOD Lowest Prices



THE ELIAS ROGERS CO., LTD.



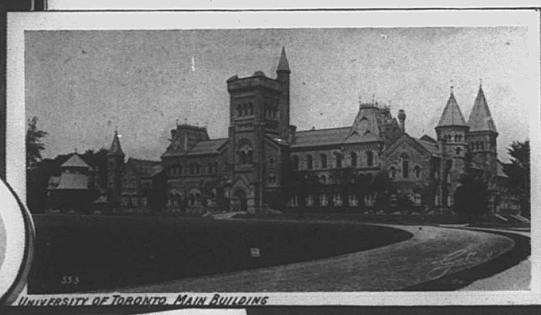
Supplement to The Christmas Globe 1904.

NIAGARA FALLS

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO AND FIVE OF ITS ASSOCIATED COLLEGES.



KNOX COLLEGE



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, MAIN BUILDING

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.



DR. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director

ALL BRANCHES OF MUSIC, LITERATURE AND EXPRESSION.

LOCAL EXAMINATIONS THROUGHOUT CANADA.

SEND FOR CALDENDAR

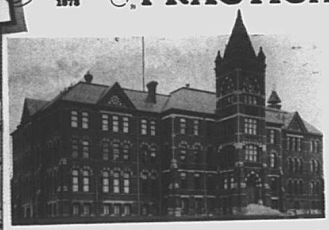


TRINITY UNIVERSITY

ONTARIO SCHOOL of PRACTICAL SCIENCE

Established 1878

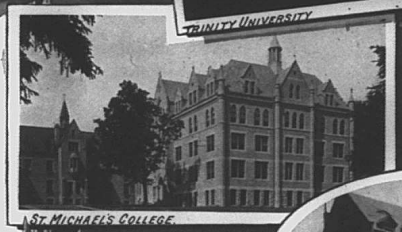
FACULTY OF APPLIED SCIENCE AND ENGINEERING OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.



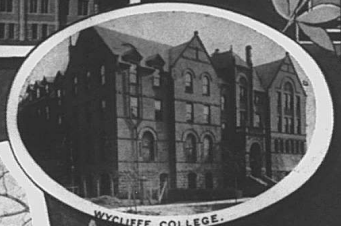
Departments of Instruction.

1. CIVIL ENGINEERING.
2. MINING ENGINEERING.
3. MECHANICAL & ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.
4. ARCHITECTURE.
5. ANALYTICAL AND APPLIED CHEMISTRY.
6. CHEMICAL ENGINEERING.

For Calendar apply to A. T. LAING, REGISTRAR.



ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



WYCLIFFE COLLEGE



VICTORIA UNIVERSITY

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College at Kingston. At the same time its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving the highest technical instructions in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it is intended to take the place in Canada of the English Woolwich and Sandhurst and the American West Point.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers of the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and in addition there is a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such a large proportion of the College course.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis, the Cadets receive in addition to their military studies a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all subjects that are essential to high and general modern education.

The course in mathematics is very complete and a thorough grounding is given in the subjects of Civil Engineering, Civil and Hydrographic Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The object of the College course is thus to give the cadets a training which shall thoroughly equip them for either a military or civil career.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the system. As a result of it young men acquire habits of obedience and self-control and consequently of self-reliance and command, as well as experience in controlling their fellows.

In addition the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures good health and fine physical condition.

An experienced medical officer is in attendance at the College daily.

Seven commissions in the Imperial regular army are annually awarded as prizes to the cadets.

The length of course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months residence each.

The total cost of the three years' course, including board, uniforms, instructional material, and all extras, is from $750 to $800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College will take place at the headquarters of the several military districts in which candidates reside, in May of each year.

For full particulars of this examination or for any other information application should be made as soon as possible, to the Adjutant-General of Militia, Ottawa, Ont.



UPPER CANADA COLLEGE

Deer Park

TORONTO

75th Anniversary Year. Founded in 1829.

Principal—HENRY W. AUDEN, M.A., Cambridge, and late of Fettes College, Edinburgh.

The Senior School accommodates 180 resident pupils. The Preparatory School for beginners accommodates 60 resident pupils.

These schools are in separate buildings, with every modern equipment, upon beautiful grounds, 30 acres in extent, one mile north of Toronto, and 300 feet above the level of the lake. Resident pupils are provided with every care and comfort. Individual attention for every boy.

The number of day pupils taken is limited.

Courses for University and Business. Every facility for the cultivation of sports and athletics. Six scholarships of $75 each and six of $30 each are open to pupils entering. Special Scholarships for sons of old pupils.

Successes this year—Four University Scholarships, 12 First-class Honors, 36 Passes, 7 Passes into the R. M. C., including first place.

For calendar and all other information address THE BURSAR, Upper Canada College, Deer Park, Ont.

Westbourne SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

340 BLOOR STREET WEST, TORONTO, CAN.

A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL, well appointed, well managed and convenient. Specialists in each department. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Dr. Edward Fisher, Musical Director; F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A., Art Director. For announcement and information, address the Principals: Miss M. CURLETTE, B.A., Miss S. E. DALLAS, Musical Bachelor.

St. Monica's RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

170 BLOOR STREET WEST, TORONTO

Full Academic Course. Art, Music, Physical Culture, Domestic Science. Home Care and Home Training.

MISS PHILLPOTTS, Lady Principal.



ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE

FOR YOUNG LADIES. Modern equipment, large lawns. Specialists of European training and of highest academic and professional standing in every department. Full courses in Music, Art, Domestic Science, Elocution and Physical Culture. University examinations a specialty. Write for booklet.

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, Lady Principal; GEORGE DICKSON, M.A., Director, Late Principal of Upper Canada College.

SUCCESS

Comes through Education. 100 Courses by Mail. Forty expert teachers. Ninety-five per cent. of our candidates successful at public examinations. Less than two per cent. drop their courses. Hundreds of students placed in paying positions. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ask for full particulars.

CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, Limited, Toronto, Can.

WALTER JAMES BROWN, Principal.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

GUELPH, CANADA

The kind of instruction and practical training needed by young men who intend to be Farmers, Fruit Growers, Butter Makers, Cheese Makers or Poultry Raisers. For a copy of College Calendar, send to G. C. CREELMAN, B.S.A., M.S., PRESIDENT.

Write To-day

For the free booklets which tell an interesting story of "How the Business, Shorthand and Telegraphy Courses taught by our expert teachers have helped hundreds of young men and women to win success." Address

The Dominion Business College

Limited, 4 Richmond E., TORONTO

J. B. McKAY, PRESIDENT. R. D. NIMMO, PRINCIPAL.

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE OF TORONTO



W. H. SHAW

Employs eighteen teachers, enrolls 1,200 students annually, and provides more first-class offices with well trained young men and women than all other Canadian Business Colleges combined. Always open. Enter any time. Catalogue free. Write to

W. H. SHAW, PRINCIPAL.

The BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL

A CHURCH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

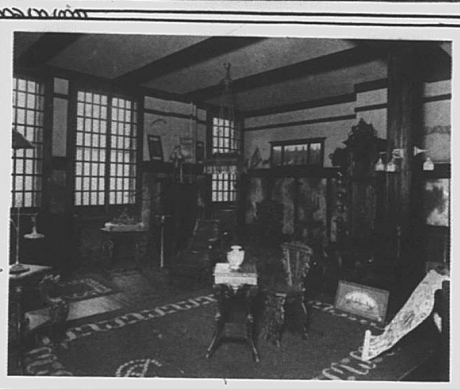
WYKEHAM HALL, COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO. 35th Year

President—The Right Rev. The Bishop of Toronto. An excellent course of Manual Training, Domestic Arts, Cooking, Plain Sewing, Dressmaking, Millinery, Lace-making, Art and Ecclesiastical Embroidery; also Leather Modelling and Chip and Wood Carving. Music and Painting in all their branches by the best masters. For Calendar apply to MISS ACRES, LADY PRINCIPAL.

THE UNITED ARTS & CRAFTS LIMITED.

NOT ONLY CONCEIVE BUT EXECUTE.

THE art of home-making has reached the simplest expression when one contract not only provides for the decoration but also for the furnishings in harmony and design.





OUR experience enables us to go into the home and relieve you of worry and loss incident to the arraggement of your several apartments, and with that completeness which tends to make them a delight and a pleasure.

A visit to our Studios in the Lawlor Building, corner King and Yonge streets, will be a source of pleasure to us, and, we hope, of profit to you.

STUDIO



ARTISTIC
LITHOGRAPHERS
ENGRAVERS

DESIGNERS
STATIONERS



FORMERLY
ROLPH, SMITH & Co.

FORMERLY
CLARK LITHO. Co. LTD

ROLPH AND CLARK
LIMITED
COR. SIMCOE & PEARL STS. — TORONTO.

Trust Department.
Executes lawful Trusts of every description.
Acts as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Committee, Receiver, Assignee, Liquidator, etc.
Acts as Trustee under Wills, Mortgages, Marriage Settlements or other Trust Deeds, by appointment or substitution for retiring Trustees.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORP'N

Investment Department.
Receives money for investment in mortgages or other securities under guarantee of principal and interest, or otherwise, on such terms as may be arranged.
Collects Interest, Dividends and Coupons as agent for investors, married women executors and others.
Trust Funds to lend on mortgages at lowest current rates of interest.
Municipal Debentures purchased.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORP'N

Real Estate Department.
Undertakes the management and Sale of Real Estate.
The Collection of Rents, the Payment of Taxes, Insurance Premiums, etc.
Makes Repairs.
Leases made with Tenants.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORP'N

Registrar and Transfer Department.
Acts as Trustee under Mortgages for the issue of Bonds of every description.
Acts as Fiscal Agent of Corporations.
Acts as Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks or Securities of Financial and other Companies. Receives, invests and manages Sinking Funds.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORP'N

Safe Deposit Department.
Private compartments and safes in the fire and burglar proof vaults of the Corporation may be rented at from Three Dollars a year upwards.
Wills appointing the Corporation Executor are received for safe-keeping free of charge.

CANADIAN SHIPBUILDING COMPANY
LIMITED,
DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS OF
STEEL PASSENGER STEAMERS
STEEL PACKAGE FREIGHT STEAMERS
STEEL BULK CARGO STEAMERS



SHIPYARD
ON NIAGARA RIVER, NEAR
BRIDGEBURG, ONT.

GENERAL OFFICE:
UNION BANK BUILDING,
TORONTO, ONT.



Christmas Globe

By permission of Gibbon Mfg. Co., Toronto.

GATHERING WATER LILIES.

THE DISOBEDIENCE OF BETTY.

BY VERNA SHEARD. Illustrated by A. H. HIDER.

PHILIP Prinn and his little granddaughter, Betty, were having a well-sustained argument across the breakfast table, and what might be named as the bone of contention lay innocently enough upon the white cloth. This was a letter penned on heavy parchment, and the wax seal, with its strand of scarlet silken cord, had been broken. From behind the tea urn Mistress Dorothy Prinn watched and listened nervously, the pink fluttering in and out of her faded cheeks. No member of the family, save Betty, was bold enough to contradict or argue a matter out with Philip Prinn, however contrary might be their convictions on the subject in hand. But a large portion of the stern old Puritan's spirit had descended to his granddaughter, and, like him, she was unacquainted with fear.

The wintry sunlight streamed into the low-ceiled, dark-wooded room as though seeking for some gay-hued thing to keep it company, and it settled on the rebellious ripples of the girl's hair, turning the ruddy tendrils of it to gold.

"Nay, Grandad," she said, leaning forward, "Since you put it so plainly, I verily see no harm in a ball nor in the dancing, nor in the joyance of it, and as Lord Stafford hath bidden us to this one on Twelfth Night, I do desire to go, ay more I do desire desperately to go. Thou wouldst have the truth, so there it is without paint or varnish an' 'twill vex thee mightily."

The old man's face flushed, and his deep-set blue eyes flashed a quick fire at the lovely face opposite.

"Thou shalt never go, Mistress Elizabeth, with my consent," biting the words short. "Thou shalt never go. If thou hast forgotten thou art a Puritan maid, and my granddaughter, and that thy father was of the faith, I will remind thee of it. Meseems we have taught thee ill beneath this roof, that at the first temptation thy principles fly like chaff before the wind.

"Know you, wench, life is a wartare 'gainst the world, the flesh and the devil, and at his Lordship's castle thou wouldst walk straightway into the jaws o' all three. We who tread the narrow way contend while life is in us 'gainst the pomps and vanities of the children of evil. There is no midway; one is either on the Lord's side or on that of Baal; as for thee, thou art a Puritan maid, I tell thee finally."

Upon Betty's scarlet lips came the faint gleam of a smile. "Nay, dear Grandad," she said, shaking her head, "I doubt me that I am one truly, though outwardly I seem to be. I keep me to my tasks and my books of solemn reading, yet I love them not, and though I wear the dove-colored gowns Aunt Dorothy fashions for me and a bonnet Oh! a bonnet when I walk abroad, whose meekness of aspect is beyond dispute, and shuts out the sun, yet I long for a quilted satin petticoat and a laced bodice, ay! and a little bent-up hat with roses beneath the brim."

The old man broke in upon her words, his voice quivering with anger.

"The fleshpots of Egypt! The fleshpots of Egypt! 'Twas so the Lord's people of old longed for them."





"And fell at full length upon the floor."

"Ay, Grandad, and truly I be like them. Though I have no trinkets, nor ribbons, nor buckles for my shoes, yet, see you, I would I had. What counts a gown of grey if one's heart be not right, and one loves it not, but rather hates it i' the wearing? And what counts a gown of grey when one's eyes are blue, dear Grandad, and there is yellow in one's hair and pink in one's cheek? Methinks God loved color better than the Puritans do."

Master Prinn brought his hand down upon the table till the dishes rattled.

"Marry come up!" he cried. "Marry come up! I will not bandy words with thee, for thine art the foolish babblings of youth and an unregenerate soul! The flesh must be subdued and Time doth bleach the color from all of us and doth show us the fleeting folly of life. Thou too wilt see thou too wilt see. Go read thy Bible—Ecclesiastes—and the Book of Jeremiah the Prophet. Meanwhile, give over thinking o' these junketings, for verily a ballroom is the devil's playground, and dancing is a pernicious pastime devised for his own ends."

Betty's eyes looked back into the old fiery ones opposite steadily, and her lips were set into as firm a line as those just done speaking. Yet she gave a deep sigh.

"Faith, then, it seems not so to me," she answered gently, "for see you, Grandad, the leaves dance on the trees, and the river goes in little ripples and whirls i' the sun; the flowers on their stems are never still, and the grasses dip and courtesy when the wind blows. 'Tis a gay world on a summer day, and the songs of the birds go up and down in notes past our repeating. Ay! in such very madness o' sound as thou wouldst never let thy little granddaughter copy. An' this on Sabbath mornings as well, though mayhap all days be alike to the birds. For me, I cannot see harm in either songs or dancing," she ended with a tremble in her voice.

"Then shalt thou be made see it," answered Master Prinn. "Thy aunt shall set thee tasks that will take thy flippant mind from this Twelfth Night business, I warrant thee. Further, I shall speak with Lord Stafford concerning this invitation which he hath presumed to send into the house of a quiet-living man."

"Oh, father! 'Twas sent in most neighborly spirit," broke in Mistress Dorothy timidly. "Thou hast no fault to find with Lord Stafford of late years surely?"

"We own no two thoughts in common," he returned hotly, "and I am against him on his son's account. Look you, he is banished from his father's house—more—disinherited, for the reason that he turned Protestant and in the uprising joined Monmouth's men. So thou dost know."

"'Tis what report says," Mistress Dorothy answered, in her gentle way. "But verily, father, methinks it must have been a bitter discipline for Lord Stafford to have his only son turn against the King and the faith of his fathers."

"God calls one here and one there," returned the old man, solemnly. "His own know Him and hear His voice. Ay! He puts His mark upon them and calls them by name, and when He calls they follow." The slow-spoken words died away and the old Puritan rose from the table.

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE. 1904.



ON THE BEACH

An Afternoon with the Camera

by E. J. Rowley.



AMONG THE DAISIES



BY THE WAYSIDE

"I go to London by the night coach, Dorothy," he said, in another voice and dropped the subject abruptly, as was his habit. "I would have told you earlier, but my plans were not fixed."

"'Tis a long journey," the woman said anxiously. "Wilt thy business detain thee, father?"

"Till after the New Year," he answered. "Fold the garments together that I need and borrow no trouble for the morrow, lass."

Mistress Dorothy sighed. When the door closed she looked over at the girl, who was still sitting by the table, her arm resting on it, and her snowy chin in the upturned palm of her hand.

"Thou hast vexed thy grandfather sorely," said the woman, "and thou art obstinate and unrepentant, Betty."

"My grandfather — who hath a right to do so — hath vexed me sorely, and he likewise is mightily obstinate, though I know he hath no sins to repent him of," the girl said, with a bitter little laugh. Then she threw out her hands. "Oh, Aunt Dorothy! Aunt Dorothy!" she cried, "do you not see? Of what avail is it to call me a Puritan an I be not one at heart? I must try the world for myself and find what it be like. Even Grandad was not always as he is now. He was the King's man first, before he cast in his lot with Cromwell. The knowledge hath come to me that he danced through many a night at Whitehall in that far away time of his youth he hath forgotten! Why then, but yesterday I came across a suit of russet velvet and a wide befeathered hat he must have worn long and long ago. 'Twas laid away i' the old leathern chest in the attic room, and with it was a gown of primrose-colored taffeta and a laced bodice of the same hue sprinkled with little crimson roses! Methinks my grandmother must have owned it when she was one of the Queen's ladies, as thou hast told me. It may be she changed her faith but for love of my grandfather. Think you so?"

"Nay, sweetheart, she never changed her faith, though she gave up the things of the world for my father's sake," said Mistress Dorothy. "But to thy task, child.

"Put fresh lavender among the linen and new candles in the sticks. Haste then, and pray inwardly against the evil of discontent. And I warn thee, do not vex thy grandfather further, for age tells upon him and small things jar his temper. 'Tis unseemly of thee to differ and argue with him. 'Tis for youth to agree with its elders who have learned wisdom."

Betty answered nothing, but went up to the closet where Mistress Dorothy kept her store of linen. She filled the small muslin bags with lavender, till the sweet, clean smell of it filled the cool room. She had carried the letter of invitation away from the table, and now it lay upon a low shelf and stared up at her.

Oh! Why had it come, she thought, to so tempt and distract her? Why had such a snare been set for her soul, if, after all, it was a snare, as her grandfather said? How wicked, how hopelessly wicked, she must be, that the parchment with its seal and scarlet floss allured her senses and kept them in thrall.

Lord Stafford was but a distant neighbor, and one they met seldom. Perchance, therefore, she thought, it was only for the memory of those distant days at the Court of Charles—those distant days before the killing of the King, when Philip Prinn had been the Kings's own gentleman and Stafford's friend—perchance it was but for the memory of those days the invitation was sent.

Dropping the little bags of lavender, the girl took up the letter and read the words:—

"The honor of the company of Master Philip Prinn and of Mistress Dorothy and Mistress Elizabeth Prinn is most courteously requested at a Mask Ball to be held at Donneath Castle upon the Twelfth Night, the year of our Lord 16 ."

Betty's eyes filled with tears as they gazed at his Lordship's signature in great and betangled letters.

"'Tis too much! 'Tis too much!" she cried, laying her face down on her arms. "'Tis beyond me to be as good as Grandad or Aunt Dorothy. When I am old it may be easier, but now—now—I want to see the glittering lights and hear the music. Marry! I even want to dance, though it be wrong."

She dashed the tears from her eyes and threw back her head, for a thought had suddenly come to her—a tantalizing thought. "Why should you not go?" it said, softly, insinuatingly, persistently. "Why not, Betty? Why not?"

It worked like a fever in the blood, while her cheeks burned and her hands trembled. The scent of the lavender mixed itself with her dreams, till instead of belonging to the cool, bare closet and the piles of snowy linen, it became part of a brilliantly taper-lighted ballroom, and floated from the fluttering ribbons and laces of the dancers coming and going over the polished floor.

Oh! to be one of them! To wear her hair piled high in puffs and curls, and a gown for once such as the Court ladies might wear always! A gown such as her grandmother had worn when the Court of England danced to the very edge of a flower-rimmed gulf.

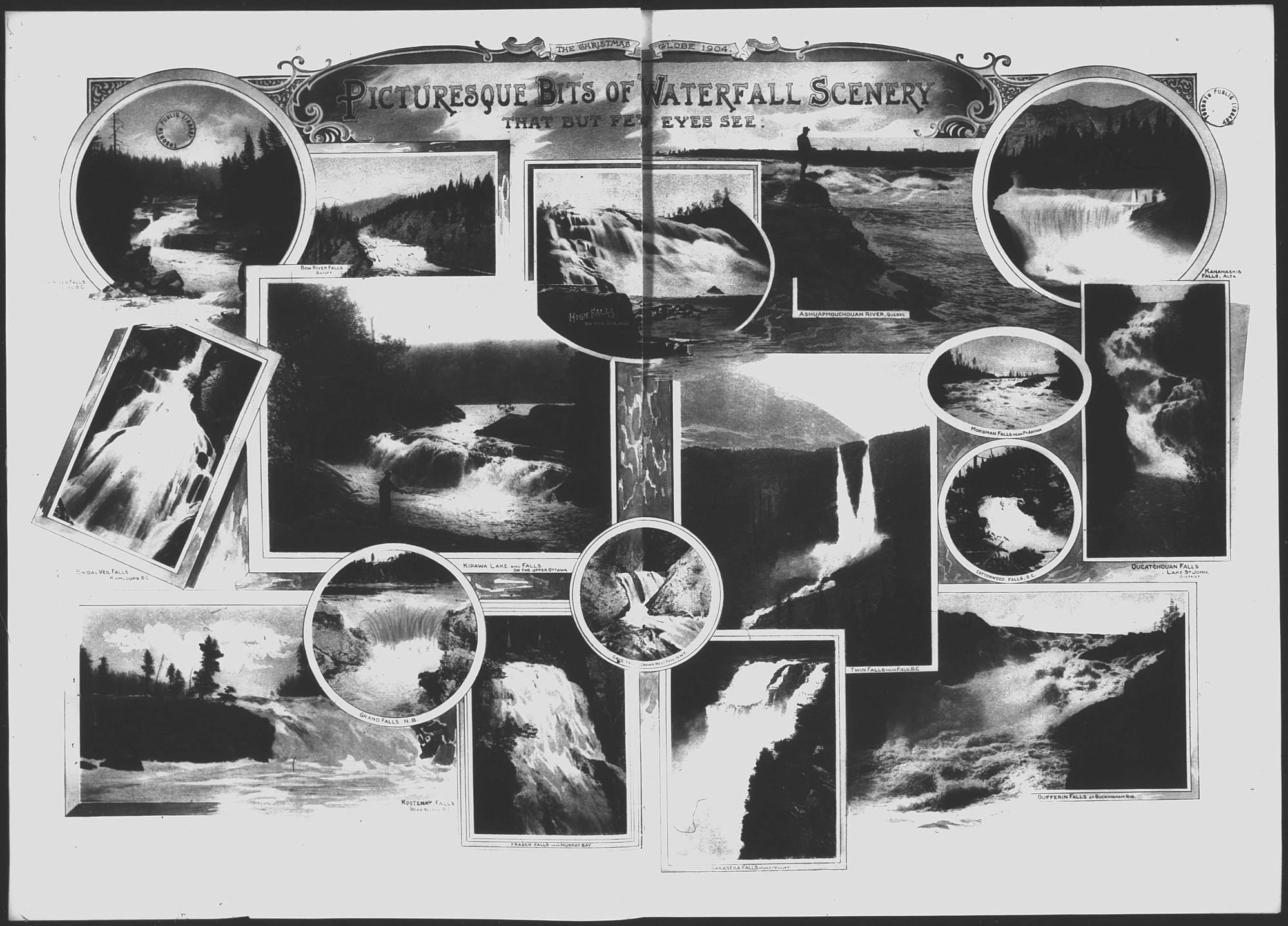
The girl stood with wide eyes that looked back into the past. She thought it might have been that that gay little maid who had worn the taffeta gown with its sprinkling of crimson roses, and who was known as the Lady Bettina Cavendish, had even danced with the King himself in those days when the sword of Fate hung heavy above him. Welladay! the sword of Fate had fallen, and the little maid of honor laid away her Court dresses on that day she married Philip Prinn, sometime the King's gentleman, but afterwards a convert to the Puritans and a soldier of Cromwell. It was all very far off; most of the actors had played their parts and made their exits, yet the stage trappings were left, though the perishable bodies that had worn them were long since gone. The taffeta gown and the satin slippers, with their sparkling buckles, lay above stairs in the old chest—and why—why should not she, Betty, wear them? The thought gripped her heart and then swept everything before it like a great wind. She rocked a little with the force of it, then steadied, and into the blue of her eyes came a light such as sometimes shone beneath Philip Prinn's heavy brows.



"And buried her face in the pillow where his head rested."

"I will go—I will go," she said, at last, as in answer to the question, and her mind being settled, she brushed the last sprig of lavender from the shelves, and folded the last sheet, leaving all as it should be.

Afterwards there were the candles to fill, and seams of many yards to be sewn. The afternoon would have all its hours filled likewise, while in the early evening a chapter of devotions must be read aloud to the servants. When that was ended she might take her sampler, or, if it wearied her, read


THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1904.
PICTURESQUE BITS OF WATERFALL SCENERY
THAT BUT FEW EYES SEE.
BOW RIVER FALLS
BANFF
HIGH FALLS
ON THE DULUTH
ASHUAPMOUCHOUAN RIVER, QUEBEC
KANANASKIS FALLS, ALTA
BRIDAL VEIL FALLS
KAMLOOPS B.C.
KIPAWA LAKE AND FALLS
ON THE UPPER OTTAWA
MOKOMAN FALLS NEAR PT ARTHUR
COTTONWOOD FALLS, B.C.
OUCATCHOUAN FALLS
LAKE ST JOHN.
DISTRICT
TWIN FALLS NEAR FIELD, B.C.
GRAND FALLS N.B.
KOOTENAY FALLS
NEAR NELSON B.C.
FRASER FALLS NEAR MURRAY BAY
KAKABEKA FALLS NEAR FT WILLIAM
DUFFERIN FALLS AT BUCKINGHAM, QUE.

either "Mr. Baxter's Sermons," "Bull's Spirit Cordial," or "The Warnings to the Unconverted." These things were for discipline and the edifying of the soul, and much she needed them, yet longed to escape them—to wrap her cloak about her, and have a mad race with the wind away over the hills, with the singing of it in her ears and the feathery flakes of snow flying against her face.

It might be that out of doors, beneath the wide, sweet sky, she could get away from the thoughts that beset her; within four walls there was no escape from them. She and her enemies were enclosed together. The enemies her grandfather had named—the tempters of the world, the flesh and the devil, the pomps and vanities that beckon one in dreams. Then came the thought of her grandfather, of his holy life and perfect faith. He was kind and just always—more just, perhaps, than kind, but yet she loved him, and had never before thought of disobeying his spoken word. And he was old, too. Old though he stood so straight and tall. At times now his memory failed him or played him tricks, and he easily forgot names and places. But yesterday he had called her "Bettina," the little pet name he had of old called her grandmother, and he had for a moment seemed strangely confused when she told him his mistake.





THE PICTURESQUE SCENERY AMIDST WHICH GOVERNOR SIMCOE ERECTED CASTLE FRANK, HIS CANADIAN HOME.



The girl's eyes grew misty as she remembered. "One could not go against the old," she thought, "could not vex them and set them at naught and yet—and yet?"

The temptation raged within her again and again conquered.

When the candles were lit that evening, Betty took one and lighted her way to the attic. Opening the chest, she unfolded the Court dress and shook it out. It was unharmed, and lovely still, though the lace upon it was yellow and had the faint smell of roses long dead. The flickering candlelight played lovingly in the shining folds and lit up the faded colors.

Betty's eyes grew dark and brilliant and her breath came quickly. "I shall wear it. I shall go," she said softly, determinedly, "this once this once I shall see things for myself, then, afterwards, for ever, I will do as grandfather wishes."

Two weeks went by and the afternoon of Twelfth Night came. Philip Prinn was on his way home from London, and they looked for him now before the morrow.

* * * * * * * * *

Mistress Dorothy stitched by the window in the low-ceiled room to catch the fading light. Her tranquil face, encircled by its white cap, expressed nothing but a mild enjoyment in her work. A kettle on a crane over the open fire bubbled cheerfully, and a cricket, somewhere in a crack of the hearth bricks, sang its monotonous song of content.

The light faded still more. It was grey in the foreground, and red and amber in the west. Mistress Dorothy dropped her sewing in her lap, and was giving her mind over to peaceful meditation, when the door was opened and a little figure fluttered into the room, a radiant, dazzling little figure, at utter variance with its surroundings.

The woman rose with a startled cry, and then it slowly came to her that it was Betty in the primrose-colored gown and the square-cut laced bodice embroidered with crimson roses. The girl carried a lighted candle, and the flame sent shadows flickering up and over her face. There were gleams of gold in her ruddy hair, piled high, in Court fashion. Buckles of brilliants twinkled on her high-heeled shoes and in the handle of the feathered fan hanging from her girdle. Her eyes, "the greenest of things blue, the bluest of things grey," shone like stars on a frosty night.

Mistress Dorothy sank into her chair, speechless and shaking.

"Betty!" she gasped. "Betty!"

The girl gave a little rippling laugh and made her a deep courtesy.

"Yes 'tis just I, Aunt Dorothy," she said, rising. "'Tis Twelfth Night, and I am going to the ball at Castle Conneath."

"Thou thou art going to the ball!" cried the other. "Child! Child! What witchcraft hath thee? How didst thou dare to take thy grandmother's gown from its wrappings, or put it on? 'Tis but a prank, an' must end ere thy grandfather comes in."

Betty gave a sigh. "Oh! dear Aunt Dorothy, do not you forbid me to! I would I were different, and I have tried to give up my desire for this one thing—by night and day I have tried. Ay! even prayed that the desire for it might be taken from me; but it hath not been. This one time, I must see for myself. I would see the lights and hear the music, even dance the Coranto myself, for I know the steps. My grandmother danced at Whitehall, in this very little dress, and, mayhap, with the King himself—who knows? Even Grandad, when he was young—and mightily comely, I gainsay—was often at Court, and wore the suit of russet velvet, and the befeathered hat, and he danced, too. Nay! upbraid me not. I will not listen. I shall go in the old coach—Grandad's old coach—though I doubt me 'twill hold together for a ten-mile drive—and Timothy shall drive me, and we will call for old Mistress Montgomery, who hath also been bidden to the Castle. Have no fear, for I shall be well guarded."

"Betty! Betty!" Mistress Dorothy cried, "thou hast thy grandfather's will. What can I do? Nay! I will have no part in thy disobedience!"

"I do not ask it of thee," said the girl gently, "but will take my punishment on the morrow—alone." Then she kissed Mistress Dorothy upon the unresponsive lips and went away.

The night wore on, frosty and still; a full moon set the beads of ice aglitter on tree and hedge.

At Castle Conneath the dance was at its height. The musicians in the balcony swayed back and forth to the sound of their own melody. The yellow light of many tapers in the cressets against the walls shone down on the maskers as they glided past each other over the waxed floor.

In another half hour all would be unmasked, but now Lord and Lady Stafford and one guest only—a girl—were the only persons free of the little black disguise. My Lord and Lady sat at the end of the beautiful room and watched the scene of merriment—the kaleidoscopic changes of color as the figures moved through the dance. It was the Coranto, and the girl without the mask danced also. She wore a primrose-colored gown and the laced bodice was sparkled with little crimson roses. Her throat was round and white as a pearl and she held her head daintily. Her partner was a tall, well-built man, dressed in black velvet. He wore a collar of Flemish lace, and many ruffles at his wrists. His bright hair was dressed after the fashion of the Cavaliers, and fell upon his shoulders. Beneath his mask there showed a heavy moustache, and he wore the French Imperial beard. So might the dead King Charles himself have looked on a night of the past.

The music went on madly, and the maskers danced as though this life were all, and it would be ended on the morrow.



PHOTOS. BY A. BEALES

Suddenly a tall gaunt man, clad in the garb of the Puritans, appeared among them. He wore his high, wide-brimmed hat, as though scorning to remove it. His face was hard-set and white to the lips, and he threaded his way in and out of the dancers, giving no heed to them, till he reached Lord and Lady Stafford. They rose to receive him with no outward show of wonder, but in all kindliness.

"I came for my granddaughter, Master Stafford," Philip Prinn said. "I give thee and thy Lady thanks for thy invitation, but we have no place with thy guests. I pray thee have the grace to show me where, amongst thy guests, I may find the child."

Lord Stafford bowed gravely.

"Yonder, my friend," he said, "she dances the old-time Coranto with my son. He hath returned to us, and the past is past."

Then, smiling, he took the unyielding arm of Master Prinn. "Let us forget, for a little, our differences, Philip," he said, "and hark you! hark you to the music. 'Tis the same air they played at Whitehall through the winter that Mistress Bettina Cavendish first came to London. I mind me well.

"Now to lead you to your granddaughter. Methinks 'twere hard to miss such a lovely face in any assembly, but here, to-night, 'tis the only one unmasked."

On they went, slowly, slowly, till of a sudden Philip Prinn's eyes fell on the little dazzling figure of Betty beside the Cavalier. Then he suddenly

drew himself away from the hand on his arm and doffed his hat with a sweeping bow; on his face came a strange light and his lips smiled a youthful smile.

"By my faith! His Majesty!" he said, turning to Lord Stafford. "The King, himself! I am right glad, for 'tis long since I have seen him. Perchance he hath been detained in France. He dances with the Lady Bettina Cavendish—the Coranto, if I mistake not, for I know the music well. We will go on, for I would greet His Grace, and also have speech with Mistress Cavendish when the dance ends. Is she not charming, Stafford? By the Crown! there is no such face in Whitehall."

Lord Stafford gazed in questioning wonderment at the old Puritan—then, by some insight, and noting the strange light in his eyes, and the boyish smile, understood. The years had rolled back for Philip Prinn.

"The loveliest face in Whitehall—nay, Philip, in England, one might say," he answered. "We will go forward, for the dance is over."

Together they crossed the floor to where Betty and the Cavalier talked. He fanned her lightly with the great feathered fan, and noting nothing but the words she said. But Betty—Betty glanced up and saw who it was that came.

Master Prinn went forward and bowed low to the man at her side.

"It gives me gladness to see you safely home, your Majesty," he said. "England is unhappy when the King is away."

Then he turned to Betty.

"I fear I am late, Lady Cavendish, and that you have no dance left for me, but I pray you I may hand you to your carriage when the ball ends."

The girl gave a low, startled cry, then touched Master Prinn on the arm.

"Grandad! Grandad, dear, what is it? What spell hath thee?" she said.

The old man glanced about him uncertainly, as one who is lost or bewildered, and seeks vainly for some remembered landmark, then he raised a trembling hand to his head and fell at full length upon the floor.

It was the next morning, and the sun shone into the low-ceiled, dark-wooded breakfast room, and fell upon the couch where Philip Prinn lay. Betty sat beside him, and she wore the gown of dove-color, and the small white kerchief, which was her morning dress. It was quiet and peaceful to all outward seeming, yet the girl's face was white as the one of the man she watched, and it was marked by the trace of tears and violet shadows that told of long hours of sleeplessness and grief.

At noon the man opened his eyes and looked up at her consciously.

"Betty," he said slowly. "It is little Betty. So so thou art a good child. Meseemeth I have been long asleep and dreaming. Ay, I have had strange dreams strange dreams. I thought I saw the King, sweetheart the King, as he used to be in the old days, e'er Cromwell marked him for death. Marry! I had no part in that. I had no part in that. 'Twas at Whitehall, too in the great ballroom—and he danced with the Lady Bettina Cavendish. I loved her and wed her. Stafford loved her, too, I mind—but, 'tis past, 'tis past. For the King, he was garbed in black—all in black, as on that morning—but he was not sad. Ah, me, how vivid a dream can be—Stafford—he was there, likewise; but he looked not as of old, but was worn and grey—worn and grey, as I am. They only were young, the King—and my little love. The musicians played a melody I knew well—but have not heard of late."

"Yes, Grandad, dear," the girl said, stroking his hand, "I know. Think no more of thy dream."

"Nay," he said, "'Twas a sweet dream. I would not banish it."

After a moment he spoke again.

"As to this Twelfth Night ball at Lord Stafford's, which thou dost so greatly desire to see, why—though I be a Puritan I will not deny thee further in the matter."

The girl slipped down by his side and buried her face in the pillow where his head rested.

"Oh! Grandad, dear, I will go thy way," she cried, softly, "thy way always, an thou dost wish it."

He smiled the smile of the old and wise.

"I know not," he said, "if thou wilt, or that my way is always best. Follow thine own heart, little one as I did. 'Twill not lead thee astray."

Girl vs. Syndicate.

(Continued from Page 13.)

you might give up Dick for me, thinking that he was worse in such ways than I—" It was the timid girl who waited, shyly, for him to go on.

"So I determined to suppress the story—I could not bear the thought that I would never know for sure that you might have liked Dick best only for this exposure. What was the buying of a few Aldermen, a railway franchise, a matter of a few cents on a fare, to my knowing for sure that it was I—" He paused, for even yet she had not lifted her face.

"Olive!" he pleaded. "Is it I? Let me know—"

But now the blush had risen to her forehead, and he saw it.

"Olive!" There was just a little reproach in his tone.

The sweet, flushed face came up, the eyes liquid with the shy surrender of girlhood, the lips expectant of a kiss.

"There was no need for you fearing Dick," she said; "for it was always you."

"Don't you feel a little nervous in your new automobile?"

"No," answered the man whose clothes smelt of gasoline; when I am in that machine a sense of perfect security comes over me. I know I can't be run over."—Washington Star.

IN ONTARIO'S NORTHLAND



TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

A GLIMPSE OF MINNESINAQUA LAKE. BY COURTESY C.P.R.

PUBLIC LIBRARY TORONTO



Christmas Globe, 1904

HAPPY DAYS.

Epileptic Fits Cured by French's Remedy

French's Remedy is known the world over. Has miraculous healing power. Used in Government Institutions. Recommended by the medical profession. Pamphlets, giving full particulars, free on application to W. STINSON, 69 GWYNNE AVE., Toronto, Can., sole agent for Canada and United States. American orders filled from Lewiston, N. Y.

"YOUR AILMENT IS NATURE'S REPROOF."

To overcome that ailment you require **Nature's Assistance.**

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

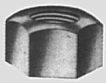
1- **Nature's Own Remedy**—and an unsurpassed one. It is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the Liver, possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'** Its effect upon any disordered, sleepless and feverish condition is simply marvellous, and no family should be without it.

CAUTION.—Examine the capsule, and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.

Prepared only by **J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'Fruit Salt' Works, London, Eng.**, by **J. C. Eno's Patent.**

Wholesale of Messrs. EVANS & SONS, Ltd., Montreal and Toronto, Canada.

ASK FOR 1904 CATALOGUE.



THE **JOHN MORROW MACHINE SCREW CO.** LIMITED, **Ingersoll Ontario.**

EVERY GARMENT THAT IS FASHIONABLE —EVERY FUR THAT IS USEFUL —WE HANDLE THEM ALL. WRITE TO US FOR OUR CATALOGUE.



Ruffs
Scarfs
Boas
Stoles
Jackets

Every one guaranteed absolute in quality and fashion.

W. & D. DINEEN CO.,
LIMITED.
COR. YONGE AND TEMPERANCE STS.
TORONTO.



OUR NEW BUILDING ON KING ST. AND SPADINA AVENUE.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANOS

Were first made nearly 30 years ago by Mr. Gerhard Heintzman. They have hosts of friends in every part of Canada, and deserve every one of them, for each instrument represents years of research upon the part of this master of tone production.

Gerhard Heintzman Pianos are to-day, as then, made under the personal supervision of Mr. Gerhard Heintzman, and each instrument receives that inspection that has made the name

Gerhard Heintzman

on a piano a guarantee of value to the purchaser.

We will, upon request, quote you prices (free from commissions), and send you particulars of our new payment plan.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming
188 Yonge Street, Toronto.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, TORONTO



A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.
REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., PRINCIPAL.



STRAWBOARD MAILING TUBE

SPIRAL
MAILING TUBES
LIGHTEST AND STRONGEST TUBES MADE BY
DOMINION PAPER CO., LIMITED,
469 King St. West, Toronto.

"THE SUBTLE CHARM OF PERFECT HARMONY."

ARTISTS, Critics, Music Lovers and the most highly cultured people everywhere unite in giving the

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS PIANO

the foremost place in the piano world.

"Musical perfection," "Artistic elegance of construction," "Perfect in tone, touch and finish," are phrases coined for us by pleased purchasers.

Write for booklet, "Queen Victoria's Choice." It tells of this great Canadian piano supplied to Windsor Castle.

The Williams Piano Co.
LIMITED
OSHAWA, ONT.

ESTABLISHED 1851
INCORPORATED 1876

J. B. ARMSTRONG
MFG. CO., LIMITED,
GUELPH. CANADA.



MANUFACTURERS OF
FINE FINISHED CARRIAGES

For home and export trade. Bike Waggons, Road Waggons, Buggies, Mikados, Phaetons, Stanhopes, Park Waggons, Surreys, etc. Armstrong standard Quality. Manufactured by ARMSTRONGS, the Carriage Makers, at Guelph, since 1851.

BOOK CASES

BUY AS YOU NEED THEM. BUILD AS YOU WANT THEM.

That's our sectional idea. Book Cases small enough for 20 books, yet, by additional sections, large enough for 10,000. A card will bring a catalogue. Remember we are manufacturers of the Highest Grade **Office Furniture** (in Steel or Wood) and **Labor-Saving Devices.**

Equipping Post Offices and Municipal Buildings a Specialty.

THE . . .
OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO.
LIMITED
97-103 WELLINGTON ST. WEST TORONTO
FACTORIES: NEWMARKET.

THE **BERTRAM ENGINE WORKS** COMPANY LIMITED

MANUFACTURERS OF
ENGINES AND **BOILERS**
Steel & Composite Steamers, Tugs and Yachts, Mining Machinery.
REPAIRING RECEIVES PROMPT ATTENTION.

TORONTO.

ENGINEERS AND BOILER-MAKERS

Estimates Furnished on Application.

HIGHEST CLASS CORLISS AND MARINE ENGINES
STATIONARY AND MARINE BOILERS

All Kinds of Tank and Pipe Work.

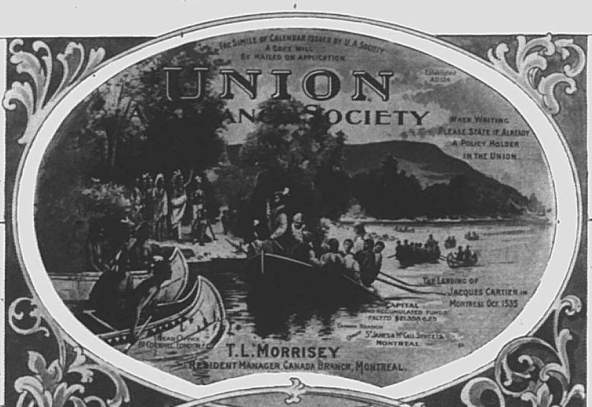
The JOHN INGLIS CO., Ltd., STRACHAN AVENUE. **TORONTO**

STAR SAFETY RAZOR

THE ORIGINAL AND BEST SAFETY RAZOR IN THE WORLD. IT'S QUICK, HANDY AND COMPLETE. SHAVES CLEAN AND NEVER PULLS. ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO LEARN. YOU CAN'T CUT YOURSELF.

AIKENHEAD HARDWARE LIMITED

Phone Main 3800. 6 Adelaide St. East



The Moore Carpet Company, Limited

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Manufacturers of High-grade Wilton and Body Brussels Carpets. Artistic designs. Best of materials used in their manufacture.

GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE
CEETEE
PURE WOOL

WEAR
"CEETEE" Underclothing

Strictly high-class, soft as velvet, will not irritate the most sensitive skin, made from pure, fine wool. Guaranteed absolutely unshrinkable. We replace any that shrink. Made in light gauze, medium and heavy weights. Stocked by all first-class dealers.

THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT, LIMITED

PROCURED IN ALL COUNTRIES
LONG EXPERIENCE IN PATENT LITIGATION
SEND FOR HAND BOOK
PATENTS
PHONE MAIN 2582
RIDOUT & MAYBEE
103 Bay Street
TORONTO, CANADA.

J. H. DUNN & CO.

(MEMBERS MONTREAL STOCK EXCHANGE)

Bonds and Securities

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE BUILDING, MONTREAL, CANADA. BLOMFIELD HOUSE, 96 LONDON WALL, LONDON, ENGLAND.



KELSEY WARM AIR GENERATORS

HEAT MAKERS / FUEL SAVERS — Patented — For Home, Church, School.

KELSEY'S assure to the user:—
Most heat with least fuel.
Pure, mild, warm, healthful air.
All rooms warmed at all times.
No heat wasted in cellar.
Freedom from gas, smoke and dust.
Economical, healthful and efficient results.

KELSEY construction and the KELSEY system differ from all others.

KELSEY sales have largely increased each and every year.

DIRECT CONTRACTS MADE.
PROPER RESULTS GUARANTEED.

The James Smart Mfg. Co.
WINNIPEG, MAN. BROCKVILLE, ONT.
EXCLUSIVE CANADIAN MAKERS.

GEO. GALE & SONS

MANUFACTURERS OF



WAREHOUSE
1885 NOTRE DAME ST.
MONTREAL.

IRON & BRASS BEDS



NORTHERN LIFE



STRONG VIGOROUS

THEIR
ECONOMIC POLICY

SURPASSES ANYTHING IN THE MARKET. WRITE FOR PARTICULARS.
HEAD OFFICE, LONDON, ONT.
JOHN MILNE
MAN. DIR.

THE GEM OF TABLE WATERS
KRONTHAL LITHIA WATER



The Most Effective Remedy in
Gout, Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Etc.

JAMES THOMPSON, Kingston, Ont.

Wholesale Distributor for Canada.

THE BEST THAT IS
CHOCOLAT KLAUS



THE CANADIAN SWISS TRADING CO.

17 ST JOHN ST., · MONTREAL, QUE.

IMPORTERS OF BERNESE ALPS MILK CO. AND BEST CHILDS FOOD GALAFINA

"RODGERS" Cutlery

CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

GRANTED 1682

THE HIGHEST GRADE IN ALL LINES OF CUTLERY IS INDICATED BY THIS MARK — LOOK FOR IT.

JAMES HUTTON & CO.
MONTREAL
SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA

GENERAL STEEL WORKS.
WATERVILLE, QUE.

DEBENTURES AND STOCKS

DEALT IN. SEND FOR LIST

H. O'HARA & CO.

Members Toronto Stock Exchange

81 TORONTO STREET TORONTO

The Boiler Inspection and Insurance Company TORONTO

JOHN L. BLAIKIE, ESQ., President.
E. W. RATHBUN, ESQ., Vice-President.
GEO. C. ROBB, Chief Engineer.
H. N. ROBERTS, Secretary Treasurer.

Are you satisfied with the results obtained from your Steam Boilers?

Are your Boilers Safe?

When were they last Inspected



HOTEL KRESS

PRESTON SPRINGS, ONT.

Open the Year Round.

CANADIAN OIL COMPANY, LIMITED

Manufacturers of OILS, PAINTS and VARNISHES of the

CELEBRATED "STERLING" BRAND

Refiners and Dealers in CANADIAN AND AMERICAN BURNING AND LUBRICATING OILS.

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO.

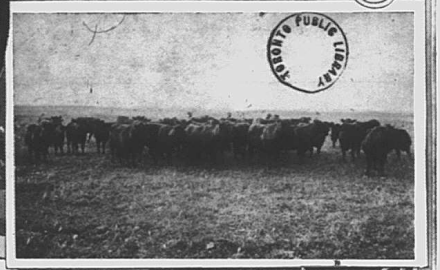
BRANCHES—Montreal, Que.; Hamilton, Ont.; Petrolea, Ont.; Winnipeg, Man.; Vancouver, B.C.; St. John, N.B.; Halifax, N.S.
REFINERIES—Petrolea and Marietta

CANADIAN NORTHERN

A Threshing Scene on the line of the Canadian Northern. Many an acre of what was this year virgin prairie will be the scene of similar operations next year.



A herd of Polled Angus Cattle. Substantial evidence of the good grazing territory served by the Canadian Northern Railway.



TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY



LARGEST ELEVATOR PLANT IN THE WORLD OWNED BY CANADIAN NORTHERN RY. CO. PORT ARTHUR, CANADA.



IN THE CENTRAL LAKE PARK REGION.

The sure reward of the sportsman who visits the fishing resorts of New Ontario, traversed by the main line of the Canadian Northern Railway between Fort Frances and Port Arthur.



MAP OF THE
CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY
AND CONNECTONS

TWIN CITY EXPRESS
BETWEEN WINNIPEG & MINNEAPOLIS & ST PAUL





IN THE CENTRAL LAKE PARK REGION.

The Moose and the Bear, the Otter and the Lynx, the Pelican and the Grouse are "at home" during the "season" in this "Sportsman's Paradise." You are invited to go via Canadian Northern Railway.

S&H. HARRIS
HARNESS PREPARATIONS



WATERPROOF
HARNESS COMPOSITION
SADDLE PASTE, SADDLE SOAP, HARNESS LIQUID,
BLACK DYE, JET BLACK OIL, CURRIERS' DUBBING, "BRITISH" POLISHING PASTE.
EBONITE WATER PROOF BLACKING.

MANUFACTORY
LONDON, ENGLAND

AGENTS FOR CANADA
B. & S. H. THOMPSON & CO., LIMITED,
MONTREAL

A Reputation of Over Three-quarters of a Century.

NEAVE'S FOOD
FOR
INFANTS, INVALIDS AND THE AGED

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED, WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, LONDON, ENG., 1900.



DR. BARNARDO SAYS:

"We have already used Neave's Food in two of our Homes (Babies' Castle and the Village Home), and I have no hesitation in saying it has proved very satisfactory."—July 27th, 1901.

"An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of infants and young persons."—Sir Chas. A. Cameron, C.B., M.D., Professor of Chemistry, R.C.S.I., Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, City and County Analyst.

Warrant Holders to H. I. M. The Empress of Russia.

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."—Lancet.

MANUFACTURERS:
JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., FORDINGBRIDGE ENGLAND.
Wholesale Agents: THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., Limited TORONTO AND MONTREAL.

British America Assurance Co.
INCORPORATED 1833.



DIRECTORS
HON. GEO. A. COX, PRESIDENT — ROBERT JAFFRAY
J. J. KENNY, VICE PRESIDENT — THOMAS LONG
AUGUSTUS MYER — HON. S. C. WOOD
JOHN HOSKIN, K.C., LL.D. — LT.-COL. H.M. PELLATT
P. H. SIMS, SECRETARY — F. W. COX

HEAD OFFICE BUILDINGS.
TORONTO
CANADA.

FACTORY — HEAD OFFICE

NEWCOMBE PIANOS





BELLWOODS AVE. — 107 CHURCH ST.

AWARDED GOLD MEDAL PARIS, 1900.

MILLAR'S ROYAL PARAGON CHEESE

THE ORIGINAL CANADIAN CHEESE IN JARS



PURE NUTRITIOUS UNIFORM IN COLOR AND FLAVOR

MANUFACTURED BY
INGERSOLL PACKING COMPANY



PORK PACKERS & CHEESE EXPORTERS
INGERSOLL
CANADA.

INCORPORATED 1851
WESTERN ASSURANCE CO.



DIRECTORS
HON. GEO. A. COX, PRESIDENT — GEO. McMURRICH
J. J. KENNY, VICE PRESIDENT — H. M. BAIRD
HON. S. C. WOOD — H. P. WOOD
GEO. R. R. COCKBURN — W. R. BROCK
J. K. OSBORNE
C. C. FOSTER, SECRETARY

HEAD OFFICE BUILDINGS.
TORONTO.
CANADA

LEARN TELEGRAPHY.

Most thoroughly equipped, exclusive Telegraph School in Canada, and recommended by railway officials. Write for prospectus.

CANADIAN SCHOOL of TELEGRAPHY
Queen and Yonge Sts., Toronto, Can.

Nordheimer Piano
The ARTISTIC STANDARD of CANADA
The NORDHEIMER PIANO & MUSIC Co. Limited 15 KING ST. E., TORONTO.

Galbraith Photo Co.
COMMERCIAL AND LANDSCAPE
PHOTOGRAPHERS.
Bromide Enlargements a specialty.
Dealers in Photographic Supplies.
Publishers of Souvenir Booklets & Postal Cards.
YONGE STREET, - TORONTO.

MORANG & CO., Limited, 90 WELLINGTON STREET WEST. TORONTO

Publishers of Educational, Medical and Standard Books.
Catalogues on application.

One of the greatest literary and book-making enterprises yet attempted in Canada is **THE MAKERS OF CANADA SERIES**, now in course of publication. Its completion, in 32 volumes, will give us a body of literature simply invaluable from a national and historical point of view and unapproached by anything that has yet been issued, telling the story of our nation's founding and development.

Five volumes of the series have already appeared. The publishers will be pleased to send a handsomely printed prospectus describing **THE MAKERS OF CANADA** upon application.

The Christmas Globe 1904

AT THE PASS OF THE LONG SAULT 1660

By Wm. Ravenscroft Elsey

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

The Long Sault leaps upon his way—
Flake white and curling green;
The silent hills have naught to say
Of all that they have seen.
The sunlight on the ploughshare shines
Where, in the olden years,
The breezes whispered to the pines
Secrets of blood and tears.
There is no mound to mark the ground
Where brave hearts came to die:
But doff your cap, good fellow,
When you go passing by!


TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARIES

The murderous woods gave back unheard the tortured victim's call;
Red terror ruled the river from Quebec to Montreal;
The forest fiends held council, and the word went forth, "Destroy!"
God save the white French lilies from the bloody Iroquois!

Lo! they come down the Ottawa, a thousand hatchets strong,
For winter days are overpast, and spring is sweet with song;
Lo! they come down the Ottawa, to torture, burn, and slay;
And there be homes shall never see the merry month of May.

Oh, if a few would stand for France—stand, and not ask for aid
Stand till the thirsty tomahawks crash through the palisade,
Fight, till the last man's dagger break in the last man's hand!
Then might one hold the heathen back; so might one save the land.

There came Sixteen to Maisonneuve—"Sir, please you, we will go,
And do what God may let us do," said Daulac des Ormeaux,
And that most gallant Governor embraced them in his pride:
"Would God that I might strike a blow, my children, at your side!"

They took Christ's holy Sacrament: the hymn drones up on high;
The "Ite, missa est" is given, and they are ripe to die;
For them no woman's praises, no trumpet-blare of fame,
Who knelt beside the altar in the Church of Notre Dame.

Above the rapids all the stream with silver sunlight shines,
And here, between the river and the shadow of the pines,
An old fort lay, whereby the Indian beached his bark canoe
To offer spells and magic to the spirits of the Sault.

The north fence viewed the river, and the Sixteen made it strong;
The south wall faced the forest, and they looped it all along;
And east and west they drove the stakes whereon they should depend,
Then bare to heaven they laid them down, and waited for the end.

"Halte-là! Qui vive?" Out of the dark replied a savage yell,
A whoop that rent the silence like the battle-call of hell;
The sentinel "God shrive him!" dropped in his steps and died,
One arrow through his leathern cap, another in his side.

"The time is come!" cried Daulac: "Now dishonored let him be
Who dare not go to death to-night for God and Saint Denis!"
And ere the words were fairly said, a second war-whoop came
The arquebuses roared reply, and ringed the fort with flame.

Through all the dreadful hours of night that gallant game was played,
And still the white French lilies flew above the barricade.
Till daylight brought them refuge, for great fear fell on the foe,
And they stared upon the loopholes, and their dead that lay below.

And the chieftains came together, and they built a council-fire:
"Let us starve the bold pale-faces till we compass our desire!
Send, bring new men, for never was such fighting seen before!
Yet, shall we of the Five Nations be beaten by a score?"

Five hundred from the Richelieu came, with axe, and bow, and plume,
And round about the fated fort they ringed a ring of doom,
And sware that with the sunset-red the torture-fires should flare,
And many new devices prove what pale-face dogs could bear.

Now know all men that honor men, that with the French that day
There stood four Huron warriors to hold the river-way.
"Who fights with us," said Daulac, "dies." "O Chief," said they,
"Who stands
And dies beside the brave, dies well, and wins the Happy Lands."

So yet three days they kept the walls with arquebus and bow,
While kindly death took one by one, and still they braved the foe,
Till four half-fainting men remained of all that stubborn crew
And still above the barricade the white French lilies flew.

Hark! how the hatchets crash without: down goes the palisade!
The blood-mad butchers burst into the shambles they have made,
And tomahawk and scalping knife wreak fury on the dead,
And low the lily banner lies, all trampled in with red!

The four they slew—we ask not how, who live in other days
Of tender nerves and dainty speech, and peace encompassed ways
These were a hardy kind of men, who lived so long ago,
And stood and died for Canada with Daulac des Ormeaux.

The Long Sault leaps upon his way
Flake white and curling green;
The silent hills have naught to say
Of all that they have seen.
The sunlight on the ploughshare shines
Where, in the olden years,
The breezes whispered to the pines
Secrets of blood and tears.
There is no mound to mark the ground
Where brave hearts came to die:
But doff your cap, good fellow,
When you go passing by!



THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE
1904

THE FIRE OF THE GODS

BY
W. Victor Cook
DRAWINGS BY J. S. GORDON

ON the sunny side of Mail street, Wellington, walked a young man who seemed in no way different from other young men in the chief city of New Zealand. He wore a light suit and a wide-brimmed hat, which latter he grabbed at street corners, according to the practice by which you may know a Wellington man anywhere in the two hemispheres. Only at close quarters might an observant person have noticed the liquid darkness of his eyes, which, taken in conjunction with a certain roundness of feature, and his black hair, suggested that he was not of Anglo-Saxon stock.

Suddenly, on turning a corner, this young man almost ran into the arms of a Maori up-country native, hatless, and in cotton shirt and slop trousers.

The two were passing, when the Maori uttered an exclamation, and, turning swiftly, caught the young man by the arm, crying in the native speech:

"Hold! is it really you, O Puna Kanapa?" (Bright Spring.)

"Ai pea." (Yes, I believe so.) "I do not know you, however," the young man answered, staring at the tattooed dark face.

"It matters not, Puna Kanapa. You know this—na!"

From a roll of cloth which he carried in his hand the Maori produced a short, thick spear, of semi-transparent green-stone, cunningly carved and exquisitely inlaid—the traditional symbol, fast vanishing from New Zealand, of the authority of a Maori chief.

The young man started.

"The Fire of the Gods!"

"Ai pea, Puna Kanapa, the Fire of the Gods. The father of your father put it in my hand, saying: Take it to Puna Kanapa, my son who dwells among the Pakeha (white men), and say to him, 'Come, make no delay.'"

"Is it a great matter?"

"Who am I to be in the counsels of a Rangatira?"

Puna Kanapa, whom his fellow-students at Wellington knew under an English name, considered for a few moments. "Say that I come," he answered.

Wrapping up again the sacred emblem, the unknown envoy departed, leaving the young man standing there, the spell of the green spear filling his brain with a hundred wild fancies, a hundred subtle influences, and deep, though half-forgotten, superstitions at which his intellect might laugh, but which were so born and bred in him that he could no more shake them off than he could cut off his shadow. For his fair skin notwithstanding, he was a Maori of pure race, descended from generations of chiefs who traced back their origin far into that misty past when their ancestors came across the ocean from Hawaiki in the great canoe Arawa; and even before that, to the very origin of all things, when smoke-breathing Maui pulled up the islands like fishes from the depths of the sea.

When Puna Kanapa was born the unusual whiteness of his skin was attributed to the share the Pipo (spirits like fairies) had had in the business, and since he had grown up it had enabled him to pass among the Pakeha as one of themselves. His father, now dead, had made this easier still by leaving a respectable fortune, which he had built up in the coasting trade, and which had enabled him in his later years to become one of the native members of the House of Parliament.

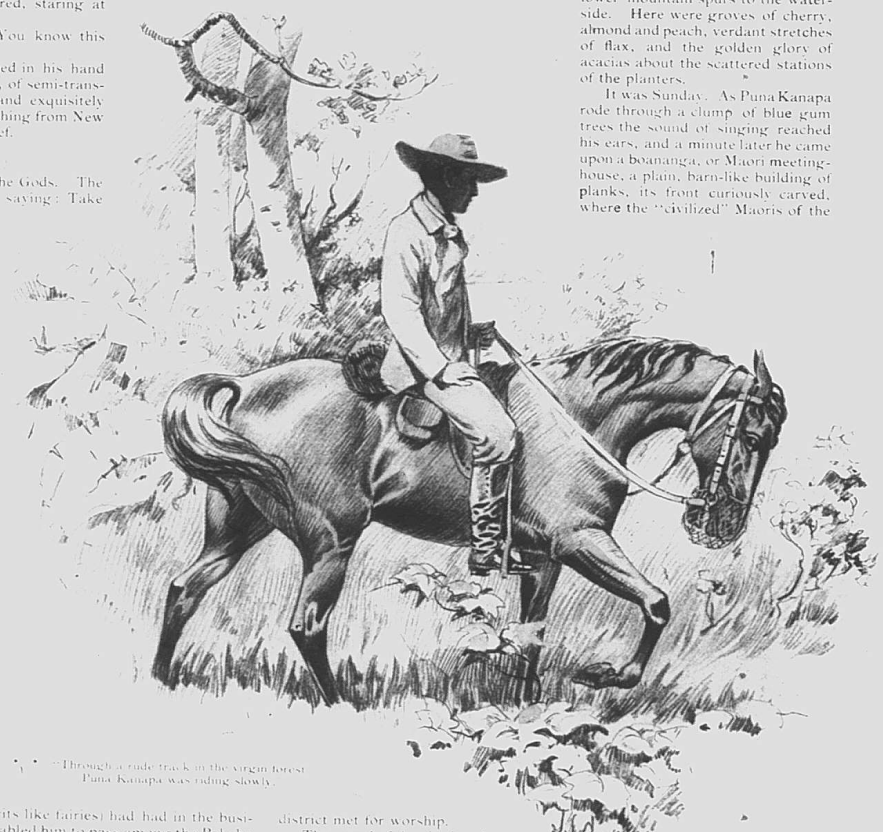
II.

Imagine the loveliest of the mountain districts of Switzerland or Italy planted by the side of the blue Southern Seas. No words can conjure for the imagination, no brush can paint for the eye the beauties of the south-western coasts of those other "British Isles," where, in the glamour of a sunshine that seems purer and more ethereal than in the other lands, the flanks of the southern alps are pierced by long, deep fiords, reflecting in their warm, sunlit hollows the rich, deep tints of the foliage on the surrounding mountains. Far away at the landward end, beyond the curves of the fiords, beyond the steep, green-mantled mountains in whose lap the peaceful waters lie, the higher alps rear their white shoulders above the rest into the clear blue heaven, and shed around them a bright reflected radiance from the sunbeams that assault in vain their dazzling frigid purity.

Through a rude track in the virgin forest clothing the banks of one of these fiords Puna Kanapa was riding slowly. All through the summer day he had been ascending the fiord from the port where he had left the steamer. Like a careful rider he had fastened a net over his horse's mouth to prevent the animal indulging in its foolish taste for the deadly puka-puka, and from time to time he glanced to see that the net was in position. Now and again the track emerged into a clearing, and the hot January sun streamed down on all the wealth of the forest's color, while in the distance the blue waters of the fiord lay stretched out under the mountains. There among the tree-tops where it had climbed the murderous clinging rata flung out like a flag of victory its glorious red blossoms. Elsewhere were fuchsias towering forty feet in the air, fifty-foot trees of honeysuckle, the white bloom of the hohai, or thousand-jacket, ferns of a hundred kinds on the ground or in the trees, blood-colored duckweed, and velvety moss covering some fallen trunk. In the branches parrots screamed, their bright plumage flashing in the sunshine. The air hummed with insect life, and at this season the mosquitoes were busy.

At length, late in the summer afternoon, he emerged from the virgin tangle of the bush and entered a tract of reclaimed land that sloped down from the lower mountain spurs to the water-side. Here were groves of cherry, almond and peach, verdant stretches of flax, and the golden glory of acacias about the scattered stations of the planters.

It was Sunday. As Puna Kanapa rode through a clump of blue gum trees the sound of singing reached his ears, and a minute later he came upon a boananga, or Maori meeting-house, a plain, barn-like building of planks, its front curiously carved, where the "civilized" Maoris of the district met for worship.



"Through a rude track in the virgin forest Puna Kanapa was riding slowly."

The sound of the singing drew Puna Kanapa. He was about to tie up his horse and join for a little while in the proceedings in the casual way of his people, who will walk in and out several times during the course of a service, when a young girl with dark, soft face and liquid brown eyes like his own came out of the boananga.

