

together with his dwindled bank balance amounted to one hundred and nine dollars. One hundred and nine dollars, and thinking of college. Now had the boy known it, to think of a year in Arts with such a sum in pocket, was utter folly. Even the faith of a Moses could not shift the mountainous difficulties which would hedge him round. The most abstemious self-sacrificing young men can barely keep within the two-hundred-dollar limit. But very fortunately, the interest of another party had been aroused and a good angel appears on his behalf. In this ordinary little country town there lived a merchant, retired and well-to-do, and he, chancing to hear of the boy's intention, called him in one day. In the conversation which followed he outlined a plan but recently mentioned to him.

THERE are two ways in which men push their way through college to-day. Some will engage in business of a financial nature during spare hours, and thus pay their way as they go. Last year it was remarked in a group of fellows that Brown never seemed to be around the college out of lecture hours. "Why he's in business," exclaimed one, "I saw him in a store on King Street the other day." This method has been very much in vogue, but the plan referred to by the old merchant is gradually superseding it in popularity. The "insurance" method consists in an agreement between two parties, one lacking funds for an education, the other willing to lend assistance. The party of the first part insures his life and hands over the policy to the party of the second part, as collateral security for the money he advances from time to time, at a fixed rate of interest, and the yearly premiums he pays on the policy. Thus the student has money, the lender has security, and both parties are satisfied. All of which explains how John set off to college.

After the May examinations, five thousand young fellows were turned loose from Toronto University, and the four golden summer months lay before them to be exploited and redeemed. One went to his farm, another to his merchandise, some considered a holiday, but the majority looked for a job. John, determined to work, hardly knew on what to lay his hand. He applied for work in different business places. Then he began to learn things. Any experience? No. Well we can't do anything for you. Sometimes they told him that trade was dull in the summer. Oh yes, they would put his name on the waiting-list, but where was the satisfaction in that. The man at the desk hasn't time to study faces or personalities. John began to buy the *Telegram* every night. No need to say what page he devoured so eagerly. Surely the sporting news, editorials, or the funny column. "Not a very funny column," he thought grimly, as he leaned against the bank

on the corner. "Let's have a look, guv'nor," an eager, husky voice whispered at his ear, and a dirty, stubby finger ran down the "Wanted" column in front of him. But what is a fellow to do in a big city, with board and lodging running away with his last few dollars. One can't borrow money to live on. Always a source of employment remains. Mark, always a source of employment, sometimes of remuneration. Students may come and go, times change, but the book agency is constant. It never fails. Annually it selects its quota of victims. To the bankrupt student, its glowing prospectus is irresistible. So John went in and talked with the manager.

HE started out next day with a book under his arm, and a fifty per cent. commission promise tucked away in his vest pocket. It was a good book, a family book, one for everybody to read, and it ought to go splendidly. The publisher said "like hot cakes." John worked hard. He met the usual people. There was the grim-faced lady who always listened through the locked screen door. She was hopeless. Very few arguments will stand the screen-door test. Then came the busy matron. She had a duster on her head, and a smudge of stove polish on the left cheek, and anyone could see that she was busy, that is, of course, anyone but an agent. He would begin bravely, "Madam, I have a little work here—." At this point he usually stopped, for the door had usually closed. He met the funny fellow who always had lots of fun with the agents, the man who didn't believe in so much reading for the "wimmen-folk," and the dear, deceptive old lady. She looked so kind and motherly, standing patiently in the doorway, listening attentively to his exposition, even encouraging further explanation. "Here surely is a good sale," thinks John, "perhaps two," and he calculates quickly. Two books at one-fifty per, makes three dollars, and half belongs to me. One-fifty. So he holds out his subscription book, rolls the pencil toward her in the most approved salesman style, but—No, she cannot take one, although she is "sure" it "must be" a good book, it is "simply impossible." And after all that, he must lift his hat and smile, though his mouth is dry, and his throat sore from talking. Discouraging? Well rather. Yes, he went through it all, did well some days, too, and sold books, but he threw up the job. It was not because as Eugene Wood maintains, that on some days he could not force himself to do it, not because there was no one to hear him recite, and mark him 85 per cent., not even because there was no one to stand over him and make him do it, but because the summer was half-gone, and the money wasn't coming in. He had learned something, too. He had learned that the book-agency business is played out. Even

the mildest and most philanthropic feels a burst of surprising enmity towards the man who rings the front door bell, and tries to sell something. Every heart is hardened to his appeal. Persistence, extolled as a business virtue, becomes a crime in the book agent.

WELL, he must have steady work. He bought a paper again and turned to the old familiar page. Ah! the very thing. "Men Wanted—to hoe \$1.50 per day. Apply at once, etc." Here at last was something he could do, and the pay was sure at least. No off days in this either. He walked a mile to work in the morning. "Poor section of the city," he thought, sniffing the air. "Where does Blank live?" he shouted across to a man in a yard. "Up there by the glue-factory. Follow the smell," came the reply. He followed directions without difficulty. A group of men were sharpening hoes in a field adjoining the factory. "Another man! Sure; help yourself to a hoe," and in line they trudged off to the end of the field. Hoeing sugar beets is usually not an unpleasant job. This field had been fertilized with factory refuse. At one end lay a small lake of drainage, crusted over with thick dirty-grey scum. Little boys paddled in the warm, greasy water, and the stench about the place was appalling. He remembered all these things. They would be something to look back to, after graduation. John was a fairly good hoer. True, the sun was very hot and the blue-green flies buzzed horribly about the soil, still he managed to keep up with the other two white men. The Macedonians were slow workmen, and kept together farther down the rows. In three weeks the hoeing was finished.

