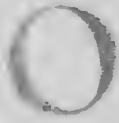


Rhymes of a Rounder

Somewhat Concerning Ballades

 NE morning in September I was strolling downhill toward the gray waterfront of Montreal. It was a morning to make one polite, and I was on business of no particular importance. Passing a fruit-stall, I saw a little boy looking wistfully at a heap of August apples. They were streaked with red and pale green, and to a knowing eye well advertised the delicious tart juiciness between the core and the peel. In my mood I asked the boy to have some. He filled his pockets, and I took a couple for myself. They smelt good, and we ate them as two comrades, and with much smacking of our lips, on our way down a quiet side street.

Already the remote air of autumn was over the city. Domes and steeples, churches, hotels, tenements, gaunt factories and commercial palaces, all alike were steeped in a fine golden haze. The trees were coloring red and yellow in the surpassing way of Eastern Canada. About our autumn there is a lethal glamour; it is forever hinting at perennial loveliness beyond the mould and compass of this world; in high faith declaring it, even while sinking before the desolate, desperate, white face of winter. And in the fey light of that morning, and the apparent passing of things, I