"Koa!" he exclaimed, and sprang from his horse gleefully.

"Puna Kanapa, my beloved! How long since you were here!"

"I am going to our grandfather. He sent the meri-meri to summon me."

"The Fire of the Gods! The old man is full of wild thoughts! He drinks rum all day; it is killing him."

"It is the curse of our people," said Puna Kanapa, bitterly. "But why did he send the meri-meri?"

"He is angry because some of our tribe in the mountains have had to sell their land. Twice he has crossed the Pass. He persuades himself that he will stir up war again as in the days of his youth. My cousin, prevent him!"

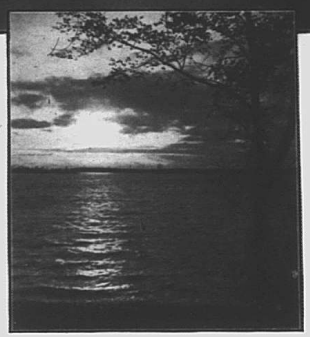
The two young people walked together towards the fiord, on whose edge a scattered township stood.

"I will do all that a man may do," said Puna Kanapa. "Yet a man of our people, my Koa, must follow where the meri-meri leads."

"It has brought you from the far North Island to save the old man from himself," said Koa.



TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY



"And to bring back with me my betrothed from her home between the mountains and the sea," answered the young man, taking her hand in his. "Koa, the time is fulfilled. Will you not come?"

"If the Fire of the Gods commands, who am I that I should disobey?" said Koa, and leaned her head on his breast, smiling up in her lover's face.

At the turning in the path they parted, Koa going to the town and Puna Kanapa down to the shore.

III.

At the very head of the fiord a little wooden whare (hut) painted white jutted out on piles into the clear water. A boat was moored to one of the piles, and beside the whare was a disorderly heap of spars and tackle, for the old chief, whose son had been a member of Parliament, was content to follow the calling of a fisherman. Pu Whero (Red Gun) was his name, and well he had deserved it, when in the days of the Ten Years' War he had been a terror to the whites. He squatted in a little space at the end of his jetty, cleaning his fish—wrasse, and mullet, and butter-fish, hapuka and tarakihi, and many another whose names are strange to English ears, but whose taste is very good. He chanted to himself as he worked a monotonous chant such as the Maori people use, whether the song be of a marriage or of a fight, of the planting and gathering of the kumera, or of any other of the occupations of human life.

Puna Kanapa, fastening his horse to a tree, stood for a few moments watching his grandfather unobserved before he walked out on to the little jetty. They pressed faces together in the Maori manner—the old, white-haired chief, wrinkled and tattooed, and the student in his dress of a well-to-do young Briton.

"My father, the Fire of the Gods summoned, and I am here. But why? Is Koa well?" he asked hypocritically.

Pu Whero spat on the ground. "My sons' children have forsaken their race. Though I have left my free people in the mountains and come here to be near her where she lives among the Pakeha to learn their ways, yet my eyes seldom look upon the face of Koa. The meri-meri was not for her."

Pu Whero let his grandson into the whare, where they sat down on a bed of fern leaves.

"My little son, it is war," he announced.

"War! What war?" asked Puna Kanapa.

"Against the Pakeha."

"I do not understand."

"Women and land—these are the causes of the destruction of men," answered the old chief, shaking his head sententiously. "Have you not heard of the robbing of our people on the Waka River?" He rose excitedly and began to walk to and fro in the hut.

"Nothing."

"That comes of living among the Pakeha. Look!" He took up an object, curiously wrapped, and unfolded it with the utmost care before his grandson. Behold a shrivelled human head, the flesh brown and hard, the eyes missing from their sockets! The fair hair was that of an Englishman.

Pu Whero laughed grimly. "Do not be frightened, my little son, who lives with the Pakeha. Sixty years have gone since the flax was put inside that skull. He robbed my father of his lands, and my father shot him, and wrapped his head in green leaves and dried it at the fire. They have been robbing us ever since their fathers came from Ingarangi (England). Once it was by force; now it is by guile. But when we rise and kill they hear us. The lands by the Waka are taken, and our people will fight. You are my son's son, and if I should die—for I am not the man I was when they called me Red Gun—then you must lead our people against their oppressors."

"If we fight," said Puna Kanapa, "they will sweep us away like chaff. Have I not fought among them, O my father, across the sea, as a Pakeha because of my fair skin? They are irresistible. But they are not unjust, if they understand."

"They understand nothing, save this." Pu Whero fingered unsteadily an old gun on the wall of the hut. "And they can be resisted, for have not these eyes seen them give way before our people like sheep? Has a son of my son become afraid? Or is he become a Pakeha?"

"Neither the one nor the other, O Pu Whero."

"I have sworn," said the old pagan, his voice rising as if in song. "I have sworn to Rangi and Papa, who made the earth and the heaven, and to Tane, who dwells in the forest, and to Tiki the Man-maker, to lead my people to do battle for their right. I am a chief, a Rangatira of thirty generations. Shall I rot here catching fish while my people are robbed? May the Atua send the lizard of death to prey upon my entrails, if I do not as I have said! May the Hag, who sits at the Place of Leaping listening to the rushing spirits that spring from the cliff of Re-inga, catch the soul of Pu Whero in her cursed talons! May I never see my father's face in the Island of the Three Kings, where the spirits of brave men foregather, if I do not show again before I die that I am still Pu Whero, the Rangatira, whose gun is red in blood!"

"To-morrow," he ended, his eyes sparkling, "you and I, my little son, will cross the Pass to our free people, and then we shall see!"



"In a sort of a wild dance he leaped about, brandishing a spear."

IV.

With the dawn the old chief roused his grandson from the bed of fern, and, after a hasty meal, set forth, his sacred spear in his hand, his old rifle slung across his back, and the pockets of his ragged coat filled with cartridges—a pathetic figure. Puna Kanapa, resolved to save him when the time came from treasonable deeds, kept at his side as by devious ways he approached the foot of the Pass. Near a little pa, or village of the district natives, they were joined by three ragged, tattooed bandits, among whom Puna Kanapa recognized the messenger who had brought him the meri-meri. These all had guns. Soon they came to the foot of the Pass and began to climb.

Higher and higher wound the long ascent, twisting and turning in spirals upon itself. Gradually the air lost its luxurious warmth and grew shrewd and bracing; bright blue mountain flowers clothed the slopes. Another thousand feet, and the torrents that foamed down the precipices on every hand were no longer hidden by foliage. At mid-day they refreshed themselves for an hour in the shelter of some stunted shrubs. At their feet there leaped out into the void a mighty waterfall. Big with the water of the melted snows, it rushed tumultuously from beneath the roadway. Its rocky bed ceased abruptly in a giddy precipice, and the torrent, rearing and smoking, sprang out into the empty air, and dropped in a perpendicular line of foam till it splashed upon the mountain again seven hundred feet below.

The Maoris went on. Now and then for a minute the thickening clouds opened, and above their filmy masses a sharp white peak gleamed out clear and pure in the sunlight of the upper atmosphere, only to be blotted out again as the drifting mists stole away the view.

Soon came the region of the mountain pines, clothing the cold shoulders of the steeps with their sad, dark mantle. The lowering heaven brought anxious looks to the faces of the little Maori band. But the old chief held doggedly on.

"The Atua is angry," said his men, as the thunder growled in the distance.

"It is his voice which warns the Pakeha," he answered.

The thunder drew nearer, and a cold, driving rain began to fall. Suddenly a deafening crash broke from the blackness above their heads. The valleys re-echoed, and as the report rumbled into the distance the storm burst in its fury. The Maoris shouted and turned back as the dreadful lightning zigzagged on the hills. Even old Pu Whero's face went livid, but his chief's blood gave him pride. "Fools!" he screamed, "will you fly? May you rot for

cowards! In half an hour we turn the summit! Come!" And he toiled on with tired, unsteady steps, so that for very shame his tribesmen plucked up heart again and followed.

The thunder crashed momentarily more terrific, and the lightning blazed in their eyes like the warning wrath of heaven. Suddenly another frightful discharge shook the air, and the solid mountain seemed to rock. But the tempest that terrorized the rest now appeared to fill the old chief with frenzy.

"Nana! Nana!" he shouted, as they huddled under a face of rock. "The gods shoot with their guns, and the mountains quake! Woe to the Pakeha! Nana! I am Red Gun. Follow me, O my children. Behold the Fire of the Gods!"

In a kind of wild dance he leaped from side to side, brandishing aloft the greenstone spear.

There came a blinding flash, and the meri-meri blazed with livid blue.

Pu Whero lay still in the midst of the Pass. The spear had been consumed. His right arm was shriveled and his clothes were burning.

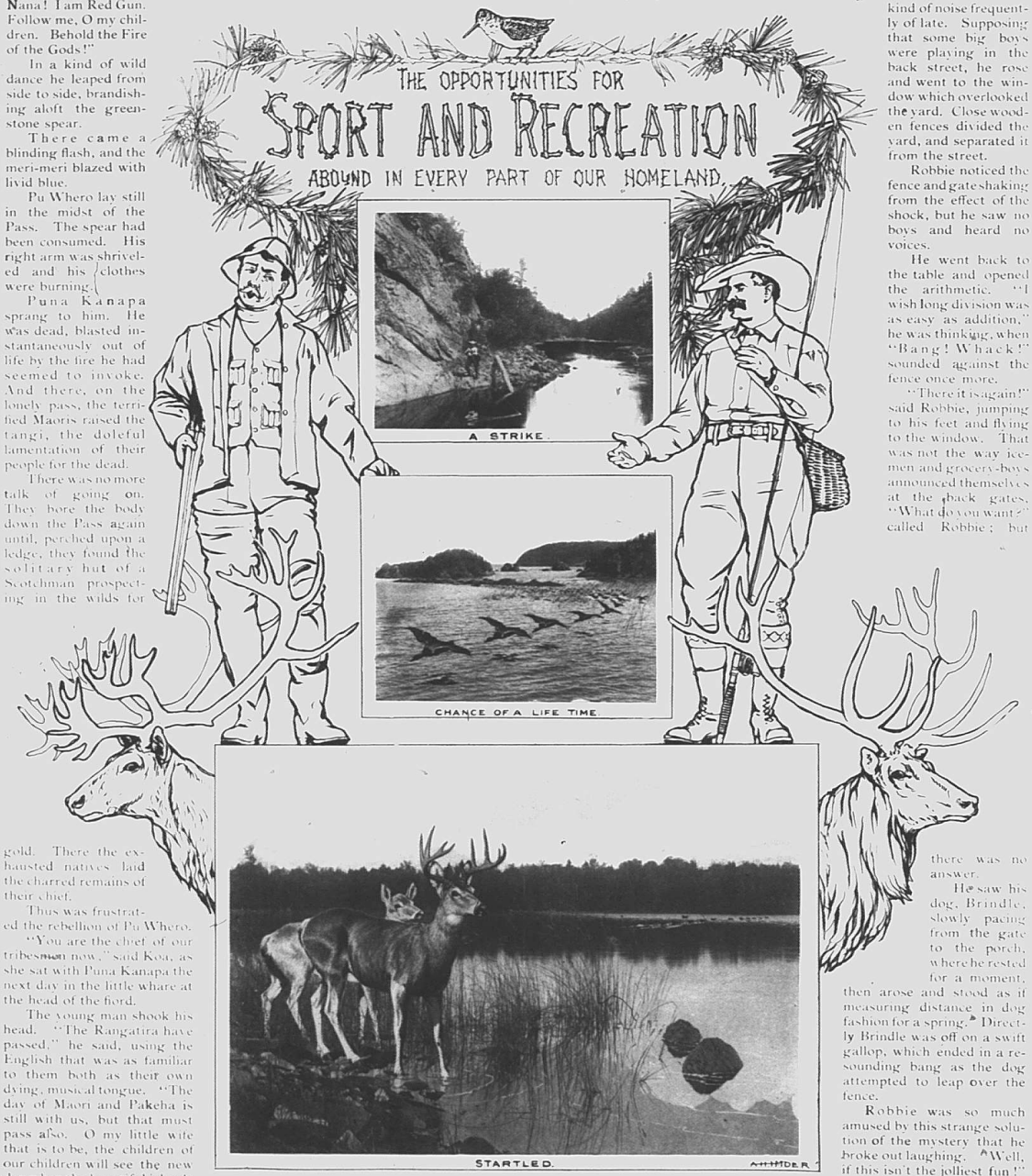
Puna Kanapa sprang to him. He was dead, blasted instantaneously out of life by the fire he had seemed to invoke. And there, on the lonely pass, the terrified Maoris raised the tangi, the doleful lamentation of their people for the dead.

There was no more talk of going on. They bore the body down the Pass again until, perched upon a ledge, they found the solitary hut of a Scotchman prospecting in the wilds for gold. There the exhausted natives laid the charred remains of their chief.

Thus was frustrated the rebellion of Pu Whero.

"You are the chief of our tribesmen now," said Koa, as she sat with Puna Kanapa the next day in the little whare at the head of the fiord.

The young man shook his head. "The Rangatira have passed," he said, using the English that was as familiar to them both as their own dying, musical tongue. "The day of Maori and Pakeha is still with us, but that must pass also. O my little wife that is to be, the children of our children will see the new day when the beautiful islands of our home shall know only of the one great nation, a part of the one great brotherhood whose flag is even now dearer to many of our people than the bloody tradition of our fathers. Meanwhile let us bear and forbear; let us work and let us hope."



AN OBJECT-LESSON.

Both of Robbie's examples in long division were wrong, and mamma sent him upstairs to his room to work them over again.

The little boy was not in a very good humor, for he wanted to play, and mamma would not allow him to go out until his lessons should be learned.

"I don't like 'rithmetic," he said to himself, impatiently, as he sat down to the study table in the back room. "I hate long division. It's such a poky thing—trying and trying, and multiplying over and over again, only to find out that your quotient figure is either too big or too little. I wish one could find out at once how often one number went into another."

Frowning, Robbie rested his chin in his hand. His slate lay before him, but he felt in no hurry to begin work. He was discouraged and almost ready to cry. It seemed to him that he could never learn long division.

Suddenly his thoughts were diverted by a noise that sounded as if something heavy had been heaved against the back fence. The bang was accompanied by a peculiar sound as of scratching. Robbie had heard this kind of noise frequently of late. Supposing that some big boys were playing in the back street, he rose and went to the window which overlooked the yard. Close wooden fences divided the yard, and separated it from the street.

Robbie noticed the fence and gate shaking from the effect of the shock, but he saw no boys and heard no voices.

He went back to the table and opened the arithmetic. "I wish long division was as easy as addition," he was thinking, when "Bang! Whack!" sounded against the fence once more.

"There it is again!" said Robbie, jumping to his feet and flying to the window. That was not the way icemen and grocery-boys announced themselves at the back gates. "What do you want?" called Robbie; but there was no answer.

He saw his dog, Brindle, slowly pacing from the gate to the porch, where he rested for a moment, then arose and stood as if measuring distance in dog fashion for a spring. Directly Brindle was off on a swift gallop, which ended in a resounding bang as the dog attempted to leap over the fence.

Robbie was so much amused by this strange solution of the mystery that he broke out laughing. "Well, if this isn't the jolliest fun!" he said. "To think of a dog practising like that—trying over and over again as if he were half-human! I never supposed dogs had so much patience."

Robbie leaned out of the window, calling, "Hello, Brindle!"

The big dog looked up in a shy way, wagging his tail, as if to say, "You caught me at it!"

"Hard work, ain't it, Brindle?" said Robbie, laughing. "But go ahead; keep at it, old fellow, and you'll jump the fence yet!" And then, after a moment's thought, he said, "I guess Brindle has given me a pointer. A boy oughtn't to let a dog get ahead of him in patience. I believe I will make a run and a high jump at long division."

Looking up at the window, Brindle wrinkled his nose in a self-conscious way, as if he understood. Robbie went back to his lesson. This time he did not get up until his examples were all correctly worked.



TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

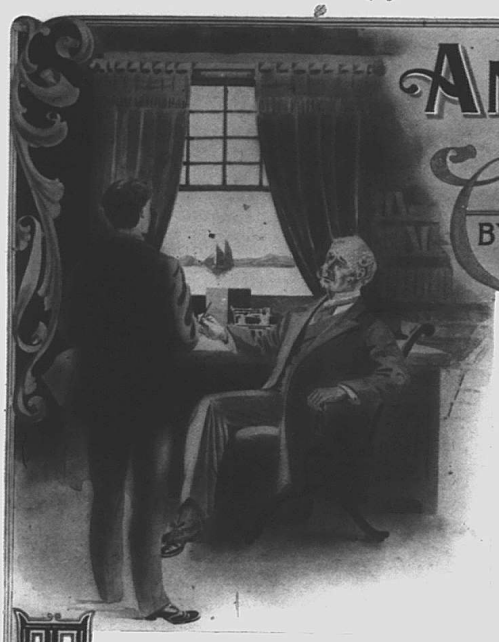
Christmas Globe [illegible]

By permission of the Ullman Mfg. Co., New York.

FOUR FAVORITES.







AN UNEARNED INCREMENT

BY E.M. ASHWORTH
TORONTO

Illustrations by H.J. MacLean

THE JUDGE raised his heavy grey eyebrows with a somewhat ominous air of surprise.

"Then I am to understand, Mr. Hewlett," he said, "that you wish"— he paused, and rapped twice on his desk with the end of his pencil—"that you wish to marry my daughter Irene?"

"Yes, sir."

"Um!" said the Judge, and relapsed into an oppressive silence, broken only by the tick-tick-tick of a little clock on the bookcase and the distant swish of the Saint Lawrence River. He gazed absently through an open window at the American shore, which shone green and yellow in the warm August sunlight. The young lawyer stood and waited for his next utterance with becoming patience, until at last the suspense became unbearable.

"We love each other dearly," he ventured.

"No doubt!" answered the Judge, with pompous indifference. He paused again. "Love will not pay your bills," he remarked, significantly.

"No, sir," replied Dick, "I will pay our bills. Besides, Irene and I both believe in giving cash for everything."

"An admirable principle, Mr. Hewlett. But you do not take my point. I do not consider that you are in a position to give my daughter the comforts to which she has been accustomed."

"I have my profession."

"Your profession!" repeated the Judge, contemptuously. "Are you not aware that, in Ontario, a skilled artisan can earn a larger income than the average lawyer!"

"I know, sir. Nevertheless, a successful lawyer "

"Very good, very good! But, with much respect, let me call your attention to the fact that you are not yet a successful lawyer. Quite the contrary; you are a mere beginner, young, untried."

"I have made my way so far, sir, with no outside source of income to fall back upon."

"That does you credit, Mr. Hewlett. But, however good it may be in theory for a young man to be dependent entirely upon what he earns, it is not altogether desirable in practice. I fear there is no use arguing this matter further. My mind is quite made up. Until you can show me that you are making considerably more money than at present my duty as a father compels me to refuse you my daughter's hand."

"How much will I have to earn before you will give your consent?"

"Well," said the Judge, reflectively, "I think two thousand a year would be a reasonable figure. Whenever you can come to me and prove that you have made two thousand clear during the preceding year, it will be time enough to reopen the matter. Pending such an occasion, I must really beg of you not to attempt a further discussion of the question."

"In the words of Iago, 'Put money in thy purse,'" suggested Dick.

"Exactly!" agreed the Judge.

As the young man sauntered aimlessly down the winding main street towards the outskirts of the town the expression of forced cheerfulness with which he had left the Judge was entirely lacking.

"Auri sacra fames!" he muttered savagely. "I wonder how he expects me to make two thousand dollars a year!"

His cogitations were broken in upon by the sound of rapid hoof-beats. A rig, drawn at a smart trot by a pair of beautifully-matched, glossy-black horses, was coming towards him up the River road. In it sat a girl, erect, distinguished-looking, with dark hair and grey eyes. She wore a frock of unbleached linen, trimmed with blue—simple, but chic, dainty, fresh from the iron—one of those dresses that cost a great deal more than an unmarried man would imagine. A bunch of Marguerite daisies was stuck in her belt. When she caught sight of Dick her face lighted up with a smile of rare attractiveness. She stopped short.

"Irene!" he said, hurrying to the side of the carriage, and warmly clasping her hand. There was really no need for him to clasp her hand, as he had parted with her no later than the preceding evening, but perhaps he forgot that it was unnecessary.

For a moment or two neither spoke. Then, looking around to make sure no one heard them—

"Have you seen father yet?" she asked shyly, with the least possible blush.

Dick's face, which had brightened wonderfully at her advent, resumed its former displeased expression.

"Yes," he replied.

"What did he say?" inquired Irene, anxiously, troubled by his evident dejection.

"He was very polite, and told me what a fine fellow I am in general, but didn't see his way to taking me for a son-in-law; says I am too poor, and he doubts whether I would be able to provide for you properly. He wants me to prove my ability to get on before he will consent even to our engagement."

"Oh, Dick! I am sure you are the cleverest man in town. I don't see how anyone can doubt it. Besides," she continued softly, "I would sooner live in a two-roomed roughcast cottage with you than share a palace with anyone else."

"I wish your father were as easily satisfied, dear. However, as he has stated his requirements "

"Yes?"

"I think," said Mr. Hewlett meditatively, "I think I shall have to try and fulfill them."

* * * * * *

In his spare moments Judge Oldright devoted himself to the business of raising fine horses. It seems to have been, throughout all ages, the habit of great minds to find their recreation in a change of work. Cincinnatus had his plough, Julius Caesar and Frederick the Great of Prussia their pens, Benjamin Franklin his kite, Gladstone his axe, and Judge Olright, as we have seen above, nurtured the thoroughbreds.

About four years before the day on which Dick Hewlett sought to enter his family circle the Judge had bought a beautiful piece of land for this purpose, a rather high bluff on the river bank, about three miles west of the county town, covered with rich, succulent grass and dotted here and there with immense maple and oak trees. On the top of the hill, commanding a view for miles, both up and down the river, stood an old stone house with walls four feet thick. On three sides of it he had built a broad, high-roofed Colonial verandah. As a residence the place was perfect. But as a stock farm, it had one drawback—lack of access to water.



* * "Irene!" he said, hurrying to the side of the carriage.

To be sure, there was plenty of water in sight. The landscape teemed with it. But the river, somewhat narrowed, and turning rather abruptly in its course, raced round the point at the rate of fully twenty miles an hour. The result was that the bank was worn off right down to bedrock, forming a small precipice all along the water's edge, entirely impracticable as a drinking place for cattle.

Hitherto the Judge had not been bothered much by this defect. There was a quiet, shallow bay just past the boundary of his property, where a little creek debouched into the river, forming a swamp of about three acres in extent, mostly below the level of the river, and therefore not worth draining. Its owner was a shiftless Irishman, a loafer who spent his days in an old punt on the river fishing, and his nights carousing in the town. The Judge had thought of buying it, in order to make his little domain complete, but, being a canny business man, he had shrunk



* * "See if you cannot induce him to retain it."

from making any offer for a piece of land apparently so worthless. Unopposed by his neighbor, he made a practice of watering his horses there, and was waiting till it should come time for the land to be sold for taxes, when he hoped to pick it up for practically anything he should choose to offer.

The expected had happened. The Irishman had again fallen irretrievably behind with his taxes, and another slice of his farm, consisting principally of the swamp I have mentioned, was to be sold to clear the balance of his holding.

As he was walking from his office to the court house on the day appointed for the auction. Judge Oldright met Dick for the first time since he had refused him the hand of his daughter. The latter stopped him in a deferential manner, and remarked:

"I have been thinking very seriously of what you said the other day, sir."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I have been looking round for a chance to make some money, and I have a deal on just at present, out of which I hope to make a little. But, unfortunately, it involves taking advantage of the necessity of a good friend of mine. I would not do it if it were not that I am eager to satisfy you of my ability. Don't you think that if I were to explain the whole scheme to you we could arrive at a compromise?"

"No," said the Judge. "It is very well to talk and plan these things out. The hard part is to carry your purpose through successfully. After you have gained your point it will be time enough to make friends and give back any money you do not think is honestly yours. 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,'" quoted the old gentleman, with a chuckle.

"But promise that you, at least, will not think the worse of me."

"Unless your victim comes out ahead of you after all," agreed Judge Oldright, with sceptical good humor.

"No danger," said Dick, confidently, and passed on.

That afternoon, sharp on time, the Judge took his seat in the town hall, where the tax sale was to be conducted. The room was already well filled with prospective buyers, and idlers who had dropped in to see the fun, such as it might prove to be. A few moments later Dick arrived, unobserved by the Judge.

Presently the last mentioned gentleman was aroused by the strident voice of the auctioneer from the brown study into which he had fallen.

"Lot five. Part of the farm of Patrick Halloran, consisting of seven acres, as follows:—(here followed a technical description of the property in question in a rasping monotone)

"What am I bid for this lot, gentlemen?"

Apparently no one cared to make an offer.

"Come, come! You all know this piece of land. Shall we say a hundred dollars? Who bids a hundred dollars? What! will no one bid a hundred dollars for this fine property, containing as it does four acres of beautiful farm land, not to speak of the three acres of"

"Twenty-five dollars," interrupted Judge Oldright, curtly.

"Twenty-five dollars! Twenty-five dollars bid for this valuable lot! Will no one bid more than twenty-five dollars?"

"Fifty dollars," said Dick.

The Judge started and looked at him, astonished. Dick studiously avoided his eye. The auctioneer droned on.

"Fifty dollars! Thank you. I wondered if every one would stand by and calmly witness such a sacrifice. Why, fifty dollars, even, is ridiculous. Does no one wish to bid more than fifty dollars? Going at fifty dollars! Seven acres, fifty dollars! Going"

"Seventy-five dollars!" exclaimed Judge Oldright, bewildered. What on earth did young Hewlett want with that lot? Surely

"One hundred dollars," said Dick, calmly.

The Judge's temper rose. Whatever it should cost, he was not going to be outdone by this particular youth. "Two hundred dollars!" he shouted.

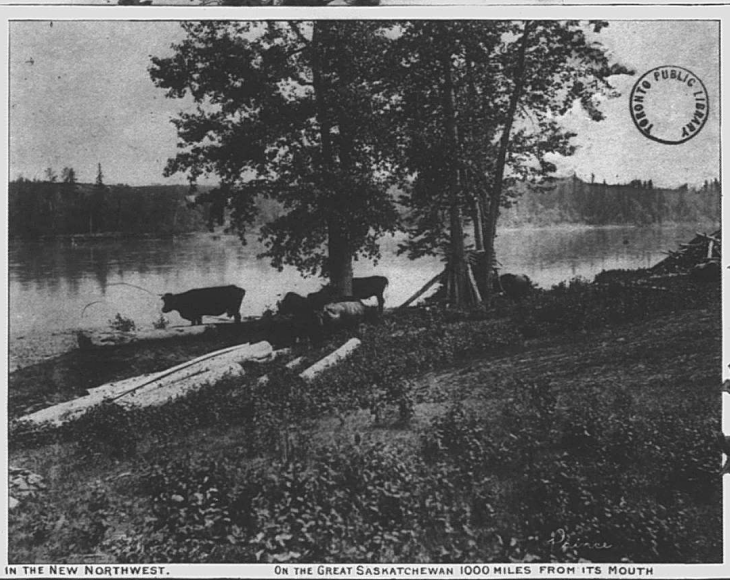
"Three hundred."

"Four hundred!"

"Five hundred!"

There was a breathless pause. Everyone in the room was on the qui vive. Certainly there was something here that did not appear on the surface. The Judge hesitated.

"Five hundred dollars!" repeated the auctioneer. "I knew it was only necessary to get you gentlemen started. Five hundred dollars for this magnificent property! Surely you will not let it go at five hundred dollars!


TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

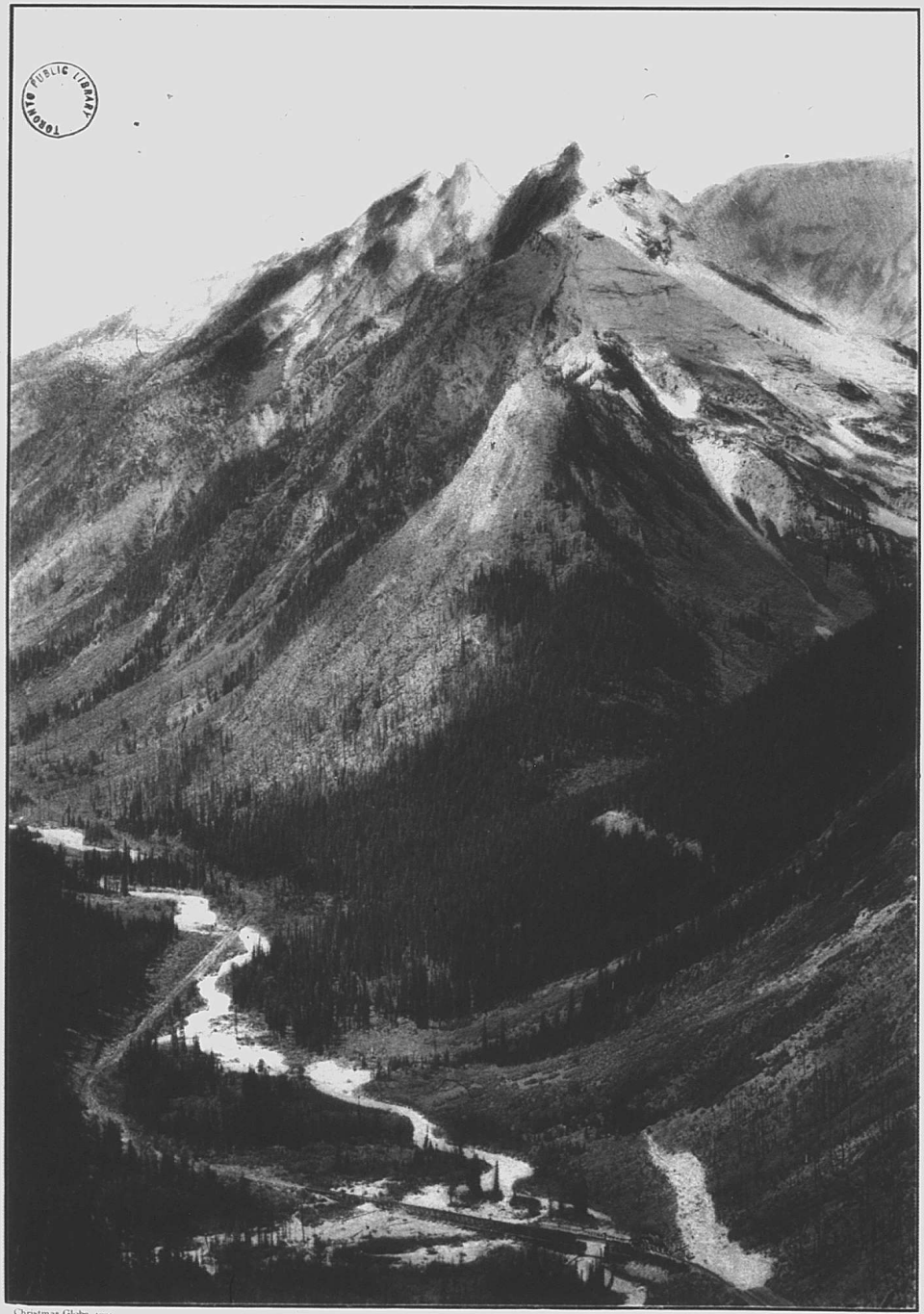
IN THE NEW NORTHWEST. ON THE GREAT SASKATCHEWAN 1000 MILES FROM ITS MOUTH

BITS OF CANADIAN SCENERY



IN OLDER CANADA A FARM SCENE NEAR TORONTO, TYPICAL OF ONTARIOS FERTILE FIELDS

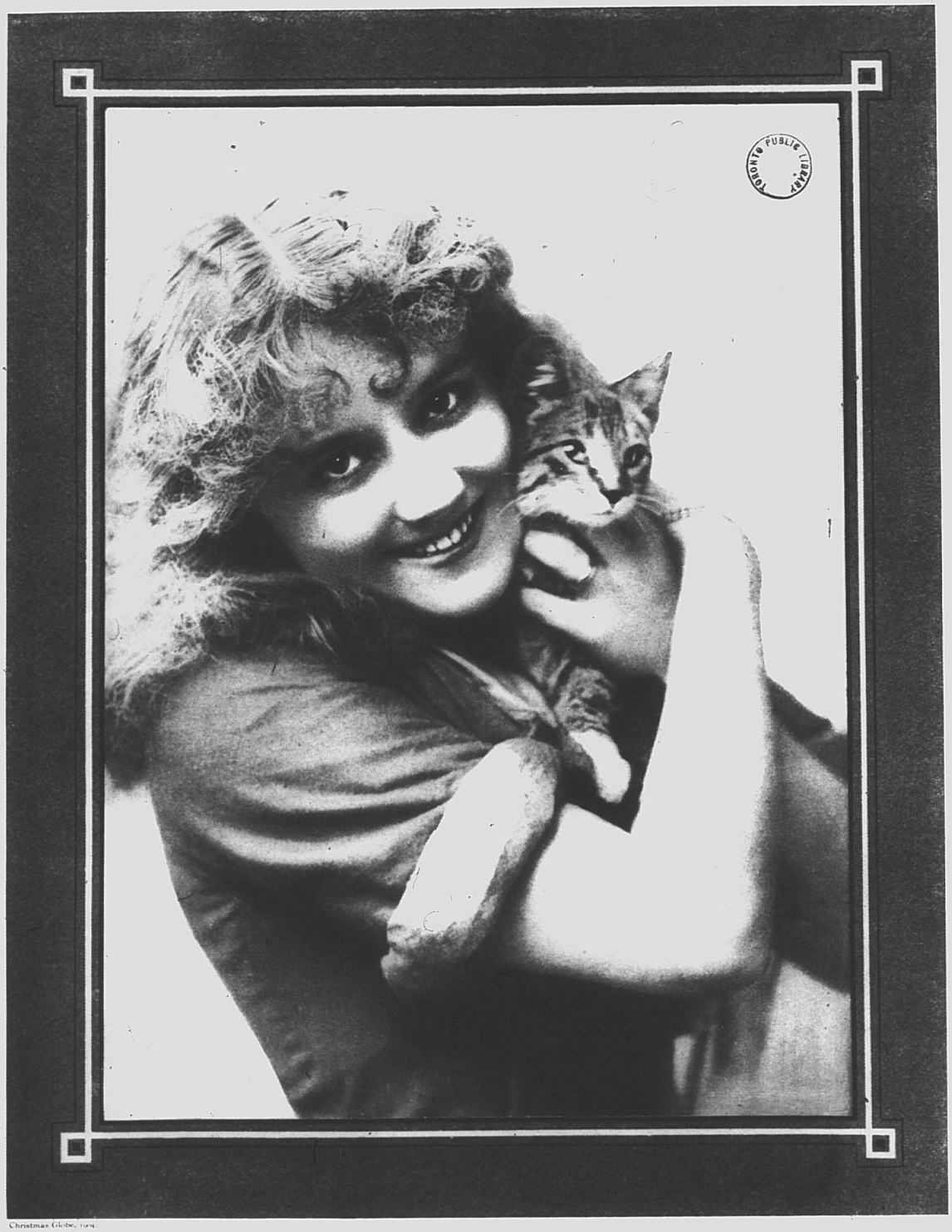
TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY



Christmas Globe, 1904.

ILLECILLEWAET VALLEY, B. C.

From photo loaned by C. P. R.



TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

Christmas Globe, 1904.

KITTENISH.

The Christmas Globe 1904



"The Angels came with Song"



"In the Morning"

THE AIR CASTLE.

I built a castle in the air—
A radiant thing made out of dreams:
Love's dear desires its golden stair,
Naught nearer than a hope was there—
A thing of mist and rainbow gleams.

But when it fell—ah! when it fell,
Though made of dreams and mist and shine,
The myst'ry of it, who can tell?
Its falling shook both heaven and hell,
And ground to dust this heart of mine.

Jean Blewett.



"With Soul Uplifted"

THE SONG OF THE WINDS.

Bright, winsome, richly dowered she stands,
This maiden Britain of the West,
Keen to begin a nation's quest,
Yet loath to break from Nature's bands.

Enhaloed by auroral rays,
She lists the "White North's" tempest song:
Its storm notes roll, "Be true, be strong:
Thus shalt thou win the nations' praise."

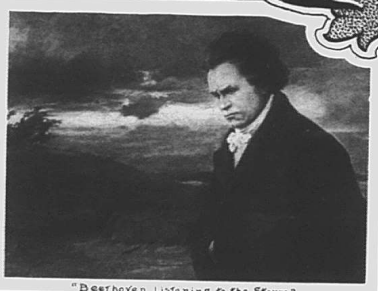
Sad with the ages' uttered plaint,
The East Wind sings, "Be pure, be pure:
Thus only shall a race endure,
Thus mayst thou 'scape the Old World taint."

The South her golden locks caressed:
"Thy kin am I, be friends, be friends,
"Be free," a clear note with it blends,
A trumpet tone to voice the West.

Martha E. Richardson.



"The Musicians"



"Beethoven Listening to the Storm"



"Music Hath Charms"

THE MESSAGE OF THE MUSICIANS.

A year is ended. Once again
A year begins with promise fresh and sweet.
The music of the months thro' joy and pain
Climbing the scale, chromatic doth attain
The octave, with the keynote's klaid refrain
Yet once again the concord is complete.

The way was upward ever on
Ascending the steep pathway of the year.
Of sombre shade or passing rapture shone.
Or anguish struck or passing rapture shone.
Drew lines of dread, yet were they fewer than death on faces wan
If Time hath chastened ecstasy and fear.

Time makes the measure none immune
From the unbending rigor of his beat.
His accents fall to music may not pitch the tune.
Of dreary winter or impassioned June.
Nor hint to note dull cold or glowing heat.

Whence comes the rhythm? Human hearts
At peace or war with circumstance supply
Strange variant to Time's pulsing fiery darts.
Of passion speed the flying hour, vain darts.
Regulate it passing, waning love or drear.
And sorrow lingering, longs yet fails to die.

What of musicians? Has their skill
Availed them to redeem the time
With wealth of human interest to fill, their days
And rouse to energy each lagging will.
Or sing to listening ears the Saviour's praise?

Christ came with music. Perfect theme
To consecrate for ever choral song.
Ye Choristers lift up your hearts supreme
Of that high office. Sing, for seraphs deem
The call tho noblest gift unworthy seem
Your strain at once with the celestial throng.

To New Year's morning. Onward moves
Majestic Time. With souls uplifted, sing!
The great heart of humanity approves,
And heart in sympathy renews, removes;
Rolling responsive in their mighty grooves,
The stars resound, the spheres with music ring.

Annie Broder.



"The Seraphs Sing"



"There's Music in his Soul"

DORENWEND'S



Human Hair Goods,
Pompadours, Switches, Bangs, Waves, Etc.

We are the largest makers in America. Quality, style and workmanship perfect. **WIGS AND TOUPEES** for gentlemen or ladies made to blend so perfectly as to avoid showing any separation.

Illustrated Catalogue Mailed Free.
THE DORENWEND CO. OF TORONTO, Limited, 103 & 105 Yonge St.

LEADERS
AMONG CANADIAN TRADE JOURNALS:
THE CANADIAN LUMBERMAN.
CANADIAN ELECTRICAL NEWS AND ENGINEERING JOURNAL.
CANADIAN ARCHITECT AND BUILDER AND CONTRACT RECORD.
Specimen copies and advertisement rates sent free on request.
TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG—CANADA



BIGLEY WATER HEATERS FIT ANY FURNACE.

They do not interfere with the hot air capacity of a furnace. Made in sizes 12 to 28 inches. Capacities 100 to 3,000 feet of one-inch pipe.

MANUFACTURED BY
R. BIGLEY
TORONTO.


The Colonial Ink Co. Limited
"Hawkes"
TYPEWRITER RIBBONS & CARBON PAPER, WRITING INKS & MUCILAGE, PRINTING INKS.

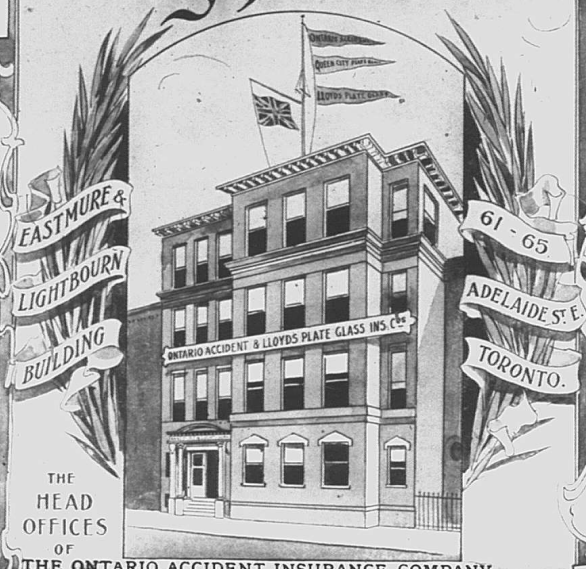
INDIA
PALE ALE
GOLDEN ALE
BOTTLED PORTER
EXTRA DOUBLE STOUT
MALT EXTRACT

THE EATON BROS. BREWING CO. OF OWEN SOUND, Limited

CANADIAN MADE
STEEL RAILS
EXPERTS CERTIFY
"ALGOMA"
(SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.)
RAILS TO BE OF
HIGHEST QUALITY

DRUMMOND, McCALL CO.
GENERAL SALES AGENTS, MONTREAL.
ALGOMA STEEL CO., LIMITED.

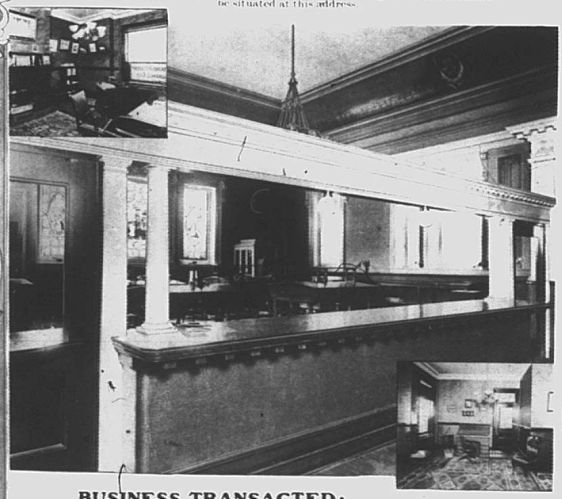
Eastmure and Lightbourn



THE HEAD OFFICES OF
THE ONTARIO ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY
THE QUEEN CITY PLATE GLASS & MIRROR COMPANY Limited
THE REGISTRY COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA Limited

THE HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND OF
LLOYDS PLATE GLASS INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

And all other general connections under the same management will in future be situated at this address.



BUSINESS TRANSACTED:

INSURANCE: Accident, Sickness, Accident and Sickness Combined, Employers', Elevator, Teams, Vessel, Theatre, Merchants', Contractors', Owners' and Builders' Contingent, General and Public Liability, Workmen's Collective, Plate Glass, Fire, Life, Guarantee, Property Damage.

MANUFACTURING: Mirrors, Art Leadwork, Bevellers, Dealers in Polished Plate, Window, Bent and Fancy Glass.

REGISTRATION: Identification, Protection and Care in respect of Persons and Property.

MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS: Representing Messrs. Wm. Wylie & Company, of Stewarton, Scotland.

Financial and Estate Agents. **Administrators and Trustees.**

Use Blue Ribbon Tea
Pure, Strong & Delicious
The finest in the World.

LONDON & PARIS EXCHANGE, LIMITED
GENERAL BANKERS
HEAD OFFICE:
LONDON, - ENGLAND
Capital, $1.250,000
Paid Up, $500,000
CANADIAN BRANCH:
34 VICTORIA ST., TORONTO

THE **SUN** PORTLAND CEMENT Co. LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE: OWEN SOUND,
Manufacture the **"SUN"** Brand only. No better Cement made. We challenge the market.
SEND FOR QUOTATIONS.



ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE
and Ontario Conservatory of Music and Art.
WHITBY, ONT.

1. Ideal home life amidst charming and healthful surroundings. 2. Careful attention to the social and moral training of students, calculated to develop a refined, Christian womanhood. 3. Proximity to Toronto, giving the advantages of the city in concerts, etc., without its distractions.
"Undoubtedly the best of its kind in Canada."—LORD ABERDEEN.
Send for Calendar to
REV. J. J. HARE, Ph. D., Principal.

THE COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER
"NOT CHEAP GOODS, BUT GOOD GOODS CHEAP."
FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING GROCERS.
W. D. McLAREN
MONTREAL

MANLEY, CHRISTMAS & CO.
MERCHANTS BANK CHAMBERS, : : MONTREAL
BONDS
GOVERNMENT, MUNICIPAL, CORPORATION
We solicit correspondence, either in buying, selling or exchanging.



YOU MAY HAVE PEARLY WHITE TEETH
—BY USING—
TEABERRY
ALL DRUGGISTS

THIS PUBLICATION IS PRINTED THROUGHOUT WITH

A&W

BLACK & COLORED INKS

THE AULT & WIBORG CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.
99 & 101 QUEEN ST. E.
TORONTO.

CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. LIMITED
PRESTON, ONT.



BANK FITTINGS A SPECIALTY
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

ROYAL PURE BRAND

FINE CASHMERE AND COTTON HOSE

The BRANTFORD HOSIERY CO.
LIMITED, BRANTFORD, CANADA

THE WHYTE PACKING CO.
Limited, STRATFORD, Canada
MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED
Whyte's
HAM, BACON, LARD, ETC.
SEND FOR QUOTATIONS.

Cobban Manufacturing Co., Limited



MANUFACTURERS OF
Mirror Plates. Picture Frames and Mouldings Etc.
TORONTO, CANADA.

WALTER THOMSON & SON LIMITED

Maple Leaf Registered

"Maple Leaf" (Registered) Brand Rolled OATS
A SPECIALTY.
AND ALL GRADES OF OATMEAL. ALSO
SPLIT PEAS, POT BARLEY
NONE BETTER. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. MILLS AT
MITCHELL, LONDON AND SEAFORTH, CANADA

Intercolonial Railway of Canada

CANADA'S FAMOUS TRAIN

THE MARITIME EXPRESS
(THE YEAR ROUND)
BETWEEN MONTREAL, QUEBEC, ST. JOHN, HALIFAX AND THE SYDNEYS.

THE EAST LIKE THE PEOPLES RAILWAY

Direct Connection made with
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND AND NEWFOUNDLAND

Hold the Record for Excellence of Sleeping and Dining Car Service.

CANADA'S NEW TRAIN

THE OCEAN LIMITED
(DURING THE TOURIST SEASON)
Between
MONTREAL AND HALIFAX

Through the Famed Metapedia Valley at Daylight.

Write for descriptive pamphlets, "Fishing and Hunting," "Week in the Canaan Woods," "Moose of the Miramichi," "Salmon Fishing," Time Table with notes, "Tours to Summer Haunts," etc., to

GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT

Intercolonial Railway of Canada

IF YOU WANT A GOOD TYPEWRITER RIBBON TRY THE A&W

MADE FOR ANY & ALL MACHINES

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION RING UP 'PHONE MAIN 2669

THE AULT & WIBORG CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.
99-101 QUEEN ST. E. TORONTO.

FREE 160 ACRES WESTERN CANADA FARM LANDS

THE HOMESEEKER

Can find no better opportunity than the present to look over the lands throughout Western Canada, comprised in the Province of Manitoba and Districts of Saskatchewan, Alberta and Assiniboia. Wonderful crops, splendid climate and unequalled opportunities for successful farming. Free Homesteads of 160 acres and the best wheat and grazing lands may be purchased from railroad and land companies

FREE FARMS







JAMES A. SMART, Deputy Minister of the Interior, OTTAWA, CANADA

W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration, OTTAWA, CANADA

J. OBED SMITH, Commissioner of Immigration, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

UNITED STATES AGENTS

M. V. McINNES, No. 6 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan.
JAMES GRIEVE, Auditorium Building, Spokane, Washington.
J. S. CRAWFORD, 214 W. Ninth Street, Kansas City, Missouri.
E. T. HOLMES, 315 Jackson Street, St. Paul, Minnesota.
T. O. CURRIE, Room 12B, Callahan Building, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
C. J. BROUGHTON, 320 Quincy Building, Chicago, Illinois.
W. V. BENNETT, 801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Nebraska.
W. H. ROGERS, Box 116, Watertown, South Dakota.
C. PILLING, Clifford Block, Grand Forks, North Dakota.
J. C. DUNCAN, Room 6, Big Four Building, Indianapolis, Indiana.
H. M. WILLIAMS, Room 20, Law Building, Toledo, Ohio.
C. O. SWANSON, Scandinavian Immigration Agent, 315 Jackson Street, St. Paul, Minnesota.
C. A. LAURIER, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.
BENJ. DAVIS, Dunn Block, Great Falls, Montana.
R. A. BURRISS, Port Arthur, Ontario, Canada.

DOMINION LAND AGENCIES

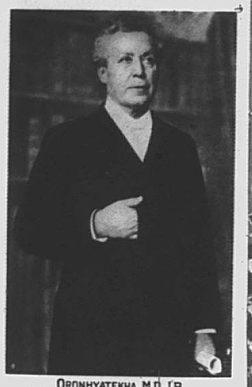
Hereunder is a list of the different local agencies, with the names of the places at which the land offices are situated, and the name of the agent at each place:

DISTRICT.	NAME OF AGENT	POSTOFFICE ADDRESS
Alameda	R. C. Kisbey	Alameda, Assiniboia
Battleford	R. F. Chisholm	Battleford, Saskatchewan
Brandon	L. J. Clement	Brandon, Manitoba
Calgary	J. R. Sutherland	Calgary, Alberta
Dauphin	P. K. Herchmer	Dauphin, Manitoba
Edmonton	A. G. Harrison	Edmonton, Alberta
Kamloops	Jas. Bannerman	Kamloops, British Columbia
Lethbridge	A. J. Fraser	Lethbridge, Alberta.
Minnedosa	John Flesher	Minnedosa, Manitoba.
New Westminster	John McKenzie	New Westminster, British Columbia
Prince Albert	J. W. Bannon	Prince Albert, Alberta.
Red Deer	W. H. Cottingham	Red Deer, Alberta.
Regina	D. S. McCannel	Regina, Assiniboia
Winnipeg	E. Stephenson	Winnipeg, Manitoba
Yorkton	John McTaggart	Yorkton, Assiniboia

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.

I.O.F.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS



ORONHYATEKHA M.D. J.P.
SUPREME CHIEF RANGER I.O.F.



REPLICA OF GREAT BRITIAN'S CORONATION CHAIR
HISTORICAL ROOM, TEMPLE BUILDING.



TEMPLE BUILDING. HEAD OFFICE OF THE I.O.F.



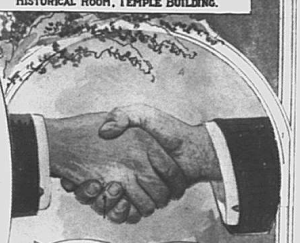
LIBERTAS CONCORDIA BENEVOLENTIA ET

MEMBERSHIP 1881. 369.

MEMBERSHIP 1904. 224,000

AND RAPIDLY INCREASING.

SICK BENEFITS



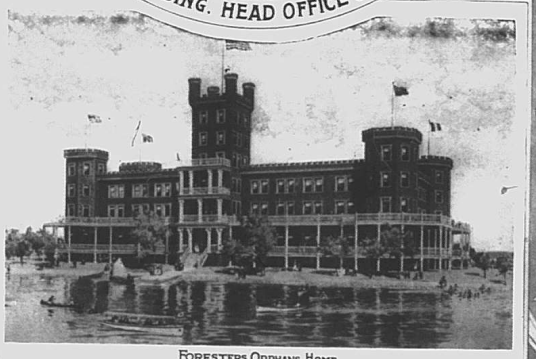
LIBERTAS CONCORDIA BENEVOLENTIA ET

ACCUMULATED FUNDS 1881 - $3,88.

ACCUMULATED FUNDS, 1904 $8,086,926.25

AND INCREASING AT RATE OF $4000.00 PER DAY.

ALL CLAIMS PAID PROMPTLY



FORESTERS ORPHANS HOME
FORESTERS ISLAND, DESERONTO, ONTARIO

THE ORDER EXISTS FOR THE PROTECTION OF OUR WIVES, OUR CHILDREN, OUR HOMES; NO SPECULATIVE POLICIES, PURE LIFE INSURANCE ONLY; FREE ATTENDANCE BY COURT PHYSICIANS. ALL PREMIUMS CEASE AT 70 YEARS OF AGE; NO PREMIUMS COLLECTED FROM TOTALLY AND PERMANENTLY DISABLED MEMBERS.

FOR FULL INFORMATION ADDRESS
THE SUPREME CHIEF RANGER, TEMPLE BUILDING, TORONTO, CANADA.

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA

FORMERLY THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE. ESTABLISHED 1870.

Head Office, WATERLOO, ONT.

DEBENTURES PURCHASED. MONEY LOANED.

This Company being purely mutual all its surplus belongs to and is distributed among its policy-holders only.

This Company confines its business to the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland because—

(1) The climate is the most healthy in the world—hence its LOW RATIO OF DEATH LOSSES.

(2) It costs less to do business in Canada than in foreign countries—hence its LOW EXPENSE RATIO (the lowest in Canada), and

(3) Investments in Canada are not only safe, but command a higher interest rate — hence its LARGE INTEREST-EARNING POWERS.

Policies in Force, over $40,000,000.
Assets, over $8,000,000.
Policy-holders' Reserve, over $7,000,000
Surplus (Government standard), over $800,000.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

ROBERT MELVIN, President; Alfred Hoskin, K.C., 1st Vice-President; Hon. Mr. Justice Britton, 2nd Vice-President; Francis C. Bruce, M.P.; J. Kerr Fisken; Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, P.C., G.C.M.G., Premier of Canada; E. P. Clement, K.C.; W. J. Kidd, B.A.; Geo. A. Somerville; Sir F. W. Borden, M.D., Minister of Militia and Defence; Hon. Mr. Justice Garrow; Wm. Snider.

OFFICERS—George Wegenast, Manager; W. H. Riddell, Secretary; J. H. Roos, Treasurer; Chas. Ruby, Actuary; T. R. Earl, Superintendent of Agencies; J. H. Webb, M.D., Medical Director; Millar & Sims, Solicitors.



ONTARIO

THE RICHEST PROVINCE OF CANADA.

"WHERE THE DAYS ARE LONG."

A field for investment for the settler, the lumberman, the miner, the manufacturer and the merchant.

Millions of acres of unsettled rich agricultural land, well watered, with a good climate. Immense forests of pine, spruce and hemlock. Numerous water powers.

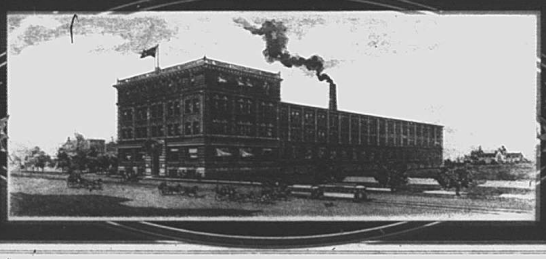
Liberal homestead and mining laws. For full information

WRITE TO

HON. A. G. MAC KAY, COMMISSIONER OF CROWN LANDS, TORONTO, CANADA.

THE TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING CO. LIMITED

SHOW CARDS, CALENDARS, HANGERS, POSTERS, EMBOSSED CARDS, MAPS, PLANS, BONDS, STOCK CERTIFICATES, WOOD ENGRAVING, HALF-TONES, ETC.

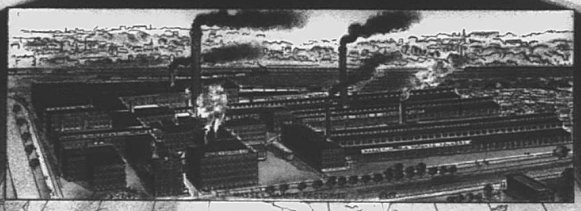


LABELS, WRAPPERS, COMMERCIAL WORK OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, CATALOGUE AND BOOK COVERS, BOOKLETS & SPECIAL DESIGNS.

THE COVER & PLATES IN THIS ISSUE ARE THE WORK OF THE TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING CO. LIMITED

MASSEY-HARRIS

TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARIES





JOHN BULL—(LOOKING OVER THE GREAT CANADIAN WHE
JACK CANUCK—YOU SAY ITS A FINE LOOKIN COUNTRY JACK BUT THE TROUBLE IS YOU CAN
SEE IT FOR THE WHEAT.

FARM IMPLEMENTS
FOR ALL KINDS OF
GOOD FARMING

The Globe



Christmas Number 1905

POLSON IRON WORKS
LIMITED

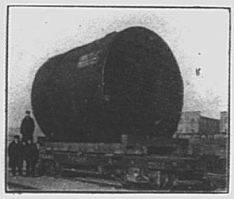
TORONTO
CANADA

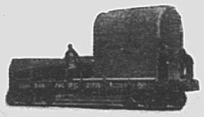
STEEL SHIP BUILDERS ENGINEERS & BOILERMAKERS

BOILERS


HORIZONTAL TUBULAR BRICK IN.


WATER TUBE.
THORNYCROFT WITH LARGE OR SMALL TUBES.


SCOTCH MARINE.

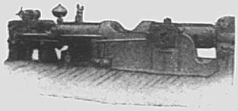

FITZGIBBON MARINE.

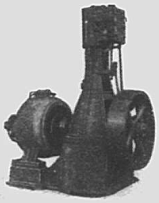

YARROW.

ENGINES - MARINE & STATIONARY.


BROWN AUTOMATIC.

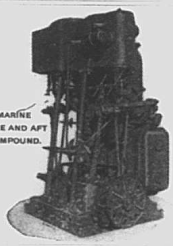

BROWN AUTOMATIC TANDEM COMPOUND.

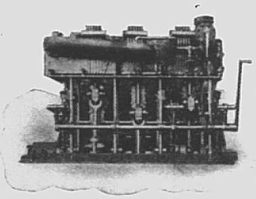

CROSS COMPOUND BROWN FOR FLOUR MILL AND ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANTS.

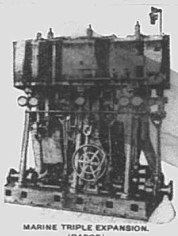

VERTICAL HIGH SPEED DIRECT CONNECTED.

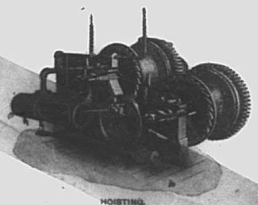

CROSS COMPOUND VERTICAL CORLISS.


MARINE HIGH PRESSURE.


MARINE FORE AND AFT COMPOUND.

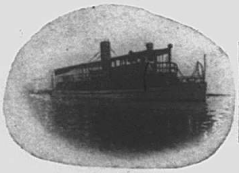

MARINE TRIPLE EXPANSION. (YACHT)


MARINE TRIPLE EXPANSION. (BARGE)

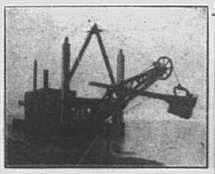

HOISTING.

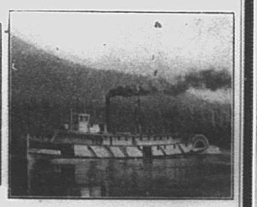
STEAMERS & DREDGES.


FISHERY PROTECTION CRUISER.


STEAM YACHT.


LIGHT SHIP.


DIPPER DREDGE.


STERN WHEELER.

The Christmas Globe 1905

JOHN DICK Limited

TORONTO WINNIPEG MONTREAL

BAGS & CANVAS

Works enlarged during 1905; further extensions in progress will meet all demands for quantity, quality and prompt shipment.

WOOLENS AND WORSTEDS

The latest designs and fabrics for mens' & womens wear

RELIABLE DELIVERIES

J. B. ARMSTRONG MFG. CO.

LIMITED

(THE GUELPH CARRIAGE GOODS CO.)

GUELPH, CANADA.



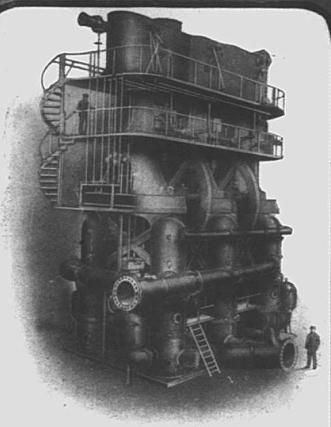
BUILDERS OF FINE FINISHED CARRIAGES

FOR HOME TRADE & EXPORT

ESTABLISHED 1834 INCORPORATED 1876

CABLE ADDRESS ARMSTRONG, GUELPH

CODES USED A.B.C. PRIVATE



15,000,000 Imperial Gallon Pumping Engine.

This pump is 53 feet high, the largest of its kind in Canada, and was built for the City of Toronto by

THE JOHN INGLIS CO. LIMITED TORONTO CANADA.

ESTABLISHED 1844

The Globe

TORONTO

CANADA'S NATIONAL NEWSPAPER

DAILY, 12 or 14 Pages. SATURDAY 24 or 28 Pages and

TWELVE-PAGE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION

In touch with every part of the world. Has all the news that should be printed every day.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS

HIGH GRADE FILES

JESSOP STEEL

ESTABLISHED 1774

WM. JESSOP & SONS, LIMITED

WORKS, SHEFFIELD, ENG.

WASHINGTON, PA., U.S.A.



SIR SIDNEY JESSOP ROBINSON MASTER CUTLER ELECT

Managing Director of William Jessop & Sons, Limited, Steel Manufacturers, Sheffield. Justice of the Peace for the Borough of Sheffield; a member of the Council of the Sheffield Chamber of Commerce; Director of the Lancashire, Derbyshire & East Coast Railway; Director of J. J. Saville & Co. Limited, Sheffield and Vice-President of the Jessop Steel Co. of Washington, Pa., U.S.A.

CHAS. L. BAILEY, CANADIAN MANAGER

OFFICE & WAREHOUSE

JESSOP BUILDING

80 BAY ST.

TORONTO.

CROW'S NEST PASS COAL COMPANY LIMITED

G. G. S. LINDSEY, GENERAL MANAGER

PRODUCERS OF HIGH-GRADE

COALS AND COKE

Gold Medal, Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition, for Both Coal and Coke.
Silver Medal, Paris Exposition, 1900, for Coal.

Recent tests on the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Great Northern Railway, and the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company show evaporating power higher than any other known bituminous coal.

MINES AT

Fernie, Michel and Carbonado

British Columbia



THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1905

Canada's Greatest Store



TORONTO





WINNIPEG







"THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER."

This motto has stood behind the business for many years, and is no more to-day than ever.

Our resident purchasing offices in Paris, France, and London, Eng., work in conjunction with the store's buyers in securing the best offerings of the world at best prices, saving you all middlemen's profits.

From Halifax to Vancouver come orders from thousands of homes for the excellent products of our three factories, the prices saving you the maker's profit.

This year's endeavor, as it has been in each preceding year, will be to serve MORE homes and DO IT BETTER.

THE T. EATON Co. LIMITED

OUR CATALOGUE

Is our only agent—our representative in the homes of thousands of Canadians. It is the housekeeper's price calendar and an authority on the latest fashions. You should have one in your home—sent free to any address on request.

CANADIAN MADE
STEEL RAILS
EXPERTS CERTIFY
"ALGOMA"

Experts certify "ALGOMA" (Sault Ste Marie, Ont.) Rail's to be of Highest Quality. DRUMMOND, McCALL CO., General Sales Agents, Montreal. ALGOMA STEEL COMPANY, LIMITED.

MECHANICAL-ELECTRICAL EXPERTS.
FETHERSTONHAUGH & BLACKMORE
LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE BLDG.
MONTREAL CANADA.
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS.
FETHERSTONHAUGH & DENNISON
9 TORONTO ST.
TORONTO.
ALSO OTTAWA & WASHINGTON.

CROSSE & BLACKWELL
CANDIED PEELS
FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR

"RODGERS" CUTLERY
EACH BLADE BEARS THIS
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
GRANTED 1682.
EXACT TRADE MARK
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT IT
JAMES HUTTON & CO.
SOVEREIGN BANK BLD'G. MONTREAL

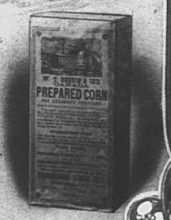
MANLEY, CHRISTMAS & CO.
MONTREAL
BONDS
GOVERNMENT, MUNICIPAL AND CORPORATION
WE SOLICIT CORRESPONDENCE, EITHER IN BUYING, SELLING OR EXCHANGING.



THE DOMINION OIL CLOTH Co.
MANUFACTURERS OF
LINOLEUM, FLOOR, TABLE, STAIR, CARRIAGE & ENAMELLED OIL-CLOTHS
ALSO
PREPARED DECORATIVE BURLAPS
D.O.C.
PARTHENAIS & ST. CATHERINE STS.
MONTREAL.



STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE
ESTABLISHED 1858
THE EDWARDSBURG STARCH Co.
LIMITED.
TORONTO. CARDINAL. MONTREAL.



JAEGER
PURE WOOL
UNDERWEAR SLIPPERS HOSIERY RUGS
SWEATERS GOLFERS BLOUSES SHIRTS
ALL CLIMES
WEATHERS
AT EVERY POINT OF THE COMPASS
WARRANTED
N S E

SWEET CAPORAL
CIGARETTES
STANDARD OF THE WORLD



CANADIAN EXPRESS COMPANY
FORWARDERS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION OF FREIGHT.
LIVE STOCK, MONEY & VALUABLES.

MONEY ORDERS
The cheapest and most desirable medium of transmitting money in existence. Safe and convenient. No form to fill out. Payable at par at any express office or bank. Receipt given, and LOST ORDERS promptly refunded. No "red tape."

To all points in Canada and the United States. Direct and most expeditious service. Half a century's experience. SPECIAL ATTENTION TO CONSIGNMENTS FOR FOREIGN COUNTRIES. SPECIAL RATES ON FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LARGE CONSIGNMENTS. Notes, Drafts, etc., collected with promptitude at exceptionally low prices.

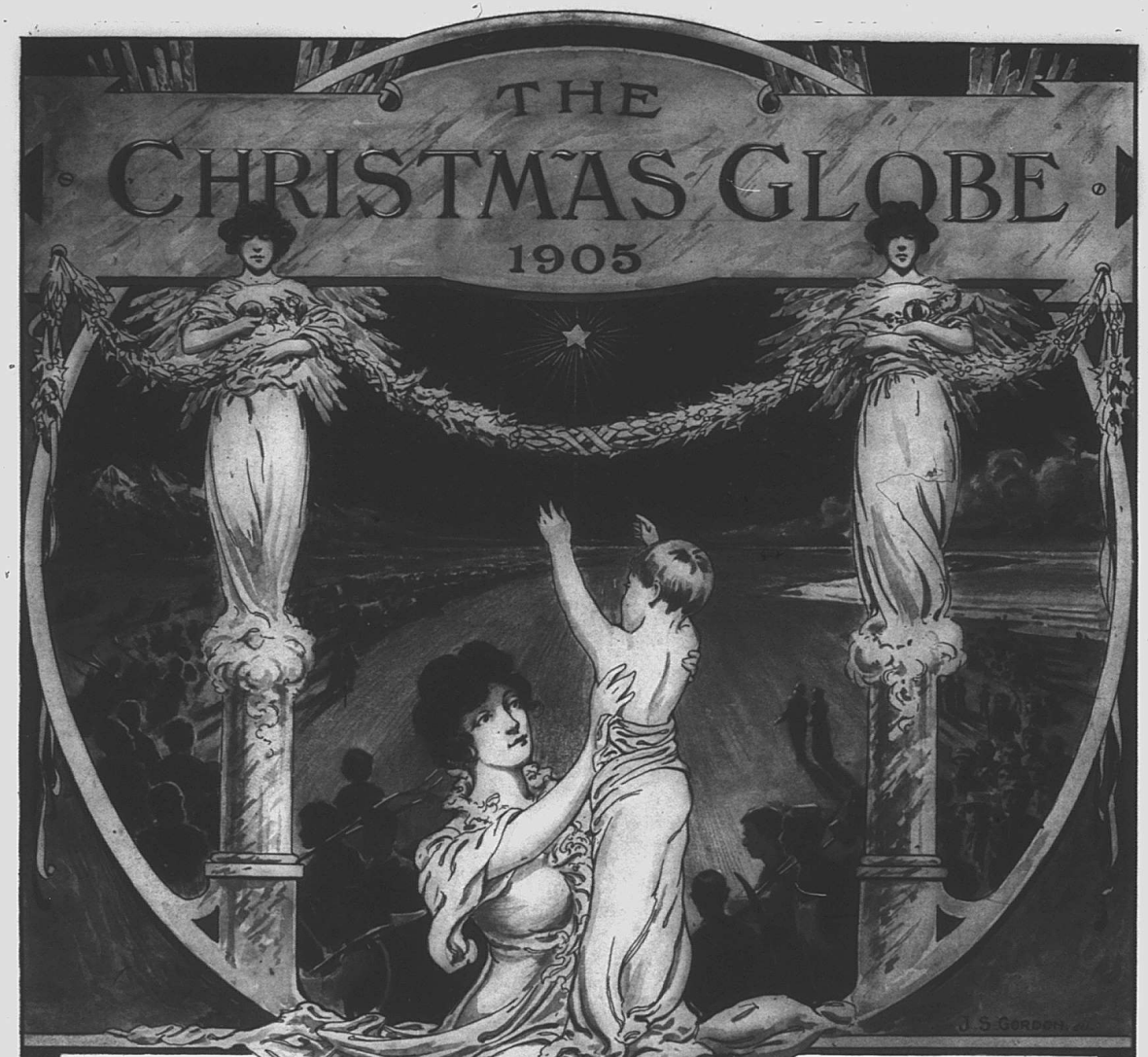


CLARK'S
SLICED
SMOKED BEEF
FOR DAINTY LUNCHEONS & SUPPERS IS IDEAL



J Brand Collars
All have the patent easy to button, everlasting button holes, which mean comfort to wearer and long life to the collar. Ask your dealer to show them to you. M. J. & L. MAKE.

FOR QUALITY AND PURITY
Buy Refined Sugars of the Old and Reliable Brand of
Redpath



The Caravan.

THE Genius of Canada rises to greet the Caravan that swings its way from East to West under the Morning Star of this Christmas-tide. From the uttermost ends of the earth they come, and the Star that never yet failed the souls of bold adventure goes before them and stands white and steady over the place where the youngest latest-born among the nations finds its choice and chance. They have heard the story, they have dreamed the dream, they have seen the vision; and for the yearning that is in them they could find no rest until they crossed the foam and struck the strange trail that goes down beyond the wide horizon-line. The tramp of their marching is timed to the music of their hearts, and on their lips is a lilting song and in their eyes a shining light. Behind them, in crowded old-world cities, on misty moorlands, where life was hard and bereft of hope, their past is left with its tale of travail and hunger and defeat; before them the new land of ampler promises, a half-continent unfurrowed and unclaimed, rises and opens into a wide and cloudless day. Because they loved freedom and held their faith unsold they hearkened to the whisper from this land beyond the sea. Some are Britons, some are of the British blood, some are foreign-born and speak an alien tongue, but, with the firm ground of the new land beneath their feet, they stand to plight their troth and pledge their hearts to the Maple Leaf for the days that are to be.

The Welcome.

AND the Genius of Canada bids the Caravan welcome to this land of Plenty and Peace. For the strength of their sinews, for the courage of their hearts, for the faith of their souls, here are the rewards of a life worth while. The doors are open wide. They may speak the speech their mothers taught them under other skies, but here they will learn the larger creed and mix with a life that knows neither border, nor bar, nor birth. The welcome-word is strong and free. From Canso it comes, where the fishing fleets go down through the stinging salt, and from Sydney, where the fierce blast-furnaces gleam hot in the night, and from the red banks of Fundy and the wide gateway of the Gulf, and from the broad St. Lawrence and the Lakes, northward to the verges of the Milky Way, westward across a thousand leagues of unblazed forest and billowy plain and ranging foothills, over the snow-capped, mine-bored mountains, to the lap of the western sea—from the heart of the East and the West the word is free and strong that bids the stranger welcome to his home. For there is Plenty here for a half-hundred million more who know the arts of Peace. Men whose lives are clean and whose withers are unwrung need ask no leave from noble, or priest, or king. The only closed doors are those a man shuts upon himself. He who fears his God, and serves his fellow-men, and keeps his honor unashamed, will surely come to his own. J. A. M.

LOST GIFT

by L. C. Dougall

DRAWING by L. S. Gordon



THE snow had made beautiful even the rough exterior of a poor suburb. It lay in curling drifts over the fences, and glistened under the Christmas moon. The sick child, wrapped in a blanket in his brother's arms, looked out with feverish eagerness. The brother was a young minister, with thin, hard-worked face and shabby clothes.

"Will Theodore be very rich?" said the child.

"Rich enough to give you cream with your porridge, and to take you for a ride every day."

The child pointed to where the moon was riding on a sea of cloud that was fleeced with silver and touched to gold by her amber halo. With childish realism, mistaking the type for that which it typified, he pointed upwards to the lunar glory and asked:—

"Will Theodore be rich enough to ride to heaven?"

Half an hour afterwards, when he slept, two brothers sat watching him with solicitude. It was a bare room, heated by an ugly stove. The newcomer was well dressed, with an air of fashion. Both of them had fine, sensitive faces, high brows, firm, well-cut features. Nature at the outset of life had kissed them, bestowing the love of work, and the love of beauty, and the love of their kind. To-night they were radiant with joy.

"The little chap tried to stay awake when you wired," said the young minister. "The good times have come none too soon for him."

"You shall take him down where the orange flowers grow, as soon as Christmas is over."

"I can't help wishing" the other hesitated "that you had got the place before mother died."

Theodore hesitated with a touch of solemnity. "But she is better off, and, to tell the truth, John, there are things about the post that mother would not have understood. I thought I ought to consult you before finally accepting, although there can't be a real question. The doctor speaks seriously about Willie there; and then, of course," —a new light came over his face; he looked for a few moments out of the bare, curtainless window at the whiteness of the world, and the wild, joyous race of the cloud waves, amber-tinted, under the floating moon —"there is Madge, you know."

The minister gave a smile of happy sympathy. "I have been feeling so glad for you all day. The old man will make no further objection?"

"He gave us his word that when I had two thousand a year he would consent, and give Madge as much more. He was quite right. When a father has brought up a girl in every luxury he ought to see to it that her husband can make some money."

"Four thousand," said the other, almost under his breath, and then he laughed happily. "It seems enormous. I can't think how you can spend it."

"Yes, you know, I feel rather that way. It's so jolly; but Madge has lived in a house where ten times that amount slips away every year, and it seems little to her; and—well, the world wouldn't go on at all if everyone was brought up as we were. It's all very well to admire the simple life—I do admire it—but, at the same time, where would trade be if everyone lived as we have lived? But there is something I want to discuss. Old Felix came over himself to bring me the offer of the place. There it is, you see." He took a letter from his pocket. "They offer me the post that Felix had so long, and at the same salary. Felix explained some things which I didn't know before, and which I don't like."

"Everything on earth turns out to have some drawbacks," said the minister happily. He was gloating over the letter.

Felix has been saying that he made more than two thousand a year out of it; but now that we come down to business he tells me that the salary, which is a percentage on the output, doesn't amount to much more than fourteen hundred. He gives the contracts for the oil, coal and other stores. There is no use in going into technicalities with you, but the value of these contracts is pretty large, and—well, the rest of his pay comes from the firms he buys from."

The young minister listened intently, with a perfectly untroubled face. "In what way do they employ him?" he asked.

"It appears to be the regular thing to do. Felix says it's always done. Of course he buys as well as he knows how. If he didn't do his best for his firm that would be another matter."

A moan and a choking cough came from the little brother in bed. They raised the curly head in a moment. Sleep and the spasmodic cough struggled together for possession of the feeble body. With hot head, and hands that clenched themselves and worked feebly as if wrestling with some dreamland enemy, the child slowly won his way through the paroxysm. At one time he opened bright blue eyes of love, and gave the visitor the smile which children often have in the midst of bodily suffering, a smile from a region of perfect peace. No sooner was he at ease than he was asleep again.

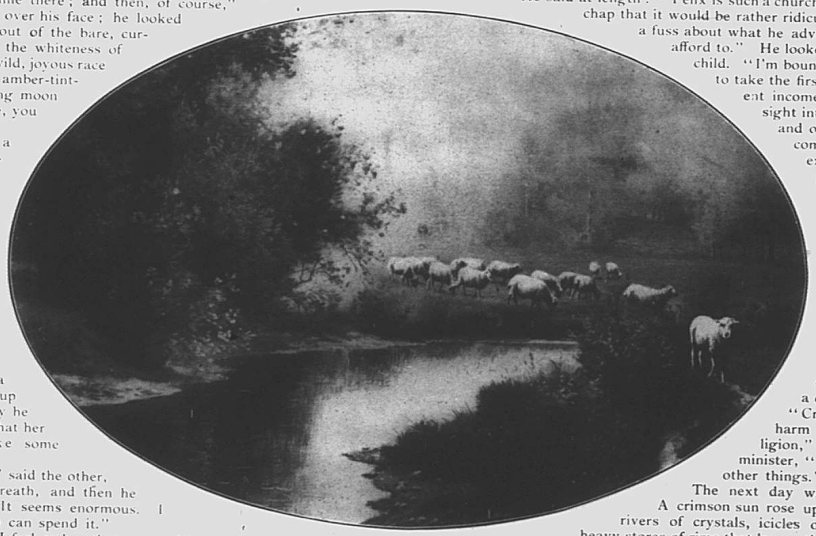
"You must be off with him, John. You must go the moment the Christmas traffic lessens."

"I shouldn't think of accepting your generosity for such a grand holiday for myself, Theodore; but you are right—I must take Willie."

They talked for a good while, with the result that Theodore explained at length the emoluments of his new post without making the matter very clear to his brother's preoccupied mind, and got rid of his own scruples by perceiving that his brother, who lived a life of piety and self-denial, did not share them.

He said at length: "Felix is such a churchy and benevolent old chap that it would be rather ridiculous for me to make a fuss about what he advises, even if I could afford to." He looked fondly at the sick child. "I'm bound in honor to Madge to take the first chance of a sufficient income. It's my first insight into this sort of thing, and one can't understand commercial necessities except by years of experience. The man that is to give me the biggest commission—I mean the head of the firm from which it comes—is the brother of the Bishop; another of them is a Scotch elder. A novice who rejects the knowledge of experienced men is a crank."

"Cranks often do more harm than good in religion," said the young minister, "and, I suppose, in other things."



A PEACEFUL SPOT.

The next day was Christmas Eve. A crimson sun rose up. Fields of pearl, rivers of crystals, icicles on maples and the heavy stores of rime that lay on the green shelves of the pines reflected the fire of the morning. While this hour of rosy beauty was passing into the more dazzling light of the day Theodore very eagerly gave God thanks for a joyful consummation to years of struggle with poverty and disappointment. He was ready with praise, for there was something in his religious consciousness which he did not wish to examine. When returning the night before from his brother's lodging to the heart of the town he had allowed himself to face both sides of the question, and had made his decision. To-day it was all joy.

Guided and introduced by Felix, he had interviews with his new employers and with the agents with whom Felix dealt, and Felix lent him as much money as he wanted. First, he bought guide books and timetables for his

brother's southern journey ; then he bought toys for Willie's stocking, and books that John wanted. Afterwards he allowed himself the delicate and supreme delight of arranging about a ring for Madge. Out of his most sacred place he took an ornament of his mother's, which contained a ruby of greater value than he could buy. Before he went to choose its new setting he looked long at the miniature he kept with it, seeking to believe that the beautiful face of the faded portrait bestowed on him the maternal blessing. At length, however, he hastily put away the miniature, and walked off to the jeweller's. As he went, his joyous heart was singing the love song of the world.

Theodore had not told Madge of the overtures which Dame Fortune had been making him ; that was part of the delight. He took a horse and galloped away from the dazzling shops, the music of the street bands, and the light laughter of the town. Ah, what a rare ride it was ! Surely a man would be blessed could he ride forever on a good snow road, among hills and glistening pastures, with joyful tidings, like wings, to help him onward, and love awaiting him at the goal. He went by homesteads where the hearth fires gleamed through frosted windows to meet the sunlight on the garden drifts. There was a little steep hill to descend where the fir trees arched over ; there was the icebound river to cross when the sunset flames were streaming down the valley of its windings ; then the triumphant canter up the brave, bare height, and the alighting at the door of the palace where Love held court.

The actual house was perhaps a little vulgar in its magnificence, but Madge was beautiful, gentle and kind. Love shone out of her downcast eyes when at length he succeeded in telling his errand. The father was affable and just, as a portly and prosperous gentleman ought to be. He said that Madge gave proof of great affection in being willing to begin life in a small way, to which Madge blushingly assented. Theodore thus learned that what had seemed a height was only the first rung of the ladder ; and, while they went to the village church to practise the Christmas carols in the twilight, he was already thinking how he could increase the income that an hour before seemed wealth. He sang the solemn hymns as he never sang before, and he did not discover that the joy and the richness of his singing was only the love song of the world, nothing else.

There was a Christmas tree given by Madge to the village children, for Madge loved to be a great lady. At first Theodore stood in delight watching all her beautiful attitudes as she gave her gifts. Then he was set to watch over the candles, and became aware that a lovely paper effigy of a child angel, with a cloak of regal scarlet and a crown of flowers, which hung at the top of the tree, was in peril from the upper tapers. He knew well how strong in Madge was the desire that whatever she engaged in should go off well, unmarred by defect or awkward incident. His eyes became fixed upon the angel and the points of fiery danger. It was a near chance ; he dare not take off his gaze. Just as the children were gone he sprang up and extinguished a fire.

When he had ridden home that night in the moonlight he found a letter from his brother awaiting him. It ran : —" I am sorry to tell you that Willie is not so well, but that is not what I write to say. I have been thinking over what you told me about those perquisites. I beg you to forgive me for being so stupid and slow at the time, but you know I never was clever. I don't yet see through it, but there is something wrong if they give you money that you don't earn. If you did what would make it worth while to them it would be worse. That religious men do it proves nothing. The devil likes nothing better than for men to pray if only they are not honest. It's another disappointment, and my heart bleeds for you."

Theodore tore the letter. " Poor John needs a holiday badly," thought he. " When parsons begin to talk about the devil one fears they are getting morbid and cranky."

He was arrested only for a moment by an inward motion of surprise at himself. The night before, if he had not been willing to obey such words, he would at least have had a respect for them ; to-night they evoked no respect ; he was sure that the way of the world was right. Refuse money that came in the ordinary way of business ! He was only eager now to make more in the same way. So he went to sleep with a light heart as the Christmas bells were ringing.

He dreamed. There was light and love and hope coming—coming. He began to see and feel and hear the approach of such new delight as he had never known. He was in need of it—feverish, tired, full of unrest. He had money to make, position to make. Madge was ambitious ; yes, he must win in the race, must satisfy her. Oh, the fever of it ! And he felt with relief that a higher joy was coming ; cool, sweet fragrance was about him, light that cooled his eyes and gave him new thoughts. Then as the confusion wrought in his senses by the wonderful moments of expectation passed, he saw his mother coming eagerly to his bedside. She was clothed in garments woven of light and quiet. She, too, was expectant. Then came a train of blessed mothers, clothed like the lilies, no rustle of silk, no flash of gold, moving silent as flowers. In their midst was the Christ Child, in a cloak of regal scarlet, with a crown of roses that glowed like tapers. He came in perfect majesty of childhood, innocent beyond compare, but intent upon a purpose, as children are apt to be. His arms were full of a plant that was budding and blooming and growing.

Theodore knew that if he could obtain a bit of that living plant he would know what that joy was which but now had confused his soul with a new desire.

His mother said : —" Here is Theodore. I named him for this hour."

But the Christ Child, although he could hardly hold what he had in his arms, did not offer a gift.

" Ah !" cried the mother. " Theodore is kind ; he never forgets to pray."

The Christ Child let fall some of his treasure in putting out his hand, and took Theodore's heart out of his breast, and held it up. It was a fiery heart, sealed with a black seal. They all knew it to be the seal of the Prince of this World. Then even his own mother helped the Christ Child to gather up all that he had let fall.

In the robe of regal red, in the rosy crown of light, the Child turned sadly and carried away all the plant that was budding and blooming and growing, although his arms could hardly hold it, and he had come to give it away ! The beautiful mothers tripped after him. Theodore's mother went last, and her head was bowed.

Theodore struggled and gasped, trying to go after. His heart was so heavy it held him down. Oh, to touch, if only with the tips of his burning hand, one flower of the tree of life !

He awoke. He forgot his dream very soon. When day came the light showed him everything as he had seen it yesterday.

Willie died on that Christmas Day. John would not take his holiday. Theodore married Madge. They became rich, and were always getting a little richer. They were as happy as the love of the world could make them, and that, you know, is no small degree of success.



IN CHILDLIKE SIMPLICITY. Photo by Fergusson, Georgetown.

FORTY DOLLARS' WORTH OF TEMPER.

A certain scientific gentleman in Washington had a negro servant who exasperated him by his stupidity. One day, when he was more stupid than usual, the angry master of the house threw a book at his head. The negro ducked, and the book flew out of the window. " Now go and pick that book up !" ordered the master. The negro started to obey, but a passer-by had saved him the trouble, and had walked off with the book. The scientist thereupon began to wonder what book he had thrown away, and to his horror discovered that it was a quaint and rare little volume on mathematics, which he had purchased in London, and paid fifty dollars for it.

" The next time I feel that it is absolutely necessary to throw things," he exclaimed, in his sorrow, " I'll choose something less expensive."

The weeks went by, and Time, the great healer, had begun to assuage his grief, when, strolling into a second-hand book shop, he perceived to his great delight a copy of the book he had lost. He asked the price.

" Well," said the dealer, reflectively, " I guess we can let you have it for forty dollars. The man of science produced the money, delighted at the opportunity of replacing his lost treasure. When he reached home he sat down to gloat over his find and a card dropped out of the leaves. The card was his own, and further examination showed that he had bought back his own property. " Forty dollars' worth of temper ! Huh, I think I shall mend my ways !" he was overheard to say. His daughter, who tells the story with glee, declares that the negro servant is positively worried over the sunny disposition of her father.

The Christmas Globe 1905

PUBLIC LIBRARY TORONTO



"If you have never visited the Cote de Beaupré you know neither Canada nor the Canadians," says the Abbé Ferland. The glimpse from the Dufferin Terrace at Quebec of the Beauport shore and the Isle of Orleans is but a taste of the delicious fruits of travel which a week in the vicinity of Canada's ancient city will afford. The oldest settled part of Canada, this quaint garden of ribbon-farms suggests a section of Brittany carried across the Atlantic and set down in the new world. The French portion of Quebec has been described as two continuous villages along the banks of the St. Lawrence. Deduct from the whole the four or five parishes immediately east of Quebec, and you have a sample which still suggests the reign of Louis XIV., with its legends, customs, songs and superstitions. Flower-bedecked, whitewashed cottages, with their quaint dormer windows and outside stairway; stately Normandy poplars, standing sentinel over a scene of dreaming peacefulness, and long narrow farms, stretching from the river to the Laurentian hills, mark the ground ravaged by Wolfe and his soldiers a century and a half ago. Here there may be a wayside shrine, and there the ruins of a seignioral manor, outlived by the avenue of magnificent trees, the smooth lawns and sleepy fish ponds showing that once the luxury of Versailles reigned here.

It is summer, and the hayfields are the scene of all the activity of the habitants. Wife and daughters join the old man and the boys in their greatest harvest. The little one-horse carts are hurrying between the fields and the barn, and as the men lift the bundles the women, Maud Muller-like, rake the fields of every wisp, in the frugality which marks the race. Beyond on the river the batteaux are tacking up and across in their simple coasting trade, while farther southward the Isle of Orleans rises in its verdant richness, fully sustaining its original title of the Isle of Bacchus.

It is a scene of happy contentment, the simple life which has been learned here as nowhere else in Canada. Let Dr. Drummond interpret the philosophy of the French-Canadian as he has found him, and state a view which few will controvert:—

"De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,
Ma gran fader too, an' hees fader also,
Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat isn't funny,
For it's not easy get ev'ryt'ing, you mus' know.

"All de sam' dere is somet'ing dey got ev'ryboddy,
Dat's plaintee good healt', wat de monee can't geev,
So I'm workin' away dere, an' happy for stay dere,
On farm by de reever, so long I was leev."

THE SOWER.


SMALL LOADS MAKE MORK RIDES


HAY MAKING


HOME OF A THRIFTY HOUSEWIFE

WIFE & DAUGHTER LOOK IN THE MORNING


CHURCH SPIRES ARE CONSPICUOUS LANDMARKS


THE BREAD MERCHANT


IN THE MARKET PLACE


MAUD MULLERS OF NEW BRITTANY



Christmas Globe, 1910

QUEEN ALEXANDRA, HER GRANDCHILDREN, AND DOGS

By permission of Matthews Bros., Ltd., Toronto, who control the copyright in Canada.

TO PUBLIC LIBRARY

A SET OF "INTERLOCKERS"

BY THEODORE ROBERTS.

ILLUSTRATED BY A.H.HIDER

KAKATUK, the four-year-old caribou stag, was proud of his antlers. He had tested and proved their efficiency as weapons of offence in many combats with other stags of about his own size and age. By their weight he knew them to be larger than his set of the previous year. In their summer state of "velvet" they had caused him many a snort of pain—for the growing antler, encased in its purple skin of feeding blood vessels, is a tender thing to carry on one's head through fir thickets and clumps of spruce-tuck. Later in the season, when they had attained their full growth, he had polished them clean of the dried and now useless velvet. It was after that the stark encounters had taken place. His thirty points had clashed and clinked and rattled against some of the finest "heads" between Great Gander Pond and the Gambo dead-lands. Of course he had not won every fight; but his victories had been numerous enough to keep his belief in himself and his antlers thoroughly and aggressively alive.

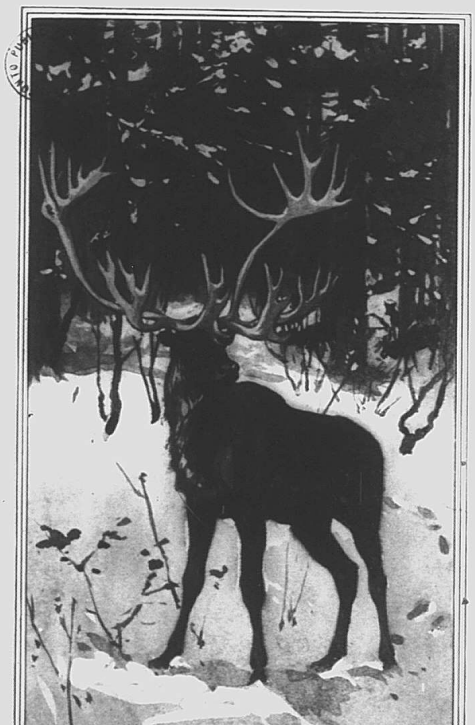
The snipe, fat from the berry-carpeted marshes and barrens of that region, obeyed the far call and left their summer habitations for the southward flight. Geese, duck, curlew and plover, some winging high and some volleying low, passed over Great Gander Pond. The insect voices of the wilderness died away, stilled by the frost. The birches let fall flakes of pale gold over the stag-moss along the edges of the barrens. The willow grouse and rock partridge warmed themselves on the naked summits of the knolls, in the brief warmth of the noonday sun. A nor'east wind brought in the first flurry of snow.

The caribou noted the signs, and heeded them. They gathered in great herds, from all the valleys, and marshes, and barrens, and set out, along well-worn "runs," on their annual journey to the other side of the island. Kakatuk, our four-year-old, travelled with thirty companions—stags of all ages, does, pickets and fawns.

An ancient stag with a scarred neck was leader and king of that herd. He carried "points" beyond the ability of a caribou to count. He had escaped death as many times as he had shed his antlers. Buckshot from the guns of the pot-hunting fishermen and trappers had peppered his hide. Slugs from sealing-guns had whistled around him. Rifle balls had touched him more than once. Even Kakatuk, the big four-year-old, was humble before that veteran.

At the end of their journey of a hundred miles the herds from the north found comfortable winter quarters around Merry Andrew Pond. The country was well wooded. In the deep snow under the firs and spruces they established themselves. The men from the coast villages did not trouble them, for they were busy nearer home.

After awhile a foolishness came to Kakatuk. His head began to itch and tingle. He took a huge delight in shaking the saplings with his antlers. One morning, while pleasantly employed with a clump of birches, he noticed that the old king of the herd was similarly engaged. It occurred to Kakatuk that perhaps the thicket against which the older stag was crashing his antlers was an exceptionally desirable one. So he joined them without so much as a "by your leave." The veteran coughed hoarsely and swung his great antlers out of the saplings and full against the reckless four-year-old's. Then followed a vicious bout of pushing and straining in the sticky snow. Their wide hoofs spread and slid. They heaved and snorted, and swung their sturdy necks. The prongs of their antlers clicked over one another. Their tense hindquarters quivered with the steady weight of the combat. Presently Kakatuk began to slide backwards. He pawed the snow frantically in his efforts to retain his foothold. But that was a vain output of energy. He decided to get clear of his antagonist and retire. So he backed a step or two, giving way before the pressure, and then swung his hindquarters out of line and tried to disengage his antlers at the same instant of time. The result was not what either of the combatants was looking for. The sudden withdrawal of opposition sent the old fellow plunging to his knees; Kakatuk's horns failed to get clear, and, to save himself from a broken neck, he sprawled back to as near his former position as he could. As it was, his head was low between his forelegs, and his neck ached. Still they were eye to eye. Their antlers had locked—"interlocked," as the accident is termed by Newfoundland sportsmen.



"Kakatuk, the four-year old caribou stag, was proud of his antlers."

The two stags were not slow to comprehend the thing that had happened. They regained their feet, and, with low-swung heads, tried to undo the trouble. It was very tiring, and sometimes they were on the point of losing their tempers again. After two hours of tentative pulling, wrenching and pushing, the old master of the herd experienced a queer "going" sensation on the top of his skull. He knew that his antlers, ripe to be shed to give place to the new ones sprouting beneath, were tearing away. With a final shake and a snort of relief and pain he staggered free. And there reeled poor Kakatuk, with a double adornment on his aching, bewildered head.

Kakatuk glared, red-eyed, at his late antagonist. The altered appearance of the old stag added to his discomfort. Then he shook his head violently in vain attempts to rid himself of the extra and inexplicable burden. A shifting of the weight, a clinking and a grinding were the only results. With a snort of terror Kakatuk sprang away and plunged across the snowbound barren in aimless flight.

Jim Canadian, the Micmac trapper of Rattling Brook, was complacently chopping firewood before his cabin, when a crashing of underbrush warned him that something sizeable had passed along the lower edge of his clearing. He jumped inside his dark habitation, slipped the thongs of his snowshoes into place, snatched up his rifle, and jogged off to investigate. He picked up the trail without delay and followed it smartly. But he glanced over his shoulder frequently, for in the plunging trail he read of panic-stricken flight. He looked for other footprints in the snow. Presently he sighted the rump of the fleeing stag.

"Runnin' a' mighty queer!" he remarked, and lengthened his stride.

Just about this time Kakatuk decided that, as he could not outrun either the terror on his neck or the terror at his heels, he would turn and give battle. He slowed, swung about, and presented a lowered and desperated head to the nameless enemy on his trail. At the unexpected sight of the massed antlers, Jim Canadian gasped, let fall his rifle, and tumbled into the underbrush. He scrambled to his feet, gurgled with fear, and bolted like a hare. He ran blindly. More than once he collided with trees or entangled the points of his snowshoes with hidden brush. He was fairly blown when he reached the shelter of his cabin. He lay flat on the floor and prayed that the "devil-stag" would go about its business and leave him in peace.

Late that night Kakatuk rid himself of the fearful thing. He did not wait to examine it where it lay in the snow; but trotted a mile on the homeward journey and then paused to scratch his bare poll against a tree and to snatch a few mouthfuls of birch twigs.

Half a year later a London sportsman, tramping sturdily through the wilderness with his pipe and his rifle, happened upon the interlockers.

"Well," said he, "these are the finest interlockers I have ever seen—and the only set without the tragedy of the attached skeletons."

He lifted the locked antlers from the moss and tested them. They rattled, but would not part. "Wonder how it happened?" he muttered.

His guide, Jim Canadian, said nothing; but his mind went back, with misgivings, to a quiet afternoon, a plunging trail, and the fearful vision of the "devil-stag." He shook his head despondently. "Divil notting!" he murmured.



THAIL BURN.

The river is a ribbon wide,
The falls a snowy feather,
And stretching far on ilka side
Are hills abloom wi' heather.
The wind comes loitering frae the west
By weight o' sweets retarded;
The sea-mist hangs on Arran's crest,
A Golden Fleece unguarded.

We ken ye weel, ye fond young pair
That hand in hand do tarry;
The youth is Burns, the Bard o' Ayr,
The lass is Highland Mary.
He tells her they will never pairt,
'Tis life and luve taegither
The world has got the song by hairt
He sang among the heather.

'Twas lang ago, lang, lang ago,
Yet all remember clearly
The eyes, the hair, the brow o' snow,
O' her he luved sae dearly.
And lads still woo their lassies dear
I' cot, and hall, and dairy,
By words he whispered i' the ear
O' his ain Highland Mary.

Jean Blewett.

Then comes the children's turn. They do not have the Christmas tree at l'Ain, but Goodman Chalan's sack. This sack, being filled with a variety of playthings, dolls, jumping-jacks, boxes of blocks, Noah's arks, bon-bons, etc., is fastened to the ceiling, and from it hangs a rope just touching the ground. The oldest child then has the privilege of putting a match to the rope. In a jiffy the flames ascend, and reach the sack, which rapidly burns away, and discharges its contents upon the floor, where they are eagerly scrambled for by the expectant children.

In Provence they have another custom. There each child prepares for himself a cradle with little figures of clay which are called sautons. These sautons represent the Child Jesus, the Holy Virgin, Saint Joseph, the angel, and many other sacred personages. There will be the shepherds on their knees offering milk and cheese; the blind man leaning upon his son; a miller with a present of meal; two old peasants with their children; and above all, "the enraptured one." He it was who, being the first to run in search of the Saviour on the announcement of His advent, took up his station beside the manger, and there is always depicted upon his countenance an expression of such supreme joy that he has been given the name of "the enraptured one."

In Alsace they have their own usages also. When the family has gathered on Christmas morning a shabbily-dressed individual suddenly appears, bearing a large basket, and holding in his right hand a light whip or cane. This curious visitor boasts the significant name of Handstrap. Making his way into the dining-room, he puts his basket on the floor. It is full of apples, nuts, raisins, figs, and other fruit. Immediately the children rush at it, but they are met with slashes from Handstrap's whip, or cracks with his cane, and they are not sham affairs either. They really hurt. Of course the brave children snatch the handfuls from the basket in spite of the pain, but the timid ones are apt to get nothing. After they have all had a chance, Handstrap picks up his basket, and passes on to another household, where his coming is being impatiently expected.

The Basques are celebrated for the legends and carols that cluster about Christmas. Some of these are very curious in their conception; for instance, the one dealing with the announcement to the shepherds of the birth of Christ. A youth personating the angel is hoisted in a basket to the vault of the church. Down below a shepherd lies outstretched upon the floor, apparently steeped in slumber. The angel calls to him in the French language, and the shepherd drowsily responds in the Basque dialect. He does not want to be aroused. He would fain be left alone to finish out his nap. But the angel is insistent, and presently, becoming angry, the shepherd growls: "If I do get up it will be the worse for you."

Notwithstanding this threat the angel entreats him to open his eyes, and at last he does so very reluctantly. At once his anger vanishes, and, filled with wonder, he expresses in song his joy at the glorious news of the Saviour's birth.

In crossing the ocean to the new world the French lost little of their national characteristics, and French Canada celebrates Christmas with the same fervor, the same childish delight, the same passion for pageant and



THE INTERLOCKERS.

"Then followed a vicious bout of pushing and straining in the snow."

Christmas Plays in Old and New France

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

In France, as in England and Germany, Christmas is the supreme holiday of the year. La fete de la Noel brings joy to old and young alike, and is celebrated with all the vivacity and abandon characteristic of the nation. While many features of the festival resemble more or less closely those with which we are familiar, there obtain in different parts of the country certain observances having a character of their own that lends an added interest to the celebration.

In l'Ain, for instance, one meets with an old custom that is quite touching. There are the very poor, who, on Christmas Day, are the guests of honor. Each family has its own poor person invited, and at the table this one is given the best place. He is served first, and with the choicest portions. In return for these attentions it is his duty, on the conclusion of the feast, to relate the story of the Saviour's birth, told in a sort of rhyming patois which has been passed down from generation to generation, and is already familiar to his audience, but to which they listen with as much interest as if they were hearing it for the first time.



Christmas Globe, 1905

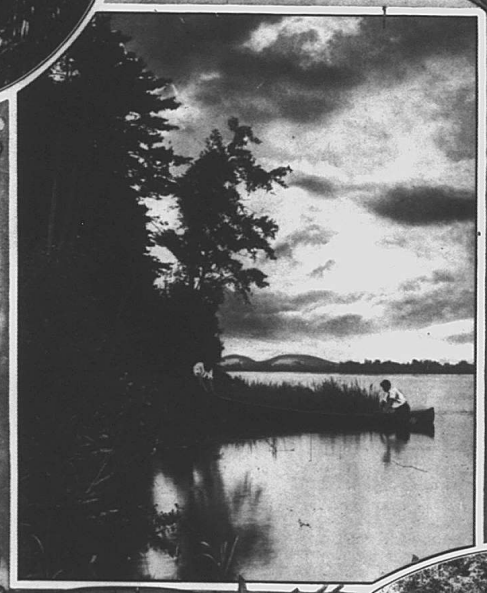
"WE CAN STAY ANOTHER WEEK"

From photo by the late W. B. Blackhall

pretty pretence as in the motherland. At the same time it must be borne in mind that the Twenty-fifth of December is with them somewhat more of a holy day than a holiday, being one of the four great religious festivals of the year.

Their celebration begins at midnight on Christmas Eve, when, summoned by the chimes of church or cathedral, all good Catholics who can manage to be out crowd the sacred edifices, which are decorated for the occasion, and take part in an elaborate service lasting two full hours at least. The midnight Mass, in the great Notre Dame Church, Montreal,







celebrated before a congregation of more than fifteen thousand people, is, perhaps, the most splendid and imposing ritual to be witnessed upon the continent.

In the rural districts this service, if not so sumptuous in its appointments, is, undoubtedly, more picturesque, for there at midnight one sees the great stone church that dominates the parish glowing like a vast lantern, and stretching away from it on either hand the homes of the habitants, each doing its best in loyal imitation. Hardly have the big bells in the tower begun to ring out their clear call upon the crisp air, when the little bells at the horses' necks send back tinkling responses, as, one after another, the sleighs appear upon the road and speed swiftly toward the church.

The snug houses, with their gambrel roofs, are awake and ablaze all night, for when the long service comes at last to an end the congregation breaks into little groups, that, with chatter and laughter, hasten indoors to enjoy the bountiful supper that is the reward of their piety, and of which, by immemorial custom, doughnuts and potted head are the chief items.

During the week between Christmas and New Year's the evenings in city and country are given up to social gatherings, whereat, besides the inevitable dancing and card-playing, they have a variety of games, of which the following are examples:

The playing of the "School Teacher" calls for a certain nimbleness of wit that renders it very diverting. In this all the young people seat themselves in a semicircle, with the exception of one, who is the Teacher. They are numbered from the top to the bottom, and it is essential that they should carefully bear in mind their numbers. The Teacher, then, in a clear, distinct voice, makes such a statement as the following: "This morning, while the first class was reciting geography, No. 6 took an apple out of No. 2's desk." Upon hearing this accusation No. 6 should at once spring up, asserting indignantly: "Not I, sir" (or ma'am, as the case may be). "Oh, yes, it was you," responds the Teacher, in a positive tone, and then No. 6 retorts, "No—no—sir; not I, sir, but No. 5," or any other player's number. It then devolves upon No. 5 to refute the charge and pass it on, taking care to do so in precisely similar words, and thus the fun proceeds until somebody, taken unawares, fails to use the proper words, and by way of penalty has to change places with the Teacher, who takes the bottom seat, while those below the one who has become Teacher move up one place. It is, of course, the ambition of each player to work up to the head, and all sorts of devices are employed to trip up the higher numbers.

For "La Geographie" each player takes pencil and paper, and, being seated in a semicircle, the head of the line calls out, "Countries—America," and at the same time puts down the word "America" at the top of his paper, the others following his example. The player seated next must then, before ten can be counted, deliberately call out the name of another country beginning with A, as "Austria," for instance. But suppose the third player's choice is Assam, then the fourth must think of a country whose name begins with M, such as Morocco, and the fifth must have ready a country beginning with O, as Ontario. So the game proceeds, the penalty for failing to give out a correct name being to go to the foot. The names of cities, rivers, mountains, etc., may be used in the same way, or, if this is too limited, the whole field of geography may be drawn upon, so long as each new name begins with the last letter of the preceding one, and a name once used is not repeated.

But perhaps the most entertaining game of all, and certainly the one that calls for the most active exercise of one's wits, bears the very appropriate name of "Lawyer." For this the players range themselves upon two rows of chairs so that they are precisely vis-a-vis. In the passage between the Lawyer walks slowly up and down, with head bent as if pondering deeply, while the others eye him anxiously. Suddenly he comes to a halt before one of them, and, with finger outstretched, shoots a question at him or her. Now the point of the game is that not the person thus challenged, but the vis-a-vis, must bring forth some sort of an answer, for if the person himself replies, or the vis-a-vis fails to do so, the one thus erring must yield up his chair to the Lawyer, and assume his role. A proper restraint must, of course, characterize the questions, but there is abundant room for harmless humor, and if the players all enter heartily into the spirit of the game, a great deal of amusement may be derived from it.

NATURE AND CHANCE.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee:
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see.

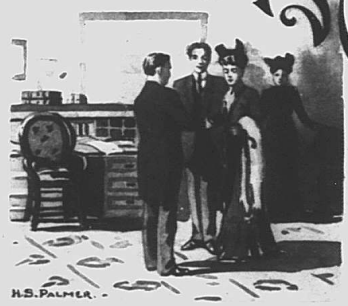
Pope.

Photos by A. Beales.



THE LOBBYIST

By William Banks Jr.



MR. TIMOTHY HEAKINS, the member for West Handleboro', looked with some surprise at the card one of the pages had laid on his desk, and asked in a whisper if the lady had sent any message.

"Said she wanted to see you in the corridor, sir," the boy answered in subdued tones. Mr. Heakins, who sat on the second row to the right of the Speaker in the chamber of the Ontario Legislature, rose to the half-upright position peculiar to those members on either side of the House who leave the chamber while their leaders are speaking and made his way toward one of the side entrances. Mr. Heakins had a great shock of wavy hair that even his mother would not deny to be red, stood six foot three in his stocking feet, weighed 200 pounds and wore boots in weight and size proportionate to his bulk. His movements were deliberate and emphatic rather than graceful, and many were aware of his going out. He straightened himself at the door and passed through the Government lobby into the main corridor, his grey eyes alight with anticipation, for the lady of the card was his one and only love, though she had twice refused to marry him.

She came forward now frankly, a plump, brown-haired and brown-eyed young woman, one dainty hand outstretched. "Good-afternoon, Mr. Heakins," she said, smilingly.

"I'm pleased to meet you—er" glancing at her card. "Oh, yes, Miss Cecilia Tempest—what can I do for you?"

"You can—if your pride over the place you are winning as a public man will permit of it—call me 'Cecilia.'"

"So long as I am 'Tim' to you, that's a bargain."

"Well," graciously, "it shall be Tim just as it was"—she paused.

"Before I proposed for the second time and you sent me away to—to—"

"You said you were going to throw yourself into the mill pond," she interrupted with mock gravity.

"But the water was so cold that night, the ice was just forming on it. Let me see, it must have been about the middle of December."

"Tim Heakins, you're losing your memory," she said quickly. "It was in June, a warm, lovely night, the——"

"Was it?" he broke in, with a ring of hopefulness in his voice.

She glanced at him, and turned away, blushing, when she saw the eager light in his eyes. He went on in a tone of indifference: "You always had a good memory for trifles, Cecilia."

"Trifles!" she gasped. "Trifles! well—" She did not finish the sentence aloud, but under her breath she said, "You are not much of a trifle, Tim Heakins."

She placed her hand on his arm and fancied she felt him tremble beneath her touch. But there was no tremor in his voice as he asked: "Would you like to go into the chamber, Cecilia?"

"No," she answered, "I didn't leave my dear old mother at Benston Town and come to Toronto, quartering myself upon Aunt Hanna, just for that."

"What is it, then? Can I help you?"

"Yes"—she drew away from him a little—"yes," mysteriously, "yes, it all depends on you."

"On me! What does? Where is it?"

"It's a bill, you know; I want you to introduce it in the House."

"You want me," he began, slowly; then abruptly: "Look here, Cecilia, tell me about it as quickly as you can—this suspense is hurrying me to—"

"The mill pond," she put in, slyly. Then confidentially: "You see, Tim, it's like this—" She leaned toward him—the corridor was almost completely deserted—and began playing with a button of his coat, the while he watched her slim hand hungrily.

"I'm blind to it yet," he said, after a while.

"Well, you see—I'm—er—well, a lobbyist, you know." Tim smiled. "I'm not joking," she said, earnestly.

"And who and what are you lobbying for?"

"I'm lobbying," she said, with slow distinctness, "for the Amalgamated Society of Housewives of British North America." His jaw dropped. "The President lives close to us, and when she talked of it to me I saw a chance of entering upon a profession that is not overcrowded. We want a bill put through whereby the Government will be committed to sending over a special officer to Great Britain to select expert girls for domestic service here. You see, the servant girl question—"

"Cecilia," said Mr. Heakins, who had been listening with wide-eyed astonishment, "where does your Aunt Hanna live? I'll take you to her; you are not well, you know. Hush now, be calm," as she opened her pretty mouth to answer him; "it's all right, you know I'll take—"

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Tim Heakins," indignantly, "and please unloose my hands," for in his alarm he had grasped them in his own; "people will believe we are crazy."

"I'm either that or dreaming," he exclaimed.

"Not dreaming, Tim," she said, sweetly. "You are wide awake. I can testify to that."

"Thank you," he returned, with pretended sarcasm; "then it's the other."

"Let us hope it is only temporary," she said, sympathetically.

"Amen to that," devoutly. "But what is the name of the thing again?"

"What thing?"

"The concern you are lobbying for." She gave him a card with the name printed clearly upon it. He read it through twice. "You're not a housewife," he said, "and you're not a member, I presume."

"I have already told you I'm the professional lobbyist of the concern." And she continued in a gently bantering tone: "I want to know, Mr. Timothy Heakins, M.P.P., the successful barrister and rising young member for West Handleboro', if you are prepared to assist a resident of your own riding in a matter of such vital import, or must I enlist the services of Mr. Henry D. Lester, the youthful and energetic representative of East Handleboro'?"

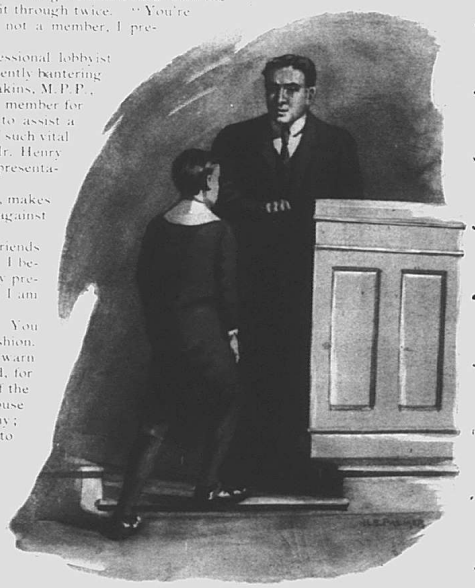
"Him! And he's 81 years old to-day, makes but one speech a session, and that always against new items of expenditure."

"But he and my father have been friends since childhood, and I know him well. I believe I'll consult him as to the necessary preliminaries. He will be glad to assist me, I am sure."

"Cecilia, you'll do nothing of the kind. You needn't toss your pretty head in that fashion. I'll take charge of the bill. However, I warn you it has little chance of being accepted, for the bill necessarily involves the meeting of the expenses of such an officer, and the House has been stricken with a fever of economy; both sides have it bad, and are not likely to recover before next session."

"Well," with affected dubiousness, "I suppose it would be better to trust you with it. What is the first step?"

"As a matter of fact, the proper way would be to bring influence enough to bear to get the Government to introduce it as one of their own measures, but we will try it first with the Private Bills Committee. If it gets through there it will come to the House, and if once it passes its second reading, why there's hardly a chance of it being rejected when it comes up for the third and last time. That is, supposing the Government to be favorable. I hope my chances with you are improved," he added, abruptly and irrelevantly.



"Said she wanted to see you in the corridor, sir."

"Mr. Timothy Heakins," she said, in a well-assumed tone of haughtiness, "you have forgotten your manners, sir. We are discussing business now—this is not the time or place to—to—"

She made a pretence to walk away, as though too angered to finish the sentence, but her heart was beating joyfully in the knowledge that his love for her was still as unquenchable as ever.

In one stride he was by her side. "Cecilia, forgive me," he pleaded humbly.

"On condition only," tragically, "that you make the adoption of my bill your one aim to the day it is condemned to death or emerges triumphant from the ordeal through which, poor unknowing thing, it must pass."

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1905



BLUE AND PINTAIL GROUSE. MIDWAY, B.C.



THE ROUND UP



A BIT OF ROLLING LAND IN THE NORTHWEST



MIRROR LAKE LAGGAN ALBA.

"I will," he answered solemnly, "be the consequences what they may, and who knows what they may be?"

And he did, the while Cecilia lobbied, usually with Aunt Hanna hovering near, and enjoyed it, too, because she was sure that Tim was intensely jealous of every member to whom she talked on behalf of the bill. For the measure seemed to have aroused the strong opposition of many men on both sides of the House, and, though it was reported by the Private Bills Committee, its fate apparently was trembling in the balance. Some of the members, even among those who professed to be in favor of the bill, found it essential to discuss many of its points with her more than once.

And every day Mr. Heakins' moroseness was more pronounced. Men who had never known him to be other than affable in his greetings and conversation wondered why he answered them in monosyllables, and occasionally glared at them as though he meditated their physical harm. The bill, officially known as "an act respecting the Amalgamated Society of Housewives of British North America," and popularly called the "housewives' bill," began to monopolize the attention of the members, to the exclusion of all other public business. The motion for its first reading, to the intense surprise of the Premier and the leader of the Opposition, who had both heard vaguely of the lobby, but had not met Miss Tempest, precipitated a discussion lasting throughout the afternoon and evening sessions, and resulting in the measure being referred back to the Private Bills Committee. Mr. Henry D. Lester led the opposition to it, having assured "dear Miss Cecilia" that, much as he desired to oblige the daughter of his old friend, the bill was against his principles, "the same as lobbying was," the latter with a grim look that filled her heart with fear as to the outcome. But the bill was again reported by the committee, and again came up in the House, and the economists, following old Lester's lead he surprised them by making a ten-minute speech on the subject renewed their opposition.

The debate waged throughout the afternoon and was adjourned until the evening session. It was even rumored in the Press Gallery that the Premier and the leader of the Opposition would confer as to a line of action to be followed in order to get the measure disposed of. The Premier had caused it to be known to his supporters that the members of the Cabinet favored the bill, and it was now practically a Government measure, but the economists on both sides had apparently joined forces in uncompromising hostility to the bill.

"It's going to be a hard struggle, Cecilia," said Mr. Heakins, as he talked with her and Aunt Hanna for a few minutes after coming out of the chamber.

"Yes," she answered, abstractedly, and then in a thoughtful tone, "is it true that the only person Mr. Lester fears is his maiden sister, who is his housekeeper?"

"It is most emphatically true. But," with a shake of his head, "there is nothing to hope from that source, I'm afraid. He told me once that she had never been to the city since he was first elected a member of the House twenty years ago—and has never bothered him in regard to his work as a member."

"Look at the lady a little to your right, Tim, and tell me if you recognize her."

"By Jove! Miss Lester—waiting for him. My word, but she looks determined!" Then with quick understanding, "Cecilia, you are responsible for her appearance. How did you do it?"

She looked at him with an air of demure surprise. "Tim Heakins! How can you say such a thing?"

"Out with it, Cecilia, or I'll desert the cause."

"I heard," she answered thoughtfully, "that Nora Mahoney, their cook, who was in my mother's employ in her girlhood, left the Lesters about about oh, yes! I remember, about three weeks ago."

"That would be about the time Mr. Lester told you he would oppose the 'Housewives' Bill,' and Nora had been with them fifteen years. Do you happen to know where Nora can be found just now, Cecilia?"

"As Nora's present adviser I must decline for good reasons to answer that question."

"Quite so, quite so and have you heard whether the Lesters have succeeded in finding a successor to that estimable person?"

"I think there have been four successors" she made pretence of calculating with the aid of her pretty fingers, and went on: "Yes, four in three weeks, and," slowly, "Miss Lester has received during that time a good deal of correspondence regarding the 'housewives' bill.'"

Mr. Heakins regarded her with a mixture of pleasure and admiration in his look. She smiled frankly in return, but kept close to Aunt Hanna, for Mr. Heakins was evidently on the verge of saying more than he ought to say in so public a place. At that moment Mr. Lester, who had been intently listening to an apparently endless story told by his sister, turned from her in his abrupt fashion, and walked across the corridor to Cecilia.

"Miss Tempest," he said in his incisive fashion, "if I vote for your bill to-night will you promise to send Nora home at once?"

"I will," she answered, her face illumined with the pleasure of victory. "I will, indeed."

"Then I congratulate you on your triumph. I'm beaten, miss; thoroughly beaten. But if I were as young as Heakins," he continued, slyly, "I'd have my revenge."

"How?" she began, smilingly.

"By marrying you," he retorted, and, bowing, left them to rejoin his sister.

Cecilia hurriedly started away, almost dragging Aunt Hanna down the broad stairway of the main entrance to the building. Mr. Heakins caught up with them half-way down, but Cecilia would not even look at him, and Aunt Hanna nodded her head in a way that plainly meant it would be advisable for him to say as little as possible just now.

"At the least," he said, dejectedly, as they neared the doorway. "You might tell me what you did with Nora."

Cecilia looked at him, smilingly.

"I had almost forgotten her," she said. "Please send this by telegraph for me, will you? I had it ready, because because oh I just knew it would end as it did."



"Good-afternoon, Mr. Heakins," she said, smilingly.





A PLEASURE WHICH EVERY CANADIAN MAY ENJOY

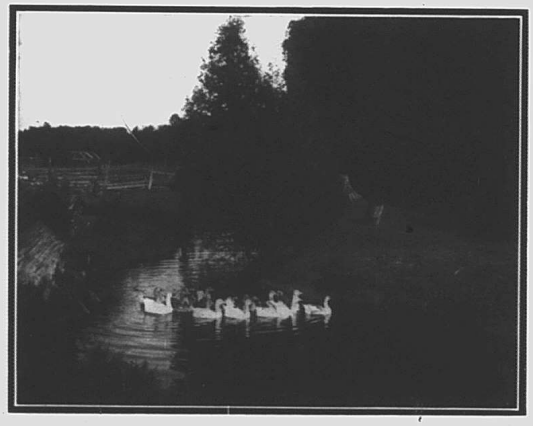


She handed him a crumpled sheet of paper, on which was the following message: "Mrs. B. Tempest, Brunston Town. Send Nora back to the Lesters at once. Your daughter, Cecilia." And Tim copied the message out on a blank at one of the branch telegraph offices in the building, and placed the original carefully away in his breast pocket.

The debate on the "housewives' bill" collapsed unexpectedly that night, Mr. Lester declaring, on the Speaker resuming the chair, that he withdrew his opposition, adding, amid laughter and cries of "Order, order," that he thought the Government should take steps to put an end to the lobbying, which was becoming too prevalent a feature of the sessions. The bill passed its first and second readings unanimously, and when Mr. Lester moved, seconded by Mr. Heakins, that it be now read a third time, the House concurred with a unanimous shout of "Carried!" Cecilia and her aunt, who had interestedly watched the proceedings from the Speaker's gallery, found Mr. Heakins awaiting them when they reached the main corridor. There was a gleam of determination in his eyes that puzzled Cecilia.

"Your servant, ladies," said he, with exaggerated politeness, "but I have been requested by the Premier, who to-day heard for the first time the moving story of the female lobbyist and her faithful chaperone, to ask if they would grant him the favor of a call before leaving the building. This way, please."

He led them to the Council chamber, and they were ushered into the presence of the Premier by a grey but stalwart veteran of the civil service, who smiled benignantly at their evident timidity. Their fears were soon dispelled. The Premier was a man, after all, and a very human man. Aunt Hanna afterwards declared, unblushingly, she would like to have kissed him—he was so likable. He insisted upon more details from Cecilia herself of her career as a lobbyist, and undisguisedly enjoyed hearing them. Mr. Heakins had very little to say, though the Premier said some things in a tone of affectionate conviction in praise of the member for West Handleboro' that brought blushes to that gentleman's cheeks brighter even than his hair, and filled Cecilia's cup of happiness almost to overflowing.



TAKING A BATH.

Photo by R. R. Sallows, Goderich.

When they rose to depart, the Premier walked with them to the door.

"Before we bid you good-bye, sir," said Mr Heakins, huskily but firmly, "I have a request to make on behalf of Miss Tempest. She is—that is—she—she—is a little too modest to present it herself."

Cecilia started, and grasped Aunt Hanna's arm.

"What is it, my boy?"

"It is, sir, that you will," he faltered, and fumbled with his hat, and then went on desperately: "You see, we are to be married just a month from to-day, sir, and she wondered if you would honor us by coming to the wedding."

Cecilia gasped, and her aunt whispered to her, audibly: "Oh, Cecilia, you never told me."

"I will come, Heakins, with pleasure. You may depend on me. I will come, my dear young lady." The Premier looked from one to the other with a happy smile, and then bade them an affectionate good-night.

It was not until they reached the ground floor corridor that Cecilia, on whose face amazement was plainly written, spoke.

"Tim Heakins," she said, "I—I just hate you."

"Go and tell that to the Premier," he retorted, airily.

"You're—you're just unbearable. The idea! The very idea of getting married in a month from now. You've never—why you never even whispered a word to me of such a thing. It's—it's too preposterous!"

"Do come away and quarrel at my house. Some one will be coming along this way in a minute," Aunt Hanna interjected.

But she might have been miles away; neither paid the slightest heed to her plea.

"I asked you **twice** before and you refused me, Cecilia, and you'll just have to do it now, you know."

"**But a month—a month. I couldn't** begin to get ready in a month—"

"I don't care whether you're ready or not," he replied, with reckless joyousness, "so long as you marry me."

"How can I—"

"Very well," he interrupted, grimly, "I'll just go back and tell the Premier it was a mistake." And he started for the stairway.

"No," she cried, in sweet confusion; "don't do that. We—we—" she reached out her hands to him "we mustn't disappoint the Premier, must we, Tim, dear?"

The time will come when the "best society" will consist of men and women of brains, culture and achievement, rather than those whose chief merit and distinction lie in the possession of unearned fortunes which they make it the business of their lives to squander.



Tucketts'
Club Special Cigars

Just a little larger, a little better and a little dearer than TUCKETT'S MARGUERITE CIGARS - the sales of which exceed "a million a month."

MILLIONS USE TWO IN ONE SHOE POLISH
DEUX DANS UN
DO YOU?
THE F. F. DALLEY CO LIMITED HAMILTON

ESTABLISHED 1856
STANDARD SCALES
MANUFACTURED BY
GURNEY SCALE COMPANY
HAMILTON
CANADA



"CARY SAFES"

SILVER MEDAL TORONTO NATIONAL EXHIBITION 1905



DIPLOMA AND MEDAL WINNIPEG INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION 1905

WRITE US FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICES
FORD & FEATHERSTON
35 KING ST. WEST
HAMILTON ONTARIO.

HON. WM GIBSON PRESIDENT — J. TURNBULL GEN'L MG'R

BANK OF HAMILTON

PAID UP CAPITAL $2,400,000
RESERVE $2,400,000
HEAD OFFICE - HAMILTON
TOTAL ASSETS $29,000,000

BRANCHES

Aberarthy, Sask. — Gladstone, Man. — Lucknow — Kipley
Alton — Gorrie — Manitou, Man. — Kirkard, Man.
Atwood — Grimsby — Melfort, Sask. — Saskatoon, Sask.
Battleford, Sask. — Hagersville — Miami, Man. — Simcoe
Beamsville — Ingersoll — Midland — Southampton
Berlin — Hamilton, Barton St. Branch — Milton — Stonewall, Man.
Birch — Hamilton, Deering Branch — Minnedosa, Man. — Tavistock
Bradwardine, Man. — Hamilton, East End Branch — Mitchell — Toronto
Brandon, Man. — Hamilton, West End Branch — Moosefield — Toronto, Queen and Spadina Branch
Brantford — Hensall — Moose Jaw, Sask. — Toronto, College and Ossington Branch
Carberry, Man. — Holstein — Morden, Man. — Toronto Junction
Carman, Man. — Indian Head, Sask. — Niagara Falls — Vancouver, B.C.
Chesley — Jarvis — Niagara Falls South — Victoria, B.C.
Delhi — Kamloops, B.C. — Orangeville — Winghan
Dundalk — Kenton, Man. — Owen Sound — Winkler, Man.
Dundas — Killarney, Man. — Palmerston — Winnipeg
Dunnville — Lethbridge, Alta. — Plum Coulee, Man. — Winnipeg, Logan Avenue Branch
Fernie, B.C. — Lucknow — Port Elgin — Woodstock
Fordwich — Manitou, Man. — Port Rowan — Wroxeter
Georgetown — Listowel



NEW HEAD OFFICE BUILDING HAMILTON
IN PROCESS OF ERECTION

CORRESPONDENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN: The National Provincial Bank of England, Limited

CORRESPONDENTS IN UNITED STATES

New York — Hanover National Bank, Fourth National Bank
Boston — International Trust Company
Buffalo — Marine National Bank
Chicago — Continental National Bank, First National Bank
Detroit — First National Bank
Philadelphia — Merchants National Bank
Kansas City — National Bank of Commerce
St. Louis — Third National Bank
San Francisco — Bank of California
Pittsburg — Mellon National Bank

COLLECTIONS EFFECTED IN ALL PARTS OF CANADA PROMPTLY AND CHEAPLY
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.



McLAREN'S
INVINCIBLES
FLAVORING EXTRACTS
JELLY POWDERS
COFFEE — SPICES
PURE CREAM TARTAR BAKING POWDER
OCEAN WAVE BAKING POWDER
ALL PRIME FAVORITES
MANUFACTURED BY THE
HAMILTON COFFEE & SPICE CO. LIMITED
HAMILTON, CANADA.



RESTFUL LABOR
AS USED
THE DOWSWELL MAN'F'G CO
HAMILTON, CANADA.



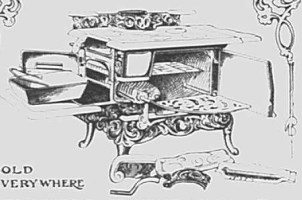
DIVIDEND PAYING STOCKS
MINING, OIL and INDUSTRIAL **STOCKS**
Bought, Sold and Exchanged.
FAIR DEALING, RIGHT PRICES AND PROMPT SERVICE SOLICITED
INVESTMENT EXCHANGE CO. SPECTATOR BUILDING HAMILTON, ONT.
C. R. BOOTLIFFE, Manager — Member Standard Stock Exchange

WOODEN WARE. WILLOW WARE.
BROOM BRUSHES
WALTER WOODS & CO.
GROCER'S SUNDRIES
WHOLESALE
HAMILTON & WINNIPEG.

WHOLESALE
PAPER PAPER BAGS
TWINE & CORDAGE
WALTER WOODS & CO.
Brooms Brushes Baskets
HAMILTON - WINNIPEG

SOUVENIR STOVES & RANGES

Are quick and even bakers. Always please and last a life time. A beauty to look at. A pleasure to have. A comfort to work at.



The fuel is completely consumed, will obtain from every ton of fuel required. There is a good point.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

THE GURNEY TILDEN CO. LIMITED
HAMILTON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, VANCOUVER
WESTERN AGENTS TILDEN GURNEY & CO.
WINNIPEG.

TOLEDO COMPUTING SCALES



AUTOMATIC BUT SPRINGLESS
All Merchants Should Have Them Address
J. J. DEAN, Hamilton, Ont.

JOHN KNOX CO.
WHOLESALE
DRY GOODS
18 20 22 KING ST. EAST
HAMILTON ONT
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
GENERAL DRY GOODS AND SMALLWARES



ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM

THE CANADIAN ORDER OF
ASSESSMENT SYSTEM
CHOSEN FRIENDS
30,000 Members — Half a Million Reserve
CANADA'S LEADING FRATERNAL, INSURANCE & SICK BENEFIT SOCIETY
HEAD OFFICE HAMILTON PROVIDENT AND LOAN BUILDING
T. F. MONTAGUE, Grand Recorder HAMILTON, ONT. T. F. CAMPBELL, Grand Organizer

UPTON'S



JAMS, JELLIES AND ORANGE MARMALADE
ALWAYS RELIABLE

THE COMMERCIAL OIL COMPANY LIMITED
HAMILTON ONT.



