

even then, doubtless his imagination is engaged in picturing the future waving fields of wheat, "all raised," as he is wont to say, "on the virgin soil of our great North-West."

Mr. Meighen's private life is very quiet. He lives in probably the most magnificent and costly house in Canada. He purchased it a few years ago from his brother-in-law, Lord Mount Stephen, whose youngest sister became his wife in 1868. The house itself is a model of architecture. The splendid hall and staircase, drawing room, library and dining room are pan-

nelled in mahogany or satin wood, as the case may be; the walls are hung with costly paintings; a splendid mantelpiece is of onyx and alabaster. In summer the beautiful and well-cared-for garden, in which are to be found many highly prized plants, is the attraction of Drummond street.

Here lives the man who commenced life humbly, who fought his way upward and attained what we term success, and whose only wish now is that he might be twenty years younger—he has everything else.

T. C. ALLUM.

## HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER

By M. A. RUTHERFORD



INCE his earliest childhood Arthur Rilington had adored his beautiful and statuesque mother, and, in return, his mother worshipped—his brother John.

Like a filial and super-youthful Sir Galahad, his pure and fervent devotion had never wavered. There had been no interval in all his short life in which he was not her faithful knight, nor any age at which he was not ready to do her service—to challenge creation on her behalf. But circumstances had been against the expression of his loyalty. No opportunity had been given him—nor, being reticent by nature, did he desire it—of clothing his enthusiasm in the adequate language of his well-bred class and world.

To most people the fact that the Honourable Mrs. Rilington was a widow with but two sons on whom to lavish her affection made her palpable favouritism the more inexcusable. In the first place, there had been, from Mrs. Rilington's point of view, two children where one would have sufficed—for her sons were twins. John—the elder by a short half-hour—was the heir, therefore needed and welcomed. But for Arthur there was no such ready-made role, nor, as far as his

mother could see, any reason or necessity for his existence. "Poor little chap!" his father had dubbed him at sight, with an instinct of prophetic commiseration. A year later Major Rilington was killed in a railway accident, and Arthur was left practically parentless. His mother's heart had not holding capacity for the two beside herself.

In addition to the privileges conferred by primogeniture, all the decorative graces of body and mind that the beautiful worldly woman most prized had been centred on John; Arthur, who was small and plain and silent, came in nowhere. From his nursery days John was what is called there a "taking" child; healthy, good-looking, good-tempered; of such importance in the household that he was always John—never Johnny or Jack even to his mother. Consequently his bearing was assured, his manner fearless and expansive. The lesson that took Arthur the morning to learn John mastered in an hour. Gauged by the same formal standard the brothers "panned out" differently. Whether the ore they yielded was of the same value neither mother nor tutors paused to inquire.

Between themselves the boys, though antithetical, were not antagonistic.