

even boasted bravely of thy loyalty, and thou art a true bond-servant to a king's officer and thine own kind and good master, and now thou sayest thou wilt forsake both, and fare with their enemies—God help me that I should have to call my own countryman by so hard a name!—and yet thou art not a traitor? What then shall I call thee?"

"Thy husband, Betty, good and true. That I will ever be: so now no more high words, but look at the thing reasonably and let me tell the master—the squire—I mean that thou wilt not go with him but with me."

"Not for gold, John Shaw; I also am a bond-servant, bound in honest indenture to which I have consented heart and hand, and have also set my mark, and think ye I am a traitor? No! go thy way, John Shaw, I am no mate for thee."

With a firm step Betty entered the house shutting the door in the face of her astonished suitor, and shooting the great wooden bolt: as if to express by irresponsible agents the strength of the sentiment that animated her. Half an hour afterwards, Mistress Elizabeth Cradock, the eldest daughter of the house, found Betty mopping away the hot tears that welled irrepressibly from her eyes, while she rolled up bedding, tossed quilts out of the window to be shaken and folded by the strong maids of the kitchen, and counted the towels laid out for the use of the family on the long and painful journey that lay before them.

Between the serving men and maids of the Cradock household and the elder members of the family existed that cordially reciprocated consideration and respect so beautiful to see, so safe to live under, and so helpful both to soul and body in any time of trouble or distress. In a few minutes Mistress Elizabeth had drawn from poor Betty, who, bearing her own Christian name, was also her own maid, the grief that had thrown her into so unusual a state of agitation: and with that quick sense called tact, had come to the conclusion that the best salve she could apply to poor Betty's wounds which, notwithstanding her fortitude at the moment, were deep and wide, was to exhibit her own. This she did in a few words, telling Betty that her lover, who was the younger son of her father's old friend before the war, Governor Wardrope, remained true to the British flag, though all the younger members of the same family beside him had espoused the revolution, but that his elder brother who at that date, as head of the family, had plenary powers of control over the younger branches, had forbidden him on pain of forfeiture of his fortune which consisted in rights of merchandise with the Indians and foreign ports, to follow the old flag. There were many at that time who clung to the hope that in spite of the Constitution, in spite of the wonderful influence of Washington over the people, and in spite of the treaty, the rights of Britain over her recreant colony would be re-established, and of these young Wardrope was one. Thus he cherished the idea that a very few years would see the change he hoped for take place, and himself enabled to take his bride to a home already planned where they would once more enjoy the prosperity of which British subjects had been so rudely robbed, and that without the loss, inevitable should he join the brave, loyal, but hopeless band, now about to forsake their beautiful homes, their prosperous possessions, and enter upon a contest with the wolf and the rattle-snake, the dense forest, and the swamp of which they had heard their great-grandfathers tell on winter evenings, but had no conception of save through their imaginations.

Poor Mistress Elizabeth had her own troubles, in no degree lighter than those of Betty, save that she was spared the humiliation of finding the man she had loved and trusted a traitor to his King. This she knew was a sharp sting to her loyal hearted maid, herself the daughter of a British soldier who had fought at Blenheim and Malplaquet, under John Churchill, the great Duke of Marlborough.

But the exigencies of the time admitted no indulgence of grief, a great household was to be moved. The family mansion, a gable house of good dimensions, with its second floor and dormer windows in the roof, its roses and honeysuckles now thrown rudely hither and thither by the keen October gale, its pleasant parterres with Dutch flower-beds and shrubbery, its orchard full of russets, blenheims, pears, and medlars, the delight of the thrifty housekeeper, as of the youngsters; the wide and luscious meadows where the kine lowed in the sweet June grass, and the fruitful corn fields where the gleaner was always welcome, according to the Scriptures, had to be left for ever. The ancient church that crowned the burial hill where lay the dust of the pious and loyal ancestors, not only of the Cradocks themselves, but of all their wide, feudal household, and where the beautiful bells each Sabbath pleaded out in loveliest harmony their call to the lands to "Be joyful in the Lord," would know them no more. The boys had to be brought home from school and the youths from college, the girls had to give up their governess, and the babes their nursery. The mistress of the household who had born and brought up children, and the master who had provided by his industry, thrift and good judgment for the large demands upon him, had to give up their hopes and rest and comfort, and one and all had to turn their faces to the wilderness, if so be they might there find a living, and keep their honour bright.