APPLETON, WIS.
CHICAGO, ILL.
NEWARK, N.J.
MANCHESTER, ENG.
HAMBURG, GERMANY.
HAMILTON, CANADA.
J. C. PERSON Mgr. TELEPHONE 1256

THE CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE
THE BEST IN ALL CANADA FOUNDED 1862



WELL KNOWN AND KNOWN WELL WHEREVER KNOWN
R. E. GALLAGHER PRINCIPAL
Y.M.C.A. Bldg
HAMILTON.

SUPERFINE
REID & Co. LONDON STREET
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE Wm WYNDHAM CO.
HATS AND FURS
27 & 29 JOHN STREET SOUTH
HAMILTON CANADA
Sole Canadian Agents for the celebrated
Reid & Co. Hats.
Every hat guaranteed. Write for Samples.


ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE
TORONTO

A Residential and Day School for Boys.

UPPER AND LOWER SCHOOLS.
NEW BUILDINGS.
TWENTY-FOUR ACRES OF PLAYFIELD.
CALENDAR AND INFORMATION ON APPLICATION.

D. BRUCE MACDONALD
Principal

Toronto Conservatory of Music

19th YEAR. 1887-1905. 1,500 PUPILS.

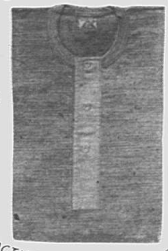
HIGHEST ARTISTIC STANDARD

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Containing 150 pages of information concerning all departments of instruction.

EDWARD FISHER, Mus. Doc., Musical Director

PEN-ANGLE UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR



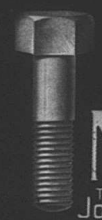
GUARANTEE
Any dealer will instantly replace at our expense any Pen-Angle garment found to be defective in material or making.

LOOK FOR THE TRADE-MARK IN RED

ALL DEALERS SELL PEN-ANGLE UNDERWEAR

THE PENMAN MANUFACTURING CO. LIMITED PARIS, CANADA

THESE ARE





MORROW'S

THE JOHN MORROW MACHINE SCREW CO. LIMITED
INGERSOLL, ONTARIO

NORTHERN LIFE

Our New Policy
20 Pay Life—
6 Premiums Returned
Is Unequalled

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS.
HEAD OFFICE—LONDON, ONTARIO.
JOHN MILNE, Managing Director.

RITCHIE & RAMSAY, LIMITED

TORONTO, CANADA.

COATED
RED SEAL LUXACOTED
R
ENAMELOID
PAPER

MADE IN CANADA

Christmas Globe and Plates are printed on our RED SEAL COATED PAPER.

Hotel Kress

PRESTON SPRINGS
MINERAL BATHS
PRESTON, ONT.
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET

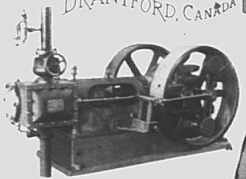
RATES
$1.50-2.00 PER DAY
$9.00-12.00 PER WEEK
INCLUDING BATHS

PEMBER'S TURKISH BATHS

[illegible]



Waterous Engine Works Co.
LIMITED.
BRANTFORD, CANADA



MANUFACTURERS OF
ENGINES, BOILERS
SAW MILL AND PULP WOOD
MACHINERY ETC.

BROWN BROS. Limited

51-53 WELLINGTON STREET WEST, TORONTO, MANUFACTURERS OF
ACCOUNT BOOKS—EVERY SORT.
FINE LEATHER GOODS—Great Variety.
STATIONERY—For Banks, Office and Home.
DEALERS IN
PAPER—Heavy Stock—All Makes.
PRINTERS AND BINDERS' SUPPLIES.
BOOKBINDING—A Specialty.

A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT

For those desiring to invest money in sums of $20 and upwards, is to buy our FULLY-PAID SHARES, sold at par value, $20 per share, bearing a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent., payable half yearly in January and July. The money is earning a good rate of interest for every day the company has it in its possession. The investment while safe, relieves the holder from all the trouble of looking after taxes, insurance, collection of interest, etc. There is no expense whatever attached to the investment, no premiums to pay, no [illegible] no commissions, charges or fees of any kind.

DIVIDENDS PROMPTLY PAID.

THE YORK COUNTY LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY
[illegible]
TORONTO

Windsor Salt
PUREST AND BEST
WRITE US FOR PRICES
Toronto Salt Works,
Agents——Toronto, Ont.

Alex. Miller
UNDERTAKER
EMBALMER
359 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.
[illegible]

H. O'HARA & CO.
(Members Toronto Stock Exchange)
30 Toronto Street, TORONTO,
Buy and sell shares listed Toronto, Montreal, New York or London for cash or on margin.
Municipal and Government Bonds always on hand for investment by trustees.
——SEND FOR LIST.——

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1905

THE ALEXANDER ENGRAVING CO.

DESIGNERS AND ENGRAVERS



HALF-TONE AND ZINC-ETCHING

The illustrations in this issue are samples of our work.

Telephone Main 2158

16 ADELAIDE ST., WEST. TORONTO, CANADA

PARKER & CO.
(ESTABLISHED 1889)
21-23 COLBORNE ST.
TORONTO
STOCK AND SHARE
BROKERS
DEALERS IN
ALL LISTED SECURITIES
UNLISTED, INDUSTRIAL, AND MINING STOCK

THE
AULT & WIBORG CO.
OF
CANADA, LIMITED.
MANUFACTURERS
OF FINE
PRINTING AND
LITHOGRAPHIC INKS AND
PRINTERS' ROLLERS
IMPORTERS OF
LITHOGRAPHIC STONES,
BRONZE POWDERS and ALL
LITHOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES

THIS PUBLICATION PRINTED
THROUGHOUT WITH
AULT & WIBORG
INKS



J. D. A. TRIPP
THE EMINENT CANADIAN
PIANIST
CONCERTS & RECITALS
A limited number
of pupils accepted
+ ADDRESS +
TORONTO CONSERVATORY
OF MUSIC

I CURE RUPTURE
BY A SCIENTIFIC
HOME METHOD
NO OPERATION.
PAIN. DANGER.
OR TIME FROM
WORK.

Don't wear a truss when you don't have to, with such a remarkably easy CURE within your easy reach.

Write me at once telling me all about your Rupture. I will give you free advice and a free demonstration.

DR. W. S. RICE
2½ QUEEN ST. EAST (BLOCK 522) TORONTO, ONT

W. PEMBERTON PAGE
MANAGER
WHITFORD VANDUSEN
PRESIDENT
AMBROSE KENT
VICE PRESIDENT

THE SUN AND HASTINGS SAVINGS & LOAN CO. OF ONTARIO
HEAD OFFICE
Confederation Life Building
Toronto

Money received on Deposit. Interest allowed at the rate of 3½ per cent. from date of deposit. If you want to avail yourself of this exceptionally good investment write to us for full particulars.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL
$5,000,000
DEBENTURES
A SAFE AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENT

WINSOR & WOODLEY
CARPENTERS & BUILDERS
117-121 PETER ST. TORONTO



Large stock of building material always on hand
Jobbing promptly attended to
Office fixtures a specialty
ESTIMATES FURNISHED
PHONE MAIN 2216

THE FRENCH PROCESS OF DRY CLEANING

As in operation in these works permits the thorough cleaning of elaborately trimmed dresses, opera mantles, silk wraps, men's dress suits, etc., without ripping apart. The most delicate fabrics and shades are successfully treated.

R. PARKER & CO.
CANADA'S GREATEST
DYE WORKS
TORONTO, CANADA

H. RUTHVEN McDONALD, BARITONE
ORATORIOS



CONCERTS RECITALS
562 Bathurst St. Toronto

THE VERY BEST
ROGERS COAL
HEAD OFFICE TORONTO KING ST. EAST



UPPER CANADA COLLEGE TORONTO
FOUNDED IN 1829

Principal: HENRY W. AUDEN, M.A.
Cambridge, Late of Pattes College, Edinburgh

The regular staff comprises fifteen graduates of English and Canadian Universities, with additional special instructors.

The Senior School accommodates 130 resident pupils. The Preparatory School for beginners accommodates 90 resident pupils. These schools are in separate buildings with every modern equipment. The number of day pupils taken is limited.

Successes this year: 4 University Scholarships, 10 First class Honors, 40 Passes, 3 Passes into the R. M. C.

METROPOLITAN BANK
CAPITAL PAID UP
$1000000
RESERVE FUND
$1000000
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
CONDUCTED
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES
Your account solicited

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.
PATENT
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS & EXPERTS
AND
ENGINEERS DRAUGHTSMEN



OFFICES
MONTREAL, OTTAWA, CANADA
NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, D.C.
UNITED STATES

HEAD OFFICE TORONTO, CAN.

Fred. B. Fetherstonhaugh, M.E.
BARRISTER AT LAW
SOLICITOR
AND NOTARY PUBLIC
COUNSEL AND EXPERT IN PATENT CAUSES

Charles W. Taylor, B.Sc.
Late Examiner Canadian Patent Office
Graduate of McGill University Montreal
Electrical Engineer

THE BOILER INSPECTION & INSURANCE COMPANY
TORONTO

JOHN L. BLAIKIE ESQ.
PRESIDENT
E. W. RATHBUN ESQ.
VICE PRESIDENT

GEO. C. ROBB
CHIEF ENGINEER
H. N. ROBERTS
SECY-TREASURER



Are your Boilers Safe
When were they last inspected
Are you satisfied with the results obtained from your Steam Boilers.

YOU MAY HAVE PEARLY WHITE TEETH BY USING TEABERRY
ALL DRUGGISTS

WARWICK BROS. & RUTTER LIMITED
TORONTO
ESTABLISHED 1848
MANUFACTURING STATIONERS
TRADE MARK
PRINTERS & BOOKBINDERS

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE VISIBLE UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER
6000 USED IN CANADA
UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. LIMITED
Toronto

CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. LIMITED
BANK & OFFICE FITTINGS A SPECIALTY
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
PRESTON, ONT.

WOOL HIDES SKINS
E.T. CARTER & CO.
83-85 FRONT ST. EAST
TORONTO
CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED FROM BUTCHERS & COUNTRY DEALERS

THE EFFECT OF
ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'
on any Disordered, Sleepless or Feverish Condition is Simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.
CAUTION.—Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.
Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.
WHOLESALE OF MESSRS. EVANS & SONS, LIMITED, MONTREAL AND TORONTO, CANADA

NEILSON'S ICE CREAM MINCE MEAT
WM. NEILSON 305 GLADSTONE AVE.
TORONTO
Mr. Neilson is the man who makes Canada's Home-made Ice Cream and Mince Meat. Fourteen years of wonderful advancement until now hundreds of tons are made yearly. Thousands are using Neilson's goods all over Canada. Pure, unadulterated. Only the finest fruits used. All the leading grocers, butchers, druggists and confectioners sell Neilson's goods.

CHAPMAN
DOUBLE BALL BEARING
Special Gold Medal awarded to C. H. Chapman by the Superior and International Jury of Awards, at the World's Fair, St. Louis, for distinguished services as the inventor of this bearing. Only two other inventors on this continent were so honored, Thomas A. Edison and George Westinghouse.
GOLD MEDAL · LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION ·
A bearing that is universal in its application. Guaranteed to save 75 per cent. of shaft friction and 95 per cent. of lubrication. Adopted by about 300 of the leading Canadian factories.
THE CHAPMAN DOUBLE BALL BEARING CO. OF CANADA LTD.
Office 39 Scott St. Factory 39 Pearl St Toronto

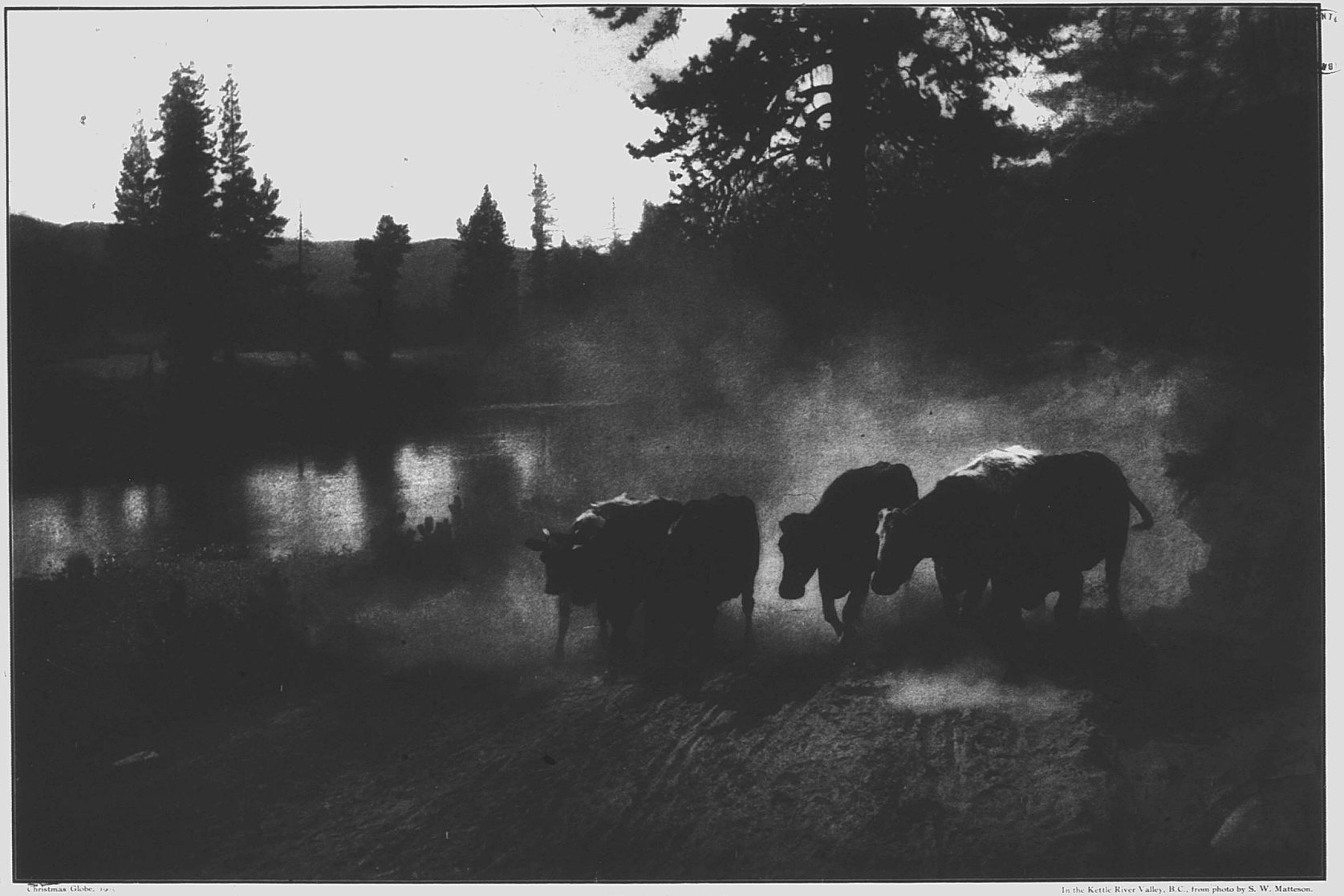
GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE
CEETEE
PURE WOOL
WEAR CEETEE Underclothing
Strictly high-class; soft as velvet; will not irritate the most sensitive skin; made from pure, fine wool; guaranteed absolutely unshrinkable. We replace any that shrink. Made in light gauze, medium and heavy weight. Stocked by all first-class dealers.
THE G. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT LIMITED

DINEEN FURS
Canada, the Land of Furs.
We are Canada's Greatest Furriers.
We deal principally in Canadian furs—Alaska Seal, Labrador Mink, Ermine, Alaska and Hudson Bay Sable. But we also purchase direct foreign furs, such as Persian Lamb, Chinchilla, Russian Sable, etc.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE
DINEEN
YONGE AND TEMPERANCE STS. TORONTO

MONTREAL TORONTO
SADLER & HAWORTH
TANNERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF
OAK LEATHER
MILL SUPPLIES BELTING.
& LACE LEATHER

CHRISTMAS GIFTS
· SKATES ·
CUTLERY TOOLS
AIKENHEAD HARDWARE
PHONE. MAIN 3800 · 6 Adelaide St. E.

SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE TORONTO
SCITE ET STRENUE
THE FACULTY OF APPLIED SCIENCE & ENGINEERING OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
DEPARTMENTS OF INSTRUCTION
1 – CIVIL ENGINEERING
2 – MINING ENGINEERING
3 – MECHANICAL & ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
4 – ARCHITECTURE
5 – ANALYTICAL & APPLIED CHEMISTRY
6 – CHEMICAL ENGINEERING
FOR CALENDAR APPLY TO A.T. LAING, REGISTRAR



Christmas Globe, 19[illegible]

In the Kettle River Valley, B.C., from photo by S. W. Matteson.

THE RIVER ROAD.



LADY LETTY'S LITERARY LESSON

By ROBERT BARR

Pictures by J. S. GORDON

IF an artist had wished to paint a picture representing scorn, anger and various other evil passions he could not have found a better model than Lady Letty's face as she finished the letter. Luckily for Letty, there was no witness to that undeniable scowl which for the moment marred the very perfect beauty of her countenance. The first reading of the letter had merely caused amazement that anyone should dare to pen such lines to her. She was too much astonished at the moment to remember that her correspondent did not know he was writing to a lady. She forgot also her own persistence in sending to him letter after letter, imploring, and even demanding, advice. Here she had it, and yet she was not happy.

Lady Letty's lines had fallen in pleasant places. The rod of criticism had been spared, and, if the young lady had not been spoiled by the lack of this corrective, she was unprepared for brutal frankness, now that she had brought it down upon herself. Indeed Lady Letty was so charming a girl that no friend or acquaintance ever thought of saying anything in her presence that was not complimentary and pleasing. Her school essays into literature had been so enthusiastically commended by her friends that the poor girl actually thought she had only to step into the great world, gently wave Mrs. Humphry Ward aside, and occupy the place hitherto held by that woman of genius.

And Lady Letty possessed very high and noble ideas about life in general. She wished to devote her time and talent to worthy objects. She sometimes said unkind things about fashionable people, and yet no one enjoyed a dance better than Lady Letty herself. She wished to sway mankind toward the good, the true, the beautiful, and it must be said of the younger portion of mankind whom she knew that they displayed great anxiety to be so swayed by Lady Letty, especially in the dreamy mazes of a waltz. But Lady Letty was determined to be loved for herself alone; youth and beauty were to be unaided by rank and fortune when that important turning point in her life arrived, all of which goes to show that she was very, very young indeed. She was also bent upon winning fame entirely through her own merits, and so had chosen the nom de guerre of John Hazelden.



The lack of appreciation which John Hazelden meets at the outset of his career grows familiar to us all by reading biographies of the truly great. The manuscripts invariably returned, often accompanied by a polite little printed note, amiably explaining that this rejection cast no reflection upon the merits of the contribution. John tired of the monotony after a while, and when the sixth story came back from that well-known magazine, The Magnet, which, as everyone is aware, attracts hundreds of thousands of readers, John offered to rewrite the story if the editor would kindly point out what was wrong with it. A stamped and addressed envelope brought a brief reply, written by some subordinate in The Magnet office, to the effect that it was against the custom of that periodical to criticise contributions sent in. The fact of the story's return proved it unavailable, so far as The Magnet was concerned, and the writer remained, most sincerely, J. D. W.

Now these three initials failed to satisfy the literary yearnings of Lady Letty. She was a persistent little person, who had been allowed all her life to do exactly as she pleased, with that amount of leisure time on her hands which the Prince of Darkness delights in filling up; so she wrote a letter to an old school friend who was making her way in journalistic circles, somewhat, it must be confessed, to Lady Letty's chagrin, for this girl at school had not shown cleverness superior to that with which Lady Letty received assurance she was endowed, and her ladyship begged her journalistic friend to discover who the actual editor of The Magnet was, and to send her, if possible, his private address. The journalistic friend replied promptly in a hurriedly scrawled note from the Scribblers' Club, saying the editor's name was Richard Grant, and he lived in bachelor's quarters at No. 17 Plum Tree Court, Temple, E.C. Then the flippant journalist went on to say that if Lady Letty intended entering the literary field she was taking unfair advantage of her competitors by storming the editor's sanctuary instead of his sanctum. The journalist begged Lady Letty, in fairness to those who were compelled to make their living with the typewriter, not to send her photograph to the editor, or write on paper that bore the Belmer crest. To this Lady Letty replied with dignity, after thanking her friend, that if she ever attempted to write she would adopt a nom de plume, which the journalist thought a wrong phrase to use. Lady Letty then explained that she wished the private address of the editor, not for herself, but for a friend of hers, named John Hazelden.



It was John Hazelden himself who wrote to Richard Grant, enclosing his manuscript once more, begging the editor to amend anything that might be wrong, or, if this were impossible, imploring him to point out in what respect the story failed to meet approval. Mr. Hazelden would be glad of any advice the editor might be pleased to tender to one who desired to make his living with his pen. The result of this appeal was the letter now in the young lady's hand:

"17 Plum Tree Court,
"John Hazelden, Esq.: "Temple, E.C.

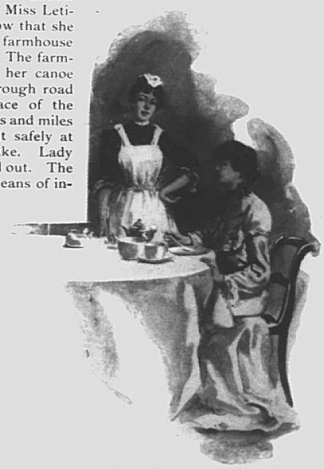
"Dear Sir,—You might as well ask me to carve a statue from a pile of bricks as to set me the impossible task of making anything worth reading out of your story. You want to know what is wrong with it. I beg to inform you it is all wrong. Your people are impossible; your conversation stilted and unnatural. Living men and women never spoke as your characters do. The work is more like that of a silly schoolgirl than of a man, even if he happens to be exceedingly young, as you doubtless are. What you need is experience. Fall in love with a girl, and get her to fall in love with you; then set down what you say to each other, and the result is bound to be better than this effort. It certainly couldn't be worse.

"Yours truly,
"RICHARD GRANT."

Lady Letty tore both the letter and the returned manuscript into exceedingly small pieces. Then she went out for a long walk, and during that promenade partially cooled her heated temper and came to a very grim determination. She would acquire the love experience recommended by the rude Mr. Grant, and he himself should be the teacher. She would lead him a dance, that she would; twist him round her little finger, and when he proposed would reject him with scorn. Her revenge would be made complete by sending him afterwards a story in which his own conversation with her should be set down as accurately as if written by a shorthand clerk. She would contrive to meet him somehow under the name of Miss Brown or Jones or Robinson, and when afterwards John Hazelden sent the new story to the impolite Richard Grant he would write that he knew it to be true because it was told to him, amid much laughter, by a charming girl named Miss Brown.

What with the inspiring effect of the walk through a beautiful park, and the exhilarating influence of this newly-concocted plot against an unfortunate man's peace of mind, Lady Letty came back to Belmer Castle in much better humor than she left it. She sat down and wrote to her accommodating friend, the journalist, saying that John Hazelden was very anxious to meet Mr. Richard Grant, and wished to find out when and where he spent his vacation. A week passed before the reply came, and the delay was explained by the letter itself, which was rather inaccurately typewritten. The journalist admitted that she had invested in a machine and was still practising. Besides, she said, it was not quite so easy to see Mr. Richard Grant as a person in the country might suppose. However, the enterprising journalist had requested an interview in order to learn what he thought of the literary outlook, as she proposed to write an article on that subject, and Mr. Grant had consented to see her on condition that his name was not mentioned in the forthcoming contribution. It appeared that his views regarding literature were most pessimistic, but after that question was settled they got a-talking of forest and glade, and here the young man grew enthusiastic. It appeared he was a younger son of Lord McFernley of Scotland, and he intended to spend his holidays in the Highlands. On the fifteenth he was going to the house of a Mr. McLean, near the shores of Loch Gorm, where he would spend a fortnight trout fishing on the loch. He had secured the only boat on the lake, and expected, therefore, to revel in the sport unmolested. So if John Hazelden thought to make his acquaintance there he might find his project inopportune. After fishing in the west, Mr. Grant would go across to his father's place near the east coast, and there would be Mr. Hazelden's best opportunity of meeting him.

It was now the third of the month, and Lady Letty lost no time in becoming Miss Letitia Johnson, and it was as Miss Letitia Johnson of Glasgow that she took two rooms in the farmhouse overlooking the loch. The farmer successfully carted her canoe over the exceedingly rough road from the landing place of the Glasgow steamer, miles and miles away, and delivered it safely at the margin of the lake. Lady Letty had planned it all out. The canoe was to be the means of introducing her to Mr. Richard Grant. She knew just how that young man would act when he learned that the plain household held another visitor than himself. His first inclination would be to desert the place altogether, and enjoy his vacation somewhere else. A few





minutes' reflection would show him that this was not so easily done as it may have appeared at first. Most of these two weeks were likely to be consumed in the search for any place so secluded as Loch Gorm. He would then, she surmised, succumb to the temptation of the loch, if he were a true fisherman, and would resolve to stay and make the best of it, ignoring his fellow-guest. After that the canoe would play its part the first day or the second. She would lose her paddle, and drift helpless on the lake, with a signal of distress flying. The objectionable Mr. Grant could scarcely refrain from coming to her assistance, and Lady Letty, young though she was, had already enough of experience to know that a man was not so difficult to conquer as Port Arthur.

It was late at night when Mr. Grant arrived, and Lady Letty saw nothing of him that evening. Next morning when the servant brought Lady Letty's breakfast to the front parlor, which was study, library and drawing-room for her ladyship during her stay in the Highlands, the servant lass was very gossipy and eulogistic about the new-comer. He was a rale nice body, she said, and a thorough gentleman, unco free with his money, which Letty took to be a hint for herself. After breakfast the young lady surveyed herself in the mirror, and with a touch or two here and there, concluded she was suitably arrayed for conquest. She was fetchingly attired, and her short skirt, exceedingly neat, the product of the best shop in London, showed a pair of small feet and dainty ankles. The expensive hat from Paris displayed that fashionable simplicity which is nowhere more effective than in the wilderness, and doubtless a mere man, while admiring the artistic completeness of hat and costume, would be fool enough to imagine that the whole combination had been purchased at the nearest village. Nevertheless, the final result would be the same as if he had seen the bill. With the light yellow paddle under her arm, the young woman opened the door, and went out. She carried herself with a quiet dignity which seemed to intimate that she had no thought of masculine intrusion within the realm of her earthly paradise.

A well-set-up young fellow, in a Harris tweed Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, with a cap of the same material jauntily stuck on his head, was filling a black pipe with tobacco from a rubber pouch. For one instant he looked in stupefied amazement at the vision which had just emerged from the front door, then he thrust pipe, pouch and loose tobacco hurriedly into the pocket of his Norfolk jacket, and removed his cap. The young lady had paused for an instant on the threshold, gazing with admiration in her eyes towards the steely mirror of the placid lake, which, at that distance, gave no hint that its waters were brown with the peat which surrounded it. Then she drew herself up as she noticed the salute from the stranger, and, returning it with the slightest possible inclination of her fair head, she glided down the path toward the lake, while the young fellow gazed in stupefaction after her, with his cap still held in his hand.

"By jove!" he murmured to himself, "who would have expected Bond street in Argyllshire!"

Finally he gathered together basket, landing net and jointed rod, with its long brown canvas bag, then strolled in the direction the vision had taken, quite forgetting his pipe, which was an extraordinary thing that had never been known to happen before.

Old Donald was waiting for him in the stern of the boat, and as Richard stepped past him into the prow Donald shoved the craft off from the bed of peat on which it partially rested, then took to the oars while his employer put together the trout rod. Then, as he stood up, he saw the vision calmly paddling her own yellow canoe toward the middle of the loch.

"Who is that, Donald? Do you know?" asked the young man.

"I'm no sure," replied Donald. "It's a young lady fra' Glascaw, that's been stopping up at the hoose this week or mair."

"Surely to goodness she's not going to attempt fishing for trout from that treacherous cockleshell!"

"Ah, ye never can ken," replied Donald, nonchalantly, as if it were no affair of his. "Glascaw bodies are a' daft."

"Row over there," said Richard. "I must speak with her."

Donald did as he was directed, and as the boat approached, perfectly unknown to the young lady, of course, for she was looking altogether in another direction, Richard made so bold as to address her.

"I beg your pardon, miss, but I hope you don't intend fishing from that canoe."

She turned towards him, an expression of mitigated surprise upon her very pretty face.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because it is so unstable. You have no one with a landing net; if you are so unfortunate as to hook a fish I assure you there are ten chances of your going to him to one of his coming to you."

The girl smiled very winningly.

"Do you think a canoe is so treacherous as all that? I confess I am not an expert fisher, but I did imagine myself an expert canoeist."

"I see that you understand the canoe perfectly, but one might as well attempt to play a fish from the back of a galloping horse as to stand up in that craft. I beg of you to abandon the canoe and come into this boat."

"Oh, thank you very much, but I could not think of such a thing. I brought my canoe all the way from Glasgow for the express purpose of learning to fish in it."

"I am sure you are attempting the impossible. I don't know very much of canoes, but I had one at Oxford, and goodness knows, it threw me into the river often enough without my trying to fish from it. This boat is as steady as the ark, and nearly as roomy. I shall be delighted if you accept a place in it, and Donald here will be as pleased to dip out fish for two as for one."

Letitia cast a regretful look over the surface of the lake, a look touched with pathetic reluctance.

"There couldn't be a finer day," she said, "for my experiment with the canoe," and she spoke with most touching wistfulness.

"Oh, if you wish the experiment tried, just step into this boat and I'll take your place in the canoe. I don't mind a wetting in the least. I'll try the experiment."

Lady Letty laughed very sweetly. The young man had referred to the canoe as craft, little thinking the craft was in its passenger; and so at last that passenger accepted a place in the stern of the boat, contriving quite successfully, as she did so, to give to her action the air of conferring a favor.

With her first cast the hook caught the young man in the shoulder of his Norfolk jacket, and he, unfortunate wretch, little suspecting the typical nature of the incident, laughed with exceeding cheerfulness, and then showed her how the trick of making a cast should be accomplished.

This day was the first of many pleasant outings on the little loch, and, as has been intimated, trout was not the only thing that was caught. Nearly two weeks later he invited her to attend the bagpiping and the sports at Skillymanduich, just as if he were a farmer lad, and she his lass.

The farmer drove his wife and all that belonged to the house over to the Fair, and if there were not the hundred pipers of the song, there were at least enough of them in the musical contest to make the air very resonant with the skirl of the pibroch. It was a great day, and the whole of the countryside was present. Early in the afternoon Richard Grant said to Letitia:

"Are you tired?"

"Not in the least," she answered. "It's very jolly."

"Would you mind walking home across the moors?"

"Do you know the way?" she asked.

"Yes, I have been over the hills once or twice in quest of tobacco."

"Very well," she replied, "let us be off." And so they walked up and up from the village, and over the hills and far away. At last they came to the summit, and saw beneath them the farmhouse that had been their home, and beyond that Loch Gorm, like a jewel set in the moor, and beyond that again the







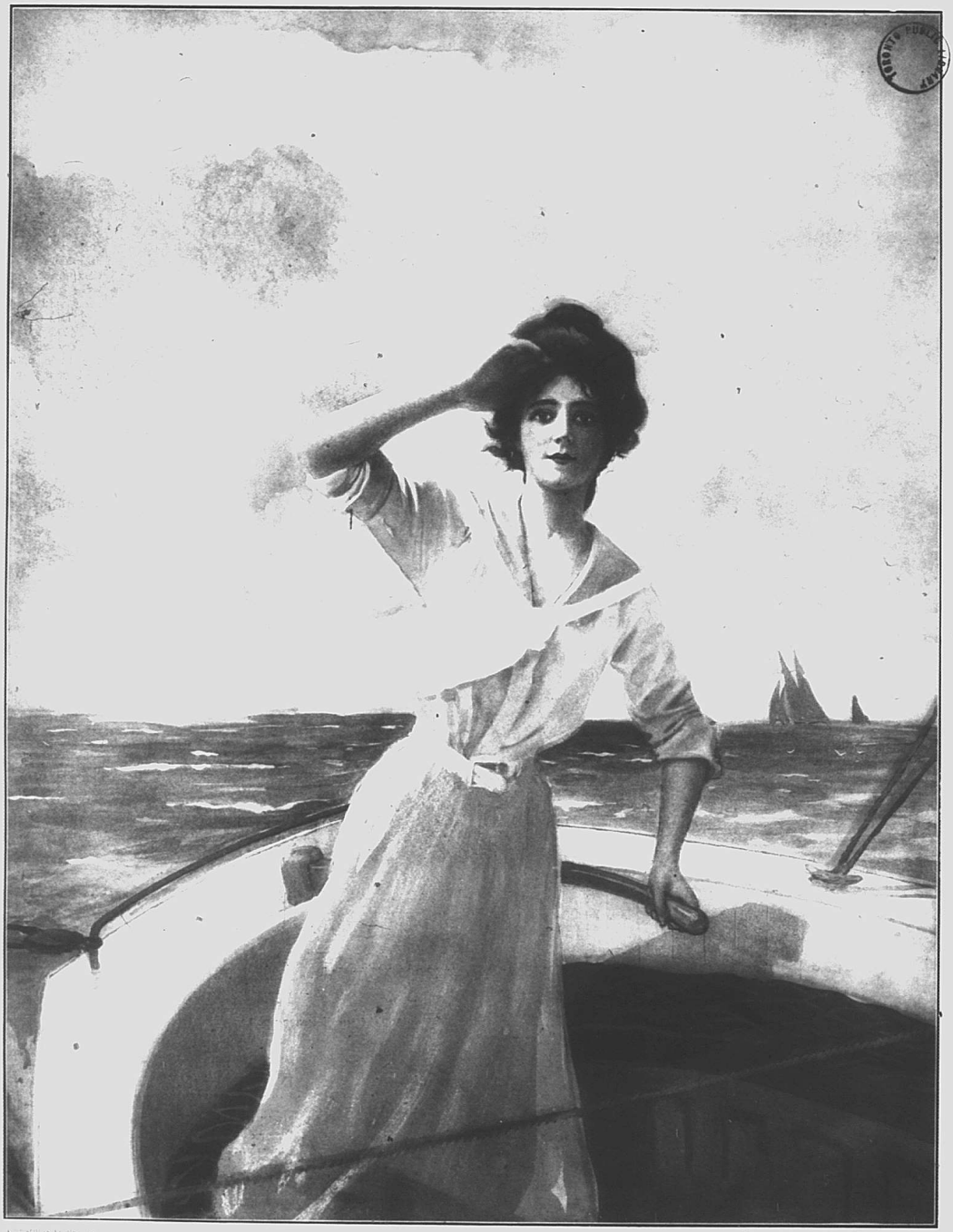


TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARIES



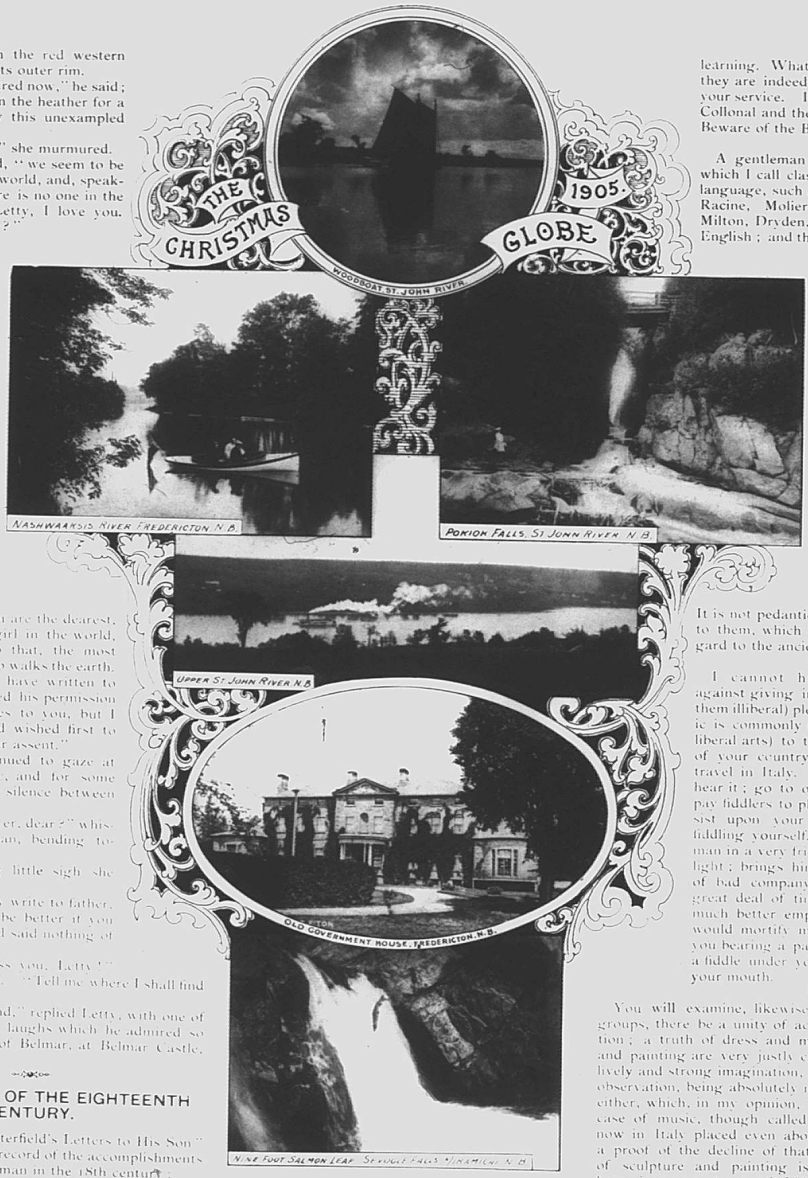
ALBERTA'S HOPE

From photo by S. W. Matteson



THE YACHT RACE

By permission of Cobban Mfg. Co., Toronto.



blue Atlantic, with the red western sun hanging over its outer rim.

"You must be tired now," he said; "let us sit down in the heather for a moment and enjoy this unexampled scene."

"It is beautiful," she murmured.

"Letty," he said, "we seem to be alone in the whole world, and, speaking for myself, there is no one in the world but you. Letty, I love you. Will you marry me?"

Now was her opportunity. Now had come the crisis she had planned for and schemed for and contrived for. The lesson was long ago prepared, and she knew it by heart. She glanced up at the young man, at his clear-cut face, which was in desperate earnest. Then she looked towards the sinking sun.

"But you know nothing of me," she said at last, a remark which was not in the lesson at all.

"I know that you are the dearest, most honest, best girl in the world, and, in addition to that, the most beautiful woman who walks the earth. Of course I should have written to your father and asked his permission to pay my addresses to you, but I was too anxious and wished first to assure myself of your assent."

Lady Letty continued to gaze at the distant Atlantic, and for some moments there was silence between them.

"Won't you answer, dear?" whispered the young man, bending towards her.

With a quivering little sigh she said:

"I think you may write to father, or perhaps it would be better if you went to see him, and said nothing of my assent."

"Oh, heaven bless you, Letty!" cried a jubilant voice. "Tell me where I shall find him."

"He is easily found," replied Letty, with one of those confiding little laughs which he admired so much; "he is Earl of Belmar, at Belmar Castle, in the Midlands."

A YOUNG MAN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

From "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to His Son" we get the following record of the accomplishments expected of a young man in the 18th century:

I here subjoin a list of all those necessary, ornamental accomplishments (without which no man living can either please, or rise in the world), which hitherto I fear you want, and which only require your care and attention to possess.

To speak elegantly, whatever language you speak in; without which nobody will hear you with pleasure, and, consequently, you will speak to very little purpose.

An agreeable and distinct elocution; without which nobody will hear you with patience; this everybody may acquire, who is not born with some imperfection in the organs of speech. You are not; and therefore it is wholly in your power. You need take much less pains for it than Demosthenes did.

A distinguished politeness of manners and address; which common sense, observation, good company, and imitation will infallibly give you, if you will accept of it.

A genteel carriage and graceful motions, with the air of a man of fashion. A good dancing master, with some care on your part, and some imitation of those who excel, will soon bring this about.

To be extremely clean in your person, and perfectly well-dressed, according to the fashion, be that what it will. Your negligence of dress, while you were a schoolboy, was pardonable, but would not be so now.

Upon the whole, take it for granted that, without these accomplishments, all you know, and all you can do, will avail you very little.

***

When you return here, I am apt to think that you will find something better to do than to run to Mr. Osborne's, at Gray's Inn, to pick up scarce books. Buy good books, and read them; the best books are the commonest, and the last editions are always the best, if the editors are not blockheads, for they may profit of the former. But take care not to understand editions and title-pages too well. It always smells of pedantry, and not always of learning. What curious books I have, they are indeed but few, shall be at your service. I have some of the Old Collonal and the Macchiavel of 1550. Beware of the Bibliomanie.

***

A gentleman should know those which I call classical works, in every language, such as Boileau, Corneille, Racine, Moliere, etc., in French; Milton, Dryden, Pope, Swift, etc., in English; and the three authors above mentioned, in Italian; whether you have any such in German I am not quite sure, nor, indeed, am I inquisitive. These sort of books adorn the mind, improve the fancy, are frequently alluded to by, and are often the subjects of, conversations of the best companies. As you have languages to read, and memory to retain them, the knowledge of them is very well worth the little pains it will cost you, to shine in company. It is not pedantic to quote and allude to them, which it would be with regard to the ancients.

***

I cannot help cautioning you against giving into those (I will call them illiberal) pleasures (though music is commonly reckoned one of the liberal arts) to the degree that most of your countrymen do when they travel in Italy. If you love music, hear it; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you; but I insist upon your neither piping nor fiddling yourself. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous, contemptible light; brings him into a great deal of bad company; and takes up a great deal of time, which might be much better employed. Few things would mortify me more than to see you bearing a part in a concert, with a fiddle under your chin or a pipe in your mouth.

***

You will examine, likewise, whether, in their groups, there be a unity of action, or proper relation; a truth of dress and manners. Sculpture and painting are very justly called liberal arts; a lively and strong imagination, together with a just observation, being absolutely necessary to excel in either, which, in my opinion, is by no means the case of music, though called a liberal art, and now in Italy placed even above the other two; a proof of the decline of that country. A taste of sculpture and painting is, in my mind, as becoming as a taste of fiddling and piping is unbecoming a man of fashion. The former is connected with history and poetry; the latter with nothing, that I know of, but bad company.

THE TIME WILL COME

When it will be a disgrace not to work when one is able.

When everybody will know that selfishness always defeats itself.

When the churches will not be closed as long as the saloons are open.

When to get rich by making others poorer will be considered a disgrace.

When the golden rule will be regarded as the soundest business philosophy.

When all true happiness will be found in doing the right, and only the good will be found to be real.

When the business man will find that his best interests will be the best interests of the man at the other end of the bargain.

When a man who seeks amusement by causing pain or taking the life of innocent dumb creatures will be considered a barbarian.

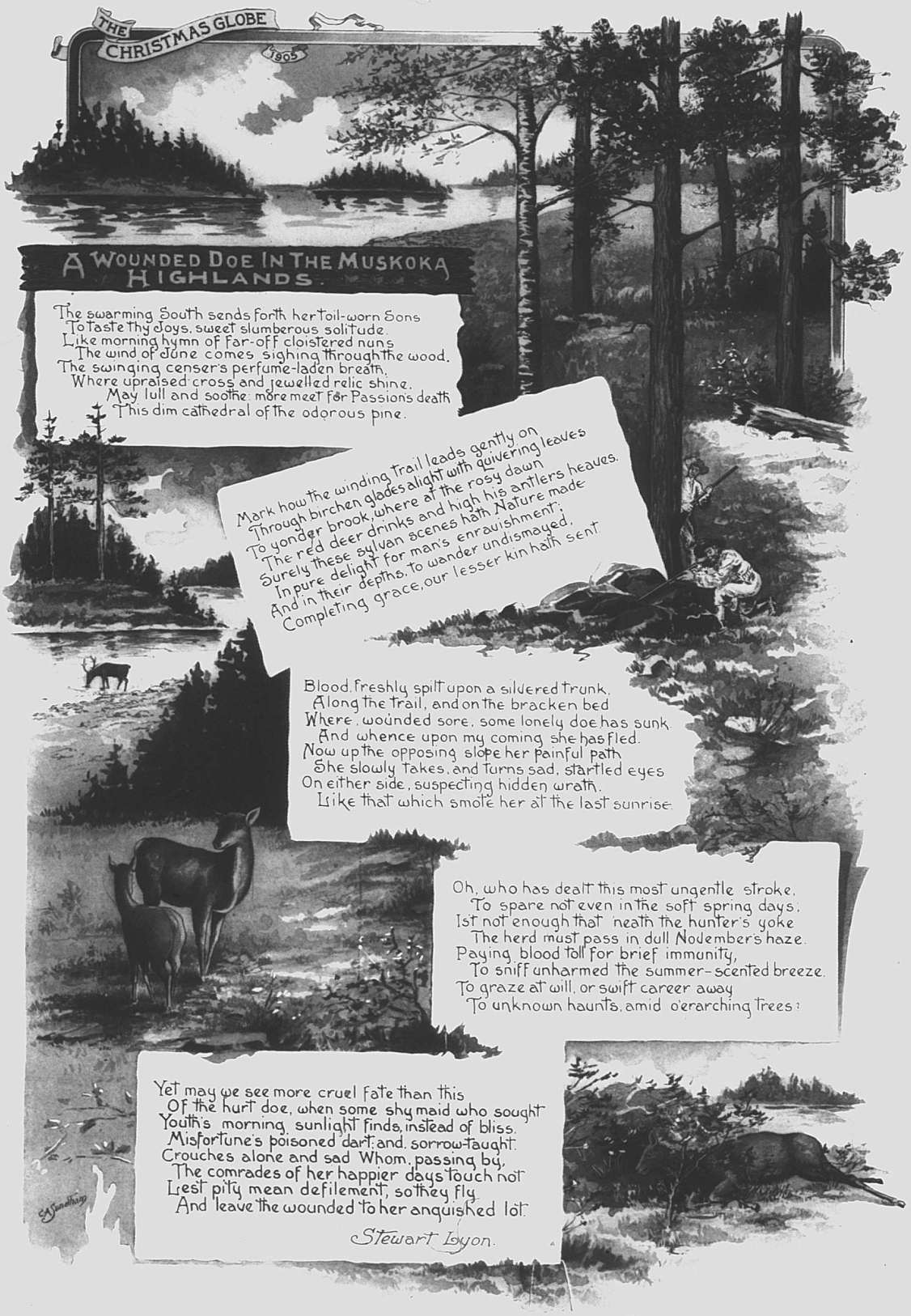
When all hatred, revenge and jealousy will be regarded as boomerangs which inflict upon the thrower the injury intended for others.

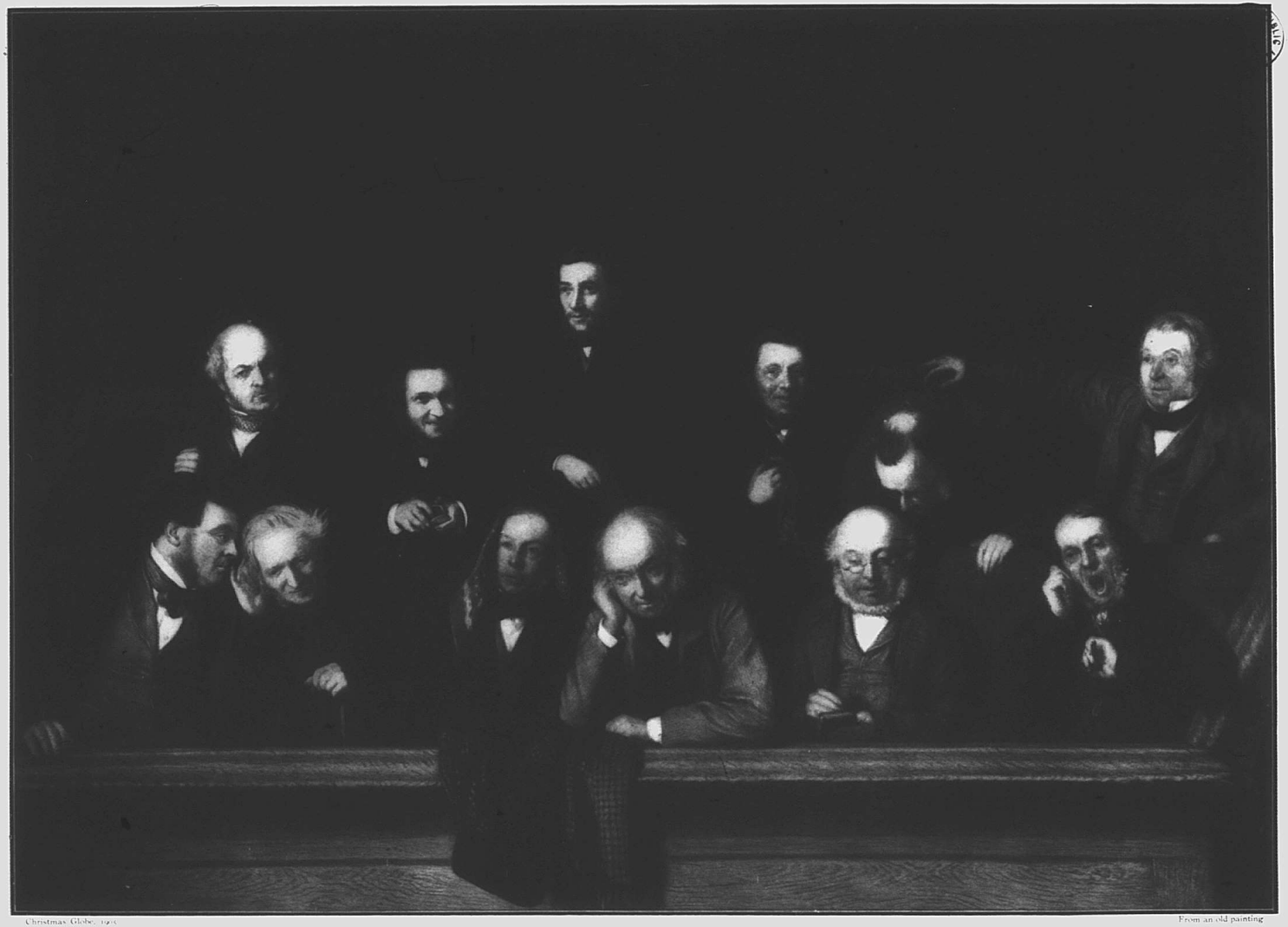
When every man will be his own physician, and will carry his own remedy with him—when mind, not medicine, will be the great panacea.

When the world will have everything to sell and nothing to give, and the price it demands will be the best service the purchaser can render the race.

When men will realize that there can be no real pleasure in wrongdoing because the sting and pain that follow more than outweigh the apparent pleasure.

When it will be found that repression and punishment are not reformative, and our prisons will be transformed into great educative and character-building institutions. —Orison Swett Marden, in Success Magazine.


THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE
1905
A WOUNDED DOE IN THE MUSKOKA HIGHLANDS.
The swarming South sends forth her toil-worn Sons
To taste thy joys, sweet slumberous solitude.
Like morning hymn of far-off cloistered nuns
The wind of June comes sighing through the wood.
The swinging censer's perfume-laden breath,
Where upraised cross and jewelled relic shine,
May lull and soothe: more meet for Passions death
This dim cathedral of the odorous pine.
Mark how the winding trail leads gently on
Through birchen glades alight with quivering leaves
To yonder brook, where at the rosy dawn
The red deer drinks and high his antlers heaves.
Surely these sylvan scenes hath Nature made
In pure delight for man's enrawishment;
And in their depths, to wander undismayed,
Completing grace, our lesser kin hath sent.
Blood, freshly spilt upon a sildered trunk,
Along the trail, and on the bracken bed
Where, wounded sore, some lonely doe has sunk.
And whence upon my coming she has fled.
Now up the opposing slope her painful path
She slowly takes, and turns sad, startled eyes
On either side, suspecting hidden wrath,
Like that which smote her at the last sunrise.
Oh, who has dealt this most ungentle stroke,
To spare not even in the soft spring days.
Ist not enough that neath the hunter's yoke
The herd must pass in dull Nodember's haze.
Paying blood toll for brief immunity,
To sniff unharmed the summer-scented breeze.
To graze at will, or swift career away
To unknown haunts, amid o'erarching trees:
Yet may we see more cruel fate than this
Of the hurt doe, when some shy maid who sought
Youth's morning sunlight finds, instead of bliss.
Misfortune's poisoned dart; and, sorrow-taught.
Crouches alone and sad Whom, passing by,
The comrades of her happier days touch not
Lest pity mean defilement, so they fly
And leave the wounded to her anguished lot.
Stewart Lyon.



Christmas Globe, 1906

From an old painting

THE JURY--"TWELVE GOOD MEN AND TRUE"

The Christmas Globe - 1905



A School of To-day



W. H. SHAW

Practical Courses

Bookkeeping taught as it is done. Every student has his own loose-leaf ledger, his own material for bill and charge card and ledgerette [illegible] systems.

Stenographers taught [illegible] Shorthand and Typewriting, but the full duty of [illegible] amanuensis—Filing, Copying, Mimeographing and Duplicating.

Telegraphy taught by a despatcher of eighteen years' experience, and a commercial operator of eight years' experience.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

Complete Courses

The only school in Canada that can carry a student from the elements of bookkeeping to the degree of C. A. (chartered accountant). Last examination [illegible] out of the thirteen who [illegible] the degree of C. A. from the Institute of Chartered Accountants were students of our school. We also trained 30 out of the 45 who got the Intermediate Certificate. All courses are alike—the highest standard is the only limit to our work. WRITE FOR MAIL COURSE CATALOGUE.

The Central Business College of Toronto

W. H. SHAW, President. P. McINTOSH, Vice President.
A. F. SPROTT, Secretary-Treasurer.



FACTORY OF THE FRONTENAC CEREAL COMPANY, LIMITED, KINGSTON, ONT., THE HOME OF

ORANGE MEAT

Canada's National Cereal.

Made from the finest Manitoba No. 1 Hard Wheat, and containing all the nutriment of the grain. For sale at all grocers throughout Canada.

The Frontenac Cereal Co., Limited, Kingston, Ont.



The New Building of the Traders' Bank of Canada,

CORNER YONGE AND COLBORNE STREETS, TORONTO,

The Highest Commercial Building in the British Empire.

FACTS THAT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

Date.	Capital Paid Up.	Rest.	Deposits.	Circulation.	Dividend.
1895	$ 608,400	$ 85,000	$ 3,681,000	$ 600,300	6%
1900	1,000,000	150,000	6,528,000	987,000	6%
1905	3,000,000	1,100,000	17,466,000	2,652,000	7%

56 Branches in Ontario and One in Winnipeg.

CHAS. D. WARREN, President. H. S. STRATHY, General Manager.
J. A. M. ALLEY, Inspector.

Imperial Bank of Canada

HEAD OFFICE TORONTO

CAPITAL PAID-UP - - - $3,700,000
RESERVE FUND - - - - $3,700,000

DIRECTORS

T. R. MERRITT, President. D. R. WILKIE, Vice-President.
WM. RAMSAY ROBT JAFFRAY ELIAS ROGERS
WM HENDRIE J KERR OSBORNE CHARLES COCKSHUTT

Branches in Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan.

A General Banking Business Transacted

Savings Bank Department

Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates from date of opening of account.

D. R. WILKIE, General Manager.





WALTER THOMSON & SON LIMITED

MANUFACTURERS OF

ROLLED OATS

"MAPLE LEAF" BRAND REGISTERED

SPLIT PEAS

POT BARLEY

HEAD OFFICE LONDON

CABLE ADDRESS WARTHOM

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED
DOMESTIC - TRADE - EXPORT

MILLS AT MITCHELL, LONDON AND SEAFORTH CANADA





INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS

MEMBERSHIP 1881 369.

MEMBERSHIP 1905 235,000

6000 COURTS OPERATING IN CANADA UNITED STATES GREAT BRITAIN IRELAND NORWAY DENMARK AUSTRALIA INDIA

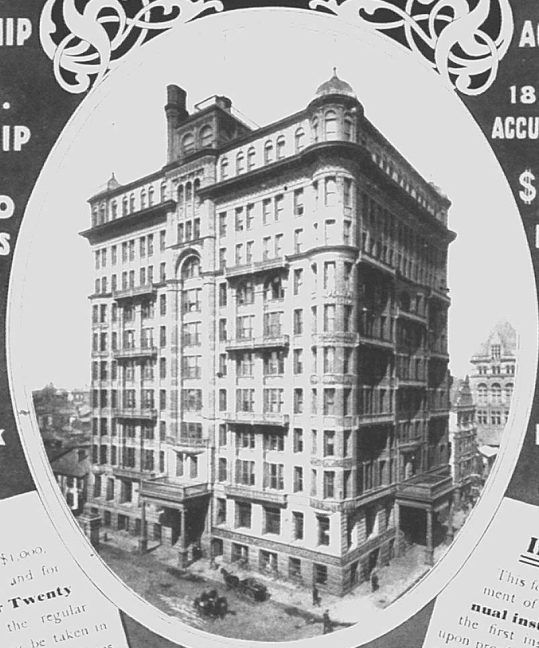
ACCUMULATED FUNDS 1881 – $3.88

ACCUMULATED FUNDS 1905. $9.500.000.

BENEFITS PAID SINCE ESTABLISHMENT $19.000.000.

BENEFITS PAID DURING 1904. $2.145.000.

BENEFITS PAID DAILY $7000.00



TEMPLE BUILDING
HEAD OFFICE OF THE I.O.F.
TORONTO.

Term Insurance

Is now offered in amounts of $500, $1,000, $2,000, $3,000, $4,000 or $5,000, and for terms of **Five, Ten, Fifteen or Twenty Years,** at rates much below the regular policies. This form of policy may be taken in connection with the regular Whole Life Policies or the Instalment Whole Life Policies, or both, but not more than $5,000 insurance will be undertaken on any life.

Instalment Insurance

This form of policy provides for the payment of the insurance in **ten equal annual instalments** instead of a lump sum, the first instalment to be paid immediately upon proof of death. These policies are issued on the Whole Life Plan, but at slightly lower rates of premium than the regular Whole Life Policies; they may be had for $500, $1,000 $2,000, $3,000, $4,000 or $5,000.

THE ORDER EXISTS FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE WIVES THE CHILDREN AND THE HOMES OF FORESTERS

SEND TO THE HEAD OFFICE TEMPLE BUILDING TORONTO. FOR CIRCULARS GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF PLANS AND RATES.

HON. DR. ORONHYATEKHA, S.C.R. LT. COL. JOHN A. McGILLIVRAY, S.S.



NEW SCALE
Williams Pianos
OSHAWA, CANADA.
HIGHEST AWARDS
The Premier Piano used by the PREMIERS OF CANADA, the ROYAL HOUSEHOLD of GREAT BRITAIN and 25,000 homes of the world. CATALOGUE FREE.



TELEPHONE MAIN 1226

ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

MURRAY PRINTING Co

PRINTERS AND BOOKMAKERS

11 & 13 JORDAN ST TORONTO.

This Edition of THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE, was PRINTED by Us.

SAVINGS

INTEREST

on an account, no matter what size, should be considered.

Our Rate is $3\frac{1}{2}\%$

on the daily balance system, which nets the depositor more than any other.

CENTRAL CANADA
LOAN & SAVINGS COY.
26 KING ST. E., TORONTO.

The National Electrotype and Stereotype Co., Ltd.
32-34 ADELAIDE ST. W., TORONTO | TRAYTON BLABER, MANAGER.
PLATES FOR ALL PRINTING PURPOSES. First-class work guaranteed. Estimates given. We make interchangeable plates in electrotype and stereotype for patent bases. We make NICKELTYPES for half-tone and 3 color work.

British America Assurance Co.

INCORPORATED 1833.

Head Office: - Toronto

FIRE AND MARINE

Capital	$ 850,000 00
Assets	2,043,673 59
Losses Paid since incorporation	25,868,541 80

DIRECTORS: Hon. Geo. A. Cox, President; J. J. Kenny, Vice-President; Hon. S. C. Wood, E. W. Cox, Thos. Long, John Hoskin, K.C., LL.D., Robert Jaffray, Augustus Myers, Lieut.-Col. H. M. Pellatt.
P. H. SIMS, Secretary.



THE STANDARD FUEL COMPANY
OF TORONTO, LIMITED.
GENERAL OFFICES:
56-58 KING STREET EAST.
NOEL MARSHALL, Pres. & Gen. Mgr
K. R. MARSHALL, Vice-Pres.
J. A. CLOVER, Sec.-Treas.

AWARDED GOLD MEDAL PARIS 1900.
NEWCOMBE PIANOS
ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC
FACTORY TORONTO



EPILEPTIC FITS
TRENCH'S REMEDY
an undoubted cure, has almost wrought miracles. Don't fail to send for pamphlet containing full particulars and testimonials, post free on application to W. STINSON, 60 GWYNNE AVENUE, TORONTO, CANADA, sole representative for sale of the remedy in Canada and the United States. Proprietors, TRENCH'S REMEDIES, LIMITED, Laboratory, 11 South Frederick Street, Dublin, Ireland. United States orders filled from Lewiston, N.Y.

O.A.C.
SHORT COURSES IN JANUARY 1906

Butter-making	3 months
Cheese-making	3 months
Poultry Raising	4 weeks
Stock Judging	2 weeks
Grain Judging	2 weeks

WRITE FOR SPECIAL CIRCULAR.
G. C. CREELMAN, President,
Ontario Agricultural College,
GUELPH, CAN.

ESTABLISHED 1837
WM. BARBER & BROS.
PAPER MAKERS
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
JOHN R. BARBER Proprietor
GEO. E. CHALLES, SELLING AGENT, Mail Bldg TORONTO

MANUFACTURERS OF
MACHINE-FINISHED BOOK PAPERS.
WOVE AND LAID OR ANTIQUE SMOOTH FINISH.
COLORED COVERS In every standard color and grade carried in stock or made to order in one thousand pound lots. POSTERS in FIVE COLORS
WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF PAPER FOR CATALOGUES, SOCIETY JOURNALS, RELIGIOUS WEEKLIES AND LITHO LABELS

W. H. STOREY & SON.
LIMITED



ESTABLISHED 1868.
MANUFACTURERS OF
GLOVES, MITTS
MOCCASINS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION OF STYLE AND MATERIAL.
TELEPHONE CONNECTION
Acton, Ont.



WEDDING CAKES A SPECIALTY.

Coles 7 & 9 Yonge Street, Toronto

Catering Par Excellence. Out-of-Town Orders Solicited.

Long Distance 'Phones: - - North 2004--2005

MONUMENTS

For Latest Designs and High-Class Work in . . .

CEMETERY MEMORIALS

CALL OR WRITE TO

McINTOSH-GULLETT COMPANY, LIMITED,

1119 Yonge St., Toronto



WATER HEATERS

For heating a kitchen boiler or from one to ten radiators. They fit any furnace.



Capacities range from 100 to 3,000 ft. of one-inch pipe.

GET OUR CIRCULAR

R. BIGLEY, - TORONTO

Manufacturers of Hot Water Boilers, Heaters and Hot Air Furnaces

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

AND ONTARIO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC & ART, WHITBY, ONT., CAN.

Palatial buildings, beautiful grounds and the highest educational advantages. Send for calendar to

REV. J. J. HARE, Ph.D., PRINCIPAL.

THE AULT & WIBORG CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED

99-101 Queen St. E. Toronto, Ont.

MANUFACTURERS OF

TYPEWRITER RIBBONS & CARBON PAPER

ALL KINDS AND ALL SIZES.

MILLAR'S ROYAL PARAGON CHEESE



THE ORIGINAL CANADIAN CHEESE IN JARS



MANUFACTURED BY

INGERSOLL PACKING COMPANY

PORK PACKERS & CHEESE EXPORTERS.

INGERSOLL CANADA.

PURE NUTRITIOUS UNIFORM IN COLOR AND FLAVOR

A&W

HERE IS HEALTH TO YOU



Through the Dr. Amsden Method and System of Manual Adjustment. The latest and most successful method of treating Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Nervous, Female and other diseases. All sick persons should investigate this novel and unique system, and call or write for proofs of the wonderful cures. Pack your trunk and start for Toronto today. I will cure you or refund your money.

DR. C. WOLFE AMSDEN

25 Charles St., Toronto

PROCURED IN ALL COUNTRIES.

LONG EXPERIENCE IN PATENT LITIGATION.

SEND FOR HANDBOOK

PATENTS PHONE MAIN 2582

RIDOUT & MAYBEE,

103 Bay Street, TORONTO, CAN.

CANADIAN SHIPBUILDING COMPANY LIMITED



STEEL TWIN SCREW PASSENGER STEAMER BUILDING FOR THE NIAGARA NAVIGATION COMPANY.

DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS OF

Steel Ships

OF EVERY TYPE.

HEAD OFFICE

Union Bank Building.

TORONTO, ONT.