THEN college re-opened, and he went back with money in his pocket. He enjoyed the college year. Lined up for rugby in the field, gained an office in the Lit., figured in a small way in the social affairs, and carried his year without a star. Of course in view of the little debt to be paid some day, he always felt careful of his expenditure, but never to an embarrassing extent. The next summer passed splendidly. A little shrewdness and foresight early in the Spring term had settled that.

Julius Caesar in his Gaelic history favoured the expression, "That which I thought would happen actually did happen." So, too, with the boy, who found his first faint hopes of an education realized in graduation. He did not get the gold medal, but be sure, nor even first-class honours, for he was but an ordinary boy, but the folks in the old home town were proud of him, proud of his ambition and scholarship, prouder that he had worked out his own educational salvation, and had shown that any boy with average ability, shrewdness, and application might do likewise.

The Essence of a Man

By ALAN SULLIVAN

THROUGH level lines of streaming snow, a huge figure loomed large and portentous. Vanishing in blinding gusts, it ever and ever appeared again, thrusting itself onward with dogged persistence. Across flat and frozen plains forged the great piston-like legs, driving down his snowshoes with a clocklike regularity that suggested, rather than told of, enormous muscular force. Behind him, knee-deep, toiled five yellow-coated, black-muzzled dogs, their shoulders jammed tight into their collars, their tawny sides rippling with the play of straining tendons; and, last of all, a long, low toboggan lurched indomitably on, the trampled trail breaking into a surge of powdered snow under its curving bow.

Into the teeth of the gale pushed this pigmy caravan—a gale that was born on the flat shores of Hudson Bay, that breasted the slopes of the Height of Land, that raged across the blank white expanse of Lac Seul, and was now shrieking down, dire and desolate, to the ice-bound and battlemented borders of Lake Superior. It was a wind that had weight. Tom Moore felt its vast and impalpable force, as he leaned against it, when he stopped for breath. It assailed him—it tore steadily, relentlessly, at him, as if seeking to devour—it lashed the stinging grains into his face, and into the open mouths of his panting dogs—it smoothed out the crumpled trail as the wake of a ship is obliterated by closing waters—till, a moment after his passing, the snow ridges lay trackless and unruffled. Still, however insignificant in these formless wastes, that silent progress held steadily on; and so it had held from early morn. These black specks on a measureless counterpane, guided by some unfailing instinct that lurked far back in the big half-breed's brain,

were making an unswerving line for a wooded point that thrust out a faint and purple finger, far ahead in the gathering dusk. As they drew slowly in, the wind began to abate its force, and Tom, peering out from the mass of ice that was cemented to his mouth and eyes, looked for some sheltering haven. The dogs smelled the land, and more eagerly flung themselves into the taut traces, while over them gathered the shadows of the welcome woods.

Peter Anderson, the Hudson Bay factor at Lac Seul, was low in provisions, and had sent to the Ignace post a curt suggestion that the deficiency be supplied; and Tom Moore's laden toboggan was the brief, but practical answer to his letter. The three-hundred-pound load was made up of the bare necessities of life—pork, flour, and the like; these, delivered, would be worth seventy-five cents a pound and thirty dollars a sack respectively; and Tom was the arbiter of transportation. In summer his canoe thrust its delicate bows through the waterways that interlaced the two posts, and in winter his snowshoes threaded the stark and frozen wilderness. He had always travelled alone on the ice. Nature had moulded him with such a titan frame, so huge and powerful a body, so indomitable and fearless a soul, that he had become accustomed to laughing at the fate that overtook many of his tribe. They disappeared every now and then, utterly, silently, and mysteriously; but ever Big Tom moved on, the incarnation of force and of life that mocked at death.

When, two days before, MacPherson had summoned him to the Ignace post, and pointed to the

pile of provisions, and said laconically: "For Anderson, at Lac Seul," Tom had merely grunted "How," and set out to harness his dogs. But the last day had brought him more serious reflection. By the flight of the goose it was two hundred miles, and by the winter trail perhaps two hundred and fifteen; and of these forty now lay behind him.

He made his camp, he lit his fire, he flung to the ravenous dog a frozen whitefish, and ate, himself almost as sparingly; then, rolled in his rabbit-skin blanket, he lay down on his back, and looked up at the winking stars.

About midnight the wind changed, and veered into the southeast, bringing with it a clammy drizzle, half snow, half rain, that plastered the trees with a transparent enamel, and spread over the surface of the earth a sheet of ice, half an inch thick and exceeding sharp.

In that shivering hour which heralds the dawn a branch cracked sharply a little distance from the camp. One of the dogs twitched an ear, and Tom was too deep in sleep to notice it. The five huskies were buried in snow beneath a tree, from a branch of which swung a sheaf of rigid fish, suspended in the air for security. But, in the half-light, something moved, a something that turned upon the smouldering fire great luminous eyes, and gave it out again in a changing iridescence. Around the eyes was a white-gray mask, crowned with short-black-pointed ears; behind the ears moved noiselessly a tawny body, with heavy legs and broad, soft pads. It slipped from tree to tree, touching the ground lightly here and there, till the great lynx hung, motionless and menacing, above

(Continued on page 22.)