

It seemed a foolish attempt, but in the first horror of his crime all reason forsook him. He must escape, he must escape, was his only thought.

When the constable saw the eager rush of the blood-stained man, he instantly understood what had happened. He gave one look into the cabin and then went down to the shore and shouted to the men on the steamer, "Stop that man! stop him!" But they did not hear. He hurriedly rowed out to the steamer, and Bill Ames could hear the engines starting up again, could hear her approach nearer, nearer; the sound of voices reached him. If he could only get out of the bay and down the strait before they caught him he might hope.

The strong breeze rushing down from the mountain snows was carrying him swiftly on, and the tide was with him, but despair came with his returning senses. How could he hope to escape?

He had no time to look about him, but as he was well into the channel he heard the signal to reverse engines. It startled him. Not a moment too soon had the steamer stopped.

The tide, the merciless tide that wedges its way through the narrow passages on either side of Valdez Island, had caught him, and he, with eyes and ears bent backward, was too much occupied to notice whither the boat had drifted.

Too late he realized his danger and just as he was whirled down the passage from the sight of his pursuers he turned and looked back. They shouted to him but he could not hear. As he waved his hat and passed from view, one of the men said, "There's a damn fool gone to hell!"

In a hell of waters he was. The little sloop was dragged in one direction by the tide, and then, as another current rushed against her, she swayed and staggered, almost capsized by the force of the water.

An island blocked the way in one place and the tide tore through the passage on either side. The water seemed to swell in the middle and be depressed at the sides. There was no sound of surge or tumult, no waves; it flowed like molten metal, and Bill expected to be overturned at this point, for it is the most dangerous place in the Eucletaw Rapids. He made no effort to steer but stood in the stern, a scarcely-breathing statue. One current was carrying the sloop to the left of the island, but another caught her and sucked the vessel down until her deck touched the water, but she righted herself, was drawn back and shot through the other passage like an arrow. Then she staggered on again.

The water was now breaking in whirlpools, and drew her hither and thither. She plunged and tugged and twisted in the churning waters that belched up foam from the depths of the sea. The tide seemed determined to overthrow the sloop, but the opening was in view, and a sudden hope sprang in Bill Ames' heart, and giving the rudder a sudden turn he found himself gliding into a bay where the great *Vancouver* once anchored.

The other day, when Bones left his quarters in a big brick building in Westminster whose windows are most securely barred, he came to Vancouver and stood on the corner of Carrall and Walter Streets.

Under the prison doctor's care, the wound from the knife thrust had healed and left no scar, save on Bones' memory.

But he had lost his cheek, lost his reckless daring of manner and his impudence.

He stood slouchingly in a doorway watching the passers-by, when suddenly his attention was arrested by the sight of a strangely familiar figure. As the man approached he recognized Bill Ames and Bill saw him. They both stared at each other in astonishment.

Bill was the first to speak.

"Come on in and have a drink, Bones," he said. "I reckon we're quits."

KIRKE WESTON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

STATE RECOGNITION OF ART.

To the Editor of The Week :

Dear Sir,—I have carefully read the paper on "The Fine Arts and the University" that appeared on August 3rd, over the signature of J. W. L. Forster, and find it coincides with views I have long entertained with regard to the right of the fine arts to a place in national education. And it seems to me his advocacy for professional recognition of our artists is so reasonable and convincing that it is almost strange it should have remained so long overlooked. Art is indeed almost the only profession disregarded or neglected in the calendar of learned or liberal professions.

There is little marvel in some ways that so many eminent Canadian artists seek recognition and reward in countries where the artist sits in the place of honor amongst men of brilliant parts. I have often been led to regard it as almost a self-sacrifice to love of country for an artist of ability to remain in Canada.

It seems plain the profession needs more national encouragement, and one decided and effectual step towards this would be the admission to a place in the curriculum of the Provincial University of the practical and theoretical subjects relating to fine arts.

Such facilities are needed and, I believe, were they provided in the way suggested by Mr. Forster, they would become popular with the more earnest students of art, and others who seek extended culture by means of our great educational institutions. I hope they will be endorsed and accepted.

It would place Toronto University well in the front with such Universities as those of Paris, Brussels and Antwerp and with the best on our continent.

For a beginning, if it were feasible, I should like very much to see a chair of the fine arts similar to the Slade Professorship in Oxford, so ably filled at present by Mr. Hubert Herkomer.

Our local art schools under the present provincial system, are doing important and useful work, but their scattered efforts only tend to bring into view a more urgent need for a state-fostered faculty for the fine arts in, and with the highest educational institution in the Province.

I fully and heartily endorse the main lines of Mr. Forster's plan, and shall be glad to help it forward in any way I can.

Yours truly,

M. MATTHEWS,

President the Ontario Society of Artists.

Wychwood, August 8th, '94

To the Editor of the Week.

BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.

Sir,—The attention of this society having been drawn to the circumstance that there are several societies in Canada that

have recently adopted the title of "Birkbeck," I am desired by my directors to ask you kindly to state in your columns that we have no agencies or branches whatever either in Canada or elsewhere.

We are led to ask this favour in order to prevent misrepresentation on the part of the public in Canada, where we have many members and depositors who may not unnaturally suppose that the societies to which I refer are in some way connected with ourselves.

Yours faithfully,

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT,

Manager.

29 and 30 Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., 30th July, 1894.

TOLSTOI AS A VISIONARY.

An admirable translation of Count Tolstoi's latest indictment of civilized society has appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*. Perhaps the moment of publication was not happily chosen. Just as the most daring blow of Anarchism is prompting some unreasoning minds to ill-conceived measures of repression, Tolstoi launches, in a tongue infinitely more powerful than his own as a medium of ideas, a declaration of pure Anarchy. It is not, of course, a plea for violence. Tolstoi's mysticism, expounded in that curious book "The Kingdom of God Within You," is the very negation of all force, whether employed to maintain order or to destroy it. He abhors the knife of Caserio; but he abhors no less the avenging guillotine. Standing at the edge of the gulf which divides orthodox Christianity from the literal construction of the Sermon on the Mount, he inveighs against the whole theory of government, against the teaching, secular and ecclesiastical, which authorises the discipline we call law, and, above all, against the distinctions of race and nationality which keep asunder the peoples who ought to be united in the brotherhood of man. The duty of true Christians, according to Tolstoi, is to offer a passive resistance to the rules which mankind has made for the ordering of its affairs. War is the spirit of Antichrist, and therefore the Christian must refuse to bear arms. If he be dragged to the battlefield, he must refuse to fire upon the so-called enemy. He has no enemies, no country, no race. If he be a Russian, why should he hate the Germans, or become specially and exclusively enamoured of the French? Against the *entente cordiale* between France and Russia, which he regards as a stimulus to the worst passions, Tolstoi directs his heaviest artillery. His description of the Franco-Russian *fetes* is a remarkable piece of mordant satire. The banquets, the speeches, are orgies of drunkenness and senseless verbiage. That civilized beings should express their emotions by drinking patriotic toasts is to Tolstoi a proof of their insanity. He holds them responsible for the lives lost in the pressure of enormous crowds; he fastens on every accident, indeed, as one of their crimes; and he classes them with the delirious girl who, having draped her body with the French and Russian flags, threw herself into the Seine. Mixed with this extravagance are shrewd hints of the incongruity of democratic ideals in France with the inflexible autocracy in Russia; but the chief burden of the strain is that the patriot is either a criminal or a fool, that till his eyes are opened to the absurdity of racial differences and national boundaries he cannot be a Christian; that statesmanship, diplomacy,