ESTIMATES ON APPLICATION

Fast Passenger Steamers Propelled by Curtis Steam Turbines with Guaranteed Economy.

The Ontario Accident Insurance Company

HEAD OFFICE TORONTO.

CAPITAL

Authorized	$500,000.00
Subscribed	140,050.00
Paid up in Cash	50,070.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds, 1904	65,900.00
Premium Income, 1904	253,837.57
Claims Paid, 1904	116,751.78
Deposit with Dominion Government	42,242.00

CLAIMS PAID IN 1905

(Eleven months transactions)

$102,000.00

Distributed Amongst 2,000 Beneficiaries.

PLANS OPERATED Personal Accident; General Accident and Health; Sickness of all Kinds; Employers' Liability; General Liability; Contingent Liability; Vessel Liability; Teams Liability; Elevator Liability; Theatre Liability; Automobile Liability; Workmen's Collective and Damage to Personal Property

PRESIDENT AND MANAGING DIRECTOR—ARTHUR L. EASTMURE.

VICE-PRESIDENT—W. H. PEARSON. SECRETARY—FRANCIS J. LIGHTBOURN

The Company's transactions during 1905 show a substantial gain in all departments

A CANADIAN GIRL'S

CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE



BY LALLY BERNARD



DRAWINGS BY J. S. GORDON

LONDON had been enveloped in fogs for days past, and visitors who were due at country houses for Christmas "house parties" were wondering how they were ever to find their way to the various railway stations. Traffic was almost at a standstill, and caterers were in despair at the non-arrival of the goods train with their cargoes of provisions for the holiday time. It was a veritable plague of darkness which hovered over the great metropolis, and the electric lights which burned night and day were more like pallid specks than aught else in the cold gloom and discomfort. At Victoria Station a tall, slim strip of a girl stood by a truck, upon which was piled a modest amount of luggage, in charge of a stalwart porter, who was not reassuring in his prognostications as to the likelihood of the train reaching its destination in "anything like decent time," as he expressed it. But the tall girl appeared in no way discomforted at his lugubrious prophecies. Auria Dachet was a Canadian, who had travelled across the Atlantic under the care of the captain of the ship, and she had encountered several gentlemen among the passengers who appeared only too eager to share the responsibility with the gallant old sailor. Of course, she was pretty distractingly pretty or some of the incidents on which this story is based would hardly have occurred. At home Miss Auria was known as "the rogue," a sobriquet bestowed upon her by a devoted "godpardy." When permitted to have a first glimpse of his god-daughter, enveloped in folds of soft flannel, embroidered with wondrous silken design and scented with orris root sachets, she had opened one eye, gazed with fixed yet fleeting glance at the face above her, and quickly grasped in her scrawny little fingers the fore-finger of "pardy," who, with rapturous chuckles, exclaimed, "The rogue! the rogue!" And, figuratively speaking, that grasp had never been loosened, for it was owing to the generosity of "godpardy" that Miss Auria Dachet, at the age of eighteen, found herself paying her first visit to her father's relatives in the motherland. A distant "cousin of sorts," as Miss Auria described her, had welcomed and entertained this young Canadian in London, and an old friend of the family had bidden her join a festive party in a distant country place for Christmas. So with many injunctions from the "cousin of sorts," who was confined to her room with bronchitis, Miss Auria started forth to spend her first Christmas in England. Auria Dachet was of a type which could not be accounted for by ancestry. She was one of those provoking "mezzo-brunettes," as she called herself, who could wear, with equal effect, either pink or blue. Her brothers declared that her eyes were too big for the piquant little face, and that she looked like a young owl, but other people's brothers differed from the young Dachets on this subject. The onyx-colored orbs of the "rogue" were gifted with conversational powers of a fascinating description. Long dark lashes, which curled back from both upper and under lid, gave the owner a look of innocent surprise and childlike appeal, which stood her in good stead from the time she wriggled across the hearthrug at tea time like a non-amphibious pollywog.

The porter's prophecy was fully verified. Auria had looked forward to a three-hours' journey, but found it lengthened to five, for an hour or more was spent in literally crawling out from the suburbs of London. There were constant stoppages, with endless signalling, and the perpetual exploding of fog signals, while nothing could be seen from the windows but ghostly outlines of chimneys, trees and houses. Now and then the phantom world would come nearer, and then again recede into distance, swallowed up in swift-rolling clouds of fog. Tired of reading by the dim light from the lamp, with its thick crystal guard, Auria began to speculate upon the experiences which might be before her. She knew absolutely nothing of the people to whom she was going, beyond the fact that in early days "daddy" and "godpardy" had been intimate friends of both the host and hostess whom she expected to greet her. The letter of invitation had been rather formal in tone, but spoke of a party of young people gathered at Hatherdeane for Christmas. Auria had a dim idea that there were sons, one or two of whom were married, and settled in distant lands. The Woodhurst family was evidently in good circumstances, for the letter had told her that a motor car would be at the station to meet her. The other occupants of the carriage indulged in conversation from time to time, chiefly retailing their experiences during the great fog, and speculating as to their chance of making connections at certain junctions. There were many fears as to the safety of their "boxes," for so demoralized was the traffic that two or three of the women passengers had sent their luggage on days ahead. This led Miss Auria to try and imagine what the contents of those boxes might be like, and to wonder if her own purchases in London during her three weeks' stay in the great city had been suitable. The "cousin of sorts" had mildly expostulated with her young kinswoman concerning her extravagance, and Auria, while apparently grateful for her advice, had secretly thanked heaven that the state of her bronchial tubes and the condition of the weather had prevented this relative from superintending the buying of the outfit, for which "daddy" and "godpardy" had made more than liberal allowance; for she had come to London armed with addresses of fashionable milliners and dressmakers, procured from one of the Government House circle in Ottawa, whose clothes were always the envy and admiration of this young Canadian, and as "godpardy" had declared that this was to be the "time of her life," Miss Auria had spared neither money nor trouble to procure for herself an outfit which many a Peer's daughter would have envied.

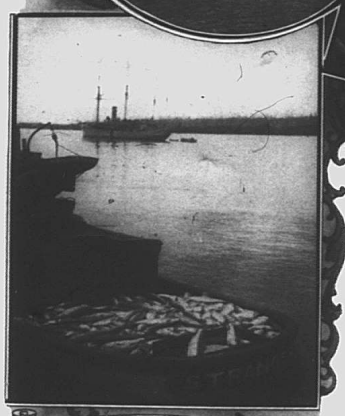


"And carried her swiftly up the steps."

The longest day must have an end, and two hours after the usual time the train pulled up at a small station, and Auria found herself deposited in the midst of the brand-new pressed cane boxes she had bought at the Army and Navy stores to replace her enormous "Saratoga," which had proved a hopeless "white elephant" in the land of motor cars and houses of many and steep stairways. Several smart traps and a sprinkling of motor cars awaited the arrival of the many passengers who alighted at this point, for the district about Hatherdeane was noted for its beautiful country estates. A man dressed as a chauffeur and wearing huge goggles approached her the instant she had sorted out her boxes from the pile of luggage on the platform no easy task, for she had forgotten to label them with her name and address. For a moment the young Canadian felt confused, for it was impossible to determine whether this was a professional chauffeur or the owner of the handsome machine drawn up on the other side of the station. However, the man touched his cap, and asked, as he approached her, "Are these your traps, miss?" "Yes," said Auria, peering through the gloom of the foggy winter evening. Nothing more was said. She was ushered through the wickets, and the porters bore her boxes to the motor, where they were quickly stowed away in unlooked-for spaces which the chauffeur brought to light by the shifting of seats, etc., and within a minute or two Auria found herself speeding through the gloom to her destination, speeding so swiftly that they soon passed another motor, whose sole passenger was a woman, muffled like herself in warm furs, and wearing a motoring veil, which half-shrouded her face. Auria congratulated herself upon her forethought in wearing what was a suitable and eminently becoming garb for this latter portion of her journey, and the novelty of the experience brought a pretty flush to the cheeks surrounded by a tightly-swathed grey chiffon veil. Accustomed to tobogganing in her native land, the speed at which they went did not terrify her, although the increasing darkness and the flare from the great head-lamps, the weird shadows which flashed past, might have upset a less healthy nervous system. But it was lonely, and she began to wish that Mr. Woodhurst had come to meet her; she felt this would have somewhat eased the strain of breaking into the midst of a group of utter strangers. Moreover, to tell the truth, Miss Auria had done a very foolish thing before leaving London. She had purchased in a well-known Bond street shop a pair of the smartest brown boots, which were just on the tight side, and had heels much higher than good sense would warrant; and now "the rogue" began to repent of her vanity in wearing



GLIMPSES on the BRITISH COLUMBIA COAST



A massive gateway, and passed up a long avenue which wound through an immense park. Swift as was the pace at which they went, this drive seemed of interminable length to the young Canadian, who was now suffering acutely, and who kept wondering how long it would be before she could get to her bedroom and discard the torturing pressure of those brown boots. So poignant had her distress become that when she found they were slowing up before a massive pile of ivy-colored building there were tears in her eyes, and the color had faded from her cheeks. Almost before the car stopped, the great doors at the top of an immense flight of stone steps were thrown open by a man in livery, who ran lightly down, followed by two other servants, and the chauffeur sprang out and opened the door at the back of the car, to allow her to descend.

To this day Auria will never know how it happened whether the tears which dimmed her eyes made her miss her footing, or whether she was really crippled with those historic tan boots; but she made a hasty move forward, missed the step, and fell in a heap at the feet of the chauffeur, her ankle doubling under her as she pitched out of the motor. Hands were instantly held out to raise her, but she made one effort, and then sank back, with a groan. "Oh, my ankle has twisted!" There was a murmur of concern from the men. The stalwart chauffeur, without a word, lifted her in his arms, as if she were a mere featherweight, instead of a good solid armful, and carried her swiftly up the steps, calling out some directions about the luggage as he went; and even in the midst of her confusion and pain Auria noticed that the response that came was "Yessir."

There was little time for first impressions. The chauffeur and his burden entered the great hall, divided by an immense screen of tapestry, and in another moment they were in the midst of a large party, who were engaged in demolishing all sorts of tempting eatables set out on an immense round table, where the tea-urn sang merrily over a spirit lamp. There was a blaze of light from the huge wood fire which burned in the great fireplace, with its massive stone hood rising in majestic proportions to the rafters. Shaded electric lights shed a chastened and subdued glow over perfect banks of flowering plants and blossoms; there was an odor of burning peat mingled with the perfume of roses and lilies. But the figures grouped about the table appeared for a moment to Auria to faint and flicker and dissolve, as the scenery had done during the day. Exclamations were heard on all sides, and in another moment Auria felt herself laid upon a great sofa, amidst a pile of cushions and soft rugs. A tall woman, with grey hair and an exceedingly pretty face, was bending over her, pouring out questions and regrets, and upbraiding "Tom" for having "let the dear girl meet with an accident." Meanwhile, our heroine was murmuring incoherent apologies for having been so stupid, and "Tom" quietly handed his chauffeur's "get-up" to a footman who came forward, and, amidst the clamor and clatter of many tongues, at last managed to make himself heard, while Auria stammered: "It was not his fault; I twisted my ankle getting out, and he kindly carried me up the steps."

A man with a short, pointed, grey beard, and crisp, curling, grey hair came rapidly into the room, wearing his riding "togs," advanced to the sofa on which Auria was lying, with her hostess kneeling beside her, patted her shoulder, and assured her that she must not think it mattered; then, turning aside, he added in a cheery voice: "What is this I hear, Tom, you wretch? Can't you drive a motor, after all your experience? But you are very welcome, my dear, no matter how you arrive."

Auria raised those onyx eyes, with their double fringe of thick lashes, that looked even darker than usual against the pallor of her face, and under the film of unshed tears. She made a very pretty picture, with the dishevelled mass of grey gauze framing her face, and the soft depths of her fur coat-collar showing up the delicate tints and contour of head. The cleft in the rounded chin and the curve of the white neck were seen to full advantage as she sank further into the rose-colored damask pillow some one had put beneath her head. From the group of people about her sofa there came something like a gasp of astonishment as the firelight revealed the pretty picture to them.

Tom meanwhile stood looking grimly on in the background. "Is no one going to give her something to buck her up?" he growled; and in another moment Auria found herself forced to swallow a tiny glass of brandy liqueur, while one of the ladies of the party insisted on holding an immense crystal flagon of smelling salts to the tip of the bepowdered little nose, which exactly matched the pallor of her face on this occasion. "Gad, a beauty!" murmured he of the silver locks. "And the wretch never told us!"

The excitement subsided when it was found that this was not the result of a motor accident, and Auria, with the pathetic frankness which so characterized her, explained: "It was all the fault of those horrid new boots; I was an idiot to wear them." "She's a plucky one," said one of the men in a low tone. "I never knew a woman who had the courage to admit that her boots were tight before."

Meanwhile her hostess had been consulting with one of the ladies of the party, and, still holding Auria's hand affectionately in hers, said, "Now, my dear, we must have that ankle looked at; there is a trained masseuse in the house who will tell us if the doctor is wanted. We must lose no time or you may have a bad time of it, so we must get you upstairs at once."

"Oh, I am certain I could get up all right if I had a stick or something to help me," said Auria, and, to her confusion, this remark brought forth a peal of laughter from her jocular, cheery host, "I say, Tom, either you or a stick will be sufficient to get the invalid upstairs."

Auria managed to get a look at Tom's face. He was stolidly munching away at a muffin, and seemed not a whit disconcerted at this sally, which brought forth a shout of laughter from the people grouped about the tea table.

A tall, dark-eyed woman who had kept quietly in the distance, seeing that Auria was hardly tuned to the "key" of this festive gathering, came forward and said quietly, "Why not try one of the small chairs, and let two people carry you up to your room?" Auria gave her a grateful glance, but the grey-haired host insisted that it was his turn. Then in the midst of the badinage Tom seized hold of a light chair with a gilded back, and bade the host cease his ever-



"When she descended the great stairway, assisted by the attentive maid."

lasting chaff. In another minute or two she found herself deposited in a charming bedroom, hung with flowered chintz and furnished with old mahogany.

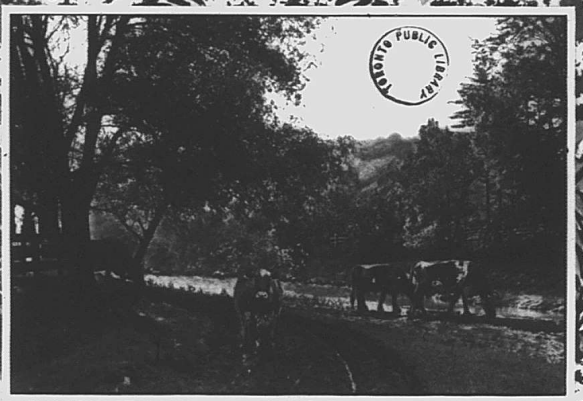
A bright fire blazed in the grate, and the huge sofa at the foot of the bed looked inviting, with its masses of gigantic pillows, in their frilled muslin covers. The sturdy little Swede, whose daily task was to keep "Madame's" figure from showing the signs of advancing years, was already waiting, and was soon at work with the damaged ankle, and Auria gave a great sigh of relief as she saw the tan boots from afar, and felt the deft hands investigating "de trouble," as Fraulein Thekla called it. "Would the young lady be prepared to have the ankle massaged until 'de trouble' was gone? It would mean much pain for a short time, but she had seen hundreds of such sprains cured in an hour when the Corps de Ballet were practising in Paris."

"Yes, anything you like, only get it over, so that my visit is not spoiled," said Auria, who little knew what was before her, and for nearly an hour that indefatigable little woman worked, until she was bathed in perspiration, and Auria was nearly fainting with the pain of the treatment, which happily proved as successful as it was heroic. "It do hurt verra, verra much." "Yes," assented Auria, through clenched teeth. But at last the ordeal was past and she stood it like a Trojan. The little masseuse was delighted with the results, and promised that Auria should be able to descend to the dining-room for dinner, which was at 9 o'clock. She was loud in her praises of the way in which her patient had borne the pain. "De ballet girls, dey would shout wid de pain, but mademoiselle had de great courage."

There was a good hour left for a quiet rest, and yet another maid came in and arranged all the pretty frocks, which Auria contemplated with great delight as they emerged from the folds of tissue paper in which they were packed. There was ample time to take a survey of her surroundings, and to her surprise she saw on the dressing table a large photograph of a handsome man, set in a heavy silver frame. On the mantelpiece were other photographs of the same individual, some taken in early boyhood and others again in uniform, while one was in the khaki uniform worn by the South African Constabulary. It had evidently been the bedroom of a member of the family, was Auria's secret comment, and these were the photographs of some brother or lover of one of the daughters. It was very awkward not having been introduced to the guests, for she had no idea "who was who," and longed to ask the maid, who told Auria that her mistress wished every aid to be given her in getting dressed for dinner. Auria did elicit the information that there was to be quite a large dinner party, and so decided to wear what she considered her best dinner frock, one of those marvels of costly simplicity which Liberty in Regent street designates as "picture gowns." And certainly Auria, when she arrayed herself in this lovely clinging robe of soft blue crepe, with its trimming of antique embroidery, felt that she was entitled to some little share of admiration. When she descended the great stairway, assisted by the attentive maid, she found her host waiting at the lowest step to take her into the room where the guests were already assembled. "I thought you would like me to come for you," he said, "as I ought to have done to-day, had not my duties as a J. P. called me in the other direction." Auria felt very grateful for the kindly pressure of his arm, and the look of admiration which he vouchsafed to bestow upon her. "What a pretty frock!" was his comment, while his eyes said "What a pretty girl!" It was a wonderful room which they entered. All in a blaze of light, and everywhere gleams of gilt mouldings against a background of delicately colored tapestry. The house party were all assembled, and the guests from the neighboring estates were evidently quite interested in this late arrival, who had caused such a commotion by her novel mode of entering the great hall.

"Here she is," chuckled her companion. "Lady Silvester's maid says she is a perfect heroine. Now, we must not wait dinner any longer, and I am going to take you in. I know you will forgive my giving my little daughter the post of honor," he continued, turning to a tall, kindly-faced matron, who smiling assented.




TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY



Where plenty abounds

"Why on earth should he call me his little daughter?" thought Auria, but was quite content to be adopted by such a delightful foster-father. She found herself seated at a round table, one of three, in an enormous room, which was more like a banqueting hall than a dining-room. Gold plate adorned an immense buffet at the far end, powdered footmen in gorgeous livery passed quietly to and fro, and on every side there were evidences of immense wealth and prodigious expenditure. Auria was content to feast her eyes on the scene before her, and paid but little attention to her immediate neighbors. That she and her affairs were the theme of conversation was very apparent by the lowered tones and the glances sent in her direction.

"You are very quiet," said the man to her left, who was evidently not staying in the house, and who had been introduced to her, in one of those inarticulate murmurs which so often are made to serve as "ice-breakers."

"I am bewildered," Auria replied. "It has all been so strange. I feel as if I was living in a dream."

He smiled encouragingly. "I suppose it is a bit trying to be flung into the midst of such a rollicking lot like that."

"Will you tell me who everybody is?" asked Auria, and her companion forthwith began to unroll something uncommonly like a "chronique scandeuse," which was exceedingly amusing, and Auria's eyes opened wider and wider as she heard name after name made familiar to her by the perusal of many society columns. Her host contented himself with patting her hand affectionately from time to time, and seeing that she did not starve herself, while from a distant table her hostess sent a message to her that she must drink the health of "absent ones." It was nearly 11 o'clock when, at a signal from the other table, the ladies rose to leave the room. Auria noticed, with some disquietude, that she was to have the escort before provided, and this meant that she was again the centre of observation. All through dinner her host kept up a veritable fire of chaff, chiefly directed towards "Tom," who was seated at one of the other tables, and, try as she might, she did feel a little "out of it," but being quick and adaptable soon managed to hold her own in the universal chorus of badinage and fun.

The next hour or so seemed like a dream to Auria. When the group of ladies gathered about her chair in the drawing-room her hostess said: "Now, we must have a little quiet chat, my dear. I want you to tell me all about Dick." So Auria was carried off to a quieter corner, and no one was more willing to hold forth on the merits of her beloved "godpardy" than this young woman. "He came down to the ship to see me off," she said, "for daddy could not get away, and sent so many messages that I told him I was afraid the ship might be swamped."

"The dear!" murmured her companion.

At this moment the gentlemen came strolling into the drawing-room, and there was a general move, and all thought of a further confidential chat was at an end. A tall man went up to Auria and beamed down at her as she sat in a comfortable arm chair. "So you have only been in the country for a few weeks?" he said. "We were all very anxious to see you. Dick was never very much in the letter writing line, but he did manage to whet our curiosity."

"Dear old godpardy" had evidently been writing nonsense about his "rogue," Auria concluded. "I did make a sensation when I got here, didn't I?" she asked. "How they will laugh when I write and tell them of the way I was deposited on that sofa."

"As usual, Tom bowled you over at first sight, and that in spite of his goggles." At that moment "Tom" appeared on the scene to suggest that Auria should join a bridge table which was just being arranged.

"I can't play for money, for I have none to play with," said the girl, looking fearlessly up at the face above her. "Tom" stared, hesitated, and then said, "Well, let me attend to that part of your game."

Auria flushed angrily. "I could not dream of such a thing, and I never play for money; neither daddy nor godfather like women gambling, and I promised them I wouldn't."

"Whew! Dick must have turned over a new leaf since I knew him,"

"But you can't have known him. He must have left England when you were a small boy. Why, he has been in Canada for years and years—nearly thirty, I think."

"Tom" puckered his eyebrows. "Canada!" he said. "Canada! Why, what—on earth do you mean? Dick is younger than I am, and has been in South Africa for three years."

Like a flash of lightning the whole situation unfolded itself to Auria. She rose, steadying herself with difficulty, and her voice grew loud and shrill with dismay.

"Why," she cried, "where am I? Isn't this Hatherdeane, and aren't you the Woodhursts?" Lady Medhurst and her husband turned at the sound of the girlish treble and came rapidly forward. "Why, what on earth does it mean? Are you not Edith Villiers, from South Africa, my son's fiancee?"

"No," faltered Auria. "I am only a Canadian girl, Auria Dachet, and I thought I was at Hatherdeane with the Woodhursts—old friends of my father and godfather."

Then ensued consternation and amazement on every side. The scattered groups broke up and moved towards the spot where the four people were gazing at each other in wide-eyed astonishment. The agitated girl never looked prettier in her life than when she thus stood trembling with excitement, the color coming and going in her cheeks, and her eyes fairly sparkling with amazement. Withal there was a certain helpless pathos in her attitude and expression as she sank back, exclaiming, "Now I see it; the motor with the other girl went to Hatherdeane."

For a long moment there was absolute silence, and then "Tom," the stolid, Honorable Tom Herris, cousin of Lord Medhurst of Medhurst Castle, turned towards that amazed gentleman and burst into a shout of laughter which had in it an element strangely like hysterical relief. "You are the wrong girl, by Jove!" And in another instant there were shouts of laughter from all present, so absolutely spontaneous that Auria forgot the discomfort of the situation and laughed with these merry idlers. At that moment a solemn-faced footman came into the room with a note on a salver for Lady Medhurst, which she hastily opened and read, and then burst afresh into peals of mirth. "Yes," she gasped out between paroxysms of laughter, "here is a note from Hatherdeane to say they are keeping Edith Villiers until the morning, and a note from the dear girl reproaching herself for her stupidity in not asking whose motor she got into."

"Then I am ——?" asked Auria.

"At Medhurst Castle, fifteen miles from Hatherdeane. Medhurst," continued Auria's hostess, "go off and write a note to Mr. Woodhurst and say that we will not dream of returning him his charming young guest. If he wants her he must come and fetch her himself."

"Not much," chimed in Tom Herris; "I will take her home myself. I am responsible for the mistake. I never gave Miss Dachet a chance. I saw them both on the platform, and as Dick had never sent a photograph, or spoken of his fiancee's appearance, I most naturally concluded that "and here this young gentleman got very red. "I thought that, of course, Dick would as usual bestow his affections on the "and here he came to a full stop, while the delighted Peer, who had been watching him, chimed in: "Of course, Tom must drive her to Hatherdeane to-morrow some time, and explain the situation to Woodhurst," and then, pulling him aside, he chuckled: "Take as long as you can to make that explanation, old man. You don't need to marry an heiress, like my extravagant young scamp of a son."

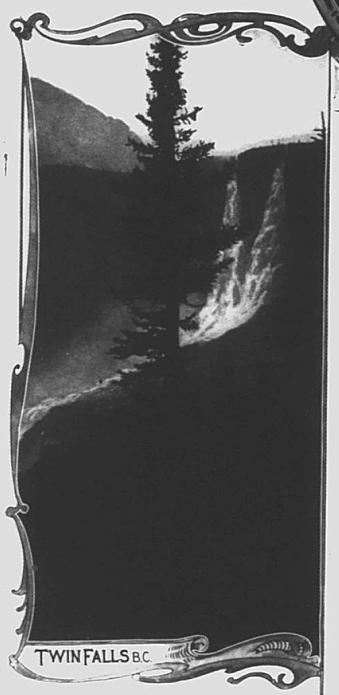
Tom turned fiercely on his jocular kinsman, and bade him talk sense, "if he could," in a manner which made the extremely good-natured Peer stare with amazement, and then give a chuckle of delight. "Caught! By gad, caught," he said to himself. The next hour or so everything was gaiety and laughter; games were played which degenerated into romps, but all tried their best to make the girl feel as little as possible that she was an unlooked-for guest, and had she been able to see the note that Lord Medhurst scribbled to his old friend at Hatherdeane she would have realized fully how little effort was required to lend reality to the idea.

"Dear Woodhurst," ran the note, "your loss is our gain. Miss Dachet made a misstep getting out of the motor, in which Tom Herris had played the role of chauffeur. A twisted ankle and a sensational entrance in Tom Herris' sturdy arms were the result. Thanks to the skill of a trained masseuse in our house, the injury to that pretty, slender ankle promises to be slight. She is now an unwilling but extremely fascinating captive in an armchair by my fireside. There is a circle of stalwart brigands about that chair, with a giant captain, in the person of Tom, who carried her off from the station without giving her time to think what she was doing or where she was going. He promises to bring her to you 'some time to-morrow,' but you must expect to have his machine cutting up your drive for some time to come! But I'll ask you can see and judge for yourself how matters stand. Events move rapidly nowadays, and it is hard for us old fogies to keep pace with the young people. Yours, Medhurst."

"P.S.—I forgot all about Edith Villiers, my daughter-in-law to be. Lady Medhurst and I will motor over before lunch to fetch her back, and make what amends we can for Tom's stupid mistake."

So this was Miss Auria's unanticipated adventure, and her first Christmas in England, in the year 1904. The road between Hatherdeane and Medhurst was "kept open." The South African heiress was finally installed in the room decorated with photographs of her betrothed, but the Honorable Tom Herris betook himself off to his pretty old Elizabethan manor, which stood in the midst of a roomy park some ten miles distant from Hatherdeane, declaring that the "racket" at Medhurst Castle got on his nerves, and the said nerves appeared to find the comparative quiet of Hatherdeane soothing and congenial.

This tale of Auria's first Christmas in England is written during the radiant Easter season, and only two weeks ago a notice appeared in one of the London papers of the marriage of the Honorable Tom Herris to Miss Auria Dachet at the parish church of Medhurst. The bride was given away by her godfather, Mr. "Dick" Durnford, who came over from Canada for the occasion, and it is safe to say that as the motor car whirled away from the church with the bride and bridegroom "godpapa" murmured to himself with infinite satisfaction, "The rogue! the little rogue!"



A good and perhaps an old story comes from the Persian. A man went to a professional scribe, and asked him to write a letter. "I cannot," said the scribe, "I have a pain in my foot." "A pain in your foot? What has that to do with it? I don't want to send you anywhere." "No, sir," said the man, "but whenever I write a letter for anyone, I am always sent for to read it, because no one else can make it out."

The Globe Printing Company have pleasure in testifying to the excellent quality of news print supplied them during the past year and a half by The Laurentide Paper Company, Ltd., Grand Mere, P.Q.



GENIUS.

I built a house one wondrous night
From splendid ruins of my soul,
And filled it with the sound and light
That girdles earth from pole to pole.

Its walls of whitest marble there
A frozen clustered splendor grew;
And all things beauteous and rare
Gladdened its perfect chambers through.

Strange relics of gone olden days
Of ancient peoples, times and kings,
In those rare chambers met my gaze
And gave me vast imaginings.

All glories of earth's richest art,
The painter's thought, the sculptor's dream,
Relic of all the wide world's mart
Blazoned beneath the moonlight's gleam.

The sweetest songs old poets sung,
And life's dread grimmest tragedies,
About these haunted galleries hung,
Enriched with elfin melodies.

For by some magic to me known
I stole of music's saddest art,
From Pan's wild note, Barotian blown,
To Paganini's haunted heart.

Yea, mine alone, all this was mine,
To dwell with splendid dreams alone,
And own a majesty divine,
Amid a marvellous world of stone.

When one strange night I entered in
And found a wondrous spirit there
That smote the moonlight, pale and thin,
With silvern magic, sad and rare.

So radiantly beautiful;
It filled my mansion with new light;
And bloomed a warmth across the cool,
Pale, lonely hauntings of the night.

So mystical, it stayed unstirred,
And gazed with awful eyes divine,
Across the human dreams that blurred,
Into this tranced soul of mine.

And ever since, with inborn light,
Like opening of love's inward rose,
Or vast uncurtaining of night,
My heart a mighty sorrow knows.

A titan sadness like the sea,
That moans and beats forevermore
To break its manacles, and free
Its spirit from the iron shore . . .

From night to night the years go on,
The ruined seasons sink and rise;
And still that spirit, never flown,
Looks at me from its wondrous eyes.

And I must drink, undying pain,
The love, the hate, the joy, the smart,
And feel forever, like a chain,
Earth's agony in my haunted heart.

W. Wilfred Campbell.



Christmas Globe, 1905

From photo taken by S. W. Matteson in Alberta

IN THE FOOTHILLS

The Christmas Globe
1905

Cripple Jimmie

By Cy. Warman

Illustrated by C.W. Jefferys



"GEE WHIZ! She's one howler round this corner; too cold for the Dude, I reckon. Haven't seen him to-day."

"I did," said Freck. "He had an extra job last night 'count th' fire. I saw him rush out th' alley 'bout eight this morn'n like there was somethin' doin'."

"Christmas tree at some of the churches, I s'pose," laughed Bill.

"Why've you named Harvey White the Dude, Bill? He ain't got no father, nor no mother, sleeps wherever he can, and ain't too proud to eat with any of us. Only thing I sees, he apes the gentleman too much in his talk. Once I was broke, and hadn't enough chink to buy my dinner. Harry gave me a bun, said he had been treated by a fine gentleman, that bought him such a fine breakfast at 10 o'clock that he didn't have no appetite for dinner. I thought it was white of him, too, not to watch me eat it."

"Well," said Bill, "I never planned a tearin' good time for the gang that he didn't spoil it some way, if only by hangin' 'round at the wrong time."

"You remember, though," put in Squinty, "we'd all been in the cooler now, if he hadn't hung 'round the night them highbindefs had their Christmas. The Dude knew right enough that we was the gang that stole the tin god, but he never told on us."

"'Twas the old Irishwoman that saved his neck," answered Bill.

"Yes," said Freck, "but if he hadn't been doin' her a good turn by showing her the way to the telegraphs he couldn't 've proved to the cop that he hadn't nothing to do with the steal."

"Well," growled Bill, "I guess you all better take him for your leader. Youse 'ud never shine at coughin' back of your hand or tiptoein' in church to a Sunday school class."

"Break away, Bill; you know the gang won't give you up till we banquet you and send you out in style."

"You bet," said Skinny Pete. "The Dude's not fit for a newsboy, anyway. We ought to get him a job chasing dogs out of one of the cemeteries." Then they all laughed and rushed to the alley entrance for the extra edition.

"Hello, Jimmie," said the Dude. "Haven't you been up yet? Is your leg worse? Have you had anything to eat? I worked nearly all night on the extras. That's why I'm here so late. Don't you feel well, Jimmie?"

"I guess I'm here to die," moaned Jimmie. "My lame leg's got a terrible sore on it, and I can't move this morning. Have you seen Bill yet? He owes me for six papers. I might have a sandwich, if he'd pay me."

"But you can't stay here in this cold place, Jimmie. You must have a bed where some one can do something for you. I know a woman over to the Salvation Army place. She was kind to mother once. I'll ask her to take you in. I made a dollar'n forty cents last night, and got a dollar tip from a gentleman for finding a small bag that fell from his carriage. I'm mighty glad now, for it will keep you for a whole week. I'll run over to Tony's and get you a bun and some hot coffee before I go out to the home."

"Haven't seen Cripp all day," said Freck, as they came out of the alley loaded with papers.

"We'll find him dead some of these nights, I reckon," answered Bill. "Better die, anyway, than limp always."

"Oh, I dono," said Squinty, thoughtfully.

"I'll take a game leg any time rather'n face a undertaker," drawled Skinny Pete.

"Undertaker!" puffed Bill: "whoever heard of newsboys havin' undertakers?"

"Well, I say we'd better look Jimmie up after we sell out and see if he's had anythin' to eat," said Freck, as he left the gang.

"I want to go as near as I can to the Salvation Army Home," said the newsboy to the elevated car conductor.

"All right, my boy; I'll tell you when to get off."

"Are you the little boy that found the ladies' opera bag last night?" asked a gentleman who sat beside Harvey.

"I guess I am, sir; I wouldn't have caught you if it hadn't been for that accident in the street. Say, mister, did you mean to give me this whole dollar"—pulling the big silver piece from his pocket

"I thought, perhaps, you didn't have any change."

"You haven't spent it yet, eh? Is your mother at the home?"

"No, mother's been dead six months, and I'm all that's left."

"You live at the home, then?" contipued the gentleman.

"No, I'm going to see if they'll take a newsboy that has a sore leg, and has no place to sleep, and no one to do anything for him. This dollar ought to get him a bed for a week at a home. If they take half down I'm going to get him a doctor to look at his leg."

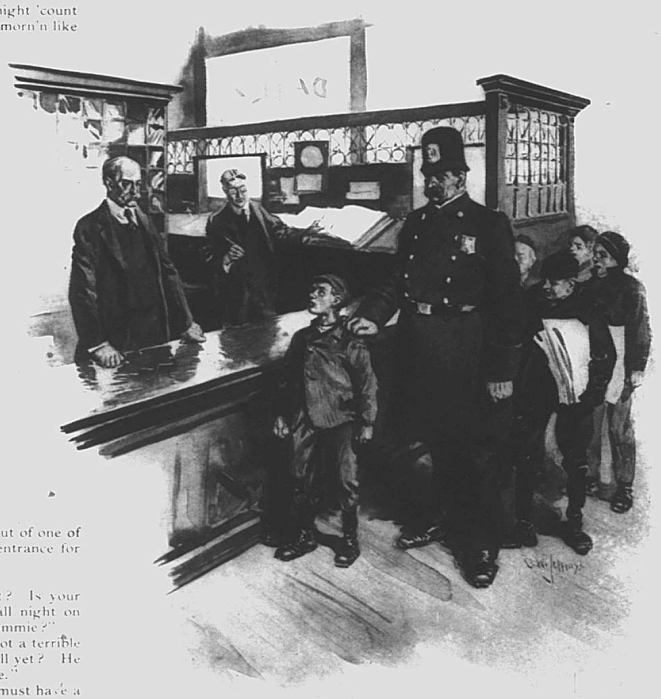
"Do you think I would answer? I'm a doctor; I get off at the next stop, at the hospital. If you can go with me I'll see if they can take your friend there."

"But I would never make money enough to keep Jimmie at the hospital! Some weeks I don't make more than two dollars—just depends on the scare-heads."

"I see," said the doctor. "How would you like to leave the paper business and be my errand boy? I would pay you two dollars and a quarter a week and your living at the hospital."

"Two dollars and a quarter a week! Why, that would buy a bed and get a doctor for Jimmie, wouldn't it, with this?"

"I think so. Come with me—I get off here."



"Aw, he stole it from the counter. I seen the man when he threw it down," drawled Bill.

"What's your name?" asked the doctor when they reached the street.

"Harvey White. The gang calls me the 'Dude,' so they do, at the Row."

"Why?" asked the doctor.

"'Cause I won't smoke and swear, I reckon, and I go to Sunday school. I promised mother I would."

"Well, here we are, Harvey. This is my office. When will you be ready to go to work for me?"

"Now—or—I mean as soon as I get a place for Jimmie."

"Where is Jimmie?"

"Not far from the Row, in an empty warehouse."

"Push that button, Harvey."

"This button, sir?"

"Yes. Doctor Johnson, will you order the light ambulance sent around at once?"

"Now, Harvey, you are to go down with the ambulance and get your friend and start him back here before you attend to that business for me.



SYMPATHY.

Perhaps you had better say to your boss at the newspaper office that you have another job, so they will not expect you. Take the same elevated line back and you'll be here in time for dinner."

Harvey felt very important as he sat on the high seat beside the ambulance driver and heard the clang of the bell and watched the curious glances of the people as they passed.

"Dear mother!" thought Harvey. "If she could only have seen me to-day, only have known how much I can help little Jimmie."

"Little Jimmie, much to Harvey's surprise, refused to go to the hospital to have his leg cut off, as he put it, but finally was persuaded to go for a few days. After seeing Jimmie off, Harvey started off to the Row to tell them he was going to leave and to say good-bye to the boys.

"Hello! Freck."

"'llo, Dude. Where've you been all mornin'?"

"Sent little Cripp to the hospital, got a fine doctor for him, and he's going to be cured. Got a new job, too; going now to tell them at the office," answered the Dude.

"I'll take any letters you may have in Box 13, and settle for the ad. in Sunday'sissue," said a gentleman to one of the clerks at the business office, at the same moment throwing down a five-dollar gold piece, and picking up an extra. The clerk took from one of the pigeon-holes eight or ten letters, and, half turning, threw them on the counter and then proceeded to make out the bill. The gentleman, still reading the extra, gathered up the letters with his left hand, and put them in his overcoat pocket.

"Here's your receipted bill, Mr. Baxter," said the clerk.

"Yes, yes, an awful calamity, that," said the gentleman, throwing down the paper, and, picking up the receipted bill, asked, "Did you give me any change?"

"You haven't paid me yet," the clerk answered.

"I thought I threw a five-dollar gold piece on the counter. Surely I did; I don't seem to have it. Did you see it, boy?"

"No, sir," answered the Dude. "I've been looking at this paper. I didn't notice it."

"I did," shouted Bill from the lower end of the counter. "I seen it shine when the gentleman thrun it down."

"That's strange," said Mr. Baxter, looking at the clerk. "I'm positive I laid a five-dollar gold piece on the counter."

"What's this?" asked the business manager, coming forward. "I see. Well, give Mr. Baxter his receipted bill, and the change from five. We shall settle this matter later. Good-morning, Mr. Baxter."

"Now, boys, turn out your pockets." Bill had his inside out in a minute, with only a few pennies on the counter.

"Six dollars and forty-two cents! Where did you get the gold piece, Dude?"

"The doctor gave me that to get cotton round at the wholesale there."

"What doctor?" asked the manager.

"The doctor at the hospital."

"What hospital?"

"The hospital near the station where we got off."

"Where did you get off?"

"Oh, I don't know. It was near the hospital."

"How," said Mr. Daniels, "could you go to a hospital, without knowing its name, or where it was?"

"I went with the doctor," cried the boy.

"And you do not know the name of the doctor who gave you five dollars?"

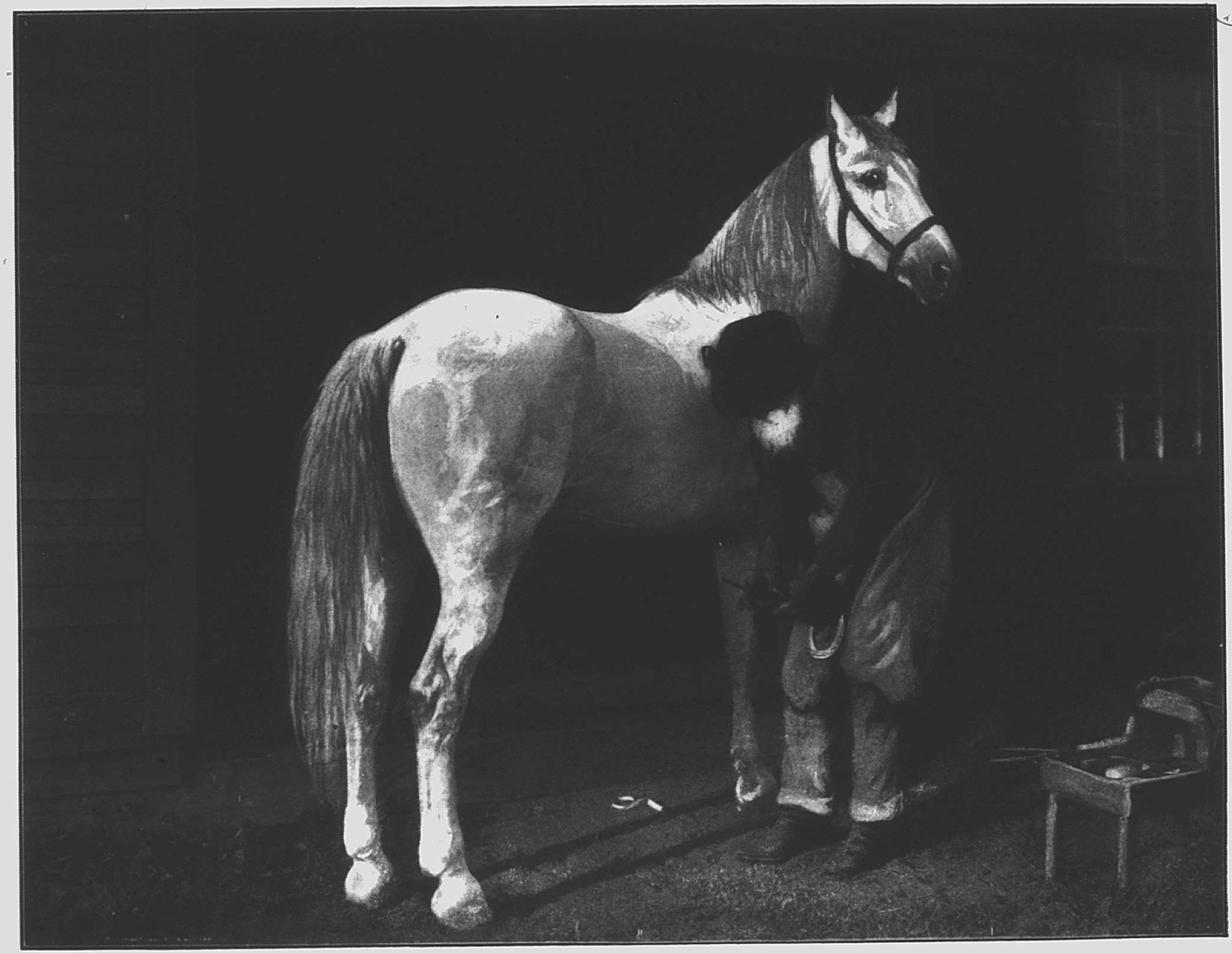
"Aw, he stole it from the counter. I seen the man when he thrun it down," drawled Bill.

"You may go now, Bill," said the manager. "I think we will have to turn you over to the police, Harvey. Charlie, you may go over to the station with him and explain."

"If I could only buy the cotton, and take it to the doctor first," cried the Dude.

"Run along now. If you are guilty, you should learn the penalty of stealing. If you're innocent, I'll find you a better job, when it's all settled."

"Don't you think we ought to do something for him, Bill?" said Freck.



THE GREY MARE

"What can you do for a thief?" asked Bill. "Have you got five dollars to get him out of jail with? I tell you now the sooner we shake him the better. Can't have no thieves sellin' papers 'round here."

"What did they do with little Cripp?" put in Squinty. "The Italian kids told me that the Dude and a man put him in a big black-covered waggon, and then the man drove away with him."

"Why, he's gone to the hospital. The Dude told me so," said Freck.

'But can you b'lieve a thief?" asked Skinny Pete.

"I don't think he took that money," said Freck.

"Don't you, eh? Well, why don't you?" growled Bill.

"Because I wouldn't steal, an' I b'lieve the Dude's better'n I am."

"Whew! Got another goody to conquer," laughed Bill, as Freck started off with his evening papers.

"Paper, mister?" said Freck to a gentleman, as he stepped out of his coupe in front of Newspaper Row.

"Do you know a boy by the name of Harvey White?"

"Yes," answered Freck. "We call—"

"You mean the Dude," interrupted Bill. "He's in jail for stealing five dollars from a gentleman at the first office this mornin'. Seen him take it myself."

"Will you take me to the man he worked for?" said the gentleman to Freck.

"Yes, sir, come with me. That's the man over there in that little room that had him run in."

"Are you the business manager?" asked the gentleman, as he held out his card. "I am," said the other.

"I engaged an errand-boy this morning, who gave his name as Harvey White. I believe he said he was called the 'Dude' about here. I first met him as we were leaving the theatre last night, when he came running after my carriage with an opera bag the lady with me had dropped. He never stopped for a tip. I had to call him. It so surprised me that I gave him a silver dollar. This morning I met him again on the elevated. He said he was going out to the Salvation Army Home to see if they would take a lame newsboy. After talking to him for a while I told him to come with me and I would have his little friend brought to the Children's Hospital. He rode down with the ambulance driver. I gave him a five-dollar gold piece as a "flyer" and told him to buy me some medicated cotton from one of the wholesale houses. Well, I got the lame boy all right, but I haven't seen anything of the other one or the five. I can't just make it out. I don't believe the boy intended to steal that money, though he never bought the cotton."

"By Jove!" said the manager, "I never had a little thing bother me so much;" and he was relating his experience, when he was wanted at the 'phone. "Wait a minute, doctor," he said.

"Do you know this would not make bad reading if it were not a home scandal. That was Baxter, the fellow that caused all the trouble. He found the gold piece among the letters he scraped off the counter here this morning. He's awfully sorry, and so am I. The kid ought to sue us both for false imprisonment. Poor little chap! He would have spent his Christmas in the cooler if you had not looked him up. Perhaps you'll accept my apology—I don't see how he can; but I'll go over with you and tell him what I think of myself."

"Well, Chief, what do you know about the case I sent you this morning?" asked the manager.

"I know the boy's innocent," answered the Chief.

"But where did he get the five?"

"Some fool doctor gave it to him, and then hadn't sense enough to tell the lad his name. The boy don't mind being here, but he's grieving himself to death because no one will buy the cotton for the doctor."

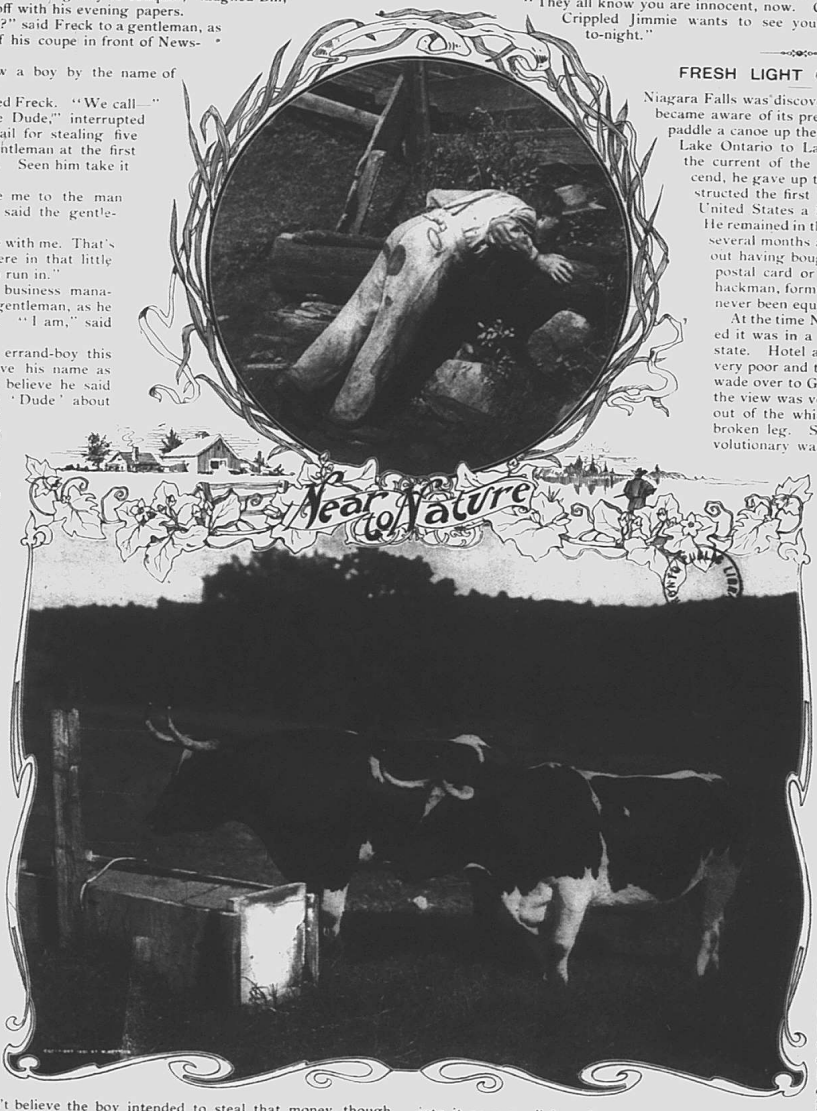
"Well, Chief, could I introduce the doctor, and tell you that the five had been found, without being mobbed by the police force?"

"Not if the boys were here," answered the Chief, smiling.

"Well, Dude," said the manager, "I've come to apologize."

"Oh, sir," said the boy, pushing past Mr. Daniels. "I'm so sorry I couldn't get back with the cot—"

"Never mind the cotton or anything else, Harvey," said the doctor. "They all know you are innocent, now. Come, let's go home. Crippled Jimmie wants to see you in his new quarters to-night."



FRESH LIGHT ON NIAGARA.

Niagara Falls was discovered by La Salle, who became aware of its presence while trying to paddle a canoe up the Niagara River from Lake Ontario to Lake Huron. Finding the current of the falls too swift to ascend, he gave up the attempt and constructed the first boat ever built in the United States a little above the falls. He remained in the vicinity of Niagara several months and came away without having bought a single souvenir postal card or having patronized a hackman, forming a record that has never been equalled.

At the time Niagara was discovered it was in a wild and uncivilized state. Hotel accommodations were very poor and the man who tried to wade over to Goat Island to admire the view was very likely to be fished out of the whirlpool rapids with a broken leg. Shortly after the revolutionary war, however, Niagara was captured by the hackmen, and has remained in captivity ever since. It has been bridged, tunneled, navigated, swum, tight-roped and gone over in a barrel. For twenty-five cents one may put on a rubber suit and go down behind it and feel its ribs. For fifty cents one may charter an automobile and ramble all around its awful jaws, puffing gasoline smoke in its face. Once the Indians fell on their faces before it and worshipped it. Now the paleface rides up through the gorge in a trolley car, with his feet on the seat ahead, and kicks because there isn't a sign in the whirlpool rapids. Once La Salle gazed on it in awe and called it the mightiest work of nature. Now the school teacher comes from Peoria, Ill., on a $7.50 excursion, and throws ham sandwiches into it as a small boy throws peanuts to an elephant. It is effete, down-trodden and dejected. It has sat for its picture 9,000,000 times, and 100,000 brides have dabbled their rosy fingers in its awful maw and have murmured, "How sweet." It is as tame as a caged lion, and "The Maid of the Mist" puts it through its tricks a dozen times a day.—Geo. Fitch, in the Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

THE BLIND MAN'S STORY.

A pitiful story is told of Philip Bourge Marston, the blind English writer. One day a particularly good idea came to him, and he sat down to his typewriter with enthusiasm. He wrote rapidly for hours, and had nearly finished the story when a friend came in. "Read that," said Marston proudly, "and tell me what you think of it." The friend stared at the happy author, and then at the blank sheets of paper in his hand, before he was able to understand the little tragedy. The ribbon had been taken from the typewriter, and Marston's toil was for nothing. He never had the heart to write that story again.

ONTARIO'S BOUNTIFUL FRUIT GARDENS ARE ALSO PICTURESQUE

IN THE NIAGARA SECTION

BALLADE OF MIDWINTER.

Pallid under winter's blight,
Burdened with its heavy snows,
Lies the city waxen white
In a stern and stark repose—
But the joy of living flows
Where all lovers bide—and they
Substitute a song for prose—
"Love turns every month to May!"

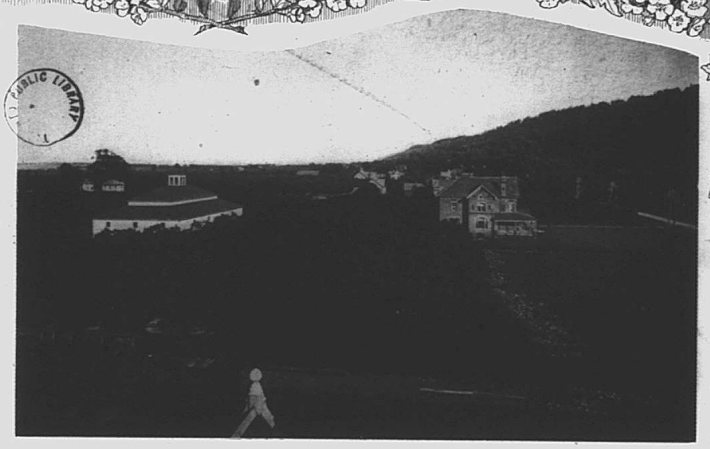
Howling winds proclaim their spite,
Rasp the traveller as he goes,
Beat and bluster, tear and bite;
Icicles hang thick in rows,
Yet the orange-blossom blows
And there seems not far away,
Scent and sound of garden-close—
"Love turns every month to May!"

Though the storm be at its height,
Right and left its javelins throws,
Safe we rest beyond its blight
Where the hearth-fire turns to rose
All that in its lustre shows,
And we lean—SO NEAR—to say—
While our wedded hands enclose,
"Love turns every month to May!"

L'ENVOI.

Dear, the winter comes and goes—
What care we if skies be gray,
For bitter winds or frigid foes?
"Love turns every month to May!"

Eve Brodlique Summers.


PUBLIC LIBRARY



RETROSPECTION.

When we danced the minuet
You and I were just turned twenty;
Can you hear the music yet,
Or has time made you forget?
Changing Yuletides lie in plenty
'Twixt us and that minuet.

When we danced the minuet
Life lay golden in the morrow,
All to gayest music set,
Youth and joy were in our debt,
Every promise Hope could borrow
Danced with us the minuet.

Since we danced the minuet
We have learned a way of weeping,
Learned how weary hearts may get;
Youth and Joy have paid their debt
And have stolen from our keeping—
We have danced our minuet!

Isabel E. Mackay.

THE NAME OF CANADA.

(Those early Spanish adventurers who visited Canada on a hasty and unrewarded search for gold and silver made use of the phrase "Aca Nada"—"Here is Nothing." The later French explorers, accosted and repelled by the Indians with the remembered words, interpreted the incessantly recurring phrase as the name of the country, Aca Nada, or Canada.—A. S.)

Still let it stand,
The one-time jest, the old ironic name,
To mock the flippant soul and braggart band,
Who empty went because they empty came!

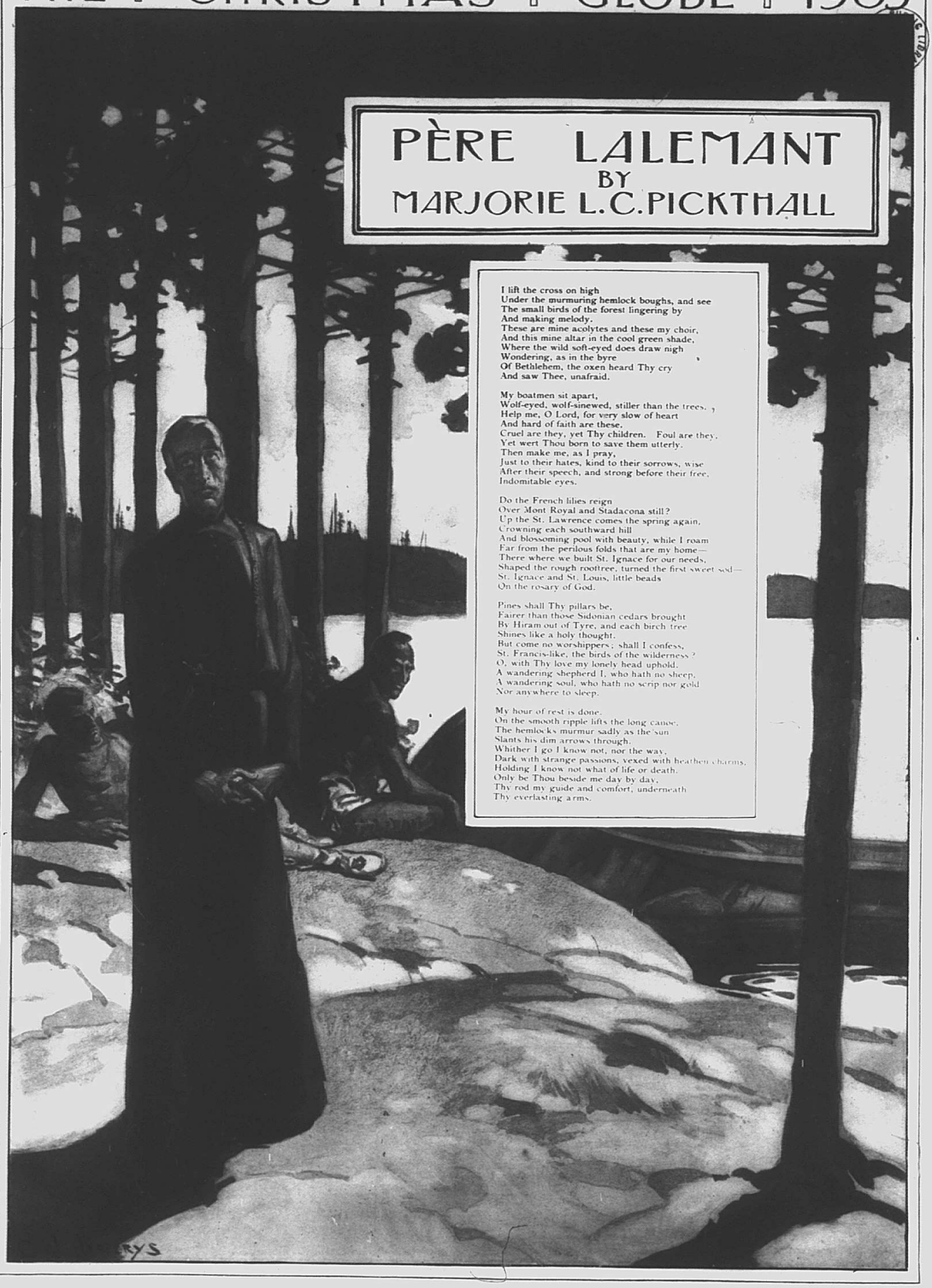
"Here there is naught":
And yet from waiting plain and pregnant hills
She yielded well to them who wisely sought,
And still o'er land and sea her treasure spills!

Yet naught was here!
And far they journeyed to some gilded slope,
Left disembowelled this many a barren year—
Torn hill, and ravaged mine, and wasted hope!

So still it stands,
The mocking phrase, the old and foolish jest—
Oh, golden Canada, of all God's lands,
The one most bountiful, and wide, and best!

Arthur Stringer.





PÈRE LALEMANT

BY

MARJORIE L.C. PICKTHALL

I lift the cross on high
Under the murmuring hemlock boughs, and see
The small birds of the forest lingering by
And making melody.
These are mine acolytes and these my choir,
And this mine altar in the cool green shade,
Where the wild soft-eyed does draw nigh
Wondering, as in the byre
Of Bethlehem, the oxen heard Thy cry
And saw Thee, unafraid.

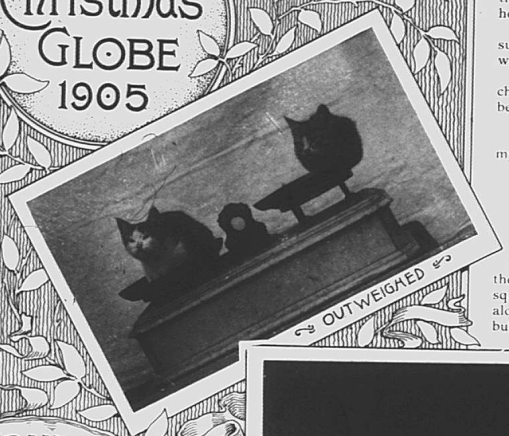
My boatmen sit apart,
Wolf-eyed, wolf-sinewed, stiller than the trees,
Help me, O Lord, for very slow of heart
And hard of faith are these,
Cruel are they, yet Thy children. Foul are they,
Yet wert Thou born to save them utterly.
Then make me, as I pray,
Just to their hates, kind to their sorrows, wise
After their speech, and strong before their free,
Indomitable eyes.

Do the French lilies reign
Over Mont Royal and Stadacona still?
Up the St. Lawrence comes the spring again,
Crowning each southward hill
And blossoming pool with beauty, while I roam
Far from the perilous folds that are my home—
There where we built St. Ignace for our needs,
Shaped the rough rooftree, turned the first sweet sod—
St. Ignace and St. Louis, little beads
On the rosary of God.

Pines shall Thy pillars be,
Fairer than those Sidonian cedars brought
By Hiram out of Tyre, and each birch tree
Shines like a holy thought.
But come no worshippers, shall I confess,
St. Francis-like, the birds of the wilderness?
O, with Thy love my lonely head uphold,
A wandering shepherd I, who hath no sheep,
A wandering soul, who hath no scrip nor gold
Nor anywhere to sleep.

My hour of rest is done.
On the smooth ripple lifts the long canoe,
The hemlocks murmur sadly as the sun
Slants his dim arrows through.
Whither I go I know not, nor the way,
Dark with strange passions, vexed with heathen charms,
Holding I know not what of life or death.
Only be Thou beside me day by day,
Thy rod my guide and comfort, underneath
Thy everlasting arms.

The Christmas Globe 1905



OUTWEIGHED

GRANDMA'S CURLS

"ALL ready for the party?" said Grandma Barclay, as Marjorie danced into the room in her prettiest white frock, with her short curls bobbing up and down.

"Yes'm; but it isn't a truly party," said Marjorie, sitting down on the little footstool close to Grandma Barclay, so that the old lady could stroke her curly head. "It's nothing but just Cousin Eleanor's birthday time. We aren't big enough for a truly party."

"It is convenient to have curls," said Grandma Barclay, thoughtfully; "especially sometimes. Perhaps you'd like to know what happened to my curls once upon a time?"

"Oh, yes, grandma, please," said Marjorie. "Did your hair curl as tight as mine, and was it so—so distressful when your mamma combed it?"

"It didn't curl itself at all," said Grandma Barclay, "but I wanted very much to have it look curly, so I used to have it done up in fourteen curl-papers twice a week. My dear mother did it to please me, though she liked her little straight-haired girl just as well as the curly-haired one. She had a straight-haired child in hot weather most of the time, in spite of curl-papers, tightly pinned, twice a week.

"When I went once on a visit to Great-aunt Pettingill, without my mamma, my hair had to be straight for a whole week. I was such a silly little girl that it made me quite unhappy, and when my cousin, Frances Willoughby, asked me to a children's party I begged Great-aunt Pettingill to do up my hair 'just for once.'

"Great-aunt Pettingill looked at me very disapprovingly over the top of her spectacles, but all she said was, 'The party is at four o'clock this afternoon. If you are willing to take your dinner alone in your room, and stay there all day, I will do up your hair right after breakfast; but I can't have a child in curl-papers running over the house or outdoors.'

"I promised to stay in my room, and right after breakfast my head bristled with curl-papers. It was a beautiful, sunshiny day, and all the morning I longed to be outdoors. It was not very pleasant to eat my dinner alone, and Martha, the maid, seemed inclined to laugh, I thought, when she brought it up to me on a tray.

"After dinner, when Great-aunt Pettingill was taking her nap, I felt very lonesome indeed. Martha was to come to my room to make me ready for the party at three o'clock, but that was a long, long time off, I was sure, for dinner was at twelve o'clock. I sniffed the roses and the wild grape-vines from my window, and felt more and more restless. Could there be any harm in my running down to the shell closet and spending a few minutes? The shell closet was in the best parlor, and was full of curious shells and stones that Great-uncle Pettingill, who had been a great traveller and a sea-captain, had brought home. I was allowed to go in there whenever I liked, but 'not to touch.'

"I ran softly downstairs, and across the parlor to the shell closet. Just opposite its door hung the long, gilt-framed mirror. How dreadfully my head did look! But I forgot everything as I stood bending down with my ear at the mouth of one of the big shells to 'hear the waves inside it.' Presently I heard something else—Great-aunt Pettingill's voice saying, 'Come right in here, Mrs. Porter; this room is much cooler, and we must have a good, long visit together.'