It is hardly to be supposed that John Shaw gave up the hopes of years and the girl he truly loved without another struggle; he even appealed from the girl herself to her mistress, who, thinking that a maid-servant was sacrificing more than she was called upon to do in the matter of loyalty, used all her ability to persuade Betty to stay in Massachusetts as John Shaw's wife, promising to release her from her bond, and to give her the usual

bonus, a cow and a feather-bed, to which she added numerous household matters that she must herself leave behind or sell. But Betty was true to her principles; she said she no longer loved John Shaw, he was not the man she thought he was, he might be as rich as the Indies, but to her he would ever be poor, because he was poor in principle.

The cavalcade left the Cradock homestead early one dull October morning, the red round sun stared mournfully as the waggons and carts filed out upon the rough road, and John Shaw kept him company as he gazed with dazed eyes upon the procession from the summit of a little hill. Not a glimpse of Betty could he catch, nor a word of farewell had she left behind her among the neighbours, many of whom viewed the matter from John Shaw's standpoint and thought Betty a foolish wench indeed.

The May sun of the following year found John Shaw in pursuit of Betty's good graces again. He had learned that the Cradocks had settled in the neighbourhood of Niagara, and as the spring came on and his little place grew pretty, his flocks and herds promising success, and his hay looking well, the bright cheerful face of Betty Barnes surrounded by its brown curls tucked under a neat white cap rose before him, he saw her strong and beautiful figure, her shapely arms, and her white feet dance before him, as many a time he had watched her at the brook at the time of the great family washing, or of the sheep-shearing, when all hands were aloft on behalf of the valuable fleeces.

Choosing a week when he could safely leave his two ewes and a cow and calf in the care of a neighbour, John set off to find Betty and try his persuasive powers once more. By means of the help he promised to a little band of refugees who had found their hopes of a restoration of British rule dashed, and had suffered much from the persecution of neighbours who prided themselves on loyalty to "the people," meaning their own aggrandisement, Shaw reached the steep shore of the Niagara at the old Indian landing-place, now called Lewiston, and there he tarried until he found where the Cradocks had settled. It was further down the river, not far from the future site of Newark.

Sending Betty a carefully worded message, which betrayed him to neither side, he awaited leave to visit her. It came, and John Shaw was conducted by a messenger to a rough log hut, where a friend of Betty's lived. She was already at the meeting place, and, save that she had grown thin, was as beautiful as ever. The winter had been a hard one to all, both high and low, privations had been severe, and the change from the commodiousness and conveniences of civilized life to the straitness of uncleared forest had told upon even the most hopeful and patient. John Shaw's quick eye had informed him of much that was uncouth and trying in the new life, and for a moment his heart smote him for forsaking his good old master, in whose household he had been born and brought up. But he congratulated himself on his own comforts, clung the more closely to them, and thought, by means of them, to win Betty over to him again. But he reckoned without his host. Betty was not to be moved; nay, when she found that his views of his duty to his king had remained as disloyal as before, she gave him a cool good-bye and went home.

No way disconcerted, Shaw learned that Betty would be at one of the numerous creeks that drain into Lake Ontario in a day or two, doing the family washing, according to old custom, but, in accordance with the new circumstances of the family, almost unassisted. Here he determined to seek her and to carry her off. To this end he hired a boat from an acquaintance on the other side of the river, and mooring it in a little sheltered nook, he awaited his opportunity.

But the next day it rained; the creeks were swollen beyond usefulness, and the banks of the lake became sticky and difficult to climb. Of course no Betty appeared, and Shaw spent the night under the shelter of his boat, hungry, and somewhat in alarm of the Indians, who were in force about the lake fishing. A fish broiled on hot sticks made Shaw's breakfast, and as the morning rose clear and bright he looked for Betty and the baskets. Noon came and no Betty; the evening fell, and yet the boat lay moored just within the creek. Shaw had found means to satisfy the cravings of his hunger, but the craving of his heart was as unsatisfied as ever, and he had to bear the chidings of an outraged conscience too, for he was too well taught in his duty to God and his neighbour not to be aware that he was contemplating a sin. That an abduction was also a crime in the eyes of civil law did not occur to him until long after.

A love song in tones that he readily recognized broke on his ear just as the moon rose above the trees. It was Betty come to reconnoitre in view of her day's washing. "Now or never," thought Shaw, but his heart gave a great bound, both from love and fear of consequences if he were unsuccessful, that unmanned him for a moment.

"Betty, my dear wench," he cried, in tender accents, as he gently placed himself between his quarry and the road home, "I am here to ask you once again to return with me and be my wife."

Startled for the moment, Betty replied in a firm tone, "I have put the alternative before you, John Shaw, if you are ready to return to your king and prove it by serving the master from whose claims upon you a false government only released you, I will think again of your offer; otherwise not."

"But really, Betty, thou cannot wish me to throw up my hard-earned property and become a bond-servant again just for a mere sentiment. A foolish sort 'un, too, twist man and man, for what is a king or president else?"