"It was Great-aunt Pettingill and the minister's wife! The minister's wife took a chair by the window, with her face away from the mirror. But Great-aunt Pettingill, looking in the mirror by chance, saw the half-open closet door and my frightened face, with its encircling curl-papers.

"'Somebody has carelessly left this door open,' said Great-aunt Pettingill. Then she crossed the room and shut the door tight.

"I heard the minister's wife tell Great-aunt Pettingill all about the sewing-circle and a good many other grown-up things. Then they began to exchange receipts. I heard Martha go upstairs and come down again, I was quite sure. It was certainly long past the time for going to the party. I did not dare to cry for fear the minister's wife would hear. At last, when I knew it must be nearly night, she went away.

"Great-aunt Pettingill walked slowly to the closet and opened the door. The sun was still shining, and for some reason or other Great-aunt Pettingill's eyes were twinkling.

"'Martha has just gone up to your room,' she said. 'You'll have to make haste, child.' She never said a word about my disobedience; I think she knew I had been punished enough."

"And you weren't late for the party, after all!" cried Marjorie.

"No," said Grandma Barclay, soberly, "but it was the last time I ever had my hair curl-papered. I decided it wasn't worth while."



SANTA IS COMING

Photo by Harold Harris.

TWO MOONS OF SALT.

Roughly speaking, if you take the salt out of the sea water you deprive it of a thirtieth of its weight. On that basis one-thirtieth of the entire weight of all the sea water in the world is salt, and as salt and water bulk about the same, we may estimate, also, that, by bulk, one-thirtieth of the huge mass of the ocean is pure salt. What does this bring us to? Taking the 130,000,000 odd square miles of the five oceans to average a mile and a half deep, we have in them alone 200,000,000 cubic miles of salt water. A thirtieth of this should give us the bulk of the salt contained in the great waters of the globe. Rounding the figures, we get something like 7,000,000 cubic miles of salt. If it were taken out and spread over the surface of the six continents they would be covered with its snowy powder to the depth of over two hundred feet. To put it another way, if all the earth were salt water there would be enough salt in it to make two globes of solid salt but very little smaller than our moon.

VAGARIES.

Your dress, your conversations,
Your airs of joy and pain,
All these are affectations
We never can attain.

The sex so often varies,
'Tis nature more than art:
To play their whole vagaries,
We must have woman's heart.

John Gay.



WAITING

A "MYSTERY."

There is a mystery in the blushing rose
Which safely lies amid the leaves' embrace,
As day by day its living beauty grows,
And as its petals spread in perfect grace.
There is a mystery in the early morn,
When all the earth and sea are wrapped in sleep,
When noiselessly the sun appears, to reap
A harvest of fresh dew-drops newly born.
There is a mystery in a bird's first flight,
As suddenly he leaves the sheltering nest,
And tries his downy pinions without fright,
Nor even fears they will not stand the test;
These are the work of our Creator's hand,
Which showers beauty over all the land.

Myrtle Corcoran.

TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY



ON THE PLAINS OF SASKATCHEWAN

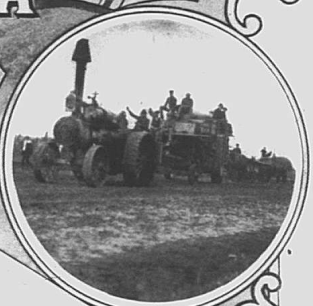

USE TURKISH DYES FOR HOME DYEING.
Corticelli Spool Silk
Full Strength
Full Length.
and too strong to break.
MILLER & RICHARD
LETTER FOUNDERS.
Foundry—Edinburgh.
London Warehouse—Water Lane, Ludgate Hill E.C.
Toronto Warehouse—7 Jordan Street.
Winnipeg Warehouse—123 Princess Street.
General Selling Agents
Babcock "Optimus" Drum Cylinder Presses.
Colt's Armory Printing, Embossing and Creasing Presses.
Carver & Swift Power Die Embossing Presses.
Golding Manufacturing Co's Printing Machinery.
The Coy Company's Flat Form Rotary Printing Press.
The E. C. Fuller Company's Folding Machines.
The E. C. Fuller Company's Economic Automatic Paper Feeding Machines.
Smyth Book Sewing and Case Making Machines.
Plimpton Gathering Machines and Smyth Glueing Machines.
The E. C. Fuller Company's Universal Wire Stitching Machines.
White Paper Cutting Machines.
Monoline Typesetting Machines.
Westman & Baker Improved Gordon Presses and Paper Cutters.
Champlin & Smith Combination Printers' Chases.
Fairbank's Gas and Gasoline Engines.
"Reliance" Lever Paper Cutters.
Waite & Sheard Ruling Machines.
Canada Printing Ink Company.
Jaenecke Printing Ink Company.
Consolidated Electric Company's Electric Motors.
FOUNDED A.D. 1710
SUN FIRE INSURANCE OFFICE
HEAD OFFICE LONDON, ENG.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
CANADIAN BRANCH, TORONTO. DWT. H. M. BLACKBURN, MANAGER
GEO. M. HIGINBOTHAM & GEO. S. LYON, TORONTO AGENTS
AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.
Galbraith Photoles.
CANADA'S LEADING OUT-DOOR PHOTOGRAPHERS & SOUVENIR PUBLISHERS.
239 YONGE ST. TORONTO.
GEO. GALE & SONS
IRON & BRASS
BEDS
WATERVILLE
QUEBEC.
THE BIGGEST SHIRT MADE
COLOSSUS
EVERY WHOLESALER HANDLES IT
PERRIN GLOVES
FOR LADIES MEN AND CHILDREN
Are known the World over for their SUPERIORITY in FIT, ELEGANCE AND DURABILITY.
THEY ARE SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS
Revillon Brothers
WHOLESALE FUR DEALERS
GENERAL WHOLESALERS
MONTREAL
ALEX. McARTHUR & CO.
Paper Makers
(Limited)
"Black Diamond" Brand TARRED FELT.
2 and 3 ply Ready Roofing
Grey and Straw Sheathing
Tarred and Dry Building Paper
CYCLONE
Pitch and Roofing Cement.
Distillers of Coal Tar
Carpet Felt.
82 McGill St., MONTREAL
Manufacturers of
Wall, News, Book and Colored Papers
Manilla Brown, Fibre and Grey Wrappings, etc.
Mills, Joliette, Que.
Felt Factory, Cor. Harbour and Logan Sts., Montreal
THE BEST SUGARS ARE MADE BY THE ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING Co
MONTREAL.
KELSEY
HEALTHFUL—EFFICIENT—ECONOMICAL
A HEAT MAKER
A FUEL SAVER
FOR THE HOME—SCHOOL—CHURCH
WARM AIR GENERATOR
SOLE CANADIAN MANUFR'S
THE JAMES SMART MFG. Co
WINNIPEG, MAN. & BROCKVILLE, ONT.
THE BISHOP STRAGHAN SCHOOL.
A CHURCH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
WYKEHAM HALL
COLLEGE STREET
TORONTO 39TH YEAR
The Right Rev. The Bishop of Toronto
MISS AURES
LADY PRINCIPAL
Smith & Cameron
SOLICITORS OF PATENTS.
And Experts in Patent Causes.
Inventions, Trade Marks and Designs Protected in Canada and all Foreign Countries.
Head Office: Canada Life Bldg., Toronto
BRANCHES—Winnipeg and Edmonton, N.W.T.
DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY
MONEY ORDERS
FOREIGN CHEQUES
Foreign Postal Remittances
The cheapest, safest and most convenient method of sending money to all parts of the world.
Travellers' Cheques
for tourists and travellers. The best method of carrying funds ever devised. In denominations of $10, $20, $50. Exact values in foreign moneys printed on each cheque.
DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY
INCORPORATED 1851
WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE AND MARINE.
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, CAN.
HON. GEO. W. COX, President.
J. J. KENNY, Managing Director.
C. C. FOSTER, Secretary.
Agencies established in all the principal towns and cities in Canada and the United States, and in the chief centres throughout the world.

PHENOMENAL DEVELOPMENT IN WESTERN CANADA

THE Splendid Harvest of 1905 has added another annual inducement to the homeseeker from other lands



THE OLD HOME BEING HAULED AWAY



UP TO DATE THRESHING OUTFIT



FARM NEAR MOOSE JAW



SCHOOLHOUSE NEAR MORDEN, MANITOBA

THE LAST CHANCE FOR FREE GRANT LANDS IS IN WESTERN CANADA

PROSPERITY FOLLOWS SETTLEMENT

Nearly Three-quarters of a Million

Have been added to the population in the past eight years.

NEW TOWNS ARE SPRINGING UP AS IF BY MAGIC AND ARE BACKED UP BY THE BEST AGRICULTURAL DISTRICTS IN THE WORLD.

THE BEST OF OATS, OF BARLEY, OF ALL SMALL GRAINS ARE GROWN ON THE FERTILE PLAINS AND VALLEYS OF WESTERN CANADA

THE TERRITORIES ARE NOW PROVINCES

Saskatchewan and Alberta

Offer you a home and all the Social Conditions that exist anywhere on the Continent.

Information and advice can be obtained from the following:—

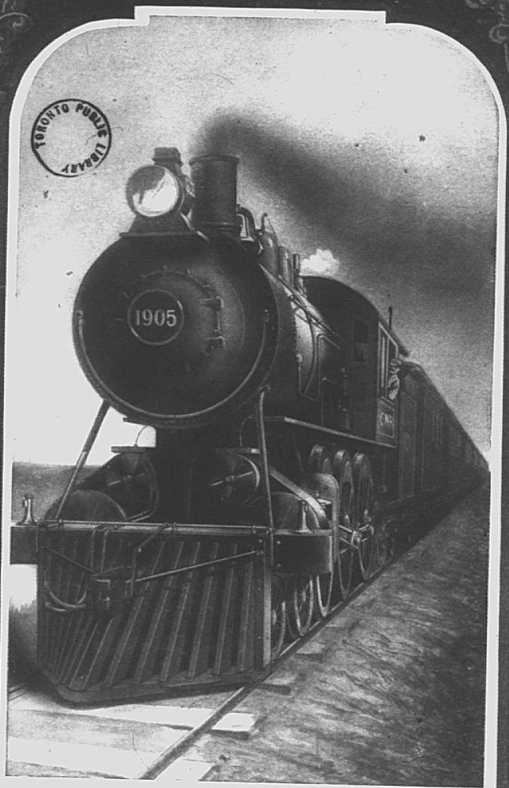
W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of Interior, Ottawa, Canada.
W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.
W. T. R. PRESTON, Commissioner of Emigration, 11 and 12 Charing Cross, London, England.

CANADIAN NORTHERN



EDMONTON,

Beautifully situated on the Saskatchewan River, has been the goal towards which the Canadian Northern Railway has been progressing since its inception. This point is the centre of a grain raising section of greater area than Manitoba, rich in natural resources, and is the distributing centre of the great fur trade country to the north, and capital of Alberta. The completion of the railway to this point is the greatest event in the history of the Northwest Territories. The Canadian Northern Railway has its depot at Edmonton on the high level, while it also reaches the low level, as shown in the foreground.



TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

THIS ARCH

Is commemorative of the entry of the Canadian Northern Railway into the city of Edmonton. On Nov. 24th, 1905, the driving of a silver spike by the Lieut.-Governor of Alberta finished the tracklaying to that point, completing a main line of 1,265 miles from the Great Lakes terminal, Port Arthur, to the capital of the new Province of Alberta. A passenger and freight service has been established to this great western distributing point via Winnipeg, and as this route is the shortest to Edmonton by 200 miles, where time is a factor, this road will undoubtedly command a large share of the traffic. The Saskatchewan Valley Route runs through a thousand miles of wheat lands and serves the richest areas in the Canadian West.

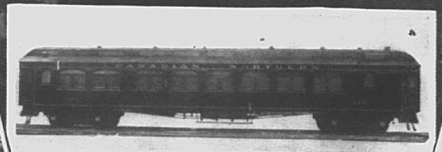


PORT ARTHUR,

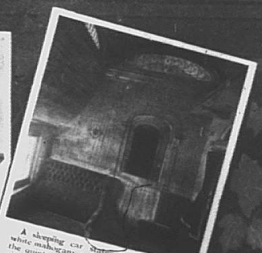
The lake port and present Eastern terminal of the Canadian Northern Railway, has one of the finest harbors on the Great Lakes, and is a flourishing city of growing importance. The grain elevators of the Railway Company, from which this view is taken, have a storage capacity of seven million bushels. At this point the railway has lake and rail connection with all Eastern points. Large smelters and extensive ore and coal docks are now under construction to take care of the business to come from the development of the iron ore deposits along this company's line of railway.



An interior view of one of the company's luxuriously equipped sleeping cars. These cars combine in safety and comfort the acme of modern car construction.



Standard Day Coach of the Canadian Northern Railway. High-back seats, large smoking room and superior accommodation make these day cars equal, if not superior, to any in service on the continent.



A sleeping car stateroom, finished in white mahogany and upholstered in green, the quintessence of daintiness and simplicity of design in car interior decoration.

CANADA'S BIG MUTUAL

Has insurance in force exceeding..... $45,000,000
Has assets, solid and non-speculative, over 9,000,000
Has surplus, every dollar for policyholders 1,000,000

The MUTUAL LIFE is a thoroughly sound company doing a safe and prosperous business along scientific and popular lines. It LEADS all the native companies in the NUMBER and VALUE of the BENEFITS conferred on its policyholders.

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE — WATERLOO, ONT.

CANADA'S BIG MUTUAL

Apportions and distributes surplus (on the most approved plan) to its policyholders, who alone share in its profits; it issues all popular styles of policies without burdensome conditions of any kind, and, in fine, its methods of doing business are in all respects fully up to the highest standard of 20th century requirements.

ROBERT MELVIN, President.
A. Hoskin, K.C., Hon. Justice Britton, } Vice-Presidents.
GEO. WEGENAST, Manager.
W. H. RIDDELL, Secretary.

Ontario

THE PREMIER PROVINCE



PLANT AT LA ROSE MINE COBALT







COBALT STATION JUNE, 1905

Unexcelled for mixed husbandry, fruit raising and the dairy industry. The Crown domain includes great tracts of fertile clay land, forests of pine, spruce and hardwood timber and vast mineral wealth. The Silver-Cobalt Deposits of Lake Temiskaming are among the richest ores ever found.

HOMESTEADS for next to nothing. Mining Laws Liberal.

FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS:

HON. F. COCHRANE,
Minister of Lands & Mines, TORONTO, ONT.

THE ADVERTISING CALENDARS, HANGERS, ETC. MADE BY THIS COMPANY ARE CONCEDED TO BE THE BEST PRODUCED ON THE CONTINENT

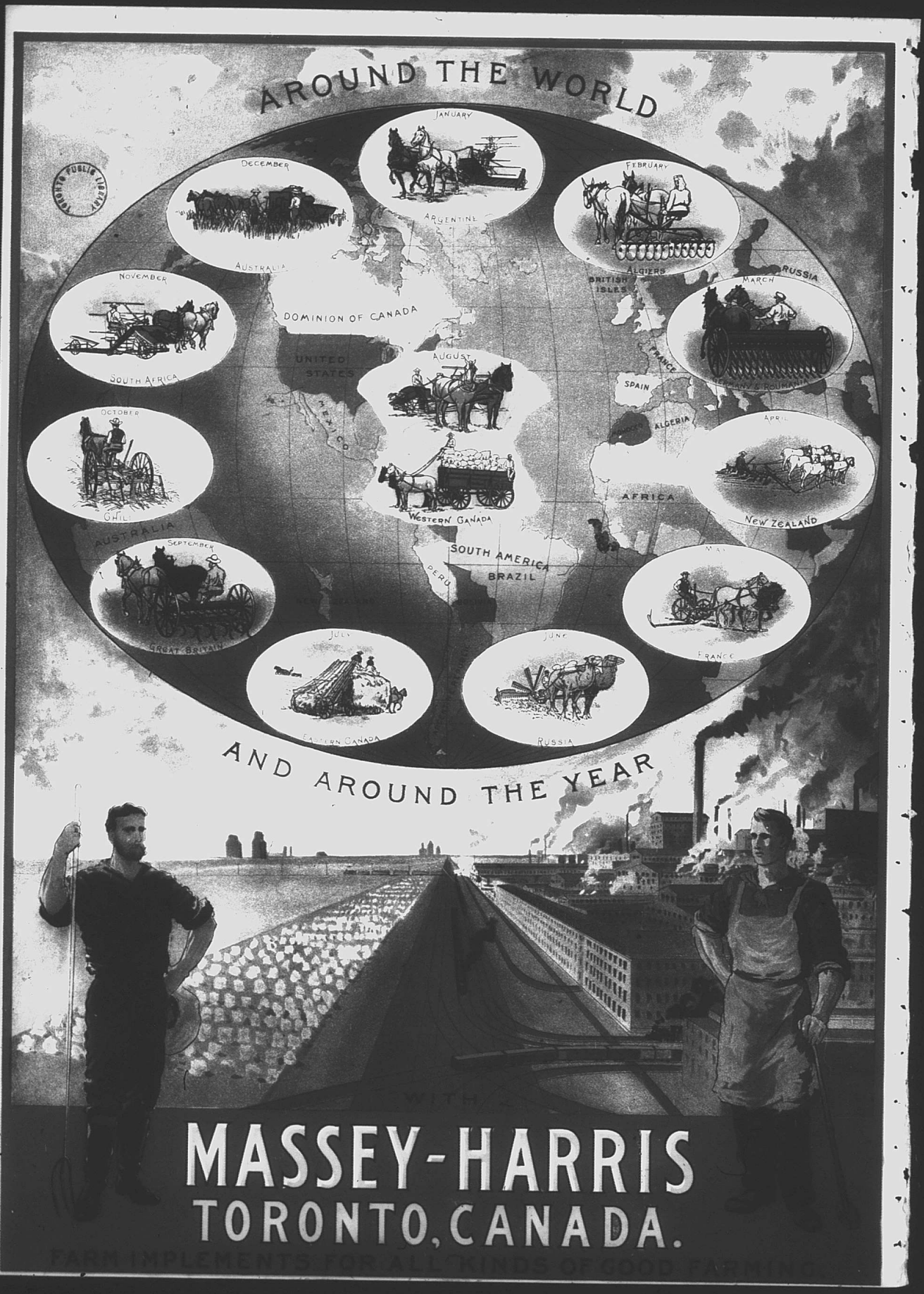
SHOW CARDS, CALENDARS, HANGERS, POSTERS, EMBOSSED CARDS, MAPS, PLANS, BONDS, STOCK CERTIFICATES, WOOD ENGRAVING, HALF TONES, ETC.



LABELS, WRAPPERS, COMMERCIAL WORK OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, CATALOGUE AND BOOK COVERS, BOOKLETS, & SPECIAL DESIGNS.

THE TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING Co. LIMITED.

THE COVER & PLATES IN THIS ISSUE ARE THE WORK OF THE TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING CO. LIMITED


AROUND THE WORLD
JANUARY
ARGENTINE
FEBRUARY
ALGIERS
BRITISH ISLES
RUSSIA
MARCH
FRANCE
SPAIN
ALGERIA
AFRICA
APRIL
NEW ZEALAND
MAY
FRANCE
JUNE
RUSSIA
JULY
EASTERN CANADA
AUGUST
WESTERN CANADA
SEPTEMBER
GREAT BRITAIN
OCTOBER
CHILI
AUSTRALIA
NOVEMBER
SOUTH AFRICA
DECEMBER
AUSTRALIA
DOMINION OF CANADA
UNITED STATES
MEXICO
SOUTH AMERICA
BRAZIL
PERU
AND AROUND THE YEAR
MASSEY-HARRIS
TORONTO, CANADA.

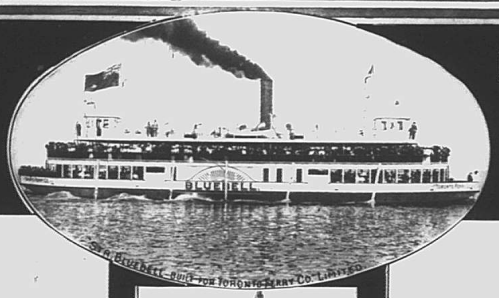

THE GLOBE
CHRISTMAS
TORONTO CANADA. 1906.

POLSON IRON WORKS

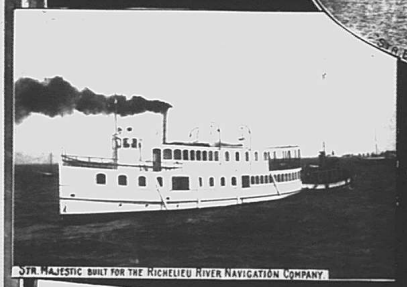
TORONTO, CANADA.

STEEL SHIP BUILDERS

ENGINEERS & BOILER MAKERS



S.S. "BLUEBELL" BUILT FOR TORONTO FERRY CO. LIMITED.



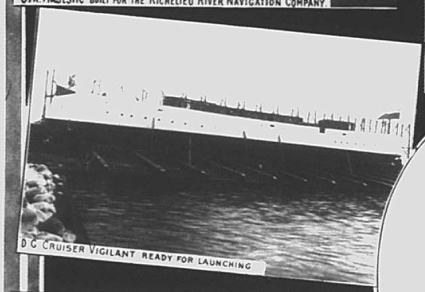
STR. MAJESTIC BUILT FOR THE RICHELIEU RIVER NAVIGATION COMPANY.



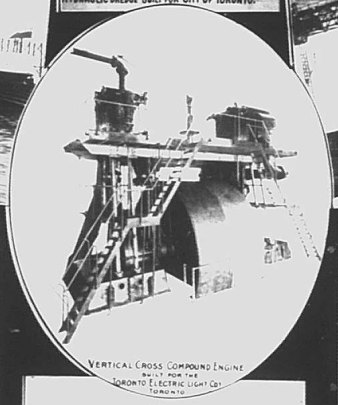
HYDRAULIC DREDGE BUILT FOR CITY OF TORONTO.



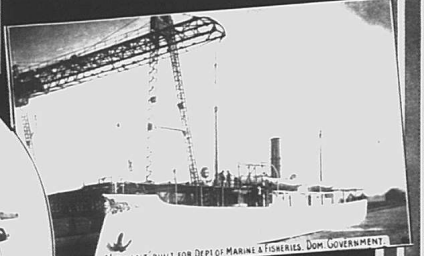
"CAR FERRY ONTARIO" BUILT FOR THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COY.



D.G. CRUISER VIGILANT READY FOR LAUNCHING.



VERTICAL CROSS COMPOUND ENGINE BUILT FOR THE TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. TORONTO

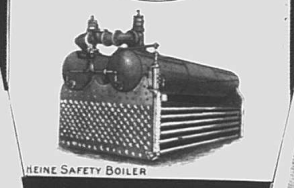


CRUISER VIGILANT BUILT FOR DEPT OF MARINE & FISHERIES, DOM. GOVERNMENT.

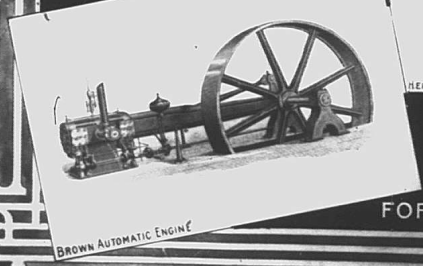




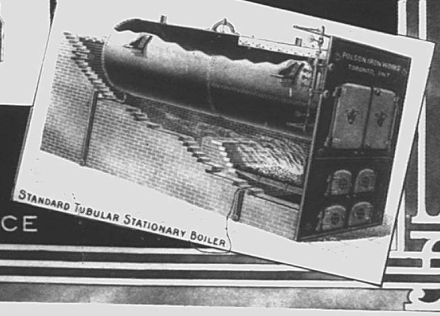
HYDRAULIC DROP NORTHUMBERLAND BUILT FOR THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT.



HEINE SAFETY BOILER



BROWN AUTOMATIC ENGINE



STANDARD TUBULAR STATIONARY BOILER

ENGINES, BOILERS AND SHIPS FOR EVERY SERVICE

The Christmas Globe 1906

THE GENERAL ACCIDENT ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

President: CHARLES COCKSHUTT, Esq. — Vice-President: D. B. WILKIE, Esq.

MANAGERS FOR CANADA

W. G. FALCON — C. NORMAN MILLER

All classes of Personal Accident, Health and Liability INSURANCE are transacted.

Prospectus and Full Particulars forwarded on Application to the Manager



Corticelli

Corticelli SPOOL SILK

Machine Twist and Sewing Silk

Unequalled for Color, Strength and Smoothness

THE POPULARITY OF CORTICELLI IS BASED UPON MERIT

Phillip's

CUT GLASS, CUTLERY & SILVERWARE

IS UN-EQUALLED FOR QUALITY AND STYLE

INSIST ON PHILLIPS GOODS

IDEAL HOLIDAY GIFTS

GEORGE PHILLIPS & CO LTD



Crow's Nest Pass COAL COMPANY LIMITED

MINES AT FERNIE, MICHEL & CARBONADO, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

G. G. S. LINDSEY, General Manager.

PRODUCERS OF HIGH-GRADE

COALS and COKE

Gold Medal Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition, for both Coal and Coke.

Silver Medal, Paris Exposition, 1900, for Coal.

Recent tests on the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Great Northern Railway, and the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company show evaporating power higher than any other known bituminous coal

COBALT MINING STOCKS AND CLAIMS

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

R. B. OSBORNE & CO.

18 Toronto St., Toronto.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE TORONTO



WATER HEATERS

For heating a kitchen boiler or from one to ten radiators. They fit any furnace.

Capacities range from 100 to 1000 ft. of one inch pipe.



R. BIGLEY

TORONTO

Manufacturer of Hot Water Boilers, Heaters and Hot Air Furnaces.

PROCURED IN ALL COUNTRIES. LONG EXPERIENCE IN PATENT LITIGATION. SEND FOR HANDBOOK.

PATENTS PHONE MAIN 2582

RIDOUT & MAYBEE, 103 Bay Street. TORONTO, CAN.

Hotel Kress

PRESTON SPRINGS PRESTON ONT.

MINERAL BATHS

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET.



RATES $1.50 2.00 PER DAY $9.00 12.00 PER WEEK INCLUDING BATHS

THE KELSEY SYSTEM IS NOT ANY EXPERIMENT. OVER 30,000 PLEASED USERS



KELSEY GENERATORS

FOR HOME CHURCH SCHOOL

"THERE'S ONLY ONE WARM AIR GENERATOR" MAY WE SEND YOU OUR KELSEY BOOKLET?

THE JAMES SMART MFG. CO., LIMITED

THE BEST SUGARS ARE MADE BY THE ST LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING Co MONTREAL.



THE GOODS THAT STOOD THE TEST. CLARK, MONTREAL



SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Motors & Launches

WE ARE MANUFACTURERS OF GASOLINE LAUNCHES

McKEOUGH & TROTTER, Limited, Chatham, Ont.

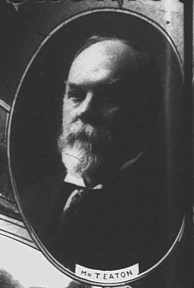
LAUNDRY MACHINERY LAUNDRY SUPPLIES.

WRITE TO HEADQUARTERS

YORK MANUFACTURING Co LTD TORONTO

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED

TORONTO & WINNIPEG

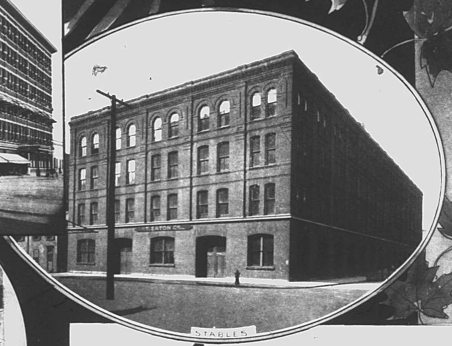

MR. T. EATON.


MR. J. C. EATON.


FACTORY NO. 1


TORONTO.


WINNIPEG.


STABLES.




MORNING DELIVERY.


PARIS, FRANCE.


FACTORY NO. 2.



THE BIGGEST ORGANIZATION OF ITS KIND UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG

A city in itself, catering to the needs of 6,000,000 Canadians, through more than 7,000 employees; buying direct from the mill, factory, farm and plantation in unheard-of quantity; making and selling direct to consumer without intermediate profits. An establishment occupying 30 acres floor space; a manufactory of skilled artisans, 1,500 electric machines, some taking 4,200 stitches per minute, turning out thousands of articles daily. Own power supplied by 12 boilers 3,100 horse-power engines and dynamos supplying power for 124,000 incandescent lights; a cash system of 308 stations, requiring 25 miles tubing; one daily delivery, using 123 waggons and 247 horses; printing various catalogues for mail order customers. Two farms providing daily products for a lunch room serving 5,000 citizens daily. In short—all the conveniences to make shopping an easy task, whether by mail or in person.

BEST COPY AVAILABLE
McLaren Micropublishing Limited

THE DOMINION OIL CLOTH Co. LIMITED
MANUFACTURERS OF LINOLEUMS FLOOR, TABLE, STAIR CARRIAGE & ENAMELLED OIL-CLOTHS.
ALSO PREPARED DECORATED BURLAPS. MONTREAL.

QUALITY NEVER VARIES MACARONI ALWAYS THE BEST & FINE PASTES
CODOU
MARSEILLES "MADE IN FRANCE"

FITS CURED
TRENCH'S REMEDY FOR EPILEPSY AND FITS
TRENCH'S REMEDY CURES
TRENCH'S REMEDIES, Ltd., South Frederick St., DUBLIN.

CANADIAN MADE
STEEL RAILS
Experts certify "ALGOMA" Sault Ste Marie Ont., Rails to be of Highest Quality
DRUMMOND McCALL CO., General Sales Agents, MONTREAL.
ALGOMA STEEL COMPANY, LIMITED

MECHANICAL-ELECTRICAL EXPERTS
FETHERSTONHAUGH
MONTREAL CANADA
PATENTS TRADE MARKS
DENNISON & BLACKMORE
TORONTO
ALSO OTTAWA & WASHINGTON

FOR QUALITY & PURITY
BUY REFINED SUGARS OF THE OLD & RELIABLE BRAND OF
Redpath

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA
Capital (paid up) $6,000,000
Reserve and Undivided Profits $3,674,896

EDWARDSBURG
Starch Co. Limited
WORKS CARDINAL ONTARIO
OFFICES MONTREAL & TORONTO

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE
THE ORIGINAL & GENUINE
WORCESTERSHIRE
"GIVES THE FINISHING TOUCH"
J. M. DOUGLAS & CO. MONTREAL

LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE
UNDERWEAR SWEATERS GOLFERS HOSIERY DRESSING GOWNS BLOUSES SLIPPERS SHIRTS RUGS
WEAR IT DAY & NIGHT
JAEGER
PROTECTION FROM CHILL
MONTREAL WINNIPEG

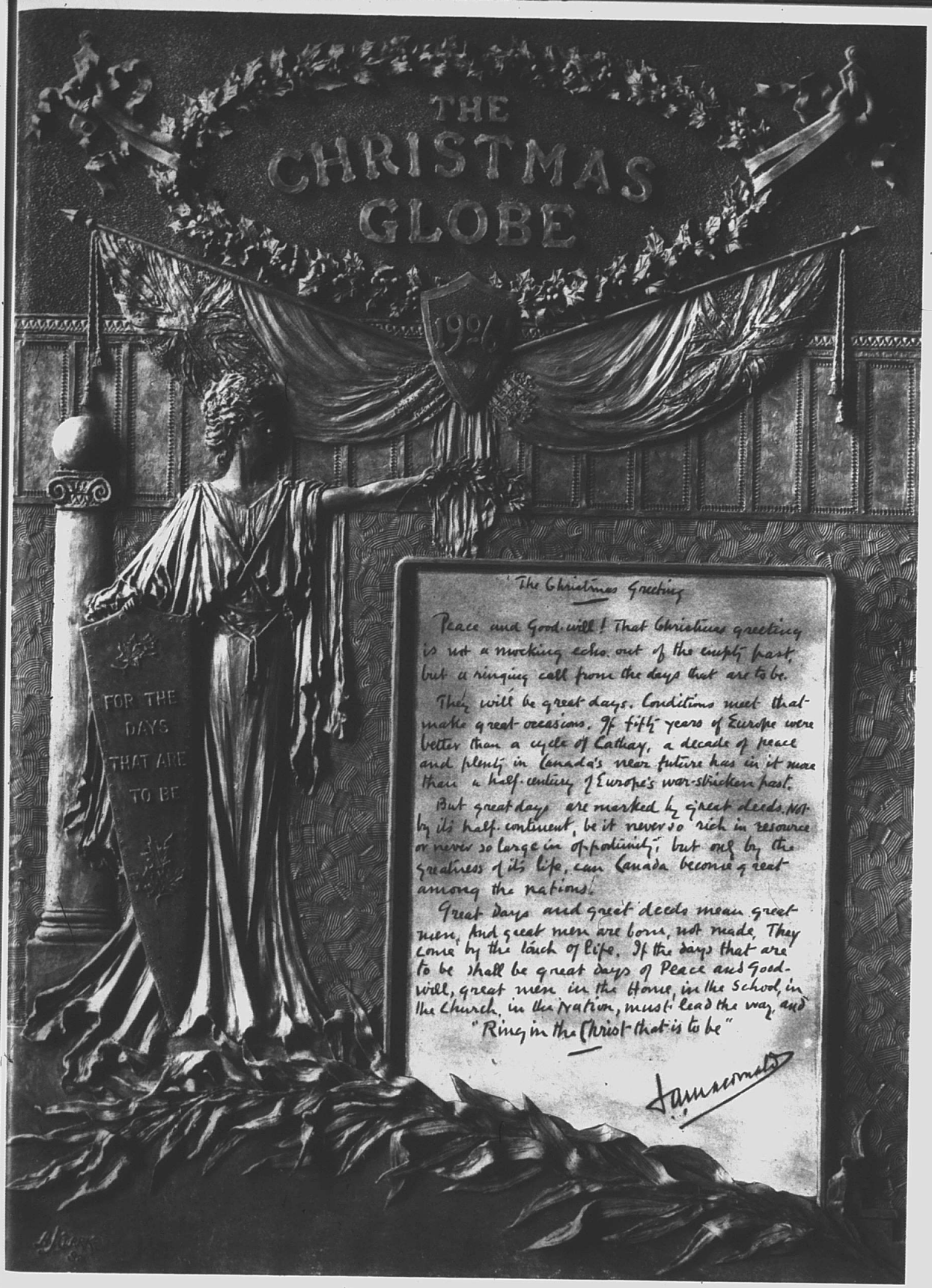
SHAMROCK
J BRAND
CANADA
J BRAND COLLARS
M. J. & L. MAKE.

Canadian Express COMPANY
Money Orders
FORWARDERS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION OF FREIGHT
LIVE STOCK, MONEY AND VALUABLES

Yildiz
MAGNUMS
EGYPTIAN
CIGARETTES

CROSSE & BLACKWELL
PEELS
CANDIED
FOR CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR

'RODGERS' CUTLERY
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS
EXACT REGISTERED TRADE MARK TRADE MARK
GRANTED 1682
JAMES HUTTON & CO.
SOVEREIGN BANK BLDG MONTREAL



The Christmas Greeting

Peace and Good-will! That Christmas greeting is not a mocking echo out of the empty past, but a ringing call from the days that are to be.

They will be great days. Conditions meet that make great occasions. Of fifty years of Europe were better than a cycle of Cathay, a decade of peace and plenty in Canada's near future has in it more than a half-century of Europe's war-stricken past.

But great days are marked by great deeds. Not by its half-continent, be it never so rich in resource or never so large in opportunity, but only by the greatness of its life, can Canada become great among the nations.

Great days and great deeds mean great men, and great men are born, not made. They come by the touch of life. If the days that are to be shall be great days of Peace and Good-will, great men in the Home, in the School, in the Church, in the Nation, must lead the way and

"Ring in the Christ that is to be"

Jas. Simmons

THE PROGRESS OF CANADA'S WEST

BY F. A. ACLAND



WHATEVER may lie in the future for Canada, it would seem that the year now drawing rapidly to a close must remain always a sort of year Wonderful in the history of the country. From end to end of the broad continent we are in the midst of a giant development which during the past year has seemed to reach its point of culmination. It is inconceivable that we can travel at a yet faster rate towards the goal of our national destiny.

East and west it is the same story, but it is probably not exaggerating the extent of western progress and prosperity to say that to it is very largely due the universal activity that prevails to-day throughout Canada. The growth of the great eastern cities of Montreal and Toronto is proceeding at a rate only a little less rapid than that of the younger communities of the west. The factories of older Canada are working under continual pressure to furnish the homes and equip the farms of newer Canada. The splendid new line of C.P.R. steamships promises to bring back to Quebec something of the ancient glory of the first capital of Canada. Even the far-away Provinces by the sea are stirring with new life and energy, determined to reap their share of the great harvest of Canada's growing time. Directly or indirectly, it is nearly all traceable to the amazing development of the west. Here in Ontario, indeed, there is the great independent advance movement in northern Ontario, initiated by the building of the Temiskaming Railway, and accelerated by the consequent discovery of vast bodies of silver ore of almost incredible richness in the Cobalt region. This gives a further healthy stimulus to the present industries of Ontario, and bespeaks a development which we should have thought marvellous a few years ago, when the world was not ringing with the news of still greater wonders in the west. With this significant exception, we may say the fortunate position of Canada to-day is based on the magnificent expansion that is proceeding in the west, and it is this feature, therefore, of the current history of the Dominion, less familiar, perhaps, to many readers of these pages than events that have taken place in older Canada, that will be especially considered here.



A BIT OF UNBROKEN SOIL

IN THE EDMONTON DISTRICT.

The great migration to the Canadian west that began with the twentieth century has gathered force and volume with the succeeding years until now at the close of the sixth year it is one of the sensations of the world. Already a million of people have found their homes on the great plains that lie between the lakes and the mountains, a region that covers practically a thousand miles north and south, a thousand miles east and west. It is the work of one generation in its entirety, though half a generation ago the foundations had been barely laid, and a quarter of a generation back the movement had hardly excited interest out of Canada. Then the gates of the great west were opened, and a tidal wave of immigration rolled over the land. Every branch of the strong white race in the old world has sent its quota, but our new citizens are drawn chiefly from our own kinsmen in the ancient home of the race on the one hand and on the other from the great republic beside our borders. From these two sources alone there came to our shores during the past year nearly a hundred and fifty thousand people—no slight contribution in itself to Canadian nationality.

With the settlers from other lands go our own young men from the east, many of them, like the immigrants themselves, to take up land; others to practise law, medicine, journalism, politics, to go into business, or otherwise to play their part in the affairs of the west. They carry with them the ideals of eastern Canada, the ideals of an enlightened democracy that gives a first place to the principles of law and order. In no respect is Canada more truly a daughter of Britain than that in which she has continued on this continent the traditions that have so honorably marked out the mother country among European nations. Americans frankly envy us the smoothness with which our institutions work, no matter whether they are police, judicial or political. Our mounted military police is an ideal force, and, with a controlling pressure that is unnoticed by the bulk of the population, keeps an effective check on the rougher and less law-abiding elements that inevitably find their way into a new country; our judges are honored and respected, and their integrity is never questioned; and our political system, though roundly criticized within our own borders for its inevitable imperfections, is unexcelled in its responsiveness to the will of the people and in its adaptability to every emergency. Let us add that throughout the west the attachment to the empire at large, the feeling of a real imperial unity, is as ardent and deep-seated as in the east. Here, too, we realize that it is the easterner who has, in the main, moulded the hopes and ambitions of the west. Men from other lands have swarmed into the west, ignorant of our history, our laws, our institutions, having little in common save a desire to live peaceably, to work and to prosper. They have found everywhere the men of the east, on the bench, in the Legislative Assemblies, in the pulpit, presiding over the universities and colleges, editing the newspapers, practising law and medicine, controlling commercial enterprises, and, in the largest measure of all, on the land itself, demonstrating in the most practical manner the real value of the west; and from these westerners from the east the immigrants have learned to know the older Canada that most of them have never seen, have imbibed its atmosphere and traditions, and above all, have come to feel a unity of destiny between east and west that must prove one of the strongest bonds of confederation as time progresses.



TWO YEARS AFTER

It is, however, with the progress of the year, or the progress that has come to light during the year, that we are more particularly concerned here. Perhaps this has been in no single respect more marked than in the almost startling rapidity with which railway construction has proceeded. The pioneer railway that first wrested the west from the Indian and the buffalo crossed the continent only in 1886, a bare score of years ago. Years after it was built the future of the road was doubtfully regarded, and the project of a second transcontinental railway to compete



with the first would have been deemed the wildest insanity. The past year saw not only the successful operation of the Canadian Northern Railway from Port Arthur to Edmonton, a distance of 1,250 miles, working in friendly rivalry with the Canadian Pacific Railway, and moving its share of the crop, but the beginning of the construction on yet a third transcontinental system, the Grand Trunk Pacific, which, backed by the Dominion Government, is to cross Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the



A NEW TOWN—10 YEARS OLD

prairie sections of which were far advanced during the past season. The three great transcontinentals are sending out shoots in every direction. The C.P.R., as the oldest of them, has naturally an advantage in this respect, but the newer railways are working with the utmost speed to equal or surpass them in this advantage. Almost daily one hears of a new railway enterprise planned, and to plan is almost to achieve in this western world. During the past season the actual money expended on railway construction must have been many millions of dollars. Railways under construction, or the construction of which had been promised for the season, reached the high total of 5,500 miles. There is urgent need of all of them. The settlers are already on the land, having pushed in ahead of the locomotive. Grain will move over the new lines almost from the moment the steels are laid. Yet it was physically impossible to carry through such a programme in one season. A vast army of men



was employed in the work of construction, but the labor furnished was inadequate to the task; yet there was no more to be had. Probably half the programme was postponed until next year. The cost of constructing a mile of railway across the prairie was estimated to average $20,000 in the case of the Grand Trunk Pacific. If half the projected 5,500 miles, or, say, 2,500 miles, had been completed, we have here an expenditure of $50,000,000, by far the greater portion of it expended directly in the west, a vast addition to the wealth of the sparse population settled there. The distribution of this great sum manifests itself in the increased prosperity of the people. Money is plentiful, the wheels of commerce move smoothly, work is abundant, poverty is eliminated. Next year a new and probably larger programme will be planned, and so year after year the west will be gridironed with railways which will penetrate further and further into regions that but a year or two ago seemed as remote from us as the icefields of the frozen north.



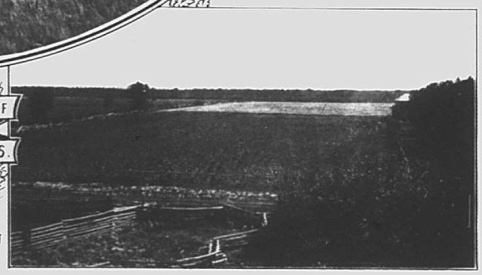
A feature that has impressed itself upon Canadians during the year has been the development of the cities of the west. This was set forth to the world officially in the figures of the quinquennial census taken during the summer. From it we learned that Winnipeg, whose smallest beginnings are well remembered by men of middle age, had grown practically to the hundred thousand mark. From 45,000 in 1901 it had reached 90,000 in 1906, though, as Winnipeggers resentfully pointed out, it had been counted in summer time, when thousands of people were out of town. The building permits for 1905 reached the enormous figure, relatively speaking, of $12,000,000, and promise to go higher still for the current year. Notwithstanding, there is not an empty house in the city. As it is in Winnipeg so it is in the new cities of Regina, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, Calgary and Edmonton, to instance those communities of which the growth has been perhaps most startling of all. Two or three years ago there was no city in the eastern sense of the word between Winnipeg and Vancouver, and the latter had grown up so suddenly that its importance was hardly realized. Vancouver, indeed, has grown faster than ever, and has become a splendidly progressive com-



MINING DEVELOPMENT.

munity of fifty thousand souls, a marvellous achievement when one reflects that its site was covered by the giant trees of a British Columbia forest but twenty years ago. Other cities have grown up in the meantime. As the fertile plains have been transformed into farms the little mother town or metropolis of the district has felt the effect of the expansion. Edmonton has sprung from a struggling town of 2,500 people in 1901 to a handsome modern city of 12,000 in 1906. It had in the interim become capital of the new Province of Alberta after a severe trial of strength with Calgary in contest for the coveted distinction. Calgary itself trebled during the same period, and stands slightly ahead of Edmonton in actual figures. Regina, the old capital of the Territories, has felt the effect of the new era of development, and is now a rapidly-growing city of 7,000, and proud to have retained the capitalship of the great wheat Province the banner wheat Province, as there is every reason to believe it will be of Saskatchewan. In all these and many other rapidly-growing centres of population the past year has seen an amazing activity. Besides the building of houses and stores, warehouses and factories, every town and city has had its programme of sewers, waterworks, electric light, street paving, road-making, etc. Handsome hotels, spacious city halls, commodious railway stations, schools, churches, postoffices and customs houses are rising all over the land. At many points the population has been in advance of the builder and has had to dwell in tents until the builder has caught up. Needless to say, real estate values have risen prodigiously. In city after city, town after town, one hears of fortunes made from wise foresight or lucky hit, and still the prices are rising, because everywhere there is a belief that there are to be many great cities in the west, which will be not distributing centres merely, but manufacturing centres for the great tributary districts around them. Cheap electric power drawn from the swift-running rivers of the west is the special hope of some, cheap coal of others, natural gas of a few, while some hope to combine all these advantages. Half Alberta a Province as large as the German Empire, with its fifty million people seems to be underlaid with coal, and new mines are being developed yearly.

The new cities that start their careers under these favorable conditions must have inevitably a refining and elevating effect on the social life of the country around. Before many years we

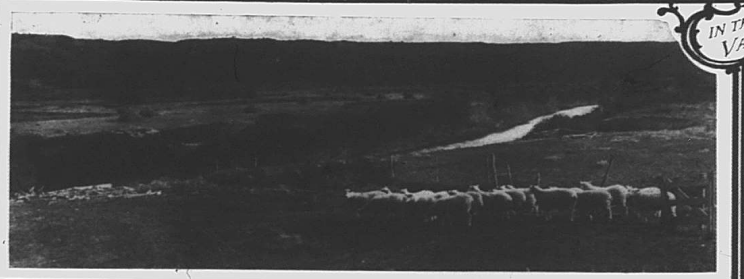


EVIDENCES OF PROGRESS.

of the east shall see them endowed with universities, art galleries, museums, developing the municipal life along the highest lines, and becoming centres of culture in the truest sense of the word. They are happily free of many of the pressing problems of older communities, notably that of poverty, which for the present and let us hope that it may prove so for many years to come has no existence in the west, and may devote themselves to the cultivation of the finer side of life without feelings of compunction.

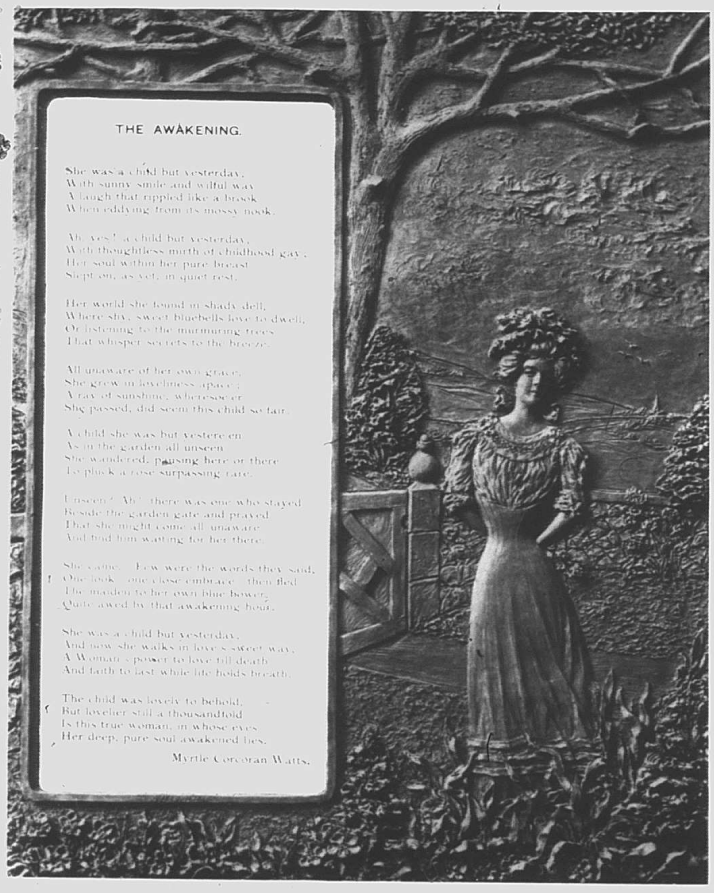
What is the chance of the development of the past year being repeated next year, and how long can such a rate of progress continue, one is is tempted to ask. One must speak cautiously when forecasting the future, however dimly. Some facts we may take as a basis. Here is a territory divided into three Provinces. Manitoba is about equal to Great Britain (without Ireland) in area. Saskatchewan and Alberta are considerably larger than France and Germany. The three countries named have among them a population of about 140 millions; the three Provinces contain about one million people. Of the possibility of immense expansion there can be no doubt. The difficulty will be to suggest the limit beyond which expansion will be undesirable in the interests of the community generally. Already one million settlers, not more than half of whom are directly engaged in wheat raising, are producing a wheat crop almost double that of Great Britain. Last year the output for the three Provinces was 84,000,000 bushels. For the past year a crop at least ten per cent. larger seems probable at the date of writing, though the exact figures are not yet obtainable. Three-fourths of this is exported to Great Britain.

It is the ambition of many Canadians to see Canada able alone to furnish the food supply—at any rate the bread supply—of the mother country. This would be rendering a truly imperial service, and such a condition seems more than likely to obtain as our own exportable wheat increases. That of the United States, from which Great Britain has chiefly drawn in the past, tends to diminish, not because the crop is reduced, but because with the rapidly increasing population of the United States without a corresponding increase of available wheat areas to be newly developed more and more of the wheat will be consumed at home. It needs no fine discernment to perceive the obvious, yet when Mr. J. J. Hill made his definite prediction the other day it was regarded as a sensational utterance. It is so often the obvious that is unperceived. So, in due course, Canada naturally and properly steps into the place to be vacated by the United States. There is no lack of available land in our west. Despite the many hundreds of thousands who have gone on the land during these last few years, a close scrutiny shows that of the territory of the three Provinces not more than a tiny percentage—ten per cent. in Manitoba and five per cent. in the larger and newer Provinces—has been settled, and besides the three Provinces there are the vast northern districts over much of which a fine grade of hard wheat can be raised as soon as it becomes profitable to do so. It does not follow that with the fuller settlement of the west we shall have an unlimited amount of wheat for export. With the progress of settlement no doubt those great cities that we have just been considering in perspective will quickly develop. Their necessities will create a variety of new interests in live stock, dairying, poultry, fruit, vegetables, and the coarser grains, and wheat will by no means monopolize the wheat areas. It is no very rash prophecy, however, to predict that our wheat areas, estimated to-day at 4,700,000 acres, will increase annually by ten per cent. for a number of years, and a proportionate increase in the crop will soon bring us to the point where we can furnish all the 165,000,000 bushels that Britain at present requires to make good her great annual bread deficit. It took the five years from 1890 to 1894 to raise the equivalent of the single crop of last year. It is not unreasonable, therefore, to expect a doubling of the present crop within ten years. When we have done this we can feed the motherland. It is a fascinating story, this of our western country, fascinating both in the marvels that have been achieved within a period that almost the youngest may remember, and as to the immense possibilities that open before us as we gaze into the future. In a few years the west will sway the destinies of Canada. Year by year we shall read the story of its progress and development, told ever from a new point of view, and appealing with ever-increasing force to the imagination and sympathy of all Canadians, and year by year we shall see our great confederation move on with springing step and buoyant mien to take her place among the foremost nations of the earth.





Our Altar of Pity



THE AWAKENING.

She was a child but yesterday,
With sunny smile and wilful way
Although that rippled like a brook
When eddying from its mossy nook.

Ah, yes! a child but yesterday,
With thoughtless mirth of childhood gay,
Her soul within her pure breast
Slept on, as yet, in quiet rest.

Her world she found in shady dell,
Where shy, sweet bluebells love to dwell,
Or listening to the murmuring trees
That whisper secrets to the breeze.

All unaware of her own grace,
She grew in loveliness apace;
A ray of sunshine, wheresoe'er
She passed, did seem this child so fair.

A child she was but yesterday,
As in the garden all unseen
She wandered, pausing here or there
To pluck a rose surpassing rare.

Unseen? Ah! there was one who stayed
Beside the garden gate and prayed
That she might come all unaware
And find him waiting for her there.

She came. Few were the words they said,
One look, one close embrace—then fled
The maiden to her own blue bower,
Quite awed by that awakening hour.

She was a child but yesterday,
And now she walks in love's sweet way,
A Woman's power to love till death
And faith to last while life holds breath.

The child was lovely to behold,
But lovelier still a thousandfold
Is this true woman, in whose eyes
Her deep, pure soul awakened lies.

Myrtle Corcoran Watts.

Beyond the city's fever and the cries
Of Man's Delirium, where the shamed streets run
To hide them in the grass when April skies
Dapple the purple plough lands we have won
And all the Cloth of Gold round Camosun,

We built our altar, not as conquerors, vain
Of some achievement of th' empurpled sword,
But having tired all heights and depths of pain
To bind men only by the Whiteman's Word,
We built to Thee, The Pitiful, oh Lord!

Here be no triumphs, no blood-drunken kings,
No glories gathered from another's shame;
In lieu of censers, see the wallflower brings
Her cups of incense; meadow larks acclaim
Our Quest accomplished; while the broom's wild flame

Burns round our altar—dreams of laden men
Staggering far spent along our endless trails
Find here fulfilment ere life's last amen
The dreams which come when all the body fails;
Of rest and cottage flowers, lush grass and whit'ning sails.

These be our gauds—and for our minister
That Sister to the Sunbeam, she who slips
Bare-armed and smiling where men moan and stir
Until like Dawn with cool, sweet finger tips
She soothe the fevered brow or stake the pain-parched lips.

We bring no sacrifice of gold or myrrh,
No offering bought, nor any stained by blood,
Only, oh God, in memory of her
Who was the Pride of Britain's Womanhood
One flower which blossomed first on Holy Rood.

Man's Pity for his brothers. To our gate
Comes Woman from the home she must leave bare,
And white-lipped Man, hard-handed, desperate,
To face the only fate he does not dare,
Maddening at pain God will not let him share.

These be our masters—We, who conquered, serve
The weak ones of the earth. For hearts that ache
All that we have of knowledge, brain or nerve,
With success wrung from Woman's Heart, we take
To be our sacrifice for love's dear sake.

Our Trail is trod. To't here we dedicate,
To Him on whom we leaned the all we won,
His Day is dawning. At our Western Gate
He knocks, oh Mother, and thy youngest son
Waits at His Altar here in Camosun.

Clive Phillipps-Wolley.

Pier Island, B.C.

NOTE.—Camosun is the old Indian name for Victoria, which is the extreme western point upon that trail which the British have trodden from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Here the people of British Columbia built an hospital in memory of their great Queen's Jubilee. The hospital has obtained such a reputation, owing to the skill of our local surgeons, that cases are sent to it constantly from all parts of the continent, whilst the beauty of its environments is possibly unsurpassed in the world. The above and all other verses by the same author are written for the benefit of a fund in support of this hospital. C. P. W.



READY

"Command the assistance of a faithful friend.

Christmas Globe, 1906.

The Talking Moose

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY
ARTHUR HEMING



"At-tick looked aside and beheld a bull moose with but a single horn."

IT occurred just at dusk. At-tick on his weekly round of the trapping-path had stopped to make camp for the night. While pausing a moment from his task of chopping down a dry tree for firewood he was startled by a strange barking or grunting, not unlike the sound of distant chopping. Was it the echo of his own axe strokes? That could not be, for the sound continued. Was it the steady calling of a bull moose? But this was not the mating season. The sound was drawing rapidly nearer. He listened, thrilled with a vague alarm.

But alarm speedily gave place to curiosity, and he strode forward. The scuffling noise of his snowshoes against the underbrush would surely frighten the unseen vocalist away. It seemed, however, to produce the opposite effect, for the mysterious sound advanced with greater rapidity toward the crest of the ridge up which he was climbing. On gaining the summit, just where it was marked by an otter's trail, his attention was momentarily attracted by a little evergreen tree circled and capped by a curious formation of snow. A loud snort was heard. At-tick looked aside and beheld a bull moose with but a single horn. He gave a yell, and as the moose wheeled bounded wildly down the slope without so much as a single backward glance.

In his flight he left behind him his sled, though it contained his trapping kit and the frozen carcasses of several valuable animals taken from his traps. He ran on and on for miles before he dared slacken his speed. Darkness overtook him, but, believing that he was still pursued, he never halted until he had reached his lodge. Finding it empty, he went over to his father-in-law's tepee. There they were all gathered, comfortably smoking and chatting round the fire. Surprised though they were, they did not question him about his sudden return until he had eaten his supper.

"My son," began Standing Wolf, "you have returned sooner than we expected. Has any evil befallen you?"

The boy was squatting before the fire with his head bent forward and his eyes straining intently at the flames. For some minutes he neither moved nor spoke. Again Standing Wolf questioned him. At last he stammered out:

"I have seen the Talking Moose, and he pursued me."

An awed silence fell upon the party. For a while nothing but the crackling of the fire and the whining of the dogs was heard; but soon the children began to whimper; for they, too, understood the meaning of the omen.

Knocking the ashes from his pipe, Standing Wolf began:

"My son, it has always been the belief of our people that every bull moose is possessed by the spirit of some great chief, and that the bull caribou contains the spirit of a lesser chief, and so on down through all animal life. Therefore, women should never eat of the head of a bull moose; nor should the head of a bull moose be placed on a sled upon which a woman has sat or is going to sit; for, if that is done, bad luck will follow the hunter, and it is the Talking Moose that brings the word.

"My son, your grandfather knew of a hunter who did that very thing, and a bull moose barked and braved at him wherever he went unarmed. Soon all the beasts of the forest, and even the birds of the air, learned what the man had done, and with one accord determined on revenge. Wherever he armed himself for the chase the forest creatures hid themselves from him. Wherever he set his traps and snares they avoided them. One day they found him travelling without his gun, and they followed him until at last they killed him.

"My son, the Talking Moose contains the spirit of one of your ancestors' enemies, and he has come to cast some evil spell upon you. There is but one thing, therefore, for you to do, and that is to kill the Talking Moose. Only a brave man can grapple with misfortune successfully. Be not cast down, then, lest you sap your courage and your strength. You will need both. Know this also that, should you fail to kill the Talking Moose, good luck will never again follow your trail. I would gladly undertake the task myself, but, even though I succeeded, it would avail you nothing. You yourself must kill the Moose, or the evil will not be turned from your path. If you fail, come to me for advice."

Next day At-tick set out at dawn, full of courage and determined to overcome his enemy.

It was a beautiful morning. The sun rose as he hurried along. His heart was light, though his face was tingling with the cold. When the long, slanting rays peered in among the trees and began to dance upon the soft, white carpet the hoar-frost that had formed upon his eyebrows and eyelashes and upon his cap and coat melted away, though his breath still rose in vapor as he moved. He had not travelled far before he found to his consternation that trap after trap had been sprung and robbed of its bait. In some instances the tightly closed steel jaws held tiny tufts of the fur of the marten or the mink or the fisher. Twenty yards away he found the frozen bodies of the once captive animals, and the fur torn from their ruined skins covering the snow. Here a deadfall had been sprung, there a snare had been set off, but never a thing did he find worth carrying off. All along his trapping-path he read the tell-tale trail of that little demon and trouble-maker, the wolverine.

On coming to his sled he found that its wrapper had been torn open, and that the furs of the frozen foxes he had removed from his traps the day before were utterly ruined. Though sunshine played among the trees and drove away the forest gloom, the woods held but little cheer for him now. Gathering his scattered possessions together, he repacked his sled, and trudged onward.

Two evil beings had now crossed his path which should he first destroy?

When he came to the tracks of the Talking Moose he knelt down and examined them carefully. He observed that the print of the off fore-foot left a small ridge upon the snow. The discovery pleased him. Now he could identify the Talking Moose, not only by its single horn for it was the antler-shedding season but also by its trail wherever met with. Pressing forward, he trailed the Moose with precaution. Hour after hour he followed it. By two o'clock the air had become charged with rime which in an hour changed to fine snowflakes that continued falling the rest of the day.

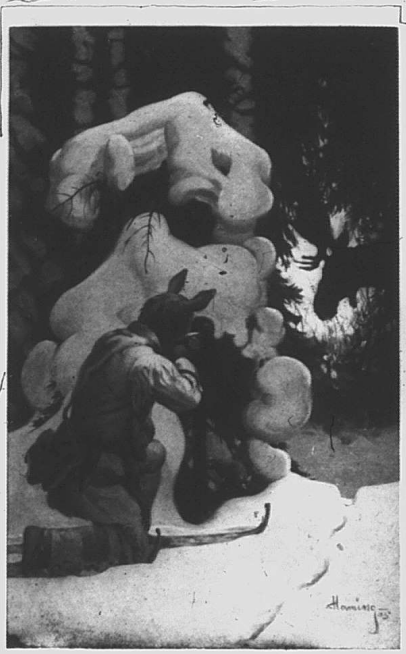
At dusk he halted beside the trail. While he was preparing his camp night came on. Soon his fire grew into a glorious blaze that sent its golden sparks and rays dancing in and out among the bushes, and up and over the tall, motionless trees that stood heavily wrapped in trailing mantles of grey. Though wolves howled near, he slept soundly, wrapped in the light folds of his hare-skin robe, and woke next morning to find himself covered with a heavy blanket of snow.

When day broke the wind rose and drifted the snow, disheartening him. He decided to postpone the pursuit until the storm had abated. Home he trudged on a heavy trail. In the evening the wind died down. About midnight his wife, Mis-na-ee, was roused from sleep by the dogs making a great uproar. She looked out and caught a glimpse of an animal upon the stage.* She shook At-tick out of his heavy slumber, and bade him get his gun as quick as the Master of Life would let him. Leaping out of his blanket, he caught



"Standing Wolf, while fixing a trap, caught a glimpse of a black fox as it passed the outer glare of the firelight."

* A platform supported by poles at a height of seven or eight feet from the ground, used as a larder and storehouse to preserve food from prowling beasts.



• • "Shoving the muzzle of his gun through the brush, he took careful aim and fired."

up his gun and rushed outside in time to see a wolverine sliding down from the stage. What with the uncertain light and the confusion produced by the suddenness of his awaking, his aim was bad. He killed two of his dogs, indeed, but the wolverine escaped unharmed.

This was a disastrous night for the young couple. Two of their best sled dogs lay dead. Their scanty stock of food was strewn on the snow. Most of it was ruined befouled by the wolverine.

While gathering the scattered treasures, however, At-tick's spirits began to rise. Though the meat was spoiled for his own use, it was still worth preserving. Why should he not keep it until the "fur-runners" came from the Fort, and barter it to them for the use of the Trader and his family? The idea of the White Man's household unsuspiciously dining off the foul meat was to At-tick and Mi-nas-se the source of such merriment that the loss of their dogs was entirely forgotten.

Next day At-tick set out to hunt the wolverine, for, now that the brute had found his trapping-path, he must kill it, or it would destroy his whole catch of fur. He trailed it all morning, so fresh were the signs, but never once caught sight of it. In the afternoon the wind sprang up and drifted the snow in swirling heaps, burying the trail. Vainly he searched for it until darkness overtook him. Then he camped for the night. Slipping off his snowshoes, instead of hanging them up out of harm's way as usual, he thoughtlessly stood them in the snow. Then he chopped a supply of firewood, cooked his supper, and turned into his blanket early. As the night was still and clear, he did not trouble himself to build a brush shelter.

He rose before daylight, filled with new energy and animated by the hope of soon overhauling the mischief-making beast.

After a hurried breakfast he began packing up in preparation for the trail. To his astonishment, he could find only one snowshoe. The coming of daylight turned his bewilderment into exasperation, for he discovered that the wolverine had paid him a visit during the night, and had dragged his shoe away. At first he did not realize his plight. He felt confident that he would soon come upon the missing shoe. Ramming the muzzle of his gun through the toe of the remaining shoe, he swung it over his shoulder, and plunged through the deep, soft snow in eager search. The trail was easy enough to follow until the wind arose. Then he lost it here and there beneath the drifts. Every step he took he sank above the knee. Instead of finding the shoe near camp, he trailed it for hours without success. No sooner would he find the trail than he would lose it again, and spend perhaps half an hour in picking it up. Growing tired of the heavy going, he thought it might be easier if he used the single shoe remaining; so he slipped it on. With it he could travel a little faster, it is true, but the exertion of raising and then lowering his body a couple of feet between each step was most exhausting. At last he lost the trail altogether. Weariness had seized him long before noon. As he still struggled on, every branch seemed to reach out and clutch at his capote or the snowshoe at his back. Again and again he had to stop to rest, or to infuse tea to quench the thirst that seemed unquenchable. Many a time he thought of turning back, but the hope of soon finding the lost shoe held him to his task. Round and round he staggered, silent in the frozen silence; tired, thirsty, persistent.

Evening was almost come when, with a keen thrill of delight, he espied the toe of the stolen shoe protruding above the drifted snow. He floundered forward, and grasped at it as eagerly as though he feared it might make its escape. Then his heart sank within him. The shoe was damaged beyond repair. Falling down in the snow, he sat staring stupidly at the wreck before him. It was dark when he rose and made a fire and cooked and ate his last morsel of food.

Noticing the tracks of hares about, he set a few snares in the hope of catching one for breakfast. Before turning in, he hung what remained of his snowshoes high in a tree, and stood his gun in the snow out of reach of the heat of the fire, lest the frost upon the metal should melt and rust it. Winding his blanket about him, he lay down upon the balsam mattress to let sleep charm away for a few hours the remembrance of his misfortunes.

When he awoke next morning he felt stiff and sore from yesterday's hard tramp; and, on sitting up, he found that snow was falling. After starting the fire, he went to look at his snares. Near where one had been placed he saw a tuft of rabbit hair, and rejoiced in the anticipation of a good meal. But a moment later his delight changed to dejection. The snare was not only broken, but the hare had been dragged away, and wolverine tracks told the tale. The robber's track, he found, circled his camp several times and then led to an impression in the snow where something had been pulled over and dragged away. While he stood looking at the hole, it suddenly flashed upon him that that was where he had left his gun standing overnight. By this time he was so down-hearted that he simply followed the trail of the gun for some fifty yards; then, remembering his experience of yesterday, he gave up and returned to the fire. His only salvation lay in making a new snowshoe; so he set to work. Taking a long willow wand, he bent it into a circle and fastened the overlapping ends together. Then, squeezing it into oval shape, he adjusted a single bar, and finally restrung the deerskin lacing from the broken shoe into the new one. It was fashioned after the "bear paw" shoe, the easiest to make in an emergency. In a couple of hours the work was done. Then with his blanket and his tea pail slung upon his back he set out to find his gun.

He was prepared for a long trail, but he had gone scarcely a hundred yards when he stumbled upon the object of his search. At the first glance he saw that its coat had been removed. But there was worse to come. On picking up the gun he found to his dismay that it was not only badly gnawed, but that the trigger guard had been wrenched aside, and the trigger broken. He stood staring at the useless weapon with rage in his heart at the thought of how the wolverine had mastered him. His traps had been robbed and his gun was broken. There was nothing for him to do but return home. Feeling thirsty as well as hungry, he returned to the fire and melted some snow to drink. Then he drew from his belt his fire-bag, a long skin pouch containing pipe and tobacco, flint and steel, and touchwood. He took out his pipe and tobacco, and laid the fire-bag carefully upon a log while he settled himself for a smoke.



• • "Then she returned."



• • "He . . . . fired just as the moose reared to strike him."

As he pondered over his mishaps, it occurred to him that by cutting straight through the forest regardless of the winding trail he had followed he might be able to reach home before dusk. Rising, he tightened his sash, slipped his axe into its place, swung his pack upon his back, and taking up his useless gun set out for home.

At first, the difference in the shape and weight of his snowshoes gave him considerable trouble, but presently he became accustomed to the difference.



Christmas Globe, 1906.

Photo by M. O. Hammond.

ONE OF CANADA'S NATION-BUILDERS

Though hungry and thirsty, he kept on his way until about one o'clock. Then he halted to make a fire and melt some snow. After chopping some wood, he tore a piece of birch bark from a tree close by, knelt down, and reached for his fire-bag. It was gone. When and where had he left it? He stood wondering whether to go back and look for it, or to go on without it. He was not sure of the distance he had yet to travel. He might have to spend the night in the woods. He must go back and find it. Wearily he trudged back, with his eyes upon the trail. Mile after mile he footed on, but never a sign of his fire-bag. Despair stalked beside him. Fatigue weighed upon him. Hunger gnawed at him, and thirst gripped his throat. He was breaking down, but still he pressed forward. He dared not slake his thirst with snow, for he well knew what would follow.

Suddenly he remembered having left his fire-bag upon the log beside the fire. The remembrance gave him strength. He hurried on. The trail was growing heavier with drifting snow, but he staggered forward. At last he saw the dismal, charred sticks of his dead camp-fire half blanketed with snow. Expecting to find the fire-bag, he eagerly brushed the snow aside; but the bag was gone. Looking round he espied in the shelter of the log fresh tracks of an animal, and then he understood. That little demon, that trouble-maker, the wolverine, had stolen his fire-bag. Utterly disheartened, he sank upon the log, crying like any child.

In misery he sat, his mind full of the cause of all his misfortunes—the Talking Moose. The mere recollection of the awful thing made him rise and look about. Dusk was coming on; night would soon descend. He set six or eight hare snares and then turned to making a wind-break to protect him from the storm. When all was in readiness for the night, he set out for a small lake a few hundred yards away. There he chopped a hole through the ice and quenched his thirst. On returning to camp he carefully stowed all his belongings beneath the shelter, wrapped himself in his blanket, and fell asleep.

Several times during the night he awoke with the impression that something was prowling about, and in the morning he found fresh signs of the wolverine. On examining the snares he found them empty. Quenching his thirst once more at the lake, he set out for home. All day long he tramped, tramped, tramped; up hill and down dale; over fallen timber and through tangled underwood; across bleak barrens and rough muskegs. About sundown he reached home, to find the fire out and his wife away. He followed her tracks over to the other lodges.

When he had eaten his supper, Standing Wolf questioned him, and on hearing his sad tale gently chided him for his carelessness and his lack of woodcraft.

"My son," he said, "now that you have failed to kill the Talking Moose, I will tell you how to succeed. First, the spirit of the Moose must be appeased, then you shall learn how a moose should be hunted. To satisfy the spirit that possesses the Talking Moose some friend of yours who is not under the ban must secure the entire skin of a female fawn. The skin must be stuffed, and set up on some high point in such wise that the figure may resemble a young moose looking toward the spirit trail. Then a maid who has not yet entered womanhood must stand off at the regular hunting distance and shoot five successive arrows into the image. The shooting must take place upon a moonlight night. Should one shot fail, it means that the spirit has rejected the girl. Another must be found, but she must not shoot during the same moon. If she is successful, then the hunter may go again upon the trail with the assurance that all is well, and that he may now kill the Talking Moose. This is the belief of all our people."

Next morning Standing Wolf set out upon the hunt, and returned the second day with the complete skin of a moose fawn. The women stuffed the skin and mounted it upon a point overlooking the lake. Standing Wolf in the meantime accompanied At-tick on the round of his trapping-trail to help him to reset his traps and deadfalls. That night Standing Wolf while fixing a trap caught a glimpse of a black fox as it passed the outer glare of the firelight. This he hailed as a good omen. As the boy's woodcraft had been unequal to the task of capturing and killing the wolverine, Standing Wolf showed him how to make pellets of pounded glass mixed with grease. These the old hunter dropped here and there in likely places. When At-tick's traps were all in order Standing Wolf returned to camp.



"Where the charred and limbless trunks of a once dense forest stood like a multitude of black-robed mourners."

Next night, when all was in readiness, and the moon was at the proper height, old Nooskoom arose, and taking a little girl, with her bow and arrows, set out to find the fawn that was looking toward the spirit trail. Halfway up the hill Nooskoom dropped behind, while the child continued to follow an imaginary trail. Catching sight of the image of the moose-calf, she crept cautiously within easy range, raised her bow and sent five successive arrows through the skin. Then she returned.

At the first streak of daybreak Standing Wolf addressed the Marten.

"My son, as the spirit is now appeased, I am going to take At-tick and show him how to hunt the Talking Moose. While we are on the trail I want you to go the rounds of his trapping-paths; and, as it is dangerous now to take the dogs, Nooskoom will accompany you with my hunting sled. Camp to-night at the southern end of Lynx Lake, so that I may get my sled should our hunt turn out well."

Then Standing Wolf with At-tick set out to hunt the Talking Moose. He had seen the animal's trail in the Moose Hills the day before. Straight to the spot he headed, and in less than two hours was tracking the deer. While halting beside the trail for a second breakfast Standing Wolf took great care not to make any noise, he even denied himself the luxury of a smoke, so that there should be as little man-smell as possible.

Pressing on again for two or three miles, they came upon the place where the moose had slept the night before. They now knew that their quarry might be within a distance of anywhere from a hundred yards to a mile



Photo by M. O. Hammond.

Henceforth they must proceed with greater caution, for the object of their quest might be either feeding or resting. In order to advance as easily and as quietly as possible, both left their packs beside the trail.

The very fact that the moose is so wary and takes such precautions against attack renders it possible for a clever hunter with a knowledge of its ways to make a kill with comparative ease. Before lying down to sleep or to rest after feeding, the moose invariably circles to leeward of the trail, and lies down at a little distance from it, in order without being observed to avoid the pursuer when he passes a certain point. At the same time the moose lies down facing to leeward. Consequently, it is guarded on the windward side by scent, on the leeward side by sight, and on all quarters by its acute sense of hearing.

Leaving the moose's trail, which was running southward, the hunters made a semicircular detour on the eastern side, for the wind was coming from the southwest. When they next cut the trail they found it still pointing in a southerly direction. So they circled to leeward once more, and this time found the tracks heading northward. Knowing from the signs that their quarry was about to lie down after feeding, they circled again. This time they made a smaller detour northward, and eventually cut their own tracks beside the moose trail when it was heading north. Now they knew the moose was within the compass of their last detour. Standing Wolf faced the south and, warning At-tick by a sign to greater caution, slowly led the way.

The hunters knew that they were within less than fifty yards of their prey, and that their only chance of success lay in their being able to avoid being scented, seen or heard. Stooping low as they slowly placed their feet, they moved forward without making the slightest sound, while their eyes keenly searched the silent forest.

Patiently they crept forward from screen to screen, sometimes spending five minutes to gain ten yards. Presently Standing Wolf became rigid. After a little while he motioned with one hand behind him for At-tick to come on. The boy crouched abreast of the hunter and saw through a matted tangle of underbrush the single antler of a moose. Standing Wolf's woodcraft had triumphed. They had come within distance of the deer exactly halfway between the direction toward which it was looking and the direction from which the wind was coming. As its shoulder was hidden, their position was an awkward one from which to shoot. Standing Wolf, therefore, motioned the boy to gain a better vantage.

As he crept forward, Standing Wolf critically watched his every move. After a long, anxious interval At-tick gained a little bunch of snow-capped evergreens that formed an excellent screen. Shoving the muzzle of his gun through the brush, he took careful aim and fired. The moose flinched violently, and bounded away out of sight among the trees. The men rushed forward; but when Standing Wolf saw the dark color of the blood upon the snow, he halted and made At-tick follow up the game while he made his way to the trapping-path for his sled. So they parted.

Reloading his gun, At-tick continued in pursuit. Before he had gone a quarter of a mile he found the moose lying down beside an open spring at the edge of a small lake. Believing the beast to be dying, he approached carelessly, and took off his snowshoes to be ready for the skinning. But the moose was not nearly so dead as it looked. With a savage squeal it leaped up and made for him. The startled boy took aim and pulled the trigger, but the gun missed fire. So he turned to flee. Being without his shoes, he floundered deeply, and fell headlong in the snow. Turning quickly, he cocked his gun again and fired just as the moose reared to strike him. The ball entered its heart. It fell heavily, and in falling its horn struck the boy on the head as he was rolling aside, and crushed him into the snow.

When the sun had withdrawn the shadow that the trees threw over the two motionless figures, and when the wind had begun to bury them with drifting snow, a wolf came out of the woods, made three spiral circles round them, and hesitated a moment as though in fear of someone's approach. Then, lowering head and tail, it trotted off.

Presently Standing Wolf and Noo-koom came upon the scene. The old woman caught sight of the boy's foot protruding above the snow, and gave a piercing scream. She rushed forward and began frantically digging away the snow, while Standing Wolf dragged and tugged at the moose's heavy head. When Noo-koom felt the boy's cold face, she sank back despairingly; and while Standing Wolf was raising the body up and placing it on his sled, began to wail a death chant.

Standing Wolf cut off the head of the moose, and slung it upon his back. Then bidding Noo-koom rise and haul the sled, he went ahead to beat the trail.

Slowly they entered the forest and took their tortuous way in and out among the trees, and over and under the fallen timber. They crossed a lake and came upon a strip of burnt country where the charred and limbless trunks of a once dense forest stood like a multitude of black-enshrouded mourners, as the pitiful little funeral passed on its way.

At the trapping-path they found the Marten, and near him a heap of frozen animals taken from At-tick's trapping trail. Among them Standing Wolf noticed the carcass of the wolverine, and set the head of the moose down beside it.

He busied himself unlacing the sled on which the body of the unfortunate At-tick lay, while the others dispersed in search of poles for a scaffold upon which to place the remains. Then he withdrew a little distance and waited, making stern efforts to command his sorrow. Suddenly he heard behind him the sound of a voice. Turning swiftly, he beheld At-tick sitting up and rubbing his eyes, and staring dazedly at the moose's head and the dead wolverine. Then Standing Wolf heard him cry:

"Oh, Ke-che-mun-e-do, there is the head of the Talking Moose I slew; now you have changed my luck."



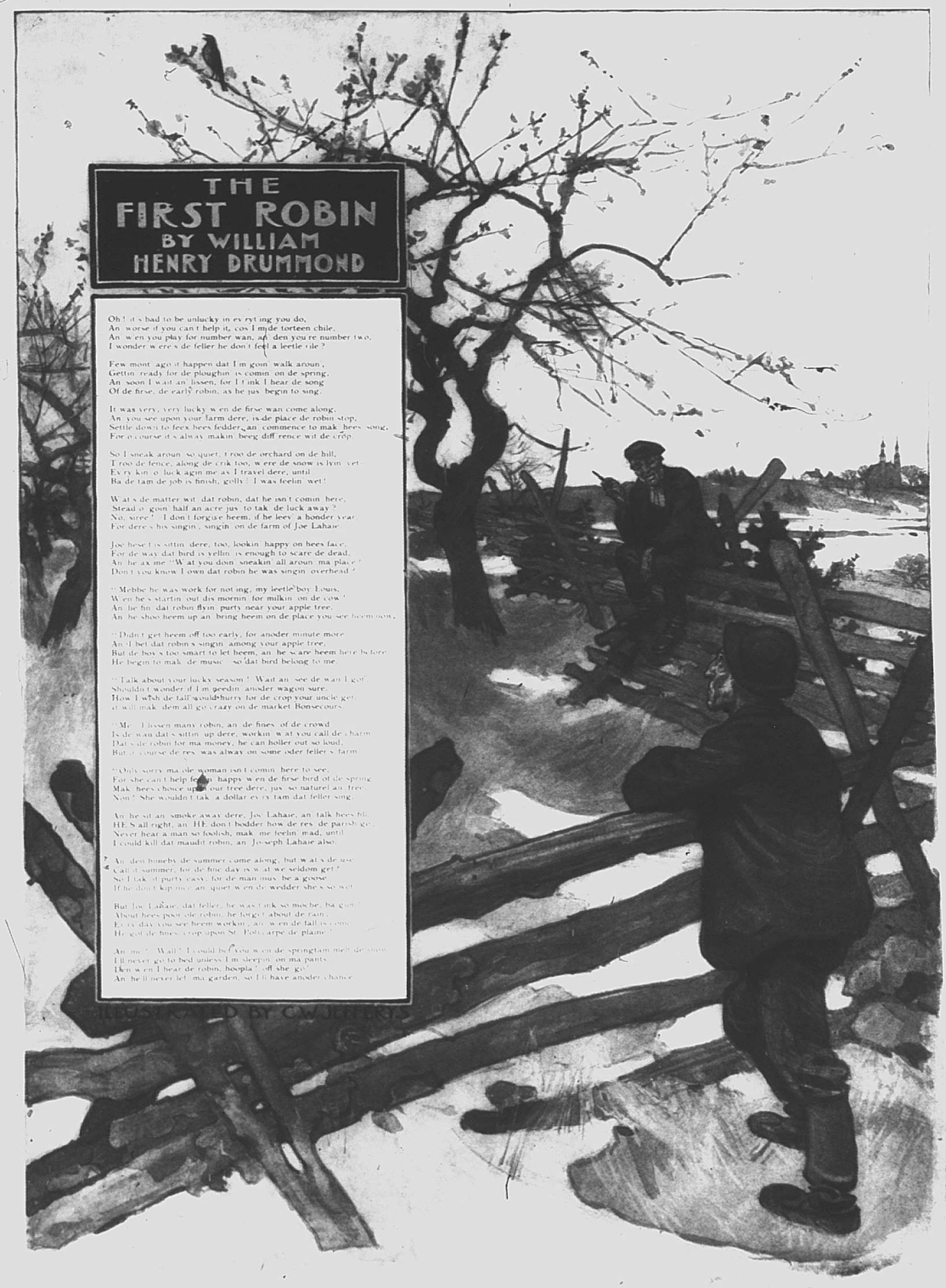
IN THE ODD MOMENTS

re he had gone a
n open spring at
ng, he approached
kinning. But the
e squeal it leaped
ed the trigger, but
out his shoes, he
rning quickly, he
strike him. The
n struck the boy
he snow.
hrew over the two
y them with drift-
g snow, a wolf
ame out of the
oods, made three
iral circles round
em, and hesitated
moment as though
fear of some-
he's approach.
hen, lowering head
d tail, it trotted
Presently Stands
g Wolf and Noo-
om came upon
e scene. The old
oman caught
ght of the boy's
ot protruding
ove the snow,
d gave a piercing
ream. She rushed
rward and began
antically digging
way the snow.
hile Standing
olf dragged and
gged at the
oose's heavy
id. When Noo-
om felt the boy's
ld face, she sank
ck despairingly;
d while Standing
olf was raising
e body up and
fting it on his
d began to wail
death chant.
Standing Wolf
t off the head of
e moose, and
ng it upon his
ck. Then bidding
oo-koom rise and
ul the sled, he
nt ahead to beat
e trail.
Slowly they en-
ed the forest and
ok their tortuous
y in and out
mong the trees.
d over and under
e fallen timber.
ey crossed a lake
d came upon a
ip of burnt coun-
where the char-
d and limbless
nks of a once
nse forest stood
e a multitude of
ack-enshrouded
burners, as the
iful little funeral
ssed on its way.
At the trapping-
th they found the
arten, and near
n a heap of frozen
Standing Wolf
the moose down

the unfortunate
a scaffold upon
ace and waited.
heard behind him
k sitting up and
d and the dead

g Moose I slew;

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1906



THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE
1906

The Graduation of Augustus

Drawings by J.S. GORDON.



1 Augustus father was an old martinet and when the returns from Sandhurst showed that his hopeful had been plucked he was threatened with apoplexy



2 Augustus talked of driving a cab -

3 - or be coming a waiter



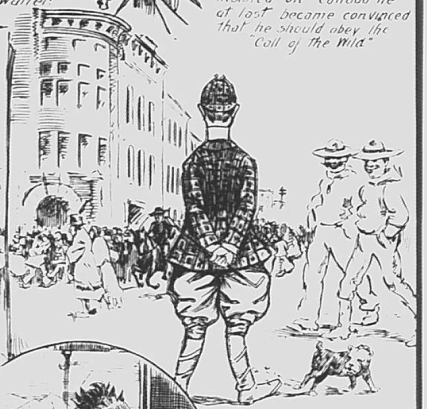
4 But as his father insisted on Canada he at last became convinced that he should obey the "Call of the Wild"



5 The Lady Dorothy a Word in Chancery



6



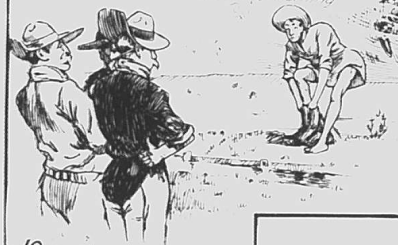
7 At last he arrives at Calgary in the regulation yellow leggings and is somewhat surprised to see everything going



9 He decides that there remains but one thing to do and that is to seek a lady in the case. After much search he finds one who discovers that the two are apparently no nearer than in the morning



8 Augustus next morning finds his despondency replaced by pangs of hunger coming to the conclusion that a man cannot live on love alone he wires home for money



10 This makes a deep impression on the mind for a few days later the members of the Bar X Ranch find him perilously close to swimming a narrow irrigation ditch. Why not from it? Why it may be a quarter of a mile wide

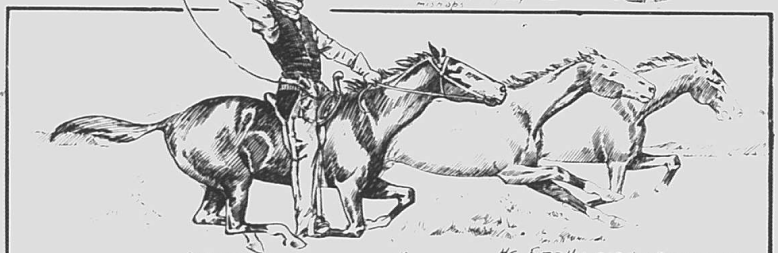


11 After

12 Some other trifling mishaps



13 Becomes Close Pursuing



14 He finally graduates as a real cowboy with no use for store clothes



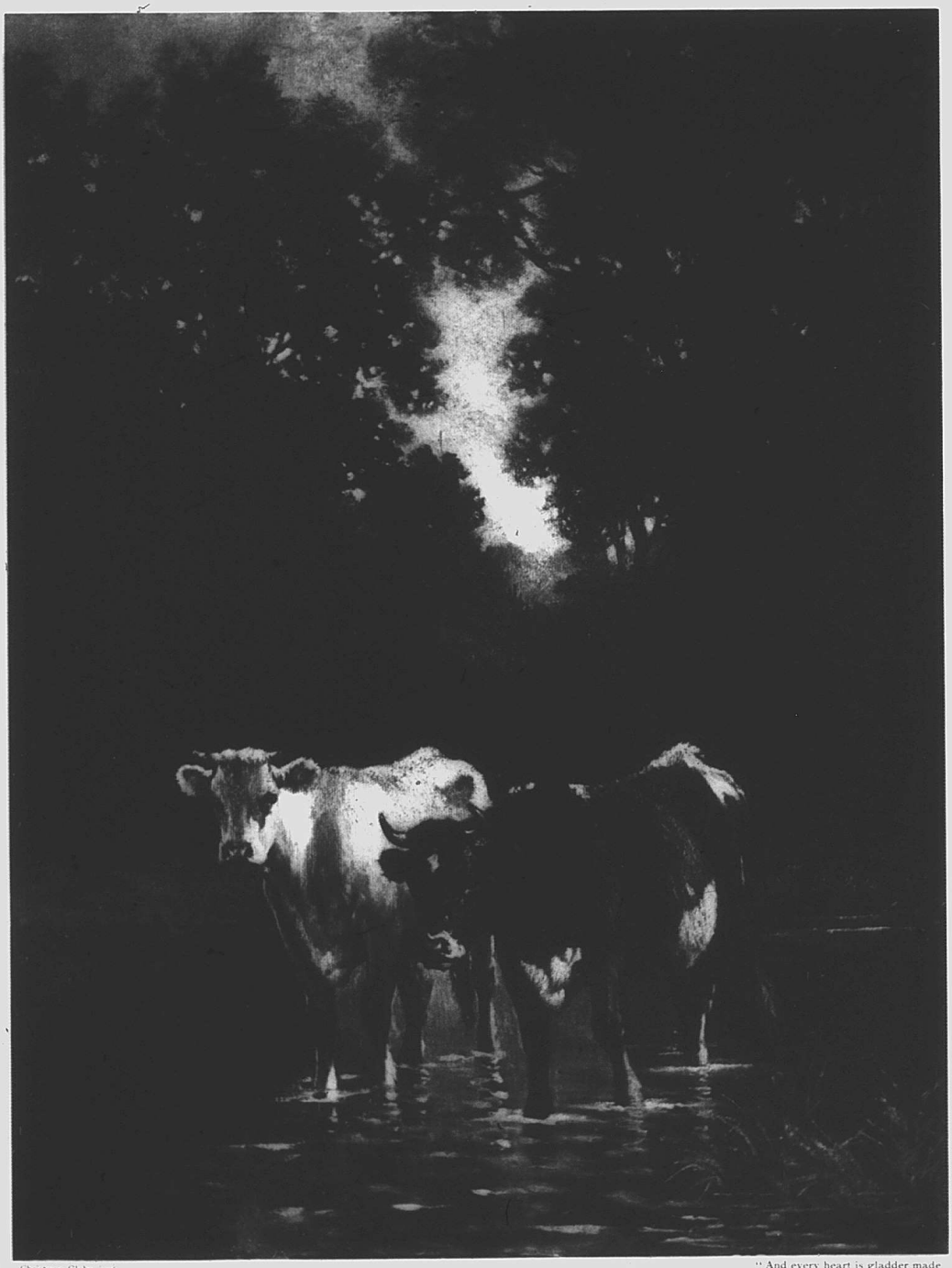
15 Lady Dorothy arrives without warning and is overjoyed by being vigorously hugged by a fierce looking rough rider



16 This is where the Honey moon was spent



17 But a year after the General gives a reluctant approval to the Broad Arrow Ranch and a warm greeting to its charming mistress



Christmas Globe, 1906.

AT THE WATER HOLE

"And every heart is gladder made
When water greets the sight."

The Camera Hunters' Christmas Eve.

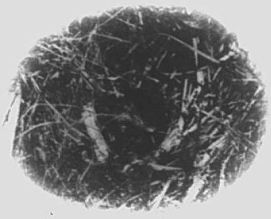
By Bonnycastle Dale.



ALL the long, snow-covered lake looked dim in the twilight, the chain of heavily-wooded islands seeming so many distant dots. Ahead the Beaver rose sharply against the skyline, the big pines powdered like so many great Christmas trees; from under their dark branches the ruddy gleam from the "shanty" windows streamed hospitably, a touch of home even in this lonely spot.

As I kicked off my snowshoes outside the slab door I thought of all the happy homes and cheerful firesides in the frontier towns, of hunting chums far distant at this jovial reunion season. Just then the guides inside struck up an Indian song, the deep gutturals telling again the Christmas story in rude Ojibway words. Lonely! Not they nor I. As I lifted the big latch Dash and Daisy, the truest friends man ever had, leaped to their feet, yelping and bounding around me, adding to the welcome home.

"Ti-yah," grunted Hawk. Musquash looked up and smiled from his comfort near the hearth. When the dogs had settled themselves as near the burning logs as safely permitted and Red Irish can stand a lot of heat I asked Hawk where the runner was.



BLACK DUCK SETTING. THE DUSKY DUCK'S OWN PICTURE FOR THE CAMERA HUNTER.

"Coming; near Shawnee Island," he answered with Mississauga brevity. We were all anxious for Noah to come with the mailbag. In the silence that ensued, while we watched the flickering fire points pick out the guns and fishing rods, the traps, cameras, telescopes and all the duffle of this nature study work hanging on the "shanty" walls, we heard the runner's voice. The dogs gave tongue, then sank down, wagging their tails in recognition, and, shaking the newly fallen snow from his shoulders, the lithe redskin entered.

Letters from home, little tokens from friends, gifts for the guides fell out of this dark Santa Claus' pack, and best of all our prints from the films, all that was left to tell the tale of three months' hard work afloat and afield. While the setters squatted alongside, positively smiling in open-mouthed enjoyment, the guides drew the rugs up and bunched on their haunches, prepared to see the results of the "one-eye," as Hawk called the camera. Casting aside muskrat and mink, heron and loon, plover and snipe studies, we chose the pack that held the prints of our wary old friend the Black Duck, the Shesheb, as the redmen poetically call it.

Musquash gingerly fingered the print that pictured the nest under the cedars. "Good," he grunted, solemnly. The nest was carefully built of cedar twigs that had fallen from the far-spreading branches overhead, and lined with drifted oak leaves; it held eight bluish-white eggs. How carefully the bright-eyed pair had examined that shore, swimming up and down day after day to prove how secluded it was, with no sharp-eyed mink concealed anywhere to sink the cruel teeth in the female bird's well-curved neck. Cautiously, slowly she had waddled up over the gravel and searched out this hidden spot, then gave her quack of satisfaction and heard his low, deep "myamph"; for these black drakes (the Dusky Mallards) are silent birds, as in another kingdom the females do all the talking. Perfectly satisfied with her ability, he let her do all the work, while he tried hard to exterminate the snail family.



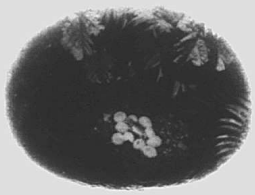
BLACK DUCK WADDLING DOWN OVER THE SHORE.

Day after day she patiently sat there, leaving a little while both morning and afternoon, when the sun was at its best, to hastily seek whatever food drifted celery, flag roots, shore-swept wild rice—anything she could find, and winging swiftly back to the low-hanging cedars. No nest is to be seen. Watch her closely; she creeps in under the branches, turns back with her bill what looks like a mass of leaves, but is really a cover of feathers torn from her own breast, and inter-woven with leaves and fibres about it. The eggs, warm and comfortable, are disclosed and she slides gently on, arranging them with bill and feet.

"Say, Musquash, what robs the duck's nest?"

The redman's eyes twinkled as he told me, "Mink hawks," and he glanced at his fellow-guide, "crow, weasel, lot's things."

"Wrong, old man. Here's the picture of the robber," and I handed him the print that showed the dead tree sparrow, killed and laid on the nest just after it had broken into three eggs. This breed, in its various branches, is the one that does the most of the damage, in my experience, at least. Time after time I have seen it creep through the grass like a rat and chip an egg before I could intervene. Never once have I seen any other bird or animal destroy the eggs of this fine game bird.

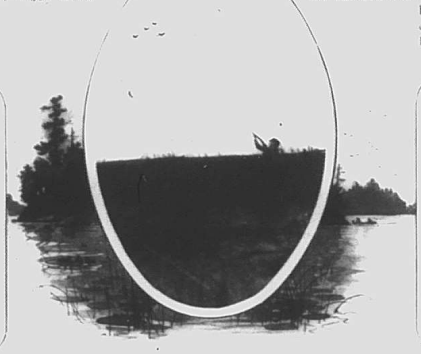


THE DEAD SPARROW, KILLED WHILE BREAKING THE EGGS.

"Oh!" and a chorus of "Ti-yahs" went up when we came to the black duck setting. This is the moment of keenest delight to the camera man afield, when the film develops the bird he feared he had lost, or if time is a factor, as in our case, when the highly polished silica print comes back from the nearby town.



BLACK DRAKE EATING A FROG.



SHOOTING FROM WILD RICE "HIDE."



AWKWARD FLIGHT OF THE JUMPING BLACK DUCK.

The Christmas Globe

19--06



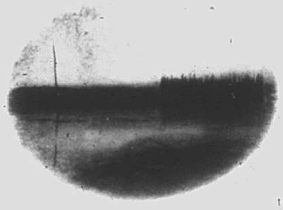
BLACK DUCK ALIGHTING IN THE DECOYS.

SWIMMING THROUGH THE DECOYS AND EYEING THE "HIDE" INTENTLY.

"Remember it, Hawk?" The big face, seamed by the wind and flushed by the fire, beamed responsively.

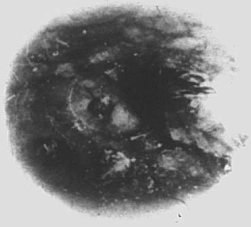
"Took it herself."

He was right. We had found this big black duck setting on the bog edge, and no "hide" that we could deftly arrange would defy her bright eyes as she swept back on slow-fanning wings. So day by day we dropped a bit of brush, a handful of rushes, a few flags or pucka-brush until it had grown into a considerable heap six feet from the nest. Then we concealed the camera in it, tied a line to a stiff twig, passed it over the nest and fastened it to the roller blind lever, concealed ourselves far off in the marsh and awaited her ladyship's return. She flew straight back, certain we were not near the nest, alighted on the trampled front and stepped or slid gently in. Through the glass I could see her settle herself, but no curtain rang down, else she would have flushed. Then she busied herself, cuddling the eggs with her feet. "Clang" rang the machine. "Quack" went the bird, and away she flew, enabling us to offer the film's impression of a setting duck.



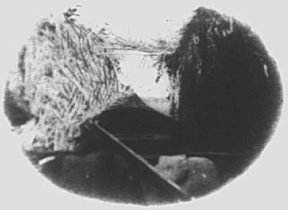
THE "HIDE" FROM WHICH WE TAKE OUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

"That's him eatin' frog," said the impromptu Santa Claus as he laughed at the big male on the shoreline. This handsome drake — it is hard to tell drake from duck, as there is little difference in plumage — used to frequent a deep, rice-filled bay, while the mate was busy with the clutch, visiting her every night, awaiting the day when she would swim over from the island in midlake with eight or ten greenish yellowly little dots in her wake. Again we sat concealed under the swamp cedars and saw him walking on the little sandy beach; saw him lower his head like a snake and creep up on a little green frog. Dab! the bill flew out and pinned it down. Just as he was going to swallow it I pressed the bulb and saved the poor wee frog from an untimely fate.



THE BLACK DUCK FROZEN INTO THE ICE.

Another picture all recognized was the female bird gravelling. You may notice that the neck is wet from dipping down. All birds of this breed have to get gravel every second day to assist digestion. In the hunting season, when the shore is lined with amateur sharpshooters, this is no easy matter, for the huge rafts of ducks swimming in attract attention. Clever, cautious and sharp-eyed, they match their instinct against our cunning, and usually win out. Let the boy conceal himself ever so well on the long, bare shoreline of the gravelling spot and not more than one duck will fall to his excited aim, unless he is an old hunter, and sportsmen detest this way of killing the big black duck. The flock, sitting outside from before daylight, have noted every sound and movement on the shore. Then some slowly start to swim in, in a long line. Arrived a hundred yards from the shore, they throw out a regular skirmishing line that swims backwards and forwards, slowly approaching. These in turn send another line ahead that sit and preen themselves within seventy yards. Intently and carefully watching, another small body advances to about fifty yards, then swims straight up the shore. It was only a bluff. They never intended to land there. The new spot is searched thoroughly from outside the danger line. They are all educated painfully in distance measurement. Then all swim out to the big flock, report, the whole mass faces the shore, and, a single bird leading, they approach. One or two are in, and there is no more fear of danger. An hour later the entire flock may be seen feeding, sleeping, gravelling on that well-chosen shore, but many sentries still keep guard. The bird in the picture searched the scene every thirty or forty-five seconds. Never once did a full minute elapse without her bright eyes scanning the scene for an enemy.



CANOE FLOATING INSIDE THE "HIDE."



BLACK DUCK JUMPING OUT OF THE DECOYS.

After the "floppers" have spent the months of July and August in the most hidden places in the drowned lands and marshes, in the little lonely pond holes, they are able to fly. Now the birds gather in big flocks in some secluded rice-filled bay, fattening on the succulent wild rice, unconsciously awaiting the fatal first of September.

The Mississaugas had built the "hide" in the great wild rice beds, built it stoutly of trees, poplar and birch trees, driven down eighteen feet into the black liquid mud that supports the strange "water farms" of the tribe. On the crotched tops

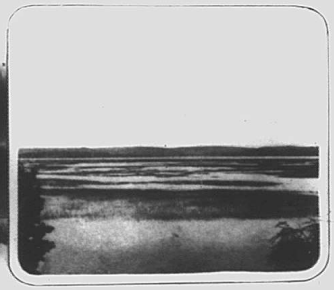


THE DEATH OF THE BLACK DUCK.



MISSISSAUGA DUCK HUNTER IN NATURAL-LOOKING WILD RICE "HIDE."





THE GREAT WILD RICE BEDS, THE FLOATING FARMS OF THE REDMEN.



Christmas Globe, 1906.

BEST COPY AVAILABLE
McLaren Micropublishing Limited

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1906

THE PICTURES ON THESE PAGES ILLUSTRATE

Quiet Fishing Pools

KNOWN ONLY TO THE FEW



WHERE NOVA SCOTIAN STREAM



IN THE ST. MAURICE



ON THE RIDEAU



ON THE GRAND RIVER



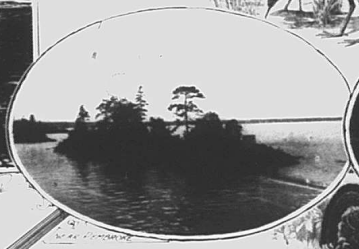
FISHING



ON NEAR LOW









NEAR FITZHUGH

TEMAGAMI NEAR WAKEFIELD



two eighteen-foot poles were laid. Then the standing wild rice straw was tied to these, a stout tree was driven down alongside, a foot-square board was lashed to this, with moose wood strips, and a windowlike hole was cut in the north side of the hide, making an ideal place to fasten a camera and photograph birds in the decoys alongside.

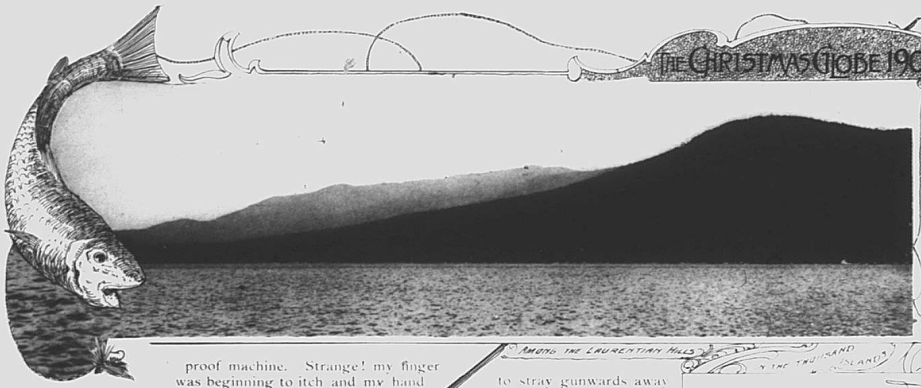
"That's our old 'hide,' Musquash." A nod for an answer. These men are not talking machines. They never gush, seldom showing enthusiasm, and a laugh from them is always earned.

The guide and I were early in that "hide" the morning of the first. The camera was lashed to the platform, the decoys bobbed outside, and we lay back in the canoe smoking the pipe of peace. The black ducks were feeding all around us in the rice, splashing and making a great noise, tipping up and reaching their long grey necks down for sunken wild rice seed, wild onions and celery. Just before the first faint line in the east told of the coming day loud quacks sounded all over the beds, warning notes that danger came with the light and it was time to be off. A few overfed birds jumped at once. Five minutes later, with a noise like thunder, the whole mass rose and winnowed away off overhead, unseen in the darkness, the silky rustling of their wings making us grasp our guns in a hurry. Away they went to some secluded lake a hundred miles off in the "back country" or out into midlake. Here exactly in the centre they would sit and sleep until darkness fell, and then wing back hungry for the great feeding grounds. A few birds, used to living in the beds several hundred perhaps, only went for a wing-stretcher. We could hear them returning before it was light enough to shoot.

Soon the streams of fire shot upwards all over the beds. The noise was deafening. The poor startled ducks must have pictured a redskin at the foot of every rice stalk. "Bang-rip-bung" went the ancient weapons, great bonfires of smoke curling upwards. "Tack-tack" went the smokeless of the Whites, and we sat and enjoyed the flight. At least I did. Musquash was as uneasy as a pea in a rattle. His trigger finger was dreadful itchy, he told me, but "pictures first, shooting next" was the order of the day. Just then a big bird winged its way straight for the decoys, circled, hovered a moment on outspread wings, the head turning and the brown eyes peering at the "hide," threw back its wings and settled into the decoys, right in front of a floating camera. We caught her, photographically, just as her feet touched the water, giving an illustration of how they settled. Alarmed, she sprang up and flew away quacking.

Another fine bird settled in among the counterfeit ducks and swam past. She eyed the "hide" intently, and we took her in that position. Off she went, with no stinging lead to interfere. Then a bird swooped down on curved wings, hooked them, dropped and fell into the decoys with a great splash. We caught her, with the foam of her fall surging ahead.

One bright-eyed old fellow sat in the decoys as motionless as if carved there. Head up, neck stretched, wings ready for a jump, positive that the "hide" hid some danger. As he rose to the swell he hooked his wings in the jumping motion. The camera rang out and a very hard picture was ours. Another black duck leaping from the water with vibrant quack and fast-beating wings was pictured to show how awkward this fine bird looks in mid-air, just before it leaves the springing motion and takes up level flight. Poor Musquash's itching finger must have been positively painful by this time, as he emitted all sorts of uncouth grunts. Once I thought I translated a benediction on the "one-eye," which if answered would have ruined this non-fire-





AMONG THE LAURENTIAN HILLS

proof machine. Strange! my finger was beginning to itch and my hand from the camera. The ducks were flying wildly now sounded from the rice beds. Musquash looked at his gun and a big black duck terminated his decoys. Many more fell before our guns that

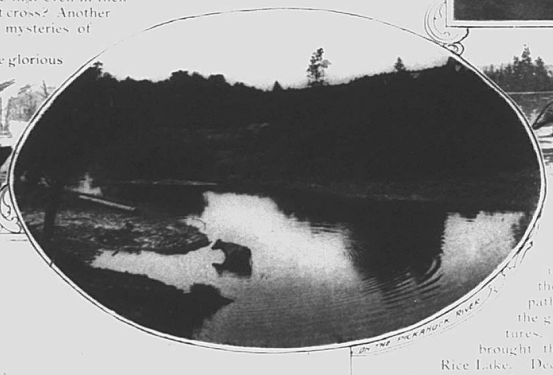
As we lay before the warm hearth this sputter as Nojah tossed them on, or the of blue flame, we recalled the later of approval or deep-seated plea how we had built the "bow-ho on the waves, the front ranks the sleeping ranks behind. drifted down before the shot. Along they woke up and went to sleep. bird drift exact sleep of

to stray gunwards away and a regular volleying me. I smiled, nodded. "Up flew earthly career, splashing in the bright September morning.

Christmas Eve, watching the fir-cones fat pine knots as they sent out long spirals part of the season, with many an Indian grunt sure how the birds had massed far up the lake, use" on the little island and watched them sleeping busily paddling to keep the swell down and shelter These, with heads tucked away beneath their wings, wind, straight for the island. Our hopes were high for a swept until, almost a hundred yards out, instantly every bird flew over the flock, taking the places of the workers, who in turn All afternoon this wonderful sight continued and never once did a closer than the hundred yards. What wonderful instinct told them the danger line that even in their they must not cross? Another the unsolved mysteries of nature.

Then we thought of the glorious





ON THE MISSINAIBI RIVER





days of October, when all the rice beds were a golden glory, and the islands flamed in reds, and the great tossing blue lake caught the falling birds and rocked them as if in sympathy with their troubles. November had given the guides good sport and the machines fine pictures. Then the nipping days of November had brought the whole southern migration to good old Rice Lake. December had sealed it fast beneath glittering ice. All but the open spaces at the Otonabee's mouth, where some poor wounded ducks, unable to join the great procession south, still led a precarious existence. There were other black ducks that would never fly again. These hung, frozen hard, high up on the northern side of the shanty, and Nojah voiced the wishes of the camp when he said, "Duck and wild rice to-morrow."

Through the windows we could see the winter moon shining like a great illuminated berg in the sky. Hawk heard Dash scratching, and opened the door and the setter stepped into the bright circle of firelight with a black duck's feather in his upheld mouth. "See, thief," said Hawk, pointing. I defended the panting beast, as I knew he would never touch one of our birds after it had been retrieved.

"I know come," put in Musquash. We threw on our hunting duds and followed the guide. Outside the sparkling surface of the newly-fallen snow was as bright as noonday, the black shadows of the pines clear cut on its fields. It was an easy matter to track the long, easy lope of the dog. Past the leafless basswoods and under the oaks it led, down the north point path of the island to the ice, then straight across the long white expanse to the river. Dash took up the trail and led us in high spirits, turning and barking every few yards to hurry us along. Along the flag-grown mouth the trail led up the river to where the swift current had kept the ice at bay until to-night. The intense cold since sundown had sealed every hole. The dog stopped at a dark object and stood rigid in the moonlight. Advancing ahead of the others, I read the scene. A poor wounded black duck, unable to fly had been swimming here at sunset. Then the long ice-fingers had reached across the hole to close it. Her last chance was to keep it open. Hour after hour she had battled with the increasing ice, swimming hard in circles that ever became smaller. At last the ice had seized the dusky yellow feet, nipped the trailing feathers of the wounded wing and bound the struggling bird firmly. Dash, unable to bring the bird, brought the feather. The line of black figures passed back across the shining field, the dog capering alongside carrying a dark object in his mouth.



NEAR STE AGATHE

NEAR MANIWAKI





Christmas Globe, 1906.

THE BLACKSMITH

BEST COPY AVAILABLE
McLaren Micropublishing Limited



The Christmas Globe 1906

Allegretto. *Traditional.*

VOICE

PIANO.

Good King Wen..ces..las look'd out On the Feast of

Ste..phen; When the snow lay round a..bout,

Deep and crisp and e..ven: Bright ly shone the

moon that night, Though the frost was cru..el, When a poor man

came in sight, Gath..ring win..ter fu..el.

riten.

riten.

2.

1st Singer. "Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"

2nd do. "Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

3.

1st do. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither:
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."

CHORUS. Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

4.

1st do. Softer. "Sire, the night grows darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Rall. Fails my heart I know not how;
I can go no longer."

2nd do. a Tempo. "Mark my footsteps well, my page,
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

5.

CHORUS. In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now do bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

Christmas Globe, 1906.

A Christmas Angel

A story of the North west —







Pictures by J. S. Gordon.

by Lally Bernard

The interior of the shack was thick with wreaths of tobacco smoke, curling and racing in separate spirals as they reached the low ceiling, where, caught by fierce currents of frosty air, they clung to the cracks edged in places with borders of glistening rime.

The stove, which occupied the middle of the long living room, was a semicircular erection of thin plate-steel, and to-night it glowed with a dusky pink tint which told of the furnace of hottest fire within. The "drum" or cylinder set on end had an opening on the top which served as a door for every species of rubbish that could be utilized as fuel and "dumped" into the glowing depths. For refuse of all kinds supplemented the stock of fuel stacked up to the roof of the adjacent shed and sheltered from the snow which whirled without. The time was that of the famous or infamous blizzard of 1901, which for five days and nights had paralyzed traffic, and made it a difficult matter for the owners of the ranch to reach the stable and cattle-shed to tend their stock, which throughout the progress of the storm had remained huddled together, a palpitating mass of steaming flesh. Here, as in the shack, wreaths of steam rose in fantastic shapes, curling towards the roof, where it was converted into frost wreaths in the bitter air.

There had been lulls in the hurly-burly of the storm which allowed a brief respite from the clamor and shriek without. Carruthers, the leader of the "bunch" of men who "bached" in this shack, had kept the spirits of his motley crew fairly bright for the first three days, but the continued cold, the life of comparative inaction and the darkness of the low living room the windows were covered with thick horse blankets to keep out the driving gale which threatened to blow inward the window frames carelessly adjusted by slipshod carpenters had resulted in "liverish" attacks little calculated to add to the buoyancy of their spirits.

It was only when the early winter night came on in earnest that they lighted the swinging oil lamp with its huge flare of light which hung over the long narrow table flanking one side of the room opposite the tier of "bunks," most of them as untidily arranged, or rather "disarranged," as is usual in one of these prairie erections where bachelors club together to avoid the loneliness of the winter months in those great wheat lands and ranches of the west.

Things were looking badly in the shack to-night. It was Christmas Eve. Not one of the five men would admit it, but in their hearts they were raging against the storm, which forbade the hope of their getting into the nearest town some fifteen miles distant to fetch the Christmas mail, which they counted upon to bring them into contact with the great outside world. A motley group they were, unshaven, their faces pinched and yellow from the prolonged cold, the debauch in tobacco and strong tea and the monotony of their diet. Untidy in their dress, for the facilities for making themselves "spruce" were limited, they presented an appearance that would hardly suggest the homes and the class from which they sprung.

Carruthers, the six-footer, owned the shack, and two of the other men came from lonely and distant districts to spend the winter months with him. Barker, who contemplated taking up a homestead when he had gained the "experience," began that experience by being made chore boy, and his special department was the lean-to kitchen, opening off the larger living room, where the cooking stove was merely an incident, and the miscellaneous store of articles which filled every corner brought to mind a junk shop of the most squalid description.

The fifth man was known as "Smith" why "Smith" no one could explain. He had drifted into the ranch in the early summer months, being dumped into the shack by the driver of a waggon from the nearest town, who had been engaged to take him to a ranch some forty miles distant. According to the driver's story, his fare was "taken bad on the way," and with the easy-going hospitality of the far west Carruthers had bidden the invalid to "put up with them for a bit," and the waggon and driver had gone back to the town to await the summons that never came to proceed on the journey to the further destination. It had been a busy period when "Smith" happened in. Hands were short, and when the stranger had recovered from his mysterious spell of sickness he had quietly set to work to aid the chore boy in his manifold duties, and with such good effect, such evident talent for making much out of nothing in the culinary department, that no one had inquired when he wished the waggon summoned. Days lengthened into weeks, weeks into months, and, providing liberally for his share in the weekly supplies, "Smith" had quietly ensconced himself as one of the "bunch" on the ranch. At first there were frequent returns of the "spells" and he was silent and uncommunicative, possibly anxious to avoid any chaff from his pals about the acute hesitation in his speech and the painful twitching of the muscles of his face which sometimes afflicted him. Carruthers took no notice, for Carruthers' administrative ability consisted in masterly inactivity where his fellow-men's peculiarities were concerned. But, nevertheless, he sometimes wondered in his own mind what peculiar malady had got a "grip," as he expressed it, on this rather small, slender, fair-haired man, whose exquisite neatness, resourcefulness and readiness to adapt himself to all exigencies which might arise interested him more than he liked to admit.

They were a rough-and-ready lot, with a philosophy of their own, which consisted largely in occupying themselves with the affairs of the moment, and they had evidently drawn a stroke through the pages of their past, vaguely alluding to "my people at home" or "the old place." Who were they? What were they? It is hard to tell. Six years of lonely life in the prairie is apt, as Carruthers said, "to wear the crest off the envelope."

But it is with "Smith" this little narrative is concerned, and "Smith" lost nothing of his personal neatness, cleanliness and general air of aloofness as the days went on. When he had a "slack" time and was released from the tyranny of Barker in the kitchen, he would wander about the prairie, either on foot or on one of the polo ponies, with his gun slung over his shoulder and a microscope in his pocket, examining the "weeds," as the others called them, which grew on the grassy plain or the borders of the sloughs. The time came when his skill as a cook and the unremitting care of his well-shaped hands earned for him the sobriquet of "M'lady." A delicate man he was; there was no doubt on this score, for when the spells which took him subsided he was shattered and shaken, aged and showing a distinct pallor under the tan. The men in their rough way tried to aid him by taking his duties upon their own shoulders when they saw him in the grip of a foe which appeared as much mental as physical. But he fought with evident pluck against these attacks, and his favorite remedy during the warm days of summer and autumn was to lie face downwards in the sun on the side of a little gully, trusting to mother earth and sunlight to effect the remedy where medical science had signally failed. But, now the winter had come, that remedy was no longer to be sought for, and, shut in during the blizzard, "Smith" was face to face with an enemy and fighting it for all he was worth with the energy born of despair. A beautiful tenor voice, and an endless repertoire of songs both English and foreign, had made him invaluable as an entertainer when he was free from the grip of the demon. But to-night there was mischief in the air, cards had palled, Carruthers' genial influence was foiled by the duration of the storm. Every man was in the throes of acute homesickness, and visions rose in the intervals of silence ever increasing in length which they vainly tried to down. The land which in summer they had vaunted as the one spot on earth for a white man was only now to be described with ever-increasing violence of expletives. Those amenities of social life that had appeared rather as obstacles to happiness than desirable possessions they now found looming in their imagination as things alone worth living for. The food which had tasted excellent when the healthy appetites of vigorous working men had proved a wholesome sauce they now dubbed "vile messes." Every bit of literature of which the shack could boast had been read and reread, and now there was sullen silence, followed by some ribald jest, which provoked a laugh, not genial but bitter, and in itself a curse. "Smith" had withdrawn from the circle which hugged the stove and had thrown himself on his bunk, and the hands clasped above his head were clenched until the nails bit into the skin. Carruthers, irritable, but ever clean-souled and alive to his responsibilities as host, sought to find some diversion for the "bunch," and when his eye lighted on the figure in the shadow of the bunk his irritation found vent in angry words. "Come out of there, Smith!" he roared. "Sing something, don't lie there like a log. Get up!" "Smith" moved slowly the eyelids hiding eyes dazed with suffering opened, and, stiffly turning, he threw his



"Examining the 'weeds.'"

legs free of the bunk, blinked in a dazed way, opened his parched lips, and forth, tremulous, sweet, like the broken chord of a bird at midnight, came the words of an old English carol, "Oh, for a Christmas angel to draw us to the skies!"

This was the last straw; he had thrust upon them the one thing that they would fain forget. It was Christmas Eve, and they were shut off from all that made that festival the centre of family reunion. It was an unpardonable crime. "Just like that measly little beggar snivelling away in his bunk for his Christmas boxes and letters," mumbled "Long John," the "tough one" of the lot. From the others came growls and murmurs, deepening fast into threats and insults. Carruthers was swearing quietly in his reddish beard, when above the roar of the wind, the crackle of the fire in the stove, came a sound which caused every man to cease his murmurs: something shrill, accompanied by an unmistakable "bumping" against the walls of the shack. A shelf on one side of the room shook and its contents rattled with the impact. Carruthers was the first to spring towards the door, and two men snatched at fur coats and caps, struggled into felt boots, and bolted into the storm as Carruthers held the door ajar, braced against it so that the wind threatened to drive it off its crazy hinges. Presently the men hurled themselves into the room; the lamp, with its huge flame and glittering reflector, flicked and flared; there was a whirl of snow and icy blast, a moment when no man saw clearly, and an extraordinary figure, bundled up to the eyes in furs and literally bound up in bright-colored woollen scarfs, was deposited by them in the one big chair which Carruthers usually appropriated.



"Smith," with legs wide apart, stood on the seat.

The mass remained inert, quiescent. In another moment the men were tugging at the scarfs, pulling off the great boots, the immense fur cap with flaps that covered head and face from view, and had flung back the double-breasted raccoon skin coat to discover what? a woman, an adorable woman, young, beautiful and helpless, whose snow-covered wraps fell away from her slender form as the rough husk of some tropical fruit reveals the pink-and-white beauty beneath. The gleam of a silver buckle at her waist caught the glow from the fire and shimmered like molten gold. Her face was white as the snow she had battled with; each panting, sobbing breath made the white lace tie at her throat rise and fall like the petals of a sea anemone. Tiny tendrils of hair clung close and damp against her forehead, pressed down by the heavy cap just discarded; the long eyelashes were whighted with frosty embroidery, and the eyes opened and shut, and brilliant light revealed the tears mingling with the melting frost crystals. The hands, denuded of the enormous fur gloves, were blue and swollen, the fingers crooked as if still holding the reins, and Barker, with a sound suspiciously like a sob, was down on his knees in an instant chafing and rubbing the hand nearest him. "Quick! the tea!" yelled Carruthers, who seized a great spoon and nearly succeeded in blistering the parted lips with the scalding liquid, acrid and black, which stood ever ready on the stove. The woman gazed at the circle about her, and, as though striving to remember something she was bound to tell, stilled the sobbing breaths with a superhuman effort, and in queer, jerky words gasped out: "A horse! I must have a horse on my way to Silvertown for doctor—one horse gone dead lame—it is life or death have come from Bunch Grass Ranch. Mrs. Greystone, convulsions, dying. Left her husband with her for fear——" and words here failed her. A pitiful story, told in a voice harsh and hoarse with the effort, but it spoke the story of the heroism of the women of that great land, and every man in the room knew what it meant. Six miles off, over a rough trail in the best of times, lay Bunch Grass Ranch, where Greystone, once one of their number, had installed his bride some eighteen months back, a fair young thing, none too strong, from the old land—and now there, in the heart of this famous blizzard, the lives of an unborn babe and a woman trembled in the balance. The girl friend who had come to visit the Greystones but a few weeks earlier had taken this desperate step to secure aid. Carruthers turned away with a groan. Not one chance in a million of reaching Silvertown this night—fifteen miles of road impassable for days past. "God help them!" Suddenly Carruthers found himself thrust aside, and before the girl stood "Smith," his finger on his lip. There was not a trace of the pitiful being of a quarter of an hour ago. He bent towards the girl, commanding her with his eyes. She leaned forward, eyes growing wide with surprise, and unspoken words on her lips. "Come," he said, in a tone in which no man present had heard him speak before, and their amazement deepened as they saw the girl obey him with alacrity, and follow him into the most remote corner of the room. Low murmurs from the girl were heard in reply to his short, almost stern, queries. Then he signalled her back to her seat by the fire, and to the ministrations of Barker and the men, and, drawing himself to his full height, he turned to Carruthers. "Quick! get me two of the horses; I will be ready in fifteen minutes. You, Carruthers, come with us. I go to Bunch Grass Ranch. This is my work. Not a moment to lose, do you hear me?"



In her arms she held a mysterious little bundle.

Before Carruthers could ejaculate his surprise, "Smith" had turned and was groping underneath his bunk, drawing out the two bullock trunks of modest dimensions which formed his "kit," and, diving beneath clothing and books, he was "fishing out mysteries," as Barker afterwards declared. The whole atmosphere was changed. Extraordinary activity reigned within. Carruthers and two of the men, muffled up to the eyes, were lighting additional lanterns, never questioning, wasting not one moment of the precious time, obeying with the instinct of trained pioneers the man who was for the moment the general and leader against the enemies of suffering humanity in the great prairie, distance, storm and inexperience. . . . Out swept the trio of men, and the scream of the frustrated storm swept again for an instant through the room. Never for a moment did the woman in the chair take her eyes off the alert, spare form which moved from point to point, arranging with decision and careful forethought the weapons with which he went to fight storm and disaster. "Here, Barker, hand me down your great stock whip," and, seizing its enormous thong, he tested its length, one usually appropriated for a clothes line. "That hide of leather Carruthers brought home last week," was his next demand. In a few seconds something which looked like a razor was slashing the well-tanned skin into a hundred narrow slips. Carruthers to this day tells of the memorable half-hour, now he and his chums, when "Smith" appeared in the barn into which the team had been driven for shelter, had watched with growing amazement the skill with which "Smith" improvised the harness for three horses driven as the Russians drive, with the minimum of weight to give perfect liberty to the spirited beasts. Words were not many. There came the dash into the open of the frightened beasts, the settling of the woman, once more swaddled in furs, at the bottom of the vehicle, while Carruthers crowded down beside her, and "Smith," with legs wide apart to keep his balance, stood on the seat, the long stock whip whirling round his head until he flicked with unerring precision the ears of the spirited young mare which headed the trio. "Put in the snow shovels!" roared "Smith" above the storm. "Give us extra lanterns! Now stand clear! Good-night!" "Good-night and good luck!" came the hoarse answer as the men turned to dash back to shelter and spend the night in ceaseless conjecture. There was a chorus of barks from the dogs, a resounding crack of the whip, and the sleigh and its freight were swallowed up in the storm. The long, pliant thong flew about the horses' flanks like summer lightning, tickling rather than biting, and Carruthers still insists that "Smith" through the bitter night talked the "language of the horse, instead of Russian." Checks there were, bits of harness broken, but always those long bits of soft leather came to the rescue, and "Smith's" deft

hands wove them in and out. Once the leader was down, but the flick of the whip, and the driver had the half-crazed young mare on her feet again. The storm was bitter, the trail hard to find. Drifts appeared to grow as they advanced. There was a gully to traverse, where the ground lay bare and threatened to tear the runners, which grated over the stones, from their hold on the vehicle. But on they flew, the spare figure of "Smith" poised with the ready balance of a circus rider, his voice ever urging, the whirl and crack of the whip mingling with the tearing and whistling of the storm. The sleigh rocked and swayed. Carruthers and his charge clung for dear life to the edges of the box-top. The woman, with her back to the horses and the storm, was lifting her heart in one of those poignant interminglings of intercession and thanks, murmuring as she prayed: "To bring me to the one man in the world who can save her, who must save her; it is God's will."

At last there were lights visible, for Greystone had put lights before each window facing the trail. . . . . and they were within a few yards of the door when the panting, plunging horses came to a halt, and, throwing the reins to Carruthers and grasping the woman by the arm, "Smith" with his precious bag stumbled through the snowdrifts and battered at the door, locked to keep it from being wrenched open by the gale. Another moment, and Greystone stood face to face with them. "Smith" wasted no time in explanations. As his companion, all breathless, panted out the welcome news that she had brought succor with her, "Smith" had flung off his outer garments, and without one word of greeting demanded, "Where is she?" The long, low passage which led to the sleeping quarters was quickly traversed, and the doctor and husband entered the room where for hours past Greystone had prayed, agonized beyond words at the suffering he was powerless to ease. The woman, left alone in the living room, had sought the companionship of the Galician servant in the kitchen, and was busily engaged in making strong coffee for Carruthers when he came in from the stables. For out in that lone land men guard the lives of their horses as they guard their own, and Carruthers, unmindful of the gusts which swept through the ill-built stables, stayed long tending the animals who had so gallantly played their part in the night's battle with storm and death. It was just a minute or so before the long hands of the old grandfather's clock in the ranch sitting-room struck the midnight hour when Carruthers, numb and cold, stumbled across the threshold into the warmth and comfort of that shack, so differently furnished and arranged from the one he had left. On every side were the signs of woman's occupancy—order, comfort and beauty combined. No one seemed stirring. The storm was abating. Stretching himself luxuriously into the long, cushioned chair before the blazing stove, after he had laid aside his heavy wraps, he dozed lightly, when a movement near him made him start, and, standing in the glow of the light, was the woman he had named in his heart "The Christmas Angel." A long, white, woolly bath-gown, with straight lines, had been donned for warmth, and in her arms she held a mysterious little bundle, a mass of shawls of fleecy softness, and to Carruthers' half-waking senses there seemed to be a scent of violets pervading the room. Her face was still very white, and there were traces of tears on her cheeks, but this time they were tears of thankfulness. The old clock gave a warning "whirr" and slowly it chimed out the hour. Both the man and the woman stood until the last stroke vibrated no more. "Is it a happy Christmas?" asked Carruthers, and with great reverence the woman answered "Yes; she is sleeping like a child." "And the——" he hesitated. She gave a little lingering pressure to the bundle within her arms, "Unto them a son is born." A step, the shutting of the sitting room door, and "Smith" stood looking at the picture before him. All trace of the wreck of overwrought nerves had gone. Even as the great storm of 1901 sighed itself out of existence, so the demon of suffering and weakness appeared to have fallen from "Smith's" shoulders.

"Well, Carruthers, I called a Christmas Angel to our aid. What do you think of her?"

Carruthers stammered, "You knew her before?"

"I thought I did, but I find I did not. I knew her in those old days as a woman to be admired, but to-night——" and "Smith" laid his hand on the shoulder of the woman, who blushed and colored under his gaze, "I know her as an angel to be adored." "And you?" began Carruthers, suddenly afflicted with the stammering utterance of the "Smith" of some months past "you?" "Oh, I was just a fool of a man, who gave my heart to my profession, my soul to ambition, and paid the penalty; but, man," he cried, turning to Carruthers with a burst of feeling, "to-night I have conquered. I have found my nerve again, thank God, thank God." The woman beneath the light echoed his words, "Yes, for that many will thank God." But "Smith" turned to her and said, "Not only my nerve, but my Christmas Angel."

The Miracle

By Virna Sheard.

Up from the templed city of the Jews
The road ran straight and white
To Jericho, the City of the Palms,
The City of Delight.

Down that still road from far Judean hills
The shepherds drove their sheep
At silver dawn, at stirring of the birds
When men were all asleep.

Full many went that weary way at noon,
Or rested by the trees,
Romans and slaves, Gentiles and bearded priests,
Sinners and Pharisees.

But when the pink clouds drifted far and high
Like rose leaves blowing past,
Which in the west where one star blessed the sky
The gates of day shut fast,

All travellers journeyed home, and the moonlight
Washed the road fresh and sweet,
Until it seemed a gleaming ivory path,
Waiting for royal feet.

. . . . . .

Now it was noon, and life at its full tide
Raged ever to and fro,
A restless sea, between Jerusalem
And white-walled Jericho.

Blind Bartimeus, by the highway side,
Sat begging 'neath the trees,
And heard the world go by, Gentiles and Jews,
Sinners and Pharisees.

Blind Bartimeus of the mask-like face,
And patient, outstretched hand
He upon whom his God had set a mark
No man might understand.