"Do not start the story again, John Shaw, it is useless. I marry no traitor."

"Th' art a bold wench to use that word to me again, Betty; but I love thee too well to hit thee, as I would a man. I have a boat here and will row thee across the river and make thee my little wife in a few hours if thou wilt say yea; and thou shalt never regret the day thou leavest the wild wood where wolves may tear thee in pieces or the savages use thee worse than death, if thou wilt but listen to the man that loves thee. Hast no pity for me, wench? or dost think I lie; and have followed thee through the great wilderness and been hungry and thirsty, sleepless and wet through, just for the sake of a whim?"

"Pity I have for thee, John Shaw, God knows how great. I have prayed for thee night and day, for thy soul is in danger, and once thy hopes and mine seemed locked like the twining stems of the bitter-sweet yonder; but I go not with thee. Take the word once for all and leave me in peace. A Yankee wife will best suit thee, who will not cross thy will, nor mourn over thy lost honour as I do."

"Then by the Evil One I will have thee by foul means, if fair ones serve naught," cried Shaw. And throwing his strong arms round Betty he lifted her off her feet and bore her shrieking towards his boat. The poor girl clutched at everything as she was borne along, but her captor's strength was too much for her fettered endeavours, and Shaw succeeded in placing her, not without much dangerous struggling, in the bottom of his boat. But there he found himself in a dilemma. Betty, though exhausted with her struggles, had not fainted: he dare not use her as roughly as he would a man and tie her. The boat rocked threateningly, the light was departing. He solved the difficulty by blindfolding his prisoner with his cravat, having first fastened her arms behind her with a short end of rope. The girl no longer shrieked, but sobs broke from her lips at long intervals, and if truth must be told the painful sounds went to the heart of John Shaw. But he was desperate, it was now or never with him, and, seizing his oars he bent to his task with fierce energy.

He had put two or three hundred yards between boat and shore, and was revolving in his mind some speech that should touch the obdurate fair one's heart, when suddenly she plunged into the water, the boat swayed and swung so violently that he could hardly keep her right; and both head and heart helped to intensify the horrors of the moment by their violent throbbing. At length, after, as it seemed to the astonished man, an never-ending period, though but a few seconds, John Shaw was able to look what had become of his late captive. Unbound and no longer blindfold, the courageous girl was bravely breasting the current and had almost reached the shore when the bewildered gaze of her quondam lover fell upon her. At the same moment John Shaw beheld more than one Indian canoe silently creeping out from among the coves that fringe the Niagara river at that point. Then he knew that the girl was safe, for his short sojourn on the Canadian side had informed him of the great esteem in which the Cradock household was held both by red men and white; so, with a sigh as deep as Niagara, the baffled Shaw resumed his labours; and made with all speed for his own shore, never again to leave it.

Great was the surprise of Mistress Elizabeth that evening when her maid Betty rushed into her little bedroom, wet and wild, and incontinently fainted away. With loving care she tended the poor maiden until the colour came back to her cheek and the light to her eye; and most indignantly did she receive the extraordinary story Betty poured into her ears when sufficiently recovered to talk.

"My poor Betty," said Mistress Elizabeth, with the tears in her soft eyes, "thou hast, indeed, been roughly forced upon thy choice! Thou shalt not regret it if kind acts and true hearts can make it up to thee."

"What else have I ever received?" cried Betty. "What other choice was before me but where duty lay? John Shaw may go hang!"

S. A. CURZON.

### PROFIT-SHARING, A SOLVENT FOR THE LABOUR PROBLEM.\*

DESPITE the materialism—the deepening materialism, we fear—of the age, there are happily signs that the bitter conflict between capital and labour will ere long draw to a peaceful close. Not only are strikes more and more yielding now to arbitration, but the attitude of labour towards capital which provoked them has sensibly softened before the humanitarian spirit of the time, and the honest effort of the employer to deal justly with the employed. Co-operation, though it has not met all the difficulties of the position, or been satisfactory to the employer, whom in truth it practically gets rid of, has been a factor of some importance in reconciling antagonism and in seeking to improve the industrial situation. That the industrial situation can be improved by any means short of those revolutionary ones which would make chaos of commerce and rend the social fabric to its base, the hopeful among us at least still think. We can well understand that to some minds—the mind of the socialist and trades agitator, for instance—the prospect is not a pleasing one of getting rid by peaceful means of industrial wars and of laying the demon of labour revolt; but to the well-wishers of society and the lovers of their kind the prospect must be one not only devoutly to be desired but a thing

\* "Profit Sharing between Employer and Employee: A Study in the Evolution of the Wages System." By Nicholas Paine Gilman. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.