Blind Bartimeus of the lonely dark,
Who knew no thing called fear,
But dreamt his dreams, and heard the little sounds
No man but he could hear.

He heard the beating of the bird's soft wings
Uprising through the air;
He heard the camel's footfall in the dust,
And knew who travelled there.

He heard the lizard when it moved at noon
On the grey, sunlit wall;
He heard the far-off temple bells, what time
He felt the shadows fall.

Now, in the golden hour, he stooped to hear
A muffled sound and low,
The tramping of a myriad sandaled feet
That came from Jericho.

Then on the road a little lad he knew
Ran past, with eager cry,
"Ho, Bartimeus! Give thine heart good cheer,
For David's Son comes by!

"He comes! He comes! And, sad one, who can say
What He may do for thee?
He makes the lame to walk! He heals the sick!
He makes the blind to see!

"He makes the blind to see! Oh, God of Hosts,
Beyond the sky called blue,
What if Messiah cometh to His own!
What if the words be true!

On his swift way the little herald sped,
Like bird upon the wing,
And left the lean, brown beggar—world-forgot
Waiting for Israel's King.

But when the dust came whirling to his feet
When the mad throng drew near
Blind Bartimeus rose, and from his lips
A cry rang loud and clear

The cry of all the ages, of each soul
In bitter captivity,
The endless cry from depths of bitter woe
"Have mercy upon me!

What though the wild oncoming multitude
Jested and bade him cease,
What though the Scribes and mighty Pharisees
Told him to keep his peace;





What though his heart grew faint, and all the strength
Slipped from each trembling limb
The One of all the earth his soul desired
Stood still—and spoke to him.

Then silence fell, while the upheaving throng,
As sea-waves backward curled,
Left a great path, and down the path there shone
The Light of all the world.

The Light from whose mysterious golden depths
The Sun rose in his might
The light from whose white, hidden fires were lit
The torches of the night;

The Light that shining on a thing of clay
Giveth it Life and Will;
The Light that with an unknown power can blast
And bid all life be still;

The Light that calls a ray of it—own light
A man's undying soul
The Light that lifts the broken lives of earth,
Touches and makes them whole.

Up towards the Radiance Bartimeus went,
Alone, and poor, and blind
Feeling his way, if haply it led on
To One he fain would find.

Then spoke the Voice again. Oh, mystic words
Of a compelling grace!
The curtain rose from off his darkened sight
He saw the King's own face.

So strangely beautiful—so strangely near
He worshipped with his eyes,
Unheeding that for him at last there shone
The sunlit noonday skies.

What though the clamoring crowd echoed his name
Unto its utmost run,
He only saw the Christ—and in the light
He rose and followed Him.

. . . . . .

Oh, Bartimeus of the mask-like face,
And patient, outstretched hand,
Was it for this God set on thee the mark
No man might understand?

Virna Sheard.



Christmas Globe, 1906.

THE OLD WELL

"Traverse the desert, and then you can tell
What treasures exist in the old deep well."

BEST COPY AVAILABLE
McLaren Micropublishing Limited

A SACRED TRUST

by Duncan Campbell Scott



"Nothin' come to me wid scare face and say: 'Doctor, what mus' I do to be well?'"



A Story of the Upper Ottawa

IT was long after supper, but the fire that warmed the long shelter was in the cooking stove. Dampered to its utmost, its lids were red hot, and the draught roared, throbbed or sighed in response to the tempest that raged without. From beyond the door came the sound of a forest strained to uprooting, shrieking as it clutched the ground in fear lest it should be swept away utterly into the waste places of the earth. Hail was drumming on the little window, and every moment from the roof came the swift rending sound of a branch that hurtled across it into space.

The interior was lit by a single lamp backed by a tin reflector. A newspaper pinned to the wall by a hunting knife kept the glare from a row of bunks that filled one side of the room. Isaac Saracin, the mighty moose hunter, laid down the half-consumed Havana that Franklin Madison had given him, with the air of a man who had done his duty, and began to fill his pipe.

"Hear her now," said Dugald Maclaren, the fire-ranger, as the sound of the storm rose up with whelming fury; "we got here in very good time, as I wass saying to you, Mr. Madison."

"He's asleep," Madison remarked, with a glance and a nod toward the bunk, which showed that he was not thinking of the storm. In the lull they could hear the sound of breathing, weary and regular.

"Too much rough country for such a gentleman," said Isaac, with sympathy in his big voice.

"You will be glad for Toronto again; it is a wild welcome we have given you, whatever," said Dugald.

"I'm all right," said Madison, who was as big as Dugald, and as good a hunter, "but the little doctor was not built for such hardships."

"Down in the runway he say to me, 'De second time I have been in this country, Isaac, and I have no luck here.' 'Wait jes one minute,' says I, 'and we get vary big moose!'"

"The second time!" interrupted Madison, in a doubtful tone. "I never knew he had been in this country before."

"And by-em-by come de big storm. 'Is this your vary big moose?' he say to me. 'Isaac Saracin, is this the vary big moose you promise me?' He laugh, and den I carry him in for one mile on my back."

"He was a very good piece of stuff, whatever, leave alone his doubled back." Dugald's remark ended in a whisper as he heard the stir of the sleeper and saw a hand come into the light.

"He talk to me," Isaac resumed, enamored of his own words, now that his pipe was drawing on its store of "Myrtle Navy." "He say: 'I like this big quiet, you and the pines and the birches all well; no aches and pains. 'Nothin' come to me wid scare face and say: "Doctor, what mus' I do to be well?" I see nobody who is all wrong, nerve all gone to the dev'. No one say to me here, "Is's there no hope, doctor?" I will say now, after this, there is always hope!'"

"Dr. Freer is the greatest nerve and brain specialist in Toronto," remarked Madison, and his words sounded strange to the woodsmen, strange with the hint of a life unknown, turbulent, weary, out there beyond the storm.

"Very odd to think upon, and him not a man's height, and the poor weak back of him," said Dugald.

"It not the back that make the brains; it dat was fat you would be great, magnifique brain man, Dugald," Isaac rallied the Highlandman, who had worsted him in many crafts, and who now cracked his finger joints and gazed at the fire with contempt. For a little while there was quiet in the rude room.

"That minds me," said Dugald, with a gesture toward the world of anger beyond the sheltering wall, "of the night back beyond, it was ten miles from here, just such a perfect tevil of a night, when Gabriel Rosseau, him they call the wild man of Kazubazua, came in upon us; four we were in a little shed at a roadway, and he stood before us."

Isaac looked quickly at the door as the storm shook it.

"Bataine!" he said, loath to turn over the monologue to Dugald, "mon frere Narcisse was dere."

"It's lying ye are, Mr. Saracin," remarked Dugald. "No brother of yours was there; better company was I in that night."

"I mean when it happened."

"I have the advantage of you, Mr. Saracin; I have the story at first hand; I was there myself when it happened, I would have the gentlemen understand."

"By gare!" said Isaac, showing his teeth, "I have seen as good as you, once when I was back at the Achigan, and I saw him me just the same as you."

"As I was remarking when you had the good manners to interrupt me," resumed Dugald, "he came and stood before us. There was no human speech in him, and there was upon him not so much as a piece of clothing that was not made of the skin of beasts, and his eyes were that wild that I felt the hair of my flesh bristle with the fear of them, and so put out of ourselves we were that we could but offer him a bit of meat and a bannock upon the blade of a shovel, and he was away with it as quick as a wildcat."

"If you had been braver you might have got the reward!" Isaac was mighty in scorn.

"We do be leaving money rewards to the Frenchmen," retorted Dugald, "rewards for falling upon weak bodies, the weak-witted, and taking that from them which they desired to keep."

"She would have broken your bones and your backs for you," said Isaac, in his wrath careless of the gender of his pronouns, "for she was strong, by gare!"

"As I was going to say to my friend here from below," said Dugald, ignoring the interruption, "it was a very odd case, that of Gabriel Rosseau, and, as I before said, this tevil of a storm minded me of that now. When it happened was just twelve years ago; it was at the stopping place called Heron's, down at the Pickanock. You must know, Mr. Madison, that when we used to come for the lumber, we that worked for the big concerns, we used to come in gangs from below; and there would be so many as fifty or more; and we was driven up in loads of ten. It was when you and the doctor, Clifton Freer, were little, young boys; that is all gone by now.

"It would be the fall of the year that we was always coming up the river, and as we was coming up the boys was very wild and made a great noise, for they knew what was before them, to be shut up for so many months in



And went into the bush as if the tevil himself had come for him.



the forest with the employment of cutting trees alone, with very plain food and no drop of anything fit to drink, moreover; so upon the way we used to be free with the good whiskey."

"It was the good whiskey in those days, and done you forget it," interrupted Isaac.

Dugald went on scornfully:—

"It was the good and the bad, just as it is to-day, but to some people there is no difference whatever. Well, as I was saying, this time when it happened we was a gang of fifty, and very wild we was, and some of those dead and gone was the best men on the river."

"Mon frere Narcisse, ba cripe!" ejaculated Isaac, with a slap of his palm on his knee to indicate the limit of a dare-devil.

"Sorry I am to say it, Mr. Saracin, he was a better man than you. Well, as I was saying, there would have been no difference between this and any other time, but there was a couple with us that made the difference. There was a little lad, a weak, small wisp of a fellow, with a man who looked after his book studies, a tudor they were calling him."

"A little softer!" said Madison below his breath, with a nod toward the bunk. The hand had been withdrawn into shadow.

"They were riding in the foreman's rig and I was not there, but I mind seeing the little white-faced chap. He was much taken with Gabriel Rosseau, one of the biggest men on the river, a big, tender-hearted fellow, that loved small, weak-bodied things, and had God's pity for them. Well, Gabriel used to jump the laddie out of the rig and carry him to and fro, as if he was a feather, and his weight was just that to Gabriel. None of us looked much upon him, but we heard that he was going up to meet his father who had been hunting after the moose, just as you gentlemans are doing; and maybe it was thought that a whiff or two of this north air would do the little feller good. Anyhow, there was he, and we was there also. When we got to Heron's, that is the last big stopping-place, there was a very good time, and by the morning there was not one of the boys that was able at all to walk. Never mind, they was bundled into the rigs, come grey dawn, and away with them; singing, them as could, and sleeping, them as couldn't sing. Come noon, there was only one in our rig that was not rightly himself and that was Gabriel Rosseau.

"There was I by him, having got myself bundled into the foreman's rig in the scuffle. The foreman would keep saying to the boys 'Wait now till he clears up, and I will have my joke with him.' I mind well how his head would go from this side to the other side, with the rolling of the rig. It was, maybe, one o'clock when he began to straighten up, and then he looked around and says he, 'Where is the little feller?'

"Not having been in with the foreman, not till then did I notice that the lad was gone. The foreman gave us a wink, says he: 'You'll know soon enough, Rosseau.' Then we observed that it was his joke, and we bided our time. Every little while, when Rosseau would cry out, getting wilder and wilder, 'Say, Boss, tell me where is the little feller?' the foreman would answer, 'I'm sorry for you, Rosseau,' or, 'A lesson it will be to you, Rosseau.' Some of the boys were enjoying the joke better than me, because they knew the lad was safe with his father, who had come into Heron's just as we were starting in the morning. At last says Rosseau, with a big sigh, 'Tell me, Boss, where is the little feller?' Then says the boss, 'Well, I'm sorry for you, Rosseau, but you have killed that little feller yourself when you were drunk, and may it be a lesson to you.' Then all the boys see just what a joke it was, and they torment Gabriel with it. They would be saying, 'Here comes the sheriff for you, Gabriel,' or 'O! they will be hanging you, Gabriel.'

"Now, for the truth, I didn't care for the joke, or the way Gabriel was taking it, moreover. He said never one word, and every little while he gave a great shiver, like a man fighting cold. The night was just coming on when we heard a shout behind us, and then, looking back from the top of a hill where the horses were having a rest, we could see a fellow riding as hard as he could. And the boss thinks, 'Everything is coming out well for my little joke with Gabriel,' so he says, 'I'm sorry for you, Rosseau, but here is the officer after you.'

"And with that Gabriel jumped out of the rig with a yell and went into the bush as if the tevil himself was come for him. Then all the boys set up a laugh at the good joke the foreman had upon Gabriel. But I listened to Gabriel and I did not laugh; I did not care for the way he was crying out going through the bush. For I said to myself, 'That man cries out like one that is gone crazy, and it will not be a very good joke for a man to be crazy in the bush.'

"Well, it all came out when the man won to us; he was the tudor chap. The little feller had given Gabriel a parcel to keep for him—what with jumping in and out of the rig, he was afraid to lose it. There was in the parcel a picture-painting of his mother that she was sending to her good man as a surprise, in the way of the married. He had given it to Gabriel to safe-keep it for him, and there was Gabriel in the bush. So we all got out and went after him, but that was no use; for so far as we would go into the bush Gabriel would go further into the bush. Then it came night." Dugald paused. Was that the storm shouldering the door? With so many trees to harry, was it stooping to shake their slender defence?

"We all came back, and there was nothing to do but go on, and the man to go back and say that the parcel was safe with Gabriel, and he knew that Gabriel had gone into the bush. Well, two years after that, they say, there is a reward of two hundred dollars for anybody who would take that parcel from Gabriel, for the poor lady was dead that sent it, and they that was left must have it, it was that precious to them." Dugald paused. Was that sound upon the door the swift fingering of a branch borne across it by the wind? Again it came, rapid and sweeping.

"But no one ever got that from Gabriel," said Dugald, slowly. "He was wild; and only once in a year or so would he come into the fire; then he would be asking for something, and was anybody mean enough to be taking it from a poor body that was asking something? No. He had it safe, and there he was in the bush." Dugald's voice hovered; it was just settling again upon the words when the door opened.



"It was a man assuredly, but so covered with shag as to appear a thing of the wild forest."

It seemed hours before anyone moved. Back of this form stood darkness. It was a man assuredly, but so covered with shag as to appear a thing of the wild forest. He seemed to tread on the verge of the storm and to be a body of wrack torn from its edge. Before him was peace.

Suddenly he swayed. Madison sprang and caught him and laid his length upon the floor. The storm, when it had delivered him into their hands, roared vainly to have him again, and Isaac crushed the door against its face. He lay there still, and they gazed upon him. Dugald broke the silence, "Indeed it was a very bad joke, whatever." Then Madison raised his head while Isaac thrust a dunnage bag under it. Dugald dipped a pannikin in the hot-water kettle and poured into it some rum from the demijohn. The noise disturbed the sleeper.

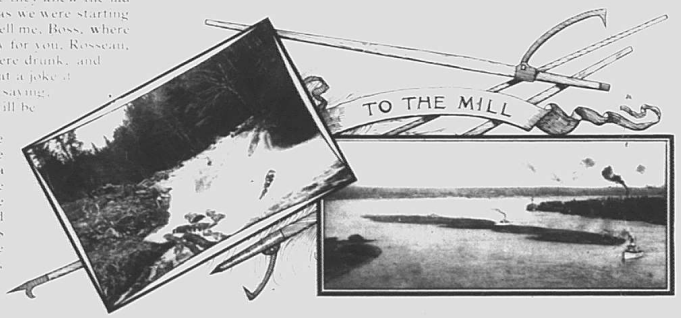
"What was that?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Madison. "Don't be disturbed." They poured the hot rum upon his lips, then followed, after an interval, a long, gurgling sigh.

"What was that?" The voice was alert, clear, insistent. The doctor sprang from the bunk and came forward. Isaac, who always wore his cap before everyone, now doffed it to this dwarfed, misshapen man. He looked upon the long form stretched before him, and then he knelt at its side.

"Frank, hand me the case, above there, in the upper bunk. Now, Dugald, will you cut this sleeve?" Dugald snatched the hunting-knife that had held the paper to shade the lamp. It fell down, and the light came full upon the doctor's face.

Soon the magical little instrument was pouring life into the veins. Expectant, they watched the eyelids, which seemed the sole vestiges of humanity. Then they were raised, and the eyes fell upon the doctor. They pored upon him, they searched his face. The lids closed and his image went sinking into the choked halls of consciousness and memory. They opened again and he stared as if he could never glean enough of recollection. What was it? Something in the past—the past that was naught save persecution and flight.





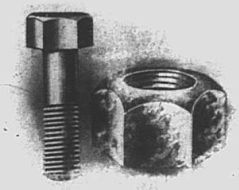
Christmas Globe, 1906.

THE LANDING PLACE

Christmas Globe

GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE
PURE CEETEE WOOL
WEAR "CEETEE" UNDERCLOTHING
STRICTLY HIGH-CLASS
Strictly high-class; soft as velvet; will not irritate the most sensitive skin; made from pure, fine wool; guaranteed absolutely unshrinkable. We replace any that shrink. Made in light gauze, medium and heavy weight. Stocked by all first-class dealers.
THE C. TURNBULL CO OF GALT, LIMITED.

These are MORROW'S



THE JOHN MORROW SCREW LIMITED.
INGERSOLL, ONTARIO.

STRICTLY CANADIAN PRODUCT.
THE WALLACEBURG SUGAR CO. LIMITED
EXTRA STANDARD GRANULATED CRYSTAL
SUGAR
100 IBS NET.
WALLACEBURG ONTARIO.

GRANULATED.
CRYSTAL SUGAR
MANUFACTURED BY THE WALLACEBURG SUGAR CO. LTD.
Wallaceburg, ONTARIO.

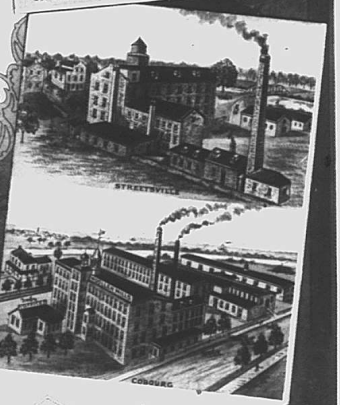
SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE
FACULTY OF APPLIED SCIENCE AND ENGINEERING
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
DEPARTMENTS OF INSTRUCTION
1—Civil Engineering.
2—Mining Engineering
3—Mechanical & Electrical Engineering.
4—Analytical and Applied Chemistry.
5—Architecture.
6—Chemical Engineering.
FOR CALENDAR APPLY TO
A. T. LAING REGISTRAR.

INCORPORATED 1851
WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY
FIRE & MARINE
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
ASSETS OVER $3,460,000.
INCOME FOR 1905, OVER $3,680,000.
LOSSES PAID SINCE ORGANIZATION, OVER $43,000,000.



AGENCIES in all the PRINCIPAL TOWNS AND CITIES IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES, AND IN THE CHIEF CENTRES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
Hon. GEO. A. COX, President. J. J. KENNY, Vice President.
C. C. FOSTER, Secretary.

SEND 50 CENTS FOR ONE POUND VERY FINEST ASSORTED CHOCOLATES
sent post paid
MOIRS, Limited, Halifax, N.S.
GOLD MEDAL AWARDED AT DOMINION EXHIBITION.



FETHERSTONHAUGH & Co.
TORONTO
Patent Barristers, Solicitors and Experts.
Engineers, Draughtsmen
HEAD OFFICE,
Royal Bank Building, Toronto.
Montreal, Ottawa, Winnipeg and Vancouver, Canada
Washington, D. C. United States.

John A. Burgess, Winder Strathy. CABLE ADDRESS "BURWIND" TELEPHONES Main 2372, Main 2373
BEST ... OIL
BURGESS & STRATHY
206-207 McKINNON BLD.
TORONTO, CANADA.

THE
Atlantic Oil Company Limited
A CONSERVATIVE CANADIAN COMPANY.

John Dick Limited
WOOLLENS & WORSTEDS
THE LATEST DESIGNS AND FABRICS FOR MENS & WOMEN'S WEAR
RELIABLE DELIVERIES

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION.
THE OLDEST TRUST COMPANY OF CANADA
THIS CORPORATION CONFINES ITSELF STRICTLY TO ACTING AS
Executor, Administrator and Guardian; Liquidator, Receiver, Investor, Registrar; Transfer and Fiscal Agent; and accepts Trusts of every description
AVOIDING underwritings and promotions, or guarantees, other than of investments made by themselves and authorized by and within the terms of the Trustee Investment Act.
JOHN HOSKIN, K.C., LL.D., President. J. W. LANGMUIR, Managing Director.

GEO. A. COX, PRESIDENT.
E. R. WOOD, MANAGING DIRECTOR — G. A. MORROW, ASSISTANT MANAGER.
3½ Per Cent Interest Paid on DEPOSITS
DEBENTURES 4 PER CENT.
ISSUED FOR SUMS OF $100 AND UP — INTEREST ALLOWED AT
CENTRAL CANADA
LOAN & SAVING CO'Y.
26 KING ST. E. TORONTO.

THE METROPOLITAN BANK
CAPITAL PAID UP $1,000,000
RESERVE FUND $1,000,000
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES
YOUR ACCOUNT SOLICITED

THE Visible Underwood
Durability—proved by 10 years' general use.
Speed—has twice won the world's championship.
Satisfaction—more Underwoods in Canada than all other makes combined.
THE UNITED TYPEWRITER CO.
TORONTO
AND OTHER CITIES

GILLETT'S CREAM TARTAR · MAGIC BAKING POWDER · GILLETT'S LYE ETC.
FOOD PRODUCTS THAT ARE PRODUCED IN CLEAN FACTORIES ARE BEST



J. D. A. Tripp.
THE GREAT CANADIAN PIANIST



DONALD C. MacGREGOR
Canada's Representative Baritone
His singing was one of the greatest musical treats ever heard in this country.
—"NEW WESTMINSTER COLUMBIAN."
Address,
TORONTO, CANADA.



PEN-ANGLE
UNSHRINKABLE
ALL DEALERS SELL PEN-ANGLE UNDERWEAR
GUARANTEE
Any dealer will instantly replace at our expense any Pen-Angle garment found to be defective in material or making.
UNDERWEAR
PEN-ANGLE UNSHRINKABLE TRADE MARK
LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK IN RED.
THE PENMAN MANUFACTURING CO LIMITED PARIS, CANADA

OUR AIM
QUALITY



OUR STANDARD
Pure Milk—prepared with the strictest care and cleanliness
THE RESULT
Reindeer Condensed Milk and Jersey Sterilized Cream are standards for richness and purity.
THE BEST MILK
TRURO CONDENSED MILK CO., Limited
TRURO, N.S.

Imperial Bank of Canada
HEAD OFFICE TORONTO
CAPITAL PAID-UP $4,425,000
RESERVE FUND $4,425,000
DIRECTORS
D. R. WILKIE President — HON. ROBT. JAFFRAY Vice-President
WM. RAMSAY — CHARLES COCKSHUTT
ELIAS ROGERS — WILLIAM WHITE
J. KERR OSBORNE — HON. RICHARD TURNER
CAWTHRA MULOCK
Branches in—
Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan.
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED
SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT
Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates from date of opening of account.
D. R. WILKIE, General Manager.

HEAD OFFICE LONDON, ONTARIO. MILLS AT MITCHELL, LONDON, GODERICH. CABLE ADDRESS—WARTHOM.
WALTER THOMSON & SON Limited
MANUFACTURERS OF
ROLLED OATS — SPLIT PEAS — POT BARLEY
MAPLE LEAF BRAND REGISTERED
CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.
DOMESTIC TRADE
EXPORT.

THE BOILER INSPECTION AND INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA, TORONTO.
John J. Blaikie, President — Geo. C. Robb, Chief Engineer
A. L. Eastmure, Vice-President — H. N. Roberts, Secy.-Treasurer
ARE YOUR BOILERS SAFE?
WHEN WERE THEY LAST INSPECTED
ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH THE RESULTS OBTAINED FROM YOUR
STEAM BOILERS.

THE IMPERIAL GUARANTEE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE Co. OF CANADA.
"BOND YOUR EMPLOYEES"
ACCIDENT INSURANCE
SICKNESS INSURANCE
SURETY BONDS.
"INSURE AGAINST DISABLEMENT."
Our Bonds are accepted by Dominion and Provincial Governments, Courts, Municipalities, Banks and Financial Institutions
HEAD OFFICE: 46 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO
A. L. DAVIS, President and General Manager — E. WILLIAMS, Assistant General Manager and Secretary
HON. GEO. A. COX, Vice-President

H. O'HARA & CO.
STOCK & DEBENTURE BROKERS
FINANCIAL AGENTS
OFFICES
30 TORONTO ST. TORONTO — 5 COPTHALL BLDG. LONDON, E.C.
CODES USED: A.B.C., MITCHELL'S, WESTERN UNION, LIEBER'S, CLOUGH — CABLE ADDRESS: "O'HARA" TORONTO, "O'HARA" LONDON. OFFICE TELEPHONE MAIN 915
HENRY O'HARA, H. R. O'HARA, W. J. O'HARA
LONDON, ENGLAND

THE Ault & Wiborg Co. of Canada, Limited.

101 Queen St., East, Toronto, Ont.

MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE PRINTING AND LITHOGRAPHIC INKS AND ROLLERS

IMPORTERS OF LITHOGRAPHIC STONES AND SUPPLIES

BRONZE POWDERS, ETC.

THIS PUBLICATION PRINTED THROUGHOUT WITH AULT & WIBORG INKS.

NEILSON'S ICE CREAM

UNADULTERATED

Made from pure cream, wholesome, beneficial to the most delicate person.

NEILSON'S CREAM

is used at all of Toronto's social events throughout the winter. At homes, parties, balls, receptions, etc., etc.

NEILSON'S CREAM

For sale every day. Ask your druggist, grocer or confectioner, or we will arrange for delivery at your home.

We Ship to Any Point in Ontario

Wm Neilson

TELEPHONE PARK 294 & 295 — 307 GLADSTONE AVE. TORONTO.

INGERSOLL PACKING COMPANY

INGERSOLL, CANADA.



PORK PACKERS AND CHEESE EXPORTERS.

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE CO'Y.

INCORPORATED 1833

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.



FIRE AND MARINE

HON. GEO. A. COX, President

J. J. KENNY, Vice-President and Managing Director

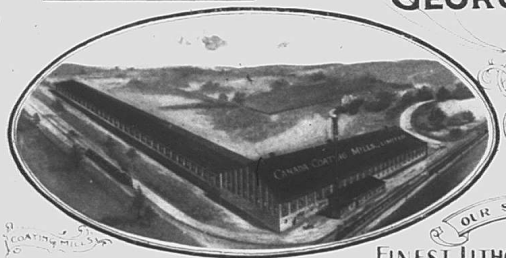
P. H. SIMS, Secretary

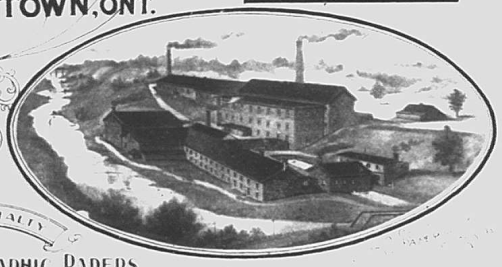
THE CANADA COATING MILLS LIMITED.

GEORGETOWN, ONT.









SURFACE COATED PAPERS MANILLA COATED.

OUR SPECIALTY

FINEST LITHOGRAPHIC PAPERS

THE PAPER FOR THIS BOOK WAS MADE AT OUR MILLS

CARDBOARD OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE 1906

THE HOME OF
DINEEN FURS



WRITE FOR Catalogue DINEEN YONGE and TEMPERANCE STS. TORONTO

NORTHERN LIFE

FAITH KEPT ENRICHES YOU.

OUR NEW POLICY
20 PAY LIFE - 6 PREMIUMS RETURNED
IS UNEQUALLED

THE VERY BEST
ROGERS COAL.
HEAD OFFICE 1 KING ST. EAST
TORONTO

MANITOBA HARD WHEAT
CANADA

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY LIMITED
KEEWATIN
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

FIVE ROSES
98 LBS.

NOVA SCOTIA
STEEL & COAL
Company
LIMITED

MANUFACTURERS OF

STEEL

Merchant Bars,
Sheets and Plates From 12 gauge up to one inch thick. Any widths up to 50 inches.
Heavy Forgings, Hammered Shafts.
Nothing required in Canada too large for us.
Steam and Electric Car Axles
Fish Plates & other Railway Materials.
Rails - 12, 18 and 28 lbs. per yard.

SCOTIA
PIG IRON
For FOUNDRY USE

Also miners and shippers of **the famous old mines "SYDNEY"**

COAL

Collieries SYDNEY MINES
Shipping Port NORTH SYDNEY

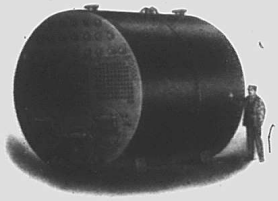
An Unsurpassed Evaporating Coal.
Highest in Carbon, Lowest in Ash.

Unrivalled facilities for bunkering at North Sydney. The Best House Coal. The Best Steam Coal. Quick Despatch. Loading Best Results. Steaming. Two points that always appeal to Shipowners. Sailing vessels loaded promptly.

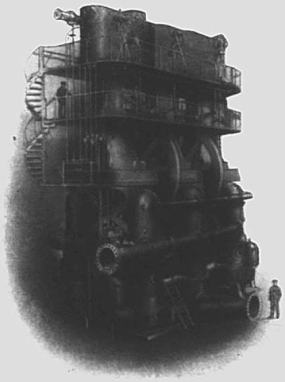
Head Office, New Glasgow, N.S.

POCKET KNIVES
H. BOKER & Cos
IMPROVED
TREE BRAND
TRADE MARK
RAZORS CUTLERY SCISSORS

THE JOHN INGLIS Co LIMITED
ENGINES, BOILERS
HYDRAULIC PUMPS ETC.
TORONTO, CANADA



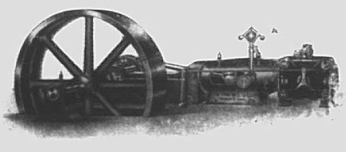
MARINE BOILER



FIFTEEN MILLION GALLON HIGH-DUTY PUMPING ENGINE INSTALLED AT THE CITY OF TORONTO PUMPING STATION 1906



HORIZONTAL COMPOUND HIGH-DUTY PUMP



STANDARD CORLISS ENGINE - HEAVY-DUTY FRAME

THE CHRISTMAS GLOBE

But this was different; this was warmth, light, peace. The doctor had his fingers close down over the pulse that was beating up like the wing stroke of a weary bird before the wind.

Suddenly the doctor's light grasp was shaken off. With an effort that wandered, but was bent with terrible energy toward one end, with trembling hands Gabriel Rosseau groped in the vacancies under the great shaggy garment that served him for a coat. After years of craze and fear he had recognized in the face that bent over him the little puny lad who had given him the parcel with a caution never to give it to anyone except himself. He had comprehended. With some attempt at human speech, he thrust a small, dark bundle into the doctor's hands, and sank back exhausted.

Taking the hunting-knife, Clifton Freer ripped away, one by one, the layers of rabbit-skin and birch bark that had so long and faithfully protected the contents. There was hardly a breath as he disclosed the inner case, and next it a letter. That for a moment he disregarded, but he looked upon the miniature, and the face that gazed at him brought up the past in a great cloud. There it was, the picture of his mother, in its gold frame, studded with stones, just as she had sent it to his father as a surprise (in the way of the married, as Dugald had said) those many years ago.

His grasp fell again upon the wrist. In a little while a smile seemed to mount upon his grave face, hardly a smile, a look of contented power. Through his finger tips he was feeling and registering every weakness in the ruin prone before him, and at the same time he was reconstructing it.

"We can take him down to-morrow?" he said inquiringly.

"I am going for the horses. By the time I am here in the morning you will be ready," said Dugald, taking the doctor's question as a command.

"Is there any hope, Clifton?" asked Madison, bending over him.

"There is always hope," he answered, glancing at Isaac. Dugald closed the door, and they remained there in silence.

Ere long they were aware of it. The storm had drawn away and left that leafless valley in the northland at rest. As a grace after turmoil the cloud had scattered snow, near and far, upon hill and hollow. It was a mask of peace drawn lightly over the austere features of the wilderness. And there it lay in the silence, glimmering with millions of tiny rays under the night sky.



"Refreshing"



"A BLACK BEAUTY."

PHOTOS BY C. M. Tait, EDMONTON, ALTA.

SNOW ROSES.

Love, should you ask for roses in the snow,
Far out across the whitened hills I'd go,
And make my heart yield up its scarlet tide
Of pulsing blood, and then both far and wide
Fling ruby drops, until the hills should be
Like crimson fires upon a marble sea.
Then, faint and pallid, gasping for each breath,
With eyes that mocked the painlessness of Death,
Creep to your knees, and, dying, whisper low,
"See, Love, your roses blossoming in the snow."

Archie Sullivan.

SUNSET.

The golden glory of the afterglow
Gleams from the portals of the western sky.
The twilight gives—to all the plain below
New beauties hid while still the sun was high.
So in our lives, as sunset hours come nigh,
May kind Oblivion in her mercy throw
A mantle over the past that shames us so
When Heaven's beacons answer earth's good-bye.
And as our memory fades from out the heart
Of friend or lover may some good remain,
Some ray, far flung, which courage shall impart
To those who grope amid the murk of pain.
A last bright glimmer ere our sun depart,
On fairer heights than these to shine again.

Stewart Lyon.



"INTERESTING."

MY LITTLE CHRISTMAS FAIRY



A little Christmas fairy
Came tripping through the snow
That lay knee-deep around her,
With glad face all aglow,
One dull day in December
When all the sky was gray,
So gray it seemed to shadow
The coming Christmas Day.

And as I oped the lattice
And looked into her eyes,
I wondered if Old Santa
Had planned some sweet surprise,



And come a-bringing presents
To grown-up folks like me.
Disguised as a fine maiden
With air of mystery.

She brought me sprigs of holly,
And mystic mistletoe,
Then smothered me with kisses,
This elfin of the snow.
The wind wailed wild without us,
The day was cold and drear,
But odors from the Southland
Came straying with her here.

My little Christmas fairy,
May God's grace rest on thee!
And fill thy life with brightness,
Such as thou brought'st to me;
As once again the angels
Sing peace and mercy mild,
May each bend down to bless thee,
My darling, sweet-souled child.

H. Isabel Graham.

The excellent news paper used by THE GLOBE, Daily and Weekly, is manufactured by THE LAURENTIDE PAPER COMPANY (Limited), Grand Mere, P.Q.

Pagination Incorrect?
McLAREN MICROPUBLISHING LIMITED
P.O. BOX 67
TORONTO CANADA M6

MARY ANN MAINWARING

A CHRISTMAS STORY
BY JEAN BLEWETT

DRAWINGS · BY · H·C·MACKLIN ·



JOHN C. WILLOUGHBY, managing editor of a Montreal daily, was afflicted with an abnormally developed bump of order. In other walks of life this might not have been an affliction, but in a newspaper office, with Burton as right hand man, it certainly was.

Even as he rose in some haste to confer with Burton he paused to flick some dust from his handsome oak and leather chair, pick up a paper from the floor and straighten a corner of the rug. Decently and in order was his motto.

Burton's sanctum was next to his, only a yard or two of corridor between order and chaos. No sooner had he reached it than he flung open a window, growling out the while against the criminal folly of folks intent on poisoning themselves with bad air and tobacco smoke.

"It's a mode of suicide which rather appeals to me," this from the little bald-headed man at the desk.

The chief was not in good humor. The eyes he cast on the overflowing waste-basket, the littered floor, the desk piled high with a varied assortment of things, books, sheets of manuscript, pictures, pipes galore held disapproval. When the eyes wandered through an open door to a bit of femininity scribbling away in the next room the disapproval deepened. He had old-fashioned ideas, and cling to them. His ideal woman never left the shelter of her home. She wore softly-trailing dresses, and was as modest as a rose. Oh, yes, woman was all right in her place, but that place was far enough removed from a newspaper office. A newspaper office, of all places! There were but two kinds of women who would deliberately leave the fireside, the family circle, to take up reportorial work, those too foolish to know better, and those too bold in their chase for notoriety to care. He had not as yet settled in his own mind to which class that young person with the cold grey eyes and scarlet mouth belonged, but he disapproved of her on principle.

"What an untidy den you keep, Burton!" he exclaimed, bringing his gaze back to the man at the desk.

Burton nodded. "I am not here for housekeeping purposes," he said cheerfully.

John C. drew forward a chair, sat down. "I've a despatch," he said. "The 'Osprey' will land the passengers rescued from the wrecked steamship 'Albion' at Rimouski some time to-morrow. We'll send a good man down. There's material for a first-class special: we mustn't let our rival get ahead of us, eh?"

"Ahead? Not on your life!" Burton was all attention. "Hickson is the man. I'll see that he gets off on to-night's train. Material? I should say so! Husbands hastening to the bosoms of their families, old people braving the voyage to look once more in the eyes of sons and daughters, a lover coming to claim his beauteous bride, a schoolgirl home for good, and so on and so forth. . . . Then the wreck and the long, long hours of exposure and suspense. Material! Well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good." This last with an affectation of hard-heartedness which deceived nobody.

"See that Hickson is posted as to what is expected of him. The Sentinel will do its best to come out ahead it hasn't forgiven us that last little worsting we gave it, eh?" John C. laughed like a boy. When John C.'s bump of order and views of woman's sphere were in an undisturbed condition he was not a disagreeable person. The laugh had hardly died out when he began seriously.

"Oh, by the way, there's something I'd almost forgotten. We haven't had a freckle-faced, bashful country girl making application for a place on The Parchment of late, have we?" Burton shook his head. "Want to pick up a nice person of this description for the staff?"

"Don't be any more of a fool than you can help," advised John C. "When I got back to-day I found a letter which had been awaiting me some time. It was from a cousin of mine away up in Durham Township, advising me of the fact that an orphan niece whom she was bringing up as her own had tired of the farm and run away, started out in the world to do for herself. The name is Hales, Mary Ann Hales."



"The Osprey came slowly into harbor."

"Perhaps she tired of more than the farm. I'm a man of no sympathies, but if I had 'em I'd bestow 'em on the orphan nieces whom well-intentioned relatives are bringing up as their own," volunteered Burton.

"The letter states that the prevailing opinion is she has betaken herself to this city, and that, as she had a taste for scribbling, has tried, or will try, to obtain a place on a paper. I am asked to locate her if possible, reason with her, send her home whether she wishes to go or not. What do you think of that, old man? I hate like the mischief to be bothered with the matter, and yet," John C.'s face grew worried, "if someone doesn't look after Miss Ignorance she'll come to grief; that's certain." "A sort of relation, too. "Her woman's wit," began Burton, but his chief interrupted him.

"What can you hope for in the way of woman's wit in a chit of a girl born and bred on a farm? I'll keep an eye out for her. You'll oblige me by doing the same," and John C., acutely conscious once more of the glaring lack of neatness in Burton's office, sauntered back to his own.

His place beside Burton was taken by the girl with the grey eyes. Her cheeks were red as well as her mouth, and her head was held high.

"Hello!" said Burton, with a nod of welcome. "Can I help you in anything, Miss Mainwaring?"

"You can, Mr. Burton. I hope you'll acquit me of eavesdropping," she went on eagerly, "I couldn't help hearing. I'm going to tell you something, Mr. Burton, and then ask you a great favor. You've been very kind to me."

"Don't mention it," modestly. "I like youngsters."

"I heard you tell Mr. Willoughby one day when he spoke disparagingly that you would be answerable for me. I want to make you proud of me, make you know that I can do things, though I am but a girl."

Burton said, "There, there," in a tone meant to be soothing, and lighted his pipe.

"I'm afraid you'll think me a deep, designing person," continued the girl, "when I tell you that I'm the Mary Ann of whom Mr. Willoughby spoke. Not that I came to you under an assumed name. I merely took my own, after bearing Aunt Hales' for some half dozen years. Was that so wrong, Mr. Burton?"

"I lived with an aunt when I was a lad," Burton's tone was reminiscent. "I bore a good deal, but nothing under heavens could have made me bear her name for more than twenty-four hours."

"There," with evident relief, "I knew you would understand. Now let me tell you why I left. The life was not unbearable while I had Bessie, my only sister, with me, but when aunt gave her to a childless old couple I couldn't stand it. Bessie cried for me every day—she was only ten—so I took the three hundred dollars left me by grandmother out of the bank, took Bessie



out of an upstairs window, and ran away. It wasn't love of excitement, as Mr. Willoughby suggests; it was to make a home for the little sister mother left in my care. Was that so wrong?" Perhaps the tears welling up in the grey eyes moved Burton. Anyway, he brought down his fist on the desk with a force which sent several things—his best briar-root among them—flying far and wide, and exclaimed she was a brick.

"You know now why I pleaded so hard for a place when I came to your office. I had to get work. The very gladdest girl in town went down these stairs that day. Bessie was waiting outside and together we went house-hunting. We got two little rooms, the only real home we've had since mother's death. Bess goes to school every day, and we're both so happy I'm scared something will happen." Her voice shook. "I feel that I have it in me to do good work if only I had the opportunity. I'm hampered by Mr. Willoughby's lack of faith in me."

"How long have you been with The Parchment?"

"Three months yesterday. I came in August. Now for the favor." Leaning forward, an expression of intense eagerness on her face, "Send me to Rimouski."

Burton forgot to puff at his pipe. "Let you go with Hickson?" he queried.

"No, without him. Listen, please," as he shook his head. "You want something out of the common—let me try my hand. The Sentinel will send a man, so will The Motor. Do you send a woman. Do you think the passengers will not tell their stories of hope and hardship to me as quickly as to Hickson? And I'll weave these stories together with a tenderer touch than Hickson's. Trust me just this once, my only friend, trust me, and let me go."

She ended with a sob. Burton rose and walked to the window and back. The Parchment was very near his heart, and there was risk—still. "There'll be the dickens to pay," he said, "but I'm going to do it. There, don't thank me till you see whether good or ill comes of it. It may mean your dismissal and mine, too. . . . Now, to instructions."

He talked earnestly for ten minutes, then rose and opened the door. "Go home and get ready, little girl. . . . I've faith in you—you'll do the work. Perhaps your copy will win your way to Willoughby's heart. Who knows?" he told her.

"I want only to prove that I can do things," half-wistfully; "that the despised country cousin is not the compound of ignorance and impudence he makes her out to be."

"You're a little prejudiced against Willoughby," asserted Burton with a judicial air. "You seem to dislike him."

Mary Ann Mainwaring was already out in the corridor. She turned and spoke in a higher key than she would have spoken had she noticed that the door of a certain office stood ajar. "Dislike is not the word. I 'detest' Mr. Willoughby."

The door was closed softly. . . . Behind it a surprised and somewhat indignant man went back to his letters with a sense of injury strong on him. Detest Mr. Willoughby—the minx!

John C. Willoughby did not find out that a mere girl had usurped the trusty Hickson's place until a short time before the train pulled out for Rimouski. What! leave a thing like that in the hands of an untrained girl! It was not to be thought of. There was a lively time in the office for awhile. Hickson was out. "I'll send one of the others," said Burton pacifically "no need of getting in a perspiration."

"I'll go myself," declared John C., and hurried away.

On the train he hunted up the cause of all the disturbance, and spoke his mind freely. Mary Ann Mainwaring vouchsafed him not a word at first. She sat looking out of the window, her grey eyes cold as steel, her red mouth mutinous. "Remember," he ended, "you are not to do what you started out to do. I will be on the ground, I will send my paper the story of the wreck and the rescues."

"Mr. Burton sent me," she reminded him.

"Pooh! Burton's a fool," he retorted.

"At least he is a gentleman, Mr. Willoughby." If the words and tone were impertinent, the glance she flashed him was more so. He took his departure in some haste.

Rimouski boasted but one cab. John C. Willoughby had it by right of a good five-dollar bill paid out to the avaricious owner of said cab. The Sentinel man and The Motor man joined the crowd wending its way to the pier over the highway. The day was a lovely October one, walking was good exercise, only—well, they hated to see Willoughby lording it in a cab. He had a way of getting what he wanted. Look at him, at thirty-seven, not half so brilliant as—as some others they could mention, not a third as popular, managing editor of The Parchment. It was luck, pure luck.

"There's only one telegraph office," complained The Motor man. "He'll rush back in his cab and get his stuff off. He has us handicapped." Suddenly The Sentinel man stood still to laugh. "Wouldn't it be a joke to get that cab by hook or crook, and leave him fuming on the pier while we hied us to the telegraph office?"

"We'll watch our chance," laughed the other. "There's no man I'd rather do than John C."



"John C. went forward, 'A friend of the family.'"

A girl in a brown fur-lined coat and velvet turban trudging along just behind, smiled, well pleased. True, the John C. alluded to was her chief; she owed him a certain allegiance, but, thinking of his scathing words and superfluous airs of last night, she was a rebel out and out. They could "do" John C. in welcome, so far as she was concerned.

One thing she was determined on, to do her level best to send her matter over the wire before any one of the three men should send his. So when the "Osprey" came slowly into harbor, and the passengers from the ill-fated "Albion" landed, she made herself the most useful little person imaginable. Her sympathy, being real, won its reward. They told her things, those men and women who for so many hours had been face to face with death, told her stories of brave deeds of the ship's officers and crew, of losses, of suspense, of joy. The prospective groom showed her the gifts he was taking his sweetheart; gifts he had clung to through storm and wreck. Old and young gave her their reads confidence. There were reporters there, true, but the reporters got only the outside hush of rich and tender tales; the girl with the helpful hand and kind eyes got the heart of them. And all the while she was jotting things down in her notebook. "Who is the girl in the brown jacket?" asked The Motor man carelessly. "Belongs to the place, I fancy—a country girl born and bred. She skipped down a rocky hill which a city girl would have crept down, went out of her way to slide on a glary strip of ice and hopped over the bubbling air-hole at the end of said strip as only a country girl could. Besides," he added, "look at her color."

John C. Willoughby was doing his interviewing, as he did everything, with dignity. No need for hurry or worry. Was not the only cab in Rimouski at his disposal? He had been driven out to the end of the pier, and, obedient to his order, cabby waited there for him. But by-and-bye as people came ashore and the sailors began to unload certain packages, barrels, etc., the vehicle was crowded further and further back. Cabby did not mind; it was all one to him. He grew confidential when a tall young fellow loafing near began to chat with him. No, driving a cab in Rimouski was not the sort of occupation a man need hanker after. No money in it. True, a big gun from Montreal had paid him five dollars for driving to the pier and back,

but when would it happen again? One couldn't expect steamships to go right on getting wrecked just to make business brisk—certainly not.

"You might make something on the side," the tall young fellow suggested.

"No, sir, that five dollars means me and my cab till such time as he's done with us."

"But he doesn't want you now, he is busy talking to folks." The tall young fellow's voice was persuasive. "Come, here's another five, if you carry a couple of us over to the town. You'll be back in plenty of time—if not, why, you're five dollars to the good anyhow."

It was not sound logic, but it was the kind which appealed to the cabman. "I'll do it," he said. "Give me the money and jump in."

"Here's your money, drive off the pier; my friend is waiting for you on the road—I'll saunter along and join you there."

Cabby followed instructions. "So the friend's a gal," he said, as Mary Anne Mainwaring stopped him with an uplifted hand. "I hopes I'm not helping 'em to elope, or nothing."

"Now drive like the wind," came a sweet, commanding voice; "don't stop for anybody's order. Make the telegraph office as quickly as you can, and I'll give you five dollars."

He drove fast, he felt no desire to linger. Retribution awaited him if he fell into the hands of the first or the second party.

The lady was still busy in the telegraph office when two crestfallen young men came in quite awhile later; still busy when John C., who, true to his instincts, had scorned to walk with undue haste, joined them. His personal and professional dignity had been outraged enough as it was.

The Motor man stepped forward, but was waved aside. "I suppose you think you've done a smart thing," said John C., "but I call it caddish, contemptible, dishonest."

"Look here," urged The Sentinel man, "you're as far ahead as we. We did try to do you, but—well, we haven't sent any copy as yet, and aren't likely to."

"What's wrong with the line?" questioned John C. sharply.

"Nothing, only there's a girl at the end of it. The same girl that got our cab—your cab," with a feeble titter.

"Oh, yes, go in if you like—you'll get no show. She has sent off a page if she has a line. Wonder what paper she's here for?"

John C. knew; even before he saw her he knew. As he stood watching her his soul was torn between a desire to shake her well for daring to be cleverer than he and an equally strong desire to pat her shoulder approvingly for saving the day. When the cold grey eyes were lifted for a moment to his he wondered that he had ever found courage to think of doing either.

"I detest Mr. Willoughby!" The eyes said it as plainly, as positively as the vibrant voice had said it the day before.

Mary Ann Mainwaring did not get through until ten minutes before train time. The representatives of the other papers found opportunity for nothing more than a scant paragraph. Mr. Willoughby was the last to walk stationward. The wire he had left with the operator was to Burton. It was in cypher and ran:

"You didn't buy any gold brick when you took the lady. She has served a long apprenticeship somewhere. Double her salary."

* * * * * * * *

"By the way," said Burton to John C. a few days later, "I've run across your country cousin; she's found a place, and seems to be doing uncommonly well."

"Glad to hear it. As soon as I get back from the hunting trip to Muskoka I'll go and see her." So said John C., and meant it; but he was away two weeks longer than he had planned, and then followed a busy time. Days slipped into weeks, and still John C. had not hunted up his cousin, and still he had excuses ready to hand. Girls were puzzling things anyway. There was that Miss Mainwaring calmly ignoring him and his overtures of peace, and troubling him more than he liked to own. Not that he cared for the self-possessed, worldly-wise type she represented. No, give him, rather, a quiet, shrinking country girl, with cheeks red from the sun's kisses, and yes, even freckles. What mattered, if the heart were right?

Having brought himself to this happy state of mind the wonder is he did not seem more elated when Burton spoke to him in this wise: "A nice guardian angel you are. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Willoughby. Take my advice and hunt your cousin up this evening."

"It's Christmas Eve. I half-promised the Leslies to help rig up a tree for some tots in the hospital."

"Duty before pleasure," urged the other. "Ethelyn Leslie is a charming girl, but no relation—as yet. Blood's thicker than water—see the straw-away, get the thing off your mind, and may be your sunny temper will return. You've been a bear for weeks. It's a poor sort of man that won't practice self-denial on Christmas Eve when—"

But his chief was up and away. He would make that call and get it over with. He hunted up the street—an obscure one—and number.

"You have a young girl from the country stopping with you?" This to the pleasant woman who answered his ring at the door. "I am a friend of the family, and have called to see her."

"I've a pair," confided the woman as she led the way upstairs. "Step light, sir, and you'll see a pretty sight. I've been watching them this hour back, and wishing I had girls of my own. The two of them are trimming a Christmas tree. Here you are, sir."

Yes, here he was, and before him as tender a scene as even his fastidious soul would desire. On the top of a step-ladder sat a golden-haired child making a wreath from the masses of green stuff in the arms of the girl standing tall and straight beside her. The little tree was already gay with tinsel, and scarlet candles ready for the lighting.

"Here's ivy for faith, mistletoe for healing, laurel for victory, and bay—what does bay stand for, sister?" The child ceased her wreath-making. "I thought I knew them all," she said regrettully, "and now I find I've forgotten the bay."

For answer the other began to sing softly:

"Bay's for Remembrance full and sweet,
It speaks with its fragrant breath
Of manger and Cross, and lowly tomb,
And a Love that conquered death."

The sweet treble of the child blended with the girl's full tones in the next stanza:

"And laurel leaves for the wreath I bring,
The laurel for victory,
With palms for the crowning of a King—
To-morrow is Christmas Day!"

The light shone full on Mary Ann's face. How soft and womanly it was! The grey eyes, no longer cold, were glorious; the scarlet mouth no longer proud, but smiling and kissable—yes, kissable. Mary Ann, in a white gown, singing a Christmas hymn, was a woman after his own heart.

As John C. blushed for himself, there is no need for us to blush for him. "Mr. Willoughby," called out the woman as John C. went forward, "a friend of the family."

"But only relations come to Christmas trees," said Miss Goldenlocks inhospitably. "That's all right, I'm your cousin," he returned; "more, I'm commissioned by your aunt to carry the runaways back to the farm."

"But, you won't do it, will you?" pleaded the child. "He's joking; he hasn't the heart to spoil our happiness, has he, sister?"

"He hasn't any heart at all," said Mary Ann with conviction.

"That's where you make your mistake," he returned with uncalled-for earnestness. "Come, bribe me to stay my ruthless hand, invite me to eat my Christmas dinner with you."

"My name's Bessie," began the child, but her sister held up a hand.

"Mr. Willoughby, you said you despised my type of woman," she reminded him.

"And you made me change my mind—a thing I hate to do. Now, it's my turn. You said you detested me. I've got to make you change your sentiments."

"You can't do it," she said, but her tone was not determined.

"I'll show you. I've an iron will, Cousin Mary Ann. Do you know," smiling down on her, "I find it very pleasant having relations in town at this season. I lead a lonesome life, in a way."

Their eyes met, and they laughed. "You're rather nice when you're human," she admitted. "I think you may dine with your freckle-faced country cousin to-morrow, seeing that it's Christmas Day, and we must forgive our enemies."

"Forgive, and love our enemies," he corrected.

"Forgive our enemies, and "

"Love our enemies," with stern insistence.

"Perhaps," with a blush which made the heart of John C. Willoughby stir with sudden rapture.



SHAMROCK AND ROSE AND THISTLE

A SNAP SHOT ON THE DOCK AT HALIFAX.
BY W. SELDON, TORONTO.







For information regarding Colonization Lands, Minerals, Fish and Game, address

HON. J. B. B. PROVOST,
Dept. of Col. Mines and Fisheries.
QUEBEC, P.Q.



For information regarding Timber, Pine, Spruce, Cedar and Hardwoods, address

HON. A. TURGEON,
Department of Lands and Forests,
QUEBEC, P.Q.

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM

Independent Order of Foresters



ORONHYATEKHA, M.D., D.C.L., SUPREME CHIEF RANGER I.O.F.



TEMPLE BUILDING, HEAD OFFICE OF THE I.O.F.



FORESTERS ORPHANS HOME, FORESTERS ISLAND, DESERONTO, ONTARIO

The I.O.F. System

Membership open to men and women.

Fraternal Life Assurance provided on the WHOLE LIFE, INSTALMENT WHOLE LIFE and 5, 10, 15 and 20 year TERM plans.

Policies for $500, $1,000, $2,000, $3,000, $4,000, $5,000.

Benefits for Total Disability, arising from accident, disease and old age.

Sickness and Funeral Benefits, with free medical attendance and nursing in certain cases.

Premiums equitable and definite, payable in advance monthly, quarterly, half-yearly or yearly, and cease on total disablement or at 70 years of age.

Management up-to-date and under Government supervision.

Settlements prompt and liberal.

No Assessments at Death.

Valuable Social and Fraternal Privileges.

For full information regarding the great I. O. F. system of **Fraternal Life Assurance** apply to any Officer or Member or to the Head Office, Temple Building, Toronto, Ont.

FORESTERS' ORPHANS' HOME

Founded by HON. DR. ORONHYATEKHA, S.C.R.

ERECTION COMMENCED 30TH JULY, 1903.

OPENED FOR RECEPTION OF ORPHANS 29TH MARCH, 1906.

Designed as a home for the reception, maintenance and education of the helpless and destitute orphans of deceased members of the Independent Order of Foresters, and as a school where they may be qualified to engage in the practical duties of life and good citizenship with advantage to themselves and the countries of which they may become residents.

Located at Foresters' Island Park, Deseronto, Ont.

J. C. MORGAN, M.A., Superintendent, Deseronto, Ont.

HEAD OFFICE.

TEMPLE BUILDING, TORONTO, ONT.

R. MATHISON, M.A.,
Supreme Secretary.

The I.O.F. Record

Membership 1st July, 1881	369
Membership 1st Jan., 1885	2,558
Membership 1st Jan., 1890	17,349
Membership 1st Jan., 1895	70,055
Membership 1st Jan., 1900	165,610
Membership 1st Jan., 1905	225,876
Membership 1st Oct., 1906	245,000
Premium Income—	
During 1881	$ 5,123
During 1885	35,713
During 1890	284,334
During 1895	1,119,508
During 1900	2,399,683
During 1905	3,263,385
Benefits Paid—	
During 1881	$ 1,300
During 1885	20,577
During 1890	181,847
During 1895	695,000
During 1900	1,545,146
During 1905	3,191,413
Total Benefits Paid to 1st Nov., 1906	**20,469,860**
Accumulated Funds—	
1st January, 1882	$ 4,568
1st January, 1885	33,082
1st January, 1890	188,130
1st January, 1895	1,187,225
1st January, 1900	3,778,544
1st January, 1905	8,534,177
1st October, 1906	**10,388,914**
1st November 1906	**10,441,306**

THE WINNING OF Western Canada

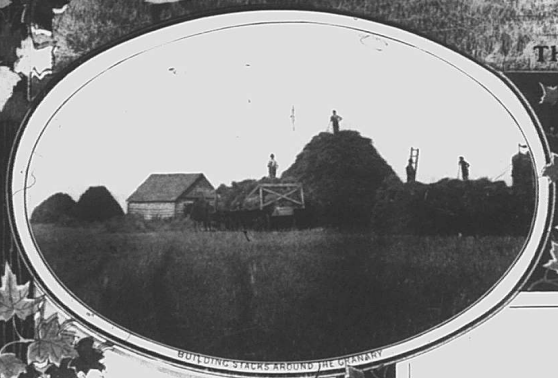


The Work That Has Been Accomplished In Recent Years

In the past ten years nearly one million have been added to the population of the Canadian West. In the same period nearly [illegible] to the fertile prairies of the Canadian West from the best agricultural districts of the United States and there has been added to the wealth of the Dominion of Canada during the same period, the wealth of the Empire of Australasia. The increase in the figures for the past year is such as to show that there has been a [illegible] in any three of [illegible].

The New Provinces.

On September 1, 1905, Alberta was admitted into the sisterhood of Canadian Provinces and on the 4th of the same month Saskatchewan joined the Confederation. Since their each of the new Provinces has started successfully on a career of self government and an additional impetus has been given to the tide of immigration.



BUILDING STACKS AROUND THE GRANARY

The Winter Wheat Development.

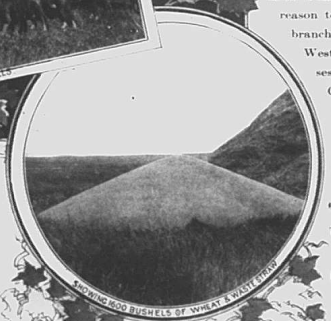
The success that has attended the growing of winter wheat in sections of the country which formerly were deemed fit only for ranching purposes has attracted the attention of tens of thousands of American farmers in the past three or four years, and has promised to become a valuable addition to the great farming industry of the Canadian West.



TOWN OF INDIAN HEAD SHOWING 11 ELEVATORS AND 15 MILES OF WHEAT FARMS TAKEN FROM EXPERIMENTAL FARM



900 HORSES BEING DRIVEN INTO THE CORRAL, CYPRESS HILLS



SHOWING 8000 BUSHELS OF WHEAT & WASTE FROM

—THE— LAST CHANCE.

Canada to-day offers the last chance for Free Grant Lands in the Temperate Zone in the civilized world. . . . . .

Transportation Facilities Rapidly Increasing.

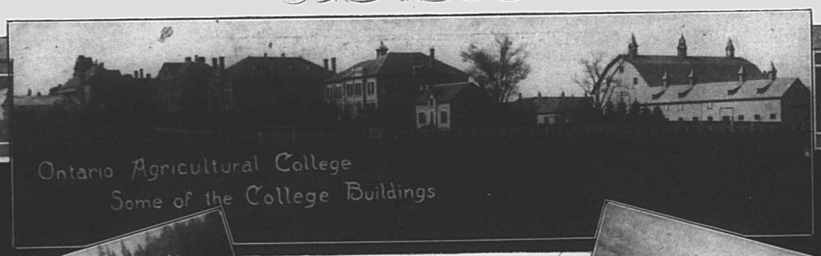
The railway accommodation in Western Canada is an increasing factor in the prosperity of the country. The development of the past ten years has been phenomenal, and there is no reason to doubt that, with the additional railway lines and branches now contemplated, the prophecy of a prominent Western public man, made on the floor of Parliament last session, that inside of the next ten years the bulk of Canada's population will be west of the Great Lakes will be fulfilled.

Information and Advice

Can be obtained from:

W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

BRUCE WALKER, Assistant Superintendent of Immigration, 11 and 12 Charing Cross, London, England.





THE PREMIER PROVINCE OF CANADA



ONTARIO

MILLIONS OF ACRES

Rich Agricultural Lands

FOR SETTLERS

FREE—OR AT A MERELY NOMINAL PRICE
ON EASY TERMS

160 ACRES TO EACH SETTLER

For information,
Maps, etc.
Write to

NELSON MONTEITH,
Minister of Agriculture,
TORONTO, ONT.

Splendid Opportunities

For men with cash capital, or for men whose capital consists in their ability to work.

THE ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY OF ONTARIO LIMITED

THE TORONTO & NIAGARA POWER COMPANY
TRADERS BANK BUILDING, TORONTO







125,000 ELECTRICAL HORSE POWER AVAILABLE FOR MUNICIPALITIES, ELECTRIC LIGHT AND RAILWAY COMPANIES, OR OTHER WHOLESALE CONSUMERS.
FACTORY SITES WITH POWER FOR LEASE ON FAVORABLE TERMS. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

H. H. MACRAE
GENERAL MANAGER & SECRETARY

CITY OF TORONTO

CENTRE OF INDUSTRY, COMMERCE, & EDUCATION.
INCREASE IN ASSESSMENT 1906, $18,302,167. TOTAL $185,713,903.
TAX RATE 1906, 18½ MILLS ON THE DOLLAR.
YONGE STREET BUSIEST STREET IN CANADA.
ONE THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED ACRES OF PARKS IN CITY LIMITS.
NAMED AS THE CITY OF HOMES.
TORONTO RAILWAY CARRIED 67,881,668 PASSENGERS IN 1905.
ONLY SUCCESSFUL ANNUAL EXHIBITION IN AMERICA.
RAILWAYS, GRAND TRUNK, CANADIAN PACIFIC, CANADIAN NORTHERN.
OSGOODE HALL, LAW CENTRE OF PROVINCE.
NUMBER OF BUILDING PERMITS TO 31ST OCT. 3,041, VALUE $11,102,905.
THE POPULATION IS APPROXIMATELY 300,000.
ONTARIO'S CAPITAL.

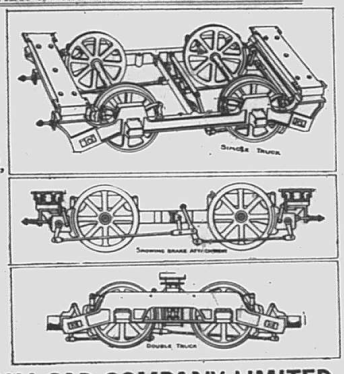
FOR INFORMATION ABOUT THE CITY OF TORONTO, WRITE THE DEPARTMENT OF INDUSTRIES & PUBLICITY.—JOS. E. THOMPSON.

SOMETHING NEW IN RAILWAY TRUCKS AND BRAKES

CUSHION BOLSTER
INCREASING LIFE OF CAR AND COMFORT TO PASSENGER

SEE
OUR NEW BRAKE,
GIVING GREATER EFFICIENCY AND INCREASING THE LIFE OF THE BRAKE SHOE

SEE OUR
NOISELESS TRUCK



THE NATIONAL CAR COMPANY, LIMITED
134 Confederation Life Building — Toronto, Canada



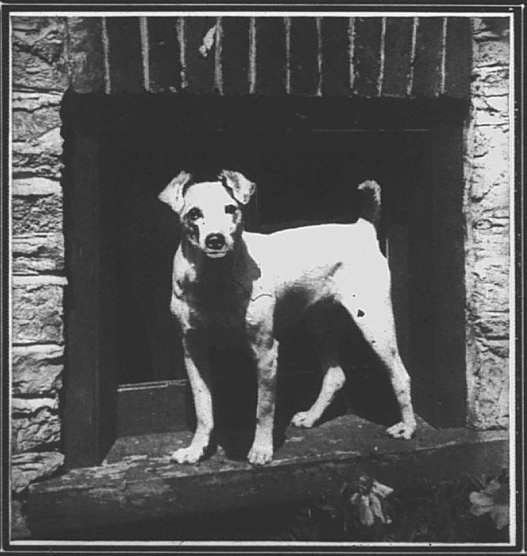
THE

MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

most heart[illegible]ings to its
POLIC[illegible]OLDERS
and the pub[illegible] in general
WISH[illegible]G ALL
A RIGHT ME[illegible] CHRISTMAS
AND A BRIG[illegible]ROSPEROUS

CANADA'S BIG MUTUAL

OUR DESIGNS ARE FULL OF
SNAP AND GO
THEY GRIP THE ATTENTION



ALWAYS ON THE ALERT FOR NEW IDEAS

TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING Co
LIMITED

THE COVER, PLATES & ALL LITHO. WORK IN CHRISTMAS GLOBE IS OUR PRODUCT.

MASSEY-HARRIS



THREE CANADIAN BEAUTIES.